

Changing of the guard on the MAAA Committee

At the Annual General Meeting held in August President of nine years Alan Middleton OAM has passed the reigns over to Terry Burke, with Graeme Coates picking up the Vice President's role. Alan's last report follows. Terry's report appears on page 2 in the President's Log section.



This unfortunately is my final President's Log for the Bulletin.

It was indeed a sad decision for me to have to step down as President of the Mosquito Aircraft Association of Australia, but owing to issues at home, I wish to be able to focus more of my time on my family.

This does not mean I am ending my association with the group, I will still be a participating Committee member, assisting Terry whenever I can and being involved in the many ongoing activities of the MAAA.

I wish to thank all the Committee members for their perseverance, dedication and friendship over the past nine years while I held the President's office. It has been most interesting and rewarding for me, having met many distinguished people, visited a variety of sites and locations, and participated in events I never thought possible.

The restoration has had its ups and downs, but I am glad it is still moving ahead and cannot wait to see A52-600 on display, in all her splendour. The team at Point Cook have put in a sterling effort under sometimes trying circumstances. I wish to thank them for helping to realise the dream of getting our Mossie back on her undercarriage.

To all the past and present members of the Association, I thank you for your support and enthusiasm, without you the Association would not be the success it is today.

I lastly wish to thank my wife Shirley for her support and allowing me to drag her to different places around Australia, I know she enjoyed the experiences as much as I did.

Good luck and best wishes for the future.

Alan Middleton OAM

The President's Log—by Terry Burke

I'm honoured to write to you as President of the Mosquito Aircraft Association of Australia. Previous President Alan Middleton has agreed to stay on Committee as Immediate Past President.

He has kept alive our direct contact with people who designed, built, maintained and crewed this magnificent aircraft during and after WW2.

I want to pay tribute to Alan also for keeping our Association alive and on course; these sentiments were echoed unanimously by the Committee at our August Annual General Meeting, where a small presentation (a Mossie model, naturally) was made to "the Boss".

Despite some nervousness on my part at following in Alan's distinguished footsteps, the strength of our Committee both collectively and individually will keep the "Aussie Mossies" on track. They are the best I've ever worked with.

We expect to continue on largely as before, which includes the usual number of lumps and



bumps. One that's already upon us is the announcement of yet another review of the future of RAAF Williams Point Cook airforce base. Your Association will vigorously support its retention in its present form. We'll also continue to actively support the restoration of A52-600, and the dedicated crew at the RAAF Museum.

I look forward to our on-going involvement with the Mosquito Aircraft Association of Australia, and to meeting more of you during the coming year.

Terry Burke

Air Pageant 2012

A bit of advanced warning—pop this important date into your diary

The RAAF Museum Air Pageant, which features various RAAF historical aircraft strutting through the air, will take place on Sunday 26 February 2012.

Naturally, details on the event and volunteer participation will be provided in the coming months.

A Boeing 747's wingspan is longer than the Wright brother's first flight.

Tom Parsons— AGM— 14th August 2011

At the previous Annual General Meeting we were indeed fortunate and very appreciative of F/Lt Tom Parsons being our Guest Speaker.

He piloted Mosquitoes Mk 16 and Mk 20s for over 200 hours with 139 Sqdn - Pathfinders.

Toms Speech follows:

Thank you for the welcome to the Annual Meeting. I want to warn you right from the start. If I get going on my 5 years in uniform, we'll be here until tomorrow.

I'll briefly introduce myself. I turned 18 on 5th September 1940, and trotted off with the local boys from Rochester and joined the 17th Light Horse Machine Gun Regiment. After about 4 months of that, I joined the RAAF, and was selected for training as Air Crew. After postings all over Australia, in the middle of the Jap bombing of Darwin, which we were not told about, I finally graduated as a Sgt. Pilot at Mallala in S.A.

In my course was Tom Redway. I think he might have been an uncle of one of your members and A52-600's Restoration Manager at Point Cook.

Time passed, we were sent to England, re-trained on twin-engined Oxfords, and I was fortunate to get top marks, and was sent to Scotland where I graduated as a Twin Engine Flying Instructor. I was commissioned as an Officer, and commenced duties teaching pilots to fly in English skies. After about 2 years of this, and flying about 1000 hours, I was sent to fly Wellington and Lancaster heavy bombers. Half way through this conversion, I was sent to fly Mosquitoes, and I ended up at No 139 Squadron with the world's best navigator, or I reckoned he was, F/Lt Dick Burgess DFC.

The Bomber version was capable of carrying 4 large 500 pound bombs, and later in the war, more powerful engines were developed by Rolls Royce, and the Mosquito could carry up to a big 4000 pound bomb. They fitted two moulded wing tanks made of paper mache, each one held 50 gallons of fuel. When this was used, the tanks were dropped off, usually over Holland. The country side must have been littered with these tanks. Funny thing, after the war, I met some Dutch people who migrated out here, and he remembered going looking for these tanks, as some had a small amount of petrol left inside. The Bomber version of the Mosquito were unarmed, depending on speed to escape from pursuit. The fighter versions were fitted with 4 cannons and 4 machine guns in the nose of the aircraft

Later they fitted all sorts of rockets etc. The P.R.U.



Terry Burke (Incoming President), Bob Stevens (Sec/Treas), Alan Middleton (Past President), Tom Parsons (Guest Speaker), Graeme Coates (Vice President), David Devenish (Archivist) and Don Taylor (Webmaster)

Venus is the only planet that rotates clockwise.

Tom Parsons— AGM— 14th August 2011

(photo reconnaissance pilots) loved the speed, as they were able to get in and out to carry out their task. My friend John Robb, with whom I shared a room when we were both instructors, was sent to a P.R.U. unit, and later lived at Goulburn in New South Wales. John is completely deaf, as the makers removed the baffles from the exhaust of the engines to get more speed. John flew many missions both from Scotland, and from Borneo, after he flew a Mosquito all the way from Scotland to Borneo

Back in 1942, an Australian Pilot named Don Bennett was given command of the newly created "Pathfinder Force", and the first thing he did after establishing his Head-Quarters was to develop and test some new aids to navigation that would assist in making the identification of targets possible even in very bad weather.

In those days, transistors and micro circuits had not been invented, so we had to put up with reasonably heavy boxes of lots of wiring etc. that took up valuable space in the cockpit of a Mosquito. H2S was the fore-runner of radar as we know it today. There were no satellites to get position reports, and in the larger bombers they had a dome on top where the navigators could get some astro-fixes on the stars.

H2S was developed to send out a radio signal which would hit a building or some solid object, rebound and end up back at the receiver on the aircraft and show on the small screen as a small blob of light. Lots of buildings would show as lots of blobs. Water would show as a blank area on the screen. This enabled us to see lots of white for a city, and no signal for the coast lines.

They fitted these new H2S units in Lancasters as well as Mosquitoes. Don Bennett was given the very best pilots to commence his Pathfinder force, and one of those was a pilot, called Leonard Cheshire. He was eventually promoted to a very high rank, and was awarded the V.C. for his exploits. In early times, he used to fly into the target area very low and drop coloured flares, then call up the bomber force and tell them the area to aim for. The causality amongst pilots doing this sort of flight was extremely high.

H2S enabled navigators to mark targets from up to 20,000 feet with remarkable accuracy, and this is where the Pathfinder Force came into its own. German Night Fighters had a field day if they were above us if the pathfinder aircraft was coned by several searchlights, provided they could catch us!

There were several other new navigational aids developed at this time. One was called Loran. This was a powerful beam of radio signal sent out and the Naviga-

tors could pick up and calculate a course back home.

Another interesting one was called "Gee" This was a peculiar set of signals all over England and Scotland and out to the Europe coast, but not much further. It was remarkably accurate, and on several occasions, my Navigator, Dick Burgess was able to guide me back home right to the approach of the runway.

Over Europe, the early Pathfinders tried dropping powerful flares over the targets, which enabled to bombers to see for aiming. The Germans soon woke up to this, and when an attack was imminent, they would light false flares miles away from the cities.

The Pathfinders developed a system of coloured flares that would be dropped, suspended on parachutes, showing different combinations of colours for each night. This was the best of the lot. The flares just had to be dropped within a 3 minute time frame. Any earlier or later was no good. The bomber force had to be over target at that specific time, would see the colours for the night, and then aim for the colours.

Let me tell you about my conversion training to the Mosquito.

I went up in this special model fitted with dual controls with my Instructor. He took off, talked me through the drill, and he landed it with me lightly holding the control column. Next it was my turn. Off I went, did a circuit and landed quite well. We wheeled Mossies in, not 3 point landings. I did another circuit. Landed, then he climbed out. And away I went, and that was that!

Now, you don't want me to tell you about Mosquitoes. You are re-building one! So I'll just tell you about a typical 24 hour day of my life, spent between 3rd April and 8th May 1945.

11.00 am Bat-woman would knock on our door, and waken Dick and I. We would have a shower, then go to the Officers Mess in time for our first meal of our 24 hour day., which was everyone else's lunch.

At about 2 pm we would walk to the Flight hut, look at the blackboard to see if we were on that night, and to which aircraft we had been allotted. We would get a ride out to the dispersal site, where all the mosquitoes were parked. I would consult with the "chiefy", find out if any work had been done over night on my aircraft, walk over with ground staff, walk around and inspect control surfaces, tyres etc. get the staff to hook up the ground battery trol-

Apples, not caffeine, are more efficient at waking you up in the morning.

