

SERGT. ROY HADWYN, LINDSAY,  
BOY OF 17 SENT HOME TO  
TEACH ELDERS HOW TO FLY

**Young Flier Had Several  
Successful Ops and Two  
Hun Planes to His Record  
—Headquarters Discovered  
His Age--Home on Instruc-  
tional Duty.**

OTTAWA, July 13 — Defense Headquarters (Air) has finally caught up with Roy Hadwyn of Lindsay—sergeant airgunner with 18 bomber missions, one Messerschmitt definite, and one Focke-Wulf, probable, behind him.

Hadwyn, 17, and believed to be the youngest member of R.C.A.F. aircrew, has been sent home to grow old enough to join the Air Force. Hadwyn, who passed recruiting officers in Toronto when he was 15 by a technique which he does not care to divulge, admitted today that he was taking a dim view of the whole proceedings. Now he expects to teach his elders while he waits to join them in action.

"It was like this," said the sergeant, who ditched first-form collegiate textbooks back in November 1942, for a course in the Commonwealth Air Training plan. All the fellows were going over and I thought they would feel I was a bit yellow if I didn't go over."

He gives first marks to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Hadwyn. His father is brakeman on the C.N.R. "Mother", he said, "didn't want to object to anything in reason. She was very good about it and I got her finally to promise she wouldn't take me out. My father was a little bit more difficult but he finally came around, too."

"Did your mother's interpretation of 'in reason' take in bombing missions?" he was asked.

"Oh, they didn't know I was on operations at all," he replied. "In my letters home I let them get the idea I was on training work of some kind."

Then the Air Force, finally caught up to him after his last mission, over the Normandy beaches and behind, on D-Day.

"We were just getting ready to go out on a minelaying job and a squadron leader from headquarters over there came down to the R.A.F. station and I was called in by the adjutant. The headquarters man said, 'You're going home.' He said it was a 'good show' and that it was too bad I didn't get any further."

Sgt. Hadwyn was with an R.A.F. squadron flying Halifaxes—mostly as a mid-upper gunner. “R.A.F. aircrew was swell—all officers R.A.F. or R.C.A.F. in aircrew are swell to get along with,” he said. “I’m not too fussy about R.A.F. staff—they’re too stiff and a bit too conscious about class. But you have to give everything to the men in ground crew. Those English and Scottish fellows will do anything for you.”

Hadwyn got his Messerschmitt over a target near Paris. "He came up underneath and hit our port wing. We rolled over to the right and he made the mistake of coming up right and I managed to get a burst into him and he went to pieces."

His only injury came on a night mission when a "scarecrow," a type of anti-aircraft fire devised by the Hun, burst right at the side of the Halifax and a splinter came through his glass-house and nicked him on the side of the head.

One of the tensest moments of his service came on D-Day, when they were just moving out over the Channel after completing the mission and three or four robot bombs passed them—"and we were going fast, too."

The sergeant believes he will be assigned to instructional duties until he "comes of age". I want to go back if I will be sent back straight to the squadron again. I certainly don't want to be put through training again."