

## Battle Honours Award Ceremony

A new Battle Honours Board was unveiled at a brief ceremony on Thursday 10 December 2009 at the headquarters of the "new" No. 87 Squadron at RAAF Base Edinburgh, S.A. Following a distinguished history as a photo-reconnaissance and then photographic survey unit, No. 87 Squadron was re-

formed in 2006 after being disbanded in 1954. Australia's Governor-General Ms Quentin Bryce AM awarded these Honours to No. 87 Squadron on 4 February 2009, in recognition of their service during WW2 flying Wirraway, Lancer, Lightning and finally Mosquito PR Mk. XVI aircraft in the Pacific theatre, the Nether-

lands East Indies (now Indonesia), Darwin, Morotai, Borneo and the Philippines. The all-ranks ceremony included some of the olds and bolds of the "old" No. 87 Squadron, notably former Squadron Leader Kym Bonython, Squadron Leader F.J. (Jim) Gillespie's younger son Peter and Doug Nicholas, son of former 87 Squadron photographer Sgt. R.N. (Ron) Nicholas. Doug has just donated his father's entire collection of photographic negatives and prints and memorabilia to the "new" Squadron. Many of these are familiar to us both through the MAAA's own archives and David Vincent's book "Mosquito Monograph.

A further batch have never been published. No. 87's former Warrant Officer Bruce Homewood also attended; he's back in harness for the Squadron after the briefest of "retirements". Guests were then treated to a tour complete with briefings by each flight commander; it was interesting, informative and highly appreciated by all.

C.O. of No. 87 Squadron, Wing Commander R.G. Trotman-Dickenson AM, Warrant Officer Ian Gosper and all Squadron personnel made us most welcome. Many yarns were swapped over tea and coffee after the ceremony (some of these yarns, like the raconteurs themselves, have improved with age). Peter

Gillespie and your scribe had our photos taken beside the naming plaque at the Gillespie Room (named after Peter's father and my uncle Squadron Leader Jim Gillespie), and were later presented with replicas of the plaques as a farewell gift. It was an honour, and left both of us almost speechless.

And finally, the MAAA have arranged to supply a quantity of our gilt Mossie lapel badges to the Squadron; WO Gosper told us they are presented to each new member of their social club, appropriately named the Mossie Club.

TRB



Peter Gillespie beside the Battle Honours Board

## The President's Log—by Alan Middleton OAM



Well another year has passed us by very quickly, with progress being made of A52-600, especially on the fuselage thanks to the efforts of Brett Redway, and other volunteers. Brett hopes to make great strides over the coming year on the fuselage restoration.

I also wish to thank the MAAA volunteers, Friends of the Museum and Museum staff who have assisted down at Point Cook this year.

I was fortunate to be invited over to the 87 Squadron Battle Honours Ceremony with Terry Burke and Graeme Coates. Terry has created an item covering this event, which has been published elsewhere in this Bulletin.

It is great that Air Commodore Mark Lax CSM (Retd) has gratefully given permission to publish parts of his document about No 1 Squadron. This helps the Association to broaden its coverage of articles other than A52-600's 87 Squadron.

If there are any other stories out there from other Mossie Squadrons we would love to hear about them.

Our Archivist, David Devenish is still beavering away at recording the history of A52-600, 87 Squadron and within this Bulletin he seeks your assistance in identifying names etc, please help him to fill in the gaps.

On behalf of the MAAA Committee I would like to wish all our members and readers all the best for the festive season. Please continue to support *your* Association with whatever means you can.

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all.

Alan Middleton OAM  
President.

## The No 1 Squadron Mosquito Story

You will be pleased to know that Air Commodore Mark Lax CSM (Retd) has generously granted the Association access to reproducing his wonderful manuscript :

*"Something to Remember - The No 1 Squadron Mosquito Story"*

It is a very comprehensive document of 110 pages with marvelous stories, tables of statistics and many photos.

Snippets of this document will be re-produced in upcoming Bulletins, but as you may gather due to constraints we won't be able to reproduce all of it. If you would like a full copy then it can be purchased and delivered to your door by forwarding \$20.00 to the Secretary.



Do not walk behind me, for I may not lead. Do not walk ahead of me, for I may not follow.  
Do not walk beside me either. Just pretty much stay away from me. (Zen Wisdom)

## Information Wanted by David Devenish

For the following photos the MAAA would love to hear from anyone who can help with names, details and source of original photos. Please contact David, Association Archivist, per details on rear page.



*Ground crew of #1 Squadron, Labuan, 1945.*

Photo donated by Earl 'Crash' Morgan, and comes with many of the names. However, there is still some 11 of the 34 names which are yet to be identified or verified.



*Air to air photos of A52-500 & A52-525 Mosquitos over Kingaroy early 1945.*

Electronic copies of these photos supplied by Mark Lax. These are the photos which Earl 'crash' Morgan enquired about in Dec08. If you have good originals of these photos or can advise where they can be obtained we would love to hear from you.

It's always darkest before dawn. So if you're going to steal your neighbour's newspaper, that's the time to do it.



# These Mosquitoes Seek Jap Blood

★  
NEW  
SHOCK  
IN  
STORE  
FOR  
JAPS



**READY** to go into action against the Japanese in the South West Pacific are heavily-armed Mosquito fighter-bombers of the Royal Australian Air Force. These exclusive pictures by The Courier-Mail photographer show a Mosquito squadron completing its operations training on an aerodrome near Brisbane. In the service the unit is referred to as the "Woodshed Squadron," a nickname arising from the plywood construction of its planes.

**AIRBORNE:** Gracious lines of the Mosquito are revealed in this night photograph, taken by The Courier-Mail photographer during operations training. The Mosquito is probably one of the most versatile and most accurate aircraft ever to have been built in Australia.

**STING:** Putting the sting into a Mosquito are Sgt. Al Mousie (Lithgow, N.S.W.) and Sgt. L. O'Neill (Armidale, N.S.W.). The free camera in the rear view shows machine's devastating hitting power, either for ground targets or aerial combat.



**FLIGHT ORDER:** All crews, with full kit, must be ready for an operation at any time. Each Mosquito carries a crew of 4 members in through a small door in side of the nose.

**MASCOT:** Squadron mascot is a deathhead, "Burr Schmidt," which has more flying hours to its credit than most of the pilots of the squadron. It flies with Flt./Lt. B. A. Smith, D.F.C. (control), who has as his observer Flt./Sgt. J. W. Anderson. (Right.)

MOSSIES AT  
OVER. RANGANOY  
ON 19 12 1952-53

Newspaper cutting from 1945.

Copy of cutting donated by Earl 'crash' Morgan. We would like to hear from any one who can help with a) Name and date of newspaper and b) source of the original photos.

Please contact David per details on the last page.

