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The Hendershot Brothers in the Great War

Eric Brown and Tim Cook

In the summer of 1917, two brothers from Kingsville, Ontario, Warren Francis Hendershot, 20 years old, and his brother Charles Cecil, 17 months younger, enlisted in the Royal Flying Corps, Canada. They had no previous military experience, but felt the need to participate in the Great War. While the vast majority of the 424,000 Canadians who went overseas served in the land forces, primarily the Canadian Corps, the Hendershot brothers would be among the 22,000 who were selected for the British flying services. This is their story, as told through their surviving correspondence, photographs, log books and other official documents. They were two young men, differing in temperament, similar in character, both determined to do their duty. One brother lived, the other died.

Thousands of Canadians, proud members of the British Empire, marched to war in August 1914. The

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• **Abstract: Warren and Charles Hendershot enlisted in the Royal Flying Corps in the summer of 1917 to serve Canada and Empire in the First World War. This is their story, as told through their surviving correspondence, photographs, log books and official documents held at the Military History Research Centre at the Canadian War Museum. The Hendershot brothers were young men, differing in temperament, similar in character, and both determined to do their duty. One brother lived, the other died.**

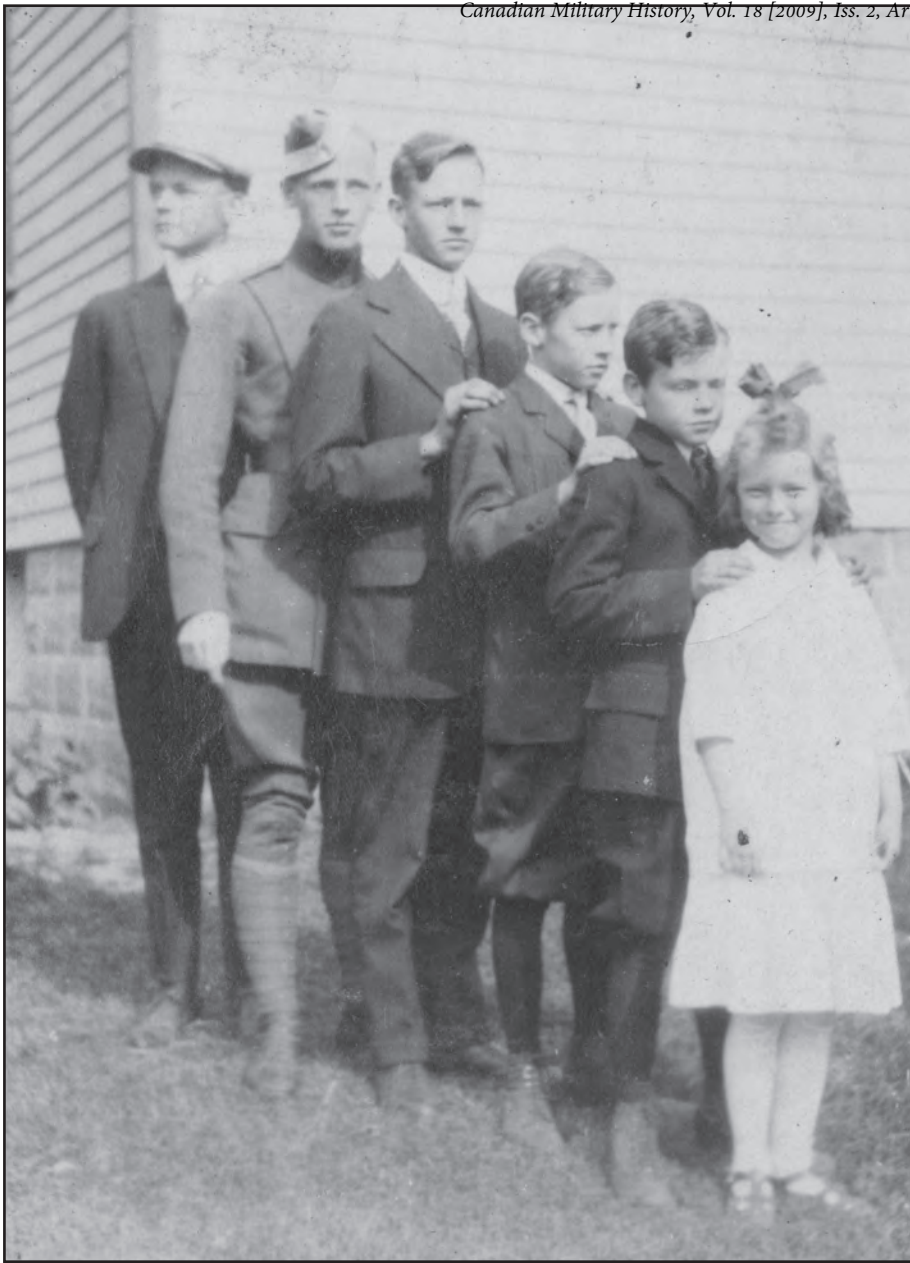
initial excitement of raising the First Contingent – and then subsequent formations – was followed by the dreadful casualties of the April and May 1915 battles of Second Ypres and Festubert. This would be a long and costly war. A constant supply of men would be needed for fighting formations on the Western Front.

There was a frenzy of recruiting in Canada during the first two years of war. Men between the ages of 18 and 45 were implored to enlist. There was mounting pressure from patriotic politicians, newspaper editorialists, and pulpit speeches urging men in the urban areas to do their duty. Rural Canada, which made up more than half of the nation's population, could more easily ignore such pleadings and go on with their back-breaking labour on farms knowing that agriculture was deemed an essential occupation. But Canadians responded and by mid-1916 the number of enlistees was over 312,000. It was an impressive figure for Canada, even if the majority of Canadian males of military age were still not moved to enlist.¹ Charles, who celebrated his eighteenth birthday on 12 July 1916, was unconvinced that he was needed overseas. Working in Toronto and homesick, he was not miserable enough to enlist; "I would rather commit suicide than join the army," he wrote to his mother.²

The number of recruits dropped significantly in the last months of 1916.³ The casualty lists and nearly full employment in Canada, along with the large contingent already overseas, meant the end of easy recruiting. Conscription was coming. Warren and Charles, along with tens of thousands of other young men, would become prime candidates for compulsory service in the overseas forces, and likely as infantry soldiers, where casualties were highest. They had to make a decision – volunteer for service now or wait to be conscripted. Neither of the brothers was in a trade or industry considered essential to the war effort. It was most unlikely they would avoid conscription.

Charles changed his mind at some point during the nine months after his birthday. Was he swayed by the constant appeals to "do his bit" or the desperate tactic of embarrassing

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• **Résumé : Warren et Charles Hendershot s'enrôlèrent dans le Royal Flying Corps à l'été 1917 pour servir le Canada et l'Empire à la Première Guerre mondiale. Voici leur histoire, constituée à partir de ce qui est resté de leur correspondance, de photos, de carnets de bord et de documents officiels conservés au Centre de recherche d'histoire militaire du Musée canadien de la guerre. Les frères Henderson étaient jeunes, de tempérament différent, mais à la personnalité semblable, et tous deux résolus à accomplir leur devoir. L'un des frères a survécu; l'autre est décédé.**



The Hendershot children, photographed in June 1917 (from left to right): Warren, Charles, Rolphe, Harold, Howard and Kathleen.

the isolated Dominion. Moreover, the military trials that had been conducted before the war were failures. One wonders how many senior officers would have echoed Sam Hughes, the Minister of Militia and Defence, who declared "the aeroplane is an invention of the devil, and will never play any part in the defence of a nation!"⁸ At the start of the war, the government's attention was quite rightly focused on raising and then maintaining the land forces overseas. There were insufficient financial and materiel resources, and no strong political support for a separate Canadian air corps.

