

THE 100 MILE WALK (Stalag Luft VII to Berlin) with Saxophone and Clarinet.

## Bob Burns (1525609)

Bob Burns was a F/Sgt Navigator with 106 Sqdn based at Metheringham in Lincolnshire. Bob's memories of Metheringham were lots of mud and for an Ops squadron lots of "Bull". This Bob attributes to the squadrons last CO, Guy Gibson before he left to form the Dam Buster Sqdn.

Training was still in "Shades of Gibson" (i.e., tough discipline).

In Bob's first 48hrs at Metheringham, 30 were in the air. When not flying, dinghy parachute and other drill.

This intense training later proved to be a life saver.

On 25th April 1944, having just returned from a 10 hour bombing raid over Munich, Bob along with other members of his crew climbed aboard Lancaster J-Jig having been briefed that the nights operation was to be Schweinfurt. A small town in Bavaria containing a factory which produced a major supply of Germany's ball bearing requirements. This was to be Bob's 7th Op.

T/o was 21:37 hrs on the night of Wed 26/ Thurs 27 April 1944.

The raid comprised 206 Lancasters & 11 Mosquitoes from 5 Group along with 9 Lancasters from 1 Group to bomb Schweinfurt.

The raid was another huge failure with very light damage done on the ground due to strong headwinds making the markers inaccurate from the Mosquito Pathfinder force. It is reported that only 2 people were killed on the ground in the target area but a total of 21 Lancasters were lost, 125 aircrew killed and a further 28 taken PoW.

This raid was notable because it was during this raid that Norman Jackson earned his VC for crawling out on to the wing of his burning Lancaster to try to extinguish a fire in one of the starboard engines.

Apparently, Bob Burns knew Norman Jackson slightly. Burns and Jackson would meet again in a German hospital. (*Men of Air: The Doomed Youth of Bomber Command*, Kevin Wilson)

The weather forecast was wrong: there was no cloud and headwinds were blowing at 45mph.

### Lancaster Mk III ND853 ZN-J 'Jig' / 'Johnny' Crew list:

**Pilot:** Pilot Officer (RAF-VR no.172471) Cyril Arthur Bishop- aged 29 from Bristol- Killed.

**Navigator:** Flt Sgt. (RAF-VR no.1525609) Denis Robert "Bob" Burns- PoW.

**Wireless Op.** Sgt. Percy John Daw (RAF-VR no. 1447529)- aged 22 from Sandringham, Norfolk (apparently worked as a gardener to the King)- Killed.

**Flight Engineer** Sgt Harry Reginald "Ted" Healey (RAF no. 533694)- aged 37 of Husbands Bosworth, Market Harborough, Leicestershire (commemorated on Llandudno's war memorial, North Wales. (Source: www.clwydfhs.org.uk citing 1911 census)– Killed.

**Bomb Aimer** Sgt Jack Pickstone (no. 1528416) from Manchester- PoW.

**Mid Upper Gunner** Plt Off Harold Arthur (Joe) Brad (J88650) (RCAF) from Manitoba (aged 22- see ID below)- Killed.

**Rear Gunner Sgt** William (Bill) George "Eagle Eye" Stevens (R191244) (RCAF)- aged 28 from Manitoba- Killed.

(Due to the severity of the crash, Bishop and Healey were buried together in the same grave)

**GRAVES CONCENTRATION REPORT FORM**

The following <sup>has</sup> ~~have~~ been concentrated here:— Germany 1231<sup>E</sup>-126. Report No.           

Name (Cemetery) BAD TOLZ (DURNBACH) BRITISH CEMETERY, GERMANY. BAOR/GR/CCN/975.

