

Patrick's Story



RB 1199

Joan L. Yuill,
37 The Grange,
MacGregor St.,
Deakin A.C.T. 2600

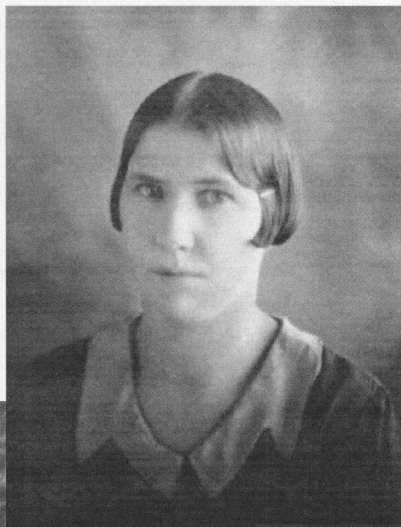
THE STORY
OF
PATRICK JOSEPH CRAMER

PART ONE

For so long we knew so little.

Dedication

This tribute to Patrick
is dedicated to his bride
Rose Mary.



No Weeping Now

J.R. Walsh, 1976

I went back to the lonely Wolds, the fens and the empty sky.
I saw the tall gaunt olms, heard the calling rooks, how time has passed me by.
Grass had grown on the runways, in the hangers stood rusting ploughs.
The dispersal points were empty, just starlings and grazing cows.
The Watch Office stood deserted, or maybe the ghosts of men;
Stood and watched as I walked remembering, for I'd said "I'll come back again"
The windsock hung in tatters, forlorn in the cold damp air.
Then I thought, "What does it matter? There is nobody there to care".
The crew huts were but ruins, rotting timber and sagging floors;
Not a voice to break the silence, just the wind and the creaking doors
Then I recalled these once were billets, Full of life and the noise of men:
With the crackling roar of Merlins, or the whispering scratch of a pen.
So I stood quiet still to listen; was there a message there for me?
In the shadows would they remember, had they left a sign to see?
If they had it was too elusive, made dim by the veil of years;
And I recalled all the purpose and courage, till my eyes were blurred by tears.
I turned away downhearted for this was not the field I had known;
Not the brave bold home of my memories; fool I was for the years had flown.

PATRICK JOSEPH CRAMER

Born - Belfast
County of Antrim, Province of Ulster
10th March 1909

Father -- Edward
Mother -- Anastasia

1975

"Your Father just loved life, Terry. The last time he was at our home the blighter danced and sang on our kitchen table. We had a wonderful time, and we loved him."

Alice Cramer in Rhyl, North Wales/
Terry Cramer in Newcastle, NSW, AUS
Telephone conversation, late 1975

Earlier in 1975, Gordon Cramer bridged a gap of over thirty years when he and Ann phoned Terry and Annette in the early hours. "You could be my cousin!" said Gordon in his inimitable fashion. Gordon was right, 2am or nought.

The savage years of war, and in the aftermath, the fight for day to day survival, had brought about a regrettable loss of contact between our families.

Jim Cramer (born 16/10/1902) was around six and a half years older than Patrick. Their sister Rose was probably four or five years Jim's senior. Jim and Patrick were both born in Belfast in the northeast of Ireland where the Lagan River runs into Belfast Lough. To the nor-northeast of Belfast is the Scottish Mull of Kintyre, and almost directly north-east is the Firth of Clyde, mouth of the Mighty Clyde River, the city of Glasgow at the helm. It is not clear where Rose was born, or even of her birth date, but she was obviously a young lady of great resilience and with affection for her younger brothers.

EDWARD CRAMER: A Man Of Mystery

Father – Michael Cramer
Mother – Unknown

Did Edward marry two sisters? On Jim's birth certificate his mother is entered as Letitia; Patrick's shows his mother as Anastasia. Rose's birth certificate has not been located. The place of birth of Letitia and Anastasia is the same on both certificates. To complicate matters further, Edward is listed as a widower when he married Anastasia in 1899. Jim was born in 1902!

After Edward's death Anastasia formed an association with Dan McColl. McColl already has two sons and would not accept Jim and Patrick. Of Rose we are unsure. The boys, for certain, were put into an orphanage in Glasgow.

GLASGOW

Patrick was, at least, provided with primary school education by the orphanage, attending St. Joseph's School Glasgow 1919-1920. His attendance at the prestigious St. Aloysius College from 1921-23 would certainly have been as a result of his winning of the Lord Mayor's Award, a pen and pencil set, for being the outstanding student of the year in Glasgow.

Rose married John McAvoy, (whom Patrick called "Charlie"). Jim came to live with Rose and Charlie when he was around fourteen years of age, around 1916/1917.

IRELAND

Jim and Alice Byrne, daughter of Christopher and Mary Byrne, married on the 31/05/1923 in County Kerry, in the south west of Ireland. They took Patrick from the Glasgow orphanage to live with them. Patrick would have been approaching fifteen years of age.

Patrick's love of Erin, and in particular the south-west province of Munster, is expressed in his writing. In Kerry he saw Tralee, Killarney and the wonderful Shannon River. This made a great impression on the young man.

LEAVING IRELAND

After living with Jim and Alice for some time, Patrick moved back to Glasgow seeking work. He served an apprenticeship as a tinsmith with G. Lawson for twelve months. How long he remained in Glasgow is unclear, but he was in close contact with Rose and Charlie, and their family. He remembers carrying around their daughter, Mamie as a young girl. Charlie was held in high esteem by the Cramer family.

Soon Patrick would emigrate to Australia. He would not see his family again until October 1942.

*It's a long way back to old Erin, my dear,
Where a Mother is striving to smile thru' a tear,
Where the sweet-throated thrush calls me home to my rest,
My rose-laden spot in the sleepy old west.*



AUSTRALIA

And onwards to the Isa.

The year and place of his arrival is unknown, quite possibly Sydney. He worked his way northwards, spending a substantial time hauling timber in the Brisbane Valley, Queensland. Some family members believe he was at one time in Toogoolawah, just west of Lake Somerset and Lake Wivenhoe. The timber was most likely being cut in the Biarra Range. He made his way to the Isa sometime before 1935.

MT. ISA

Mines, Meeting, Courtship, Industrial Disputes.

Mt Isa Mines; the then biggest mining operation in the nation, extracting silver, lead, copper and zinc. Mt. Isa in far western Queensland was then a township of around 7,000 people.

Much to the chagrin of her redoubtable mother "Nanna Scott", Rose left her hard won office skills behind and set out for the Isa, to work in the mines cafeteria. Here she was to meet the young Irishman, Patrick Cramer, who now worked for Mt. Isa Mines as a filter plant operator. They fell in love. They both played tennis well. Patrick was an accomplished pianist also and liked to sing! Rose Mary was an excellent horse rider, Patrick an enthusiastic follower of the Sport of Kings. The legendary Aussie sport "The Game" (or "two up") was big in Western Queensland, and Patrick was known to take the kip and call for the "shinies" on special occasions.

Poor management, greed, weak government and union conflict, led to the mass lay-offs by Mt. Isa Mines. The miners were justifiably incensed. They protested en masse. In 1936 hundreds of the laid off Mt. Isa men boarded the Rattler, more officially "Steam Train" 19 Down, leaving from Mt. Isa, destination: Townsville. (As children we would travel on 19 Down and 42 Up many times. The conditions in the carriages were even then at most times appalling, the romance of steam lost on us.) The men utilized all available space in freight wagons and even under the tarps of coal tenders. The weight of numbers softened the normal Hitlerian approach of the Queensland Rail Inspectors en route, but ST19D was met by a large number of Townsville police on arrival at Flinders Street Station. The more canny of the lads had decamped at the prior station stop. Patrick Cramer walked the last few miles into Townsville.



Patrick in Mt Isa, around 1936.

HUGHENDEN

Marriage, Fettler Days, Berenice Clare, "Over The River".

Rose Mary Scott and Patrick Joseph Cramer wed on the 20th December 1936, in the presence of Fr. Tom Gard and Blanche and Albert Scott. Prior to the war Tom and Patrick had given boxing lessons to young Hughenden lads. Post war, Tom continued to give much to the community (He also coached Patrick's son Terry in many sports, most especially in Cricket, as a leg spin bowler, and boxing.) Fr. Tom Gard was awarded a proverbial sugar bag full of commendations for his contribution during the war years. He treated them fairly casually and they were stored with other memorabilia in an old sugar bag (literally) in the old room under the Priest's residence.

Days were tough indeed. Patrick found work as a railway fettler. In North-west Queensland weather conditions, one of the hardest jobs known to mankind. Rose and Patrick lived in tents, little protection from the searing heat; and when it rained the brown soil plains became a quagmire. Water would rush through the tent and centipedes and scorpions would invade their swags. In winter, temperatures would drop below freezing.

Hughenden is divided into two sections by the Flinders River which rises to the north east of the township and flows into the Gulf of Carpentaria. For much of the year it is dry white sand, but when the rains come it runs – fast! A bridge was constructed in the 1950s. Before then the raging Flinders isolated the northern side from the main township on the southern side, for many weeks. The only crossing was a most perilous one by way of an old steel council boat rowed by men not given to water sports. As the water flow receded, a token walkway was made by planks placed on upended dunny cans. Most people fell off at some time.

On the northern side, or as people called it "over the river", lived only a handful of families, most homes spread widely apart. On a large acreage in the path of the floods, Rose's parents had raised eight children, Rose being the sixth. The property was called "Mimosa Vale", but generally just "over the river". Bob and Ellen also had a small sheep and cattle property to the west of Hughenden called "The Overflow" or "The Bend". Most things had two names. Two of their children, Ernie and Ruth, required special care all of their lives.

Patrick seemed to have got on well with Bob Scott but probably found Ellen a difficult commodity. The daughter of a County Mayo farmer, Ellen had emigrated as a young woman. The fact that Patrick didn't come from

the same county in Ireland would not have helped his cause. Nor did it assist a succession of Irish priests who all apparently came from inferior parts of Ireland also. He would have met some of the neighbours – The Ferns, Dempsters, Broken nose Smith and the Dennis "push", the Morleys, Laverties and the Greens.

On 12th April, 1938 Rose and Patrick's first child was born – a daughter named **Berenice Clare**. They would have been delighted. Rose was 27 and Patrick 29. At this stage they rented a house in Stansfield St. Hughenden. Life was still difficult and money scarce. They owned a little dog called Pal. Rose always recalled the day Pal dragged home a beautiful roasted chicken, still warm. This was utter luxury in those times and she could only watch in envy as the little dog ate the whole bird. The neighbours over the back fence were mystified as to what happened to their Sunday Dinner!

In late July, 1939 Patrick joined the Australian Military Forces and the family moved to Townsville.



Patrick and Rose's Wedding Day, 20th December, 1936.
From left: Albert Scott, Ellen Scott, Patrick, Blanche Scott, Rose.



Fettler Days on the track. Patrick seventh from left.



Fettler Days on the track. Patrick standing second from left.



Ellen and Bob Scott on their Wedding Day.



Flinders River, Southern side of Hughenden

TOWNSVILLE

A.M.F., Magnetic Island, Valerie Rose.

Life in the A.M.F. would not have been brilliant by any standards, but sheer luxury compared to life as a railway fettler. For much of the time they lived on Magnetic Island, an idyllic island off the Townsville coast, named by Captain Cook. Their address was simply "Mandalay", Nellie Bay.

Patrick and Rose were to welcome their second child Valerie Rose on 31st March, 1940. Rose was 29, Patrick 31. Valerie was also to have her first birthday on "The Island", Berenice had her second and third birthdays there. No doubt they all enjoyed the beautiful waters of the Pacific Ocean.

On 26/11/1940 Patrick was accepted into Air Crew Reserve. He remained in the A.M.F. (26th Battalion, Cpl Q30826) until his discharge on 22/5/1941.

The world was well and truly at war.



Berenice at Magnetic Island and with Dad's hat, 1941

THE R. A. A. F.

Joining, Training/Postings.

Patrick completed his time with A.M.F. on 22/5/1941. He had been accepted into R.A.A.F. air crew, and just two days later on 24/5/1941 was at Recruit Centre Brisbane, Queensland which was a long trip for the family on the dastardly Queensland Rail system. Many carriages had marginal or no toilet facilities, and little or no drinkable water. The beds were located on the carriage floors. The soot from burnt coal poured in and infiltrated every fibre of a person's being.

Berenice was three years and one month of age.
Valerie was one year and two months of age.

On the same day, 24/5/1941, he was processed and sent to initial training school, Sandgate, near where the then longest bridge in Australia connects to the Redcliffe Peninsular on Moreton Bay. He was to be there for almost four months of intense training. Patrick enjoyed a few games of soccer. Little else is known of this time.

PARKES – SOUTH WEST NSW

Wireless and Gunnery School 17/09/1941. Detailed training for six and a half months.

