

Recollections of War

From 20,000 feet to Stalag

Kenneth Pipe

Editor: John Pipe

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AUCKLAND LONDON PUNE SINGAPORE



*Ken Pipe in tented accommodation at
RAF Station Kabrit, (Landing Ground
213), Egypt, 1941*

From 20,000 feet
to
Stalug Luft III



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Dedication

*To Mum
Lots of love
Xmas, 1996*

*To Dad
a wonderful husband,
and father*

Foreword

The following article, including the comments below, appeared in the publication: "*News and Views*" (The official Organ of the Western Union Cable Employees Association, European Division).

This article was not originally written for the "*News and Views*" but was intended as a letter home to "Mum and Dad".

The writer wishes to remain "Anon", but I believe a number of the Tfc. lads did see this D.F.C. warrior on the 4th floor recently and, although he was wrapped up in 16lbs of plaster (results of this experience) his spirit was typical of thousands of his comrades who took part in smashing up Hitler's Reich.

This article is hopefully ended with "To be continued"!!!! Possibly an account of his P.O.W. experiences will follow. We hope so. Life at Stalag Luft 3 was pretty grim, anyway.

About the Cover

The Lancaster crew ready to fly

Conditions on the plane were basic. It was noisy, cramped and cold. The temperature could drop to -40°C, cold enough to freeze exposed flesh if it touched metal. Early in the war, crews had to pile on layers of clothing.

Losses on each flight varied enormously during the war. The acceptable rate was set around five per cent, and the average between 1942-44 was four per cent. This arithmetic is more brutal than it sounds. Less than one crew in eight would survive fifty missions. Half of all aircrew were lost before they had even completed ten missions.

Bomber Command crews also suffered an extremely high casualty rate: 55,573 killed out of a total of 125,000 aircrew (a 44.4% death rate), a further 8,403 were wounded in action and 9,838 became prisoners of war. A Bomber Command crew member had a worse chance of survival than an infantry officer in World War I.

Introduction

This is part of the World War Two story and the flying log of (then) Pilot Officer Kenneth Alfred Sydney Pipe, MBE, DFC. AKA Dad!

Ken Pipe was born in Suffolk 18 September 1910. He enlisted in the RNZAF 4 June 1940 and completed service in the Middle East with 70th Squadron before undertaking European Operations. On his 58th sortie he was shot down over Hanover on the night of 22-23 September 1943.

Unconscious, he fell a considerable distance before coming-to just in time to pull his rip cord. He landed in trees and was taken prisoner of war. His back was severely damaged in the fall.

He was imprisoned in the infamous Stalag Luft III, scene of the Great Escape. As a NZ Air Force Officer, Dad was involved in the tunnelling operation although because of his damaged back this was the more passive role of turning empty tin-cans into air-ducts.

He remained a POW until May 1945. After his return to New Zealand he remained in the RNZAF, firstly with the Northern Reserve and ATC, and later in RNZAF Supply based in Whenuapai. He retired 16 April 1962 and died 31 Jul 1974.

DFC Award 18 January 1944 (115 Squadron - Lancaster). "This officer has completed numerous operations against the enemy, in the course of which he has invariably displayed the utmost fortitude, courage and devotion to duty."

MBE Award New Year Honours 1963, for dedicated service.

Caterpillar Badge awarded because his life was saved by a parachute jump.

The medals and badge can be seen on the title page.

In addition Ken had service medals and crosses awarded for Africa, Europe, and the Atlantic.

BOMBER MISSION PART ONE

A true story

[This story starts from Pages 81-82 of the Flying Log](#)

Afternoon of 22 September, 1943...

Target for tonight just announced; navigators busy drawing charts, maps, etc., and working out flight plans, discussing target generally, prior to main briefing which was due in an hour's time.

Well—briefing over; target Hanover.

It was to be the first big attack on Hanover; everybody more or less happy, crews busy collecting 'chutes and harness, rubber dinghies and other items air-crew carry along with them. Packing into crew vans and off to the dispersal points in plenty of time to permit last minute check-ups and a last quiet smoke, coupled with that last nervous contraction of "inner works" which always accompanies itself with operations.

Twenty five minutes to take off; everyone in aircraft starter acks connected, ground crews waiting the word to go, a truck rolls up—it's the flying rations. We had given them up for this trip. Also from the truck steps the Navigation Officer wishing us "*all the best*"; words bandied back and forth and then the words "*Port outer*", followed by a stutter then a steady roar, "*Port inner*", the roar is much louder, "*Starboard inner*," "*Starboard outer*". All engines start very easily, the ground boys trundle away the starter battery just visible in the gathering dusk.

Then the Skipper's voice is heard over the inter-com: "*OK chaps, check your mikes.*" Each in turn calls up, making sure all is working clearly; everything must be in perfect working order on the ground, for at 20,000 feet temperatures of twenty to thirty below zero are met with and moisture in a mike means that it will freeze and that's the finish!

Oxygen equipment checked, all report OK. Navigator checking his instruments, setting first course on "D.R." compass. Engineer checks his instruments for the order "*chocks away*", and we taxi out on to the perimeter track towards the start of a long line of flares leading away out into the darkness.

A green flash from an Aldis lamp and we are on the runway, Skipper signals OK and one feels the acceleration pushing one back into his seat, watch the air speed indicator, sixty, seventy,

eighty, ninety, one hundred - and we are off. Skip's words, "*wheels up*", twenty four hundred revs, then a few minutes later "*climbing power*", and now we have to watch the altimeter, high above the earth; time to turn on oxygen, for we have to make more than twice this height.

Setting course and we are on our way. Now that we are airborne everybody seems quite cheerful. Over the sea, gunners try out their guns and everything working fine. English coast passed from sight, everyone settles down to three, maybe four hours of intense concentration.

"*Enemy coast-pin point-track OK. E.T.A. OK*". One knows and feels other aircraft around but nothing is seen, the night is very dark. Alteration of course, another hour-and-a-half should bring us to the target. "*Nav.*" checks re-checks, ground speed, wind, busy plotting on chart—everything depends on TIME.

Zero hour 21.30. Turning point, course for last leg, very short, twenty odd miles. Then dead ahead the target indicators drop in correct sequence almost one after the other.

Bomb aimer takes over, he has twelve thousand pounds of bombs to drop—one eight thousand pounder and the rest fire bombs. "*Right—steady. Bomb doors open—hold it—Bombs gone! Steady for photograph—photo taken. Bomb doors closed.*"

Course set out of target area almost clear, Rear gunner announces "*Fighter port quarter! Prepare to corkscrew port... go!*" The sound of gun fire, our gunners firing, rear and mid upper both firing, a stream of cannon shells past the nose, another just above, we make a hard target to hit. Enemy aircraft breaks off attack and falls away, one engine belching smoke and flame.

A quick check-up proves that the aircraft has not been hit. "*Bloody good show, gunners! OK pilot turn on to Navigator to give the next course.*" Rear-gunner breaks in "*Enemy aircraft Starboard quarter!*" followed by mid-upper: "*Enemy aircraft port beam!*" "*OK chaps, take one each,*" and Pilot commences corkscrew; enemy attacks—smell of cordite all over aircraft, suddenly another sound, that of tortured metal being torn apart. An engine coughs and whines as if in agony.

We have been attacked from below and realise the other two enemy planes were decoys. Pilot feathers propeller on the dead engine and we carry on. Have we shaken them off? A call is made on the inter-com—no response from the mid-upper back—what has happened? Engineer answers he will see, he is at flare chute. Compass is now useless and Navigator checks. Pilot orders "*Prepare to abandon aircraft*"—still no answer from gunners.

Another underneath attack, can feel cannon shells strike aircraft with a ripping, tearing sound, the Navigator's table suddenly scatters. Exploding shells, a hit in the leg, splinters flying, hit in the head—nothing serious but blood flows freely. "*Controls gone, abandon aircraft*", but no one moves, the aircraft is spinning and try as we might—it seems we are each and every one glued to our places. No panic—the aircraft hurtling earthwards and yet inside everyone calm, concerned about the gunners who did not answer. The Wireless Operator staring back into the darkness, the thought "*Well boys, this is it—tough luck, anyway had a fair spin.*"

Suddenly the aircraft seemed to stop in mid air, the tremendous pressure was lifted and I was

conscious of being hurled forward, striking part of the aircraft, and then everything quiet and a queer sense of freedom coupled with a floating sensation and it dawned on me that I am free of aircraft and I pull ripcord of the 'chute; the canopy opens. What quietness after the screaming of the aircraft—it seems uncanny.

A muffled bang and down below a pin-point of light gradually growing larger, it dawns on you it's your aircraft burning. Your mind is troubled, trying to recall the last glimpses of your comrades, how many got out—was fate working her funny little tricks? You offer up a small prayer, perhaps you are not religious in the strict sense of the word, yet it comes natural.

Woosh!

Branches, trees, a jerk and one is hanging, the 'chute, caught in the topmost branches of the trees. Just hanging and it's very dark. One feels numb, can see and hear aircraft ammunition exploding about five hundred yards away. Feeling around and kicking legs, but can make no contact and you realise you must be too far out to reach branches. Harness starting to cut off circulation of legs, so reach up and grasp harness above head to ease the strain and find a lot of loose cords. You realise that half the 'chute has collapsed and is hanging loosely down.

At this moment a German fighter drops a stick of flares across the forest, marking the track of the bomber force out for his mates, I suppose? Anyway, it makes a light and I can see around. I can see the nearest branch, very small, about seven or eight feet away and a bit below. Try swing 'chute—no can't make it. Can also make out ground, it looks miles down. A torch zigzagging through the woods and I hang quiet. This person is evidently making for the burning aircraft.

He has passed on and I get out my knife (I remember it is one I bought in Suez) and cut eight or nine of the silk cords that are hanging loose and knot these firmly together, each one would be about six or seven feet long. Whilst cutting the cords I find broken branches tangled in them and pick out the heaviest which I tie on to the end and then pay out the cord. I am trying to get some idea of the height. I get to the end of my cord and the stick still seems to be off the ground, whether it had caught in a branch lower down I could not say, anyway, estimated height at sixty to seventy feet. I hauled in the line and decided to try and slide down.

Each of these cords are tested for a breaking strain of 400 lb and, as you know, silk is very strong. You can guess that they are not very thick—about the thickness of window sash cord I should say. By this time my legs were completely numb, so feeling in the harness above my head I tied the cord securely and the other end I tied to my leg so that if it did get away from me would get pulled up before hitting the ground. Was very careful and paid the surplus line over my knee so that it would run evenly.

It was still very dark, the flares had gone out and was doing most of this by feel—very muddled feel at that, for head was banging away as if a flak battery was firing all its guns at one time. I turned the safety buckle, gave it a bang with the palm of my hand, at the same time holding on to the harness with the other Blessed release! I grasped the harness with both hands and hung on letting the blood circulation return to my legs.

Now for the big try out. I felt around, grasped the cord and started down. It began to burn my hands and just at that moment something went wrong, for I turned completely upside down and was hanging by one leg about ten feet below where the harness joined the chute. There was I, gently turning round and round. I since wonder if it was God who had a hand in it for, looking back, I have no doubt that had it not got tangled I should never have made it.

Taking stock of my position I realised that I could now make out shapes around me, due to the moon rising, which automatically registered direction. I could see twiggy branches, some seven or eight feet away, and by desperate efforts got myself swinging in their direction. At last I could reach, but unfortunately as soon as the weight came on them they broke away, and another swing out into space. Back again—a wild clutch and I would grasp a solitary leaf which would come away in my hand. I wonder, have you ever experienced that thought of frustration only to grip your teeth and carry out whatever you intended despite the consequences? I can say right here that I was crying with rage and cursed everything and everybody, and then I grasped a twig that held! Gingerly I felt my way along it, the twig joined another giving it added strength and myself added confidence. I pulled some more, another junction, I was blessing and praying now.

