

A SURPRISE ON THE ENEMY

It was in the year 1942. Our Canadians over in France were giving the Germans the deuce. I belonged to the 12th Squadron of Canadians. My own was a high powered Monoplane, hurling through space at four hundred miles per hour. Commander Blackie was our CO. With the rank of Captain, I was to lead a surprise attack on the enemy. We were ready at four o'clock on the morning of the 10th of May.

The Commander sang out, " All Aboard!" We jumped into our cockpits and were off. I soared up to twenty five thousand feet and headed for the lines. all the fighting was done in the air at that time.

What a surprise! Not a Hun was in sight! I took my field glasses and looked down. We were over Hitler's Palace! We had twenty five planes in our Squadron. I gave the sign to the others to zoom down.. We arrived at about six thousand feet when the Huns finally saw us. " Fifteen planes coming up!" Shouted, Lieutenant Hudson. He was a friend of mine from High School days. His Christian name was Anthony.

The enemy planes were quick but we were too quick for them. Six planes were down, but sad to relate, two of our fellows were down also. Though we finished the enemy planes, we were riddled enough too. I was chasing one when he dove, came from behind and gave us a burst of tracers. It knocked off a landing wheel and riddled our wings, but we were still functioning.

Lieutenant Hudson, my observer, gave him a burst which sent him off to Davy Jones locker. I got to one fellow just in the act of downing one of our planes. " More planes ready!" Hudson sang out. We dove down and sent a few high-powered bombs among them. They no longer gave us chase. In those days our planes were fire-proof, the planes covered with hard steel and the pilot cased-in.

We landed in search of our pilots who fell. We lost five planes, ten men down, two for each plane. Three men were injured but not seriously. In total, we had done a good day's work. No lives were lost and we returned with twenty planes. We had destroyed sixteen enemy planes. I gave the signal to start for home. Arriving a half hour later, we sent the wounded to the hospital and reported to the CO, an Englishman..

" Captain Mason," He began. "You and your Canadians have done a great day's work. I will do anything you wish. what would you like?"

I replied, " " All I wish is for you to thank the Canadians who are fighting for their King and Country!" And so he did.

We saluted him and left. At mess that evening, Corporal Paul Davis from Seaforth Nova Scotia, struck up the national anthem in honor of everyone's safe return from the enemy. With many good voices among them, all joined in, but not including myself. I cannot sing!

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