Valerie had her second birthday in Parkes. Rose turned 31 just three days after arrival and Patrick 33 about three and a half weeks before they left Parkes.

The Champion Post newspaper in Parkes prints Patrick's poem "My Home from Home" on 12/03/42; an esoteric tribute to his Ireland, his bride and his Australia.

On the completion of this wireless and gunnery course in Parkes, Patrick celebrated a *Passing Out Dinner* with his crew.

My Home From Home

By Patrick Cramer, R. A. A. F., Parkes
Dedicated to his wife,
Mrs Patrick Cramer of Parkes

*It's a long road back to Old Erin, my dear,
Where a mother is striving to smile thru' a tear,
Where the sweet-throated thrush calls me home to my rest,
My rose-laden spot in the sleepy old west.*

*But my Ireland is near in your sweet old world charms;
There's Killarney asleep when you rest in my arms.
There's her smile in your eyes, on your lips her sweet poem,
My Erin in exile – my home from home.*

*As the sun seeking fingers of dusk in her skies,
Zephyr-kissed tresses steal down o'er your eyes;
Truant angel's caress in the touch of your hand
Soothes me to dreams of my green and gold land.*

*Soft murmuring of Shannon meandering along
Are sounded in depths of the love in your song,
And the shy shamrock's nod to the rose by her side
Is telling your love story – you are my bride.*

*Hushed aves I heard over bogland and turf
Now mingle with songs of the white horseing surf
And Austral's proud Cross in majesty reigns
Gem of the Southland, you've severed sweet chains.*



This belongs to
Pat Coames.
Autographs

Miss [unclear]
Mrs. [unclear]
Gordon & Hamilton
Pat Coames

[unclear]
Miss [unclear]
John D. Reid
Donald [unclear] Gray
John [unclear] [unclear]
Pat Coames
Th. [unclear] [unclear]
R. [unclear] [unclear]
St. [unclear] [unclear]
O. [unclear] [unclear]
Miss [unclear] [unclear]
[unclear]

20 - 3 - 1942

Course 13

No. 2 W.A.G.S.

Parkes

Passing-out Dinner

Royal Australian Air
Force

Tattersall's Hotel

Eric Green, Proprietor

"Champion Post" print. Parkes

Order of Service, Passing Out Dinner, 1942.

EVANS HEAD – NORTH COAST NSW

Bomb and Gunnery School 04/04/1942.

Around Woodburn, a small leakage from the major North Coast river, the Richmond, becomes the Evans River and empties into the ocean on Snapper Point. It was a beautiful spot where Patrick, Rose and the girls would be for only three weeks. Berenice had her fourth birthday here and she was to return later on her honeymoon.



Handwritten signatures and names:
Patrick
H.C. Gully
F.A. Hudson
H. K. ...
P. ...
L. ...

Training Crew, Evans Head, 1942. Patrick standing 3rd from left.

BRADFIELD PARK AND REDFERN

The Personnel Depot, the last point before dispatch overseas for R.A.A.F. personnel, was Bradfield Park, now the suburb of Lindfield. Bradfield Park was north of the Sydney Harbour Bridge. South of the bridge lies Redfern where the family lived in a rented cottage at 51A Pitt St. for six and a half weeks. The time was closing in.

Berenice Wood:

"Before Patrick sailed from Sydney in June 1943 to join the war, we were living at 51A Pitt St Redfern, in Sydney.

I have vivid memories of our Dad taking Valerie and me to a park nearby to play. Returning 60 years later, we found the park only a few streets away. I remember Patrick walking with us both and sometimes carrying us there. We spent hours there playing chasing and hide and seek around the lovely book leaf pines growing there.

My other memory of Pitt St was Valerie becoming very ill one night and Mum having no choice than to walk off to the Children's Hospital, carrying Valerie and trying to keep me walking with her. Walking Sydney streets at night in War time, what a terrifying experience this would have been for this little mother from the far west of Queensland. No doubt this is where Valerie, Terry and I inherited our strength of character from."



Patrick in Redfern just prior to leaving for active service.



Patrick with Berenice and Valerie at Redfern.



EMBARKATION

Patrick for the U.K. Rose and children for Hughenden.

Patrick left Sydney on 16/06/1942. They knew they were unlikely to meet again. Only an elite 2% of the entire Australian enlistments were selected as air crew, yet 21% of all casualties to Australian forces were air crew. It was a dangerous occupation.

The train trip home for Rose, would have been a nightmare. Two young daughters, three months pregnant, and a rail trip of four to five days with almost no amenities.

U.K. WARTIME 1942

On 25th August, 1942, Patrick Cramer R.A.A.F. Air Gunner arrived in the U.K. and reported to the Personnel Reception Centre at Bournemouth. Despite all the training in Australia it now became so much more intensified as the need for battle ready airmen increased dramatically. The Allies realized that total victory could only come from the air. The Royal Airforce Bomber Command was the key to winning the war.

STORMY DOWN

15/09/1942 POSTING

Air Gunnery "finishing school" for about one month.

Just prior to this posting he had the luxury of seven days leave.

September 1942



ON ACTIVE SERVICE

C/o Base P.O.
Overseas H.Q.
R.A.A.F.
Kodak House
Kingsway
London W.C.2

Well Darlings,
Just Daddy Paddy, since
more to tell you more 'ories. These 'ories
are much different from our three bears
and Goldilocks though. To start with I
went over to see Uncle Jimmy when I was
on leave and staying at the country
house of a real dyed-in-the-wool Eng-
lish Colonel. Jimmy was gone though
and I had to be content to listen to his
history from the people who lived next
door.

It seemed that Jimmy and Daddy are very much alike for when
he had a difference of opinion regarding A.R.P. Activities, with the
Chief Warden and was told to resign, he demanded that the Chief be
sacked instead. Don't know what it was all about but according to the
neighbours Jimmy was morally correct and his action constitutionally
wrong.

Later I went around to the place where Jim had been working
and learnt that he had gone to some place in Wales. They will send me
the address when found.

I returned by bus [7 miles] to our mansion at Gerrards Cross in
Buckinghamshire to find that a Tennis Party was in full swing in
honor of my cobbler and myself. Buster Stenborg is my mate's name by
the way. I played solidly without missing one set for 3 ½ hours. And I
can tell you I snored that night.

Our bedroom was a film star's dream and when we wished for a drink or a smoke we merely rang the Czecho-Slovakian maid. I hated to ring that bell but the Colonel and his lady took a lean view of us raking around for ourselves so we decided to play ball though I was all apologies which the maid did not seem to understand so well, pointing out that she was paid for that sort of thing.

We were taught to play croquet and took to it so well that on the second day we played through some heavy rain, and our host and hostess and daughters were so tickled by the sight they had to have a snap of us with capes and hats on, swinging the mallets. I tell you that we were sorry when the leave ended and we had to return to our depot for posting to a squadron.

I saw Clarrie Reardon here. He looks o.k. Was trained in Canada as a Gunner after scrubbing out as a pilot due to his inability to land a crate and is due out with our crowd. I passed the night vision test with highest marks for our course, 29 out of 32, so in all probability will go on the job as a night bomber unit which is much safer than being exposed to full view in the daytime. I hope this pleases you back home kids.

.....
I had some beer at an Inn just 300 years old and won my very first game of darts at another old pub while the locals looked on.

The siren has just gone and another flight of Hurricanes and Spitfires have left. Must get going now to see what's on. In the meantime Tons of Love Darlings and a million kisses.

*Yours ever
Daddy Paddy.*

LICHFIELD

13/10/1942 POSTING

The longest training period was at Lichfield, almost four months. They trained in Wellington aircraft. Patrick had a number of different pilots but increasingly Sgt. Ryan. The crew shakedown would have been mainly done here and he would be seeing much more of Eric Gentle, Cliff Stringer and Don Rose also.

Seven days leave: 07/10/42.

Late October 1942

Dear Rose,

.....

Well my show has started, and more than that I cannot say, otherwise great chunks would be chopped out of my note.

.....

At long last I found Jim and we brought Rose and her husband Charlie down from Scotland with daughters Mamie (21) and Tessie (17) to Jim's place, 19 Vale Rd. Rhyl Nth Wales for the re-union. Alice, Jim, Rose Mamie and Tess were on the Rhyl platform when I arrived at 12.45 at night, Rose bursting into tears when I bent down to kiss her. Mamie was the kiddie I used to carry around, and her calling me "Uncle Pat" made me feel rather old.

In the morning Jim brought me round to his business place and showed me his factory in action, then commenced the action of shaking hands with the township. Later I went with Jim to his club where I sampled some English beer and played billiards and snooker beating Jimmy who by the way is the local champion himself. The club asked me to say a few words and there must have been 100 present when I mounted the platform to say my piece (nicely oiled). God knows what I said but they must have taken the charitable view for a cheer went up

when I finished. However the following night I listened to Jim presenting his trophy to a Captain Williams of the Home Guard for winning the Snooker Handicap and he made a natty speech indeed.

Jim's eldest son Ted is a beautiful example of the Cramer clan. 17 years old and as solid as a rock he will make a great boxer, for Jim is handling him very nicely and he is the soul of chivalry and commonsense for a lad of his age. He is a beautiful dancer and the girls (even the 25 year olds) rave about him and when you realize that he is a Sgt. And drum major of the Air Training Corps you will see what a show he must have later. You should see him stepping out at the head of his 200 boys on parade. Jim's and Alice's eyes glitter with pride at the sight.

Our reunion party lasted until about 4.30 in the morning and I led the singing with the Scotch song "Far Fae My Home" or what you know as "My Ain Folk". Then later I sprang my "Home From Home" on them to the tune of "Rose of Tralee". They were astonished for they had not heard it before and asked how I came to know it before they did, so when they were informed that I had actually composed it they were quite thrilled especially as it sounded so appropriate. Now do you know what I mean? I know I am the world's worst singer but I was in the best of moods that night and Rose and Alice think I am a John McCormick now.

Over at South Wales where I was stationed I had some American and Canadians in my squad but my favourite was a Brooklyn Jew named Irving Cohen. One of the best natured, he was easily the humorist of the bunch and some of his sayings are still repeated by the lads here, though he has gone to another squadron.

..... this climate is just so awful so far and in the past month I have only seen the sun about twice and the rest of the time has been taken up with rain and grey mist. You are lucky over there with your wonderful sun and sparkling beaches. Gee I wish I had just one more month in scanties on the Island.

Mamie & Tessie are crazy to come over too and when I come back I would like to get them a job in Sydney to start them off. They both cried when they left and send their love to Bernie and Val.

..... Yours Pat.

London was said to be a great place on 50 pounds per week (war or not). An air gunner's pay was five pounds per week.

In Hughenden, north-west Queensland, Rose Mary had two young daughters, was seven months pregnant, helping run the household "Over the River", and isolated from most social contact. The overseas mail delivery was abysmal.

Fight night in Rhyl, A Son is born in Australia, Christmas and New Year 1942.

"THE BOXING CRAMERS"



Photo by Smailes & Son, Press Photographers, Rhyl. Tel. 510

RHYL A.T.C. BOY A BOXING CHAMPION

WINS WELTER-WEIGHT A.B.A. CONTEST

Among the new Amateur Boxing Association's Lancashire and Cheshire senior champions is Flight-Sergeant E. Cramer, of the 1340 Squadron, A.T.C. Rhyl.

At the open amateur championships at New Brighton Tower on Saturday he won the welter-weight class by defeating L.A.C. Garner, R.A.F., in the semi-final and L.A.C. Chritchley, R.A.F., in the final.

It may be recalled that his younger brother, Cadet J. K. Cramer, also of 1340 Squadron A.T.C., won the junior light-weight championship ten days ago.

Jim and Ted Cramer, Rhyl Leader, 9/9/1944.

January 1943

Dear Rose,

Got your cable about the big event on Xmas Eve and what a Xmas box it was indeed. Your letter arrived 26th. Dec and as I could not get out I wrote to Jim up at Rhyl and asked him to cable you.

.....

I am most anxious to hear how our son is and what name you have given him. I would have called him Timmy Stalin but you have probably given him some other sober title as I know the present enthusiasm about Russia's most brilliant stand would just go over your head. When I go over to Rhyl to see Jim again we will celebrate in a big way at his club. By the way I have met the whole family of 7 children and I am mighty proud of them indeed. Young Ted (the heir) is a brilliant lad. A beautiful boxer and a splendid dancer, he is most unspoiled though the fair sex throw him some covetous glances in the street or ballroom. He is not quite 17 but is almost as tall as I am and heavier built.

.....

He would not be satisfied until he wired me to come up for his last fight which was for the Services Championships and held at Rhyl. I did not reply but dropped in just as Ted and his proud dad were setting out for the fight. You should have seen the look on Teddy's face. He wagged all four tails. Jim has the management and training of all the Air Training Corps, 8 of them, and he turned them out in splendid style to win 6 fights, lose one, and draw one.

