



# **MALENY MEN'S SHED Inc NEWSLETTER**



7 Bryce Lane, Maleny P.O. Box 5, Maleny 4552 ABN 54 929 953 562

Newsletter # 31 – October 2019

Editor: Warne Wilson 54999974 warnew@bigpond.com

## **FROM THE PRESIDENT: KEVIN TREVARTHEN**



It's been a busy month insofar as progress on the Army Shed, or more specifically preparation of the site. The Lions Club have moved their container and trailer. The large camphor laurel has been felled, unfortunately with one of the boxes suffering damage when an errant branch fell on it, but fortunately without significant damage to the contents. Kevin Howell organised a truck and skip from Sims Metals to take away most of the ferrous metal that had accumulated around the site. Ian Pollard and Laurie Abrahamson organised the moving of the boxes into their final position.

It was very gratifying to see most of the shedders pitching in to help load the Sims truck and clear up the site – a big shout out to all who worked hard to leave the site almost ready for preparatory earthworks.

Our architect-in-residence, Ian Pollard, has confirmed the finished floor level (to ensure that we've got enough fall to the septic system), and almost finalised the plans for engineer's and certifier's approval.

Thanks to efforts of expert "grant-applier" (*is that a job?*), Peter Fitzgibbon, we have the money for the earthworks and slab, but we're awaiting notification of a grant for the actual erection of the shed. We'll hear about this in mid-December. So while we've still got some hurdles to overcome, the erection of our second shed will be far less tortuous than our first shed, and hopefully within the next year we'll have a clean, well equipped space.

A few weeks ago we completed another Bunnings Sausage Sizzle at Caloundra, it was an extremely successful day, netting us \$1500 – it was so busy we had to make a number of missions to Woollies to restock. These days are a bit hectic for the workers but the time goes quickly, the banter is lively and with two shifts it's not too arduous. A big thanks to the team that worked on the day. Ideally, we'd like to have six on each shift, so if you didn't make it this time, think about pitching in for the next one.

Finally, we've made a small start to publicising the Shed to a wider audience, by including a flyer in the "Sample Bag" for guests at the Lions Club's Welcome to Maleny dinner. There'll be more activities like this coming soon.

**Keep on shedding!**

**Kevin**

**FROM THE COMPUTER CLASSES:**  
**DENNIS HENSBY**

**COMPUTER MAINTENANCE**

Many factors conspire together to make your computer run slower over time. So what can you do to improve matters? As for cars, you perform a little bit of maintenance now and again. How often you do this depends on individual circumstances, but as a guide, I am a frequent computer user and I go through a maintenance routine about every 3 – 6 months, or whenever I think of it.

Below are the steps I use. Note that a moderate amount of computer skills would be advisable if you undertake this yourself. Otherwise take your computer to the computer shop once a year or more and ask them about giving it the once over with a view to speeding it up.

You should always keep your computer updated. For Windows, some anti-virus programs and certain other programs, updates are usually automatic. There may be other programs you use which need the update process to be kicked off by you. Start your maintenance run by checking that all the programs you regularly use are up-to-date – from within the program click the Check for Updates button or menu item.

I do a file clean-up. I go through my folders and delete any files I don't wish to keep, or programs I no longer use. To finish off, I do an automated file clean-up as described in my previous article on Cookies. That is, open a file browser and right click on your C: drive. Click on Properties then the Disk Clean up button. After selecting which areas you wish to clean up, click the OK button.

It is a good idea to do deliberate anti-virus and anti-malware scans, rather than relying on these programs to do their jobs in the background. Note that these two scans are different, targeting different nasties. It usually means using two different programs. No result is a good result.

After doing all the above, the task that seems to have the most impact on speed is to do a Registry clean. The Registry controls a lot of computer settings and also every program on your computer. Over time, the Registry can retain a number of unused or irrelevant settings, slowing everything down a tad. A registry clean deletes those useless entries. There are a number of good free Registry cleaning programs available.

Finally I run a disk defrag to close up vacant spaces on the hard disk, making it a faster read. You can use the inbuilt defrag program by opening a file browser and right click on your C: drive. Click on Properties then the Tools tab. Click the Optimize button and wait a while until the program is finished. There are a few alternative disk defrag programs available on the Internet. Apparently, because of different structures, there is no point running disk defrag on an SSD.

