



H M Armed Forces

264 Squadron News



We Defy

January 2012

We Defy

Issue 1/12

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May we wish you a Happy, healthy and (Government permitting) a wealthy New Year



A Message from the Committee:

We hope that you had a happy Christmas and that the New Year will bring us all better health and peace. May I also remind you that subs are due if you haven't already paid for 2102. As you know they go to Bob Tacey, 22 Westland Road, Cottesmore, Oakham, Rutland, LE15 7DT

For your information:

Your Committee;

President: Bob Olding

Chairman: David Boden

Treasurer: Bob Tacey

Sec. & Editor: Geoff Faulkner

Well It's On!

Well this is beginning to look good, and based on the figures you have given me I have provisionally booked the Best Western **Moore Place Hotel** in Aspley Guise Village, Milton Keynes, Bedfordshire, MK17 8DW
Tel:01908 282000

Please see page 3 for more details. The following have agreed to come to the reunion (all things being equal). Geoff and Joan Faulkner, Clyde and Val Anderson, P and L Wright, Terry Fensome, Bunny Drysdale, Ken and Yvonne Heaney, Tony and Miki Warren, Mike and Liz Webster, Ken and Pam Burton, Eric Wright, Bob and Liz Olding, Bob and Marjorie Tacey, David and Gwenno Boden. Maybe Bill and Jeannie Griffiths for dinner on Sunday. Maybe some of you others might wish to come along, you'll certainly be most welcome.

If there is someone who'd like to come, but can't afford it, if you contact Bob Tacey, I'm sure something could be sorted out to enable you to attend, we don't want anyone excluded, after all we're comrades together! This goes for transport, if someone wants to come and can't drive their car, let me know and we'll see if we can get someone to pick you up. However, give me some time to work out the logistics.

Bletchley Park: Costs

I have contacted them, and there seems to be some price fluctuations, so at the moment, I can't tell you the actual costs, but think its around £10 per person. I'll see what I can do on this and let you know.

Apologies:

I don't know about you, but I'm not a very tidy person. I do receive or find some interesting items from various sources and I think that they will be an informative article to put into the newsletter. So I save them, and then later after searching for them, I find I have mislaid them in the depths of my computer (some gone to be never seen again). So occasionally, searching for something else, I surprisingly come across some of these misfiled items. So please both forgive and do not be surprised when your article re-surfaces after several years of sojourn in my computer. I dust them off and print them. A prime example is Sir John Severne's article on page 2. (so that's my OBE gone for a burton!)

Ray Loveland:

I spoke to Ray the other day. And typically Ray, with many health problems he remains cheerful and sends all his comrades of 264 the Seasons Greetings.

Just a Thought:

Following the cancellation of this year's (2011) reunion, I hope that all those who have said they will attend, will be able to. I'm not sure what to do about the following year, but think we'll have to talk about it at the 2012 reunion to get people's views. I know that some feel strongly that they don't want to loose touch and even want to set up local reunions if there isn't a request for the larger ones. Of course I realise that each year we get older, there are many aspects that make it more difficult to travel and also health issues, but I would welcome any of your comments.

My Plane:

I used to have a laugh with Keith Parkinson, when he mentioned "His Aircraft", I carefully pointed out it was my aircraft as A/F Ground Crew. Eventually he had a wonderful picture commissioned and presented "My Aircraft" to me. WS795—Y-Yankee. I read this item and smiled.

During a readiness exercise, two Air Force Service policemen were guarding entry to a bunker-like structure where aircraft were kept. When a pilot about to do a pre-flight check approached without his identification in plain view, one of the Air Force policemen asked him for it. "I don't see why I have to show you my ID," the pilot snapped. "After all, it is my plane." "Sir, with all due respect, it may be your plane," replied the Air Force security man, "but it's sitting in my ga-

“If you are really pressed for items for your newsletter, you may be able to make use of the story below. Please feel free to edit it as you wish. I will not be the least offended if it all ends up in the wpb! It is, in fact, an excerpt from a book I am trying to write”.

From Air Vice-Marshal Sir John Severne KCVO OBE AFC DL

I received my wings on No 1 Course at 19FTS, Cranwell, in October 1945. At the time I was bitterly disappointed at not being able to fly during the war, but perhaps, had I done so, I would not be writing this now.