Tom Parsons— AGM— 14th August 2011

ley used for starting, Dick and I would climb up the silly small ladder into a very small cockpit, fit my parachute in the metal seat, and we both would check all the instruments etc. Check petrol, turn on tanks, give a signal, and start the engines.

If all was OK, give a signal to remove chocks, and taxi out to the runway threshold. Run up both engines, check magneto drops at about 1600 revs on each magneto, brief full burst, back to about 1000 revs. Do cockpit drill TMPFFI etc. get green light from tower, and take off.

Watch for swing when tail lifts, and about 120 mph start to lift off. When airborne, up with the undercarriage at about 300 ft, up flaps and climb away to about 10,000 feet, watching oil temp, pressure, and all the other little things. When Dick finishes checking his instruments and the H2S, back we go, join the circuit, undercarriage down on down-wind leg, cross wind flaps and turn in at about 125 – 130mph, line-up and do a wheeler landing. A stab of brake when the tail drops, and taxi in to dispersal. Talk to ground staff if necessary, they fill fuel, fit 2 drop tanks on wings fill them, armoury loads bombs etc. for the night to be ready after tea.

Back to Officers mess, no drinking, have a rest, a light meal at the briefing room by 7pm. When C.O., briefing officer and Met man walk in we all stand, and seated by C.O. Up to now the wall map is covered, these are removed and shows the target for the night. All phones from the base are now disconnected from outside. Time announced when the Lancasters will be over target. We MUST be there 3 minutes beforehand.

Not earlier, not later.!

Each one of the 12 or 14 pathfinder aircraft flies independently, never see the others, all one height going in the same direction. Bombers are under us. We are usually picked out by German searchlights. When about 50 miles from the target, the flak comes up very close. They are very good at this.!

Once we start the run in, no dodging flak. Just down with the seat, down with the head and watch the instruments. On the way to the target, if we were a long way back, and the flak was getting close, I used to crib a bit. I would go a gradual turn of 5 degrees to port, drop about 100 feet and count 10 seconds, turn gradually back and count another 10 seconds etc. hoping that my nav would not go too crook at me. I reckoned I could dodge the flak this way.

The radar, or as we knew it, the H2S had an 8 mile blank centre, and this was not so good for good navigation. We had to line up way back, open bomb bay doors and keep the head down and fly very accurately.

Dick would count down, I would push the button on the control column, which started the camera going as well as releasing the load of flares and high explosive or incendiary bombs, which ever was our load. 2 minutes exactly straight and level, and allow the camera to take good pictures, then close doors, and get home quick smart.

One night, the Oil temperature on the starboard motor started to go up as well as a pressure drop, so I feathered the prop, and come home on one engine. Actually with no load, the one engine took us home at about the same speed as we came with the 2000 pounds of bombs.

Berlin and back was about 3 hours 45 mins. The Lancasters used to take about 8 hours for the return trip.

Dick would give me courses to somewhere near the Wash on the east coast, I would pick up our own beam and bring the Mossie in on the beam. Landing a Mossie with one engine was quite dicey, too much torque when power taken off, so we used to have to glide approach the last 500 feet at about 180 mph. I only did that in day-time practice. Glad I never had to land on a glide approach at night.

In we go, check with ground staff, back to Intelligence to report, then off to some bacon and eggs at the mess between 3.00 and 4.00 in the morning.

Back to bed, and hopefully sleep until about 11.00 when our bat-woman wakes us up, and we start the whole lot again.

That's that!

Thank you!

Tom Parsons

Something that Tom forgot to mention - he has had the honour (?) of ground looping a Mosquito whilst in 139 Squadron and wrote the aircraft off ! Ed.

The plastic things on the end of shoelaces are called aglets.

Second F111 arrives at Point Cook



The retired F-111C A8-125 at RAAF Base Williams, Point Cook on arrival from RAAF Base Amberley.

The Honourable Jason Clare MP, Minister for Defence Materiel visited the RAAF Museum at Pt. Cook to observe the arrival of F-111C A8-125 and tour the displays.

On Friday the 27th of May 2011 retired Royal Australian Air Force (RAAF) F-111C aircraft A8-125 arrived at the RAAF Museum, Point Cook, Victoria. A8-125 was transported by road from RAAF Base Amberley, Queensland. The trip included stop-overs in towns along the way, giving locals and media a great opportunity to get up close and personal with the impressive aircraft.

The 3rd of December 2010 marked the final flight for Australia's F-111 fleet making A8-125 the last F-111 to land anywhere in the world. This same aircraft was the first F-111C produced for the RAAF and, on 1st June 1973, the first to land in Australia, making A8-125 a historically significant aircraft.

Since their introduction in 1973, the F-111s have undergone numerous airframe, engine, weapons and avionics upgrades. The aircraft could fly at two and a half times the speed of sound at high altitude, or at supersonic speeds at low levels, using its terrain-following capabilities to avoid detection.

The aircraft will not be available for public viewing at this time.

Bit of fun—from Ray Arthur

An elderly man was stopped by the police around 2 a.m. and was asked where he was going at that time of night. The man replied, "I'm on my way to a lecture about alcohol abuse and the effects it has on the human body, as well as smoking and staying out late."

The officer then asked, "Really? Who's giving that lecture at this time of night?" The man replied, "That would be my wife."

Apples, not caffeine, are more efficient at waking you up in the morning.

Boxkite update—Project 2014

A copy of an article that appeared in the Point Cook Volunteers Newsletter.
BRISTOL BOXKITE (VH-XKT) UPDATE (By Mr Ron Gretton)

Most people who attend the Museum on a regular basis have seen the Bristol Boxkite gradually being assembled over the past 16 months in Hangar P187. The following provides a brief update on the status of Project 2014.

Project 2014, a Bristol Military Boxkite for the RAAF Museum, has been underway since April 2006. The Project Team members, Friends Ron Gretton and Geoff Matthews, estimated that it would take 4-5 years to construct the aeroplane. The Boxkite build was essentially completed in April 2011, five years after wood was first cut.

The task of completing the control surfaces (fore frame and elevator, rudders and balancers) and control cable runs to the control column is now complete with the last of the balancer (ailerons) control cables being attached to the control column on 31 May 2011.

The engine was ground run in its temporary ground sup-

port stand and the complete module (seats and engine) was installed in the aeroplane prior to Christmas 2010. The aeroplane has been registered with CASA, the registration number being VH-XKT.

An aircraft weight and balance will be performed within a few weeks, followed by calibration of the fuel gauge, an engine run, final rigging check and lock-wiring of all the turnbuckles.

The aeroplane will be prepared for a 'Certificate of Airworthiness' to be issued by the Sports Aircraft Association of Australia, being classified as an 'Experimental' aeroplane in the 'Exhibitions Category'.

The Museum is in the process of preparing a submission to the RAAF Airworthiness Board for consideration and permission to fly the aeroplane at the Point Cook airfield.



The plastic things on the end of shoelaces are called aglets.

Reminiscences—Gordon Nunn DFC

Another excerpt from the book by P/O Gordon Nunn DFC entitled -
Some Reminiscences of a World War II RAAF Pilot
With the kind permission of his widow Betty Nunn

Ansons and Other Things

The Ansons in my opinion, rated alongside the DC3s for reliable service during the Second World War. They were used to train pilots, navigators, and wireless operators as well as the use we put them to on the Communication Flight.

I did my service flying training on the Mark 2 Anson. They were a very easy aircraft to fly; too easy in fact, as it was then a big step from them to the squadron aircraft. On the Communications Flight we mainly used the Mark XII. They had a good cruising speed, were fully hydraulic, and you didn't have to hand start them! No doubt the designers of the Ansons had the comfort of the crew at heart when they installed a pee tube at the rear of the cabin, but they neglected to put a hand basin there as well. Perhaps they weren't aware of the mischievous inclinations of some of the ground staff, who at times turned the end of the pee tube around facing the slip stream, with results disastrous to the user! Wiser souls always tested it before using.

I flew many hours in Ansons, and survived some troubled times. One such time was a trip into Germany. I was flying at treetop level to let my passengers have a close look at the countryside, when all of a sudden there was only half the engine noise - yes, the port engine had

given up the struggle; one of the connecting rods had gone through the cylinder wall. If these things have to happen I like to be a few thousand feet up but practically on the ground - well!

My navigator was optimistic, he said that there was a Yank airfield only about half an hour's flying away. I thought that it had better be a short half hour, because I had to flog the good engine to keep in the air. Remember you couldn't feather the propeller on these motors, so the 'dead' engine was wind milling, causing terrific drag. After holding my breath for the half hour, there below me was the airfield. However, just to make things more interesting, the Yanks were landing their B25s at right angles to my approach. I decided that the only plan of action was to fire off red Very flares, close the throttle, and say a prayer. God couldn't have been doing much that day when he looked down, parted the stream of B25s and let us through.

The next hurdle was in the form of a cigar chewing Yank in a jeep, who demanded to know who the hell I was, and what was I doing there. I answered his questions in no uncertain manner and that seemed to calm him down. After walking around the aircraft he came up to me and asked which museum I had got it from.

It was interesting landing at Yank airfields, they had such strange ways of describing things. I landed a Mosquito at one of their airfields one day, they hadn't seen a Mossie close up before, and it caused a great deal of interest among the pilots. One chap came up to me and said "A two fan, two place, light bombardment ship." I said I had never heard it described quite like that before. He then said, "I'll swap you my P38 for your Mosquito." I said, "What about my navigator?" and he replied, "I'll take him, too!"