After a re-boot, hopefully things may run a little faster, though without a stop watch it might be hard to tell. If things are still running inordinately slowly, there may be other factors at play, but that is beyond the scope of this article.

If you Google “clean up my computer” or “make my computer run faster” or similar, you will see ads for a lot of software claiming to do the job. I suspect many just do part of what I have described, but you may find something useful if you try enough of them. Other search answers may provide useful advice.

**If you have any questions on this topic, or have a topic you would like to see covered in the future, please email Dennis at [dennishensby@bigpond.com](mailto:dennishensby@bigpond.com)**

## FROM THE WOODIES: WARNE WILSON



This month we have had an upsurge in restorations and small table building. In the pictures below, under the stylish caps, are Gary McFarlane and Ron Judd. Gary is restoring a nest of three tables after making new tops for them helped by Ashley Williams and Ashley sprayed them with lacquer to match. Ron has made a top for his table. After learning to make four identical legs as a test on the lathe, he decided to finish them by building them into a small table. Both shedders have been eager to learn and have shown solid progress.

Paul Large has taken to lathe work, making replacement chair legs and handles for his antique chisels.



As soon as we heard the huge old camphor laurel beside the new army shed site would have to come down, we had eyes on the timber. As we do not have facilities for milling this beautiful wood with its rich grain colours of reds and browns, we offered it to the Montville Woodies who will give us two slabs in return.

Dust is forever a problem in woodworking and the shed is looking good, with everyone helping with sweeping and vacuuming. Hand sanding is done outside to reduce dangerous superfine dust in the air.

Warne

---

## FROM THE SMITHY: KEVIN HOWELL

The shop is in full production making the bodies for the bells ready for forging and welding when the fire ban is lifted.



Russel is doing a really good job, much better than my rough work where we first started.

Ken Scott is back in full swing and is up to making the straps for the bells and organising their sale.

He has some funny ideas about the value of lambs he had advertised for sale at \$125 each. I and some others thought they were \$125 for the lot. No wonders sheep farmers drive around in expensive cars.

Ian has drawn up a plan for the area around the blacksmith shop and jail or gaol (which one is right?) which has yet to be finalised. It is proposed to have the shop behind the jail/gaol and shelter sheds for machines between the blacksmith shop and Pauline's shed. Preliminary plans look pretty good.

Finally, something that has me concerned and some others also is the use of the word HECTARE. When the decimal system was introduced, all our imperial system was changed over to a system where everything was a multiple of 10. A good system. However the hectare didn't quite make it. How many people say I bought a 2.5 hectare block of land. People would stare at him/her and wonder what they were talking about. Say 5 acres and everyone was happy. Real estate people advertise land as so many acres, otherwise sales would plummet. Ask Ken Scott how big is his farm at Bellthorpe. He'll say so many thousand acres. I say drop the Hectare and every one will be happy.

That's all for now, Kevin

## FROM THE ENGINEERS: LAWRIE ABRAHAMSON



Since the AGM a few of the Committee have been away having a revitalising look around at what goes on outside of South East Queensland. One such look around led to this photo in the small town of Longford in Tasmania.

The left-hand four doors of the shed in the distance is where the men meet three days a week from nine until four. A give away of the comforts the men have organised for their escape from domestic life, is the

chimney in the roof. Now some might say that there might be a Smithies forge under the chimney. Others who know something of the weather in Tassie might say, wouldn't it be nice to have a wood burning fireplace in this tin shed in the winter. Then what about a combination of the both.

While there is a great deal of character about what was seen in Longford, it can't be overlooked how well Maleny is progressing in the time it has been running. This progress, we all know, is down to the willingness of the membership who give freely their time and expertise to moving forward.

Lawrie

---

## FROM THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY – DESLEY MALONE

### DR OTTO ERNEST NOTHLING

Did you know that there are only 2 Australian Rugby & Cricket Dual Internationals in Australia and Maleny born? Otto Nothling is one.

The other cricket rugby & cricket dual international is Johnny Taylor.