## Great Predictions

People have been talking about a 3,000-mile high-angle rocket shot from one continent to another carrying an atomic bomb, and so directed as to be a precise weapon which would land on a certain target such as this city.

I say technically I don't think anybody in the world knows how to do such a thing, and I feel confident it will not be done for a very very long period of time to come. I think we can leave that out of our thinking.

Vannevar Bush, US Chief Government Scientist, 1945.

Always remember that you're unique. Just like everyone else.

# RAAF Museum Update

## CARIBOU ARRIVAL

The Caribou 152 will arrive at Point Cook on the afternoon of 25 November 2009. It will be accompanied by the Caribou 140 which will fly back to the Australian War Memorial the following day. The Museum's newly acquired Caribou 152 will be placed on external display for the public until early in the New Year and eventually go into storage.

## P180 REFRESH

The P180 display hangar has had a facelift this week. The Mirage, Quad Radar and Bell UH-1B Iroquois have been taken off the floor. The Museum's Sikorsky S-51 Dragonfly helicopter has been introduced and plans to relocate the Hypobaric Chamber to within this hangar are in progress. We are proposing to update the showcase with a display to complement the Chamber. The existing panels have been redesigned and some new photographs from the collection included. Take a moment to have a look at the great image of Wing Commander Tony Powell on the Cessna Bird Dog panel from a public relations series in the Archives.

## SMOOTH MOVE

As mentioned above, Stage One of the 'Big Move', the re-arrange of Hangar 180, went very smoothly on Monday. This was largely due to the excellent response we got for a "call to arms" of Volunteers with a dozen helping on the sweltering day. Thank you to all who were involved. The next stage will

be to move the Phantom out of the Tech Hangar and the Deperdussin, Mirage and Quad Radar in. The SE5A and Bloodhound missile will also be repositioned. This is planned for Monday 23 Nov (weather permitting). Any Tech Volunteers who may be interested in helping on this day please notify Tech staff, or leave your name on the list on the flight line whiteboard.

## VOLUNTEERS FOR AIR PAGEANT

Volunteer involvement is now being sought for the RAAF Museum Air Pageant on Sunday, 28 February 2010. There are varied roles that volunteers can participate including Host Officer duties, Technical assistance and crowd control among others. A roster and notes on the Air Pageant will be distributed in the New Year to all interested members.

Please advise of your availability by 5 February 2010. Additionally volunteer involvement will be required on Saturday 27 February and on the day after the Air Pageant with cleaning up. There will be no admission fee to the event and further details will be offered in the next few updates.

*Mary Briggs: Volunteer Co-ordinator/  
Administration Officer*

*Phone: (03) 9256 1341, Fax: (03) 9256 1692*

*E-mail: mary.briggs@defence.gov.au*

# An Australian Love Poem

Of course I love ya darling',	So long as when I cuddle ya,	thighs.
You're a bloody top-notch bird,	I can get my arms round there.	
And when I say you're gorgeous,		I swear on me nanna's grave now,
I mean every single word.	No sheila who is your age,	The moment that we met,
	Has nice round perky breasts,	I thought you was as good as,
So ya bum is on the big side,	They just gave in to gravity,	I was ever gonna get.
I don't mind a bit of flab,	But I know ya did ya best.	
It means that when I'm ready,		No matter what you look like,
There's somethin' there to grab.	I'm tellin' ya the truth now	I'll always love ya dear,
	I never tell ya lies,	Now shut up while the footy's on,
So your belly isn't flat no more,	I think its very sexy,	And fetch another beer.
I tell ya, I don't care,	That you've got dimples on ya	

If you think nobody cares if you're alive, try missing a couple of car payments.

# Hitler's stealth bomber

How the Nazis were first to design a plane to beat radar. By [Marcus Dunk](#)

With its smooth and elegant lines, this could be a prototype for some future successor to the stealth bomber.

But this flying wing was actually designed by the Nazis 30 years before the Americans successfully developed radar-invisible technology.

Now an engineering team has reconstructed the Horten Ho 2-29 from blueprints, with startling results. The full-scale replica was made with materials available in the 1940s.

The stealth plane design was years ahead of its time.

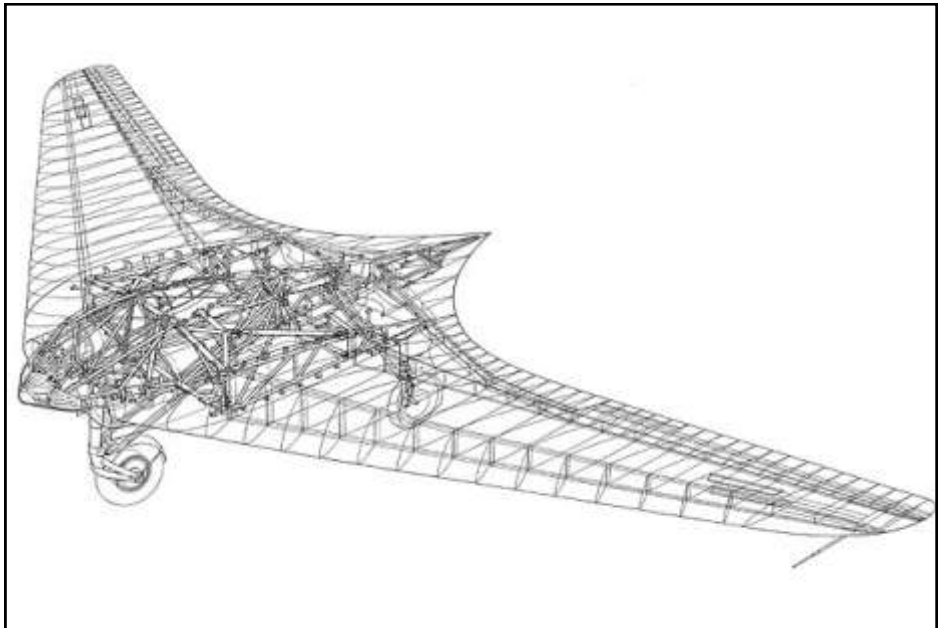
It was faster and more efficient than any other plane of the period and its stealth powers did work against radar.

Experts are now convinced that given a little bit more time, the mass deployment of this aircraft could have changed the course of the war.

The plane could have helped Adolf Hitler win the war.

First built and tested in the air in March 1944, it was designed with a greater range and speed than any plane previously built

and was the first aircraft to use the stealth technology now deployed by the U.S. in its B-2 bombers. Thankfully Hitler's engineers only made three prototypes, tested by being dragged behind a glider,



and were not able to build them on an industrial scale before the Allied forces invaded.

From Panzer tanks through to the V-2 rocket, it has long been recognised that Germany's technological expertise during the war was years ahead of the Allies.

But by 1943, Nazi high command feared that the war was beginning to turn against them, and were desperate to develop new weapons to help turn the tide.