(Full Map Reference) GSGS 1346 1/250,000 Sht M 48 Y, 994168.  
(28 M. S.S.E. MUNICH)

(1) Serial No.	(2) Regt. or Corps	(3) Army No.	(4) Name & Initials	(5) Rank	(6) Date of Death	(7) K/A, D/W or Died	(8) Plot	(9) Row	(10) Grave	(11) Date of Reburial	Previous location of grave	
											Place & Map Ref.	Report Number*
1	RCAF ✓	R191244 ✓	STEVENS, W.G.	SJT	27.4.44	K/A	V	E	24	14.10.47	SCHRAUDENBACH Civ Cemetery	
2	RCAF ✓	R196453 ✓ <del>J. 88650</del>	BRAD, H.A.	SJT	"	"	V	E	25	"	T. 655578 Comm Grave	555215/11152 1233
3	RAF ✓	1447529 ✓	DAW, P.J.	SJT	"	"	V	E	26	"	" " 5	
4	RAF ✓	172471 ✓	BISHOP, C.A.	P/O	"	"	V	E	27	"	" " 2	
5	RAF ✓	533696 ✓ <del>533694</del>	HEALEY, H.R.	SJT	"	"	V	E	28	"	Collective " 3	
6												
7												
8												
9												
10												
11												
12												

Date 5 Dec 47.

\* Where a grave has not already been registered, a Registration Report on A.F.W. 3372 will be prepared, and attached to this FORM.

(Signed) Robert A. Doherty  
Rank & Appointment Lt Col. ADGRE

867A/PDU/55 10.47 5M

After flying a very hostile route because of night fighters and the opposite weather conditions to those forecast they arrived over the target at 17,000 ft, around 2.30 am, amidst fires, smoke searchlights and flak. To quote Bob "Like arriving in Hell"

Jack Pickstone, the bomb aimed, gave his skipper the approach instructions for bombing. On release of the bombs the Lancaster leapt into the air having got rid of its deadly load.

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'J-Johnny' flown by Pilot Officer Cyril Bishop, one of five missing aircraft on 106 Squadron, was attacked by 30-year old Hauptmann Walter Bornschein, a former bomber ace of KG2 and CO of that unit, who commanded 1 Führerkurrierstaffel, Hitler's personal transport unit. Bornschein had taken off from München-Riem, apparently on a whim, with two other pilots and was flying a Ju 88. Sergeant Bill Stevens the Canadian rear-gunner, a former printer known on the Squadron as 'Eagle Eye', opened fire at the exact moment Bornschein fired. Both aircraft went down. The Ju 88 crashed near a flak battery on the edge of Schweinfurt. All three crew were killed. Bornschein had flown 225 combat sorties. Only Flight Sergeant Bob Burns the navigator and Jack Pickstone the bomb aimer got out of the Lancaster and they were taken prisoner. Bishop, Stevens and the two other crew men were killed. 'O-Orange' too was shot down. For his actions on board the aircraft Sergeant Norman 'Jacko' Jackson was awarded the Victoria Cross, although this was not promulgated until after the war.

*The extract above is taken from "German Night Fighters Versus Bomber Command, 1943–1945" by Martin W. Bowman.*

Almost immediately the Lancaster was attacked by a night fighter at which point the rear gunner, Bill Stevens shouted "I've got the bastard, he's going down". Simultaneously an alarming crunching noise ripped through the Lancaster and the bomber now on fire went into a steep dive. Bishop, the pilot shouted, 'Bale out', and the crew reacted immediately.

Bob, after clamping on his parachute, climbed with difficulty over the main spar and headed for the rear door. By now the aircraft had gone into a spin and the crew found themselves pinned to the floor due to the G-force. Bob had resigned himself to the inevitable when, at around 3000 ft, there was an enormous explosion and he was propelled upwards and outwards through the roof of the bomber, being knocked out in the process. The cold night air brought him to his senses, and it was then that all the previous training kicked in. He pulled the parachute rip cord and floated gently to earth, arriving with a bump in a ploughed field. He discovered that the battle dress trouser covering his right thigh was torn to shreds and although in no pain his thigh was covered in blood.

Bob had landed near to a small town called Arnstein, 20 Km. south of Schweinfurt.

After collecting his parachute and hiding it under a hedge he looked up to see the last remaining bombers turning for home.

"Lucky buggers" he said out loud "back home for breakfast and here I am in a field in Germany"

Hearing train engines shunting nearby Bob headed for what he hoped would be his route for escape. He was struggling across the station yard when all the lights went on and he found himself facing German guards, all with their rifles pointing at him.

After realising he was badly injured, he was taken to a local cottage hospital run by Nuns.