What a difference changed circumstances make. A man will be definite when he thinks there is no chance, yet give him a straw and he feverishly grasps it. You take a breath and a life time passes. You are a boy again, your home scenes that have lain dormant in your subconsciousness now rises to the surface.

A loud explosion brings you back to the present. Part of the aircraft has blown up. God! What about Goldie, Reg, Pat, Don? Another breath, another flash, back to the forgotten past. Omar Khayyan this time. Have you every read Omar Khayyam's "Rubaiyat"? Do so as soon as possible and you will find this which passed through my mind -

“This all a chequer board of nights and days,
Where Destiny with Man for pieces plays,
Hither and thither moves, and mates, and slays
And one by one back in the closet lays”

To be continued...

BOMBER MISSION PART TWO

The continuation

Another bang and back to earth conscious of the fact that the cord attached to one's leg has become very tight and cannot make any further headway, pull and tug all useless, so decide to cut the cord, difficulty in getting knife out of pocket, then opening blade with teeth, to find that being outstretched could not reach the cord to cut it.

Try, make a wild slash, miss, try again, miss and all the time edging further out on this small branch to get sufficient play to allow the cutting of this silk cord and then made it, to recover consciousness six hours later laying at the foot of a very large tree having no recollection of falling whatsoever. Try to move, agony, at last manage it by dragging oneself with the aid of the tree stagger a few yards collapse, up again, one thought must hide, must get away, only to pass out again.

Another four hours, six o'clock, first early light filtering through the trees, again the thought must get away, must hide. Endeavour to get up, terrible pain, coughing blood but manage and with the help of a stout stick manage to stumble along a few yards, a rest and on again stopping here and there to examine what are quite obviously parts of our aircraft—a piece of plywood, a twisted duralinium piece, the lids from my sextant case. Poor old E for Edward, what an inglorious finish, yet I guess that's how you wanted it. After all you were built for fighting and you went out that way, a pity you had to take the boys with you, but perhaps you know best for who can look into the future to see what it holds.

A track, follow it and eventually strike a rough country lane leading through the wood, proceed along this, resting every few yards and arrive at the spot where it leaves the wood. Take bearing of what is before, and it seems as seen in the early morning light as if it's a small valley entirely surrounded by large fir forests.

I can look across and about a mile and a half away can make out a small village, cultivated fields in the immediate foreground with a stream wandering through. A few wisps of smoke from one or two of the chimneys give the fact away that life is in existence. Follow the road down with my eye and notice that it branches down by a bridge, one arm going over the bridge and into the village, the other leading up and over a small hill into the woods again.

Close at hand and standing back in one of the fields I notice a shed and decide that it will be a good place to head for and lay up for the day, try to dry my clothes and examine my injuries, struggled on and upon arrival find that it is about half filled with hay. Ah! A good place, can get really organised, take out my escape kit which I always carried sewn in the back pocket of

my battle dress, checked the compass, tried sucking a couple of malted milk tablets but think I must have swallowed too much blood for they made me sick, so lay down to rest, but must have passed out, guess that journey must have been too much, couldn't even clamber on top of the hay.

Next thing a scream and one wakes up with a German girl, one hand to mouth and pointing at me with the other; she had apparently driven up in a bullock wagon to load some of the hay for feeding cattle. Flaxen haired and braided into two long plaids and with a certain amount of terror in her eyes, she made a most impressive picture.

She asked me in German if I was English. I nodded my head. She then asked if I could speak German, to which I shook my head, her father then arrived. They placed me in the cart and took me along to the house.

I must now skip the next week or ten days; sufficient is it to say that I was held in solitary confinement, asking all the time for medical attention which was denied me and eventually travelling down to Frankfort on Maine with eight other chaps who had been picked up. I might say that if it had not been for them I should never have made that trip.

More solitary confinement, hard wooden bench to lay upon, food terrible, couldn't eat anyway, interrogation, threats, Gestapo, still asking for doctor and still no response. At last after eleven days was taken out and placed with ten or dozen other chaps, we were told that we were being transferred to a transit camp situated in a park in the city, which turned out to be true.

There I met all sorts of aircrew, Yanks etc. and everybody conscious that the other chap might be a plant by the Germans and acting accordingly. This camp was run by the P.O.W.'s themselves and this is where a new P.O.W. first comes into contact with what the Red Cross was doing and something I might say which comes as a great surprise, something also which the longer one was a prisoner the more one came to the conclusion that it was what was keeping us alive, as events proved later.

Here I had my first shave in three weeks, and a clean singlet, a couple of handkerchiefs which were drastically needed; we also found that the amount of food we could consume was definitely limited even after so short a while.

Tried to get more medical attention, but that night a raid on the city of Frankfort stirred up the people so that the guards would not take the risk of taking us along to the local hospital.

Next day a party of eight was made up to be sent to the main P.O.W. camp at Sagan, Stalag Luft III—was assured that first class medical attention would be available there.

The transport turned out to be cattle trucks with barbed wire strung around them, and forty chaps to a truck, and to cap all, the German officer in charge wanted us to remove our boots, to ensure that we would not try and escape, but we kicked up such a row that finally we were allowed to keep them on and have two Luftwaffe guards placed in each truck with us.

ARRIVING AT STALAG LUFT III

That journey was one long nightmare and once more the boys did all they could to make it easier for me. After two days and two nights we arrived at our destination, sore, weary and hungry, but we were to get no food yet. First we were marched, myself being helped by two of the camp in which the offices, stores, guardroom, etc. are situated.

Here we were searched, taken outside, photographed and finger prints taken. We could see about seventy-eight yards away a mob of chaps collected behind barbed wire watching us.

We shouted, were told to shut up, they shouted, and were told the same thing, so we shouted again. This got the Germans really mad, one sarcastic security officer asked us the price of rats in England now, and someone answered about the same as your mice. That chap firmly believed that England was starving.



A membership certificate of some rarity.

We were quickly formed up and away again, the American boys who had been with us up to this point were taken away first, as at that time each nationality was kept separate.

We learned we were to go into the North Compound and away we went, as we marched up to the main gate another large crowd of chaps, little did I think then, that I should be one of that crowd searching each face of a new purge, as it was called, for an old friend or squadron cobbler and to be disappointed so many times.

This was a funny crowd, us on one side of the double fence, they on the other, both sides completely silent, guards unlocking the gates, when one chap could not stand it any longer and shouted, "For God's Sake say something, somebody" where upon the funny side struck everybody and a great laugh went round.

One cannot in writing express the feeling of passing through the gates of a prison camp, that feeling of being out of everything, a thing that I can honestly say ninety-nine percent of the aircrew never contemplated. It was either the chop or safe to base.

Interrogation by the camp security, each man had to identify himself, so that there was no chance of the Germans planting an outsider in the camp and everybody must try and find somebody who can vouch for him personally. This security I might say is run by the P.O.W.'s themselves to protect themselves and every man entering a compound was subjected to this scrutiny.

Well everybody housed satisfactorily and being asked all sorts of questions on the progress of the war, only to find that the old *Kriegies* as P.O.W. called themselves, short for *Kriegs-Getangenen'* knew far more about it than we did, it was the camp's chief occupation, keeping genned up and where we could only name the large places on the Russian front, they could fill in with all the small villages, and I do believe even hamlets.

When we arrived the camp was suffering from an acute shortage of potatoes, due the Germans said to Gibson VC bursting the Mohne Dam and flooding all that large potato growing area, and potatoes at all times were our main diet. Well I received treatment at last. Volunteer Masseurs and aspro—Doc's universal remedy, after the fourth day, had to give up as it was absolute agony, so decided just to rest it while the Doc negotiated with the Germans to get it x-rayed.

Weeks passed, the chaps fitted into the routine of the camp, and one came to appreciate the efforts of the Red Cross more and more, the fiction library, the technical library, sports equipment for football, Rugby, Cricket and indoor games and not forgetting the all-important Red Cross food parcels. everybody had unstinted praise for the organisations that were helping to make life a little less unbearable.

We had all the sporting events of the world in our small camp, Soccer—we had England and Scotland matches, England versus the Rest, Rugger—New Zealand versus South Africans, New Zealand versus England and so it went on, sometimes matches were arranged to cover up other activities, for the guards would get as interested as the Kriegie spectators over a keen match.

Most will have read in some magazine or newspaper about the big break from North

Compound Luft III in which some fifty officers were shot. Well it was at this time it was being dug and making great headway, and the Germans having got wind of something were busy purging the camp and transporting these chaps to another compound, some ten kilometres distance on the other side of the town, Sagan. It happened that I was one of these lots and so left the compound for Belaria.



A relatively rare photograph from inside Stalug Luft III. Apparently taken by a German who had been bribed with Red Cross offerings. Ken Pipe is at the back with the beard.

TRANSFER TO BELARIA

Belaria was a very small place compared with North Compound, only capable of holding roughly about four hundred and fifty men and comprising of six blocks, wash-houses and cook house. It was much better situated than the others however. Whereas they were completely surrounded by pine trees, here we were on top of a hill overlooking the town itself and also on a fairly busy road, which gave us much more interest in things outside the camp.

It was shortly after arriving in this camp that I received my first mail. What a red letter day! I know that my people had heard that I was a P.O.W.

Well life passed on from month to month, the occasional rumour would go through the camp

like wildfire. I can recall at least three different occasions when the invasion had taken place, previous to it actually happening, then of course it was taken with a grain of salt by a great many.

New chaps coming in, camp overcrowded, yes it would all be over by October, making great headway, no doubt home for Christmas, that brings bitter memories, I wonder how many P.O.W.'s said at Christmas time "Well chaps this will be the last one behind wires", only to repeat it the following year and the following year and I have no doubt would still be saying it if necessary, but July and August 1944 it was different, as each new purge came in, it was in the bag, only to see August turn into September, September to October and realise that it wouldn't be this year after all.

Came January, the Russians who had been marking time for quite a while suddenly decided to push ahead again, bypassed Warsaw, swept across to Kronigsburg and on all their fronts made tremendous advances, Breslen reached and the road past our camp became full of refugees, German refugees.

It was obvious that only a few days separated us from freedom, when it was rumoured that the Germans intended shifting us further to the West. This eventuated and I will quote from notes written at the time and headed "The Quitting of Belaria".

THE QUITTING OF BELARIA

Saturday night 27 January, 1945, Johnny burst into the room at about half past eight "Hurry chaps, we are getting out within half an hour".

Just imagine the looks and stares, then the burst "Get out. You can't panic us!" "Bull." "Don't believe it." "Another rumour."

The camp had been seething with rumours for days past—would the Germans shift us? "Yes." "No." "Where were the Russians?" For days past refugees had been streaming past with horses and farm wagons. We had read of such things but never did we expect to see these events, especially through the barbed wire fence of a Kriegie camp.

Well it was no rumour this time, we were on the move, which of course gave rise to more rumour. The Russian was almost here, he was across the Oder to the North, he had struck for Berlin, he was only fifty, forty, thirty, fifteen miles from the city. Berlin evacuated. They had divided, half the army had struck South and would cut us off.

This was lent strength to by the fact that after packing what bit we could manage to carry and hustled out of the barracks by guards armed with tommy guns into the snow, we were brought to a stop about three hundred yards from the starting point, and after waiting three quarters of an hour, word passed around, return to barracks, as we would not be going for another two to two and half hours.