My hopes of becoming a fighter pilot were dashed when I was posted to the Transport Command holding unit and sent on indefinite leave. There were too many pilots around at that stage and some of the FTS courses had been cancelled in too and students did not even receive their wings, so I had much to be thankful for. However, at this stage in one's career the thought of a long leave was the last thing one wanted and it was made worse by the thought of eventually having to fly transport aircraft, probably Dakotas, the exact opposite of what I had hoped for.

But salvation was at hand. Five months after leaving Cranwell, Christopher Blount, a fellow cadet on No.1 Course, was already at the Mosquito Night Fighter Operational Training Unit at RAF East Moor, a few miles north of York. He invited me to stay for a weekend and so I drove up from Kent in my car, a BSA three wheeler, to join him. I was so impressed with what he told me about the Mosquito that I decided I would approach the CFI on the Monday morning and ask him if he would apply for me to join his course. I was astonished when the CFI, a Wing Commander, said: 'Can you start tomorrow?' I replied, 'No sir, because I will have to fetch my uniform which is at home in Kent, but I can start on Wednesday.' And so I did.

At the end of the three-week ground school phase the authority for me to start flying had still not come through, so the CFI flew me in his own Mosquito to the Holding Unit at Snaith to try to persuade the staff to re-post me from Transport Command to Fighter Command. He was not immediately successful, nevertheless he took it upon himself to allow me to start the flying phase, even though I was technically still on leave from Transport Command. I will always remain extremely grateful to that Wing Commander for giving a young Pilot Officer the chance to fulfil his ambitions because, if I had bent one of his aircraft, I'm sure he would have been in serious trouble. I met him many years later when I was an Air Commodore and he was a retired Air Vice-Marshal and took the opportunity then to thank him for what he had done for me. He simply said, 'My thanks are to see you where you are now.' The CFI was Bill Gill, later to become President of the Mosquito Association. He told me at that meeting that he had moved 75 aircraft from Leeming to East Moor without a single piece of paper being written on. Happy Days!

I believe we were the first students to train on Mosquitoes having had no prior training on twin-engined aircraft. I well remember my first solo on the type because when my instructor, Squadron Leader Basil Primavesi, got out of the aircraft and sent me off, I discovered I had forgotten to bring a map with me so, although I flew for an hour, I took great care not to lose sight of the airfield. Needless to say I never admitted that stupid error to my instructor.

After three weeks leave I was posted to No. 264 Squadron at Church Fenton, still in Yorkshire, where, lo and behold, two days later my posting came through – to Bomber Command! Needless to say things were soon sorted out and together with my navigator, 'Red' Hall, we set off for eighteen very happy months on our first squadron. We were the first post-war qualified crews to reach squadrons and I was very conscious of the fact that everyone else on the squadron had a row of gallantry and campaign medals together with a wealth of wartime experience. I realized I had a long way to go before I was going to be able to catch up with them. I subsequently lost touch with Red Hall and, if he is still around, I would very much like to see him again.

Shortly after my arrival on the squadron we were detached to Lübeck on the Baltic coast for an armament practice camp. I remember flying over Hamburg and being moved by the appalling devastation caused by Allied bombing. It was two days before my twenty-first birthday and my squadron commander allowed me to take a Mosquito home to West Malling to celebrate the occasion. Two months later the squadron moved to yet another station in Yorkshire – Linton-on-Ouse.

Before I left 264 Squadron in January 1948 the squadron was to move twice more, first to Wittering and then to Coltishall. Four stations in eighteen months! We thought little of it at the time, but if that had happened in this day and age the Ministry of Defence would no doubt have been sued by some airman for infringement of his human rights, or whatever.

Yours ever,
John Severne

I apologise to Sir John that I have had this a number of years, but I had it misfiled in my computer! (so what's new!)

BEST WESTERN Moore Place Hotel

Aspley Guise Village, Milton Keynes, Bedfordshire, MK17 8DW Tel:01908 282000

A delightful manor house near Milton Keynes.

It has surprisingly been a bit of a struggle to find a hotel that a) answered my queries, (I wrote to eleven!) b) Could accommodate us and c) would amend their prices. However, I have made a provisional booking for this hotel for the **May 19th and May 20th** dates.