Yethundreds, and then thousands, of Canadians began to find their way into the British flying services. Those rare Canadians who had been able to afford prewar flying lessons were immediate candidates. Others transferred from the land forces while overseas, hoping to escape the drudgery and death of the Western Front. They often found excitement in the air, but flying was just as deadly as the trenches. The appeal of flying cannot be underestimated, however, as it offered the undeniable attraction of participating in a new and exciting venture, the relative exclusivity of being an airman, and with it a commission. In a war of mechanization and industrial fury, where the ground soldiers often appeared to be simple cogs in the machine, flying over the battlefields was perceived, in the words of historian Jonathan Vance, as a return "to a time when individual action could decide the course of events."⁹ The airmen, fighting at 90 miles per hour and several thousand feet above the trenches, were portrayed as courageous and cunning "knights of the sky."¹⁰ Rapidly advancing aerodynamic theories, the design

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young men in public? No doubt he felt increasingly the odd-man out, as "all my chums have gone now."⁴ Perhaps the unending but increasingly shrill calls for conscription influenced him. In a letter written in April 1917, Charles revealed the sea-change in his thinking on overseas service: "You know how badly I have been wanting to enlist. Well I am going now. I think it far better than waiting until the Militia Act [sic, Military Service Act] comes in force."⁵ He did not want the label of conscripted man, and believed that he might be able to escape the trenches if he enlisted in the flying services. "There is no need to be standing in [mud] no rats or bugs to bother with" he wrote,

"and no lying out in a field wounded beyond help."⁶ His mother was opposed to him enlisting but Charles had made up his mind. One suspects his calming words to his mother that "[t]here is very little danger of a flying machine falling," did little to quell her fear.⁷

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The Canadian government showed little interest in military aviation. When the war began, Canada had no aircraft manufacturing industry of significance, nor did it produce aircraft engines. Flying was for the wealthy and speed-seekers; airplanes were the new race cars. Few could envisage the airplane as a threat to

and construction of airframes and engines, and the development of aircraft weaponry were driven by the needs of a voracious war. There was no shortage of men who were anxious to test their mettle in the Royal Flying Corps (RFC).

Initially, the RFC had little difficulty in finding the right sort of young men in Britain to train as pilots and observers. However, pilot attrition through deaths and injuries during training and combat was becoming a serious problem in late 1915. The rapid expansion of the air arm only exacerbated the manpower shortage. By early 1916 it was clear that the loss rates were not sustainable if the RFC was to survive as a viable entity.¹¹ Until 1916, the War Office's recruiting in Canada was directed towards "British-born aviators... holding [flying] certificates,"¹² but this system was no longer adequate, despite already allowing Canadians, Australians, New Zealanders, South Africans, and some Americans to serve.¹³

In late 1916, while all nations were hemorrhaging through the attritional land battles, a War Office committee in London was discussing the merits of establishing the Royal Flying Corps, Canada, to recruit and train aircrew for service in the RFC. The organization would be funded, organized and managed by the British, but would work in conjunction with the Canadian government. The Corps was established shortly before Christmas 1916, and the first draft of RFC instructors, officers and men arrived in Canada on 19 January 1917.¹⁴

The organisation and construction of RFC training facilities and the establishment of the recruiting program proceeded quickly. Truncated army basic training and medical examinations had to be successfully completed before the recruits moved to flying training schools. At this time, potential

aircrew were introduced to a rigorous program where those unsuited to flying, either physically or mentally, were weeded out.

Charles had the right stuff. On 11 April he wrote home to say that he had passed his medical examination and was waiting for his acceptance letter from the RFC.¹⁵ Charles was justifiably proud of his accomplishment. Writing to Warren the next month, just before conscription was announced, Charles urged him to join the RFC, as it was "the only branch for a decent person."¹⁶ He was already extolling the thrill of the aviator's life – even though he had not yet started flight instruction – but had already decided "to get on a fighting machine, not one of those observing machines."¹⁷ Who would not be impressed with the "excitement in a fighter..." that "...can go 140 per hr [sic] and in a nose dive a thousand feet in two seconds?"¹⁸ He signed his letter, "Your Bro. The Flying Bug."¹⁹ His makeover from a teenager working in a Toronto factory to an army recruit and future pilot progressed quickly.

At this time Warren was working in his uncle's menswear store in Dunnville, Ontario. Bearing in mind that there were only 17 months difference in their ages, he could hardly escape the thought that his brother might soon be a hero pilot while he toiled unnoticed. Warren followed his brother into the Corps in June 1917, and by August, after completing his basic training, he was lodged in barracks at Burwash Hall on the grounds of the University of Toronto. The earliest of his letters in the collection were written at this time and reveal his pride as a prospective airman. Having just been issued his uniform, he felt "good in it."²⁰ He liked everything about the RFC, especially the food: "the meals are good. For breakfast we had porridge-hash on toast, marmalade and toast and coffee, for dinner we had stewed



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Charles Hendershot, photographed in his cadet uniform in June 1917 (above) and later as a lieutenant in England (below).



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The Curtiss JN-4 was a two-seat trainer used by the Royal Flying Corps in Canada.

beef potatoes, and fruit and buns and tea and they give you all you want of it too."²¹ But there was no escaping the danger of flying, as he wrote to his mother: "Oh! the life sure is great so far. Yesterday there were two killed one at Armour Heights and one at Borden. The fellows here training for aviators about 250 of them just treat it as a joke, they sure are a pretty good bunch."²² Daring, bravado and insensitivity to others' misfortune, at least on the surface, helped the aspiring airmen cope with the stress and drama of the rigorous and fast-paced training program.

Charles made his solo flight in June 1917, at Mohawk Camp near Deseronto, Ontario. In a letter written a few weeks later, he described flying "over Toronto at 4,000 ft. Gee, it is great."²³ The round trip to Toronto was a long flight for a novice pilot, for he was in the air for at least three hours. The noise of the engine, whipping wind, the physical effort and intense concentration on controlling the aircraft were exhausting. At the back of his mind would be the advice for all pilots, as written in the Curtiss JN4 handbook: "Never forget that the engine may stop, and at all times keep this in mind and plan on a safe landing place

within gliding distance of wherever you may be."²⁴ Warren, on the other hand, was less effusive in describing his first flying experience, albeit as a passenger. It was a "joy ride and it sure is great stuff. I thought there would be a lot of thrills, but it didn't amount to anything."²⁵ It was lacking anything sensational until the pilot "took a nose dive and then the ground seemed to come up to meet us mighty fast."²⁶ Flying was not for the faint of heart.