**Bob and Jack Pickstone were the only crew members of Lancaster J-Jig to survive.**

The other dead aircrew were given a local burial (*at Schraudenbach civil cemetery- CWGC*), since when (*as of 14 October 1947- CWGC*) their bodies have been brought to Bad Tolz (Dürnbach) War cemetery (*28 miles SSE of Munich- CWGC*) (p194 Bomber Command Losses-1944, B. Chorley).

Of the 205 Lancaster's detailed to bomb Schweinfurt, 16 were from 106 squadron. Twenty-one aircraft failed to return which included five from 106 squadron. (35 aircrew who would not be at breakfast the next morning).

After around 3 months of treatment in a military hospital and with parts of Lancaster J-Jig finally removed from his thigh he was taken to **Stalag Luft VII at Bankau in Silesia**

**Bob had been a semi professional musician before joining the RAF** so imagine his surprise when, on the 24 November, a crate of musical instruments arrived at the camp, courtesy of the Red Cross.

Bob immediately laid claim to the **saxophone and the clarinet** which he says were better quality than the ones he had at home.

**He immediately set about forming a 14-piece orchestra** (see photo) writing all the music for the other instruments.

Unfortunately, Bob's time at Stalag Luft VII was not to be for long as the camp had been built on a direct path of the advancing Russians heading for Berlin.

**At 3.30 am on the 19 January 1945 around 1,500 prisoners were given two and a half days rations and evacuated from Bankau** into a raging blizzard and one of the severest winters in memory.

Bob of course was one of these prisoners carrying with him his most prized possessions, a saxophone and a clarinet.

Although regularly falling from his grasp because of the cold, no way was he going to leave them behind.

For three weeks they marched in atrocious physical and weather conditions sleeping in barns and cattle sheds surviving on very limited food.

They arrived at Goldberg on 5 February, after walking 100 miles, suffering from dysentery, malnutrition and frostbite. **They were then herded into cattle trucks and taken by rail to Stalag IIIA at Lukenwalde near Berlin.**

Stalag IIIA was greatly overcrowded and food just as scarce as on the walk. Amazingly very few prisoners died on this walk

The Russians arrived on the 21 April, handed over the prisoners to the Americans and Bob finally was sent home on two weeks leave.

Bob remained in the RAF, now promoted to warrant officer, until the end of 1946, returning to his musical career.

He then retrained as a civil engineer, a job he continued to do until retirement in South Devon along with his wife Anne and two sons, Peter and Tim.

Bob carried on playing his treasured saxophone with all its memories for family and friends until he died aged 95 in 2015.

In 1990 Bob returned to the site at Arnstein where he had been shot down, meeting with residents who had been children at the time of his crash.

He received a very warm welcome and was treated to official lunches by the Mayors of Arnstein and Schweinfurt which he found quite embarrassing.

When the Lancaster crashed the local Pastor arranged for the dead crew to be buried in the local church which must have been very brave. This defied Hitler's edit that allied airmen should not have a Christian burial.

After the war the crew were buried in the military cemetery at Dürnbach, Bavaria.

During the same visit Bob met with a German researcher seeking information on a German JU 88 night fighter pilot (Haufman Walter Bernschein) who had been shot down over Arnstein during the raid and he thought was probably the pilot who had shot down Bob's Lancaster.

"The Long Road" by Oliver Clutton-Brock gives a detailed description of the 100 Mile walk.

"To Hell and Back" Chapter Seventeen "by Mel Rolfe describes Bob's experience in being blown out of the Lancaster J-Jig.

John Usher

## Excerpts from “Men of air: The Doomed Youth of Bomber Command (Kevin Wilson)”

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win the VC, was the flight engineer in one of them.

The 215 Lancasters took off from the 5 Group airfields around 2130 and headed east across the North Sea. F/Sgt Jackson's Canadian skipper, F/O Fred Mifflin, was one of the first off from Metheringham on the penultimate raid of their tour. P/O Cyril Bishop, whose navigator, F/Sgt Bob Burns, knew Jackson slightly, took off five minutes later. Burns and Jackson would meet again, in a German hospital. Navigators of the 5 Group Lancasters quickly realised as they entered enemy territory that the weather briefing of broken, medium stratocumulus cloud was wrong, as were the forecast winds. In fact, they found no cloud and a head wind of 45 mph.