Nazi bombers were suffering badly when faced with the speed and manoeuvrability of the Spitfire and other Allied fighters.

Hitler was also desperate to develop a bomber with the range and capacity to reach the United States.

In 1943 Luftwaffe chief Hermann Goering demanded that designers come up with a bomber that would meet his '1,000, 1,000, 1,000' requirements – one that could carry 1,000kg over 1,000km flying at 1,000km/h.

A wing section of the stealth bomber and the jet intakes were years ahead of their time

Two pilot brothers in their thirties, Reimar and Walter Horten, suggested a 'flying wing' design they had been working on for years.

They were convinced that with its



Never test the depth of the water with both feet.



## Hitler's stealth bomber—contd

drag and lack of wind resistance such a plane would meet Goering's requirements.

Construction on a prototype was begun in Goettingen in Germany in 1944.

The centre pod was made from a welded steel tube, and was designed to be powered by a BMW 003 engine.

The most important innovation was Reimar Horten's idea to coat it in a mix of charcoal dust and wood glue.

Inventors Reimar and Walter Horten were inspired to build the Ho 2-29 by the deaths of thousands of Luftwaffe pilots in the Battle of Britain

The 142-foot wingspan bomber was submitted for approval in 1944, and it would have been able to fly from Berlin to NYC and back without refuelling, thanks to the same blended wing design and six BMW 003A or eight Junker Jumo 004B turbojets

He thought the electromagnetic waves of radar would be absorbed, and in conjunction with the aircraft's sculpted surfaces the craft would be rendered almost invisible to radar detectors.

This was the same method eventually used by the U.S. in its first stealth aircraft in the early 1980s, the F-117A Nighthawk.

The plane was covered in radar absorbent paint with a high graphite content, which has a similar chemical make-up to charcoal.

After the war the Americans captured the prototype Ho 2-29s along with the blueprints and used some of their technological advances to aid their own designs.

But experts always doubted claims that the Horten could actually function as a stealth aircraft.

Now using the blueprints and the only remaining prototype craft, Northrop-Grumman (the defence firm behind the B-2) built a full size replica of a Horten Ho 2-29.

Luckily for Britain the Horten flying wing fighter-bomber never got much further than the blueprint stage.

Due to the use of wood and carbon, jet engines integrated into the fuselage, and its blended surfaces, the plane could have been in London eight minutes after the radar system detected it.



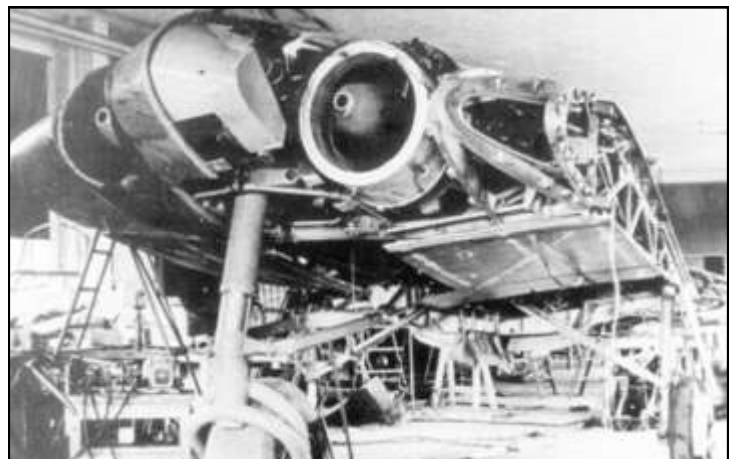
It took them 2,500 man-hours and \$250,000 to construct, and although their replica cannot fly, it was radar-tested by placing it on a 50ft articulating pole and exposing it to electromagnetic waves.

The team demonstrated that although the aircraft is not completely invisible to the type of radar used in the war, it would have been stealthy enough and fast enough to ensure that it could reach London before Spitfires could be scrambled to intercept it. 'If the Germans had had time to develop these aircraft, they could well have had an impact,' says Peter Murton, aviation expert from the Imperial War Museum at Duxford, in Cambridgeshire.

'In theory the flying wing was a very efficient aircraft design which minimised drag.

'It is one of the reasons that it could reach very high speeds in dive and glide and had such an incredibly long range.'

The research was filmed for a current documentary on the National Geographic Channel.



If at first you don't succeed, skydiving is not for you.

## Mission Improbable from Aeroplane, March 1999

One night in 1944, RAF Mosquito nightfighter navigator SQUADRON LEADER LEWIS BRANDON DSO DFC (then a flight lieutenant) set off across the North Sea on what he and his pilot expected to be an uneventful — even boring — "stooge" patrol. Far from being a waste of time, it turned out to be doubly fruitful, as he relates here.

*Reproduced by kind permission of Michael Oakey, Editor,  
Aeroplane magazine — [www.aeroplanemonthly.com](http://www.aeroplanemonthly.com)*

In September 1944 I was navigator-leader on 157 (nightfighter) Squadron based at RAF Swannington in Norfolk. My pilot was the late James Gillies "Ben" Benson, then a squadron leader and Flight Commander of A Flight. The unit flew de Havilland Mosquito NFXIXs, originally in a defensive role as nightfighters in Fighter Command, and then on loan for a couple of months to Coastal Command during the Battle of the Atlantic. Finally, in May 1944, the squadron joined 100 Group of Bomber Command in the role of bomber support.

The whole purpose of 100 Group was to make the German nightfighters' job as hazardous as possible by jamming their equipment, intruding on their airfields and intercepting them at known assembly points, hopefully to shoot them down before they reached our bomber stream. To this end, 157 Sqdn had been given the role of chasing the German nightfighters at the assembly points, usually at about 14,000ft.



The Author—1942

On the afternoon of September 11 we had carried out our night-flying test in our Mosquito, code letter E (which we named Eager Beaver), and had put in a good session of practice with Monica, our rearward warning radar device. We landed and decided to amble over to the Intelligence Section to see what was on for the

night before going up to the mess for a meal.

On the way round the perimeter track Ben remarked: "I think we'll let the other chaps have first pick of the patrols tonight. We'll take the one that's left over."

I understood the reason behind his decision. Ben was always conscious of the ill-feeling that could build up on a squadron or a flight when the commander invariably picked the most likely-looking patrol for himself: or if on a defensive nightfighter squadron he stayed on the ground when things were quiet but leapt into the air whenever Huns were around. That might have been a good way of building up a big individual score, but it was by no means the best way of building up squadron morale.

One of Ben's jobs as Flight Commander was to allocate the various patrols to the crews in his flight who were on operations on any particular night. He was very much aware of his responsibility in this direction. He would certainly never shirk a patrol that looked difficult, but at the same time he realised that because morale was so high on the squadron all the crews wanted a really fair chance of excitement and action.