Jimmy's partner in business, a chap named Basil Jones who is just as proud of Ted as Jim is, ran out with me for a drink before Ted's bout and I believe Ted got into a panic when he found me missing as he did not want me to miss a punch of his fight. Finally I was given a privileged seat amongst the officers and out came Ted in the main bout. You should have heard the applause!!! I asked an officer who the boxer was and he replied "Don't you know him? Why that's our best welterweight in Wales for years - Teddy Cramer." Another chap said he would beat any heavyweight in the world in the next three or four years. Well after being knocked down from the one punch the other chap landed, Teddy went in and proceeded to give a masterly boxing display and won easily. He beamed all over when I (the only Australian present) came over to congratulate him. He was more thrilled with that

than all the applause. The papers paid Jim and Ted great compliments next day in big headlines. Young Jim (13) was beaten on points in a fight on a later date for the schoolboy championship of the Northern Counties of England. He gave away 2 years and also 7 lbs to the champ and the papers say he was unlucky but he merely says it was his own fault.

I have flown over Rhyl and up into Scotland and on fine days it looks very nice over the former town. Two of our boys from Parkes have been very lucky. They have got D.F.M's and the privileges that go with them. One of them Norm Williams was out on his first flight when he ran into a Junkers 88 and when that plane came in to attack, Norm blew it to Hell with his first burst. Four operations later Norm got another Junkers 88 after a much harder flight.

I got a bit of a fright last week myself when I ran into about 80 planes whose identification was difficult at the time. We were alone at the time and I was the first to spot them from the Astro dome where I was stretching my legs after being crouched up in the turret for a couple of hours. I yelled for the Radio Operator to come out of the turret and let me in, and I cocked my guns hurriedly when I saw some fighters peeling off, as if to come in to attack. Marty Ryan my pilot decided to turn back and go right in amongst them for in that direction we could see a good landing ground if we came down. However we were lucky for the planes climbed higher and the fighters were only our own who were peeling off to land themselves. Five minutes later my oil system burst wide open making it useless so it was just as well they weren't enemy planes.

We had a swell Xmas and New Year here and I got nicely soused on Xmas Eve. We had our first experience of snow the other night and started a snow fight with the boys who were like a pack of kids on the beach. We made a snow-man outside the mess and rolled giant snow balls to about 5 feet in diameter.

I actually got a game of soccer for the Wing against the ground staff and scored the third goal just on full time. We won 3-0.

.....

I have been a Flight Sgt since November 24th there is a chance of still further promotion about April. Keep your fingers crossed.

Some of our pals from Bradfield Park have had some bad luck. One chap crashing not far from here and another being killed over Tunisia when his 'plane fell apart in mid air. Billy Baker whom you may have seen at Sandgate has also gone. However the fatalities have been remarkably low (touch wood!) and you do not need to worry about me for I back my crew against any they have. Marty Ryan (South Aus) is my pilot, Eric Gentle a pilot-officer from Tassie and in private life a school-teacher, is my navigator. Don Rose (West Aus) is the Radio Op, and the champ bomb aimer of the station is Cliff Stringer of Dalby. We have worked in extremely well together and there is never the slightest dissention among us. Even Eric could not spell the word.

Well, Darling, I will close now with tons of love to yourself, Bernie and Val and Joseph Zhukoo (what is that fellow's name?) Cramer. By the way, now that there is a man in the house he will have to take precedence. I suppose you have to let him sit at the head of the table too. Kisses to my beautiful big daughters and handsome son. I am keeping yours for a later date.

Regards to Jack & family, Albert & family, Arthur & family and love to Barney, Clare & Mum. Tell "Pop" that his State has produced a champ pilot in Marty Ryan.

So long Darlings

Daddy Paddy.

LINDHOLME

15/02/43 Posting

This posting was for only five weeks. The training was done in Halifax and Whitley aircraft. By now the crews were well established and Patrick highly trained in his position. This was the completion of "readiness".

The role of a rear gunner was a lonely and highly dangerous one. Cramped up for many hours (six-nine), he was cut off from the rest of the crew in his turret. The turret was so small he could not even fit his parachute in with him, and had to stow it outside. Besides his obvious role of defending his aircraft from the rear attack of enemy fighters, probably an even more important role was to instruct his pilot on evasive manoeuvres from his vantage point. Air temperatures were as low as -50° Celsius from which the special heated flying suits afforded only minimum comfort. Many rear gunners froze to death.

Patrick turned 34 on 10/03/1943.

103 SQUADRON ELSHAM WOLDS, LINCOLNSHIRE

23/03/43 POSTING

".....the cream of the Australian forces, sufficiently fit physically and mentally to have been selected as aircrew, to have mastered the complexities of their machinery, and to have won acceptance in the exclusive ranks of the R.A.F."

On 24/03/1943 the day after arrival at Elsham Wolds, Patrick was flying in a Lancaster MkIII bomber, only recently introduced. The German high command had led their people to believe that they were highly protected from air attack – by the Luftwaffe and anti-aircraft defences.

This theory did not hold up as Bomber Command launched an all out assault following the Casablanca conference in January 1943. The Lancasters and their crews played a pivotal role in taking the war back to Germany.

The price paid by the airmen of Bomber Command was horrendous. Life expectancy for bomber crews over Europe was six trips while a 'tour of operations' was thirty trips. One in two men died.
5 days leave (exact date unknown).

..... Birmingham is certainly a terrible mess but they are bogging in and cleaning up with a will and even new buildings are going up on the site of the earlier bomb craters. I cannot speak of London yet as I will not see that until next Monday when on leave but I do know that the place is quite clear and one would have to look hard to find the scenes of the raids which says a lot for the system in operation in cleaning up the place.

We hear the Nazi go over in his raids on the counties in other parts of Britain and the "alert" sound also on his return. This does not seem to worry the people here overmuch and we have almost got the idea ourselves now. There is no mad rush to the shelter as we once imagined in Australia. In fact I do not know how many "alerts" I have slept through and my room is on the sixth floor on an hotel in a fashionable peace-time resort.

I have heard that Townsville was bombed. Whatever you do keep back in the interior and away from any military objectives because I want to see what Pat Junior looks like when I get back and how his big sisters take to their big brother. I can imagine Bernies thrill to see him at long long last my little Valerie just be giving Daddy a thought now and again eh? My thoughts are with you every moment of the day and I try to get into all the mischief I can to offset it.

Write and write and write as much as you can for that is all I look forward to here, though there is tons of life about. I know that there is that day or so that they make an appeal to you to tell Daddy to come back and I don't mind when they tell me here that I can clear off home again. Give my big girls Daddy's big kisses and tell them he will be home as soon as he fixes up the lights in London.

For the present I will close.

Tons of Daddy's Best Love.

Daddy.



MISSIONS OVER EUROPE

ST. NAZAIRE WESTERN FRANCE German U. Boat Pen

28/29th March 1943

The major operation this night was over Berlin. A selected number of Lancasters were diverted to St. Nazaire. Patrick's crew of five Aussies – Ryan, Gentle, Rose and Stringer, plus two other crew the Flight Engineer and Mid-Upper Gunner (probably R. A. F. men) headed for St. Nazaire where the Loire River empties into the Bay of Biscay.

..... we were caught in spotlights at 17,000 ft. and Jerry gave us hell for a few minutes. Finally we fell out of control for 6000 ft. and I gave up the job as useless. Marty got us on a level keel again just in time. The fall really saved us for when we came out of it we were free of the lights again.

Flattening out, I saw the next plane on the target get caught also by the same light. He was not so lucky. I watched him burst into flames and crash onto the grasslands just behind the beach. Fighters came up to us then and I had the guns trained on a Messerschmitt but Marty put our nose down and went into a wild evasive action that did not stop until we were half way across the Channel. We had a quiet week then until April 3rd.....

ESSEN: NORTH WESTERN GERMANY

Major armaments Manufacture

3/4th April 1943

Anti-aircraft fire over Essen that night was reported as the heaviest ever seen. Searchlights tracked the bombers in "cones" of thirty lights apiece. Airmen described Essen as everyone's nightmare.

..... when we went over Essen to do up Krups. What would Jack & Arthur do for a sight of a 4000 lb. Bomb dropping on that joint? Just as we got to the target our communication system went haywire for an awful minute. That shook us! Marty straightened up for the run in and Cliff went to his "eggs". Just as he got there we were coned in the big master searchlights and then "flak" flew past. Two bursts took away our ailerons and we promptly went into a dive straight for the ground. Marty yelled to us to jump and I swung the turret around so that I could get a hold of my "chute". The darn XZ:O thing came off it's hook and fell into the darkness of the fuselage. Wow.! Panic! I'll say! However I got it again, tore off my helmet and turned the turret around so that I could lean outside and put the "chute" on. The slipstream of 300 m.p.h. caught me and tore me out of the turret but fortunately I had both feet securely hooked inside and I hung on trying to adjust the "chute" before letting go. The wind had other ideas and I had to stand a belting from the flapping "chute".

I gave the job up and had a lovely few minutes getting a hand on the door. One could almost hear the Nazis below demanding their money back when I did once more regain my seat. Once again I swung the turret so that I could get into the fuselage and jump from the side door but I thought I may be too late as I was under the impression that we were still falling fast. Now as I had no helmet I was without oxygen and that makes one feel very inebriated at a good height which we still were, with the result that I was too stupid to remember how to open it and collapsed for what I thought was the final time.

It seems that after I took my helmet off, Marty found he could control the plane and cancelled his order. With no helmet I did not hear that and nobody could blame me if I had managed to make the jump.

I woke up later to find Cliff Stringer (Dalby) filling me up with oxygen and saying we were on an even keel again. I made a dive for the turret but as they thought I was not fully recovered, the boys would not let me go so I started to argue with Marty on the intercomm system.

Looking out I saw that both ailerons were gone and I did not want to take Marty's mind off the job so I stopped arguing. Well that little champion took us away over the heavy "flak" of the Dutch coast, the North Sea, and put us down by a miracle on a grassy slope in Kent. For that job he has been recommended for a D.F.M. and deserves a bagful of V.Cs.

An Aussie "winker" who saw the wreck that was once "our plane" stared in wonder at it and said "Good God man do you mean to say you flew that thing from Essen?" I said "Don't blame me. That's your man lounging over there like a tramp with a fag dangling in his mouth." Marty saw him coming and bolted for he had lost 3 tunic buttons!!!

Well, I am still here anyway. Today the boys have gone away without me and I feel very lonely. I have just had another operation on my toe and the M.O. has bared me from flying for the night. I am not going to do any more anyway. My next lot will be against the Japs I hope, after I spend some leave home. Wish me luck,

.....

And let me tell you my horsey days are gone for good. I put five shillings on a horse last August in Bournemouth and that was my only bet. It happened to be the St. Leger Stakes, a big race here.

QUEENSLANDERS IN WAR NEWS

LONDON, April 17.—Three Queenslanders—Flight-Lieutenant W. S. E. Dods (of Kangaroo Point, Brisbane) and Sergeants Stringer (of Bundaberg) and Cramer (of Hughenden), have been mentioned in air war news this week.

Flight-lieutenant W. S. E. Dods was captain of a Sunderland which sighted the crew of another Sunderland in a dinghy in the Atlantic and brought about a rescue.

Sergeant Stringer and Sergeant Cramer were members of the crew of a Lancaster bomber which had a thrilling experience over the Ruhr.

The Sunderland, which had earlier dropped food and water to the stricken men, gave air protection to the destroyer until the rescue was complete.

While on patrol the Sunderland sighted the airmen in the dinghy. The pilot made two attempts to alight nearby, but was prevented by the rough sea.

The crew then got in touch with a destroyer, and directed it to the scene, where the men were picked up after having been adrift for 16 hours.

"In trying to alight to pick up the occupants of the dinghy," said the first pilot of the Sunderland, "we ran along a calm patch of sea, but soon found ourselves in deep waves. If we had touched down we should have been engulfed."

"On the second attempt we were again surrounded by waves which were so high that the sky seemed to have disappeared. We were forced to abandon the attempt."

The Sunderland, however, kept in touch with the dinghy until it was relieved by a Catalina.

Flight-Lieutenant W. S. E. Dods is the eldest son of Mrs. Espie Dods, of Lambert Street, Kangaroo Point.

Formerly a chartered accountant with the Shell Co., he held the commission of flight-lieutenant in the R.A.A.F. administration. He resigned this position to join air crew and trained in Australia and Canada before being posted to England in December, 1942.

Two of his brothers are also in the services.

Describing the incident in which Sergeants Stringer and Cramer were concerned, the Air Ministry News Service says that twice within a few minutes the bomber dived while out of control over the Ruhr on April 3.