Most dust particles in your house are made from dead skin.

Reminiscences—Gordon Nunn DFC

I landed at Vogel, an airfield in Holland, one day. They had a Wing of Tempests there doing mainly rail and road strafing, and were suffering horrific casualties, losing a whole squadron in a month. Young inexperienced pilots with but a few hours up in Tempests and still struggling to fly their aircraft, they were no match for the 190s and 109s, plus the terrific ground fire as well. It's one thing having to fly an aircraft, but quite another to fly and fight in one. It was a bitterly cold winter with slippery ice on the runways adding to their difficulties.

A Wing Commander from headquarters came down one day and asked if I could fly a group of them around the captured airfields to evaluate them for future use. It was interesting to note that not one of the airfields had been destroyed by the Germans as they left. My old friend Cologne airport was one of them, only this time there was no menacing sign in front of the control tower. I wished I could have had a talk with the bomb disposal unit ask them if they had found mines there.

We carried many and varied people in the Ansons, but one in particular caught our attention. He was a fiery looking Major in some English Horse regiment. His uniform consisted of a forage cap with ribbons hanging down the back, a loud check jacket, jodhpurs, highly polished leggings and boots, topped off with a straight-out-the-side 8" waxed moustache. Being a bushie, I was disappointed that he wasn't wearing spurs, but Chiefy, my navigator, (Chiefy is the name given to a Flight Sergeant) thought that as he didn't have his horse there was hardly any need for spurs. All in all our passenger looked like someone out of a Gilbert and Sullivan opera, so much so in fact, that we started singing "Silly silly Cavalier". After the song was finished Chiefy went to the bulkhead door and looked through the porthole to check if the passengers were OK. I knew by the way he returned to his seat and very deliberately

turned off a switch that something was amiss. We had forgotten where in a VIP aircraft which had headphones in the passenger compartment, and our cavalier had the headphones on. My navigator suggested that if we hurried to Northolt perhaps we could get him there before he had a stroke or a heart attack, but in any case if he liked to get around in fancy dress what else could he expect.

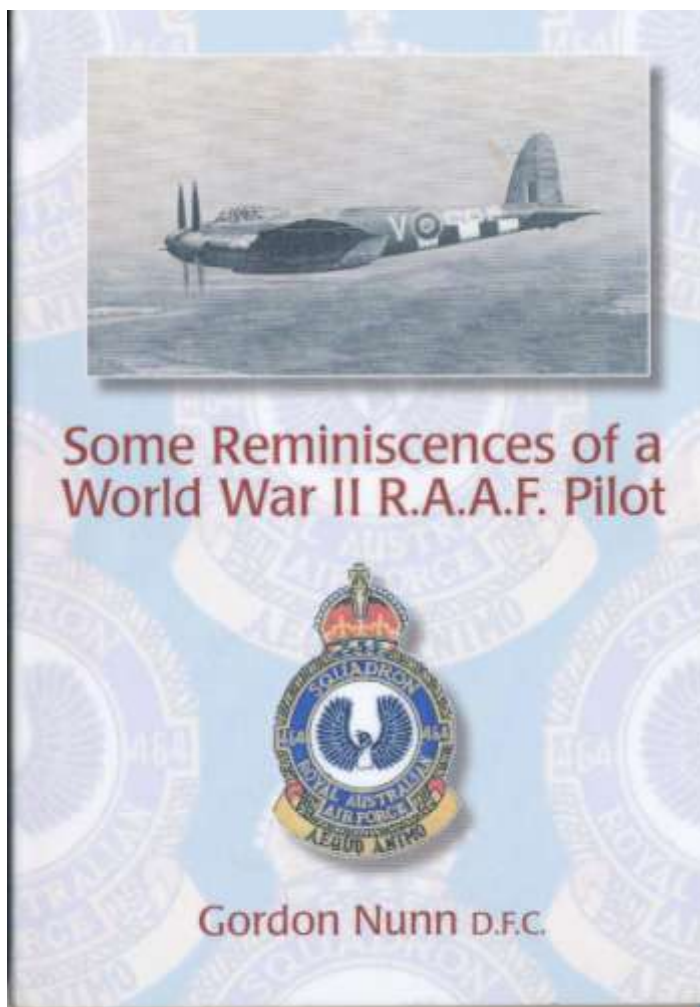
Most of our flying on the Communications Flight was pleasant. We didn't fly at night, and avoided flying in bad weather like the plague. However there were times when we were caught, and not because of weather, either.

One such time I had to fly to Detmold, Germany, pick up passengers, and make two stops on the way home to Brussels. When we arrived at Detmold a Yank came up and asked if I could give him a lift to Brussels as he had a 48hr leave from a fighting unit up the road. I told him to come and see me at some time in the afternoon. I spent the rest of the day reading in the mess, and then went out to get the aircraft ready. I wasn't particularly happy with the sight that met my eyes. The Yank and my navigator were sharing a bottle of Cognac - in fact they were finishing it off, and appeared to be great buddies. The plane was

full, so I hurriedly shoved them in the cockpit and locked the door. The effects of the alcohol were becoming evident, and when they reached the singing stage I thought it was time to start the engines and drown it. Two in an Anson cockpit is crowding, but three, with two of them drunk !!!.

Having to fly, navigate, and keep two drunks quiet, as well as make two landings on the way ensured that I earned my meager pay plus some more.

Part of Gordon's log continues on Page 18.



It is possible to lead a cow upstairs...but not downstairs.

Something to Remember—part 3



Last year Air Commodore Mark Lax CSM (Retd) granted our Association access to reproducing his Mosquito story about No 1 Squadron. The third abridged instalment of his story has been included this month along with supporting photos recently donated by the Clark family.

Thanks to David Devenish (MAAA Archivist) for editing the manifest.

WANTED Information leading to the whereabouts of period photos related to the manufacture of De Havilland Mosquitos. Please contact Association archivist on 03 988 55373.

Performance

There can be no question that it was in its overall performance that the Mosquito aircraft excelled. It had exceptional range on internal fuel tanks allowing far-ranging operations throughout Borneo and the other islands of the Dutch East Indies. It could ferry across large stretches of water only requiring a few refuel stops and with the added bonus of a navigator, was ideal for long range escort duties for other not-so capable aircraft.

The original British FB Mk VI aircraft were fitted with 1,480 hp Rolls-Royce Merlin 31s which in the hotter conditions were somewhat underpowered. It was thus decided to upgrade them to the higher performing 1,750 hp Merlin 69s, which regained the performance so typical of the cooler European conditions. Along with improvements to the engines, at the end of March, Flight Lieutenant White, together with the CO travelled to No 6 Aircraft Depot (No 6 AD) at Oakey to have them construct exhaust shields for the engines. The purpose of the shields was twofold; first they would help streamline the airflow past the engine nacelles. Second, they would suppress the tell-tale blue-white flames the exhausts produced that were visible at night, thus adding a modicum of night protection. No 6 AD readily agreed to the local modification and exhaust shields were constructed and fitted in due course.

The aircraft was a delight to fly. Group Captain Jock Whyte, the Officer Commanding No 86 Wing, recalled: *Regarding the Mosquito -it was a very smooth aircraft, light on the controls [and] very manoeuvrable and with a nice 'nest of trouble' from the front.*

But it was not perfect. Whyte also noted:

The Mosquito would not operate on one engine at speeds of 120 mph which was the standard approach speed -it required 140 mph or more. She was slow or sluggish on take-off until the

wheels and flaps were retracted and the cooling vents closed. She would overheat on take-off on a hot day [and] consequently, we lost no time [in getting airborne].

Armament gave the Mosquito its striking power. Four 20 mm cannons and four .303 machine-guns mounted in the nose meant that concentrated firepower could be levelled at air and surface targets alike. Bomb load varied with the mission, but a common configuration was two 500 lb bombs in the fuselage and two under the wings. If under wing bombs were not to be used, external drop tanks for added range could also be fitted. Eight air-to-ground rockets could also be carried and configurations were varied depending on sortie and expected target type. No 1 Squadron used all combinations in the sorties they flew against the Japanese. To complete the aircraft layout, standard cockpit instruments were fitted. The navigator had the use of a drift recorder to assist in determining winds and aircraft drift. Both crew had access to radio controls and provision had been made by the manufacturers for the installation of three types of radio set, the AT5/AR8, the TR5043 (SCR 522A) and the SCR 695. The SCR 695 was state-of-the-art technology and the system was fitted with a destructor switch so the equipment could be manually destroyed by either crew member if the aircraft got into difficulty over enemy territory, thus preventing its capture.

After all the training spent on the AT5/AR8 set was completed, the crews found to their surprise that the British FB VI Mosquitoes were fitted with Marconi 1154/1155 sets. One navigator, Flying Officer Jim Hess recalled the navigation fit:

The Mosquito was primitive in its navigation set up. The drift recorder was located on the floor in front of the navigator's right foot and it was difficult to get at. The radio, Marconi gear, was located behind the navigator's seat with the Morse key located over his left shoulder, again most awkward. Also Dead Reckoning plots on small scale maps were made with the maps on the navi-

Butterflies taste with their feet.

Something to Remember—part 3

gator's knee and a blunt pencil with the aircraft bouncing would result in DR positions being quite inaccurate. Perhaps unfortunately, the Mosquito was not able to prove its full worth under South-East Asian conditions because the end of the war brought about a sudden end to operations. Keith Holmes, a fitter with the Squadron well expressed the feeling:

While everyone was glad to see the end of the war there was a feeling within the squadron of having not seen sufficient action to prove the remarkable capability of the aircraft. In their day, they were the most advanced and most versatile machines in the air with capabilities including fighter capacity, bombing, rocket attack and photo reconnaissance. Truly a remarkable aircraft.