What a chance for the rumour boys now and the "I told you so's". We wouldn't be shifted, it

was too late, the Russians had advanced too far, the guards would leave us etc. Well back to the barracks.

While waiting to leave the first time I had peeled a pot of potatoes and put them on the fire hoping we would have time to eat them. When we went out and left them on the fire, we couldn't have cared less if the pot burnt out. We had put all our carefully hoarded supply of fuel on to the fire, fuel, which we had begged, stolen and scrounged for emergencies. Anyway upon returning we found it boiling merrily and the spuds just right, so mashed them with what margarine we had left and all filled up the old tum.

Another thing our short march had told us - our packs were too big. We would never manage with them as they were, so the whole camp more or less was turned over to sledge making, bed boards, coal boxes, cupboards, forms, tables, anything was hurriedly turned into sledges and at six the next morning when we were again turned out, a wonderful assortment met the eye. Four men, three men, one man and several extra big of six men, pulled out heavily laden with each man's most prized possessions.

As we had continuous frosts from the middle of December onwards, the roads and tracks were coated with ice, which made it very easy sledging.

As we passed out of the main gates we were handed a Red Cross parcel and our last per man for a very long time. What a sight, twelve hundred men with their sledges, wondering what was in store. Just another move on that old chequer board I guess and it proved the last move for quite a few of the chaps, even the Germans themselves had no idea of our final destination.

We were counted, we had been given our parcel, the guards strung out along each side of us, and we set out like so many refugees, down the road from Belaria into Sagan. Here we met the same old line of farm wagons loaded with women and children and what few goods and chattels they could gather together.

It certainly brought war home to one, and one hopes to the Germans. They were getting a taste of their own medicine of the '39-'40 days, the difference being that they were not subject to strafing aircraft.

Well we passed through Sagan, curious stares from the people over the river; it was the same route that I had traversed almost twelve months before, when I was shifted from north Compound to Belaria.

Saw the Germans putting in gun emplacements on the west side of the river. So along until we were passing along by Karlswalde where the main camps Centre, East, North, South and West are situated, we drew to a halt, speculation again was rife. Were we just being brought over the river? Were we going into one of these camps? We couldn't believe it, for all of them were deserted with this exception.

Where we stopped we overlooked Centre Camp and could see the Censor girls and Luftwaffe searching the camp. They had suitcases and kitbags, packages of cigarettes, clothing and goodness knows what. They must have got a real haul, for if the camp was left anything like

ours, there was pounds worth of stuff left behind. It made us mad to think that we could do nothing only wish them harm and it was with a certain amount of satisfaction we learned weeks later that Sagan had surrendered to the Russians.

Well the column moved on past the Vorlager-North Camp. I noticed hut 103 burnt down—the boys must have got gay—then West Camp, all deserted. Apparently we were the last to leave, the road began to be strewn with different articles, chaps who had not had the luck of being able to construct sledges, but started out with packs too heavy, potatoes, clothing and books etc..

On we walked, dragging our sledges; stopped thirty minutes for lunch, then on again, the sun very watery trying to shine, air crisp, pulling well and by late afternoon, about 20 kilometres travelled we reached a place called Kunau, the clouds had lowered, it started snowing, and it had grown much colder.

We were taken into a large farmyard, were counted and allotted sleeping quarters in barns, cow sheds, pig stys, etc.. It was almost dark, hands and feet, one hardly knew they belonged. Managed to get some bread out of kit, margarine so hard it came away in chips, impossible to spread, had to put it into mouth then bite a piece of bread, a drink of cold milk, milk powder mixed with cold water, and so to bed—a bed made on sheaves of stacked linseed.

What a night! Will I ever forget it ? I doubt it very much. Time, it is said, is a great softener, well it needs to be, for I would shiver violently for about ten minutes, which must have restored the circulation, for I would warm up for half an hour and the same thing would occur, one could hear chaps shivering violently all over the barn, some crying out with the cold.

It was one of those times when one is glad morning arrives, no matter how bad it might be; raucous "*Aus Aus*" (German for "out") and out the boys rolled stiff with the cold, hacking off a couple of slices of German bread and putting on whatever they fancied. I used margarine, jam and cheese. That was being very extravagant I knew, but felt I must have something to march on and keep out the cold.

Counted once more, twelve missing, mostly French boys who could mix with French workers. They had slipped away during the night. Had to wish them the best of luck and hope that they made it.

On the road once more, fewer refugees, the going still very good, a stop for ten minutes then on again. One thing that struck us was the attitude of the German civilian population. We expected to be shown hostility on all sides, but it was quite the reverse, the women would meet us at the road side with water and very often hot water.

Early afternoon we reached a place called Goosse-Selten; this the 13th January, lined up in the streets in fives and counted once more; we then learned we were to spend the night there. After a walk of 13 kilometres, we were then marched off to the farm we were to occupy. I must describe one of these farms.

They are invariably built in the form of a large square, the buildings forming the outside walls with a large yard, approximately between eighty to a hundred yards square. The buildings all open on to this, including quite often, several houses in which the farm workers live, the farmer's house itself is usually separate.

After hunting around for places to sleep, eventually settled in an old pig sty which looked warm anyway, carried clean straw from one of the barns, got cracking on a fire, anything that comes to hand does for fuel and we made a real good stew, using the ingredients from our Red Cross parcels, we also had an issue of cooked barley which went down very well, and so to bed.

Next day were told no move as the other camps ahead of us were blocking the way, so got socks and boots dry, sore feet attended to and rest etc.. A detachment of panzers arrived, they had abandoned their tanks—lack of petrol. One truck with bullet holes through the door and steering wheel told its own story. Significant of the effectiveness was a wooden cross in the back of the truck with the driver's name painted on. They hadn't had time to erect it.

Pole and French farm workers seemed everywhere, girls and men, one wonders how the German agricultural situation would carry on without them for never does one see a young German worker. We stayed at Grosse-Selten two days—30th and 31st January.

On the morning of 1st February we were on the move again and I guess that the farmer was glad to see the back of us, it looked as if a hurricane had hit the place. Well a march of seventeen kilometres brought us to Birkenstadt. We passed through the town, evidently brown coal was mined there and made into briquettes.

Again we took over a farm, this by far the best that we had seen so far. We passed under an arch and were counted as we passed. This was amazing for goons—slang for Germans. Inside the yard everything looked cleaner and newer.

Well the same old story hunting for beds, eventually everybody fixed up, it's amazing where a thousand to twelve hundred men get to, fires springing up in the yard, brews being made, the usual trade etc..

That night the thaw set in and what a mess next morning, but word was given out that we would spend another day and night there so once again got cracking and cooked food etc., everybody hoping that it would freeze again, for if the thaw stayed we would have to pack our kit and carry it on our backs.

Well that is what it came to, books and all sorts of odd little things were thrown away to lighten loads. Some more adventurous tried sledges but had to give up after a very short distance.

The American boys who had been with us up to this point were separated, rumour saying that they were going to Nuremberg. Needless to say rumour was strong at all times as to our final destination.

Another walk of twenty odd kilometres and we arrived at Granstein on the 3rd February. I

must say that on this trip my back gave in. For quite a while I behaved very pig-headedly, refusing help, until the Doctor found me and went mad, so I allowed my pack to be put on the sick wagon (a wagon and horse which the Doc had purchased with chocolate, cigarettes and tea from one of the Germans fleeing from the Russians) for the last two kilometres.

At Granstein for the first time we were split up into smaller parties as no one farm was big enough to accommodate us altogether.

I had now joined the so-called sick party and must say my billet for this night was the best yet, made myself comfortable under an old chaff cutter with a fair packing of clean straw. Food getting low and broke into my reserve, a reserve we all carried just in case—meaning of course just in case an opportunity presented itself for a break.

Out early next morning and on again. I found that by holding on to a rope tied on the back of the wagon I could get along passably even though each kilometre got longer and longer. I must confess it was with a certain amount of satisfaction that a larger town seemed to lay ahead of us.

A rumour had it that we were to finish the rest of the journey by rail. The town turned out to be Spremburg and we were taken through part of it to a large German Military Camp, placed in large sheds and told that a meal was being prepared. It was quite obvious that this was a training school for budding tank units, for they had numerous tanks fitted with colossal gas producer units; again the German shortage of petrol and oil was exemplified.

We got our meal, universal tucker but very welcome nevertheless. Barley stew—the first meal served by the Germans. We later marched another three kilometres through Spremburg (quite a large town) and exposed to the curious stare of the people—mostly girls, old women and old men, to the railway station.

Then the train, yes it was true, cattle trucks again, forty to a truck, the door shut and locked and eventually got under way just at dark, still no clues to our destination. A ration of sixth of a loaf of bread per man to last till God knows when. Each man rummaged in his bag and made a meal of sorts then settled down as best as possible for the night. It was under exactly the same circumstances that I had travelled from Dulag Luft Frankfurt to Sagan in October, 1943.

One could only half sit, half lay—body would ache but no chance of moving. We travelled through the night. At times we seemed to go into reverse, at others stopped for long periods, every minute registering as sleep was impossible. Soon the effects of our soup wore off and all were just as hungry as ever.

A slight greying in the East indicated that a new day was breaking and what a day that was. At any moment we expected to be shot at by our own planes for it was a day of one continuous air raid warning. Move... Stop... Move... Stop, until once more as the evening settled.

The Flight Log

Kenneth Pipe

The next 51 pages have images of each Flying Log page-spread with some annotations where they may be helpful or interesting. Some of the pages have expanding pictures.

The log starts in New Zealand with training at Ohakea and then the move to North Africa for the Western Desert Campaign, and finally to England.

The first date entry is 10 July 1940 with training on Vincents at Ohakea in New Zealand.

The training was completed on the 26 October 1940 and the next entries starting from 3 March 1941 are from 70 Squadron in Kabrit, Egypt.

He was posted to the U.K. on the 3 February 1942.

The next few months were in various Operational Training Units (OTU) in Wellingtons, and then conversion training for the Lancaster started on 5 July 1943.

Flying in 115 Squadron commenced on the 9 August 1943. Seven missions were flown, interspersed with training and other operations until the plane went missing on 22 September 1953 on his 53rd active mission (Pages 81-82).

The remainder of the log entries are after the war and are an informal record of flights during his peace-time service in the RNZAF. Pages 85-90 highly some of his work as Air Movements Officer at Whenuapai Airport in the Changi (Singapore) airlifts from 1958 to 1961 for which he was awarded the MBE.

Time carried forward: _____

Date.	Hour.	Aircraft Type and No.	Pilot.	Duty.	REMARKS. (Including results of bombing, gunnery, exercises, &c.)	FLYING TIMES.	
						Day.	Night.
10-7-40	0605	VINCENT. NZ 302	F/O MAJOR	SIMPLE DEFLECTION CAMARA GUN.	} Passenger!	0.35	
10-7-40	0745	NZ 359	P/O HERRINGTON	ADVANCED DEFLECT- CAMARA GUN.		0.10	
10-7-40	10-05	NZ 359	P/O HERRINGTON	ADVANCED DEFLECT. CAMARA GUN.		0.25	
10-7-40	11-10	NZ 311	F/O WILES	ADVANCED DEFLECT CAMARA GUN.		0.30	
11-7-40	0815	NZ 314	P/O Davies	COMBAT. CAMARA Gun.		0.15	
11-7-40	0850	NZ 304	P/O Davies	Combat Camara Gun.		0.30	
12-7-40	0910	NZ 312	P/O Hastings	Sand Grouping Lewis Gun		0.30	
15-7-40	0900	NZ 359	F/O Griffiths	Target practice Lewis Gun		0.50	
15-7-40	1040	NZ 314	P/O Edwards	Target practice Lewis Gun		0.35	
15-7-40	13-10	NZ 304	F/O Wiles	Target. Test- Lewis Gun.		0.40	
17-7-40	0910	NZ 315	F/O Wiles	Pass - Drayce	0.30		
17-7-40	1405	NZ 307	P/O Hastings	Drayce Shoot Lewis Gun.	0.40		
16-7-40	0820	NZ 303	F/O Ross.	Drayce Shoot Lewis Gun.	0.30		
16-7-40	1020	NZ 315	F/O Wiles	Drayce Shoot to attack Lewis Gun	0.30		

Beam

M. J. Bush F/O
O/C. Training Squadron,
R.N.Z.A.F., OHAKEA
13/9/40

JULY MONTHLY TOTAL. 7 hrs 10 mins

A. J. Bennett W/C
Commanding R.N.Z.A.F. Station, Ohakea.
26.10.40

TOTAL TIME ..