I must say, though, that when we saw the operational plan for that particular night it looked as if we could not have picked a worse night for such a decision. A gigantic raid had been laid on for some poor unfortunate town in southern Germany, with a secondary target in the Ruhr. With one exception, every patrol from Swannington was in support of one or other of these raids. They looked just the thing to provoke massive reaction from the German nightfighters.

There was just one solitary patrol that was riot in direct support of these two raids, and it could not have been much further away from the main scene of activity. It was right up on the island of Seeland, just off southeastern Denmark, so far to the northeast that it was off all the maps and charts

Before you criticize someone, you should walk a mile in their shoes. That way, when you criticize them, you're a mile away and you have their shoes.



## Mission Improbable—contd

we normally used.

There were no other patrols of any sort anywhere near it, but a spoof raid that looked rather ineffectual had been laid on. Some training aircraft were scheduled to pop out over the North Sea and to fly towards northern Holland before turning back for home. It did not look to us as if the spoof could possibly have any real bearing on our patrol point, which was miles away.

night off ops. Then we went back for final briefing and at 2045hr, carrying what seemed to be an excessive number of maps and plotting charts, we climbed into Eager Beaver. As we taxied round the perimeter track to the end of the runway I could not help feeling a little peeved that Ben should have chosen this night of all nights to make this gesture. Anyhow, here we were and I might as well make the best of it. We were now at the end of the run-



Mosquito NF XIX is represented here by MM652, seen here during trials at Boscombe Down in May 1944. After serving with 157 and 169 Sqdns, the former unit being the one on which the author served, this aircraft was sold to de Havilland on October 27, 1948, for export to Sweden.

We realised at once that we would be left with this stooge patrol, as we were taking last pick. Sure enough, that was how it turned out. There was just a little consolation for us when we learned from Intelligence that there was a German fighter beacon on Seeland. This was one of the fighter assembly beacons, which normally consisted of a light on the ground that could be seen from some considerable distance flashing a letter in Morse code to identify it to the German nightfighters. There was, as well, a powerful R/T transmitter which would be tied up with the reporting system and would pump out information to any German fighters which might be ordered to assemble there. However, this beacon did not seem much consolation for what would be a round trip of over 1,000 miles, with a 20min patrol thrown in. We noted that we would have to pass fairly near to the airfield of Westerland / Sylt, so we determined to have a look there on the way back if the Seeland patrol turned out to be a waste of time, as we were pretty sure it would.

### Moonless crossing

We had a leisurely meal in the mess, accompanied by a few sarcastic remarks about our apparent

way. Ben ran up the engines in turn, with the brakes hard on, checking his instruments. I glanced round the cockpit to check that oxygen was on and everything else all right, looked at my watch, and, as we started off down the runway, entered the first item on my log sheet.

I felt the usual thrill of excitement as we took off into the night. There was something about it that never failed to give me a kick, even on a stooge trip such as this. We were a minute or so early, so we circled the airfield twice before I told Ben to set course. The night was dark, with no moon, but there were no clouds either, making visibility quite good. We made height to 2,000ft and crossed out over the Norfolk coast just south of Cromer. Our long sea leg of more than 450 miles had begun.

Eager Beaver's twin Rolls-Royce Merlins were purring smoothly. I switched on the airborne interception (AI) radar just to check that it appeared to work all right. It did. I switched it off, as we did not want to be plotted by the enemy radar. A transmission from our AI would be picked up long before they would be able to see the aircraft. We had dropped to about 500ft, which also gave them less chance of picking us up.

All we could see was sea and stars, and the seemingly endless sea journey soon became monoto-

If you tell the truth, you don't have to remember anything.

## Mission Improbable—contd

nous. We were the only moving thing except for an occasional falling star. The sea beneath us was horribly black. I took a Gee fix. We were pretty well on track; the forecast winds had been good so far. Nearly 2hr had passed before we reached our patrol point. I passed Ben some barley sugar and had some myself. I always took a selection of things to suck on these patrols; we were issued with quite a choice — fruit drops, barley sugar, Horlicks tablets or chewing-gum. One's mouth got very dry sometimes, and it gave one something to do.

There was quite a bit of German jamming on Gee now, but I got another good fix. We could not expect to pick it up much longer at this height, anyhow. We had decided to steer fairly well clear of Sylt; our landfall would be at a little island just

ued on our way, climbing steadily. We were over the mainland now, there were no lights below and there was nothing to see on my AI, which I had switched on as we started climbing. Monica was on as well, and nothing showed on that either. Soon we had another short expanse of sea to cross and, in spite of the darkness below, we could see the coastline coming up.

We crossed the strip of sea and were halfway over the next piece of land when, far ahead, we spotted a flashing light. It was flashing the letter "Q" in Morse.

At least the beacon on Seeland was working. After flying for another 10min or so we passed right over the beacon, and as we did so we saw the lights of neutral Sweden a few miles to the north-east of us.

It seemed very strange to think that over there lived a nation not at war. However, we had our own little war to get on with, so we turned south-east on to our predetermined patrol line. A 4min leg that way, then about turn and an 8min leg the other way; that was the plan.

Once we had remarked on the proximity of Sweden there was nothing much to talk about. Nobody was taking any notice of our presence so far as we knew. We reached the south-east point of our patrol, and as Ben began the wide sweep that would bring us back on to our new course I gave him some chewing gum and bemoaned the fact that we had no playing cards with which to while away the time.

We had hardly settled down on course when I noticed with surprised excitement a faint blip on my AI. "Contact!" I yelled.

"Don't be funny," said Ben disgustedly. "I'm not kidding! Range nearly eight miles ... coming in a bit bloody fast! It's a head-on just out to port. Get ready for a hard starboard turn. Range six miles."

"Okay, I wonder what the devil this can be?"

"Range four miles ... Still out to port and slightly below."

"Do you want me to go down?"

"No. It must be on a parallel course, range three



In the foreground taken in 1942, is Wng Cmdr S.G. (Ben) Benson DSO DFC & Bar, the pilot on the sortie described here. The author is the person on the right, scratching his head.

north of the island of Sylt. Five minutes before we were due at the island I told Ben. There was a slight change in the note of Eager Beaver's engines as we began to climb up to 4,000ft. Soon we could pick out our little island just over to starboard. We could see the northern tip of Sylt as we turned slightly to starboard for the leg to Seeland.

### Contact!

We had decided to carry out our patrol at 12,000ft. It seemed as good a height as any, so we contin-

Give a man a fish and he will eat for a day. Teach him how to fish, and he will sit in a boat and drink beer all day.