Listed on the front of the Newsletter are those who have initiated they would hope to come. As you will appreciate, last year we had to cancel because of falling numbers, so I am keeping everything crossed to hope that that doesn't happen again. The only down side is the Saturday evening, when there is a wedding party, but they reckon that won't be a problem. The price negotiated is **£64.00 per person per night**, but includes Bed, Breakfast and evening meal and a private dining room for the Sunday Official Squadron Dinner. I'm afraid that's the best I can do and hope that it will be acceptable to you all.



The BEST WESTERN Moore Place Hotel lies at the heart of the beautiful village of Aspley Guise. The perfect place for peace and quiet!

The 18th Century Georgian manor house really is the perfect place to spend quality time. We have a beautiful patio with a rock garden and waterfall, and even a resident family of ducks in the spring-summer months!

A number of family attractions can be reached easily from the hotel, with Woburn Safari Park and Gulliver's Theme Park just 2 miles away. Xscape in central Milton Keynes is also nearby, and gives guests the chance to try something different, with snowboarding, skiing, rock climbing, tobogganing and sky-diving all available! (I'm sure we'd all like to have a go at that!)

Step into our white columned porch way and through the traditional Georgian front door of this graceful old building where a warm welcome awaits you in a delightfully restored Georgian manor house in a peaceful and relaxing setting.



As you listen to the sound of the waterfall in the garden, it is hard to imagine you are only 1/2 mile from M1 Junction 13 or 8 miles from the bustling centre of Milton Keynes.

Obviously, I would appreciate fairly advanced notice of any additions or cancellations to our numbers and will keep you informed of directions, news, times etc. I would guess we would go to Bletchley Park on the Sunday and would be there a couple of hours or more. For those travelling other than by their own transport, don't worry we'll pool resources to get you there and back.

I am pretty sure I published this account about 8 years ago, but felt as we had some members who weren't with us then, it was worth repeating. Indicating some of the special operations we were involved with.



“Hutch” Hutchinson and Peter de Leighton Brooke by their Mosquito. Circa 1944

John Bentley, ‘Mossie’ Moss, Hilda Bergsma and Leo Fleskins by Mosquito of 264 Sqn.



This is an excerpt from some memoirs of Peter de Leighton Brooke, which I have extracted as it was relevant to your research.

It was at the end of March 1945 that three pilots of 264 Squadron— Bentley, Moss and myself—became involved in the then top secret “Operation Blackmail” based at Gilze Reijen in Holland. There, we were assigned three Dutch Agents—Leo Fleskins, Jap Ludolph and Hilda Bergsma—over Holland. Our Mosquitos were modified to accommodate their transmitter/receivers so that they could talk in their own language to Dutch agents in the field and obtain up to the minute details of the whereabouts of rail and troop movements. The flights under their guidance took place in daylight or at night, though my flights with Jap Ludolph were mostly at night. The details of their incredible escapes from occupied Holland were never fully disclosed.

After “Blackmail” I rejoined the Squadron and went to Rheine on the German border. There the Mess was able to help some ex- POW’s who were finding their way home. But there wasn’t very much to do and looking back, I cannot help but feel that too much drink was consumed at the bar. It certainly was the underlying cause for “a swim in the lake” one night. The trouble was that the morning after showed the lake as a distinctly dirty duck pond! I don’t recall whether anyone suffered as a result.

Soon afterwards, Hutch left the Squadron and retired from the RAF to take part in civil aviation and survey work with Hunting’s. I kept in touch with him, his wife and daughter until he died in the 1950’s from a heart attack. On leaving the Squadron I was posted to the Central Gunnery School at Beaconsfield, Yorkshire, eventually becoming an Instructor there.

I hope that this is of some use to you now. Unfortunately, we never traced ‘Mossie’ Moss, John Bentley was, some three years ago but suffering from severe dementia, and as you saw, Hutch died.