All pilots were trained in a Curtiss JN4D, which cruised at 70 miles per hour and carried fuel for about four hours in the air.²⁷ Built in Toronto by Canadian Aeroplanes Limited, under licence from the Curtiss Aeroplane Corporation of Buffalo, New York, it was the trainer used almost exclusively by the RFC in Canada.²⁸ The two-seater trainer, often referred to as the "Jenny,"²⁹ was a familiar sight in the skies over the flying schools during 1917-1918. The JN4D was similar in appearance to the earlier models of the aircraft, but it incorporated a number of significant modifications. Among the most notable upgrades was the modification of the tail unit using metal instead of wood which added strength to the vertical stabilizer and

rudder, ailerons in place of wing-warping mechanisms to control the banking and rolling movements of the airplane, and the replacement of the pilot's control wheel with a control column or "joystick."³⁰

Warren was in Toronto undergoing his basic training when his brother was posted to England on 23 July. Early in September Charles received a letter from his mother informing him Warren had been accepted by the RFC for aircrew training. The younger brother's response was revealing; he offered his congratulations in a rather oblique fashion. In the spring of that year, when he was anxious to join the RFC, Charles had urged Warren to do likewise and avoid the army at all costs. Replying to his mother on 6 September, he was now "sorry for him...because if his blood pressure is high he will not be able to stand it when he goes high in the air."³¹ In his opinion, Warren would "never reach France," but would "either be made an instructor or be sent back to Canada because a person has to go 5 miles in the air here."³² Charles was stretching the facts for the aircrew medical examinations would certainly have eliminated his brother as a pilot if he had serious cardio-

vascular problems. As for having “to go 5 miles in the air,” in 1917 there were no aircraft on either side that could fight at such an altitude.³³

Even confident pilots flying in friendly skies over England could get into serious difficulty. By early September 1917, Charles had about four hours of flight time and was flying solo missions.³⁴ On one such trip, he got lost in the fog and was flying “over the ocean before he knew it. I certainly was frightened,” but he eventually found land.³⁵ His fright was justified. Had he run out of fuel while over the water rescue was unlikely and he would simply have disappeared without a trace. However, Charles’ enthusiasm was not dampened by his experience, and he was flying the next day, stunting and engaging in dangerous “vertical spirals and stalls...Anything for excitement.”³⁶

Writing from the RFC station at Scampton, Lincolnshire, on 4 November, Charles claimed confidently to his brother, despite still being a novice pilot,

that “Anything in the line of flying I can tell you.”³⁷ He went on to warn Warren to “be darn careful when flying the American Curtis [sic] with wheel control. Never let her nose get down and don’t stall it.”³⁸ He did not elaborate on the significance of his advice, but the Curtiss JN4 handbook did. “The most common danger at present to new students is the spinning nose dive or tail spin. Although it is not dangerous to the man who knows how to get out of one, it is very wise for the beginner to stay well away from the possibilities of having the chance to see if he can get out of one.”³⁹ Charlie’s next bit of advice related to the wisdom of doing stunts or aerobatics with the JN4D was emphatic: “don’t you try it” – a caution he did not always follow himself.⁴⁰

Charlie photographed with a friend, likely in England.

While many accidents were caused by inexperienced pilots, the Curtiss JN4D had a particularly serious flaw. When the aircraft was at the apogee of a loop the fabric wing covering (made of either Irish linen or a special weave of cotton cloth) had a tendency to separate from the wing structure, too often resulting in a fatal crash.⁴¹ Aerobatics were not part of a pilot’s elementary training program, but they were encouraged to perform them. It was believed that aerobatics, or stunting as it was commonly known, “would inculcate an offensive fighting spirit.”⁴² This encouragement was ill-advised even for exceptional student pilots, because it led many students to overstep their abilities. For instance, soon after soloing at Camp Mohawk in June 1917, Charles wrote to Warren and described how he “struck a bump (an air pocket) and fell 100 ft and to make it worse I didn’t have my strap on and left the seat about a foot...”⁴³ Was he oblivious to the risk of not wearing his seat belt or was he just a carefree 19-year-old enthralled



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US Air Force Photo



This photo, originally captioned "My crash at Stockbridge," shows Warren's aircraft tangled in a tree as a result of a training accident in England in early 1918.

with flying? This was a foolish risk and leaves the impression that flying safety rules were not always enforced. Damage and destruction as a result of flying accidents were often treated rather casually. On a later occasion, while at Scampton, he wrote to his brother to tell him of his recent crash, describing it as "a mere trifle. I just smashed one wing, under carriage and prop all to hell. That is all."⁴⁴ No doubt everyone was pleased that he "just climbed out" of the wreckage without injury; his only bruises were to his ego as he "got hell from the C.O. as it was the best machine in the squadron."⁴⁵ There was no contrition for wrecking the aircraft other than acknowledgment that he was "too confident" by "side slipping the machine" when he was too close to the ground.⁴⁶ Charles was no more reckless than his peers – the

training was difficult and accidents frequent as pilots learned to manage their aircraft.⁴⁷ Charles' cavalier attitude towards risk was not a secret. At the end of November, Warren had written to the family from the training school at Armour Heights, describing his meeting an officer who had been one of Charles' instructors. The officer thought of Charles "as one of the best pilots the RFC ever turned out."⁴⁸

Warren left Canada for England a few days before Christmas 1917, and the new year found both the brothers in Britain. Upon arrival, Warren was sent to the RFC base at Stockbridge, Hampshire, near Salisbury. Charles was about 45 miles away at Boscombe Down, near Amesbury, Wiltshire, working as an instructor attached to 6 Training Depot Squadron [6TDS] training BE2 pilots. Charles had been

in England for over four months and he was chafing at being kept behind to train pilots while his friends were in action over the front. In a letter to his mother, he wrote that he was now "on a scout machine 1 seater. In France I will be doing my shooting etc alone..."⁴⁹ Perhaps attesting to his enthusiasm or naivety, he declared cheerfully that "flying is one of the greatest of sports."⁵⁰ Charles was proud of his reputation as an audacious pilot and did not hesitate to write about it. In a letter to Warren in late 1917, he related a little boastfully: "Sometimes I get a machine and go up and split-ass about 10 ft from the ground. I take a run for the hanger [sic] and miss it about a foot. The fellows on the ground have the wind up all the time I am in the air."⁵¹ He was brimming with confidence.

Warren's letters reveal a young man who was an equally competent pilot, but he was less inclined to brag about his aerial prowess, likely because his brother had been flying longer and had more experience. The brothers met up within days of Warren's arrival in England. Cognizant of their mother's concern that her sons were now closer to France, Warren wrote to tell her they were both well and safe. He attempted to inject a bit of humour into the letter, telling her that he was "trying to grow a little moustache like Charlie's but I don't know how it is going to come along" – an indication of the boys' attempts to embrace manhood.⁵² As for his brother, Warren remarked, he had a "safe job (if there is any safety in flying) and should be alright if he has no bad luck."⁵³ He had seen Charles flying, "and he sure is good."⁵⁴ Warren, too, was learning through his training: "I guess I will stay on scouts. They are a little more dangerous, but it is a higher branch of the RFC...I think by the time I get through here [Stockbridge] I will be pretty good, at least I hope so."⁵⁵

Eleven days later, on 6 February 1918, 19-year-old Second Lieutenant Charles Hendershot was killed in an airplane crash. "At last this cruel war has come home to us," wrote a mourning Warren to his parents a few days after learning more about the accident.⁵⁶ Warren had been summoned before his commanding officer the day of the crash, expecting to be told his request for a transfer to join his brother at Boscombe Down had been approved. Instead, he was floored by the grim news. Warren went directly to the accident site to find out what had happened. He learned that Charles, who had been ill for a few days prior to the crash, arrived at the airfield early on the 6th. Soon after, the

doomed training flight took off into a 50-mile-per-hour wind with Charles seated in the BE2's front cockpit and the student, piloting the aircraft, seated in the rear cockpit. At a height of about 150 feet, the student pilot turned downwind, and the airplane stalled and went into a spin from which it could not recover. Both men died on impact, Charles of a broken neck.⁵⁷

Warren received a telegram from his parents on the day of Charles' interment asking to have the body returned to Kingsville for burial. Warren responded to their request in his 11 February letter, indicating there "is an awful lot of red tape to go through before the body can be taken from the churchyard."⁵⁸ But with the assistance of the RFC, Warren

arranged for Charles' disinterment. The casket was shipped to Kingsville and he was reburied, again with military honours, in the Greenhill Cemetery on 7 April.⁵⁹