Time carried forward: 7. 10 10

Date.	Hour.	Aircraft Type and No.	Pilot.	Duty.	REMARKS. (Including results of bombing, gunnery, exercises, &c.)	FLYING TIMES.	
						Day.	Night.
15-8-40		DH 86 N2 553	S/L WILTSHIRE	W.S.+D exercise.		1	11
21-8-40		N2 553	S/L WILTSHIRE	DR. map reading.		14	52
27-8-40		DH 89 N2 555	S/L TURNER.	W.S.+D. 3 course.			55
29-8-40		DH 89 N2 555	P/O GRITTHS	W.S.+D. 3 course			50
29-8-40		DH 86 N2 553	S/L BRAYE	DR+MAP reading.	<i>J.P. Burch</i> FLT	2	13
4-					O/C. Training Squadron, R.N.Z.A.F., OHAKEA 13-9-40		
August Monthly Total. Ho. 0140							
4-9-40		DH 86 N2. 552	S/L WHITE	DR+MAP. T.D.S. B/C		2	5
5-9-40		N2. 552	S/L WALKER	DR+MAP reading.		2	30
5-9-40		DH 89 N2 555	S/L BRAYE	PHOTOFLASH Bomb.		1	5
12-9-40	0945	VINCENT 358 N2.	P/O SEIVERS	Hand Held Oblique.			45
12-9-40		A4 DH 89 N2 555	S/L ROBERTSON	D.F. B/C + D.R. exercise.		2	15
15-9-40	09	A1. DH 86 N2 552	S/L BRAYE.	Air Plotting exercise		2	10
18-9-40	0825	B6	P/O THOMPSON	H.B. 1 Bombing	35	1	
18-9-40	1155	B2	P/O JAMES.	PHOTOGRAPHY. STEREO PAIRS	ABANDONED LOW CLOUD.		15
18-9-40	1420	B2	P/O ROHSTON	" " " "	" " " "		20
18-9-40	1605	C6	P/O JAMES.	H.B. 2 Bombing	44	1	10
19-9-40	0920	B7.	P/O MAJOR	Bombing PASSENGER.		1	
19-9-40	1135	C4	P/O THOMPSON.	PHOTOGRAPHY STEREO PAIRS.			45
19-9-40	1600	B5	P/O CLARKE	H.B. 2B	93		50
TOTAL TIME						30	21.

Time carried forward:

30-21

Date.	Hour.	Aircraft Type and No.	Pilot.	Duty.	REMARKS. (Including results of bombing, gunnery, exercises, &c.)	FLYING TIMES.	
						Day.	Night.
21-9-40	0910	VINCENT. C1.	F/O MAJOR	BOMBING PASSENGER.		-	55
23-9-40	1420	B2.N2301	F/O JOHNSTONE.	BOMBING PASSENGER		-	45
26-9-40	0950	DH A6	F/L WHITE	DR. & DF. NAVIGATION EX.		1-45 3-10	
27-9-40	1345	DH A7	F/O JOHNSTONE	DR & DF		3-10	
28-9-40	0920	VIN. B2.	P/O CLARKE	PIN POINTING DR. Wind finding 3 course.		2-20	
29-9-40	1335	DH. A5	F/O STEWART	DR & DF NAVIGATION. W/V 3 course.		2-25	
30-9-40	0910	N2 310	P/O PENNICKET	Photography in overlap.		1-05	
29-9-40	0905	B7.N2305	F/O WILES	Bombing PASSENGER.			55
29-9-40	1500	B7.N2305.	P/O SEIKERS	Bombing HB 3A.			50
30-9-40	1455.	C1.N2315.	P/O BLUNDKE.	Bombing HB 3B.		1-30	
<i>J. Busch</i> Flight Lt. 31-52.							
O/C. Training Squadron, R.N.Z.A.F., OHAKEA 22-10-40.							
<i>SEPTEMBER MONTHLY TOTAL 31 HRS 50 MINS.</i>							
2-10-40	1345	C3.	F/L BRAYE	PATROL	SEARCH. F/O MAJOR.	3-5	
2-10-40	1640	DH 86 A2.N2553	F/L WHITE	DR & DF	Exercise	1-45	1-45
3-10-40	1850	A2.N2553	F/L WILKSHIRE.	DR & DF. Ex			3-05
4-10-40	0905	VIN N2314.	P/O BIRD.	PHOTOGRAPHY	(ABANDONED) Low cloud.	1-05	
17-10-40	0905	N2552	F/L MATHIESON	DR & DF Ex			2-30
TOTAL TIME						55 50	7. 20

Time carried forward: **55.50 7-20**

Date.	Hour.	Aircraft Type and No.	Pilot.	Duty.
3-3-41	1055-1500	WELLINGTON T2609	F/LT IRVING	NAV.
15-3-41	1455	W. P9250	SGT PERKINS	PASS.
21-3-41	0945-1155	W. P9250	S/LR. DE FREITAS	PASS.
25-3-41	0930 1100	W. T2995	F/O HARCOURT	NAV.
25-3-41	1430 1610	W. T2995	F/O HARCOURT	NAV.
26-3-41	0915	W. T2995	F/O HARCOURT	NAV.
26-3-41	1215	W. T2995	"	NAV.
26-3-41	1445	W. T2995	"	NAV.
27-3-41	0950	W. T2995	"	NAV.
29-3-41				
31-3-41	1325	W. T2995	"	NAV.
1-4-41	1445	W. T2995	"	NAV.

REMARKS. (Including results of bombing, gunnery, exercises, &c.)	FLYING TIMES.	
	Day.	Night.
To HELIO + BACK.	1.05	
CIRCUITS	1.05	
X COUNTRY.	2.10	
AIR FIRING. GULF of SUEZ.	1.30	
AIR FIRING GULF of SUEZ.	1.10	
KABRIT.	15	
SHA.	15	
AIR FIRING	1.30	
X COUNTRY. W.V. FINDING.	3.30	
X COUNTRY H.L. BOMBING.	3.10	
X COUNTRY.	3.00	

L.D. Irving
O.C. OTU F/LT.
RAF. - SHALLUFA EGYPT.

MARCH MONTHLY TOTAL - 15 HRS 45 MINS

TOTAL TIME **71.30 7 20**

US - 40 SQDN. KABRIT.

Time carried forward: 71.30 7.20

Date.	Hour.	Aircraft Type and No.	Pilot.	Duty.	REMARKS. (Including results of bombing, gunnery, exercises, &c.)	FLYING TIMES.	
						Day.	Night.
1-4-41	1445	WELLINGTON T2995	F/O HARCOURT	NAV.	X COUNTRY.	3	00
6-4-41	1110	T2995	F/O HARCOURT	NAVIGATOR	PRE OP - EL ADEM.	3	30
6-4-41	1505	T2995	"	"	" " SIDI AZIEZ.	35	
7-4-41	1225	T2995	"	"	TO FUKA. FORCED LANDING CRASHED OWING TO ENGINE FAILURE. 1-15.		
15-4-41	1105	T2543	"	"	TEST FLIGHT.	45	
18-4-41	1340	T2543	"	"	TO ADVANCE BASE.	2	05
18/4/41	2300	T2543	"	"	RAID ON SHIPPING BENGASI HARBOUR.		7 10
19-4-41	0730	T2543	"	"	TO BASE.	1	45
<p>On duty per hour S/L. o.c. B. flight 70 Sqdn.</p>							
OPERATIONAL HRS. 11.00							
APRIL MONTHLY TOTAL 20 05							
TOTAL TIME						84	55 14 30

Time carried forward: **84-55 23-40**

Date.	Hour.	Aircraft Type and No.	Pilot.	Duty.	REMARKS. (Including results of bombing, gunnery, exercises, &c.)	FLYING TIMES.	
						Day.	Night.
8-6-41.		WELLINGTON T2829.	S/L DE FREITAS.	OBS.	AIR TEST.	0-35	
9-6-41		T2829	S/L DE FREITAS.	"	AIR TEST = SHALLUFA.	15	
9-6-41		T2829	S/L DE FREITAS.	"	SHALLUFA - KABIT.	15	
22-6-41		T2829.	S/L DE FREITAS	"	AIR TEST.	30	
23-6-41		T2829	SGT DALTON	"	CONSUMPTION TEST BOMBING + AIR FIRING GULF of SUEZ.	2-00	
27-6-41		T2829.	SGT DALTON	"	AIR TEST.	20	
27-6-41	1645	T2829	SGT DALTON	"	OPERATIONS TO ADVANCE BASE. KABIT - FUKA SAT.	2-20	
27-6-41	2230	T2829	SGT DALTON	"	OPERATIONS SHIPPING BENEASI HARBOUR.		7-20
28-6-41	0905	T2829.	SGT DALTON	"	FUKA SAT - KABRIT.	1-55	
<p><i>Chas. J. ... S/L.</i></p> <p>Q.C. B FLIGHT. TO SQDN.</p> <p>JUNE. MONDAY TOTAL 7 20 NIGHT 8 AND 10 DAY.</p>							
<p>TOTAL OPERATIONAL 31-45.</p>							
<p>TOTAL TIME 93-05 31-00</p>							

Time carried forward: 93-05 31-00

Date.	Hour.	Aircraft Type and No.	Pilot.	Duty.	REMARKS. (Including results of bombing, gunnery, exercises, &c.)	FLYING TIMES.	
						Day.	Night.
1-7-41	0135	WELLINGTON RT2829	SGT DALTON SGT HAWKES	OBSERVER	RAID ON SHIPPING + DOCKS BEIRUT SYRIA. BOMB CAR 3-800LBS 4-250 SAT 1-250 DELAY 1 CAN 416 ENCL.		4-50
	02-20	T2829.	SGT DALTON. SGT HAWKES.	OBSERVER.	KABRIT - EL AMIRIYA.	1-20	
	15-40	T2829	SGT DALTON SGT HAWKES.	"	EL AMIRIYA - KABRIT.	1-05	
13-7-41		T2829	SGT DALTON	"	AIR TEST	20	
13-7-41	1645	T2829	SGT DALTON.	"	KABRIT - FUKA SAT	2-10	
13-7-41	22-45	T2829.	SGT DALTON.	OBSERVER	RAID ON BENGASI.		7-15
14-7-41	07-30	T2829	SGT DALTON	"	FUKA SAT - KABRIT	1-55	
15-7-41	1230	T2829	SGT DALTON.	"	AIR TEST	25	
15-7-41	1700	T2829	SGT DALTON	"	RRE OP - 060.	2-10	
15-7-41	2245	T2829	SGT DALTON. P/O OWEN JONES.	"	060 - BENGASI - TURNED BACK DUE TO ENGINE FAILURE		6-10
TOTAL TIME						102-30	49-15