Otto was born on the family dairy farm at Witta in 1900, the sixth child for Carl & Marie (Tesch) Nothling and started school at the Teutoberg Provisional School in 1906. He won a scholarship to the Brisbane Grammar School and in 1918 was named the champion athlete and champion of the football team. He topped the school batting average in cricket and was a GPS shot-put champion.

He entered St Andrew's College, University of Sydney in 1926 to study medicine, where he distinguished himself as an athlete, breaking records in javelin throwing and shot-putting and represented the university at cricket and rugby. Of splendid physique and 6 ft. 3 ins. (191 cm) tall, Otto could run 100 yards in even time.

Cricket was his love and it was here that his sporting greatness became apparent. His test career is the stuff of which legends are made. His first class debut was in 1922-23, and he played in 21 matches, scoring 882 runs at an average of 24, his highest score being 121.

England came to Australia on the 1928-29 Ashes tour, and a young Don Bradman got 18 and 1, and England won. For the first and only time in his career, Bradman was dropped, and Otto Nothling came on in his place. He made 8 and was run out for 44. However, England had won the match again, and Bradman was recalled.



Otto played five times for New South Wales. After returning to Queensland in 1926, he represented the State in twelve Sheffield Shield matches, including three as captain. In 1928, he was selected as

opening batsman in the second test side, he took five wickets for 78 against English players who were some of the best.

From 1930 Otto concentrated on his medical practice in Maryborough, as the grip of the depression took hold. In 1932 he married Mildred Horsburgh in Maryborough and they had two children.

As war loomed in the late 1930s, Dr Otto Nothling enlisted for service and was appointed major of the Australian Army Medical Corps in 1940. He served in Greece and Crete and his appointment was terminated in 1943 because of injury.

In 1949 he obtained a diploma in dermatological medicine and was the first skin specialist appointed to the Brisbane Children's Hospital.

Otto's many interests included farming. He had a farm at Cambronn (between Conondale & Kenilworth) and visited the region on weekends.

Survived by his wife, son and daughter, he died of hypertensive heart disease in 1965 at Chelmer in Brisbane, aged 65, and was cremated.

Martin Nothling, Otto's son, established the Otto Nothling Memorial Prize in his father's honour to encourage Brisbane Grammar School students to follow his father's example of achievement in academic and extracurricular pursuits.

Let's remember Otto Ernest Nothling as an exceptional person, Maleny's Dual International Rugby and Cricket Champion, someone we're proud to remember.

## NAME BADGES

All members should note that excellent name badges are available on order at the woodies shed for the princely sum of \$10.50 each. There is no obligation to purchase one, but it helps the rest of us. If you have a name badge, please wear it regularly at the Men's Shed so that the newer members, and the forgetful members, get to know who you are.

## NEW MEMBERS

We are pleased to welcome three new members this month:

**PAUL LARGE, PAUL ROBINSON, and BRIAN ROBERTSON**

Great to have you with us!



## UPCOMING COMMUNITY EVENTS 2019

**Maleny Singers "At Home Concert"** November 2nd and 3rd 2p.m. Maleny Play House.

**Fundraiser for Smart Living Society** Sunday 3rd November 4p.m. Maleny Hotel.

**Australian Musical Theatre & Maleny Arts Council** November 9th (7pm) & 10th (2p.m.) Maleny Community Centre. - "A Girl's Guide to World War".

**Quota 30th Anniversary Celebration** November 10th - Luncheon Maleny Showgrounds Pavilion. Please contact. [quotamaleny@gmail.com](mailto:quotamaleny@gmail.com) or Val 0419599042