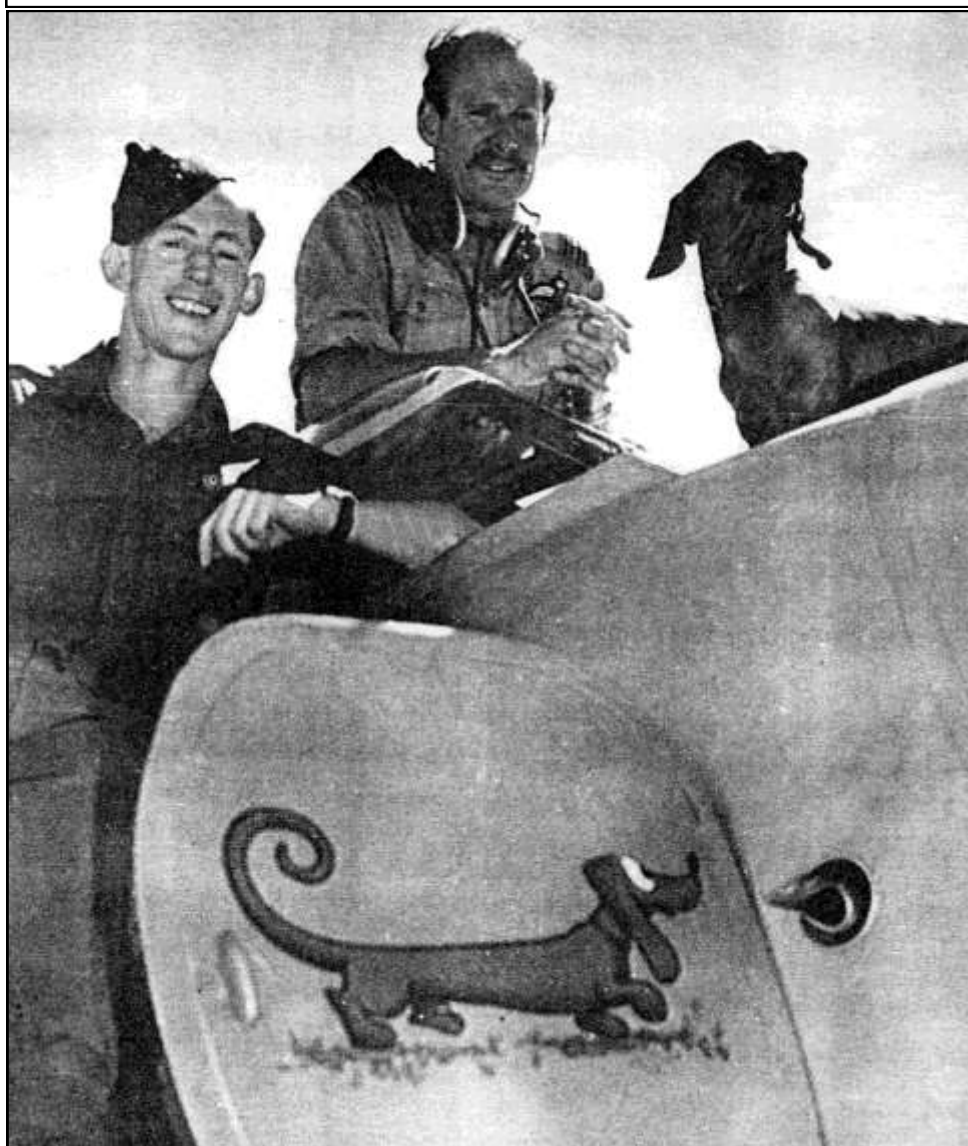
Handling

The Mosquito was loved by the pilots who flew them, although they could be unforgiving task-masters. The controls were light and effective and manoeuvrability was very good. However, according to the pilot's notes, violent manoeuvring and hard use of rudder were to be avoided. On take-off, there was a slight tendency to swing to port which could be checked by opening the port throttle a little further. Inexperienced crews soon learned that such a tendency could lead to the whole aircraft swinging if power was not applied smoothly and evenly and several No 1 Squadron aircraft came to grief this way. Likewise, the inexperienced could get into trouble on landing. With undercarriage and flaps down, the Mosquito had a steep rate of descent and until accustomed to this, pilots tended to undershoot. Over powering the correction thus lead to ground loops and undercarriage damage. The aircraft climb speed was 170 mph and the technique used was to open throttles, at the appropriate speed raise the tail, and when airborne, raise the undercarriage followed by the flaps. At slow speed and in the landing configuration care had to be taken that the aircraft did not fall below

the clean stall speed of 130 mph or 110 mph in the landing configuration (flaps and undercarriage down). According to one pilot:

The drill was to fly up the strip into wind as low as we liked (or dared) in starboard echelon. At intervals of three seconds we would open radiator flaps, out throttle and pull into a fairly tight climbing port turn. The zoom would give about 800 ft facing downwind -down went the wheels - a gentle gliding turn and gradual application of flap would have you putt-putting over the fence for a perfect three pointer -remembering that these Mossies were about the last of the "performance" aircraft still to have tail wheels. Although the "powers that be" always denied it, they could swing on either take-off or landing.

Squadron mascot is a dachshund, Herr Schmidt which has more flying hours to its credit than some of the pilots of the squadron. It flies with F/Lt R.A. Swift DFC (centre) and his observer F/Sgt J.H. McInnes.



A duck's quack doesn't echo and no one knows why.

Something to Remember—part 3

Although diving was permitted in the flight manual, the aircraft became tail heavy and after several accidents due to wing separation, steep dives were discontinued. However, subsequent crashes left lingering doubts as Jim Hess explained:

The Mosquito was an excellent aircraft -fast and with quick responses. However, when we first started flying them at 5 OTU, the Australian built Mosquitoes were given a low mark for reliability, when one of the planes lost its starboard wing when pulling out of a dive from about 1,000 feet on the targets at tree level. The pilot and the nav had no chance.

Camouflage and Markings

Originally shipped to Australia in their RAF colours, the British Mosquitoes were clad in Foliage Green disruptive pattern over a base of Medium Sea Grey which provided the other colour for the upper surfaces and sides and the only colouring for the lower fuselage and under wing area. RAAF blue/white roundels were soon applied as was the usual light grey aircraft serial numbering. However, before their arrival, an overall Foliage Green upper surface colour scheme was authorised in mid-1944, but by March 1945, this too gave way for the Aluminium / Silver Dope scheme that No 1 Squadron became accustomed to and carried into war. The Mosquito aircraft arrived at Kingaroy too late for the Squadron to **react to the first policy change so none of the Unit's** aircraft were painted in the overall Foliage Green colour scheme.

After application and testing, it was found that the Aluminium / Silver Dope paint scheme was much better suited to the hot, tropical weather conditions experienced in both Queensland and later, Borneo. Heat reflecting qualities combined

with relatively benign flying conditions made the silver colouring ideal. By mid-1945 there was little need for camouflage as the Allies had all but defeated Japanese air power negating the advantages that camouflaging originally provided. A secret message from RAAF Command Headquarters of 5 March 1945 provided the authority to proceed with the re-paint, stating:

Although Allied Air Forces policy is for Attack aeroplanes to be camouflaged Foliage Green, RAAF Mosquitoes may be given Silver Dope protective coating.

As the Unit was stationed at Kingaroy (which was far away from an established maintenance Depot) and by this date had received most of the initial aircraft allocation, the paint scheme was applied locally by the Unit's own ground staff. The first aircraft to be delivered wearing this livery was completed on 24 March 1945 after exceptionally good work by the ground staff. Photographs taken at the time certainly attest to this. Other markings included the standard Blue/White 32" roundels on the fuselage and upper wings and Blue/White (27"x 24") fin flashes. Aircraft serials and code letters were painted in black on the rear fuselage and in most cases, the individual aircraft identity letter was painted in black in the centre of the nose, just under the cannon ports.

Inevitably, there are exceptions to the rules and two aircraft, A52-505 (NA-Q) and A52-526 (NA-E), saw operational service in the camouflage colours. These particular aircraft remained in their original Foliage Green and Medium Sea Grey colours until much later in 1945.



In 10 minutes, a hurricane releases more energy than all of the world's nuclear weapons combined.

Something to Remember—part 3



Together they flew to Morotai, thence Clark Field in the Philippines for the purpose of conducting trials with enemy and allied aircraft. Both had light grey identity lettering and serial numbering on the rear fuselage and instead of the aircraft's identity letter under the cannons on the nose as seen on the Silver Dope scheme, the serial number itself was painted in light grey. The aircraft

returned to Kingaroy on 3 May 1945 and then received their new paint scheme before the Unit deployed to Labuan. Thus, before deploying as a squadron, all aircraft sported the Silver Dope colour scheme.

Unofficial Emblems

In an unofficial capacity, No 1 Squadron crews also adopted a diving mosquito insect carrying a bomb under its body as their emblem. Several aircraft were adorned with this motif on their tails after the Silver Dope was applied and at least one had the same design painted on the port side of the nose.

The stylised design was cleverly thought out. As well as the Mosquito representing the aircraft type, intricate **paint work on certain individual insect's legs spelled out** the owner aircraft's code letters.