Like thousands of mothers, Mrs. Hendershot had worried deeply about her sons; in her grief, Warren now became the focus of all her concerns. He tried to assuage her worry, but his attempts often lacked subtlety. During February, writing in response to one of her letters expressing a wish that he not go to France, Warren wrote "there are more men lost right here in old England on the buses [airplanes] than there in France with all the fighting. Don't lose any sleep over me."⁶⁰ Several weeks later, Warren was still trying to reassure her, but likely without much success. He seems to have been replying to a query about being a respectable and moral young man while in England, perhaps based on the assumption that the "fly boys" lived hard in the air and in the mess. He wrote that he "[hated] whisky, gin or brandy," but would drink "a small glass of wine once in a while to be sociable...I have never been under the influence of it and do not intend to be."⁶¹ This was no doubt welcome news so far as his mother was concerned, but the airman's bravado crept into the same letter with his fatalistic views on life and death. "This life is far too short to spend in worrying and moping. Just take everything as it comes and think it was for the best."⁶² Such sentiments helped the flyers – and all service personnel for that matter – deal with the cruel hand of fate, but it was little consolation to a distraught and anxious mother.

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**Lieutenant Warren Hendershot
photographed in England before
being posted to an operational
squadron in France.**



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Flying officers rest between flights outside their “dandy little huts.”

Warren looked forward to receiving letters from his mother, even if, since Charles’ death, they contained “little sermons” reminding him to be careful and not to stunt. This was well meant advice, but in his letter of 25 April, the increasingly fatalistic Warren replied nonchalantly: “I am not afraid of getting killed. If I was I wouldn’t be in this thing. My gosh what is the use worrying over a little thing such as death, in the end it is nothing... All that talk about being carefree and you not wanting to lose me do not keep me alive any longer...”⁶³ As well, in this letter, written on 7 July, Warren told the family that he had asked his commanding officer to send him to “France tomorrow if there were any Dolphin pilots going...”⁶⁴ The 21-year-old Warren had now been in uniform for 11 months, over 115 hours flying, and was “fed up with this life. I want to get into action,” a reference to the seemingly endless training in England, with no set date for being transferred to a squadron in France.⁶⁵ Three days later, on 10 July 1918 he was ordered to go to the War Office in London for an interview with the Air Board. After his interview, he expected to be sent to France to join a pilot holding pool

pending assignment to a fighter squadron.⁶⁶ He believed he was “a match for any of those beer fed Huns.”⁶⁷

He tried to be frank with the family before he left in order to prepare for the worst “in case it does come but listen – now be sensible, and take your medicine the way it is served out to you.”⁶⁸ He believed there were three possible scenarios for him in France. If he was wounded, “just consider me lucky”; if he happened to be taken prisoner, “it will not be so bad. The flying officers are treated well in Germany.”⁶⁹ If he was reported missing, the third scenario, “it is about as good as gone, so rest easy.”⁷⁰ He had prepared himself for the third scenario; in his words, “...some are taken earlier than others and to die on the battlefield fighting for your country is one of the greatest honours there is.”⁷¹ He believed his “chances of coming back are easily 75% ... but of course I may run into hard luck some day.”⁷²

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Warren crossed the English Channel from Folkstone to Boulogne on 13 July. Three weeks later he was taken on strength with 19 Squadron, based at St. Marie Capelle,

and remained with it until January 1919. His enthusiasm for what now faced him was evident throughout the five pages of the first letter he wrote after joining the squadron. “Came to the squadron yesterday, and I’ll say it is all one could wish for.” The discovery that “nearly all the twenty flying officers are Canadian” was immensely pleasing and he was “more than satisfied with [his] luck.”⁷³

No.19 Squadron was formed early in the war as a RFC training squadron. It was converted to BE12 scouts before moving to France in June 1916. This unwieldy aircraft was replaced by the French-designed Spad S VIII at the end of the year, and these fast and dependable aircraft were subsequently replaced in January 1918 by the Sopwith Dolphin.⁷⁴ The Dolphin’s manufacturers drew upon the experience gained from previous Sopwith designs, such as the Camel and the Pup, but it also incorporated several unique features. Most notable was the upper wing, which was staggered back 12 inches from the leading edge of the lower wing. This, in combination with the cockpit design that seated the pilot with his head protruding above the centre section of the upper wing, provided a better view of what was happening above the aircraft, even if vision was somewhat restricted below and abeam of the airplane. The aerodynamics of the staggered wing caused the Dolphin to have a higher landing speed than most aircraft, and pilots had to be careful not to stall in the final moments before touching down. Despite these drawbacks, most pilots had a high regard for Dolphins once they became accustomed to their quirks.⁷⁵ Warren had done most of his training in England on Dolphins and was not intimidated by their demands.

Squadron living conditions in France were better than Warren had expected. They had “dandy little huts to sleep in and our mess

is wonderful, just as good meals as you would get at any hotel, maybe not quite so fancy tho."⁷⁶ That the squadron was "working on the Canadian front" over Amiens gave a boost to his enthusiasm.⁷⁷ His fellow flyers informed him that "there are not many Huns around here and what there are nearly always run away...unless they outnumber us three to one."⁷⁸ Regardless of their dismissive attitudes, someone should have warned Warren that this was not always the case.

On Monday, 12 August, Warren flew his first patrol. "Naturally I was a little excited," he wrote, and he spent much of his time trying to keep "in formation with the other airplanes and watching the sky for Huns. I managed to steal a little time to watch the war that was going on, on the ground. There was very little to be seen except the numerous trenches and shell holes also what remained of a few towns. Everything is desolation around here."⁷⁹ His birds-eye view of the destruction below, as he slipped through the air, must have confirmed his decision to join the air services. He now had his initiation behind him, although as he noted unemotionally, "[t]hree perfectly good Canadian pilots" from another squadron working above the Amiens battlefield were lost.⁸⁰ Warren returned to his familiar fatalistic mantra: "...what is to be, will be. Anyway don't worry over me I will do my best and try to let the Huns feel me before I go west. We have got to win this war and to do it, we all must be prepared to give the Hun all we can."⁸¹

Within a few days, he had "done about a half a dozen or more patrols over the lines," and was feeling more comfortable in the aerial battlefield.⁸²

The learning curve was steep, and many new pilots fell victim to more experienced German pilots, shot to ribbons or sent to a fiery grave before they learned how to survive in the air. Although he had not yet been in a dog fight, he had "run into a deuce of a bunch of anti-aircraft fire...bursting all around us and I'll say I did some pretty quick kicking of the controls."⁸³ A shell exploded under his airplane and he "went head over heels, but soon righted myself again. In not realizing that those things were meant to kill, thought it a lot fun. It is lots of fun too. The closer they come to you, the more exciting it is."⁸⁴ Within a matter of weeks his idea of what constituted fun changed when he had a close encounter with more "archy," or anti-aircraft fire. While over the lines with other squadron airplanes, "archy" sent him into a spin, and when he "came to [his] right senses,"⁸⁵ he discovered that he was now some distance from the patrol and "one of ...main spars [sic] was shot through, also six nice holes in my machine."⁸⁶ The broken spar was a critical threat to the wing's strength and the aircraft's survival so he "immediately about-turned and beat

it for home."⁸⁷ Five German fighters pursued him across the front lines but he "got back OK. This getting all shot up is no fun at all..."⁸⁸

By mid-September 1918, the ground forces were pushing the Germans back along the Western Front. Above the battlefield, the Allied air forces continued to fly aggressively in the hope of bringing the enemy to battle and to prevent his observation planes from gathering important intelligence. No.19 Squadron was now based at Abscom, not far from Cambrai. Very often the weather was dreary, or "dud" to use the airmen's term. There was little flying for days on end because the continuous rain had turned the grass airfields to mud. The skies over Northwest France and Belgium were not blessed with an abundance of sunny, dry days at any time of the year, and by mid-October the poor weather was limiting the activities of the RAF, and the German flyers too. Warren wrote that the air forces were "not doing anything except flying over the lines when the weather is fit...I haven't been up for three days now. From now until spring there will be very little flying..."⁸⁹

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Flying officers of 19 Squadron.