Time carried forward: 102-30

149-15

Date.	Hour.	Aircraft Type and No. WELLINGTON.	Pilot.	Duty.	REMARKS. (Including results of bombing, gunnery, exercises, &c.)	FLYING TIMES.	
						Day.	Night.
17 th		T2829	SGT DALTON	OBSERVER	AIR TEST	25	
17-7-41	1645	T2829	SGT DALTON	"	KABRIT - FUKA SAT.	1-50	
18-7-41	11-50	T2829	SGT DALTON.	"	FUKA - KABRIT	1-50	
20-7-41	1700	T2829	SGT DALTON.	"	KABRIT - FUKA SAT.	2-00	
20-7-41	22-25	T2829	SGT DALTON SGT HAWKES	"	RAIDING DOCKS + SHIPPING BENGASI HARBOUR.		8-20
24-7-41	17-00	T2829	SGT DALTON.	"	KABRIT - FUKA SAT.	2-05	
24-7-41	22-20	T2829	SGT DALTON	"	RAID ON BENGASI		8-30
28-7-41	1700	T2829	SGT DALTON	"	KABRIT FUKA SAT.	1-50	
28-7-41	22-25	T2829	SGT DALTON	"	RAID ON BENGASI		8-30
<p>Chapman S/L.</p> <p>a.c. B. FLIGHT 70 SQDN</p> <p>TOTAL OPERATIONAL HRS. 87-30.</p> <p>TOTAL NIGHT. 43-35. DAY 19-20.</p>							
<p>July Monthly</p>						TOTAL TIME 112-30 14-35	

Date.	Hour.	Aircraft Type and No.	Pilot.	Duty.	REMARKS. (Including results of bombing, gunnery, exercises, &c.)	Time carried forward: 112-30 74 35	
						FLYING TIMES.	
						Day.	Night.
1-8-41	1045	2829	SGT DALTON	OBS.	Z.Z. PRACTICE	1	10
2-8-41	1000	2829	SGT DALTON	OBS	AIR TEST + OPS		30
2-8-41	1655	2829	SGT DALTON	OBS.	KABRIT - FUKA SAT.	1	50
2-8-41	2205	2829	SGT DALTON	OBS.	FUKA - BENCASI - EL AMIRIYA.	8-00	8-00
3-8-41	08-30	2829	SGT DALTON	OBS.	EL AMIRIYA - KABRIT.	1	10
6-8-41	0945	2829	SGT DALTON	OBS.	AIR TEST		30
7-8-41	17-15	2829	SGT DALTON	OBS	KABRIT - FUKA SAT	2	00
7-8-41	2325	2829	SGT DALTON	OBS.	FUKA - BENCASI. RECALLED TO ATTACK SHIP SARDIA HARBOUR.	7-10	7-10
8-8-41	16-55	2829	SGT DALTON.	OBS	KABRIT - LG60.	2	20
8-8-41	2205	2829	SGT DALTON	OBS.	LG60 - CORINTH CANAL		9-10
10-8-41	1900	2829	SGT DALTON.	OBS.	KABRIT-FUKA SAT.	1	55
TOTAL TIME						123	55 98 55

Date.	Hour.	Aircraft Type and No.	Pilot.	Duty.
10-8-41	1300	2829	SGT DALTON	OBS
10-8-41	0915	2829	SGT DALTON.	OBS.
13-8-41	1705		SGT DALTON	OBS.
13-8-41	2040	L.	SGT DALTON	OBS.
27-8-41	1335	Z8803.	SGT DALTON	OBS.
27-8-41	1915	Z8803	SGT DALTON	OBS.
28-8-41	0635	Z8803	SGT DALTON	OBS.
28-8-41	0745	Z8803	SGT DALTON	OBS.

REMARKS. (Including results of bombing, gunnery, exercises, &c.)	Time carried forward: 123.55 48.55	
	FLYING TIMES.	
	Day.	Night.
FUKA - BENCASI 2 > 1000 U.S. BADLY HIT FABRIC STRIPPED BOMBS CARRIED STARBOARD WING PILOTS WINDSCREEN SMASHED SKAPNEL.	1.3	7.35
FUKA - KABRIT.	2.00	
KABRIT - GENIFA - ISMALIA. SEARCHLIGHT. CALIBRATION.	1.30	
SEARCHLIGHT COOPERATION CANAL AREA.		2.00
KABRIT - FUKA SAT.	2.00	
NAID ON MENIDI AERODROME (GREECE)	1.00	7.00
FUKA SAT - BURE EL ARAB. 2 FIGHTER PILOT PASSENGERS.	1.00	
BURE - EL - ARAB. - KABRIT.	1.20	
TOTAL TIME	132.45	115.30

Date.	Hour.	Aircraft Type and No.	Pilot.	Duty.
29-8-41	1530.	WELLINGTON. K. 28803.	SGT DALTON	OBS.
29-8-41	1935.	28803.	SGT DALTON	OBS.
29-8-41	0625	28803	SGT DALTON	OBS.
				NIGHT.
				DAY.

Time carried forward:-

132-45	115-30
FLYING TIMES.	
Day.	Night.

REMARKS. (Including results of bombing, gunnery, exercises, &c.)	Day.	Night.
KABRIT - FUKA SAT.	2-00.	
RAID ON MARITZA (RHODES ISLAND)		15
DISPERSED A/C SET ON FIRE.	00-30	5-00
FUKA SAT. - KABRIT.	1-50.	

AUGUST MONTHLY TOTAL 4542.55.
 " " " 2462.35.
 OPERATIONAL TOTAL 151.20.

Andrew Pentas S/LD.
 O.C. B. FLIGHT.
 70. SQDN.

TOTAL TIME

137-05 120-30

Time carried forward: 137-05 120 30

Date.	Hour.	Aircraft Type and No.	Pilot.	Duty.
2-9-41	13-50	WELLINGTON Z 8808.	SGT DALTON SGT HAWKES.	OBS.
2-9-41	0015	Z 8803	SGT DALTON SGT HAWKES	OBS
3-9-41	0905	Z 8803	SGT DALTON SGT HAWKES.	OBS
4-9-41	17 05	Z 8803	SGT DALTON SGT HAWKES	OBS.
4-9-41	2300	Z 8803	SGT DALTON SGT HAWKES	OBS
6-9-41	1130	Z 8803.	SGT DALTON SGT HAWKES	OBS
6-9-41	16 50	Z 8803	SGT DALTON SGT HAWKES	OBS
6-9-41	2255	Z 8803	SGT DALTON SGT HAWKES	OBS
8-9-41	1005	Z 8803	SGT DALTON SGT HAWKES	OBS
8-9-41	1655	Z 8803	SGT DALTON SGT HAWKES	OBS

REMARKS. (Including results of bombing, gunnery, exercises, &c.)	FLYING TIMES.	
	Day.	Night.
KABRII - FUKA SAT.	2-05	
FUKA - DERNA RAID ON STORES + MT.	16	5-50.
FUKA SAT. - KABRII	1-50.	
KABRII - FUKA.	2-05.	
RAID ON DISPERSED A/C P BUILDING NA ETC BARCE.	17	8-00
AIR TEST.	30	
KABRII - FUKA. BENGASI.	2-00	8-35.
AIR TEST	35	
KABRII - FUKA	2-00.	
TOTAL TIME	145-15	142-55.

WELLINGTON

Date.	Hour.	Aircraft Type and No.	Pilot.	Duty.
8-9-41	2205	28803	SET DALTON SET HAWKES	OBS. 9
11-9-41	1650	28803	SET DALTON SET HAWKES.	OBS.
11-9-41	2230	28803	SET DALTON SET HAWKES	OBS.
16-9-41	1010	28803	SET DALTON	OBS.
18-9-41	1540	28803	SGT DALTON SGT HAWKES	OBS.
18-9-41	2230	28803	SGT DALTON.	OBS.
19-9-41	0740	28803	SGT DALTON	OBS.
26-9-41	1100	28766	P/O DUIGAN.	OBS.
26-9-41	1350	28766	P/O DUIGAN	OBS.
26-9-41	1415	28766	P/O DUIGAN	OBS.
26-9-41	0550	28766.	P/O DUIGAN	OBS.

Time carried forward: 148-15 142-55.
137-05 130-30

REMARKS. (Including results of bombing, gunnery, exercises, &c.)	FLYING TIMES.	
	Day.	Night.
RAID. CORINTH CANAL DIRECT HITS WALLS SEEN TO CAVE IN.	19	8-45.
BASE - L.G. 21 - L.G. 09.	2-10	
RAID ON GUILIANA MOLE BENGASI.	20	8-45.
AIR TEST.	30	
KABRIT - FUKA	1-50	
BENGASI	31	7-45
FUKA - KABRIT	2-10	
AIR TEST.	15.	
KABRIT - L.G. 104.	2-20	
BENGASI	221	7-25
L.G. 104 - KABRIT	1-30	
TOTAL TIME	189-00	175-35

010 45 N 52.40

Time carried forward: 189-00 178-35

Date.	Hour.	Aircraft Type and No.	Pilot.	Duty.
28-9-41	1515	WELLINGTON 28766	P/O DUICAN	OBS.
28-9-41	1755	28766	P/O DUICAN	OBS.
29-9-41	0550	28766	P/O Duican	OBS.
				NIGHT
				DAY

REMARKS. (Including results of bombing, gunnery, exercises, &c.)	FLYING TIMES.	
	Day.	Night.
KABRIT - FUKA.	1-58	
BARDIA	23	3-35
FUKA - KABRIT.	1-50	

SEPT MONTHLY TOTAL 58-40
 SEPT " " 25-35

W. J. Penton
 SQUADRON LEADER
 COMMANDING "B" FLIGHT
 No. 20 SQUADRON.

TOTAL TIME 162-45 179-10

Time carried forward: 162-45 149-10

Date.	Hour.	Aircraft Type and No.	Pilot.	Duty.	REMARKS. (Including results of bombing, gunnery, exercises, &c.)	FLYING TIMES.	
						Day.	Night.
1-10-41	1045	WELLINGTON T2831	P/O KITTO	OBS.	To FORCE LANDED A/E. GULF of ARABS & RETURN.	3-00	
"	1540	T2831	"	"			
2-10-41	1405	Z8766	P/O DUGAN.	"	KABRIT - FUKA.	1-40	
2-10-41	19-15	Z8766	P/O DUGAN.	"	RAID ON SHIPPING BENCHSI HARBOUR.	24	6-45
3-10-41	0500	Z8766	P/O DUGAN.	"	FUKA - KABRIT.	2-00	
4-10-41	1020	Z8766	P/O DUGAN	"	AIR TEST.	30	
4-10-41	14-00	Z8766	P/O DUGAN.	"	KABRIT - FUKA.	1-55	
4-10-41	20-10	Z8766	P/O DUGAN.	"	RAID ON SHIPPING BENCHSI HARBOUR.	25	6-45
5-10-41	0615	Z8766	P/O DUGAN.	"	FUKA - KABRIT.	1-55	
6-10-41	0945	Z8766	P/O DUGAN.	"	AIR TEST.	30	
6-10-41	1445	Z8766	P/O DUGAN.	"	KABRIT - FUKA.	1-50	
TOTAL TIME						148-25	192-40