In addition, at least 11 airframes also carried individual crew motifs so common during the war. Such personalised designs were usually painted on the aircraft's starboard entrance door. Such names as 'Lady Luck', 'Maa Leesh', 'West Australian Woodchoppers' and 'Chief Sitting Bull' give much food for thought as to their origins or in some cases, that of their crews.

Believe it or not—coincidences

Abraham Lincoln was elected to Congress in 1846.
John F. Kennedy was elected to Congress in 1946.

Abraham Lincoln was elected President in 1860.
John F. Kennedy was elected President in 1960.

Abraham Lincoln took House of Reps office in 1847.
John F. Kennedy took House of Reps office in 1947.

Abraham Lincoln took President's office in 1861.
John F. Kennedy took President's office in 1961.

Both Presidents were shot on a Friday.
Both Presidents were shot in the head.

Lincoln's secretary was named Kennedy.
Kennedy's secretary was named Lincoln.

Both were assassinated by Southerners.
Both were succeeded by Southerners named Johnson.

Andrew Johnson, who succeeded Lincoln, was born in 1808.
Lyndon Johnson, who succeeded Kennedy, was born in 1908.

John Wilkes Booth, assassinated Lincoln, was born in 1838.
Lee Harvey Oswald, assassinated Kennedy, was born in 1939.

Both assassins were known by their three names.
Both names are composed of fifteen letters.

Lincoln was shot at the theatre named 'Ford'.
Kennedy was shot in a car called 'Lincoln' made by 'Ford'.

Lincoln was shot in a theatre and his assassin ran and hid in a warehouse.
Kennedy was shot from a warehouse and his assassin ran and hid in a theatre.

Booth and Oswald were assassinated before their trials.

(Results checked via Wikipedia)

On average people fear spiders more than they do death.

From the Mailbag

CAC during WW2, RAAF No 1 ACS build Coomalie airfield with TRB

John Hocking started working at CAC aged 18 during the early days of WW2, on a variety of aircraft projects.

As a loftsman and design draftsman, he initially worked on Boomerang design; by wars end the design of CAC's CA-15 had evolved from a twin-row 14 cylinder Wasp radial engine to the sleeker Griffon-engined flying prototype.

He continued with the company (with odd spells at GAF, the Government Aircraft Factory) until his retirement in the late 1980's. His memory's active, alive and wide ranging, and he spoke with confidence on a number of aircraft-related subjects from the life and times of Sir Lawrence Wackett (founder of CAC) to a couple of his favourite aircraft: the Woomera bomber and CA-15 fighter prototype.

He spoke at some length about the excellent working relationships forged between CAC and North American Aviation (in particular the Mustang and Sabre) and with Rolls Royce aero engines (Merlins and, later, Avon jet engines).

John reckons that the CAC Avon Sabre was a magnificent achievement: extensively re-designed to take the larger-diameter Avon engine, it became the fastest F-86 variant in the world.

Two books worth searching out on the history of Wackett and CAC are "Aircraft Pioneer" by Lawrence James Wackett (pub: Angus and Robertson) and "Wirraway to Hornet" by Brian L Hill (pub: Southern Cross Publications).

John's mate Peter Barnett lives in the same retirement home in Melbourne, and was part of the RAAF's No. 1 Mobile Works Squadron (later No. 1 Airfield Construction Squadron) during WW2.

This is the team who built Coomalie Creek airfield in an incredibly short 22 weeks from August to December 1942; they also built Batchelor, Noonamah, Morotai (using pierced steel planking or PSP) and others.

Peter made light of the difficulties of life in the bush in wartime. Rather than concentrate on the delights (or otherwise) of riding on the backs of semitrailers from Melbourne to Darwin through dust, heat, flies and monsoonal rain, he instead chose to tell us a few of his yarns.

My favourite concerns the water tanker.

After initially bulldozing the strip, taxiways and access roads at Coomalie, the work of consolidating or packing down the raw earth began.

The work areas were reduced to bulldust (it was late in the dry season) and the services of a water tanker were urgently required.

In a superbly planned, timed and executed operation, a raiding party departed south on the Track (Stuart Highway) as soon as the next air-raid warning was sounded.

The troops at a US Army construction site not far away were under orders to evacuate during an air-raid alert and go to their slit trenches a half mile or so away in the bush.

Our intrepid ACS members arrived at the site, liberated a water tanker, drove it back to Coomalie, gave it the quickest paint job in the Top End and stencilled on a new set of RAAF numbers. It remained at the strip for the duration.

TRB



John Hocking and Peter Barnett



Women blink nearly twice as much as men.

From the Mailbag

My father was M (Mickey) H. Dwyer a regular RAF officer who rather unusually was given command of an RAAF Squadron and posted to RAF Valley in Feb. 1942.

He took the Squadron to RAF Middle Wallop, Wilts. In March 1942 but had to give up command after a near fatal crash returning from a raid over France May 30th 1942.

He and his navigator Don Shanks were very lucky to have survived.

See photo of Fred Stevens who used to live in Anglesey, Victoria mid 1980s. Note the flying kangaroo on the Mosquito crew hatch. The RAAF adopted this design in 1955 for the RAAF's aircraft roundel.

Robin Dwyer
Bundanoon, NSW 2576



Flying Officers Andy Kellett and Fred Stevens photographed by an official photographer in front of 'J for Johnny', HK290, the aircraft that they usually flew and the one in which they shot down two Heinkel He 177s within 20 minutes in the early hours of 7 June 1944. Two black crosses representing the victories are faintly visible above the kangaroo roundel on the crew entry door.

(RAAF UK 1437 courtesy Andrew Kellett)

P.S.

My Father flew a Vickers Valiant to Australia in 1959 and met up with many of his former Squadron mates. The aircraft he learn to fly on an Avro 504 is still airworthy and in the Shuttleworth Collection – **I have my father's** pilot log to prove this was the aircraft he went solo on in 1931. Big difference between a Avro 504 and a V-Bomber !!



Elephants are the only animals that can't jump.