## Mission Improbable—contd

miles ... Ready for the turn ... Now! "

I knew that when the turn started I would lose the contact as the other aircraft went out of our AI coverage. I also knew that I should see it again very soon, crossing us from port to starboard. If I judged the turn correctly he should finish up about 2,500ft in front of us. It went very well. Fifty seconds later:

"Okay. I've got him again. Range three thousand ... Gently starboard ... Go down."

"Gently starboard, going down."

"He's turning starboard ... keep going starboard ... harder starboard ... level out now but keep going starboard ... range coming in a bit now, just over two thousand."

"We're going round the ruddy beacon. He must be orbiting the thing. Where is he now?"

"Two thousand ... Keep going starboard ... Ease the turn a bit. Where do you want him?"

"Starboard will do. Is he above us?" "Just a shade . . . Coming in to fifteen hundred, still going starboard. He's about ten degrees starboard slightly above."

"We're still going round the beacon ... Ah! There he is."

"Can you hold him? What is it?"

"Can't see what it is. Yes, I've got it all right now. It's bloody dark though; I'll go in a bit. It must be a Hun. What the hell would one of our aircraft be doing here?"

### Junkers downed

By this time we were underneath the aircraft and only about 400ft away. It certainly was dark, but we could clearly see that it was a Junkers Ju 188. It had stopped turning starboard now and was flying straight and level. He obviously did not imag-



Another 605 Squadron crew stand by their aircraft, ready to take off on a moonlight mission.

ine that there was a Mosquito underneath him. Ben eased up Eager Beaver's nose as we dropped back slightly. As the Junkers drifted into his gunsight he gave it a four-second burst. The cannon rattled, and the familiar smell of cordite wafted up. We saw strikes as flashes came from the starboard wing root. The Junkers gave a great lurch and lost much of its speed; Ben had to pull up over it to avoid a collision. As we went up over it a four-star cartridge, two red and two green, was fired from it. By the light of these we saw the enemy aircraft drop very steeply away to starboard. A

If you lend someone \$20 and never see that person again, it was probably worth it.



## Mission Improbable—contd

pinpoint of flame from its starboard engine spluttered into a large flame that we watched going earthwards.

Although I had watched all this from my grandstand seat with much excitement and gratification, my training ensured that I kept half an eye on Monica and half an eye on my AI. In the same second that the Junkers started on its way down I noticed another blip on my AI. It was about five miles ahead of us, slightly to port and a little below.

Ben needed no urging to believe me this time. As we turned after this second aircraft we saw the first one crash on land about three miles east of the beacon. It could be seen burning there for some time.

Meanwhile, we were closing in nicely on number two. We decided that it must be an aircraft carrying out some sort of exercise with the first one. It seemed incredible to us that he had not seen all the commotion going on behind him. To our amazement, however, we had no difficulty in closing in on him quite quickly. We repeated the tactics as before and identified him from close below as another Ju 188, flying straight and level. What a

with the cannon. At night it needed something pretty spectacular to register anything at all.

Ben proceeded to carry out instructions. He gave the Junkers a two-second burst from only 100yd. It straightaway caught fire in the fuselage, pulled up to port, then over the vertical in an almost classic loop. It dropped flaming like a torch to hit the sea only a few miles off the coast of Sweden, with a magnificent flash as it exploded.

Some fairly large chunks had come off this Junkers as the cannon shells ripped into it. We flew right through them, but apart from feeling his slipstream and getting a horrible whiff of ersatz German oil in the cockpit, we suffered no damage - at least, not as far as we could tell.

These two one-sided contests had occupied just over 7min, so that we had only another 3min left of our patrol time. In view of the fact that we had flown through debris from the second aircraft we decided to call it a day. We still had a long sea journey to negotiate, and it would be silly to take any unnecessary chances.

We set course for home. As we passed over the



Junkers Ju 188D-2s of 1(F)/124 surrendered at Kirkenes, Norway, in May 1945.  
Two Ju 188s fell victims to the guns of the author's Mosquito on the night of September 11, 1944.

clot he must have been. A four-star cartridge had been fired and an aircraft had gone down in flames — in fact it was still burning down below — and this chap had not noticed a thing.

As Ben lifted Eager Beaver's nose once more, I said: "Make this one a real flamer."

"Okay," replied Ben, "I'll see what I can do!"

This was not just bloodthirstiness on my part; we carried a cine-camera which worked automatically

beacon it was still busily flashing the letter "Q". I had a momentary thrill when I saw something on my AI, but whatever it was the blips were too blurred to be aircraft blips. We decided that it might have been Window that had been dropped earlier by the aircraft we had chased; we carried on with the return journey.

The excitement was not quite over, however. We were just crossing out to the north of Sylt when I got a contact on Monica. I saw it first at about

Don't be irreplaceable. If you can't be replaced, you can't be promoted.

## Mission Improbable—contd

6,000ft range, warned Ben, and when it came in to just under 4,000ft we whipped round in a hard turn to see if we could turn it into an AI contact. We did not succeed, but we shook off the aircraft that had been behind us.

As we were still at 10,000ft, Ben put Eager Beaver's nose down slightly so that we could gain a bit of speed on the way home. With all the night's thrills behind us the long sea journey did not seem too bad. We landed at Swannington after 4 1/2hr of what had turned out to be a very satisfactory stooge patrol.

The Mossies from the other patrols had all landed by the time we arrived. Strange to say, only one of the 157 Sqn aircraft that had been on patrol that

night had a chase, and that resulted in one Ju 188 damaged.

We found next day that, apart from being covered in ersatz oil, Eager Beaver had only a few scratches from the debris of the second Junkers. Later we were told that the film from the camera gun had shown evidence of the combats. I must admit that I was pleased about this. To return from a patrol that looked as pointless as ours had done, and then claim two enemy aircraft destroyed, seemed almost too much to believe.

*My apologies to the member that forwarded the original copy of this article to me, I have misplaced their name.*  
-Ed.

## Coomalie News with Richard Luxton and TRB

Member Richard Luxton owner of Coomalie Creek has forwarded this brief update on his efforts at the ongoing archaeological dig around the Coomalie Creek WW2 air base. He and others have found many interesting bits and pieces off a variety of different aircraft operated there:

- Recovered parts from A55-1 or A55-2 Lightning off the eastern side of 17;
- Recovered Ki pump from A52-611 bonfire site;
- Will be working with two archaeologists over Christmas - New Year with a ground radar unit and metal detectors on more parts recovery;
- Attended a 90th anniversary commemoration ceremony at Fannie Bay for the touch-down of the first

flight from London to Australia, by Sir Ross and Sir Keith Smith and crew in a Vickers Vimy on 10 December 2009.

Richard sends his best wishes to all MAAA members and friends for Christmas and the New Year from Coomalie Farm.

Best wishes for Christmas and a healthy and peaceful 2010 to all MAAA members and friends.