**Remembrance Day - Maleny RSL** 11th November 10.45 RSL Maleny Cenotaph

**Maleny Arts and Craft - Christmas Fair** November 22nd + 23rd Maleny Community Centre.

**St George's Anglican Church Christmas Concert** November 30th St George's Anglican Church.

**Maleny Christmas Street Party** December 13th Maple Street, Maleny and surrounds.

**Christmas Tree Festival**, Maleny Uniting Church, 19th-24th December 2.00 – 8.00 pm daily

**To include information in this events list simply email to [denvergail1@gmail.com](mailto:denvergail1@gmail.com)**

## WOOLIES BARBECUE ROSTER

Saturday 26 October: Lindsay Hay, Gary McFarlane, Dennis Hensby

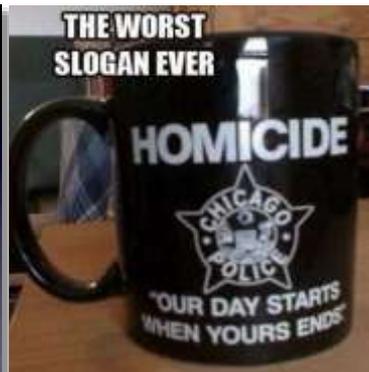
Saturday 9 November: Malcolm Baker, Peter Fitzgibbon, Colin Kielly

Saturday 23 November: Harry Malcher, Alan Poustie, Wayne Schultz

**MANY THANKS FELLOWS!**

**Dorothea Mackellar,  
The Poems of Dorothea Mackellar**

*"I love a sunburnt country,  
A land of sweeping plains,  
Of ragged mountain ranges,  
Of droughts and flooding rains.  
I love her far horizons,  
I love her jewel-sea,  
Her beauty and her terror -  
The wide brown land for me!"*



### **Short and sweet Irish Joke**

**Paddy asks, "Mick, how did you get on at the faith healer meeting last night?"  
Mick replies, "He was absolute rubbish. Even the fella in the wheelchair got up and walked out!"**

**I've just written a song about tortillas; actually, it's more of a rap.  
I had a neck brace fitted years ago and I've never looked back since.  
I woke up this morning and forgot which side the sun rises from, then it dawned on me.  
My wife just found out I replaced our bed with a trampoline; she hit the roof.  
I like to hold hands at the movies ... which always seems to startle strangers.  
My wife told me sex is better on holiday ... a crap postcard for her to send.  
Do not argue with an idiot. He will drag you down to his level and beat you with experience.  
I want to die peacefully in my sleep, like my grandfather, not screaming and yelling like the passengers in his car.**

# Melbourne Cup Calcutta

Sunday November 3rd at 4pm  
@ Hotel Maleny

Net proceeds to support local charity Smart Living Society



Creating Hope Through Affordable Rental Housing



Proudly Sponsored by



Anonymous Donor



hotelmaleny  
EST 1900



Glasshouse & Maleny News  
Independently Owned & Operated

Printed by  
PRINT COPY

## Continuing the serial Lancaster Bomber Tail Gunner 2 from last month

Copyright.

We pick up the story from last month – the briefing of aircrews before the raid:

“The target for tonight,” Air Commodore Waldron loudly announced in his cultured Oxford voice, is – he paused for effect – flicked the cloth aside – “Peenemunde!”

There was an immediate scuffling of maps.  
“Where in bloody hell is Peenemunde?” Asked lanky Flight Engineer, Jack Tippet.

“It’s right up the top of Germany at the Baltic sea,” answered Navigator Phillip Gray sitting on Harry’s left, “a bloody long way – up above Berlin, opposite Denmark on the Baltic Sea, it would be over 700 miles from here in a straight line, and that’s without deviations.”

“Shit”, said Jack Kendall, “What the hell ‘ave I got meself into?”  
Air commodore Waldron knew the background and the reason for this raid, but he could not tell them; it was Operation Hydra, designed to eliminate the Nazi scientific research facility at Peenemunde; the launching site of Germany’s V1 and V2 rocket bombs. The bombs were causing random havoc in London, and Hydra was the beginning of Operation Crossbow, a wider plan to combat the V-weapon menace.