The *Nachtjäger* came across the stream in the moonlight as it entered the long easterly leg south of Paris. Combats then followed all the way into the target. A yellow target indicator was meant to be dropped south-west of Schweinfurt, four minutes before the attack was due to open at 0200, as a datum point for the marking force and half of the bombers, loaded with 30-lb incendiaries to set the city on fire. The bombers, Force A, would then pass over the target to draw flak away from the marker aircraft, turn to port and approach the target downwind. It was hoped that by then twenty-four red spot fires would be burning around the aiming point north of the river, dropped by 627 Sqn's marker Mosquitos. Five minutes after Force A attacked at 21,000 feet, the other half of the bombers, Force B, was to come in from the north on its bombing run 5,000 feet below.

Flare-dropping illuminators provided by 83 and 97 Squadrons would light up the target in advance for the Mosquitos. In fact, the unexpectedly strong head wind, harrying by the night fighters, and Schweinfurt's usual effective smokescreen spoiled much of the attack. Bomber Command's Operational Research Section later concluded: 'The flares were late and scattered. The first spot fires fell south of the river and were followed by others still further off the mark. The master bomber made every effort to redeem the situation, by instructing aircraft to overshoot the green markers, but he was poorly received and the attack became concentrated to the south of the target area.'<sup>38</sup> Yet again, the VHF radio sets that had caused problems on the Brunswick raid four days before were preventing accurate communication, at least one flare-dropping crew reporting back at base that Channel B was jammed.

Fourteen fewer bombers arrived over Schweinfurt than had started the leg from Troyes, many of them victims of the often unseen *Schräge Musik*. P/O J. A. Jones, a shocked skipper on 49 Sqn, which lost three of its aircraft, reported at debriefing: 'The latter half of the long leg before Stuttgart was alive with fighters.'<sup>39</sup> Another seven, including two lost by collision, would go down before the night was through as night fighters now engaged the bombers over Schweinfurt itself.

It was here, over the city, that F/Sgt Jackson became such a hero. His 106 Sqn Lancaster, O-Orange, had just bombed from 21,500 feet in Force A when a night fighter attacked and the starboard inner, the nearest engine to Jackson's position as flight engineer, caught fire. Without hesitation Jackson stuffed a fire extinguisher in his Mae West life jacket, pulled his parachute ripcord so that crew members could hold onto the rigging lines and crawled out through the hatch in the top of the canopy to fight the blaze. 'It was my duty,' he said. He held onto the air intake at the side of the aircraft, which was travelling at between 140 and 160 knots, fired the extinguisher at the engine and got the flames under control.

But the night fighter attacked again and the whole aircraft was shaking and jumping, he said. He couldn't let go because the bomb aimer [F/Sgt F. L. Higgins] and navigator [F/Sgt M. H. Toft] were still hanging onto

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his chute rigging lines. Finally he was hit in the legs by the night fighter's bullets and fell off the wing and his crewmates let go. He came down rapidly with burning holes in his chute 'getting bigger all the time'. 'I watched it burning about me,' he said. Bushes broke his fall. He stumbled and crawled to a farmhouse where the male owner harangued him, but two young women inside pushed the man aside. They turned out to be nurses from the local hospital and they attended to burns around Jackson's eyes and on his arms. The surviving members of his crew turned up in the local area soon afterwards. He spent ten months in hospital during which the night-fighter pilot who shot him down came to see him.<sup>40</sup>

The 106 Sqn aircraft of F/Sgt Bob Burns was shot down over Schweinfurt at approximately the same time. He says:

*It was lunacy really to penetrate deep into Germany in moonlight, as it had been to Munich two nights before. The Germans put all these smoke pots out which gave a smokescreen over the whole place. I went up to the cockpit to have a look at the target on the bomb run and it was full of smoke, but it was blowing all over that night, the Germans hadn't been terribly successful, and the fires could be seen in between.*