Fighters, bombers and reconnaissance aircraft had open and unheated cockpits. Patrolling over hostile territory was very demanding mentally and physically at the best of times. The cold temperatures at high altitudes, especially during the autumn and winter, presented real challenges. As Denis Winter observed, pilots "checked wind strength and direction on their faces while evaluating humidity and cloud type...Upward glances would be constructing an approximate three-dimensional map of the forces which would be progressively impinging on aircraft...the movement of those great circulating systems which came in from the Atlantic of about 300 miles daily, invisible whirlpools which spelt icing-up, rain belts, thickening cloud, rising or falling air currents.... [the] most important information was acquired only with

experience."⁹⁰ Aviation meteorology, as it existed in 1918, depended very much on the experiences and instincts of pilots.

Given these often trying conditions, something had to be done to protect the pilots from the elements. In the early years of the air war, an airman's flying kit was rather an eclectic mix of uniform and civilian outdoor wear. By 1917, the RFC was issuing more practical and standardised kit to all airmen. Pilots were provided with a warm, dry room, separate from their fusty living quarters, for dressing. Dry warmth was important because perspiration trapped inside one's kit would eventually dampen the inner layers of clothing and chill the pilot, regardless of how carefully he had dressed. The ritual became well set: first they donned silk underwear, followed by tightly knit but loosely

fitting woollen underwear, a vest, a silk inner shirt, a standard khaki army shirt, two pullovers and then a tightly woven gabardine Sidcot suit lined with lamb's wool. The pilot's hands were enclosed by muskrat fur-lined gauntlets with silk linings. Thigh-length fur lined leather boots, known as fugg boots, covered his lower extremities. Particular care had to be taken to protect the head and throat. A silk scarf was carefully wound around the neck to prevent cold air from getting inside the flying suit; next, a layer of whale-oil was smeared over the face and a balaclava helmet was slipped over the head; finally, a face-mask of non-absorbent material, usually of Nuchwang dog skin or wolverine fur, on which one's breath did not freeze, was fitted. A pilot could function at temperatures of minus 50 degrees centigrade if he was properly dressed.⁹¹

A Sopwith Dolphin of 19 Squadron in France. Note the dumbbell which identified the squadron's aircraft.



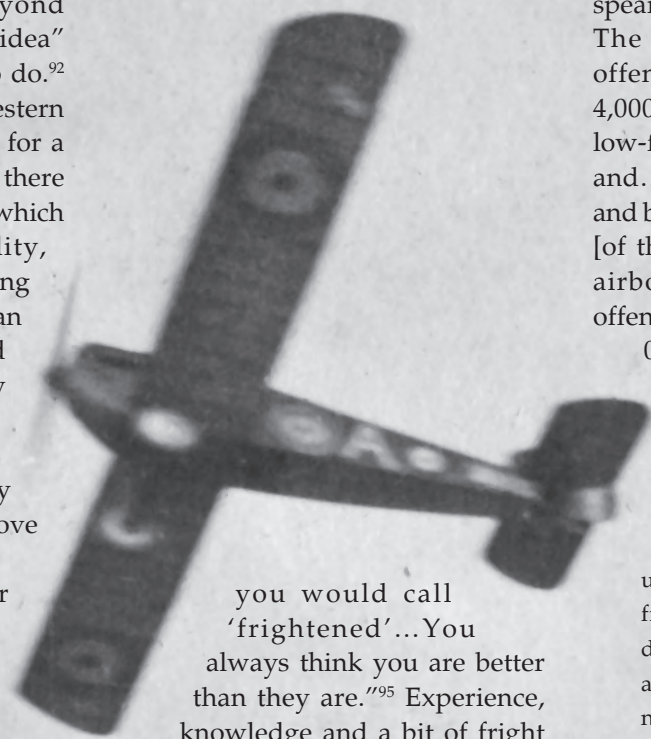
Canadian War Museum 20010241-012_12a

Canadian War Museum 20010241-012_17b

During this hiatus, Warren's thoughts turned to life after the war. He was confident he would come home to Kingsville, but beyond that he had "not the faintest idea" about what he then wanted to do.⁹² Piloting a fighter over the Western Front was a heady experience for a young man and it was unlikely there would be a civilian occupation which offered as much responsibility, excitement, and fright. Returning to his pre-war job as a "Salesman in Gents Furnishings" would seem "pretty slow."⁹³ How many other Canadians were holding on to postwar dreams – or worries – even as they fought for their lives on or above the battlefields?

Warren was back in the air by mid-September and had several encounters with the enemy. On 15 September his squadron was flying behind enemy lines when it was attacked by five German scouts. He wrote disappointed that he was so low on fuel he had to turn away and dash for home without joining the scrap. In an understatement worthy of a fighter pilot, he wrote that he "was a little afraid"⁹⁴ of flying such a long distance to his own lines because single fighters often drew the attention of lurking German formations, and he did not have enough fuel to take evasive action or engage opponents. However, he returned safely to Abscom, and later that day put his experience into words: "Oh boy! but this is a great life. It cannot be beaten, no matter how hard you try. While you are more or less afraid all the time, yet you are not what

A Sopwith Dolphin in flight.



you would call 'frightened'...You always think you are better than they are."⁹⁵ Experience, knowledge and a bit of fright kept pilots alive.

And Warren was becoming a good pilot, despite some of his close calls with the enemy. His commanding officer, Major E.R. Pretyman, called Warren and two other pilots aside one day in September. Warren expected they were about to be chastised for some unknown misdemeanour, but instead Major Pretyman told them they were "doing wonderfully well, especially you, Hendershot, you are a marvel...and...soon we would be the back-bone of the squadron."⁹⁶ A sheepish Warren knew he could "fly pretty good formation...but I have never done anything yet that is very wonderful."⁹⁷