The pilot, Sergeant-Pilot Martin Ryan, of South Australia, twice ordered the crew to bale out but he righted the bomber before the men obeyed the order. The bomber ran into heavy flak near the target area and the ailerons were put out of action.

Ryan brought the bomber back controlled only by the rudder.

*Give my love to Mum,
Barney and Clare. Jack's wife
and Alberts. Can't think of
their names now. Must be "flak
happy". Regards to Albert,
Arthur & Jack, Oh yes and our
Daphne.*

*A million kisses to
yourself, Bernie, Val and our big
Terry.*

Only your Hosbin

Pat

*X X X X
You Bernie Val Terry*

THE FINAL MISSION

STETTIN SOUTH EAST GERMANY/POLAND BORDER Shipyards, U. Boat Pen

20/21st April 1943

Sgt. Ryan and crew flew without Patrick (injured) on 16/17th April, 1943 over Pilsen, Czechoslovakia.

On the same mission was an U.K. R.A.F. crew with the Scot Sgt. Pettigrew as pilot. Sgt. Pettigrew was forced to turn back when badly hit by flack, almost on top of the target. He was coned by about 30 searchlights. He jettisoned his bombs safe. He probably lost his rear gunner in this mission.

This may well have been the last time Sgt. Ryan and the "Aussies" flew as a team. Sgt. Charlie Baird, who also flew that night, does not remember them again at Elsham Wolds from that point.

On 20th April 1943, Lancaster Bomber ED614 rose from the runway at Elsham Wolds airfield at 21:41 hours. Destination: Stettin. The pilot: Sgt. G.M. Pettigrew. The rear gunner: Flt. Sgt. P.J. Cramer. Patrick's "minor toe operation" was more likely an injury incurred on the April mission over Essen. His left foot was encased in plaster. This placement with the U.K. crew was almost certainly a "catch up flight" after being out of action with his usual crew. They most probably were on a short rest period and/or due to return to the Pacific arena.

SOUTH WEST DENMARK

(German occupied)

Tuesday 21st April, 1943: 0022 hrs

Lancaster E.D.614 is shot down by a German fighter plane and crashed south west of Ribe in the fields of the village of Vester Vedsted.

Locals heard a lot of shooting and the night fighter followed the Lancaster a long way down. Shortly before the aircraft hit the ground the tail section broke off and landed a small distance from the main wreck. The rest of the wreckage came down next to a small farm and a fire broke out immediately. German soldiers sealed off the area.

Flt. Sgt. Cramer was found in a seriously wounded condition still seated in his turret. The fierce fire and exploding ammunition prevented any further attempts at rescue of the others. Patrick was taken to Ribe hospital but died on the morning of 21st April 1943. The head surgeon of Ribe Hospital, who treated him both at the scene and later at the hospital, attested to his identity.

All seven crew of Lancaster E.D. 614 were later buried in Esbjerg, Denmark.

The Danes took great risks helping our injured airmen – we acknowledge and salute them.



Several low denomination Australian coins were said to have been found at the site where the turret came to ground. We would hope that they both landed Shinies.





The fields of Vester Vedsted.



War cemetery, Esbjerg, Denmark.



POST SCRIPTS

ROSE MARY

The telegram came on the 24th April, 1943. She would have known before she opened it. "Your husband is missing as a result of air operations." She could hold little hope. Very few air crew survived a crash, particularly rear gunners. We can only imagine the agony she would have felt.

It was not until mid August that confirmation of his death finally came.

Somehow she carried on and raised their three children. Together with Barney, Clare, Arthur, Albert and Jack she kept on going – "Over The River".

T.G. 42. COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA—POSTMASTER-GENERAL'S DEPARTMENT.

Funds may be Quickly, Safely and Economically Transferred by MONEY ORDER TELEGRAM.

TELEGRAM

This form always indicates the date of receipt and lodgment also, unless an earlier date is shown on the time of lodgment.

This Telegram has been received subject to the Post and Telegraph Act and Regulations. The time received at this office is shown at the end of the message.

Sub. C.1265—5/1941.

| Office of Origin | No. of Words | Time of Lodgment |
|------------------|--------------|------------------|
| 5 VIA BEAM RSYL | 22 15TH | |

DLT MRS CRAMER HUGHENDEN
QLD AUST.

JUST HEARD NEWS DONT WORRY. HE WILL COME BACK CHIN UP JIM CRAMER 19 VALE RD RSYL

9 30A/B/

HUGHENDEN - QUEENSLAND
C18MY43



Bob Scott and Rose with Berenice, Valerie and Terry.
Outside Mimosa Vale, Hughenden, 1946. Going shopping in the sulky
with the horse called "Hard Times".

THE AIRCREWS

"The Aussie Crew"

Sgt. M.J. Ryan
P/O E.O. Gentle
Sgt. C.W. Stringer
Sgt. K.D. Rose.
Flt. Sgt. P.J. Cramer.

The flight engineer and mid gunner cannot be named with certainty but are two of the following, and probably R.A.F. men.

Sgt. J. Irwin
Sgt. R. Wakeham
Sgt. L.J. Waters.

"The U.K. Crew"

Sgt. G.M. Pettigrew
Sgt. J. Cooper
Sgt. W.D. Ramsay
Sgt. A.I. Mackay
Sgt. R.G. Elkins
F/O A. Dalby D.F.M.
Flt. Sgt. P.J. Cramer

The German Crew

Lancaster E.D. 614 was shot down by a Dornier 217 N-1 nightfighter piloted by Hauptman Baer from 11/NGJ3. Other crewmembers were Fw. Lingen and Ofw Heise. They operated from an airfield at Schleswig in Germany near occupied Denmark. Hauptman Baer shot down a total of three Lancasters that night.

Hauptman Baer was killed the night 20/21st December 1943.

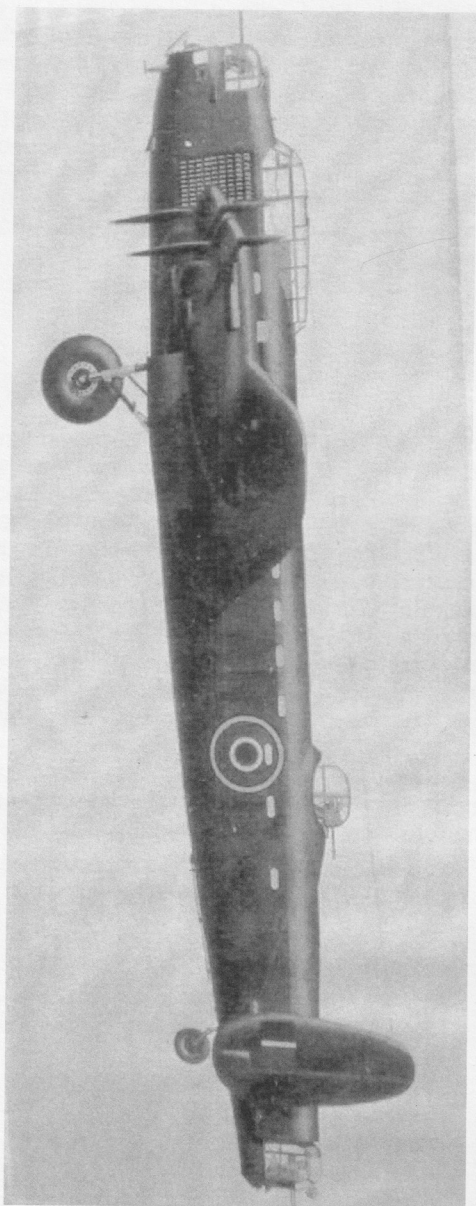
LANCASTERS

Early Lancasters were fitted with a fourth turret in the ventral (or underside) position. This was later deleted due to a number of technical difficulties. In hindsight this decision may have been premature considering the number of Lancasters lost from early 1943 onwards due to the development of upward firing cannon in German fighters. The Dornier 217 N-1 a classic example. E.D. 614 was most probably first hit from underneath where the fighter could lurk unseen, and then followed down from behind. This could well explain why the rear turret broke away from the 'plane. The wild evasive action by Pettigrew would have quickly weakened the rear structure holed by cannon fire.

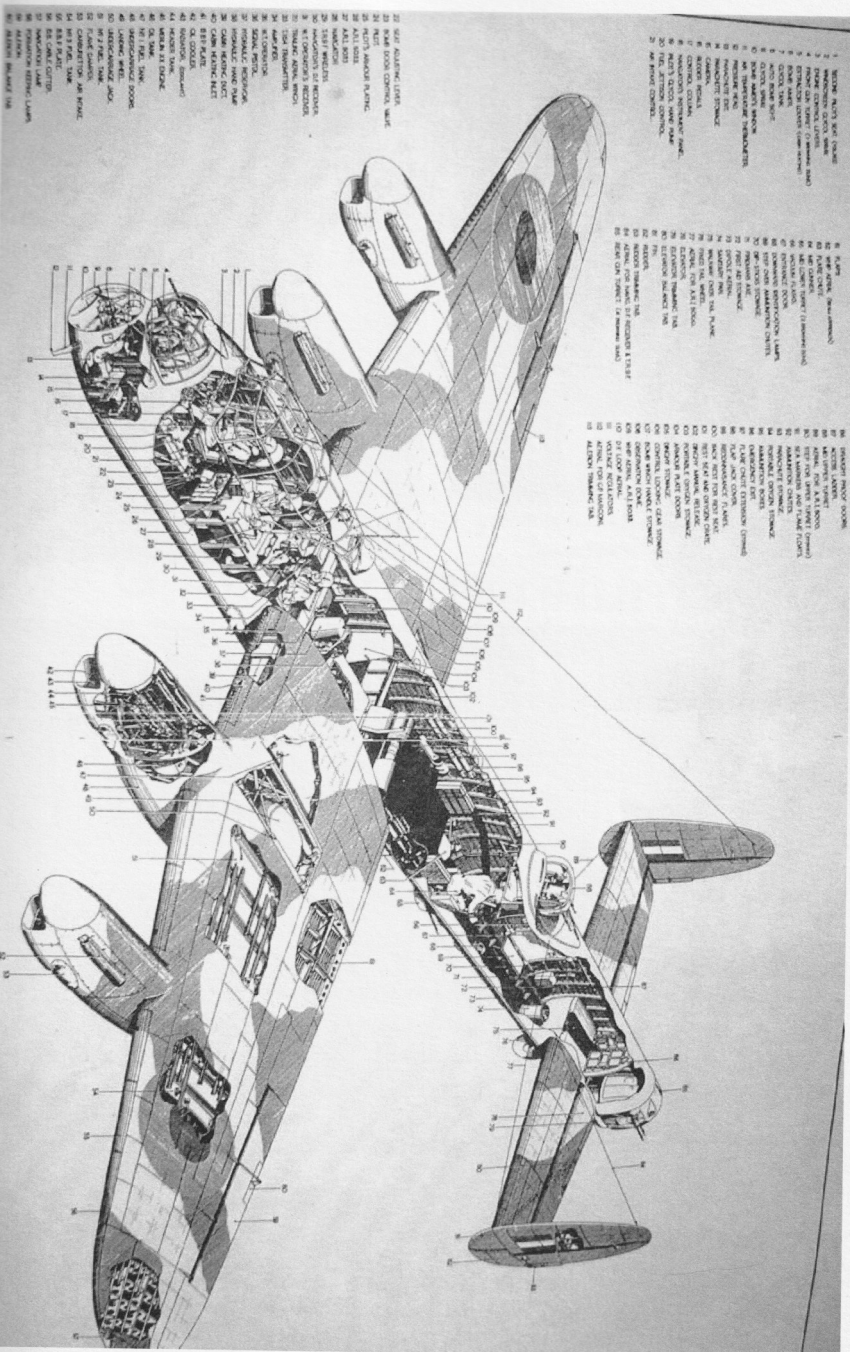
AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL Canberra

On 2nd September, 2002 Berenice, Valerie, Terry and Laurie travelled by train to Canberra, a short but most memorable trip. We visited the Nurses' Memorial first, then the Australian War Memorial. We had all previously seen Patrick's name on the 'Wall of Remembrance' but now we saw it together. We now had the names of four other Aussie crew members of Patrick's. We checked their names – none were on the wall. The next call was at the suburb of Mitchell, an 'adjunct' of the A. W. M. Here under extensive renovation to last over five years was Lancaster, G for George. Here also was another George, George Bailey, who was to give us a 'private tour of inspection' of this most famous of aeroplanes. No more fitting man could be found to have charge of our historic aircraft.