*Night fighters had sussed out our bombing course and laid a path of two rows of flares. It was just like flying down a runway. I had returned to the navigator's station and we were just coming off the bombing run when we were attacked by a Ju88. The Canadian rear gunner, Sgt Bill Stevens, a former printer and known on the squadron as 'Eagle Eye', called a corkscrew then fired at the exact moment the Ju88<sup>23</sup> fired. Both aircraft went down in the exchange of fire.<sup>41</sup> Our aircraft came down about 15 miles from Schweinfurt, but the night fighter actually crashed on the outskirts. We were hit underneath in the bomb bay, and in the engines. I felt the banging of the cannon shells under me. There was no indication of fire within the aircraft, but we got the order to bale out. It was standard practice for the navigator to go out through the front hatch, but on our squadron we were told the navigator should go out through the back door. That saved my life. I struggled towards the back, picked up my chute and clipped it on.*

*The plane was by then going down in a steep dive. By the time I got close to the door it was already open and the wireless operator and the mid-upper gunner were lying on the floor near it, pinned by the G force. I then found myself also pinned down. At that moment the aircraft exploded and I was thrown out in mid-air. I think it broke in two just where I was because afterwards a piece of aluminium the size of an envelope was taken from my thigh. I pulled the ripcord and could see the aircraft going down in an arc to one side of me, then very soon afterwards I hit the ground. The bomb aimer, Jack Pickstone, was the only other one to get out. His position, of course, was right over the front hatch.*

*I was bleeding badly on the ground, but I put a field dressing on and made off to try to find a train. We were always told to try to get a train out of the area of the crash, but this was very bad intelligence because German trains were very heavily guarded whereas ours were not. I could hear trains in the distance and was walking for about two hours. I was in a marshalling yard and suddenly all the lights came on like at a football match today and I found I was looking at the wrong end of about a hundred rifles.*

*The Wehrmacht officer tried to question me, but I didn't speak German and he didn't speak English, so they took me in a car to a little village hospital where I was for four or five days and that's where they took the piece of aluminium out of me. I was badly cut at an angle close up to the groin and I found out fifty years later it was a hair's breadth from the main artery. I had a lot of stitches in my leg, but when they came to take me to Dulag Luft I had to walk a mile or two to the railway station then right across Schweinfurt, then 3 or 4 miles at the other end of the journey to Dulag Luft. My leg was in a right state.*

*I was fed on nothing but black bread and soup at Dulag Luft and the idea of first aid there was either a brown ointment or white powder and the bandages were simply crepe paper. After about ten days of this with my leg being dreadfully painful and now all the colours of the rainbow I kicked up a fuss and was taken to the Medical Inspection room. There the fresh air from the open window made me faint because I had been all this time in an overheated cell, with very high temperatures.*

*I think the medical orderly then realised my wound was far worse than they had admitted and I was taken to some sort of medical quarters they had. I had told them nothing at interrogation and they kept me a night on my own there and then another interrogator came in who spoke perfect Oxford English and said I really must co-operate or they would send me back to the cells. I had had a decent meal by that time, I had slept in a decent bed, washed and had had a shave for the first time, so I thought well if I have to be moved back, so be it.*

*But the next day they moved me out to a POW hospital at Meiningen near Frankfurt. I had known Norman Jackson by sight on the squadron and he was in there. He came along to see me and started talking to me at the side of my bed, but I didn't recognise him at first because his face was very red from the fire. He also had his hands heavily bandaged across his chest. He was talking to me for quite a while before I realised I knew him.*

*He told me he had been shot down on Schweinfurt but didn't tell me what he had done that night. We felt a bit of kinship because we were squadron-mates. I never saw him again. I was there for three or four months before being sent to Stalag Luft VII at Bankau and he was in hospital for about nine months.*

*I didn't find out what had happened to the rest of my crew until I got back home at the end of the war. The wireless operator and the mid-upper gunner had both had their chutes on when I saw them in the aircraft, but they went down with it. When I went back to Schweinfurt in 2001 I met two ladies, a schoolteacher and one of her pupils, who had seen the plane crash in a field by a copse near the village of Schraudenbach.*

*They said the bodies were in the two parts of the plane. The wireless operator and the mid-upper gunner were in one part and the pilot and flight engineer were so badly burned up in another part that they buried the two in one grave.<sup>24</sup> The rear gunner was thrown out, I think on impact, and they were surprised because to them he looked as though he was sleeping.<sup>42</sup>*

THE attack had not been a good beginning for 627 Sqn's record as low-level markers, though at debriefing the five marker crews thought they had marked successfully in the smoke over the target. All had courageously dived from 5,000 feet to a minimum of 400 feet to drop their red spot fires, one reporting he 'saw church steeple through smoke screen – judged it to be town centre'. Sadly, the church was on the south side of the river away from the

Harold Brad (RCAF) ID card. Source: www.veterans.gc.ca

R.C.A.F. A.47  
Part 1.

### ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE SERVICE BOOK

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5.88650  
Air Force No. ~~8196453~~ Surname BRAD  
Christian Names (in full) HAROLD ARTHUR  
Date of Birth 31-1-22 Religion U.C.  
Date of Enlistment/Appointment 3-11-42  
Married (M), Widower (W) or Single (S) S  
Occupation in Civil Life CLERK  
Signature of Holder H.A. Brad  
Name and Address of Next-of-Kin \_\_\_\_\_  
Name, Address, and Relationship of Person to be informed of Casualties \_\_\_\_\_  
Certified Correct John H. Hillier  
Date 12 May 43 Place 100th St. Halifax

Document – Submitted for the project, Operation Picture Me

### ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE



Name BRAD, HAROLD ARTHUR R 1 9 6 4 5 3  
Rank A.C. 2 R.C.A.F.  
Age 20 Height 5' 6" Weight 124  
Hair BLOND Eyes BLUE Hair on face LIGHT  
Marks, scars, etc. SCAR ON FOREHEAD, UPPER LIP, PALM OF RIGHT HAND.  
H. Brad (Signature of holder)  
John H. Hillier (Signature of issuer)  
Plac NO. 2 "X" DEPOT BRANDON MAN. Date NOV 10, 1942  
Card serial number 168377

Right Index Fingerprint

Id Card – Submitted for the project, Operation Picture Me

No.106 Squadron,  
Royal Air Force,  
Metheringham, Lincoln.

EGP/DO.

20th April, 1944.

Sir,

I have the honour to submit the following report of the loss on operations of Lancaster aircraft ND. 853 as reported to you in my signal A.23 dated 27th April 1944.

2. The aircraft, which left here at 2130 hours on 26th April 1944, was one of sixteen aircraft from the Squadron detailed to bomb Schweinfurt. Nothing was heard after take off, and I regret the aircraft did not return. The crew was as follows:-

Captain	P/O.	C. A. Bishop	172471
F/Engineer	Sgt.	Healey H.R.	533696
Navigator	P/Sgt.	Burns D.	1525609
A/Bomber	Sgt.	Pickstone J.	1528416
A/Operator	Sgt.	Daw P.J.	1447529
M.U.Gnr.	Sgt.	Stevens W.C.	R.191244
Rear Gnr.	Sgt.	Brad H.A.	R.196453

3. Pilot Officer Bishop, the Captain was making his eighth operational sortie and P/Sgt. Burns, the navigator his seventh.

I have the honour to be,

Sir,

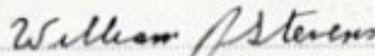
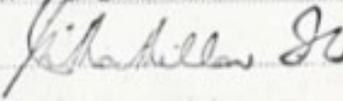
Your obedient Servant,

Sgd: G. Pearcy,

Wing Commander, Commanding,  
No.106 Squadron, R.A.F.



Sgt Bill Stevens

ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE				
	Name	STEVENS, WILLIAM GEORGE	R 191244	
	Rank	Sgt M.C.C.	R.C.A.F.	
	Age	27	Height	5' 8 1/2"
	Weight	123	Hair	BROWN
	Eyes	BLUE GREEN	Hair on face	FAIR
Marks, scars, etc.	NONE VISIBLE			
			(Signature of holder)	
			(Signature of issuer)	
Place	NO 2 "N" DEPOT BRANDON MAN	Date	OCTOBER 21st, 1942.	
Card serial number 167207				

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989945  
 Air Force No. 989945 Surname STEVENS  
 Christian Names (in full) WILLIAM GEORGE  
 Date of Birth 7-9-15 Religion ANGELICAN  
 Date of Enlistment/Appointment 16-9-42  
 Married (M), Widower (W) or Single (S) \_\_\_\_\_  
 Occupation in Civil Life PRESSMAN