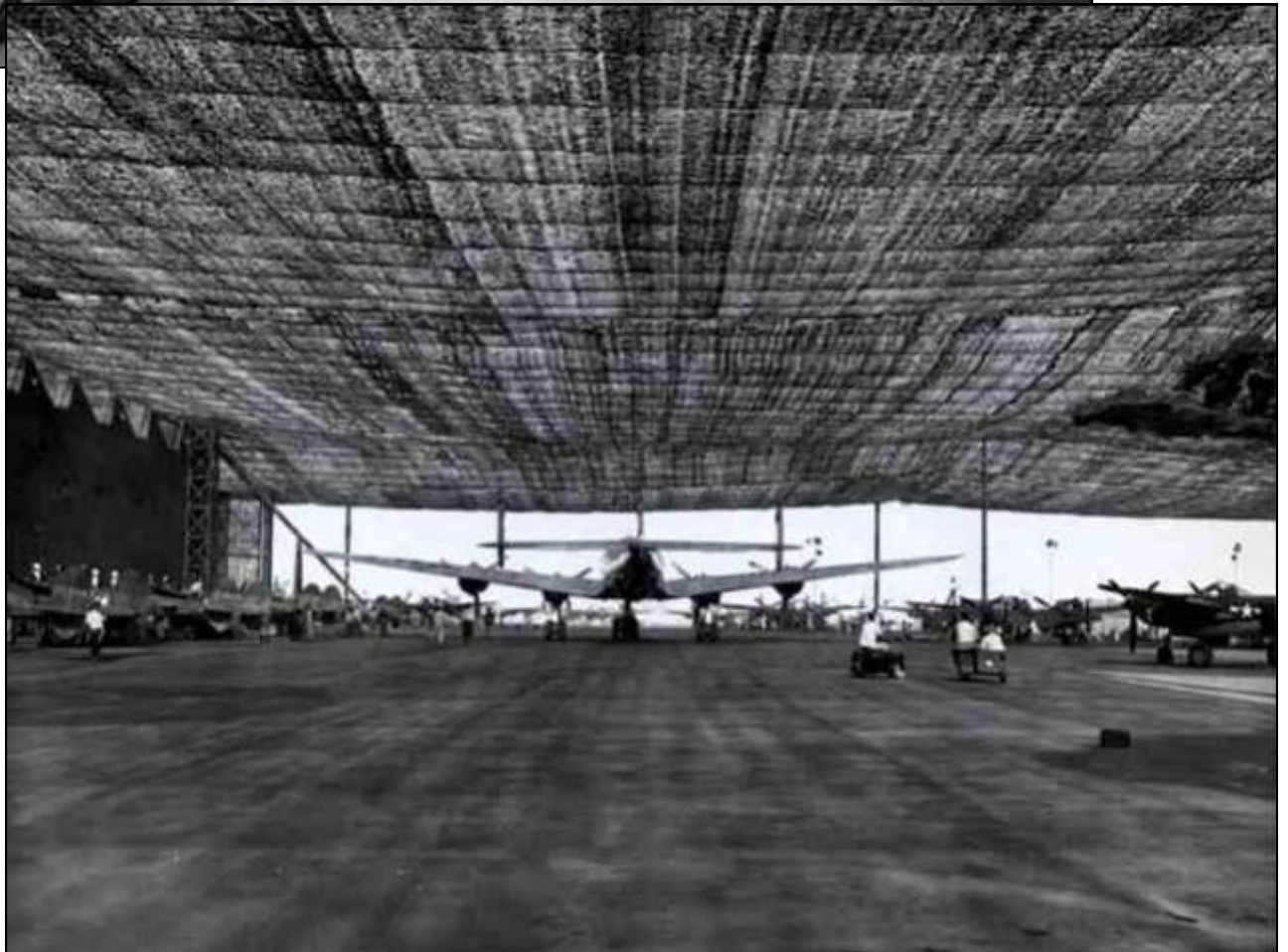
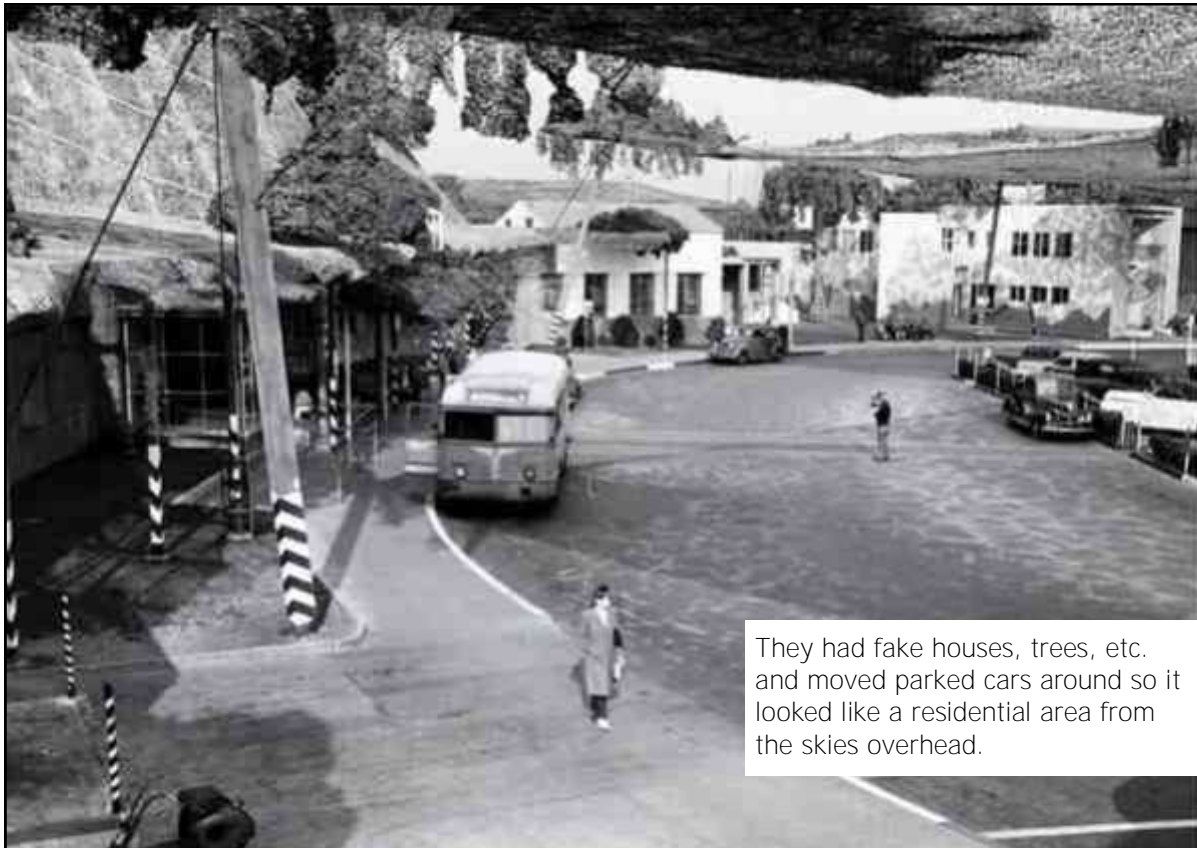
Camouflage—large scale

This is a version of special effects during the 1940's. The American Army Corps of Engineers needed to hide the Lockheed Burbank Aircraft Plant to protect it from a possible Japanese air attack. They covered it with camouflage netting to make it look like a rural subdivision from the air.



It is physically impossible for you to lick your elbow.

Camouflage—large scale



A snail can sleep for three years.

100 Years ago—landing on a ship

100 Years Ago, January, in San Francisco, when Eugene Ely invented naval aviation.

One hundred years is a very long time. Yet in the hierarchy of modern marvels, the ability to recover and launch aircraft from the deck of a moving ship stands out as one of our signature accomplishments. Which just goes to show you: Some tricks never grow old.

Naval aviation was invented one hundred years ago, on January 18, 1911, when a 24 year-old barnstormer pilot named Eugene B. Ely completed the world's first successful landing on a ship. It happened in San Francisco Bay, aboard the cruiser USS Pennsylvania, which had a temporary 133-foot wooden landing strip built above her afterdeck and gun turret as part of the experiment.

Ely accomplished his feat just eight years after the Wright Brothers made their first flight at Kitty Hawk. His aircraft was rudimentary: a Curtiss Model D "Pusher" biplane, equipped with a 60 hp V-8 engine that gave the aircraft a 50 mph airspeed. To get a sense of how simple it was, behold a contemporary replica of Ely's 1911 Curtiss Pusher that was built to celebrate this 100th anniversary:

But back then, innovation was afoot. Ely's Curtiss Pusher had been fitted with a clever new invention called a tail hook. The idea was to quickly halt the aircraft after landing by using the tail hook to catch one or two of 22 rope lines -- each propped up a foot above the deck and weighted by 50-pound sandbags tied to each end -- strung three feet apart along the Pennsylvania's temporary flight deck.

Mark J. Denger of the California Centre for Military History has written a tidy biography of Eugene Ely which narrates the historic day: On the morning of January 18, 1911, Eugene Ely, in a Curtiss pusher biplane specially equipped with arresting hooks on its axle, took off from Selfridge Field (Tanforan Racetrack, in San Bruno, California) and headed for the San Francisco Bay. After about 10 minutes flying North toward Goat Island (now

Yerba Buena), Eugene spotted his target through the grey haze -- the PENNSYLVANIA.

Ely's plane was first sighted one-half mile from the PENNSYLVANIA's bridge at an altitude of 1,500 feet, cruising at a speed of approximately 60 mph. Now ten miles out from Tanforan, he circled the several vessels of the Pacific Fleet at anchor in San Francisco Bay. The aeroplane dipped to 400 feet as it passed directly over the MARYLAND and, still dropping, flew over the WEST VIRGINIA's bow at an height of only 100 feet. With a crosswind of almost 15 knots, he flew past the cruiser and then banked some 500 yards from the PENNSYLVANIA's starboard quarter to set up his landing approach. Ely now headed straight for the ship, cutting his engine when he was only 75 feet from the fantail, and allowed the wind to glide the aircraft onto the landing deck. At a speed of 40 mph Ely landed on the centreline of the PENNSYLVANIA's deck at 1101 am.

The forward momentum of his plane was quickly retarded by the ropes stretched between the large movable bags of sand that had been placed along the entire length of the runway. As the plane landed, the hooks on the undercarriage caught the ropes exactly as planned, which brought the plane to a complete stop.

Once on board the PENNSYLVANIA, sheer pandemonium broke loose as Ely was greeted with a bombardment of cheers, boat horns and whistles, both aboard the PENNSYLVANIA and from the surrounding vessels.



The electric chair was invented by a dentist.

100 Years ago—landing on a ship

Ely was immediately greeted by his wife, Mabel, who greeted him with an enthusiastic "I knew you could do it," and then by Captain Pond, Commanding Officer of the PENNSYLVANIA. Then it was time for interviews and a few photographs for the reporters.

Everything had gone exactly as planned. Pond called it "the most important landing of a bird since the dove flew back to Noah's ark." Pond would later report, "Nothing damaged, and not a bolt or brace startled, and Ely the coolest man on board."



(NOTE: Safety first! Check out Ely's inner-tube life preserver!)

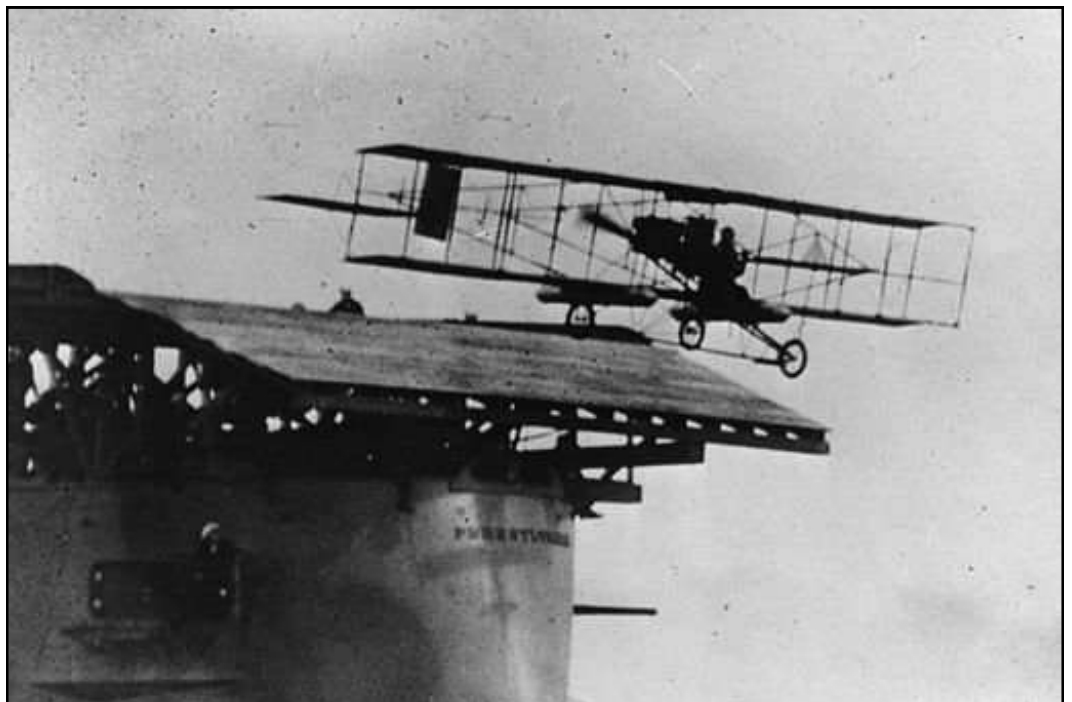
After completing several interviews, Ely was escorted to the Captain's cabin where he and his wife were the honoured guests at an officers lunch. While they dined, the landing platform was cleared and the plane turned around in preparation for take-off. Then the Elys, Pond and the others posed for photographs. 57 minutes later, he made a perfect take-off from the platform, returning to Selfridge Field at the Tanforan racetrack where another tremendous ovation awaited him.