Time carried forward: 177-20 200-10

Date.	Hour.	Aircraft Type and No.	Pilot.	Duty.	REMARKS. (Including results of bombing, gunnery, exercises, &c.)	FLYING TIMES.	
						Day.	Night.
16-11-41	1500	WALLINGTON Z 1042	SGT PEACH	OBS	BASE - LG 60	2-05	
19-11-41	0030	Z 1042	SGT PEACH SGT HAWNES	OBS	DERNA AERODROME	(27)	5-30
19-11-41	0920	Z 1042	SGT PEACH.	"	LG 60 - BASE	1-50	
20-11-41	1510	Z 1042	SGT PEACH		BASE - LG. 60.	2-05	
20-11-41	2127	Z 1042	SGT PEACH SGT GRANT	"	RAID GAZALA AERO. (NORTH)	28	4 30
21-11-41	0600	Z 1042	SGT PEACH		LG 60 - BASE	1-55	
22-11-41	1405	Z 1042	SGT PEACH		BASE - LG 60.	2 00	
22-11-41	2210	Z 1042	SGT PEACH. SGT GRANT	"	BANINA - (BENGASI.)	29	7 - 00
23-11-41	0655	Z 1042	SGT PEACH	"	LG 60 - BASE	1-50	
24	1150	Z 1042	SGT PEACH		BASE - 60.	2-00	
24-11-41	2315	Z 1042	SGT PEACH		BERKA AERO (BENGASI.)	30	6-05
TOTAL TIME						191 05	223 15'

Time carried forward: **17-05 223-15**

Date.	Hour.	Aircraft Type and No.	Pilot.	Duty.
25-11-41	0645	WELLINGTON 1042	SGT PEACH	OBS.
27-11-41	1110	1042	SGT PEACH	..
28-11-41	0025	1042	SGT PEACH. SGT GRANT	..
28-11-41	0640	1042	SGT PEACH	..
29-11-41	1310	1042	SGT PEACH.	..
29-11-41	2000	1042	SGT PEACH SGT GRANT	..
30-11-41	0630	1042	SGT PEACH	..
				DAY
				NIGHT

REMARKS. (Including results of bombing, gunnery, exercises, &c.)	FLYING TIMES.	
	Day.	Night.
60 - BASE.	2-05	
BASE - LG 60.	2-10	
RAID DERNA AERODROME.	31	4-50.
LG 60 - BASE.	2-00	
BASE - LG 60	2-00	
BENGASI.	32	6-05.
LG 60 - BASE.	2-05	
MONTHLY TOTAL. 23 h. 55 min.		
MONTHLY TOTAL 35 hrs.		
<p><i>Chas Penton</i></p> <p>SQUADRON LEADER COMMANDING 'B' FLIGHT No. 70 SQUADRON</p>		
TOTAL TIME		201-25 234-10

Time carried forward: 201-25 234-10

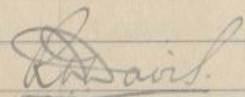
Date.	Hour.	Aircraft Type and No.	Pilot.	Duty.	REMARKS. (Including results of bombing, gunnery, exercises, &c.)	FLYING TIMES.	
						Day.	Night.
2-12-41	1400	WILKINSON 1042.	SGT PEACH	OBS.	BASE - LG 60.	2-15.	
3-12-41	1825	1042	SGT PEACH SGT GRANT	"	RAID ON EL ADEM AIRCRODOME.	33	3-40
3-12-41	0640	1042.	SGT PEACH	"	L.G. 60 - KABRIT.	2-00.	
6-12-41	11410	1042.	SGT PEACH	"	KABRIT - LG 60.	2-15.	
6-12-41	2040	1042	SGT PEACH SGT GRANT	"	RAID ACROMA & EL ADEM BY PASS ROAD.	34	3-30
7-12-41	0210	1042	SGT PEACH SGT GRANT	"	RAID ON DISPERSED TANKS MT. ETC. EL ADEM ACROMA AREA.	35	3-45.
7-12-41	0610	1042	SGT PEACH	"	L.G. 60 - KABRIT.	1-55.	
9-12-41	1345	2 1042	SGT PEACH	"	KABRIT - 60.	2-00.	
9-12-41	2130	2 1042.	SGT PEACH SGT GRANT	"	DERNA AERO. ONE MACHINE SHOT DOWN.	36	5-15.
10-12-41	0540	1042	SGT PEACH	"	L.G. 60 - KABRIT.	1-50.	
12-12-41	1440	1042	SGT PEACH	"	KABRIT - LG-60.	2-05.	
TOTAL TIME						214-45	250-20

Date.	Hour.	Aircraft Type and No.	Pilot.	Duty.
13-12-41	0130	WALLINGTON Z 1042	SGT PEACH SGT GRANT	OBS.
15-12-41	0745	1042	SGT PEACH	"
14-12-41	14 25	1042	SGT PEACH	"
17-12-41	17-20	Z 1042	SGT PEACH SGT GRANT	"
19-12-41	14 25	Z 1042	SGT PEACH	"
19-12-41	2115.	Z 1042	SGT PEACH SGT GRANT	"
20-12-41	0545	1042	SGT PEACH	"
22-12-41	0500	1042	SGT PEACH	"
22-12-41	1435	1042	SGT PEACH	"
31-12-41	1510	1042	SGT PEACH	"

Time carried forward: 214'45" 250-20.		
REMARKS. (Including results of bombing, gunnery, exercises, &c.)	FLYING TIMES.	
	Day.	Night.
RAID MT. ROADS + DERNA AERO.	37	4-50.
L.G. 60 - KABRIT.	1	50
KABRIT - L.G. 60	2	05
RAID BENINA AERO. + KABRIT. HEAVILY DEFENDED 20/40 M.M.	38	7-55.
KABRIT - L.G. 60	2	00
RAID BENINA AERO. PHOTO TAKEN TWO MACHINES SHOT DOWN.	39	6-25.
L.G. 60 - KABRIT	1	55
KABRIT - L.G. 09.	2	05
L.G. 09 - KABRIT.	1	35.
KABRIT - L.G. 60	2	00
TOTAL TIME	256'15"	269'50"

Time carried forward: 228.15 269.50

Date.	Hour.	Aircraft Type and No.	Pilot.	Duty.
31-12-41	2030	WELLINGTON Z 1042	SGT PEACH SGT GRANT	OBS.
1-1-42	0555	1042	SGT PEACH	"
				DAY
				NIGHT

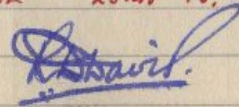
REMARKS. (Including results of bombing, gunnery, exercises, &c.)	FLYING TIMES.	
	Day.	Night.
SALAMIS OP ABANDONED 10% CLOUD, BOMBED HERAKLION CRETE	40	3.50
LG 60 - KABRIT	0 45	1.00
MONTHLY TOTAL	27	25.
MONTHLY TOTAL	40	10.
 SQUADRON LEADER COMMANDING OFFICER FLIGHT No. 70 SQUADRON		
TOTAL TIME	229.00	274.40

Time carried forward:

229.00 274.40.

Date.	Hour.	Aircraft Type and No.	Pilot.	Duty.	REMARKS. (Including results of bombing, gunnery, exercises, &c.)	FLYING TIMES.	
						Day.	Night.
2-1-42	1400	WELLINGTON 21042	F/O PANTER	OBS.	KABRIT - LG. 60.	2.20	
2-1-42	2030	21042	F/O PANTER	"	RADIO MT. JETTY RAS. EL. HALL. DIRECT HIT ON JETTY.	41	17.20
3-1-42	0530	1042	F/O PANTER	"	LG. 60 - KABRIT.	1.50	
4-1-42	14.15	1042	F/O PANTER	"	KABRIT - LG. 60	2.10	
4-1-42	05.50	1042	F/O PANTER	"	LG. 60 - KABRIT.	1.00	1.00.
5-1-42	1545	1042	F/SGT GRANT	"	BIL CONSUMPTION TEST.	1.15	
8-1-42	1140	29023	F/SGT SADD	"	KABRIT - LG. 60.	2.00	
8-1-42	1455	9023	F/SGT SADD	"	LG. 60 - KABRIT	2.10	
9-1-42	0920	9023	F/SGT SADD	"	KABRIT - LG. 60	2.10	
9-1-42	1430	9023	F/SGT SADD	"	LG. 60 - EL ADEM.	2.00	
10-1-42	0955	9023	F/SGT SADD.	"	EL ADEM - LG. 60	1.30	
10-1-42	1410	9023	F/SGT SADD	"	LG. 60 - SAND STORM - 09 -	2.10	
TOTAL TIME						249.35	263.00

Time carried forward: 249-35 283-00

Date.	Hour.	Aircraft Type and No.	Pilot.	Duty.	REMARKS. (Including results of bombing, gunnery, exercises, &c.)	FLYING TIMES.	
						Day.	Night.
11-1-42	0930	WELLINGTON Z 9023	FT/SET SADD	DIS.	LC 09 - EL ADEM.	2-00	
11-1-42	1200	9023	FT/SET SADD	"	EL ADEM - LC 60	1-30	
11-1-42	1440	9023	FT/SET SADD	"	LC 60 - KABRIT.	2-00	
18-1-42	0920	Z 1042	FT/SET GRANT	"	KABRIT. - LC 75.	3-25	
22-1-42	2305	1042	FT/SET GRANT SET THOMAS	"	RAID QUAY BUARAT - EL-HSUN	42	9-05
23-1-42	0935	1042	FT/SET GRANT	"	LC 05 - LC 75.	20	
25-1-42	2050	1042	FT/SET GRANT SET THOMAS	"	RAID JEDABIA - ANTELET AREA M.T TROOPS TANKS ETC.	43	5-50
				DAY	MONTHLY TOTAL	29	50
				NIGHT	MONTHLY TOTAL	23	15
 SQUADRON COMMANDING FLIGHT No. 70 SQUADRON							
TOTAL TIME						259-50	294-55

Time carried forward— 259.50. 297.55

Date.	Hour.	Aircraft Type and No.	Pilot.	Duty.	REMARKS. (Including results of bombing, gunnery, exercises, &c.)	FLYING TIMES.	
						Day.	Night.
2-2-42 2-2-42	1045	1042	FLT/SGT GRANT	OBS.	ASADABIA ANTELAT. TROOPS TANKS ETC.	44	5-10.
3-2-42	1020	-	FLT. FISHER	FROM LG	15. PASSENGER. TO HELIOPOLIS	1-40.	
3-2-42	1345	-	SGT SALMON.	-	PASSENGER TO KABRIT.	30	
TOTAL FEB. TO DATE 2-10 DAY							
5:10 NIGHT.							
POSTED U.K. 3-2-42.							
EX 70 SQDN.							
TOTAL TIME						261.00	305.05

BASSINGBOURN. 11.O.T.U.