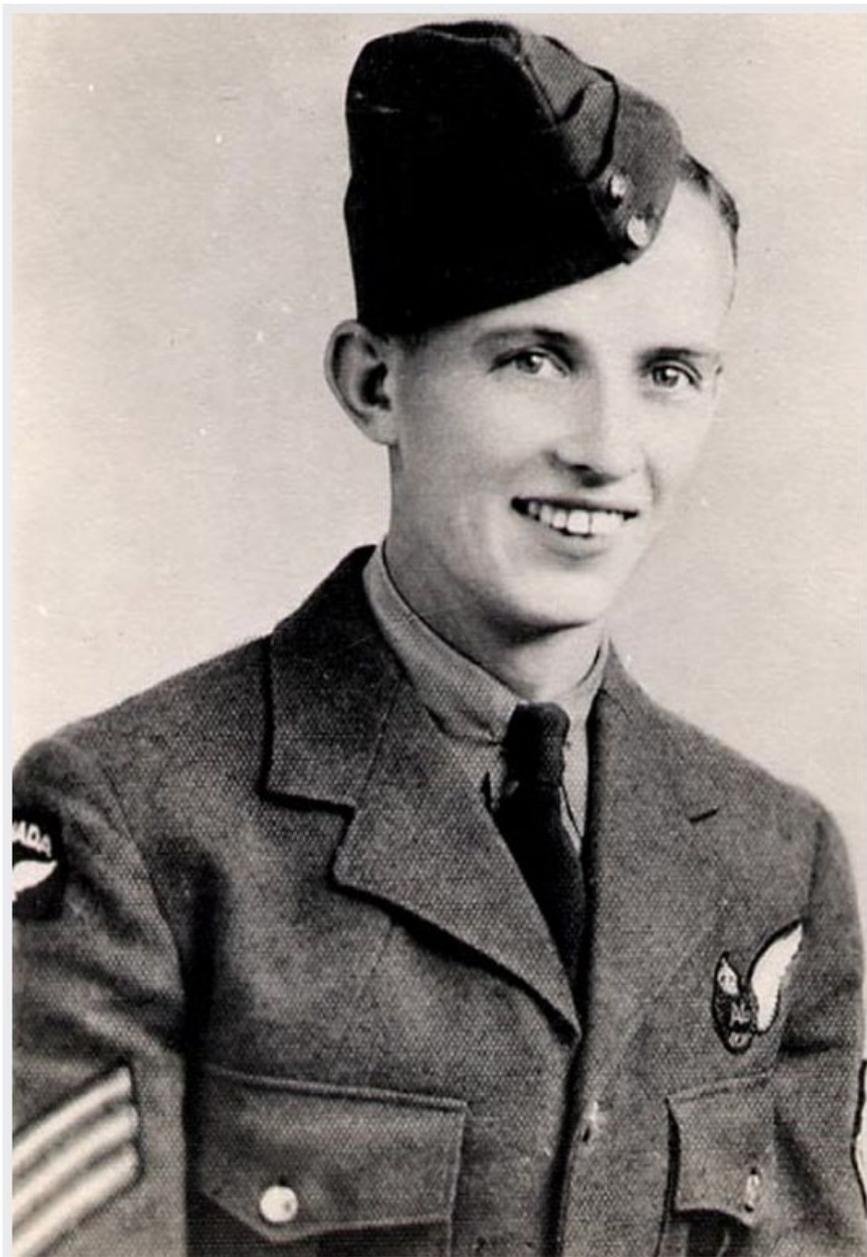
Signature of Holder W. Stevens

Name and Address of Next-of-Kin \_\_\_\_\_

Name, Address, and Relationship of Person to be informed of Casualties—

Certified Correct [Signature]

Date 8-7-43 Place Halifax



Sgt. Stevens was born in Winnipeg and attended Sir Hugh John, Daniel McIntyre and Victoria Albert schools. Prior to enlisting in October, 1942, he was employed with the Zenith Printing Co. He trained at Trenton, Calgary, and MacDonald; receiving his air gunner's wing at the latter point. He went overseas in August, 1943. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. George A. H. Stevens, reside at 550 Logan ave. Five sisters live in Winnipeg, Mrs. E. Smith, Mrs. G. Jolly, Elsie, Doris and Mrs. E. Downie. One brother, Albert, also resides in the city.



*106 Squadron official photograph taken in March 1944 (Crown Copyright).*