Both the landing and take off were witnessed by several distinguished members of both US Army and Navy, as well as state military officials. Ely had successfully demonstrated the possibility of the aircraft carrier.

Indeed. The US Navy's first aircraft carrier, the USS Langley, was commissioned in 1922, eleven years later. But Ely didn't live to witness the mile-

stone; he died just a few months after his historic flight, on October 11, 1911, when he was thrown from his aircraft during a crash at an air show.

But 100 years ago, he merged the power of naval warships and aviation in ways that remain cutting-edge, even today.



No word in the English language rhymes with "MONTH."

Reminiscences—Gordon Nunn DFC

Diary kept while on Operational Service
with 464 Squadron 1944

May 10th 1944.

The Squadron (464 Mosquito Fighter Bomber, 2nd Tactical Air Force) is now on the Gravesend Airfield, along with its sister squadrons 21 English and 487 New Zealand. It's just a small uneven grass field wholly unsuited for the fast landing Mark V I Mosquito, the heaviest of the Mosquito family, and thus with a high stalling speed. It is situated beside the Thames, about twenty miles outside London. It's a nightmare flying Mossies from here: at least three of the boys pranged when we first pancaked here from Hunsden. There are three bomb craters on one runway which have been filled in but the earth has subsided. You hit the first one about 60 mph, the second at 90 mph, and the third one at about 110 mph. This causes a 10 ft. bounce, and it's very necessary to hold the aircraft in the air so that you wallow off, on the point of stall, until you reach climbing speed of 170 mph. Taking off in V formation is a nightmare. With a full load of bombs, petrol and ammunition it causes a few grey hairs. The other runway is just as bad: at night you can only see half the flares as it goes up over the hill and down.

May 13th

Another warm day. We are bits of guinea pigs in this wing: at least they're always trying new stunts with us. We are now practicing high formation flying (20,000 ft.) to do an operation they have chosen to call "Angry Angels". (To bomb the VI installations) I don't know whether the angels are angry with us for invading their domain, but I know someone who is when he's trying to do good formation flying in a kite that's not fitted for high altitude. There was no second stage supercharger on our engines, they were powerful engines designed for low level work.

May 14th

We are under canvas here. Jack Carter and self are sharing a leaky old tent. but wonder of wonders it didn't leak in the storm last night. Flew up to the bombing range this morning to do some more practice. After tea hopped in my aircraft and went up to do some searchlight cooperation. Actually this is to give the searchlight batteries practice and also good for us in getting used to being caught in the blinding glare and finding the best way to get away from them. It's a bit grim the first time - not a little unnerving. Those searchlights are mighty powerful and you can't see a thing.

May 15th

Our main job will be "D Day" and after. This intensive training is in preparation. Our role will be train-busting and generally shooting up of all enemy ground move-

ments, day and night. The Huns are expected to move most of their stuff at night so we practice searching along roads and railways here: dark nights dropping flares to search under. I was on the battle order tonight to do an intruder patrol (chasing after enemy aircraft around their own fields but it was cancelled later owing to bad weather.

May 21st

Cold and miserable. On the battle order. Our first op. Took off 11pm for Deelan, a German night fighter drome in Holland. The idea is to try and prevent aircraft from taking off and bomb the place. Low cloud and dark as hell. The Germans build dummy fields and maintain a very strict blackout. At night they may show a light or two on the dummy, enough to attract us prowling night fighters. The fields themselves are protected by a mighty array of anti-aircraft guns which can make it pretty hot for the attacker. As we flew around the area greatly tensed up and alert a voice came over the radio "Bogie bogie waggle your wings". This was a friendly aircraft trying to identify an aircraft he was about to shoot at! I waggled our wings so vigorously that my hand must have brushed the cannon lever, and a burst of cannon fire spewed out from our nose. This was the first time our guns had been fired at night, and the tracer shells gave us quite a start. We searched until our time was up, but no joy. Brought our bombs back as per orders, so had the risky business of landing with a bomb load. To sum it up our first op was a lack lustre affair: hope our skills will improve and show results.

June 5th

"D Day"! All pilots and navigators called into the operations room in the afternoon for several talks by security officers about falling in enemy territory, by the Officer Commanding the Wing, and by our own Squadron C.O. Bob Iredale. Everyone on the battle order. Our job for D Day and in the future will be mainly finding and destroying enemy road and rail transport and strafing of troops immediately behind the battle lines. This will be required of us both day and night. In fact we are free to attack all enemy movement by air, sea or land. It seems to me that we will be doing most of the night work and the single engined fighters the day work. We have a more suitable aircraft for night flying and we carry a navigator and a radar device whereby we can pinpoint our position on the map providing we are in range of the broadcasting station and the enemy doesn't jam the signals! This device is called GEE and if everything goes well it is most accurate. The Pathfinders carry a sophisticated GEE that they can bomb accurately with and this aircraft is called an Oboe. He can do the navigating, open his bomb doors and bomb on GEE with all the following aircraft following his lead. This is only used at height - say 20,000ft. We place our bombs by diving or by flying straight and level at extremely low levels driving the

All polar bears are left handed.

Reminiscences—Gordon Nunn DFC

bombs into the target.

We carry no bomb sight so it is a case of practice makes perfect. Tonight I'm patrolling in the Argenton area in Normandy. They're expecting Hun reinforcements to be rushed up through there to our beachhead when it is formed. Encountered slight Ack Ack fire; bombed the main road north of Argenton. Saw the coastal batteries at Le Havre in operation and our warships shelling towns. Jeff Oxlade, "A" Flight Commander was shot down. Landed at dawn.

June 6th

On the battle order tonight. Patrol in the area west of Argenton. Cannoned rail movement and bombed a rail and road junction. Moderate flak but wasn't hit. Sea borne troops start landing in the morning. Argenton, Liseaux and many of the towns in Normandy are blazing. It's hard to realise that this is the day we have all been waiting for. It soon becomes real however from the tenseness in the briefing room before take off, and from flying out passing under streams of heavy aircraft carrying paratroops or towing gliders, and once over there the difficult task of searching for road and rail movement in the dark. There is a great risk of collisions.

June 10th

Took off at 1.30 this morning on a road patrol. Bombed and strafed on a road near Argenton. Feeling fatigued by the time I headed for base; just started to cross the channel when I flew low over an enemy flak ship. Got a wonderful reception - very lucky to escape doom! How did we fly through that wall of flak and not get shot down? Our squadron's losses have been light compared with the other two, the English and the New Zealand squadrons.

June 14th

I have a new aircraft, C Charlie. Took off at midnight. Strafed motor vehicles and dive bombed the rail marshaling yards at Mesidon. Plenty of fireworks.

Rather an unwelcome surprise on returning to base; we were caught in search-lights and shot at by English ack-ack. I knew there was something wrong; De Sousa was ten minutes ahead of me and I could hear him cursing all and sundry in his Jamaican accent. I called up base in a hell of a temper and they directed me to land at Bradwell Bay. On landing and reporting to the Intelligence Officer I learned of the new VI weapon the Huns were sending over. Spoke to a pilot there who had shot one down that night. Went to the mess for supper and stayed the night as we were lucky to have got down through the cloud and rain. An unexpected heavy front had come over. Rather a humorous incidence when I landed concerning the WAAF driver of the "follow me" van. It was a dark night and raining.

When I landed she was there on the end of the runway to direct me round the perimeter track, but instead of driving slowly she tore around about 40 mph. I was really mad when I climbed out, determining to bawl the driver out. But when I found out it was a meek, frightened little WAAF who said, "Well last night a black Mosquito landed; I couldn't see it and he nearly ran over me, so when they said a Mosquito was landing I was scared", my anger fizzled out.

June 17th

The whole squadron flew down to Dunsfold to be briefed before the operation tonight. I took off at midnight. Numerous buzz bombs coming across. Bit of a trial getting caught in searchlights that are forever groping round the sky for the V 1 s. The buzz bomb is quite easily seen at night. Bombed a road south of Caen and strafed a Jerry camp in a wood. Landed back at Dunsford and waited for daylight before flying to Gravesend.

June 18th

Three cheers! We're moving and to Thorney Island on the South Coast near Portsmouth. They are bringing up a terrific balloon barrage to fly in the Gravesend area to see if it will be effective against these fiendish buzz bombs that roar over and cause such havoc. I saw all the deflated balloons this morning when flying up. They were lying on the ground everywhere. One of the boys is flying my kite down and I'm going with Mac in the car.