Regards TRB

## Tongue in cheek

Facetious philosophies for modern living:

- \* If you think there is good in everyone, you haven't met everyone!
- \* Never wrestle with a pig. You will both get dirty, but the pig likes it!
- \* All things being equal, big people use more soap!
- \* Nostalgia isn't what it used to be!
- \* Anyone with common sense is a nice contrast with the modern world!
- \* Anything worth fighting for is worth fighting dirty for!

Some days you're the bug; some days you're the windshield.

## Labuan Island Raid from Earle 'Crash' Morgan

A newspaper article about a wild Japanese raid on Labuan Island was sent to me by my father while I was on Labuan Island with No 1 Mosquito Squadron. Little did he know that his son was caught up in that raid.

On June 21st 1945, I was one of a work party of about 15 Airmen detailed to go out to a ship in the Harbour to unload Squadron equipment. Our Defence Officer told us that the Japs were held in the "Pocket" and that the island was now secure, and we should leave our weapons back at Camp. Our party leader was Flight Sergeant Bert Morgan and as such he carried a service pistol. We left Camp at 5.30 am and travelling by truck heading to the beach area. As we neared the beach we noticed that there were no lights in any of the Army camp areas,

which was rather strange, and we thought that perhaps an air raid warning had been issued. As we slowed down, an Army chap with rifle and bayonet fixed and wearing a steel helmet appeared in the middle of the road and yelled out to the driver of our truck to put the so and so headlights out and shouted out something about dead men there. We were sure then that there must have been an air raid but that thought was rapidly cast aside as bursts of rifle and machine gun fire erupted all around us. A Jeep was standing a short distance from our truck with an Army Captain sitting in it. He was dead and must have been shot shortly before we arrived at that spot.

Without any prompting we rapidly vacated the truck and jumped into muddy bomb crater beside the road. Had the Japs approached our position, our only defence would have been a barrage of mud balls. While the action was going on Bert Morgan crept to the Army line and asked one of the Army chaps in what direction he should shoot. The Army chap asked him what sort of weapon did he have and Bert produced his service pistol. He was told by the Army chap to throw it at the Japs, as it would probably do more damage that way.

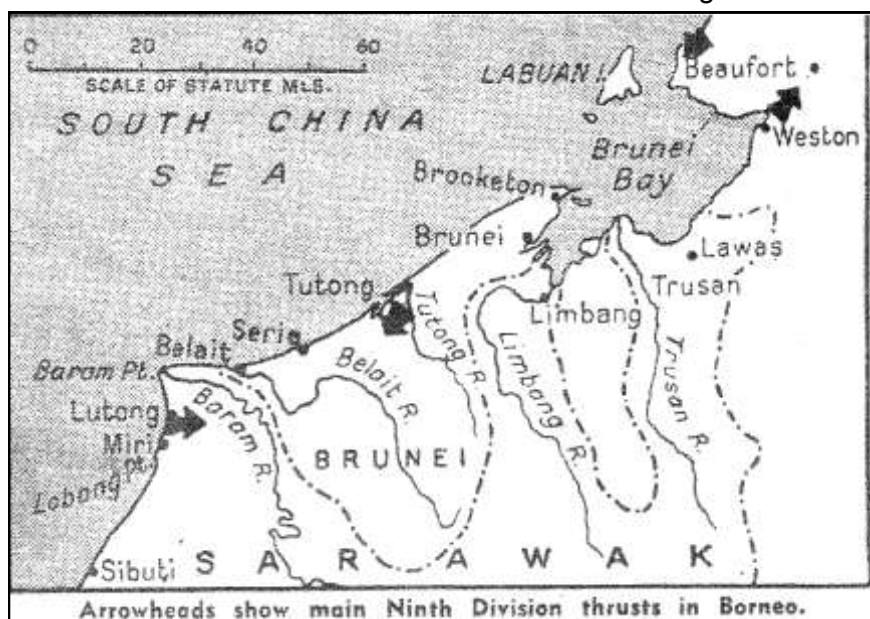
It seemed that morning light would never come and when it finally did we saw four dead Japs about thirty feet away from where we were holed up in the crater.

We eventually got to the beach and out to the boat, but little work was done. We were supposed

to be relieved at midday, but did not get off the boat until 3pm.

As it turned out we were extremely lucky not to have been wiped out as we came driving down the road with blazing headlights making a lot of noise and right between our Army fellows and the Japs. In the days following the raid, Jap snipers were still around and working on the beach at night under lights was a bit scary. On two occasions while traveling back to Camp on the back of a truck snipers had a go at us.

The first time we heard the shots close by but did not pay much attention, but the second time we heard the buzz of the bullets as they passed just over our heads and caused us to all get flat down



in the back of the truck. We thought at the time that the shooters must have been the worst shots in the Jap Army not being able to hit a truck full of men. However, when the Army chaps got the second shooter they found that he had already been wounded, which may, have accounted for his lack of accuracy.

In 1963, I was having lunch with a group of work mates and the talk got around to war experiences. One of the fellows, Roy, said that he would never forget the night of the Jap raid on Labuan island, there was fighting going on, bullets flying everywhere when this noisy bunch of Air Force blokes came down the road in the midst of it all, with head lights blazing, and I had to jump out and tell them to switch off the bloody lights. He was absolutely amazed when I told him that I was one of the Air Force blokes in the truck!

A closed mouth gathers no foot.



# “The Films You Don’t Get Are Spying Out Jap Bases “

Article by LEO O'DWYER the “Telegraph” War Correspondent

A small band of Australian pilots in the north west area have for the past 15 months or so made regular flights over Japanese strongholds in the East Indies using film that in pre-war days would have shown you on the beach in your new bathing costume or the baby on the front lawn.

Now they contain invaluable photographic records on enemy bases for our bombers.

So when you next queue up unsuccessfully for that negative for you're your box camera take heart because the film you are unable to buy have been in the camera of pilots who have been intercepted by Japanese fighters, fixed upon and even chased across Arafura Sea

Here is the story of the photo reconnaissance unit of the RAAF. The net result of those hazardous operations since 1942 has been a complete photo survey of enemy territory north of Australia. Established on the lines of a similar and equally successful British unit which has mapped German bases thoroughly, the Australian unit has undertaken a gigantic task.

Since they began operations local PRU pilots have penetrated far into Japanese occupied Netherlands East Indies have made a permanent and invaluable record of the enemies' activities there, have dodged his patrols and evaded Zeros sent out to destroy them.

On one occasion they had to land back at their base during an air raid. In addition they have surveyed many of the sites for Army and Air Force camps in the Northern Territory.

Although their lot is not to give battle but to avoid it at all costs, their job is no sinecure.

It is not much fun to push off in a heavily laden fighter wedged into the small cockpit, suffocatingly hot at first but soon to be icy cold, speeding over vast ocean expanses at altitudes where perspiration freezes, where oxygen must be used and consequently where flagging senses must be whipped to do a job where not even the smallest percentage of error is permissible.