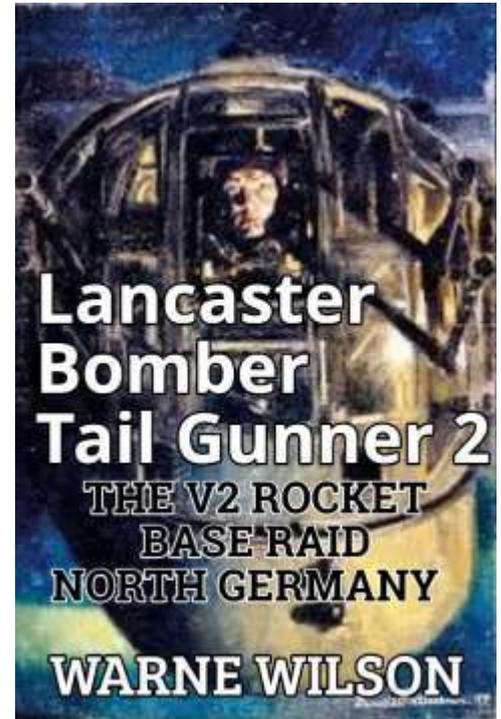
Waldron let the noise die down, “It is a radar research and development installation which is about to add greatly to the efficiency and strike rate of the enemy’s night fighters,”  
He surveyed the almost 120 aircrew hanging on his words, many were registering acceptance and understanding, notes were scribbled on navigation pads, but a growing murmur of comments and asides had to be stopped. Waldron rapped the board again, “Halifaxes and Stirlings from other bases will join the stream and for the first time we will have a bomb master over Peenemunde to ensure accuracy.”

The murmur increased, then stilled.

The map showed the course, and Waldron gave the coordinates; a WNW course to cross the Dutch coast between Amsterdam and Rotterdam, where flack and search lights should be easier, and then a direct line toward Berlin. It was planned to mislead the enemy into thinking Berlin was the target, prompting them to divert night fighters to the capital. In the meantime eight Mosquitos from 139 Squadron would drop marker flares and a number of bombs on Berlin to simulate the opening of a main force raid. The bomber stream would bypass Hannover and then deflect NW to the target. The return would be a direct line completing the triangle.

To increase accuracy, bomb release was required at 8,000 Feet instead of the safer 19,000 Feet to increase accuracy, and in addition the raid had been scheduled for full moonlight over the target. For the first time, a Bombing Master would direct the raid from a Beaufighter on the periphery. The crews knew they would be sitting ducks at 8,000 feet in the brilliant light of a full moon, night fighters would have clearly defined targets and flack could be directed easily.

Meanwhile, Mosquito and Beaufighter intruders would attack Luftwaffe airfields to catch night fighters taking off and landing. The attack would continue with a second, and then a third wave of aircraft from other RAF bases. Waldron finished his briefing with “Green light at 20.00 Hours,” and with an uncharacteristic, “May God fly with you.” he left the stage.



Navigators crowded forward to make detailed notes, they knew radio navigation would be useless at the extreme distance, and after that, navigators would be dead reckoning courses over unflown territory.

Harry sat oblivious to the avalanche of chatter. As Tail Gunner he knew his chances of survival were probably less than 50% on any raid – but this one – 8,000 feet in full moonlight? Waldron's assertion that night fighters would be vectored to defend Berlin for a fake raid was probably right, but the Germans were not dumb, they would have reserves. Even though airfields within reach would be harried, there would still be plenty of opposition. Then, of course, there was the flack. If the installation was as important as Waldron asserted, it would be surrounded by flack guns and searchlights. A feeling of helpless resignation overtook him and he thought of Maureen. Jonesy had bought it in the last raid, and if anything happened to him, one of the others would have to tell Maureen, if any of them got back . . .

His reverie was broken by Jack Kendall, "Hey Tailie! Don't sit there mopin' come and grab somethin' to eat."

Harry responded smiling automatically, and went with Jack to the crowded counter. As they waited he thought, this is silly, I should be at least trying to sleep for an hour or two, the raid will be a freezing hell, but it's sausages and bacon and I should have something in my stomach before I go, it's the last I will get before breakfast, if I get back . . .

But Jack nudged him with an elbow and he turned to accept a full plate, "Get that in yer, old son, do ya the world a good!"

Later Harry relaxed on his bed for an hour, but he had to move at 1830 Hrs. to pull on his flying gear and electrically heated suit. At 1915 Hrs. he joined the others in the crew shed. He was not the last in, Flight Engineer Jack Tippet came in, a thoughtful quietly spoken Londoner, he had served his apprenticeship with Rolls Royce, and he would know the Merlins if anybody would. He was followed by Bomb Aimer/Front Gunner Bert Kelso, a chubby sandy haired Scot with a difficult accent, he came in tersely complaining as usual, but they all knew he was one of the best in the business.