A page from Peter de Leighton Brookes Log Book

YEAR		AIRCRAFT		PILOT, OR 1ST PILOT	2ND PILOT, PUPIL OR PASSENGER	DUTY (INCLUDING RESULTS AND REMARKS)
1945		Type	No.			
MONTH	DATE					
TOTALS BROUGHT FORWARD						
MAR	30	Mosquito XN	464	SELF	Lt FLESKINS	BLACKMAIL
	30	Mosquito XN	467	SELF	Lt BERGSMAN	BLACKMAIL
	30	Mosquito XN	467	SELF	Lt LUDOLPH	BLACKMAIL - NIGHT
MAR	31	Mosquito XN	467	SELF	Lt FLESKINS	BLACKMAIL
				<i>See also G.P. NICKEL RAF UNIT C.A. SERVED N. LEAVE 1 FEB 1947</i>		
				<i>W. J. MILLS MOSQUITO Pilot Ref. 61</i>		
APR	1	Mosquito XN	467	SELF	Lt FLESKINS	BLACKMAIL
APR	3	Mosquito XN	476	SELF	F/O HUTCHINSON	N.E.S.
APR	4	Mosquito XN	476	SELF	F/O HUTCHINSON	N.E.S.
	4	Mosquito XN	476	SELF	F/O HUTCHINSON	PATROL
APR	7	Mosquito XN	476	SELF	F/O HUTCHINSON	N.E.S.
APR	8	Mosquito XN	476	SELF	F/O HUTCHINSON	N.E.S.
	8	Mosquito XN	476	SELF	F/O HUTCHINSON	PATROL
APR	11	Mosquito XN	476	SELF	F/O HUTCHINSON	N.E.S.
	11	Mosquito XN	476	SELF	F/O HUTCHINSON	PATROL
APR	24	Mosquito XN	476	SELF	F/O HUTCHINSON	N.E.S.
	24	Mosquito XN	476	SELF	F/O HUTCHINSON	PATROL LANDED RHEINE
APR	25	Mosquito XN	476	SELF	F/O HUTCHINSON	FROM RHEINE
APR	26	Mosquito XN	476	SELF	F/O HUTCHINSON	TO GILZE - REIJEN - N.E.S.
APR	27	Mosquito XN	476	SELF	F/O HUTCHINSON	N.E.S.
GRAND TOTAL [Cols. (1) to (10)]						
1177 Hrs. 35 Mins.						TOTALS CARRIED FORWARD



I was particularly pleased to receive a letter from Roy Fields telling the story that went round RAF Linton on Ouse. I shall write it as it was set down in his letter.

“ A promise some time ago to tell you about the race down the wing of a in NF 11, here goes: One night in 1954 we had practically all of 264 aircraft spread over Yorkshire and Lincolnshire on some sort of exercise, and shortly before the end Linton on Ouse was clamped out with a sudden fog. We were able to get to the northern Aircraft into Binbrook, (“Tell them to clear the runway rapidly when they land, our Canberra's are coming in at one a minute”) was the message.

The southern half of the Squadron went to Coltishall. The first man in was ‘ a bit short of juice’ so he went straight in”. Now the next bit in the story they brought back to Linton the next day, and, as I was at Ship-ton when it happened, I can't vouch for it not having been embroidered in the telling, but here goes.

“As the planes went down the runway, the pilot says to his navigator - “What's that bloody scraping noise? “ And an instant later there was a loud bang behind the aircraft (evidentially the wheels hadn't locked down in spite of three greens), the ventral tank had been scraped off on the tarmac, and the vapour in it had exploded with the friction heat) or so the story goes, that as the aircraft came to a halt, The canopy was thrown open and the navigator ran down the wing, and was passed halfway down by the pilot. As I said, that's the story that came back to Linton the next day. And for the record, the three greens were due to an electrical fault and it wasn't the pilot's imagination. In any case, he had had to land as there was nothing left to go round again”.

Another RAF Linton story might amuse you, shortly: “ after 66 and 92 Squadron was converted from Meteor 8's to F 86 Sabres, it was decreed that they would make up a Sabre wing with the Canadians at North Luffenham for some big fly past , And the Station Commander (whose name I have forgotten), decided he'd lead the two squadrons down to Luffenham as a semi-wing for a few days practice . All went well into the circuit at North Luffenham, until he selected” Wheels down “ and a bombed the runway with his wing tanks. The Canadians took this attack very well, and when they dined the squadron out at the end of the detachment, they presented Groupie with a small plaque bearing a pair of silver wing tanks. In turn, knowing they had the custom that the latest man to drop a clanger had to take on the job of looking after the station mascot - a goat — He produced a carrot from his pocket, the goat was marched in, and he proceeded to feed it the carrot.

Great Story Roy!, could it have been Group Captain Spottiswood ? (The bain of every thing airman's life).