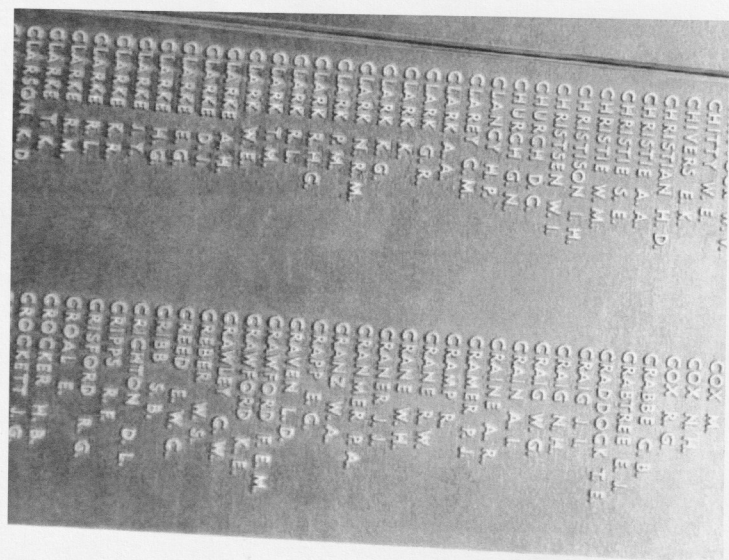
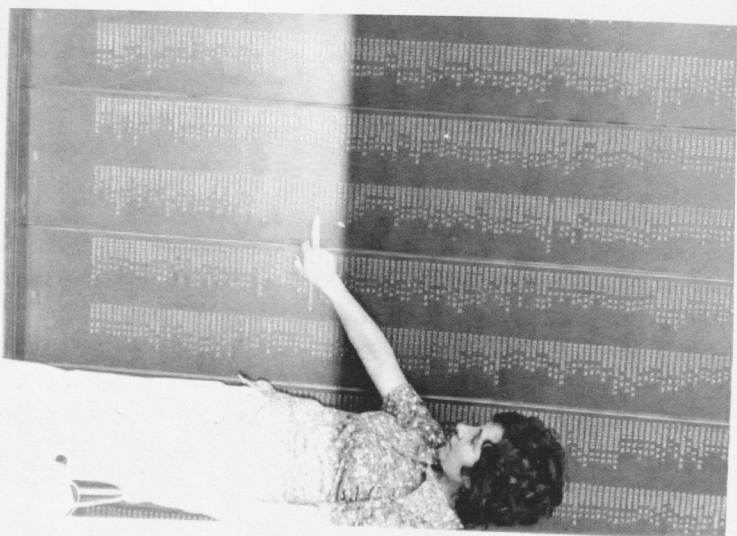
After a few days in the snowfields Berenice, Valerie and Laurie returned to Sydney and here revisited 51(A) Pitt Street Redfern, the girls' last home together in Australia in 1942 before embarkation.



Lancaster Bomber, G for George, and
next page showing components.



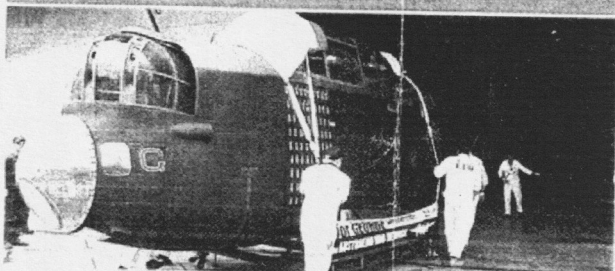
- 1. UPPER MAIN DECK (LOWER)
- 2. ENGINE CONTROL SYSTEM
- 3. ENGINE CASE COVER (LOWER MAIN)
- 4. ENGINE CASE COVER (UPPER MAIN)
- 5. FUEL SYSTEM
- 6. FUEL TANK
- 7. FUEL TANK
- 8. FUEL TANK
- 9. FUEL TANK
- 10. FUEL TANK
- 11. FUEL TANK
- 12. FUEL TANK
- 13. FUEL TANK
- 14. FUEL TANK
- 15. FUEL TANK
- 16. FUEL TANK
- 17. FUEL TANK
- 18. FUEL TANK
- 19. FUEL TANK
- 20. FUEL TANK
- 21. FUEL TANK
- 22. FUEL TANK
- 23. FUEL TANK
- 24. FUEL TANK
- 25. FUEL TANK
- 26. FUEL TANK
- 27. FUEL TANK
- 28. FUEL TANK
- 29. FUEL TANK
- 30. FUEL TANK
- 31. FUEL TANK
- 32. FUEL TANK
- 33. FUEL TANK
- 34. FUEL TANK
- 35. FUEL TANK
- 36. FUEL TANK
- 37. FUEL TANK
- 38. FUEL TANK
- 39. FUEL TANK
- 40. FUEL TANK
- 41. FUEL TANK
- 42. FUEL TANK
- 43. FUEL TANK
- 44. FUEL TANK
- 45. FUEL TANK
- 46. FUEL TANK
- 47. FUEL TANK
- 48. FUEL TANK
- 49. FUEL TANK
- 50. FUEL TANK
- 51. FUEL TANK
- 52. FUEL TANK
- 53. FUEL TANK
- 54. FUEL TANK
- 55. FUEL TANK
- 56. FUEL TANK
- 57. FUEL TANK
- 58. FUEL TANK
- 59. FUEL TANK
- 60. FUEL TANK
- 61. FUEL TANK
- 62. FUEL TANK
- 63. FUEL TANK
- 64. FUEL TANK
- 65. FUEL TANK
- 66. FUEL TANK
- 67. FUEL TANK
- 68. FUEL TANK
- 69. FUEL TANK
- 70. FUEL TANK
- 71. FUEL TANK
- 72. FUEL TANK
- 73. FUEL TANK
- 74. FUEL TANK
- 75. FUEL TANK
- 76. FUEL TANK
- 77. FUEL TANK
- 78. FUEL TANK
- 79. FUEL TANK
- 80. FUEL TANK
- 81. FUEL TANK
- 82. FUEL TANK
- 83. FUEL TANK
- 84. FUEL TANK
- 85. FUEL TANK
- 86. FUEL TANK
- 87. FUEL TANK
- 88. FUEL TANK
- 89. FUEL TANK
- 90. FUEL TANK
- 91. FUEL TANK
- 92. FUEL TANK
- 93. FUEL TANK
- 94. FUEL TANK
- 95. FUEL TANK
- 96. FUEL TANK
- 97. FUEL TANK
- 98. FUEL TANK
- 99. FUEL TANK
- 100. FUEL TANK



Australian War Memorial – Wall of Remembrance

news from the

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL



Staff from the memorial move the nose section of *G for George* into Anzac Hall.

G for George returns

Following more than five years of restoration work, the famed Lancaster bomber, *G for George*, is returning to permanent display at the Australian War Memorial.

G for George will be the centre-piece of a new object theatre display that will recreate a raid in December 1943 on Berlin, when *George* – the survivor of an unprecedented 90 missions – successfully bombed the target despite the danger of flak and attack by night fighters.

Also on display will be an unparalleled presentation of the Bf 109, as well as a Messerschmitt Me 163 and Me 262.

The completed display, called *Striking by Night*, will open to the public on 6 December.

technology and our military involvement in East Timor.

Also, the fact that the Bushmaster is a mobile relic means it can be displayed to the public at a variety of locations.

Iraq war relics

The Royal Australian Navy has presented the AWM with a variety of relics collected during the recent war in Iraq and returned to Australia aboard HMAS *Kanimbla*.

The relics include one of 68 sea mines found aboard a captured Iraqi tug, a five-inch shell case fired from HMAS *Anzac* bearing the names of all crew members, an Iraqi flag from a sunken Iraqi patrol boat, an RAN logistic support uniform and 'welcome home'

Australian War Memorial's restoration of Lancaster, *G for George*.

Calling veterans of Bomber Command for new exhibition

The much-loved Lancaster bomber *G for George* will make a dramatic return to the Australian War Memorial in December, featuring in a new exhibition. *Striking* by

depicted under attack by a Messerschmitt Bf 109 fighter

An Me 262 and Me 163 enemy aircraft will also be displayed.

Night:

Striking by *Night* will

The exhibition will use technology to recreate a night raid over Berlin in December 1943 with *G for George* who served in Bomber

Command, their support crews and the sacrifices associated with the air war over Europe during World War II. Besides the four historic aircraft, objects to be displayed include an 88 millimetre Flak anti-aircraft gun, varieties of bombs, uniforms and equipment and items slowing the scientific

and technical developments that aided the bomber crews.

The Australian War Memorial is inviting all Bomber Command veterans and their families to a short commemorative service and wreathlaying on Saturday 6 December, followed by a chance to visit *Striking* by

Night prior to it opening to the public.

If you are interested in attending, please e-mail your contact details before 7 October to rs.vp@awm.gov.au or write to Events and Ceremonies Bomber Command, Australian War Memorial, GPO Box 345, Canberra ACT 2601.



Berenice and Valerie on their return to Redfern.

THE AUSSIE CREW

At this time we had four names:

Ryan, Gentle, Stringer and Rose.

After visiting Canberra we knew that they had at least survived the war. Every effort was being made to locate them and the response has been pleasing from all around Australia and we are most grateful. We now know something of Marty Ryan and Eric Gentle. Both had later served in the Pathfinders with great distinction.

Marty was demobbed on 25/01/1946 and lived in Broken Hill (near the NSW/ South Australia Border) until his death in 1987. He worked with the Zinc Corp. He was described as a legendary pilot. He did win the D.F.C. and Bar.

Eric Gentle served in the R.A.A.F. with great distinction until his untimely death in a car accident in 1963. Eric survived an almost unheard of three tours of duty in wartime. His excellent navigational skills saw him also fly as a Pathfinder. Before returning to Australia, Eric married an English girl, Joan. A letter has been received from Joan and we hope to hear more. Eric also won the D.F.C. He was highly spoken of by several R.A.A.F. men who made contact with us.

In time, Don Rose and Cliff Stringer or their families or friends will be found. We know of, and remember them all.

SPECIAL ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Our tribute to Patrick could simply not have been put together without the enormous assistance of our cousins in North Wales – Ted and Eva Cramer, and Rose and Ken Wray, who provided so much of the vital information and chased up every query raised.

THE CRAMER FAMILY

PATRICK JOSEPH CRAMER • ROSE MARY SCOTT

CHILDREN

Berenice Clare
Valerie Rose
Terence Patrick

GRANDCHILDREN

Anthony Scott
Susan Margaret
Gary John
Peter Lawrence
Mark Terence
David James
Sharron Rosemarie
Lisa Anne
Rosemary Clare
Jennifer Catherine

GREAT GRANDCHILDREN

Rebecca Clare
Kathleen Rose
Benjamin Michael
Kyle Peter
Anna Margaret
Jonathan Luke
Lauren Elizabeth
Cara Susan
Beau Lawrence
Taylah Leigh
Emily Grace
Siena Rose
Olivia Faith
Angelica Serene
Miriam Rose
Sophia Hope
Patrick John
Laura Elise

SALUTATIONS

Hushed ayes I heard over bogland and turf....

We did not have the opportunity to say ave,
so we now salute you Patrick Cramer.

We set out to find out more about you.

What we found gave us much satisfaction
and a measure of contentment.

We salute and thank the many people who have helped us put
together the story of Patrick with information, support and
encouragement.

| | |
|---------------|-----------------|
| Laurie Wood | George Carroll |
| Rose Wray | Joy Martin |
| Ted Cramer | Assheton Taylor |
| Eva Cramer | John Laming |
| Ken Wray | Hugh Dawson |
| Gordon Cramer | Judy Jarvis |
| Ross Barnes | Jack Evans |
| Clare Scott | Charles Baird |
| Mark Wood | Joan Gentle |
| John Ryan | George Bailey |

Special thanks to Rosemary Wood for all her time, expertise, feeling,
and interest.

Berenice • Valerie • Terry

Now we know a little more.

PART TWO

Alaté

Dedication

To:

The crew of M.J. Ryan

The crew of G.M. Pettigrew

The families of the crews

The many people who provided the information and
inspiration for us to find them.

"And, sometimes, 'Come in Spinner,' laugh the gods.

Yet the felled tree ever

Sprouts from the lowly butt.

And 'Come in Spinner,' laugh the gods again.

"Well, who'd believe it - tails,! My empty pocket cries.

But still there blooms my unabated spring."

Come In Spinner, Ian Mudie.

FOREWORD

I am delighted and honoured to write a foreword to this book in memory of Patrick Cramer who flew as a rear gunner with 103 squadron R. A. F. Elsham Wolds, Lincolnshire U. K.. I also flew with 103 arriving there on 5th April, 1943. The first day there my crew attended medical section to make sure we were fit.

At head of queue was an Aussie who said to me you a new crew? yes was my reply I then asked what's it like here & was told, Bloody rough Jock. This Aussie was then called to M.O & his name was F/Sgt Cramer, he had one foot in plaster.