The service truck skidded to a stop outside and they clambered up, David Newell, their Pilot, a boyish, sandy haired 25 year old, waited to make sure all of his crew were aboard before grabbing a hand up to the open back of the vibrating Bedford truck. He had learned to fly gliders at the Cambridge Gliding centre in 1934, gaining his wings in early 1935. He joined Cambridge Aero Club that year and worked his way up from the Tiger Moth trainer to twin engine aircraft before war was declared on September 1st 1939. In the RAF, he quickly found his way into fighters, but pilots were needed for the new Lancasters and he had been posted to High Wickham.

They gripped the handrails, swaying together around the dark field toward the Lancasters, sinister and discernible in the light of a just rising moon, pregnant with huge loads of avgas, bellies full of H.E. bombs and incendiaries, the tyres bulging. Harry wondered how the aircraft could be expected to fly with such a load, and with an effort of will, he blinked out a blazing vision of an exploding failed take off run, he had seen it happen on more than one occasion. They surged forward as their driver hit the brakes and they jumped to the grass beside T-Tango, cumbersome in their multi layered cold weather gear, carefully holding their parachutes in their arms, their lifelines if they could get out in time from a falling aircraft. Each man carried a small survival kit including a silk map of Europe, a compass, and items a downed airman could find very useful in an attempt to escape from enemy territory. The damage to T-Tango from fighters and flack two nights before had been repaired and a new plexiglass upper bubble replaced the shattered debris which had marked the loss of Jonesy. T-Tango looked smooth and new with its tuned Merlin engines, of its time, perfection in British engineering.

Jim Merrills, Wireless Operator, nicknamed Sparks of course, mounted the small ladder. His interest in building wireless sets had been spiked as a young teenager when a hobby magazine had featured the simple circuit of a crystal set, he had bought the galena crystal, condenser, fine wire 'cat's whisker', and headphones by mail, excited and enthralled when music from a local station whispered in his

headphones. As 'Sparks', he brought years of experience experimenting with glass valve wirelasses. He would fix the aircraft's position over Europe by triangulating signals from two widely spaced transmitters in England, and engage the radio direction finder; but tonight he knew Peenemunde fell well outside the transmitters' range. Phil Gray would have to take it from there.

Jack Kendall, Jonesy's replacement as Mid Upper Gunner followed Jim Merrills in, he had done well at training, and he seemed to have an intuition in leading his stream of bullets to hit an attacking fighter.

Harry struggled in to the familiar aircraft smell redolent of old fear, dope, paint, oil, rubber, hot electrical insulation; and a lingering hint of stale sweat.

David Newell, hampered by his insulated flight gear struggled into his narrow seat before Flight Engineer, Jack Tippet scrambled over his folded seat back beside David to push it upright and cram back into it. Jim Merrills switched on, and after squeals and static he found his frequencies. Jack Kendall checked the travel of his guns and Harry struggled over the wing spar to squeeze past him to place his parachute in its rack behind his turret, then slid the little doors open and squeezed into his cramped space. He made himself as comfortable as he could knowing he would be committed to restricted movement in the hours of freezing, noisy, conditions. Neither the mid-upper's nor the rear gunner's positions were heated, and both gunners wore electrically heated suits to prevent hypothermia and frostbite. He secured his harness and checked his turret with its four 0.303 inch Browning Machine guns. His turret, was capable of 180 degrees rotation from left to right and he elevated and lowered his four guns through a deep vertical arc.

In the cockpit, David Newell and Jack Tippet had switched on and were checking their instruments in the start-up procedure. Needles jumped to life, fuel gauge needles pegged up to their stops, and one by one the Merlins coughed to life. Built by Rolls-Royce, the Merlin was a V-12 piston engine of 27 Litres, 1,000 hp early in the war, but improved to almost 1,800 hp. by 1945. Between them they increased the revs and then brought the four engines back to warm up idle. T-Tango was third in line, and they increased the revs again when the two Lancasters in front began to taxi.