Have any of you chaps got a story to tell, I'm sure you have, if you'd only tell them.

I am told this may be our Squadron at a Flypast rehearsal, but I can't vouch for that, nevertheless its nice to see the old aircraft together, and bottom right, a taster of the Squadron Dinner set up.



A delightful reminiscence from yester year from Mervyn Troake. Thank you for that.

A NIGHT TO REMEMBER



When men grow old and no longer bold
And their hands and nose turn blue
They look back on life through turmoil and strife
And they will tell you a tale or two
So buy me a drink and I will think of a tale of an ancient sage
Of daring deeds in the town of Leeds
And a stripper called Peaches Page!

(With apologies to Eskimo Nell)



Who among the surviving members of the A Flight aircrew, remember that night in the Autumn of 1956, when a 'raid' was carried out on The City of Varieties Music Hall in Leeds, to see the show which had Peaches Page topping the bill? But let us start at the beginning.

It seems strange now in this anything goes society, but in the 1950s, the Lord Chamberlain would only allow ladies of the stage to appear without clothes if they stayed absolutely still. In 1956, Peaches achieved some notoriety when she ran off the stage in the nude, claiming she had been startled by a mouse! Following the newspaper report, we decided to write to her, asking her to be the A flight pin-up girl. She replied, sending several photographs. (I wonder what happened to those?)

Her envelopes were marked 'A letter from Peaches Page ' and had a small photo of her in the top left hand corner. In the first letter she was fully dressed in this small photo and on each subsequent envelope she wore less and less! At the time Paul 'Dusty ' Miller was , I believe, the youngest pilot on the squadron and was a talented artist. He produced the squadron Christmas card for 1956 and designed the menu card for the 264 final dinner night. When we wrote back to Peaches, Paul drew an airman in flying kit on the envelope and marked it 'A letter from A Flight '. The intention was to gradually strip the aviator as the letters progressed but I cannot remember how far we got!

Then in autumn 1956, we discovered that Peaches was appearing at the City Varieties Music Hall in Leeds. If I recall rightly, we were in the middle of the annual air defence exercise but on a night when we were off and B Flight was on state, we decided to hit Leeds! Most if not all of A Flight set off in a convoy of cars ,with myself and others in the Studebaker station wagon, which Jack Hedger had brought back from his tour in the States.

The show was the usual variety mixture of that time, with a comedian, singers dancers musicians and I believe jugglers and of course Peaches, who appeared at the end of both sessions. At the end of the show, Peaches was presented with a bouquet of flowers, with a card which said "From Jack Hedger and the boys of A Flight" As we had not organised this, we concluded it was the work of those dastardly chaps on B Flight! ** Peaches asked if Jack was in the audience and could he come up on the stage. Jack was trying to slide under his seat and as his navigator, I was " volunteered" to go on stage in his place. She gave me a kiss for the flowers and asked me to stay for the finale. Not to be outdone, I rolled up my trousers, tied my jacket around my waist like a short skirt and joined the chorus line for the high kicking routine! Afterwards, Dave Haywood, who was in the audience, told me that an elderly lady in front of him, said to her friend," Don't laugh, he probably does this every night!!

After the show we retired to a local pub close by, with Peaches and several other members of the cast. We were there until well after closing time and it must have been close to 0100 when I gingerly opened the side door into an alley; only to be met by a large pair of black boots, above which was an equally large copper! He made my evening by putting his finger to his lips and saying " Shush. We have a real s*d of a Sergeant on tonight". As we all slipped quietly out of the bar, the policeman went in!

Ah well, as they say " Those were the days!

** "Dastardly Chaps on "B" flight!, How dare you sir! " (Oh you meant the Aircrew... well that's alright then, I thought you meant the Ground crew for a moment!)



I am indebted to Chris Goss for allowing me to re-produce this article that he wrote for Aeroplane.