It is quite possible that I rubbed shoulders with Pat again as one night around the mess bar I found an Aussie next to me and he broke into our conversation by changing into a broad Scots accent asking me "How are ye daen, Jock?" On inquiry, he said he came out here as a youngster. We then had an extra glass with my Aussie rear gunner joining in. We as a crew, captained by Den Rudge, a nineteen year old, set off on the night of 20th April to a place on the Baltic coast called Stettin. Another Scots pilot, Sgt Pettigrew, flew also that night and Pat Cramer was his rear gunner. Saldy their aircraft and another 20 failed to return. It was bright moonlight and the raid was carried out at low level in an attempt to avoid fighters.

Pat must have been a real press-on type what with a plaster on his foot, and flying with a new crew,

he was a typical aussie type & much respected by all & his family can be very proud of him. At the going down of the sun we will always remember lads like Pat Cramer.
Charlie Baird

Charlie Baird

ALATE

Cliff: 28th March, 1943

"Rose 10 o'clock and called to see Goog. Ops on for us: clean guns and take to kite in afternoon. Nav. Briefing for St. Nazaire. Tea (eggs, chips & bacon). 27th egg..... 20-25 mile to Port on Fr. Coast. Sight target but think its only a dummy, not having seen fires of towns from air before. The whole area appeared like a smoking, blazing mass from 16,000ft. Rows of white light appeared to glow and dim alternatively giving effects of fire; green markers fell then red ones. A/C away from target along river and eventually identified target on estuary to S. of river. Make prep. To attack, still dubious, then find bend of estuary, turning on to target. Night fighter whizzes by on our reciprocal course. Red markers in sights, bombs away, bump bump ... As 10 x 1000lbs fall off bomb hooks, flash drops away, pilot does slight evasive action then red light appears on his panel & he levels for a few seconds; 2nd red lamp and off he goes nose down; search lights catch us, but we are able to wade; then the lot catches us and keeps us for some secs. Pilot does violent evasive action, during which I feel my feet rising off the floor. I take hold of side rails for support, then find loose rounds of ammo fall into nose of plane. We go into a dive on our back. "We're on our back" cries our skipper. "Jack give us a hand." I rush towards the skipper also, but he succeeds in pulling Lanc. out of dive and we're back to normal once again. Another S. L. picks us up but not for long. We make for south coast, then turn north. In our dive we had fallen 5,000 ft. pulling out at 11,000. We leave the enormous bon fire behind us and pick up the North Coast at - hrs at the spot intended. S. L.'s try to pick us up once more from the Ch. Islands but we succeed in outfoxing them. Pick up English coast 30 miles to S. B., arrive home 1:15 Mon. morn.

"Alan Egan had to land elsewhere owing to an engine being struck by flack.

"Supper; tea and sandwiches. Interrogation took place. Showed W/C where and why we went per such a course. Breakfast: eggs and chips (28th egg)."

Cliff: 3rd April

"Essen. Crew Sgt. Ryan (Pilot), P. O. Gentle (Goog) Navigator, Sgt. Cliff Stringer, Bomb Aimer, W. O. P. Sgt. Don Rose, Engineer Jack Erwin (Sgt.) Mid Upper Gunner, Ron Wakeham (Sgt.) Rear Gunner Pat Cramer. Aircraft 'U' Uncle – someone said 'U' U/S Bombload 1 x 4000 lb. (cookie) 12 cans incendiaries . 6 cans 30 lb and 6 cans 4 lb. Target Essen. Krupps works. Ruhr on "Happy Valley". Conditions 10/10 cloud. No sign of coastline. Noticed some flack on port, after we cross coast. Also some visual lorenz landing grounds. Clouds being less thick as we approach target which can be seen some 100 mile away. Three cones of searchlights, each of 20 to 30 S/L, appear to have a/c in beams. We decide to go in between 2 cones, as we do one lot of cones is extinguished; we wait – the predictors must be at work – sure enough; flash! We are caught in the beam of a master S/L. Violent evasive action at 17,500 ft. ('U' Uncle could not climb any higher) Other S/L come up at us until we are in the midst of 30 of them. We continue evasive action diving and slipping without avail. The pilot yells "give us a hand, we're on our back". Recovers – "Shall I let bombs go" asks B. A. "Yes" answers pilot. We were not quite on the target, however the aircraft is out of control. We could not jink out of the predicament, so "Bomb doors open", then a long wait of 90 secs before; "Bombs gone". The M. U. observes a flash of explosion beneath our plane and R. G. notices parts of a/c scattering to the rear. We have lost our ailerons. "Bale out!" orders the skipper. The B/A endeavours to clip on a parachute, but has difficulty. "Don't go" yells our pilot, he has the a/c under control, but is unable to jink. We have dropped to 8,000 ft, and we have more S/L's on us. We dive and get rid of them and off we go crippled. Pat is off the intercom. W. O. P. goes aft. Engineer goes off to attend to Pat. B/A is ordered to take over from E. Pat seems to be only semi-conscious: he is revived from oxygen from emergency bottle. B/A helps him to rest bed, where he is given oxygen from main supply. B/A then takes over rear turret having to administer oxygen through tube 'placed in mouth' as there is no connecting tube on mask. We leave target behind, but can still see it for 80 to 120 miles away. We run into cloud (above it). As we are about to cross coast "Womp!" that must have hit us; nose down; Look up and see puffs of smoke; Predictor flack very accurate. Some minutes after Spia 3 our late S. O. S. S/L's on our coast wave to us and we call up Darkey without reply. Fire off colour of day and later get green from Dome control. Do a wide flat turn and land safely, all the crew having braced itself in the event of broken U/C. Pilot calls up control clear of runway – later discovered it was a grass drome – no runway."

Cliff: Sunday 4th April

"Brief intelligence. Lunch. Called for in afternoon by another Lanc. crew and home safely 7:15. Tea and shower and bed."

THE ORIGINAL CREW

The Original Crew, with M. J. Ryan as skipper, flew just two overseas ops together – St. Nazaire 28/29th March and Essen 3/4th April, 1943. Both these flights are graphically described by Cliff Stringer (Bomb Aimer) and Patrick Cramer (Rear Gunner) from opposite ends of the aircraft. This indeed is a rare recording of Lancaster action.

We were unsure about the Flight Engineer and the Mid Upper Gunner. It has been confirmed that Sgt. Jack Irwin was F.E. and Sgt. Ron Wakeham was M.U. Gunner. Both were R.A.F. men. Patrick was stood down (medically unfit) after Essen and was replaced by Sgt. Les Waters as Rear Gunner.

Between 4th April and 20th April, Ryan's Crew (now with Les Waters) flew another four ops.: Frankfurt, Spezia, Pilsen, Spezia. They also flew Stettin on 21/21st April and had a relatively 'uneventful' flight. Patrick came in as last moment replacement with George Pettigrew in Lancaster E.D. 614. Due to his foot injury, Patrick should never have flown that night of 20/21st April.

Ryan's crew was to fly only one more mission from Elsham Wolds and with 103 Squadron. The mission over Dortmund 4th May, 1943.

PATHFINDERS

The *Pathfinders* was an elite group of airmen in Bomber Command whose tasks included locating and marking targets, and making specialised precision raids over Nazi occupied Europe during W. W. II. Only the very best crews were selected to serve in Pathfinder Squadrons. Ryan's crew survived an amazing thirty seven missions in Pathfinder Squadron 156.

156 Squadron: Based at Warboys

Cliff Stringer: 12th May, 1943.

"As a result of this frightening experience (over Essen) 3/4th April, 1943, which nearly caused us to 'bale out' we, through the skill of our Skipper and the grace of God, managed to 'limp' home without ailerons to England. After completing 8 ops from Elsham our Skipper was 'requested' to 'volunteer' for a posting to a Pathfinder Squadron. There had been exceptionally high losses of Pathfinder Squadron aircraft, and at that time replacements were urgently needed. Previously when we first heard of P.F.F. and saw the golden eagle on the left hand flap of the tunic pocket, it was decided by all of us that that was not for us. In other words we were not going to 'stick our neck out'. Imagine how astounded we were to learn of the Skipper's decision, but, however our loyalty to him was such that we would not desert him; and almost immediately we became of, and involved in, the "Battle of the Ruhr."



ROYAL AIR FORCE
PATH FINDER FORCE

Award of Path Finder Force Badge

This is to certify that

PILOT OFFICER C.W. STRINGER. AUS 414098.

having qualified for the award of the Path Finder Force Badge, and having now completed satisfactorily the requisite conditions of operational duty in the Path Finder Force, is hereby

Permanently awarded the Path Finder Force Badge

Issued this 12th day of DECEMBER in the year 1943. A.D.

Air Officer Commanding, Path Finder Force.

CREW CHANGES

In spite of massive losses in Lancaster crews, it is of note that only four changes were made to Ryan's crew with 103 Squadron, Elsham Wolds and with Pathfinders 156 Squadron at Warboys. Les Waters was a temporary replacement for Patrick after the Essen op. Vic Hedges replaced Jack Irwin on 5th May, 1943. On 27th May Sgt Hickwing replaced Ron Wakeham, and on 29th May Sgt. Forster replaced him. We do know that Ron Wakeham survived the war.

AN EXCEPTIONAL CREW

Marty Ryan and his men flew an extraordinary 45 missions over Europe. Two 'tours of duty', 37 of those missions were in the Pathfinders, the last of which was Stuttgart on 26/11/43. They were not spared towards the end of their second tour, flying 6 times in the final 10 days. Unfortunately their war was not yet over. Like many Bomber Command veterans they then served in training units, which they considered 'fairly risky'!

And, 'Come in Spinner' laugh the gods again.

A DREAM FULFILLED

After visiting the Australian War Memorial in Canberra in September 2002, we vowed to find at least Patrick's four Aussie crew members – Marty Ryan, Eric Gentle, Don Rose, Cliff Stringer. We now knew that incredibly they had survived the War. A fair amount of information was coming in for which we were immensely grateful. However, no direct contact had been made with the gentlemen themselves or their families.

Perseverance finally paid off when, after an intense series of letters, phone calls and contacts, we had a letter about Patrick published in Wings magazine and a par in Veteran Affairs magazine. Within weeks the families of Marty, Eric, and Don had made contact – sixty years on. Cliff, "*The Champion Bomb Aimer*" took a little longer to locate!

Here are their stories:

*Time is not measured by the years of your life,
But by the deeds that you do and the love that you give.*

Marty Ryan. D.F.C., Bar.

Martin John Ryan was born on 8th February, 1915 in Adelaide. He was the eldest of three boys. In 1934 he started at "The News" as a phone boy, typing stories told to him through a headset. In 1936 he went to Broken Hill to a secretarial job with the Zinc Corporation. Some of his old News colleagues were at the "Barrier Miner" and when war broke out he and a few others went down to Adelaide to join the A.I.F. Martin as a mine worker was not allowed to enlist. Back in Broken Hill he went to flying lessons with the Aero Club. In 1941, pilot's licence in hand, the R. A. A. F. could not refuse him, and he went to Britain on the Queen Mary.

He flew beyond normal operational limits and earned the D.F.C. and later a Bar. He ended the war in the Pacific flying Liberators. Generous Americans gave him a new engine when one of his four brought him down at their base, and Marty flew home to discharge and *Civvy Street*. Many years later the R. A. A. F. knocked on his door wanting to know what he had done with the missing engine!

Shortly after the war, he met Nan O'Dea and they were married in November, 1947 in Adelaide. Almost immediately afterwards he went to the Repatriation Hospital in Heidelberg, Victoria with an eye problem that had begun in Europe. With his right eye removed he spent months with his arm stitched to his face while skin grafts grew. He wore a white eye patch for the rest of his life.

Back in Adelaide he remained with "The News". He and Nan had a son in 1948 and a daughter in 1951. In 1955 the family returned to Britain where Marty worked at Reuter's News for nearly three years, then back to Adelaide and a long career at The News, Sunday Mail, and The Truth. He retired in 1976 to golf and fishing, but two years later he suffered a stroke. He beat paralysis, continued to travel, and took up bowls in 1981. In 1987 he suffered another massive stroke, and died shortly after in Adelaide.

"Tell 'Pop' that his state has produced a champ pilot in Marty Ryan."

Patrick Cramer

Eric Gentle. D.F.C.

Eric Gentle was born in Tasmania and his profession until joining the R. A. A. F. was a school teacher. Eric did not meet his wife (to be) Joan until 1944 when he was a guest (together with a lot of other aircrew) at her Aunt's home in the U. K. Eric had, of course being flying with a Pathfinder Squadron. After finishing his tours of duty they married in July, 1945. At this time, Eric was in charge of all the returning P.O.W.'s. After that he was sent to Germany in charge of missing research – locating airmen who had been shot down and ensuring they were buried properly.

A son Martin was born in 1947 and Eric and Joan came back to Australia. In 1948 and living at Schofields near Sydney, he was sent on the Berlin Air-Lift and Joan followed him, staying with her parents in the U. K. They returned in 1950 to Sale in Victoria where Eric completed a more advanced navigation course. He topped the course and was invited back to the U. K. to do an even more specialised course. Joan went with him. They returned to Townsville and had just over two years there, before relocating to Melbourne. Eric was at Point Cook doing the Staff Course. They were at H.Q. for about a year.