In his turret, Harry felt the increased vibrations, felt T-Tango swaying with the torque, and then heard the bellowing roar die back to a rumble as T-Tango began to move; below Harry the tail wheel jolted over rough grass, He could make out the perimeter fence in the faint light, it flowed sideways as Skipper did a 90 degree turn to line up behind the others at the threshold marker. Harry could not see the green flare but he heard the leading Lancaster roar as it trundled forward and began its take-off run. Three minutes later he heard another roar as the next in line took its turn. They must be off – there was no change in the order of movement – he felt the bump from grass to concrete and T-Tango was next. Harry crossed himself, looked down at the dark grass and up to the stars. He said his little prayer, "Lord, fly with me as I fly this day, and bring me back safely to the grass." T-Tango started its run.

Skipper steadily increased power, and in a cacophony of noise and rattling vibration Harry braced both arms against his turret. The throaty four engine snarl intensified as the finely tuned Merlins accelerated the heavily loaded aircraft toward take off speed. Skipper pushed his throttles to the stops and Harry felt his harness bite his shoulders. Skipper gently pushed his control column forward, Harry felt the tail wheel leave the concrete, touch once and then the tail lifted. The overloaded main wheels thumped over joins in the concrete. Skipper judged the moment and eased his control column back. Harry saw the fence flash past beneath him. A near thing, he thought, a few seconds more and the fence would have been with them. Soft light from a just rising moon tinted his canopy and he could make out the darker spread of High Wickham in total blackout. He was able to read his watch, 8.10 pm. Maureen would be serving in the bar, she may have heard the take-off, but he doubted it, the ground crew drinkers would be making a lot of noise.

Harry was feeling cold as T-Tango climbed toward its cruising altitude of 20,000 feet, he pulled his kapok lined flying suit tighter and switched on his heated suit, he could see some lights far to the south, they blinked out as he watched and he wondered what they would have been. 20 minutes later

T-Tango was over the Channel. Skipper keyed his throat mike, “Keep a lookout for fighters everybody” Moonlight shimmered on the sea below but Harry could see nothing but the dark land they had left behind.

Navigator Gray had set a WNW course to cross the coast of Holland between Amsterdam and Rotterdam and Jim Merrills confirmed it with radio bearings. Waldron had dictated the course, saying it was calculated to cross a ‘soft’ area – little flack, they all hoped his information was correct. Half an hour later Harry’s intercom headphones clicked, “Navigator, Skipper, Dutch coast coming up.”

20.22 Hrs.

It clicked again, “Skipper, Crew, keep your eyes peeled for customers.”

“Front Gunner, Skipper, Searchlights!” Below and ahead searchlights were stabbing up with the orange flashes of flack guns among them. Both were designed to reach them at 20,000 feet and beyond, the crew waited for the flack. They did not have to wait long, they were amongst it. T-Tango jolted in rough air, Skipper put his right wing down and eased the column back in a tight right turn, a searchlight beam on his left had angled too close, other lights would have joined it in an inescapable cone. To Harry’s left, four beams captured a Lancaster, it twisted, turned and dived to avoid the flack’s brilliant explosions but it was caught in concentrated fire, the inevitable happened and a direct hit amidships resulted in a flying tunnel of flame. He saw two parachutes in the hellish light and then the bombs detonated, the remains of the aircraft blew to pieces releasing a curtain of sparkling incendiaries to wave like the Northern Lights. Flaming debris followed as Harry watched, until it was left far behind.

“Skipper, Crew, we’re through, lads, but fighters will be on their way!”

In the moonlight T-Tango could be seen by fighters – but the reverse was also true, T-Tango’s three gunners, the front gunner, the mid upper gunner, and Harry in the tail, would be able to see *them*. Harry watched and waited.

**To be continued next month. T-Tango flies in the direction of Berlin before turning toward the V2 Rocket Base.**

**To view or download Warne’s ebooks press ctrl plus click [Warne Wilson](#)**

**That’s all this month, Shedders and friends. To our members with health problems – Get well soon and come back to us – We miss you.**

**Warne Wilson, Editor ([warnew@bigpond.com](mailto:warnew@bigpond.com))**