MANO

BY CHRIS GOSS

Just inside the tiny church of St Nicholas at West Worldham in Hampshire, one will find a small plaque which states how the church was lucky not to have been destroyed by enemy action in 1944. This relates to the fact that 200 yards away from the church on the night of 14 May 1944, the blazing wreckage of a German bomber fell to earth. There were only two survivors of the crew of five, the pilot and the radio operator. For both of them, this was the end of what was a long and distinguished war career which for the pilot, Austrian *Oberleutnant* Karl 'Mano' Von Manowarda, had begun on 15 October 1940 at the end of the Battle of Britain. This is Mano's story

Mano began his flying training in March 1939, going solo for the first time 17 May 39. However, he did not start his operational training on the Dornier 17 until he was posted to 10 *Staffel/Kampfgeschwader 2 (10/KG 2)* at Achmer in Germany on 19 August 1940. A month later, he was posted to *Hptm* Ulrich Linnemann's 5/KG 2 at St Leger in France and after training flights by day and by night, took off at 2200 hrs on 15 October 1940 to drop five SC50, five SD50 and a 250 kg oil bomb on London, landing uneventfully two hours and three minutes later.

By the end of 1940, Mano had bombed London a further seven times and a warship off Clacton whilst he had to abort an attack on Sheffield, dropping his bombs on Canterbury instead. His only incident of any note occurred returning from an attack on London on the night of 27 Oct 40. On landing at Cambrai-Sud, he taxied his Do 17 into a bomb crater causing a mere 2% damage to his bomber.

Now operating from Merville in France, Mano's first operational flight of 1941 was not until 20 January when he flew two nuisance attacks in the afternoon against London, the weather on the second trip forcing him to abort the flight and drop his bombs on Ashford instead. Up to the end of February 1941, he and his crew flew a mix of day and night missions against London (seven times), Derby, Cambridge (twice attacking airfields) and Great Yarmouth (twice attacking airfields). The only flights of note were on 30 January 1941 when two of his crew were credited with shooting down two balloons over Dover and the day after when engine problems forced him to drop his bombs on Dungeness.

This would be the last time he would fly over Britain for well over a year as at the end of February 1941, he and his crew were moved to 11/KG 2 at Achmer for instructor and training duties. He still managed to fly two operational flights on 24 June 41 and a further flight on 3 July 41 by which time Germany had invaded the Soviet Union. He flew no further flights (the reason is not given) between 13 July and 21 October 1941 when he recommenced operational flying over the Soviet Union, now flying with *Stab/KG 2* from Witebsk. 10 days and eight operational flights later, he moved back to Germany and early in the New Year commenced conversion training at Achmer on the Dornier 217.

Conversion training on the new aircraft was intense, lasting exactly four months. However, during this time, he and by now his regular crew-*Uffz* Heinrich Kaiser (observer), *Fw* Ernst Fröhlich (radio operator) and *Fw* Ernst Geselle (flight engineer)- flew the Dornier 17 on five operational flights, participating in the *Baedecker* Blitz against Bath and Norwich between 25 and 29 April 1942. One flight was unusual in that it was a search in the Channel by day for 10/KG 2's *Uffz* Siegfried Kukla and his crew, missing following the attack Bath on the night of 25 April 42. Although they did not know it at the time, Kukla has been shot down into the Channel 40 miles south of Worthing by experienced night fighter pilot Sqn Ldr Johnny Topham of 219 Sqn-Kukla and one of his crew are still listed as missing whilst the bodies of the remaining two were later washed ashore.

Just over a week later, Mano and his crew arrived at Gilze-Rijen posted to *Stab I/KG 2*, their first mission with the Do 217 being against Norwich on 9 May 42. Attacks against Southampton occurred on 21 and 22 June before Mano and his crew discovered the potency of the RAF's night fighters and in particular the Mosquito.



At just before midnight on 24 June 1942, Mano and his crew lifted off from Gilze-Rijen, one of 80 aircraft from KG 2, II/KG 40, III/KG 77 and *Küstenfliegergruppe* 106 headed for Birmingham. Mano's bomb load was a massive single 1200 kg bomb plus two SC 500s. To counter this attack, the RAF launched 54 night fighters of which just 25, 68 and 151 Sqns were successful in intercepting the German bombers claiming five destroyed, one probable