The next posting was to the Embassy in Washington D.C., a great tour of just over two years. By this time Eric was a Wing Commander. On return, he was posted to Canberra for two years on staff, then to Singapore. In 1963 Eric attended the S.E.A.T.O. conference in Bangkok. Joan was on holiday on the N.S.W. south coast. Back in Australia again Eric was driving down to the south coast to meet his family when he was tragically killed in a motor vehicle accident – ironically, the only car on the road at this time, hit the only tree.



Eric Gentle (far right) and crew, Townsville, 1954

Don Rose. D.F.C.

Don Rose was born in Bunbury (W. A.) a port approximately 20 Km from Burekup. After attending Bunbury high school he worked on the family farm near Burekup. He joined the R. A. A. F. in 1941 and trained as a wireless operator at .Ballarat, Victoria. In early 1942 he departed Sydney for England.

Joan Rose:

"The air force boys just hated leaving their families at home with the danger of the Japanese invasion of Australia at that time. There were Japanese planes and ships in the Pacific Ocean. Don went through the Panama Canal into the Atlantic Ocean, where there were German U Boats. They eventually arrived at Liverpool in England in an air raid! What a welcome!"

After the war Joan and Don met in 1948 whilst Don was working on the family farm "Ventonia" and married in 1950. They then lived at "Ventonia". Don's father was killed in 1927 in a level crossing accident at Burekup. Don was just seven years of age. He came home to the family farm after the war. Don had several small strokes and later died on 15th November 1993.

Clifford Wadoux Stringer. D.F.C.

The elusive fourth man (Found for us by Frances French.)

Cliff Stringer was born in the village of Dilby near Childers, Queensland, on 10th August, 1911, the twelfth child of Henry and Emma Stringer. He was educated in Childers and Bundaberg and later at the Teachers' Training College in Brisbane. His expertise so impressed the education department, it was suggested he teach singing to the children of other local schools. He formed successful school choirs and so began the education department's scheme of visiting musical specialists.

In 1941 he enlisted in the R. A. A. F. He of course later became a Pathfinder and was awarded the D.F.C. for courage in action. After his discharge, he remained in the Air Force Reserve until 1960.

Lillian Ellwood was a music teacher in Stanthorpe. They fell in love and shared their passion for music with many people. Cliff returned to his musical work in Brisbane and later Bundaberg. In 1966 he formed a choir of young voices known as the Sunshine Singers and he became known as *The Sunshine Man*. Upon retirement in 1977, Cliff and Lillian moved to Maleny where they were greatly involved with local issues. Their home was open to many visitors. In 1992 they moved into a retirement unit. Lillian died in 1994 after a short illness.

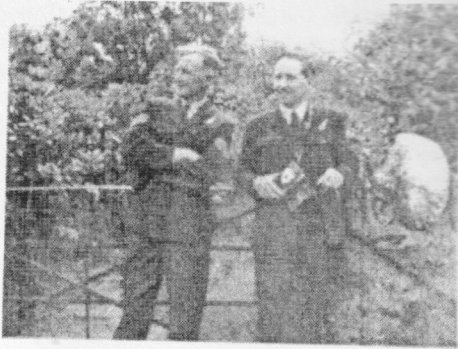
Cliff was the only Aussie Crew member whom we found still alive. Cliff passed away on 3rd January, 2004.



Cliff Stringer, U. K. 1942.



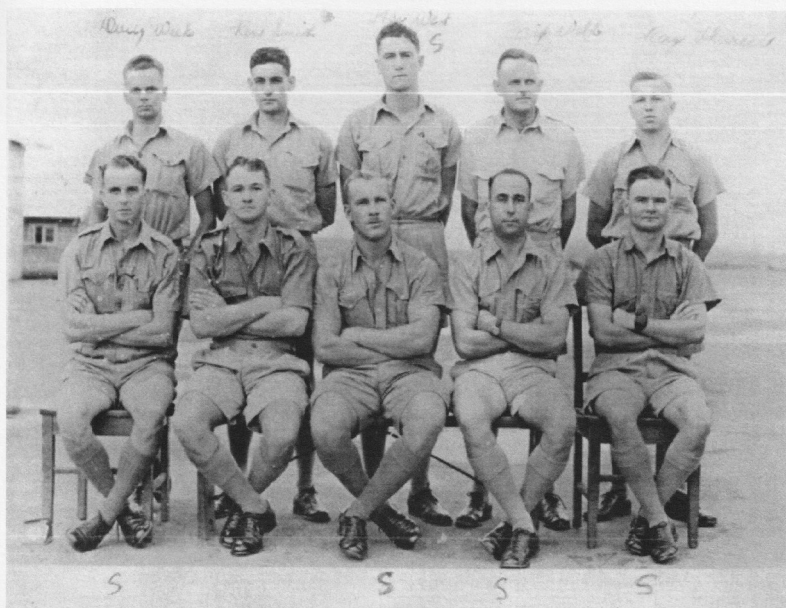
Marty Ryan and his Mother in Adelaide – departing for the U.K. 1943.



Vic Hedges and Eric Gentle, U.K. 1943.



Marty Ryan and Vic Hedges, U.K. 1943.



Cliff Stringer (front row, second from right) with training crew, Evans Head, Australia, 1942. (S = survived) and below, his citation.

ROYAL AUSTRALIAN AIR FORCE

HONOURS AND AWARDS

DISTINGUISHED FLYING CROSS

PILOT OFFICER CLIFFORD WADOUX STRINGER (414098)

CITATION:

Pilot Officer STRINGER has completed many successful operations against the enemy in which he has displayed high skill, fortitude and devotion to duty.

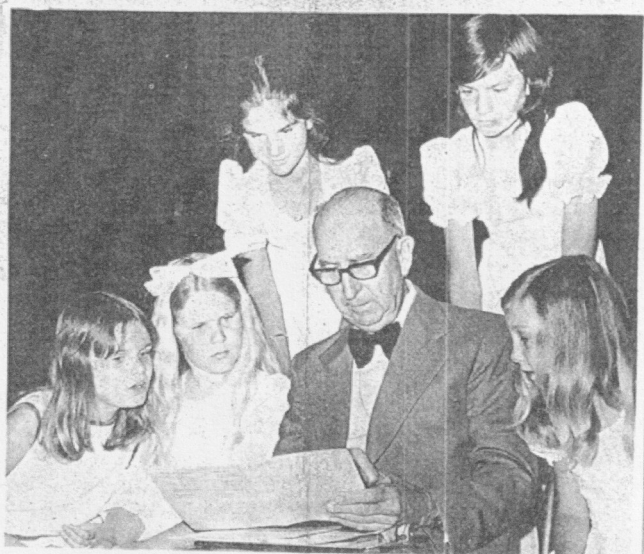
PRIVATE ADDRESS: Barolin Street Bundaberg Queensland.

S.A. Pilot's Narrow
 Escape Over Ruhr
 LONDON, April 16.—AAP
 The Air Ministry today
 states that twice within a few
 miles of a Lancaster bomber,
 piloted by Sgt. Pilot Martin
 Evans, of 488 Bn, RAF, was
 ditched out of control by
 the Ruhr on April 3. Evans
 ordered the crew to bail out,
 and ditched the bomber before
 the job was done.
 The bomber ran into heavy
 near the target area, and the
 crew were put out of action.
 Evans brought back the bomber
 safe.

CREW

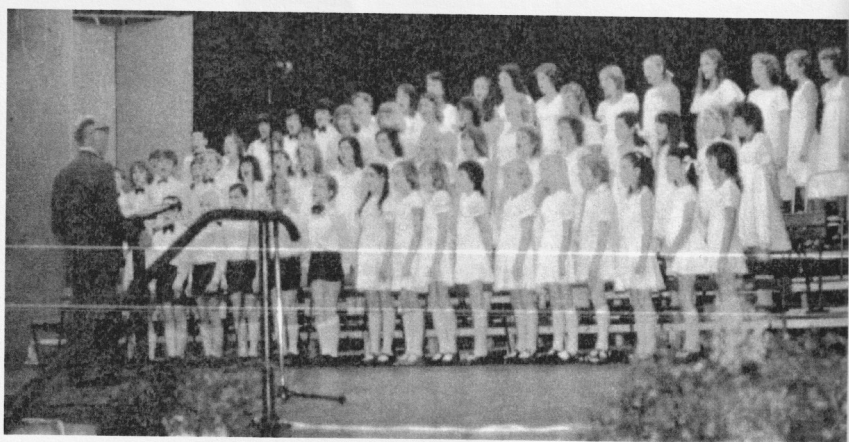
Pilot P/O M. RYAN
 NAV. P/O E. GENTLE
 B/A P/O C. W. STRINGER
 W/O P/O D. ROSE
 Eng'g P/O IRWIN
 M.V. GNR P/O R. WAKEHAM
 * REAR GNR P/O P. CRAMER

IT'S THAT SUNSHINE MAN



Mr. Cliff Stringer with his Sunshine Singers, Amanda Allen and Andrea Simpson (standing), and Margaret Lane, Irene Beimers and Tanyo Polok, before the start of their concert at the Civic Centre on Saturday night.

Cliff, post war, with his "Sunshine Singers" above, and his Youth Choir, below.



ALONG THE WAY

..... we met many wonderful people who assisted us to piece together the jigsaw puzzle which had eluded us for so long. We wish to thank in particular:

Joy Martin: Secretary R. A. A. F. Association; Adelaide, S. A.

Joy went to great lengths to assist. She provided the first positive "sighting" of Marty Ryan. Marty had joined the S. A. R. A. A. F. Association in 1948. He had joined the R.A.A.F. on 21/6/41 and was discharged on 25/1/46 and had been awarded the D.F.C. and Bar. Joy provided our first tangible link to Marty.

Dave Hitchins: R. A. A. F. Wing Commander (Retired); Tea Gardens N.S.W.

Dave had served 36 years in the R. A. A. F. seeing W. W. II service mainly in the Pacific. He was the first person to phone after reading our letter about Patrick in Wings Magazine. He was a friend of Eric Gentle and worked with him at Point Cook, Victoria in 1955 and told us Eric had been killed in a car accident about 1962.

Assheton F. Taylor: R. A. A. F. Navigator; Charlestown, Newcastle N.S.W., P.O.W., Author.

Assheton also contacted us after the "Wings" article. He provided wonderful information, in particular on Eric Gentle. They first became associated at Somers (N^o 1 Initial Training School) in Victoria in course N^o 20 in September 1941. Assheton was posted to the No. 1 Air Observers school at Mt. Gambier, S.A. in January, 1942. They both went to the U. K. and to Bomber Command. Assheton recalls Eric being widely known as "Eggy" a nickname related to his initials "E. G. G.". Cliff Stringer refers to Eric as "Goog"!

Assheton embarked from Sydney in August 1942 for the U. K. He served in 460 Squadron (Lancasters) in Lincolnshire and was shot down on a night raid on Munich, 2/10/43. He spent the rest of the war as a P. O. W. in Stalag IVB Germany (near Dresden). They were liberated by the Russian forces. On repatriation to England in May, 1945, practically the first Aussie he met was - Eric Gentle. By this time Eric was I/C of the unit and a high ranking commissioned officer.

Several years after discharge Assheton recalls seeing an article in the Women's Weekly featuring crews participating in the "Berlin Airlift" in which Eric was involved. Several years ago Assheton's signature book "One Way Flight to Munich" was published and is on display at the Australian War Memorial. He was interviewed on Anzac Day eve 2003 on Newcastle television. Assheton died later that year.

Hugh Dawson: R. A. A. F. Navigator; Killcare, Central Coast, N.S.W.

Hugh provided copies of several pages of the book "Black Swan" which later became of great interest. The name Alan Egan had arisen several times and Hugh was to provide valuable information on him and his crew later on.

Hugh Dawson embarked from Sydney on R. M. S. Rimutaka, a New Zealand line ship. On the same ship was Patrick Cramer.

Hugh:

"The chaps on that draft assembled at Bradfield Park N^o 2 E.D. on 15th May, 1942 and were to depart on 1st June and again on 8th June. The delays were due to Japanese submarines entering the harbour and firing a few shells."

The Rimutaka actually anchored on the night of 15th June in Athol Bay just off Taronga Zoo and went through the heads early morning of 16th June.

Hugh came from Cootamundra N. S. W. and joined the R. A. A. F. in Sydney on 19th July, 1941. He trained at Somers N^o 1 ITS, at Mt. Gambier A.O.S., at Port Pirie and N^o 2 BAGS and at Nhill N^o 2 ANS. He arrived at Elsham Wolds on 19th May, 1943. His first operation was Dortmund on 23rd May.