In late September the Allies attacked the Hindenberg Line. This

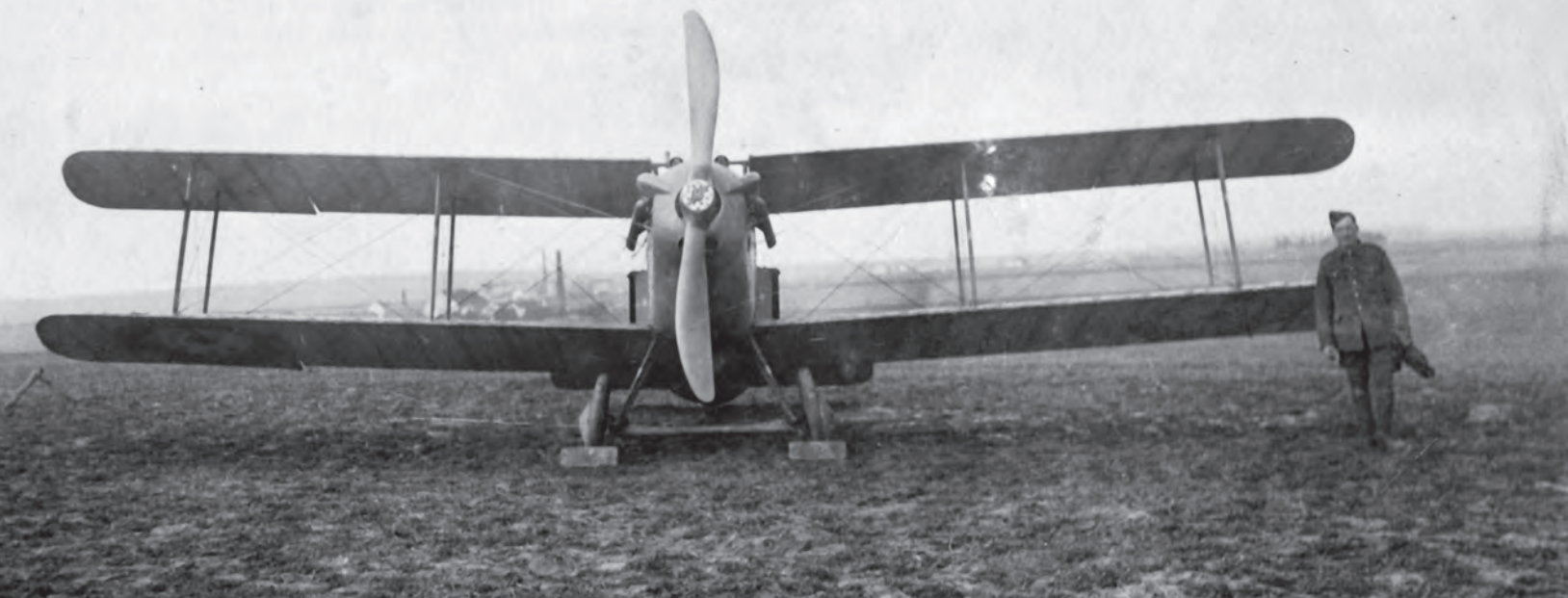
formidable series of trenches would be assaulted along the front, with the Canadian Corps acting as one of the spearhead forces, on 27 September. The role of 19 Squadron in the offensive was "to patrol between 4,000 and 8,000 feet to protect the low-flying aircraft and day bombers, and...to attack German aeroplanes and balloons in the area of operations [of the First Army]."⁹⁸ Warren was airborne at the beginning of the offensive when his flight took off at 0630 hours:

...I have never in all my life and never again do I expect to see anything to equal this morning's war. We crossed the line just as the sun was coming up out of the east...The whole front was one mass of smoke, dust and flames. How anything or anyone could live through it I do not know. I do know though that all the time I was buzzing around through the air I was thanking my stars that I was not on the ground. The poor boys on the ground certainly deserve great praise.

We saw a good number of Hun machines and by good luck our squadron accounted for three of them...

I was in my glory through the whole show. Ignorant of the danger, I thought it was the greatest sport I had seen in a long time.

At one time sixteen Huns came down on us from above and how they ever missed us I do not know. The macaroni was flying all about our planes but not a scratch did we get...⁹⁹



A pilot poses in front of his Sopwith Dolphin.

Witnessing the scale of the offensive from his vantage point in the air led Warren to “think that we are trying to bring this war to a decisive point before winter sets in.”¹⁰⁰ On the ground, the view was far more limited. The Canadian Corps was fighting for its life, driving the Germans back, but suffering crippling casualties. The Canadians captured the German logistical hub of Cambrai on 8 October. The two months of fighting had cost the Canadians an astonishing 42,000 casualties.¹⁰¹

The Germans were in full retreat, with the Allies nipping at their heels. Above the ground armies, the Royal Air Force [RAF] could fly virtually unchallenged. In Warren’s words, “only a short time ago, we thought we were going a long way over if we went as far as Cambrai, now we go for miles further than that... For miles back, the hun is burning everything... I wouldn’t be at all surprised if peace came very shortly... We have him cold just now.”¹⁰² While Warren could see the German defeat spread before him, it was when he walked the ground that the true cost of war was revealed. “It is an awful sight. Everywhere you

look, you see nothing but desolation. There are dead horses all over the place and here and there a dead hun.”¹⁰³

By early October, rumours were wide spread that Germany was broken, and its allies surrendering. Peace was in the offing. These rumours – too good to be true, thought many – were accompanied by both scepticism and hope. Warren could not “believe that it will come about just yet. There can be only one peace and that is unconditional surrender...it would be a terrible calamity to give him [Germany] a chance to re-organize his shattered army.”¹⁰⁴ The general public and the troops had no way of knowing if there was any substance to the rumours, but if true, it would be a pity to “go west” so close to the end of the fight.

Throughout October, 19 Squadron was in the air, either searching out German fighters and bombers or escorting DH9 bombers, whenever the weather permitted. The squadron had frequent encounters with the enemy and destroyed or damaged 23 German aircraft during the month.¹⁰⁵ Warren did not have any success

until 26 October. His diary entry for that day shows that while on a mid-afternoon patrol, Warren’s flight encountered “about fifteen enemy machines.”¹⁰⁶ During the scrap Warren and two of his squadron mates became separated from the flight and were attacked by three Fokker aircraft, likely D.VIIIs, considered by many pilots to be the finest German fighter of the war. Warren and his comrade, Lieutenant N.E. Miller, shot down one of the Fokkers, with Warren recording that “we both shot the Hun down,”¹⁰⁷ although Miller got the official credit.¹⁰⁸

A few days later, on 30 October, Warren claimed success against the Germans. He had worried that he would not have any kills before the war ended, but on this day, in his words, “we had a wild show. Wild is no name for it. We fought for twenty miles against about fifty huns. I would like to tell you all about it, but it will have to wait. Any way I will tell that I shot down two of them. That makes three for me now. Nothing really very brilliant but not too bad...”¹⁰⁹ His personal diary offers another view: “A very clear sunny day. Nine of us left the ground

at 10.30 to escort 98 squadron on a bombing raid over Mons. Just east of Mons we were attacked by about fifty hostile machines so we put up a running fight for twenty miles. We lost five pilots... I myself shot down two enemy folkers [sic]. How the four of us got back is a mystery. Everyone feeling rather done in the rest of the day."¹¹⁰

The notation on his service record is succinct: "a bomb raid of No. 98s [Squadron], while returning from Mons, were attacked by about 30 enemy Scouts, who were also engaged by machines of No.19¹¹¹... Heavy fighting took place the whole way from the objective to our lines, in the course of which Lts. R.C. Davies, C.M. Moore, W.F. Hendershot each brought down an enemy machine."¹¹² The second entry on his service record is also brief, stating "D.H.9s bombed Mons. Dolphins engaged two large enemy formations. He [Hendershot] destroyed one E.A. which he saw crash into a clump of trees. He then got on to another Fokker and shot it down completely o.o.c. [out of control]." According to the squadron diary, Warren destroyed the second aircraft about ten minutes after his first victory.¹¹³ October 30 was

the most successful day for the squadron since it arrived in France in September 1916. It was also the last time the squadron downed German aircraft. For Warren, it was a day of personal triumph; in Germany, in the households of two unknown pilots, it was a day of tragedy.