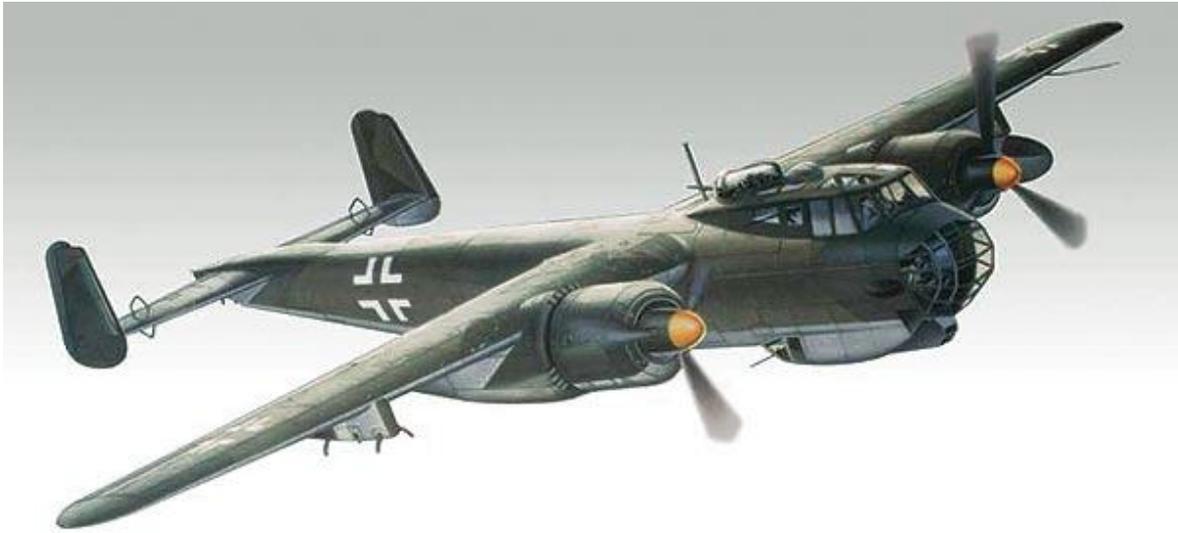
and one damaged. The most successful pilot that night was former Battle of Britain pilot Wg Cdr Irving 'Black' Smith, Commander Officer of 151 Sqn who remembered the night very well:

"The events are fairly clear to me for two reasons. First I flew W4095, one of the first night fighter Mosquitoes built. Second I destroyed the first aircraft with a Mosquito in the War.

"The Ground Control Intercept was Coltishall and I think the controller was Flt Lt Brown-one of the very few who could think three dimensionally. He brought me in exactly as I asked him to do in every case. I do not remember the order of targets but the first was a Heinkel [sic] I always at night approached at the highest possible speed 1-2,000 feet below what I thought his height to be as we had no height finding radar and pulled up steeply into him at the closest possible range. In the first case I was at approximately the same height and the target spotted me at about 400 yds, dropping his bombs and went into a very steep diving turn to the left. Because of my high speed, I had a job to follow and shoot before I lost him in a patch of cloud near the sea. The second was copy book. A long burst and the aircraft went straight down and exploded on hitting the sea. The third spotted me, dropped his bombs and bunted. I bunted inside him. I only had two guns working at this time. I could see the strikes on the underside of the wings and he went straight down into the sea, exploded and burned.

"I was covered in lubricating oil from the last target and could no longer see out so I returned to base." Despite the belief there were Heinkel 111s flying that night, the reality was that the only aircraft lost was a Do 217 flown by the *Gruppen Kommandeur* of II/KG 40, *Hptm* Waldemar Hörner zu Drewer, a Junkers 88 from 4/KG 77 and two Junkers 88s from *Küstenfliegergruppe* 106. A further Junkers 88 from *Küstenfliegergruppe* 106 crash-landed at Schiphol due to being damaged by a night fighter whilst another Dornier 217 landed at Gilze-Rijen with dead and wounded crew-this aircraft was Mano's:

"Over The Wash, we were attacked by a night fighter. I turned left, dropped the bombs by using the emergency release (reaching it along with Heinrich Kaiser) and dived. Ernst Fröhlich shouted "He is following us!" I answered "Shoot him down!" and heard Ernst's MG131 rumble. Very low I flew near Norwich and Ipswich (I almost hit a balloon cable south of Ipswich) out over the North Sea. I called my crew one after the other but only the *Bordmechaniker* did not answer. "Heinrich, go and see what has happened to Ernst Geselle". An anxious silence followed. Heinrich plugged in his intercom "Ernst is dead".



". I turned to wards the British Isles and I thought grimly "You will never see me again-s**t England!" but the next evening I was over England again, target Norwich. Filled with bitterness, I hit the centre of this blackened town.