To be alone for 5 hours or longer over hostile territory is not a happy occupation but this is what has to be faced by PRU boys on every mission. With their parachute and rescue dinghy

strapped on and overladen with a special flying suit in which are sewn his emergency rations, water supply and jungle kit. The flying cameraman has to be practically eased into his cockpit which is further cluttered up with oxygen equipment, wireless, maps, navigation gear, first aid outfits, mosquito net, side arms and other necessary sundries, as well as the several large cameras.

The mission successfully completed is only half the job for he has to supervise the laying out of the photo mosaic, maybe see that it is rushed to RAAF operations and interpret the printed story of his flight. His service initials mean anything but Pilots Rest Unit as he sometimes refers to them.

Hidden in the Australian bush the photo reconnaissance unit has built itself into an imposing establishment since its charter members made their first flight towards the end of 1942.

Now the processing chambers in the depth of the tropical forest are air conditioned, for, with thermometers logging a regular temperature of well over 100 degrees for months, films containing vital information normally would not stand much of a chance of disclosing it. To preserve them and other fragile equipment, heavy air conditioning plants were hauled a thousand of miles or more.

Some of the original pilots of the unit are still with it. First operation was made by Flight Lieutenant W Talberg of Sydney, while other foundation members include Squadron Leader C Lawrey of Rockhampton, Squadron Leader Lloyd Law of Brisbane, who took a special photo course in England and helped duplicate here the overseas setup and Flight Lieutenant Bruce Sinnott of Melbourne.

Squadron Leader FW Robilliard came into the show later as also did Flight Lieutenant AS Hermes of Sydney who helped organise the Rabaul evacuation two years ago, Flight Lieutenant R Green of Melbourne, Flying Officer J Lovegrove who has seen service in the Middle and Far East and who escaping Java spent 46 days in an open boat, Flying Officer CJ Rush of Sydney and Flying Officer K Boss-Walker of Tasmania.

Generally speaking, you aren't learning much when your lips are moving.



## From the Mailbag

Thank you for the MAAA info and Aussie Mossie. Always something interesting. Congratulations on the Life Membership awards to Alan, Sam and Bob. I was interested to read of Terry Burke's visit to the de Havilland Museum in the UK and wondered if it was the same one that Tom and I went to at Hatfield during a visit in 1986. I thought this little story might be of interest as it concerns Mosquitos.

We had just one morning in our tight schedule before we left England to go and see the museum where the first Mosquito was built in a tin shed. We took a train to St.Albans then a taxi to London Colney, which was quite a long way as I recall. When at last we arrived a notice on the gate said CLOSED ON THURSDAY MORNING. Guess what! It was Thursday and there was nobody around. Fortunately the taxi had waited and the helpful driver suggested he take us to Hatfield to the Hawker Siddeley and British Aerospace base. They had a museum, which we might be able to see. After he dropped us off at their gates we were taken to the guardhouse, where Tom told them a big sob story about how we'd come all the way from Australia and not been able to see the Mosquito museum and how disappointed he was. Perhaps we would be able to see their museum?

Well, it so happened that a Mosquito had come in that morning (a very rare occurrence) and was then on the tarmac, soon to take off. The Chief Security Officer hustled us out to his staff car and personally drove us down to the runway. With a few other staff we were able to watch as it went through the pre-take off checks. Tom looked at his watch as it began its run and said, "It will be airborne in 32 seconds." They all looked surprised and asked how he knew that. He replied, "It always took us 32 seconds." They were pretty impressed when it rose up right on time. It came back over the strip and waggled its wings in salute. Tom was sure it was just for him! Made his day. We were then driven back to the museum, which they opened for us even though it wasn't a normal viewing day. Tom was invited to give them advance notice next time he was coming over (unfortunately there never was another time) and they would put on something special. We were treated like VIPs and even driven back to our train station, for which we were grateful, as the taxi had cost us way over our slender budget.

I feel this little story is worth remembering and recording for the unexpected warmth of the reception of two strangers from Australia at a busy air base. It simply couldn't happen today in our terrorist age.

All good wishes,

Barbara Baird



Thanks for the latest Newsletter. I thought I would just keep you informed about CF-HML ( ex RAF 796 B-35 ) here in Vancouver. The aircraft has been moved to Victoria on Vancouver Island and is being completed by Victoria Air Maintenance. I was over there last week with the owner and VAM are going great guns. The airframe is complete, flight controls installed, fuel tanks in and both engines are now down in California for overhaul. My group are still rebuilding all the new electrical systems and junction box's here in Vancouver, and we hope to be all finished by December. They will then be taken over to Victoria and we will work with there avionics guy over there. I expect the machine will be flying in the early part of 2011. It will be quite something with our machine and Aspects machine out of New Zealand all flying about the same time.

I was recently in Quebec and visited Vintage Wings who are located at Gatineau Airport, which is located about 20 Km from Ottawa. Vintage wings had there first open house and the flypast consisted of the Lancaster bomber from Hamilton, 3 Spitfires, various Mk's , 2 Hurricanes, and a P-51 Mustang. It was quite the sight. They also have F-86 Sabre which flew with a CF-18, and Tudor jet. They also have a flying Corsair and a Stearman. They have currently under restoration a Ly-sander, Fairey Swordfish, and another Canadian built Hurricane. It is worth looking at the web sight. It is owned privately, the owner made his money in the computer business Boy what a hobby.

All for now.

Regards

Doug Grant  
Canada



Experience is something you don't get until just after you need it.



## From the Mailbag—contd

Many thanks yet again for the Bulletin, things are progressing well from reading the articles...congratulations to all.

We had a fantastic day at the Mossie Museum Salisbury Hall on Sunday 04.10.09, it was the Mossie Aircrew Signing Day, thirty one Veterans attending. A wonderful day and a great honour to meet and talk with the Veterans again, but to see them meeting up with their colleagues and friends, and enjoying themselves, as if time had stood still for them!. The weather was grand, we had sunshine all day, great for the UK?.

I'm sure there will be more info. and photos on the web site soon.

As always if there is anything I can do in the UK for you or your friends/colleagues ie. send books over etc, please do not hesitate to ask.

Jan and I are still planning to visit and travel to both Australia and New Zealand, hopefully within the next couple of years, so look forward to meeting and thanking you all in person.

Kind Regards,

Dave Coeshall. UK

ps. Have enclosed a few of my photos taken on the day.



recognition was made for Ron.

Thanks TRB for me, it was good to see it in print.

Yours sincerely

Kay Vidler

Ballina, NSW

I have enclosed some shots from the Saskatoon,



I found TRB's page 19 article in the previous Bulletin (No 55) very interesting showing the 456 Squadron badge displayed. My late husband Ron was with 456 Squadron from 1941—1945. He was responsible for putting the Red Kangaroo on the 456 badge. Two months before he passed away in 2006, it was officially approved, but no

There are two theories to arguing with women. Neither one works.