Warren flew his last operational patrol on 1 November¹¹⁴ and then began his much deserved leave two days later, four months after setting foot on the continent. He went to London and thought "it rather nice to get back to civilization once more."¹¹⁵ The city was alive with rumours of an armistice. "From the looks of things just now I may never see the war again. I think it all depends on the next two weeks. If the war lasts longer than that, it is likely to go on through the winter."¹¹⁶ While hoping for an end to the war, he acknowledged the Germans were not yet been beaten, for the "Hun has been putting up a very strong resistance lately and we have had some pretty stiff scrapping."¹¹⁷

A week had passed since he downed the two Fokkers and he now thought about it with a new perspective. He wrote there were "9 of us when about fifty huns

appeared...and cut us off from our lines. Well I do not think that there was one of us but who thought we were done. We made straight for them firing like mad. That scattered them and from then on we fought a running fight all the way back home. The worst of all is that only four of us succeeded in getting back. How we ever made it is a mystery to me. I was never in such a tight corner in all my life. I saw the chap behind me go down with a Hun on his tail...I got two myself. So now I have three to my credit. Only two officially tho."¹¹⁸

He had been enjoying London's pleasures for a week when the Armistice was announced. "Well at last this old war is over and we will all soon be out of a job,"¹¹⁹ was the opening sentence of his letter written on the first day of peace. He was sleeping late on the morning of 11 November when he was awakened by "yelling, cheering and all kinds of funny noises."¹²⁰ The streets were filled with crowds of civilians and uniformed men and women who after more than four hard years could now look forward to life without air raids, torpedoed ships and the continuous parade of broken sons, fathers, brothers and friends being

Sopwith Dolphins ready for a patrol, Abscom, France





A much changed Warren Hendershot, 1 January 1919.

carried back from the battlefields. In Warren's words, "it was some day."¹²¹

Warren returned to his squadron on 19 November. From this time until the end of his RAF service in France, Warren and many other pilots spent their time "flying about and playing poker."¹²² People everywhere fervently hoped the Armistice would lead to permanent peace. Until then, however, the movements of the German forces away from the front had to be monitored. The RAF now flew low-altitude patrols over the silent trenches, flying far to the east where they could see the "last German columns plodding along home."¹²³

The men and women in uniform could now begin to think ahead, beyond the next trench raid, beyond tomorrow's early morning patrol into no-man's-land, beyond reaching safe haven at the end of a convoy run. Warren, too, now had to put his mind to the future. His previously expressed views about returning to work in his uncle's clothing store were unchanged: "I cannot imagine myself ever standing behind a counter again."¹²⁴ Flying appealed to him and he thought he "would like to remain in the RAF," even though if accepted he would have to remain in England and then likely be sent to the far reaches of the Empire.¹²⁵ Undoubtedly he knew that the wartime RAF would be reduced and there would be stiff competition for any available positions.¹²⁶ On the other hand, he thought "it would be just as well to join the Canadian Air Force. Do not be surprised what ever I may do."¹²⁷

Warren was released from the RAF in March 1919, and he returned to Canada, settling in Harrow, Ontario. He married Irma Brown and they raised two daughters and a son. He joined the RCAF in 1940 and served at a number of training establishments in Ontario before being appointed as the Senior

Administrative Officer at 14 Service Flying Training School in Aylmer, Ontario, in June 1941.¹²⁸ Warren retired from the RCAF in January 1945 with the rank of Squadron Leader. He died in December 1983.

* * * * *

Death was present with all flyers during the war. No one could escape its presence. "You get used to such things here," wrote a laconic Warren, with he and his comrades writing off the frequent death of their comrades as simply "hard luck."¹²⁹ Airmen could "go west" many ways – through accidents, by poor judgement brought on by inexperience, or fatigue, or bravado, and of course through the fragile aircraft themselves. For instance, the RE8, a reconnaissance aircraft used in Britain and France, had a reputation for spinning out of control and breaking up while in a dive. Its well earned nickname throughout the RFC was the "suicide bus."¹³⁰ Charles remarked that his squadron lost four pilots on the same day while he was training at RFC Scampton, Lincolnshire.¹³¹ Losses like this, for whatever reason, would be difficult for the most motivated of pilots to accept without flinching.

According to the British official history of the flying services, "the effective service of a pilot in a single-seater fighter squadron was no longer than 2½ months."¹³² This included pilot losses from all causes, such as illness, injury, and death. In early 1918, the War Office had estimated that 9,752 men would be required to make good these losses, or "wastage," in bureaucratic jargon, between April and December 1918. According to another source, the official post-war statistics indicate that 14,166 pilots died during the war; about 8,000 of these deaths occurred while training in the UK.¹³³ The Canadian official history of the air war indicates 1,364 Canadian airmen died from all causes during 1916-1918, but only 412 of

the deaths were listed as "killed in action."¹³⁴ There are discrepancies in the Canadian and British records regarding the number of Canadians who served in the RFC. Many of them enlisted in Britain during the early war years and if they became a casualty they were often listed as British, with no mention of their Canadian origins, thus making it more difficult to accurately count the number of Canadians who served in the RFC. Experience and time in the air unquestionably developed the pilots' skills, and this in turn increased the odds of survival, but, to use a groundpounder's phrase, most flyers realized that they would get it when there was a bullet with their name on it. In this case, however, it might be fired 10,000 feet above the battlefield, and by a German diving out of the sun.

Warren and Charles were but two of more than 620,000 Canadians who enlisted for overseas service. Unlike the vast majority of Canadians, the Hendershot brothers served in the British flying services. They saw themselves as the lucky ones, and to some extent they were. They avoided the trenches, the mud, the rats, and the lice. But death was everywhere, and especially in the air. The Hendershot brothers answered the call to duty; one paid the supreme price, one survived. Warren, his family, and the country would never be the same after the Great War.

Notes

1. House of Commons, *Sessional Paper 124*, 18 March 1942, quoted in J.L. Granatstein & J.M. Hitsman, *Broken Promises* (Toronto: Oxford University Press, 1977), p.37.
2. Charles to mother, 28 July 1916. Letter of 2nd Lieutenant Charles Cecil Hendershot. 20010241-001 #11, George Metcalf Archival Collection [GMAC], Canadian War Museum [CWM].
3. See Granatstein & Hitsman, *Broken Promises*, p.46, and G.W.L. Nicholson *Canadian Expeditionary Force 1914-1919* (Ottawa, 1962), pp. 546-7.
4. Charles to mother, Sunday #21. Many of his letters do not bear a specific date. The month and year have been written in pencil and each has been numbered. The envelopes were not retained.
5. Ibid.
6. Ibid.
7. Ibid.
8. Jonathan Vance, *High Flight* (Toronto: Penguin, 2002), p.41.
9. Ibid. p. 36.
10. The idea of "knights of the sky" was inspired, in part, by the government of the day with the willing support of the press. Heroes were needed to maintain public support for the war and to raise funds. It was immensely helpful if those chosen to be a knight were articulate, outgoing, of pleasing appearance and with a good measure of ego and ambition; being well connected in high social and military circles was an invaluable advantage. Bereton Greenhouse, *The Making of Billy Bishop* (Toronto: Dundurn, 2002), ch.1 and epilogue offer a good explanation of how knights were created.
11. S.F. Wise, *Canadian Airmen and the First World War*, Vol.1, *The Official History of the Royal Canadian Air Force* (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1980), p.649. The statistics quoted are for Canadian airmen. Eighty were killed in 1916 alone – 46.2 percent in action and 28.7 percent in accidents. The accidental death rate remained significantly above 25 percent throughout the war.
12. Wise, p.30.
13. Statistics on the national origins, other than UK citizens, are not readily found. H.A. Jones *Official History of the War: The War in the Air*, 6 vols + app (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1937) simply lists all RFC/RAF personnel as British, regardless of the Dominion or Colony of origin. See Wise, appendices XXXV & XXXVI. He notes "the absence of a comprehensive body of personnel records for Canadians [in the RFC/RAF/RNAS]" regarding enlistment, how and where they served, or became casualties makes it very difficult to accurately establish their numbers. Wise's statistics were compiled from several sources. The numbers and personal details of the Canadians could not always be reconciled.
14. For the origins of the RFC/RAF in Canada, see Wise, ch.4, also Alan Sullivan, *Aviation in Canada 1917-18* (Toronto, 1919).
15. Charles to mother, 11 April 1917 #23.
16. Charles to Warren, May 1917 #34.
17. Ibid.
18. Ibid.
19. Ibid.
20. Warren to mother, August 1917 #7. Correspondence of Lieut. Warren Francis Hendershot. 20010240-005, GMAC, CWM.
21. Ibid.
22. Ibid.
23. Charles to Warren, June 1917 #38.

