

Ghost's Voice

Squadron Leader Wirelasses From Mid-Atlantic as 'Heavies' Fly Homeward

By SQDN. LDR. LESLIE POWELL,
RCAF.

Aboard An RCAF Lancaster Somewhere Over the Atlantic, June 6 wireless operator's cabin on Z for (CP).—This is being written in the Zombie, a Canadian-built Lancaster of the Ghost Squadron which, with other aircraft of the same squadron, took off from the Azores a few hours ago for Newfoundland and Canada, leaders in a move which will bring a number of Canadian heavy bomber squadrons home by air.

In the presence of Bomber Command's chief, Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Harris, and the RCAF's Overseas Commander-in-Chief, Air Marshal G. O. Johnson, we took off from Middleton St. George, Yorks, the base from which the Ghost and Moose Squadrons have been operating over Europe. We have been ifoming by easy stages; our first stop was at an airfield in the southwest of England, where we were held up by bad weather for a few days.

Was in Crash Landing

I left there in B for Baker, but engine trouble forced us to crash-land in the sea just off the Azores, our next scheduled stop. The crew and passengers all escaped into a dinghy following a magnificent landing by the pilot, Flt. Lt. Paul Acree of Rainy River.

We were picked up by an RAF air-sea rescue launch, and arrived soon afterwards on the Island of Terceira, where we were split up among other aircraft for passage home.

We were held up briefly there by heavy cloud, but a few hours ago we took off in grand weather and at this moment we are soaring through bright sunlight, catching glimpses of the sea through breaks in the clouds below.

We are heading for Gander Airfield, Nfld., and Dartmouth, N.S. The phrase "somewhere over the

Atlantic" is somewhat indefinite and unfair—our navigator knows exactly where we are and tells me we are less than three hours' flying time from Gander and to prove it has just shown me the exact position on his map.

Looking out of the window, I find it difficult to believe any one knows where we are, but I have implicit faith in his skill. The navigator, incidentally, is FO. Jimmy Gunn of 220 Golf View Ave., Toronto.

Skipper Mount Forest Man

Beside me, sending this story faster than I can write it, is the wireless operator, FO. Will Magee, New Westminster, B.C., while looking around with some interest is our skipper, Flt. Lt. Clifford Pratt of Mount Forest.

Other crew members are PO. Doug Miller, bomb aimer, from Fort Erie; Sgt. Gordon Clare, flight engineer, London, Ont.; FO. Archie Martin, mid-upper gunner, Newcastle, and Flt. Sgt. Ted Dykes, tail gunner, of Edmonton.

The other passenger is LAC. Hal Baldock, Radar Mechanic, from Winnipeg and death other other Lancaster of this first wave, led by Wing Cmdr. W. Gail of Lachute, Que., carrier at least two passengers—most of them ground specialists.

Other squadrons of the Canadian Bomber Group will shortly be following us, some in a day or two, some later, in the largest mass aerial move ever attempted by the RCAF or the RAF.

Within a few hours, we will sight North America and soon afterwards we shall be touching down on Canadian soil. For many of us this will be the first time in some years that we have seen Canada. The boys who bombed the will to fight out of Germany and who, in the words of bomber chief Harris, sank the Nazi Navy in their spare time, are on their way home.

"We'll be seeing you soon, Canada."

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CANADA
AIR
FORCE
SQUADRON
GHOST