

After Action Report:

Squadron: No.615
Squadron code: KW
Flight/Section/Pos: N/A / Yellow Sect / 3
Name: W/O Horace 'Baron' Hughes
Date: 12 Aug 1940 13:00
Base: Kenley
Type: Hawker Hurricane IA Rotol 100 OCT
Markings: B
Serial Nr.: P3231
Synopsis:

We sat in our cockpits of the only A/C worth mentioning, so I will, "THE TRUSTY HURRICANE", sweating our eyeballs out waiting for the orft. "Start engines" came the welcome voice of Pantas' skipper S/ldr Hawes, soon followed by a multitude of "Rogers" from Panta bods. Arh!, fresh air from the prop wash as it started to dry the sweat from my well proportioned torso. Performed quick cockpit drill, all ok. Red flight taxied onto their respective positions onto the runway quickly followed by Blue flight. P/O Siddich started taxing leading Yellow flight, a Hurricane warped sideways into Lac Donkey's kite doing considerable damage, both of them nearly wiping mine orft as well. Major freezes as I lined up behind Jnr/Tsch Spud and the flight opened their throttles, dust??, so both Donkey and I were late from an otherwise good RoG from the squadrons. I eventually caught up with Blue flight and latched on as Blue 5 as Yellow were out of sight.

Passing Beachy head, a large formation of contacts were spotted by Blue flight and ordered to engage. I followed Blue flight down and turned into a firing position on the extreme right hand set of three bombers, which resulted in one venting, came around for a second pass and attacked a second Ju88 as it broke formation and started taking evasive action, I followed it and got it burning with black smoke, I watched it plummet into the sea witnessed by Cpl. Johnny who was praised constantly over the r/t for prowess in demolishing practically the whole of the hun, THE FIGHTING IRISH.

Started to regain height when my engine started to shudder and spew oil, too low to make it back to land and remembered being hit on the way down with what seemed a single strike from the top gunner of the doomed Ju88. Informed the skipper I was damaged and try to RTB.

Where were the escorts?, not having seen one during the conflict thank goodness, busy with the spits at last to let us do our job?

Engine eventually gave up the ghost and peace and quiet reigned. Now down to 1600ft i thought it prudent to vacate my faithful mount and hit the silk, must ask the paint shop to include a mermaid as nose art on my new kite. Eventually got picked up freezing by our faithful heroes the ASR boys, god bless them.

Hitched a ride in a Tiger Moth back to Raf Kenley, felt a bit naked with the pilot sporting just a pistol, no bloody good even for pheasants he announced. Landed at Kenley without mishap and invited the pilot to the mess after i submitted my report to our I/O.

The pilot had to stop over being incapable of flying back home, a man after my own heart. All 615 pilots eventually returned to base one way or another, great news and much tomfoolery in the mess that evening, unfortunately the last piano was destroyed the night before, no great loss as it was out of tune anyway

I will purchase a tigger after the war if i survive. all those packets of nylons i could squeeze in the front cockpit. Lubberly jubberly.

Claims:

JU-88 Destroyed Approved

JU-88 Damaged Approved

Ground claims:

Pilot status: OK

Aircraft status: Lost