24. *The Curtiss Standard JN4D Military Tractor Hand Book, 1918* (Buffalo, US: Curtiss Aeroplane and Motor Corporation, 1918), p.48 (11).
25. Warren to mother, November 1917 #23.
26. Ibid.
27. O.G. Thetford & E.J. Riding, *Aircraft of the 1914-1918 War* (Harleyford, UK: Harleyford Pubs, 1954), p.82.
28. Wise, p.83.
29. Ibid. Curtiss developed JN4 models A through to H in the USA. The Canadian-built JN4D "Canuck" was the name given to the Canadian-built airplane by post-war American barnstormers. See also K.M. Molson, *Canada's National Aviation Museum* (Ottawa: National Aviation Museum, 1988), pp.122-3 re. JN4 "Canuck" suffix.
30. Sullivan, p.47. Ailerons are control surfaces on the trailing or back edge of the wing that work in conjunction with the rudder and the elevator on the tail to control the height and direction of the aircraft.
31. Charles to mother, 6 September 1917 #65.
32. Ibid.
33. Dennis Winter, *The First of the Few* (London: Allen Lane, 1982), p.13, and P. Gray & O. Thetford, *German Aircraft of the First World War* (London: Putnam, 1970), pp.214-7. The Siemens-Schuckert D.IV, introduced in late 1917, could operate at 26,240 feet. The Sopwith Dolphin, the highest flying British fighter, had a ceiling of 23,000 feet.
34. Charles to mother, 6 September 1917 #65.
35. Ibid.
36. Ibid.
37. Charles to Warren, 4 November 1917, #72.
38. Ibid.
39. *Curtiss Hand Book*, pp.52-3. Para. 18, p.54 of the Hand Book offers 18 "Important Hints" for pilots, such as #8 - Turn on switch before trying to start. #17 - Remember that the propeller is the business end of the motor; treat it with profound respect when it is in motion. #17 - Study this instruction book at least once a week.
40. Charles to Warren, #72.
41. Thetford & Riding, p.82.
42. David L. Bashow, *Knights of the Air: Canadian Fighter Pilots in the First World War* (Toronto: McArthur and Company, 2000), p.75.
43. Charles to Warren, June 1917 #41.
44. Charles' letter, 28 December 1917 #77.
45. Ibid.
46. Ibid.
47. Wise, p.646. In 1917 114 Canadian pilots died "accidentally," and 39 died from injuries related to crashes.
48. Warren to mother, November 1917 #29.
49. Charles to mother, 20 August 1917 #61.
50. Ibid.
51. Charles to Warren, 26 November 1917 #75.
52. Warren to mother, 15 January 1918 #46.
53. Warren to mother, 26 January 1918 #48.
54. Ibid.
55. Ibid.
56. Warren to parents, 11 February 1918 #52.
57. Ibid.
58. Ibid. At this time families were allowed to repatriate the remains of a family member at their own expense if the death occurred in Britain. Men who were killed or died in France were not returned home.
59. *The Globe* [Toronto] Obituary, 9 April 1918, p.13.
60. Warren to mother, 23 February 1918 #55.
61. Warren to mother, 25 April 1918 #68.
62. Ibid.
63. Warren to mother, 7 July 1918 #87.
64. Ibid.
65. Ibid.
66. Warren to mother, 10 July 1918 #88.
67. Ibid.
68. Ibid.
69. Ibid.
70. Ibid.
71. Ibid.
72. Ibid.
73. Warren to mother, 4 August 1918 #95.
74. J.D.R. Rawlings, *Fighter Squadrons of the RAF and Their Aircraft* (London: MacDonald, 1969), p.47.
75. Ibid. p.36.
76. Warren to mother, 4 August 1918 #95.
77. Ibid.
78. Ibid.
79. Warren to father, 12 August 1918 #97.
80. Ibid.
81. Ibid.
82. Warren to mother, 18 August 1918 #99.
83. Ibid.
84. Ibid.
85. Warren to father, 6 September 1918 #103.
86. Ibid.
87. Ibid.
88. Ibid.
89. Warren to mother, 11 October 1918 #113.
90. Winter, p.87.
91. Ibid.
92. Warren to mother, 9 September 1918 #104.
93. The occupation entered on Warren's service record; Warren to mother, 9 September #104
94. Warren to father, 16 September 1918 #106.
95. Ibid.
96. Ibid.
97. Ibid.
98. Jones, vol VI, p.517.
99. Warren to mother, 27 September 1918 #109.
100. Ibid.
101. Tim Cook, *Shock Troops, Canadians Fighting The Great War, 1917-1918* (Toronto: Viking, 2008), p.552.
102. The Royal Flying Corps and the Royal Naval Air Service joined on 1 April 1918 to form the Royal Air Force. Warren to mother, 11 October 1918 #113.
103. Ibid.
104. Warren to mother, 16 October 1918 #115.
105. C. Montgomery-Moore, *That's My Bloody Plane* (Chester, USA: Pequot Press, 1975), pp.152-3.
106. Warren's diary 26 October 1918, 20010241-003 #2.
107. Ibid.
108. Montgomery-Moore, p.153. Moore's information was compiled from the Combat Log of No.19 Squadron, RFC/RAF War Diary.
109. Warren's diary 30 October 1918; also his log book entry- "30/10/18 Escort 98 sqdn over Mons. Ran into 50 enemy machines. We lost five machines. I shot down 2 folkers[sic] 20010241-001. Warren to mother, 31 October 1918 #114.
110. Warren's diary, 30 October 1918.
111. Hendershot claimed 50 enemy aircraft involved but the official record, quoted in *A Short History of the Royal Air Force* (London: Air Ministry, 1929) p.319, states 30 enemy aircraft were involved.
112. Attachment to service record, also Moore, p.153.
113. Moore, p.153.
114. Log book entry, 1 November 1918.
115. Warren to mother, 5 November 1918 #116.
116. Ibid.
117. Ibid.
118. Ibid. Moore, p.153, indicates there were ten Dolphins involved. The wounded pilot may have landed at another airfield, leading Warren to believe he was missing.
119. Warren to mother, 12 November 1918 #118.
120. Ibid.
121. Ibid.
122. Warren's diary, 19 November 1918
123. Moore, p.129.
124. Warren to mother, 12 November 1918, #118.
125. Ibid.
126. The RAF was reduced from 188 war time squadrons to 51 squadrons within a year. See Winter p.193.
127. Warren to mother, 12 November 1918 #118.
128. "Who's Who at Number Fourteen," *The Aylmer Airman*, 18 December 1942, vol. 2-6.
129. Warren to mother, 31 January 1918 #49.
130. Charles to Warren, 4 November 1917 #72. Also Rawlings, p.26.
131. Charles to Warren #72.
132. Jones, vol. V, p.426.
133. Winter, p.36.
134. Wise, pp.645-9.

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