"We buried Ernst in foreign soil on his birthday. Before the flight he had leaned against me and said he had a premonition of what was going to happen to him over England. We had lain on the ground, he on my right using a 500kg bomb as a pillow. His premonition had been fulfilled..."

To be continued in the next issue, with many thanks to Chris Goss for allowing me to re-produce it.

Can anyone help on this?

Hi Geoff, thanks for the response.

We don't know what he was! Harry Martin (HK Martin) was my father in law and he never spoke about his war.

I would love to know if anyone recognises the man in these photographs. He seems to be wearing the 1939-43 Star with a Battle of Britain clasp. That should indicate that he was operational aircrew between July and October 1940. However, he could possibly be ground crew who qualified by flying one operation as, for example, a gunner or radar operator? I believe they were strict about it.

At 27 in 1940, he must have been older than most aircrew.

On his wedding day in July 1944, he wore what would today be the badges of rank of an LAC. There cannot have been many aircrew below the rank of Sergeant.

He also wears a shoulder badge that looks a bit like a wing. It could be a trade badge?

If he was aircrew, why does he not wear wings? Could he have removed his wings later if he moved to a different job?



We had no idea that he flew but we have always thought he was involved with something sensitive like radar or electronic warfare. Could he have been a radar operator in a Blenheim or a Defiant? Would the badges on his sleeve support that possibility?

Did 264 Squadron fly night fighter operations in Defiants before the end of October 1940? How was the radar arranged? Who operated it: pilot, gunner or was there a third crew member?

The Battle of Britain Historical Society lists a Sergeant Martin **MARTIN, Sgt. A. ?** British. 264 Squadron (Service details unknown) but this could only be him if it was misspelled. He was H. K. Martin. I am sorry, that is an awful lot of questions. I hope some of it makes sense.

Kind regards

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A few more comments allegedly from the Tower to Pilots. I can't vouch for the truth but I'm sure there is some truth in them.

Tower: Have you got enough fuel or not?

Pilot: Yes.

Tower: Yes what?? **Pilot:** Yes, SIR!

Pilot: Tower, please call me a fuel truck.

Tower: Roger. You are a fuel truck.

Pilot:: Tower, give me a rough time check

Tower: It's Thursday, Sir.

Tower: Hawk 20, is this the same aircraft declaring emergency about two hours ago ?

Pilot: Negative, Sir. It's only the same pilot.

Pilot: Tower, there's a runway light burning.

Tower: I'm sure there must be dozens of lights burning.

Pilot: Sorry, I mean it's smoking.

Tower: Lufthansa 893, you are number one, check for workers on the taxiway.

Pilot: Roger We've checked, they are all working.

Tower: Cannot read you, say again!

Pilot: Again!

Tower: What's your height and position?

Pilot: Well, I m 6 foot tall and I m sitting front left.

Tower: Mission triple-three, do you have problems?

Pilot: I think, I have lost my compass.

Tower: Judging the way you are flying, you lost the whole bloody instrument panel.

Male or Female? (Suggest the Ladies aren't allowed to read this, 'cos they might agree!)

You might not know this...but a lot of non-living objects are actually either male or female. Here are some examples:

FREEZER BAGS: They are male, because they hold everything in...but you can see right through them.

PHOTOCOPIERS: These are female, because once turned off...it takes a while to warm them up again.

They are an effective reproductive device if the right buttons are pushed...but can also wreak havoc if you push the wrong buttons.

TYRES: Tyres are male, because they go bald easily and are often over inflated

HOT AIR BALLOONS: Also a male object... because to get them to go anywhere.....you have to light a fire under their arse.

SPONGES: These are female...because they are soft.....squeezable and retain water.

WEB PAGES:

Female...because they're constantly being looked at and frequently getting hit on.

RAINS: Definitely male... because they always use the same old lines for picking up people.

EGG TIMERS: Egg timers are female because....over time...all the weight shifts to the bottom.

HAMMERS: Male.... because in the last 5000 years.....they've hardly changed at all...and are occasionally handy to have around.

THE REMOTE CONTROL: Female. Ha! You probably thought it would be male...but consider this: It easily gives a man pleasure, he'd be lost without it...and while he doesn't always know which buttons to push...he just keeps trying