Incidentally I have a new ground crew with "C Charlie". The engine fitter Freddie Stokes and rigger Ron Spenser are two good lads. Freddie is a Yorkshire man and a hard case, but knows his job and takes a pride in keeping the engines purring smoothly. Ron is a tall quiet young fellow and quite equal to Freddie in his own job. He knows I like a clean windshield and perspex and he keeps them polished perfectly. Their chief delight is to be taken for a flip, so occasionally I take one of them up just to show them how the old kite's behaving.

The drive down to Thorney was beautiful. The English countryside is in full bloom now. The winding road between overhanging and thick green hedges, the quaint old cottages and scattered villages with their inns. Everything seems so peaceful until an air-raid siren wails!

June 21st

On the battle order - due to take off at 1.30am. Dirty weather: low cloud. Patrolled an area north of Paris. Bombed and strafed a railway centre: very little opposition. As I crossed the French coast I spotted a lighted aircraft and gave chase knowing it wouldn't be one of ours. On second thoughts why would a German be flying with lights on - it had to be a trap and I pulled away.

An ostrich's eye is bigger than its brain.

Reminiscences—Gordon Nunn DFC

I told the Intelligence Officer and a couple of days later he informed me it was indeed a trap. There was a radar equipped night fighter flying a few thousand feet higher and just behind the decoy aircraft. Experienced a great thrill on returning, settling down smoothly on the perfect runway.

June 29

Bombed target Villers Bocage just in front of our forward lines. Shot up train on way home. Very little flak.

July 3rd

London. All night long V1s came over: sleep was difficult at the Charing Cross Hotel as the bombs landed all around the area. Ambulances and fire engines screamed around all night. Caught the train to Portsmouth.

On the battle order tonight. Took off at 12.30, patrolled the Tours-Bois area. Bombed a railway bridge; shot up a line of trucks and saw explosions.

July 5th

A nice summer's day. Took off at midnight, flew down the west side of Cherbourg. Big artillery duel around Caen. Bombed Caprice Sur Noir, bright moonlight, was able to get in a good dive bombing attack. Pasted by flak but was able to dive away from it. Dave Avery gets shot up: crash lands at base.

July 7th

On the battle order. I'm on the dawn patrol. Take off 1am. A long trip to Nantes patrolling rail lines and roads. Bombed a rail bridge; direct hits seen, was able to get down to 50ft in bright moonlight. Short of fuel; one motor coughed as I touched down on the runway. A close call!

July 8th

Took off at midnight. A long trip, past Paris along the Loire to Nivers. Bombed bridge and shot up lights. Plenty of flak.

July 19th

Flying through cloud most of the time. Got caught in searchlights at Mesidon and Argenton. Heavy flak. Starboard engine packed up. Returned safely after a harrowing trip.

August 13th

Did two trips. Bombed river bridges where a large German army was trying to withdraw between Argenton and Falaise.

August 14th

Tested C in the afternoon. Both hydraulic pumps failed but the boys said they would have it fixed in time. Took off at 11.30pm. North-east of Paris. Very dark; carried two flares. Bombed two rail junctions under flares.

August 16th

Took off Liseaux - Bernay area. Bombed a road bridge.

August 17th

I'm down on the battle order for two trips tonight. Patrolled River Seine, bombed a crossing and shot up lights. I found a pontoon bridge across the river with troops crossing. The whole area was brightly lit. I flew around the area a couple of times and wondered why they hadn't extinguished the lights. I decided they had a trap set and pulled away. I reported this to the C.O. when I gave my report on return. He told me next day that the single engined fighters the following day saw balloons on each side of the river.

The balloons themselves were not visible at night; high enough to be out of the cone of light, - a sure death trap. Landed, refueled and took off for another patrol. Bombed a crossing at Duclair.

August 20th

Patrolled Seine, bombed a bridge.

August 22nd

A daylight train beat-up. A long trip with long range tanks in the Dijon area. Twelve of us flew over in low level formation at 4 O'clock. We were met with intense ground fire as we bombed and strafed the ammunition trains. Lots of explosions. C Charlie was badly hit; a shell exploded in the port wing so I had to fly home with great care to avoid overstressing. C was taken away to have a new wing and numerous holes patched. I'm flying K until I get a new aircraft.

August 23rd

Tested K. Patrolled River Seine. Bad weather; bombed under flares.

August 24th

Reports of a big convoy movement north-east of Paris. On patrol at 1.30am. Bombed a crossing over the River Seine. Dropped a cluster of flares through a break in the cloud over tourney. Found a convoy moving along a road; trucks were nose to tail. Made a cannon attack, hits were seen, and a petrol truck blew up and started a big fire. On the second attack another petrol truck caught fire and exploded with flames 20ft. No more flares but enough light from the fires to continue strafing. Arrived back an hour overdue with empty fuel tanks.

August 31st

Bright moonlight. There's no such thing as flying straight and level; one has to continually weave to clear our tail. Night fighters with radar are for ever present, and they have top pilots flying them. Train busting in Belgium. bombed one train and shot up another. Flak bad, lucky to get away with a few holes.

September 10th

Went for a fly around in the afternoon. Patrolling East

"Go," is the shortest complete sentence in the English language.

Reminiscences—Gordon Nunn DFC

Holland. Bagged a train and bombed a bridge.

September 12th

Took off at 2:30am for Holland. Strafed vehicles and bombed a road junction. Bad flak and searchlights.

September 28th

The last trip of my tour — the 50th Railways in Holland. Shot up trains. I decide to do another tour.

November 5th

Heavy rain. Took off 2am for North Holland. Shot up two trains. Bright moonlight; bombed marshaling yard.

November 18th

Zuthpen-Rees area. Bombed marshaling yards. My star-board engine packed up as I came in to land. Caught me by surprise; the cylinder head gasket blew and clouds of glycol obscured everything as I landed. A close call. They had to fit a new engine.

November 20th

Rail patrol Munster. Low cloud and rain, instruments all the way. Saw a V2 being launched near Amsterdam.

November 28th

Road and rail patrol Rhur valley. Very cloudy over target: got caught under bomber pathfinders marking targets. Realised we were lost and out of our area and lost no time heading out of it before the bombers started dropping their bombs. Although we were lit up by the flares, there was not a searchlight and no flak. Our lucky day!

December 2nd

Night flying test. Close support of army in Ruhr Venlo area. Bombed Venlo, hit by heavy flak. Young Williams missing.

December 4th

Rail patrol Rhine. Cannoned motor transport vehicles; got caught in searchlights but managed to get away from them. Dropped flares but they didn't open. Bombed a couple more MTS.

December 5th

My aircraft taken away for a 40hr inspection. Given one of B flight's planes. Battle area Venlo. Caught in searchlights and hosed with light flak. Just got away and was caught again but not hit. Terrible weather: having great problems with engine air intakes icing up, which adds enormously to our problems. Landed with empty fuel tanks.

December 6th

Venlo - Rees area bombed Motor Transports

December 17th

Night Flying test. On the dawn patrol in close support of the U.S. Army. The Ardenne offensive caught them badly. Germany mustered 250,000 men, 2000 tanks and 3000 aircraft for this offensive. The weather is too bad for the single engined fighters to fly. The Germans over-ran a lot of US divisions. Bombed and beat up a road convoy; weather bad; came home in daylight.

December 28th

Bombed two road junctions in the German pocket in front of US Army. Low fog covering the area.

December 31st

Patrol in the German breakthrough area. Found convoy of tanks and trucks. Cannoned and machine gunned 8 tanks and 10 trucks; dropped two 500lb bombs on convoy.

Policophobia or eurotophobia

A senior citizen drove his brand new BMW Z4 convertible out of the car salesroom. Taking off down the motorway, he floored it to 160kmh, enjoying the wind blowing through what little hair he had left.

"Amazing!" he thought as he flew down the motorway, enjoying pushing the pedal to the metal even more. Looking in his rear view mirror, he saw a police car behind him, blue lights flashing and siren blaring.

"I can get away from him - no problem!" thought the elderly nutcase as he floored it to 180kmh, then 220 then 240kmh.

Suddenly, he thought, "What on earth am I doing? I'm too old for this nonsense!" So he pulled over to the side of the road and waited for the police car to catch up with him.

Pulling in behind him, the police officer walked up the driver's side of the BMW, looked at his watch and said, "Sir, my shift ends in 10 minutes.

Today is Friday and I'm taking off for the weekend. If you can give me a reason why you were speeding that I've never heard before, I'll let you go."

The old man, looked very seriously at the policeman, and replied, "Years ago, my wife ran off with a policeman. I thought you were bringing her back."

"Have a good day, Sir", said the policeman.

TYPEWRITER is the longest word that can be made using the letters only on one row of the keyboard.

Vale

It is with regret that the Association must relay the passing of member:

Lake, Peter Rosslyn DFC of Hawthorn East, Victoria

The Association's condolences are extended to his wife Lois and all the his loved ones.

Peter was with Sqdn 464 on the famous Aarhus Raid.

New Member

The Association is pleased to announce and welcome the following person who have joined us since the last Bulletin was published:

Fitzsimmons, James of Bentleigh, Victoria

Welcome and we hope you have a long, enjoyable association and take an active interest in Mosquitos and in particular your continued work effort in assisting us with the restoration of A52-600.

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A crocodile cannot stick its tongue out.