Time carried forward: 261 33:05

Date.	Hour.	Aircraft Type and No.	Pilot.	Duty.
15-7-42	1045.	WELLINGTON 814	Pt/SET TAYLOR	SCREEN OBS.
26-7-42	1130.	VELL. IS DV612	P/O BONEY	"
28-7-42	1440.	WELL MK III 21655	P/O HUDSON.	OBS.
29-7-42	1510.	WELL MK III BS 586.	P/O GEORGE.	"
29-7-42	1555	WELL MK III BS 586.	P/O GEORGE.	"
29-7-42	2045	WELL MK III BS 586.	P/O GEORGE.	"
30-7-42	1010.	WELL MK III BS 586.	P/O DANIES.	"
31-7-42	1005.	MK III 2. 1655.	P/O HUDSON	"

REMARKS. (Including results of bombing, gunnery, exercises, &c.)	FLYING TIMES.	
	Day.	Night.
MOSAIC. ABRORROME & VICINITY.	30.	
AIR TEST.		30.
SPECIAL NAV FLIGHT COURSE. T.R. 1335.	3-10.	
BASSINGBOURN. - MARHAM.		40.
MARHAM. X COUNTRY. FIXS TR 1335.	1-20.	
MARHAM - BASSINGBOURN. HOMING TR. 1335.	1-10.	
X country exercise. TR. FIXS HOMING ETC.	3-20.	
X country exercise AS ABOVE.	4-5.	
TOTAL FOR MONTH. 14 hrs. 45 mins		
SQUADRON LEADER. COMMANDING A FLIGHT.		
11.O.T.U. TOTAL TIME 275.45 303:05		

11 O.T.U. BASSINGBOURN.

Time carried forward: 275-45 203-05

Date.	Hour.	Aircraft Type and No.	Pilot.	Duty.
12-8-42	2115.	WELL. I.C. 1274	F/S WALKER	SCREEN OBS
18-8-42	2045.	1370.	F/S TAYLOR.	"

REMARKS. (Including results of bombing, gunnery, exercises, &c.)	FLYING TIMES.	
	Day.	Night.
X COUNTRY. BASE-CAM-SCAMPION-SPALDING GILLINGHAM BASE		4-00
X COUNTRY. BASE-PETEBOURD-CATTERICK-CAM COTTESMORE - BASE.		4-00

AUG. MONTHLY TOTAL NIGHT. 8-00

Blax

SQUADRON LEADER.
COMMANDING B FLIGHT.
11. O.T.U.

Spide

Officer Commanding Training Wing
R.A.F. BASSINGBOURN, HERTS.

TOTAL TIME ... 275-45 311-05

11 O.T.U. RAF OAKLEY

Date.	Hour.	Aircraft Type and No.	Pilot.	Duty.
9-9-42	15:40	WELL I.C. 923.	P/O MUNRO. SGT RUNDLE	SCREEN.
10-9-42	2030.	WELL I.C. 1139.	FLT/SGT. HODGE.	NAVIGATOR.
12-9-42	1500.	WELL I.C. 923	P/O BLYTH.	SCREEN
14-9-42	1535	889.	FLT/SGT HODGE FLT. SGT EMERSON.	SCREEN.
30-9-42	1055	2502.	SGDN/L. MAX.	NAV.
	1135			
	1205			
				Sept.
				"

Time carried forward: 275.45 311.05

REMARKS. (Including results of bombing, gunnery, exercises, &c.)	FLYING TIMES.	
	Day.	Night.
GEE INSTRUCTION.	2.40.	
OP. DUSSELDORF.		4.55.
GEE INSTRUCTION.	2.55.	
" "	2.35.	
STEEPLE MORDEN - OAKLEY } OAKLEY - S.M. } S.M. OAKLEY }	1.20	
MONTHLY TOTAL DAY	9hr 30.	
" " NIGHT.	4.55.	
<p><i>[Signature]</i> SGDN/LDR C.O. B FLIGHT. 11. O.T.U. OAKLEY</p>		
TOTAL TIME	265.15	316.00

Time carried forward: 285.15 316.00

Date.	Hour.	Aircraft Type and No.	Pilot.	Duty.
10-10-42	14.50	WELL T.C 1337	W/C COVERDALE	SCREEN OPS
8-11-42	10.45	2502 ^{h.c.}	P/O CAMELL	" "
18-11-42	10.30	924	P/O CHAMBERS	" "

REMARKS. (Including results of bombing, gunnery, exercises, &c.)	FLYING TIMES.	
	Day.	Night.
DUAL GEE. INSTRUCTION.	2.30	
" " "	2.35	
" " "	3.00	

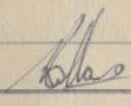
MONTHLY TOTAL Oct - Nov. 8.05. DAY.

Notes
S/LDR.
O.C B.F.L.T.
R.A.F. OAKLEY.

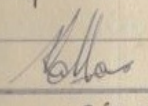
TOTAL TIME 293.20 316.00

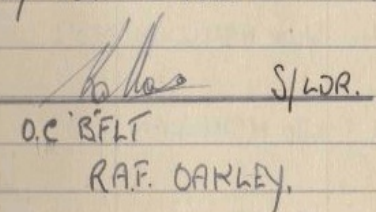
Time carried forward: 293.20 316.00.

Date.	Hour.	Aircraft Type and No.	Pilot.	Duty.	FLYING TIMES.	
					Day.	Night.
4-12-42	1120	WELL IC. 2502	SGT HONEY	SCREEN OBS		
9-12-42	1105	777.	PLT/SGT. HODGE	" "		
14-12-42	1130	1337	V/C CLUBE.	" "		
31-12-42	1120	1337	SGT WHITEHEAD.	" "		

REMARKS. (Including results of bombing, gunnery, exercises, &c.)	FLYING TIMES.	
	Day.	Night.
DUAL GEE INSTRUCTION.	3.00	
" " "	1.15	
" " "	4.40	
" " "	2.40	
MONTHLY TOTAL DEC. 11.35		
 S/LDR. O.C. B.F.T. R.A.F. BARKLEY.		
TOTAL TIME		304.55 316.00.

Time carried forward: 304.55 316.00.

Date.	Hour.	Aircraft Type and No.	Pilot.	Duty.	REMARKS. (Including results of bombing, gunnery, exercises, &c.)	FLYING TIMES.	
						Day.	Night.
9. 1- 43	1110	923	SCT WILLIAMS	SCREEN OBS.	DUAL GEE INSTRUCTION	3.30.	
20. 1- 43	1125.	1139	SCT BAILLIE	PASS.	TO HIXON	1.30.	
21. 1- 43	1015	8973	W/O McHILLAN	NAV.	HIXON - BASE.	1.00.	
25. 1- 43	1020	8866	F/O CAMEL	SCREEN.	DUAL BOMBING.	2.15.	
27. 1- 43	1040	1337.	SCT BUCK.	"	DUAL GEE INSTRUCTION.	3.20	
MONTHLY TOTAL 11.35 DAY.							
<p style="text-align: right;">  S/LDR. O.C. B.FLT R.A.F. OAKLEY. </p>							
TOTAL TIME						316.30	316.00

Date.	Hour.	Aircraft Type and No.	Pilot.	Duty.	REMARKS. (Including results of bombing, gunnery, exercises, &c.)	Time carried forward: 316.30 316.00	
						FLYING TIMES.	
						Day.	Night.
24.2.43.	1325.	923	F/O CAMMEL	SCREEN OBS	DUAL GEE INSTRUCTION	2.40	
3.3.43	1140	923	F/O CALLANDER	"	DUAL GEE INSTRUCTION	4.30	
6.3.43.	1240.	2884	SGT MOORE	"	"	2.05	
8.3.43	1710	704.	F/O PARKER	NAV.	N.F.T.		30
MONTHLY TOTAL FEB-MARCH 1945							
 S/LDR. O.C. 'B'FLT RAF. OAKLEY.							
TOTAL TIME						326.15	316.00.

Time carried forward: 326.15 316.00.

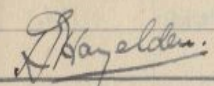
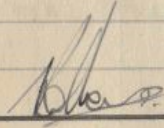
Date.	Hour.	Aircraft Type and No.	Pilot.	Duty.	REMARKS. (Including results of bombing, gunnery, exercises, &c.)	FLYING TIMES.	
						Day.	Night.
3.4.43	10.30	WELL I.C. 2884	W/O BIRNIE	SCREEN OBS	DUAL GEE INSTRUCTION.	2.45	
9.4.43	10.55	889	F/O PARKER	" "	" " "	2.50	
9.4.43	15.30	734.	F/O PARKER.	" "	N.F.T.		30
16.4.43	11.25	2884.	SET CURTIS	" "	DUAL GEE INSTRUCTION	2.25	
20.4.43	16.25	734	S/LDR HAZELDEN	" "	GEE TEST.		45
27.4.43	10.50	2884	W/O McHILLAN	" "	DUAL GEE INSTRUCTION	2.30	
28.4.43	11.05.	2884	W/O McHILLAN	" "	" " "	2.40	

MONTHLY TOTAL APRIL 14.25

W Hazelden: S/LDR
O.C. "B" FLT
R.A.F. OAKLEY.

TOTAL TIME 340.40 316.00

Time carried forward: 340.40 316.00.

Date.	Hour.	Aircraft Type and No.	Pilot.	Duty.	REMARKS. (Including results of bombing, gunnery, exercises, &c.)	FLYING TIMES.	
						Day.	Night.
1. 5. 43	1045	WELL I.C. 1337	F/SGT KASSLER	SCREEN OBS.	DUAL GEE INSTRUCTION	3.20	
2. 5. 43	1410	1337	F/O CALLANDER	" "	" " "	3.15	
16. 5. 43	1545	9930.	W/O McHILLAN.	" "	BARFORD & RETURN	1.00	
23. 5. 43	1215	5724	W/O McHILLAN	" "	HOME GUARD AFFILIATION WHEATLEY	55	
26. 5. 43	1700	8847.	W/O McHILLAN.	" "	MORETON IN MARCH & RETURN.	1.00	
MONTHLY TOTAL MAY. 9.30.							
 S/LDR O.C. B. FLT. RAF. OAKLEY.							
 W/C. O.C. RAF. STATION OAKLEY						350.10	316.00.
TOTAL TIME ..						340.40	316.00

1678 CON UNIT EAST WRETHAM.

Time carried forward: 350.10 316.00.

Date.	Hour.	Aircraft Type and No.	Pilot.	Duty.	REMARKS. (Including results of bombing, gunnery, exercises, &c.)	FLYING TIMES.	
						Day.	Night.
5.7.43.		LANCASTER MK II N.	F/O THOMAS	-	C + Lds.	1.00	
6.7.43.	1000	V	P/O RODGERS.	-	C + Lds.	1.00	
6.7.43.	1100.	V	P/O O'FARRELL	-	C + Lds.	1.00	
6.7.43	1500	E	P/O O'FARRELL	NAV.	AIR TO SEA FIRING WASH.	1.00	
7.7.43.		E	P/O O'FARRELL	NAV.	D.R. RUNS.	1.15	
7.7.43.		Z	P/O O'FARRELL	NAV.	LOW LEVEL BOMBING.	1.15	
8.7.43.		E.	P/O O'FARRELL	NAV.	HT TEST. - 19000'	1.30.	
9.7.43.		T	P/O O'FARRELL	NAV	FORMATION FLYING.	1.15.	
12.7.43.	1405	623	P/O O'FARRELL	NAV	FIGHTER AFFR	1.30	0.5
13.7.43	0100	613	P/O RODGERS P/O O'FARRELL		C. Lds DUAL Solo:		15 1.30
TOTAL TIME						6055	317.45

Time carried forward: 360.55 317.45

Date.	Hour.	Aircraft Type and No.	Pilot.	Duty.
15.7.43	2330	LANE 610	P/O O'FARRELL	NAV.
16.7.43	2330	654	P/O O'FARRELL	NAV.
24.7.43	2325	608	P/O O'FARRELL	NAV.
25.7.43	2340	608	P/O O'FARRELL	NAV.