## From the Mailbag—contd

Canada control tower as Avro Lancaster C-GVRA gave a couple of fly passes in early August, then flew onto Winnipeg.

There's only two of them still flying in the world.

The Avro Lancaster, one of the most famous bombers of World War 2 entered Saskatoon air space around 11am, with a low fly past at the Air-

port and then circled around and above the city before leaving for Ontario.



Thousands of Canadian aircrew served with the RCAF and the Lancaster Squadrons. Over 4 hundred Lancaster MK X's were built in Canada and shipped overseas for flying duty. And throughout the entire world, only two still fly today, one in England and one in Canada.

The bomber is one hundred and two feet long and just under 70 feet wide. It can reach top speeds of 287 miles per hour and has four Rolls Royce Merlin Engines.

The fly past is a tribute pass to our veterans and a farewell salute to the Cameco Canada Remembers Airshow.



Ken Pittman

The quickest way to double your money is to fold it in half and put it back in your pocket.

## From the Mailbag—contd

Having read, Memories by Earle 'Crash' Morgan in Bulletin no 53, last December 2008, I thought that you might find the following of interest.

The ground crew for Mosquito A52-513, pictured below, included 'Crash' Morgan -fitter, 'Uncle Joe' Lynch -airframe rigger and myself -armourer at 19 years, very green and still very damp behind the ears. The air crew was Wing Commander R.A. Little (DFC) and Navigator F/Lt F.J. Magee (DFC).

Whilst I was on stand down, having been on guard duty the night before, A52-513 returned from a trip to Morotai, with group captain Jock Whyte as a passenger.

Due to problems with spent cartridges clearing the guns, another armourer unloaded the Hispano cannons and Browning machine guns and before he was able to complete this job it come on to rain. He placed the hatch cover over the Browning machine guns without locking them. Before he got back to complete the job other ground crew ran up one of the engines (starboard I think) and the hatch cover was sucked off by the slipstream and was badly damaged. Next day we lifted the aircraft up into flying position using the crane at the stop butts (insert with mound of soil for firing guns into), the plan being to remove the blast plate from around the muzzles of the cannon, place a piece of plasticine under the breech block, fire one shot and then measure the length of the plasticine to ensure that the breech block was traveling back

far enough for the spent round to be ejected clear out of the breech.

On firing the shot a rather large and very ugly looking hole appeared in the underside of the wooden fuselage from the muzzle blast. As the aircraft was not down to fly that day it was not recorded as unserviceable and the carpenter riggers proceeded to repair it over night. When the boss drove up in his jeep the next morning to enquire what progress we had made with his cannons he sighted the clamps holding the repairs together while the glue dried. To say the least he was not amused and who could blame him.

Corporal Jack Hill, that 'crash' mentions was in our tent at Morotai and Labuan. He was a great bloke who loved catching and keeping snakes and new his way round as he had completed one tour in New Guinea. Jack died in the camp hospital of a heart condition, 20<sup>th</sup> October 1945 at 28 years of age. It was another tragic loss, more so as Jack was to fly home next morning on compassionate leave to visit his family, as his wife who was expecting their second child, was in very poor health.

Max Boase, Numurkah, Vic.

*A52-513 Mosquito FB MK VI, named "Here's Troub-ole".*



### *Air crew:*

Pilot W/C R.A. Little (DFC)

Navigator F/Lt F.J. Magee (DFC)

### *Ground crew:*

LAC E. J. 'Crash' Morgan

Fitter, Rigger, LAC F.J. 'Uncle Joe' Lynch

Rigger and LAC A.M. 'Max' Boase

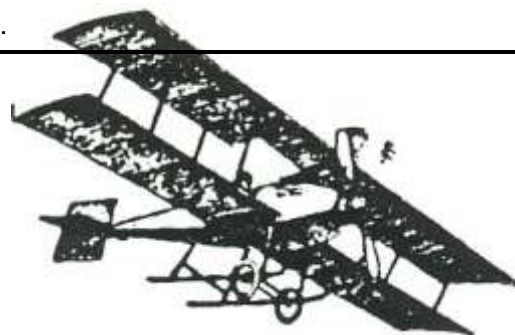
Everyone seems normal until you get to know them.



# Regulations for Operation of Aircraft

1	Don't take the machine into the air unless you are satisfied it will fly.
2	Never leave the ground with the motor leaking.
3	Don't turn sharply when taxiing. Instead of turning sharp, have someone turn the tail around.
4	In taking off, look at the ground and the air.
5	Never get out of a machine with the motor running until the pilot relieving you can reach the engine controls.
6	Pilots should carry hankies in a handy position to wipe off goggles.
7	Riding on the steps, wings, or tail of a machine is prohibited.
8	In case the engine fails on take off, land straight ahead regardless of obstacles.
9	No machine must taxi faster than a man can walk.
10	Never run motor so that blast will blow on other machines.
11	Learn to gauge altitude, especially on landing.
12	If you see another machine near you, get out of the way.
13	No two cadets should ever ride together in the same machine.
14	Do not trust altitude instruments.
15	Before you begin a landing glide, see that no machines are under you.
16	Hedge-hopping will not be tolerated.
17	No spins on back of tail slides will be indulged in as they unnecessarily strain the machine.
18	If flying against the wind and you wish to fly with the wind, don't make a sharp turn near the ground. You may crash.
19	Motors have been known to stop during a long glide. If pilot wishes to use motor for landing, he should open throttle.
20	Don't attempt to force machine onto ground with more than flying speed. The result will be bouncing and ricocheting.
21	Pilots will not wear spurs while flying.
22	Do not use aeronautical gasoline in cars or motorcycles.
23	You must not take off or land closer than 50 feet to the hangar.
24	Never take a machine into the air until you are familiar with its controls and instruments.
25	If an emergency occurs while flying, land as soon as possible.

COMMENCING JANUARY 1920



Never miss a good chance to shut up.

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

**Bond** Dudley, of Magill, South Australia  
**Debnam** George, of Bellerive, Tasmania  
**Walker** Maurice, of Kyabram, Victoria  
**Walton** Ronald DFC, of Leeming, Western Australia

The Association's condolences are extended to all the Member's loved ones.  
Their support to the Association will be sadly missed.

## New Members

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

**Papworth** Norman William, of Singleton Heights, New South Wales  
**Shorthouse** Peter, of Rochester, Victoria

Welcome to you all, we hope you have a long, enjoyable association and take an active interest in Mosquitoes and in particular the restoration of A52-600.

### The Mosquito Aircraft Association of Australia

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The journey of a thousand miles begins with a broken fan belt and leaky tyre.