REMARKS. (Including results of bombing, gunnery, exercises, &c.)	FLYING TIMES.	
	Day.	Night.
X COUNTRY EX.		4.15
BULLSEYE. PORTS + BRISTOL.		3.20
BULLSEYE. LONDON = RECALLED		2.10
GARDENING. (FRIESIAN'S)		3.20
<p>1678 CON UNIT.</p> <p>TOTAL DAY. 10.45</p> <p><u>TOTAL NIGHT. 19.50</u></p> <p>TOTAL. 2.5.35</p>		
<p><i>Waggoner</i> P/Lt to S/LDR</p> <p>O.C. 1678 CON UNIT.</p> <p>R.A.F. EAST WRETHAM.</p>		
TOTAL TIME		360.55 330.50

115. SQDN R.A.F.

Time carried forward: 30.55 330.50

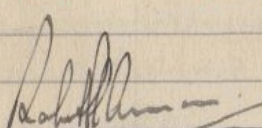
Date.	Hour.	Aircraft Type and No.	Pilot.	Duty.	REMARKS. (Including results of bombing, gunnery, exercises, &c.)	FLYING TIMES.	
						Day.	Night.
9-8-43	1025	LANC MK II 667 G.	P/O O'FARRELL	NAV	AIR TEST	25	
10-8-43	1030	667 G	P/O O'FARRELL	NAV	AIR TEST	30	
10-8-43	2200	664 X	P/O O'FARRELL	NAV	NUREMBOURG.		7.20
12-8-43	1105	668 J	P/O O'FARRELL	NAV	H.L. BOMBING	1.30	
12-8-43	2105	668 J	P/O O'FARRELL	NAV	MILAN.		8.35
14-8-43	1155	B	P/O O'FARRELL PO POSEY.	NAV	FIGHTER AFFIL.	40	
15-8-43	1105	668 J	P/O O'FARRELL	NAV	AIR TEST	30	8.25
16-8-43	2020	667 G	P/O O'FARRELL	NAV	TURIN LANDED WYTON		
17-8-43	0940	667 G.	P/O O'FARRELL	NAV.	WYTON - BASE.	20	
18-8-43	1100	680 L	P/O O'FARRELL	NAV.	MIDDLE WALLOW + RETURN.	2.00	
20-8-43	1435	675 E	P/O O'FARRELL	NAV	AIR TEST	1.00	
TOTAL TIME						368.40	355.10

Date.	Hour.	Aircraft Type and No.	Pilot.	Duty.	REMARKS. (Including results of bombing, gunnery, exercises, &c.)	Time carried forward: 368.40 355.10	
						FLYING TIMES.	
						Day.	Night.
22.8.43	1120	LANC MK II 675 E	P/O O'FARRELL	NAV	AIR TEST	15	
22.8.43	1535	675 E	W/C RAINSFORD	NAV	FIGHTER AFFLI.	1.00	
23.8.43	2110	675 E	P/O O'FARRELL	NAV	BERLIN		6.10.
24.8.43	1455	675 E	P/O O'FARRELL	NAV	AIR TEST OIL COOLER.	35	
25.8.43	1520	675 E	P/O O'FARRELL	NAV	FIGHTER AFFLI.	1.00	
28.8.43	2135	675 E	P/O O'FARRELL	NAV	NUREMBURG		4.00.
31.8.43	0035	675 E	P/O O'FARRELL	NAV	MUNCHEN - GLADISACH. 1 x 8000 6 - S.B.C.		3.10.
31.8.43	2100	675 E	P/O O'FARRELL	NAV	BERLIN		6.35.
				AUGUST.	TOTAL DAY 9.45		
				"	TOTAL NIGHT 49.25		
TOTAL TIME						371.80	378.05.
						371.80	

Time carried forward: 371.30 378.05

Date.	Hour.	Aircraft Type and No.	Pilot.	Duty.	REMARKS. (Including results of bombing, gunnery, exercises, &c.)	FLYING TIMES.	
						Day.	Night.
1.9.43	1540	678 P	F/O CADE	-	G.H. TRAINING	2.00	
2.9.43	1000	765 A	P/O O'FARRELL		"	2.30	
2.9.43	1420	765 A	F/O CADE		"	2.30	
3.9.43	2145	F	P/O O'FARRELL		"	2.15	
3.9.43	1420	P	F/SGT PEAKE		"	2.30	
5.9.43	1035	675 E	P/O O'FARRELL		AIR. TEST.		30
5.9.43	1320	765 A	P/O O'FARRELL	NAV.	WALES.		4.15
6.9.43	0945	678 P	P/O O'FARRELL	NAV.	WALES		3.00
14.9.43	1430.	K	P/O O'FARRELL	NAV.	AIR. TEST		30
15.9.43	1100	H	P/O O'FARRELL F/O CADE.	NAV.	H.L.B. GOODERSTONE.		1.30
15.9.43	1500	S	F/O HARRIS.	NAV.	INSTRUCTOR.		2.30
TOTAL TIME						395.30	378.05

Time carried forward: 395.30 378.05

Date.	Hour.	Aircraft Type and No.	Pilot.	Duty.	REMARKS. (Including results of bombing, gunnery, exercises, &c.)	FLYING TIMES.	
						Day.	Night.
19-9-43	1034	675 E.	P/O O'FARRELL	NAV.	H.L.B. ABANDONED. LOW CLOUD.	40	
21-9-43	1100	675 E	P/O O'FARRELL	NAV	AIR TEST.	30	
22-9-43	1100	675 E	P/O O'FARRELL	NAV	AIR TEST.	30	
22-9-43.	1930	675 E	P/O O'FARRELL	NAV.	HANDOVER MISSING.		4-00.
 S/O COMMANDING "A" FLIGHT, No. 115 SQUADRON.							
TOTAL TIME						347.10	382.05

Time carried forward: 397.10 382.05.

Date.	Hour.	Aircraft Type and No.	Pilot.	Duty.
		AMERICAN DAKOTA.	-	-
		LANCASTER.		
		LAT MER.		
		" "		
		OXFORD.	SANDY LOR NEIL	NAV.
		OXFORD.	" "	" "
		DAKOTA.	FT. W. CLIVER.	
		Bristol FREIGHTER	Fg. off G. WHITE.	
		" "	" "	

REMARKS. (Including results of bombing, gunnery, exercises, &c.)	FLYING TIMES.	
	Day.	Night.
REPAIRATION. TO BRUSSELS.	2.15	
" BRUSSELS - U.K.	1.10.	
RUCK - CH. CH.	3.50	
CH CH - RUCK.	3.40	
RUCK. PARAPARAM.	3.10.	
PARA - RUCK.	3.25.	
RUCK. - WINGARCI. LOOME flying.	2.30.	
RUCK. - WIGRAM.	4.10	
WIGRAM - RUCK.	4.15.	
	425.30	382.05.

TOTAL TIME ..

Time carried forward: 493.10 382.05

Date.	Hour.	Aircraft Type and No.	Pilot.	Duty.
26/8/60	0930	HAST MK III NZ 5803	W/C. CHR. SIEGERT	Super crew.
27/8	0900	"	"	"
28/8	0900	"	"	"
30/8	0700	"	"	"
31/8	0700	"	"	"
1/9	0800	"	"	"
2/9	0400	"	"	"
<hr/>				
15/9/60	1400	NZ 5803	W/C. CHR. SIEGERT	Super crew
17/9	0800	"	"	"
18/9	0600	"	"	"
19/9	0600	"	"	"
20/9	0600	"	"	"
23/9	0600	"	"	"
24/9	0900	"	"	"
25/9/60	0900	"	"	"

REMARKS. (Including results of bombing, gunnery, exercises, &c.)	FLYING TIMES.	
	Day.	Night.
WITENUPATI - RICHMOND AUST.	5.25	
RICHMOND - DARWIN.	8.10	
DARWIN - CHANGI	8.25	
CHANGI - GAN (MALDIVE IS)	9.20	
GAN - KHORMAKSAR	9.20	
KHORMAKSAR - EL ADEM	4.00	6.00
EL ADEM - <u>LYNEHAM.</u>	9.20	
<hr/>		
COLERNE - LYNHAM.	.55	
LYNEHAM - EL ADEM	8.05	1.00
EL ADEM - KHORMAKSAR	9.00	.30
KHORMAKSAR - GAN	8.30	.30
GAN - CHANGI	8.00	1.00
CHANGI - DARWIN	7.45	1.30
DARWIN - RICHMOND	8.00	-
RICHMOND - WITENUPATI.	5.50	
<p>TOTAL Aug/Sept 110.05 DAY 10.30 NIGHT.</p>		
<p>TOTAL TIME 603.15 392.35</p>		

Time carried forward: 603.15 392.35

Date.	Hour.	Aircraft Type and No.	Pilot.	Duty.
15/1/60	1100	NZ5803	F/LT ARCHER	Lead Control.
<hr/>				
19/7/61	0930	NZ5803	F/LT ARCHER	Super crew
20/7	0900	"	" "	" "
21/7	0935	"	" "	" "
23/7	0535	"	" "	" "
24/7	0905	"	" "	" "
25/7	0840	"	" "	" "
<hr/>				
17/10/61	0545	NZ3633	S/L TOSLAND	Super Crew
17/10/61	1055	"	F/O ROGER	"
18/10/61	1005	"	"	"
20/10/61	0700	"	"	"
21/10/61	0600	"	"	"
21/10/61	1450	"	"	"

REMARKS. (Including results of bombing, gunnery, exercises, &c.)	FLYING TIMES.	
	Day.	Night.
WHENUAPA - OHAKEA - WHEN Army Portability Demos.	2.15	
<hr/>		
WHENUAPA - RICHMOND	6.05	
RICHMOND - DARWIN	8.10	
DARWIN - CHANGI	8.50	
CHANGI - DARWIN	7.30	.40
DARWIN - RICHMOND	7.10	
RICHMOND - WHENUAPA	5.45	
<hr/>		
WHENUAPA - EAGLE FARM (Bris)	05.55	
BRISBANE - DARWIN	6.50	
DARWIN - CHANGI	7.25	
CHANGI - DARWIN	7.50	
DARWIN - BRISBANE	7.05	
BRISBANE - WHENUAPA	3.05	2.20
<hr/>		
TOTAL JULY-OCT. DAY.	83.55	
TOTAL JULY-OCT NIGHT.		3.00
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TOTAL TIME	687.10	395.35

Units at which served as observer or a.g.

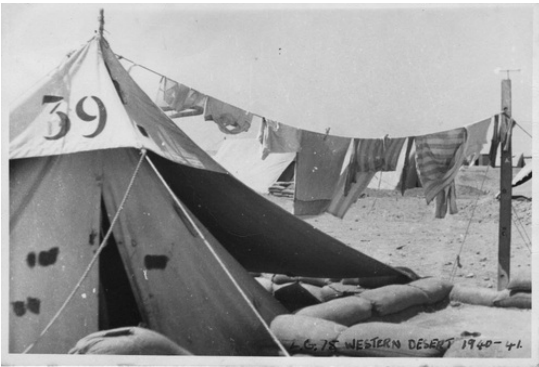
Unit.	From	To	Unit.	From	To
No. 1. AIR OBSERVERS SCHOOL R.N.Z.A.F.	UNDER TRAINING.				
257 O.T.U.	1.7.40	22.10.40			
SHALLUFA, EGYPT.	1.3.41	1.4.41			
70 SQDN.	1.4.41	2.2.42			
	1.4.42				
11. O.T.U.	28.6.42	1.7.43	11. O.T.U.		
1678 CON. UNIT.	1.7.43				

Aircraft in which flown.

Type.	Type.	Type. 7-35
VINCENTS.		
D.H. 86		
D.H. 89		
WELLINGTON.		
WELLINGTON 1C. MK II		
LANCASTER II		

Image Gallery

Double-click on an image for a larger view



*Landing Ground 75
Western Desert.*



*A recaptured, captured
Spitfire with German
markings. This was
relatively common
apparently.*



*Now you know
where you are. But
not why!*



*A crash landed Wellington.
Still in some sort of shape.*



*Ken and others somewhere
at a landing ground in the
middle of the Western
Desert nothingness.*



*The Wellington
somewhere at a
ground in the
Desert.*



*On leave taking
local culture. (A
minaret in S)*



*The boys some
the Western D*