Dick Orme also came from Cootamundra but they met for the first time at 103 Squadron, as Dick had gone to the Catholic school and Hugh to the state school! Dick Orme was to be the Bomb Aimer in the crew of Denny Rudge, Bristol, U. K., a Lancaster pilot at 20 years of age. Mid Upper Gunner with Rudge was the Scot, Charlie Baird. Rudge and his crew flew the most famous Lancaster in Bomber Command E. D. 888. Charlie Baird has confirmed this. ED 88 had 140 ops. to her credit. They were fortunate to fly her when new.

Jack Evans: R. A. A. F. Navigator; Heathmont, Victoria.

Patrick's story was also published in "Odd Bods U.K. Assoc. Inc" and was read by Jack Evans. Eric Gentle's name leapt out at him. They had trained together at 2 A. O. S. at Mt. Gambier, S.A. They flew in Anson aircraft over S. A. and Victoria and embarked from Sydney on 3/7/42, arriving in Bournemouth 18/11/42. Jack ended up in 466 Squadron in Yorkshire, initially flying in Wellingtons, and later in Halifaxes.

John Laming: R. A. A. F. Fighter Pilot; Tullarmarine, Victoria.

Post War John worked with Eric Gentle and had the greatest regard for him. Although Eric was a highly ranked officer, John remembers him as a thorough gentleman. John has written his memoirs in his book "Lincoln Story Re-Visited". He has provided an historic photo of Eric and crew in Townsville.

Charlie Baird: R. A. F. Mid Upper Gunner; Glasgow, Scotland.

Charlie Baird flew 30 ops. from Elsham Wolds finishing on Berlin 23rd August, 1943. A member of the McGregor clan, Charlie's family was in the sheep farming game about 20 miles from Edinburgh. He had planned to become a vet but when war broke out he volunteered for air duty and became an air gunner in 1942 at 18 years of age. After completing his 30 ops. tour of duty and having a 'rest' as a gunnery instructor, Charlie got itchy feet and went back to operational duty with the South African air force over Italy. He flew another 30 ops. An unbelievable 60 operations in total and then back to the UK giving further instruction!

On return, he went into organic market growing in Scotland. At the behest of his co-gunner, Jack Kilpatrick (R. G.) he moved to Australia and worked for Bowater Scott in Melbourne. Charlie and his wife had two children Ian and Linda. Very sadly Ian was killed in W. A. in 1969 while working with a geology team. Linda is married with two daughters.

Charlie Baird is without doubt a most remarkable person. His whole story cannot be contained here and will be written separately. Charlie introduced us to Don Charwood, a mate of his in Melbourne.

Don Charlwood: R.A.A.F. Navigator; Warrandyte, Victoria.
Prolific Author, Signature Book, "No Moon
Tonight".

Don was finishing his 'tour' as Patrick and then Charlie were beginning theirs. He remembers Marty Ryan fairly clearly. He quotes Patrick's name as seen on "N^o 1 Group Bomber Command Roll of Honour 1939-1945" at **Lincoln Cathedral**.

Around 1986 Don was involved with producing the A. B. C. television documentary "Wings of the Storm". Also involved was Phil Coffey who was on Don's course at Somers. Coffey was the navigator for the Kemp crew in 103 Squadron in 1943. (Refer Battle Orders). The story is told, through Johnnie Johnston, of Egan's collision with another Lancaster over target. Only Egan and Johnston survived. Johnston died soon after the documentary was made.

Egan's crew were mates with Ryan's crew and the link in with Rudge's crew becomes apparent.

Beryl Beautiman of Bundanoon, N. S. W. sent us a photo from her W. A. A. F. days at Elsham Wolds of Don and his crew. They are the crew depicted in detail in "No Moon Tonight" and Don has verified the photo. His description of these boys at the Christmas 1942 party is a classic!



Don Charlwood and crew, Elsham Wolds, 1942.



Alan Egan (left) at O. T. U., Lichfield, 1943,
at the rear of a Wellington Bomber.



Alan Egan, Johnny Johnstone and Charlie Baird taken at
a reunion at Johnny's home in Melbourne, 1988.

Frances French: Aged Care Nurse, Malaney, Queensland.

In July 2003, the phone call came which was to uncover for us the 'elusive fourth man'. Frances French phoned from Malaney on the Queensland Sunshine Coast. She had heard that we were looking for an airman, Cliff Stringer. She was caring for a man of this name in a nursing home. The excitement was immense but Frances had to confirm he was our man and also contact Cliff's nearest relative, Claudette Smith in Bundaberg. The next morning

Frances phoned back and said, "We have your fourth man. I have confirmed it with Claudette and she will contact you." Claudette phoned an hour later. Our dream was fulfilled. We had the honour to correspond with Cliff Stringer through Frances who read the letters to him.

Co-incidentally, France's father in law is John Alexander French one of the most distinguished winners of the Victoria Cross.

Claudette and Lester Smith: Niece of Cliff Stringer, Bundaberg, QLD.

Claudette and Lester provided so much of the information of Cliff and the crew, and we are more than grateful. To read of his deeds then and of his life post war was inspirational.

George Bailey: Australian War Memorial, Canberra.

George is in charge of the Australian War Memorial 'Adjunct' in the Canberra suburb of Mitchell. During the overhaul of Lancaster *G for George*, George Bailey gave us a wonderful private tour of the aircraft in September 2002. We returned to Canberra in 2005 to see "*G for*" back on the podium.

Beryl Beautiman: W. A. A. F.; Bundanoon, Southern Highlands, N. S. W.

In 2003 Valerie was speaking with long time friend Beryl Beautiman and mentioned our quest. Sure enough Beryl had served at Elsham Wolds also. She provided us with the historic photograph of Don Charlwood's crew and the invaluable crew check list of 9th June, 1943.

Nan Ryan: Wife of Marty Ryan; Adelaide, S.A

Peter Ryan: son of Marty Ryan; Singapore.

The phone rang in the latter part of 2003. *"Hello this is Peter Ryan calling from Singapore. I am the son of Martin Ryan, Patrick's pilot in Bomber Command."*

Shortly afterwards another call: Nan Ryan, wife of Martin. **This was the first contact made with any family of the original Ryan crew.** Nan lives in Adelaide and Peter in Singapore. The information they provided has helped us greatly.

Joan Gentle – Yuill: Wife of Eric Gentle; Red Hill, A. C. T.

Soon after the contact with Nan and Peter came a letter from Joan Gentle. Joan was from England, and she and Eric married there after the war, and came to Australia in 1947. After Eric's tragic death in 1963 she later remarried and was widowed again in 1990. Joan knew Dave Hitchins well. Eric's log book and medals are held at the Australian War Memorial.

Joan Rose: Wife of Don Rose, Busseton W.A.

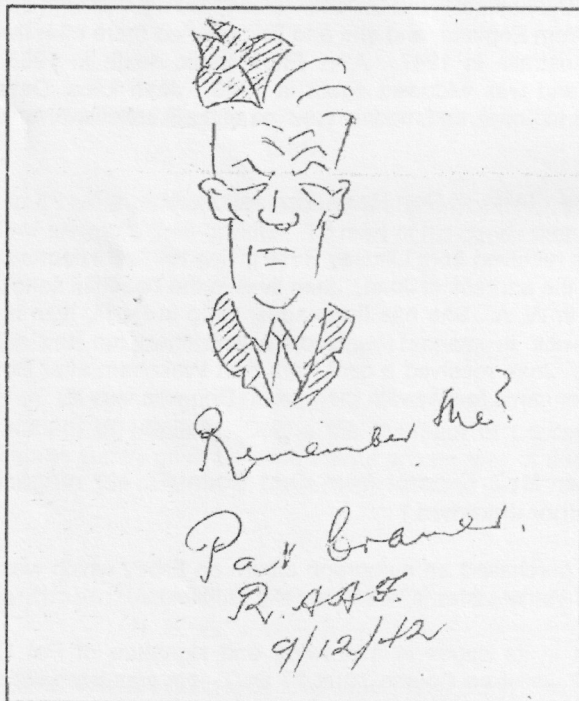
A card was received from Lindsay Rose giving the first information on Don Rose, and the address of Joan. Joan lives in the beautiful seaside town of Busseton in W. A. She has three sons: Greg in Perth, Ivan is a Qantas pilot, Warwick is married to Lindsay and they run the family farm "Ventonia". Joan received a card from Ron Wakeham after Don's death. Cliff Stringer came to stay with them when Don was very ill.

Remember Me? Excerpt from Odd Bods (U. K.) magazine, April 2006. (Author unknown.)

"I recently purchased an autograph album on E-bay which was once the property of Muriel Lister, a WAAF at RAF Lichfield.

"Contained in its pages is a drawing and signature of Pat Cramer on 09/12/1942 whilst on Course 30 at 27 OUT. He was later killed with 103 Sq 21/04/1943, buried in Esbjerg. See pictures below.

"We are still investigating Muriel Lister, but she was certainly musically inclined"



Remember Me? Pictures contained in this article which appeared in the Odd Bods (U.K.) magazine, April, 2006.

ON REFLECTION

Considering the thousands of airmen based at Elsham Wolds we found an amazing link with many of those who made contact, and others of whom they spoke. We are most fortunate to have also an Aircraft and Crew check list of 9/10th June, 1943 and Battle Orders and Report 13/14th April and 16/17th April, 1943.

The 13/14th April report shows the crew of W/Commander R. A. C. Carter on the Spezia op. as described in "Black Swan".

The 16/17th April, 1943 report on the Pilsen raid, shows the crews of Egan, Ryan and Rudge. It also shows Pettigrew's aircraft being badly hit by flak. We believe his rear gunner was lost here. Ryan's crew were in E.D. 773. Here for the first time we see confirmation of Irwin and Wakeham, and of course Patrick's temporary replacement as rear gunner, Les Waters.

In W. 4845 is Rudge's crew. His mid-upper gunner is Charlie Baird. Charlie's log book of April '43 shows he actually flew with Pettigrew on 19/4/43 as a replacement, but was back with Rudge over Stettin on 20/4/43. Patrick put his hand up to go with Pettigrew because of a desperate lack of rear gunners. On page 168 of "Black Swan" it is noted that Pettigrew's crew failed to return, and are posted missing. Egan's aircraft was badly damaged on the 26/4/43.

On the 9/10th June list we see Coffey (Wings of the Storm) in Kemp's crew E.D. 914 and Gamble (Black Swan) was with the Rudge crew in E.D. 888 (the most famous of all Lancasters). Dick Orme was also crew. Egan's crew was an unusual late scrubbing. Hugh Dawson was to provide the reason. *"You mention Alan Egan. I remember him.... As was usual in 1943, we tested our aircraft and equipment during the morning when an operation was on that night. On 9th June we took off and spent about half an hour on our test. While we were away Egan started his take off but the Lancaster swung more violently to the left than usual and he lost control. They went through a fence and stopped a few yards away from a deep gravel pit. The plane caught fire and was completely destroyed but none was hurt."*

On 25th June Egan's Lancaster collided with another on an op. over Gelsenkirchen. Only Egan and his F/E. Johnnie Johnston survived and were P. O. W's in Germany. Johnston narrated the story in "Wings Of The Storm".

John Ryan tracked down Alan Egan through the Blue Mountains and then to Mudgee. Unfortunately Alan had died.

Les Waters: Rear Gunner, *temporary* replacement for Patrick Cramer.

Ryan's crew finished over Stuggart 26/11/43. The exception was the Rear Gunner Les, who had one more trip to fill his quota. He joined another Lancaster for that one last job. He did not return.

"THE U. K. CREW" UPDATE

| | | | |
|---------------------|---------|-----------------|--------------------------------------|
| George Pettigrew | 972811 | Pilot | Glasgow. Aged 25. |
| Walter D. Ramsay | 1238287 | Navigator | Preston, Lancaster. Aged 21. |
| Archibald I. Mackay | 1559316 | Bomb Aimer | Brodick, Isle of Arran. Aged 20. |
| Arthur Daley | 47871 | Wireless Op. | Details unknown. Aged 24. |
| James Cooper | 542661 | Flight Engineer | Chorley, Lancaster. Aged 23 |
| Raymond J. Elkins | 976368 | M. U. Gunner | Abertillery, Monmountshire. Aged 23. |
| Patrick J. Cramer | 405676 | Rear Gunner | Hughenden, Australia. Aged 34. |

Spezia was again attacked on the 18th April 1943, and seventeen Lancasters took off. All reached the target except Sgt Burton and Sgt Rudge who abandoned their missions because of engine trouble. In full moonlight, the remainder, pin-pointing their way to the target, some crews bombing before zero hour, the flak and searchlights were erratic. Crews bombed on the markers, easily visible in the clear night sky. From the raid on Spezia all aircraft returned.

Two nights later, seventeen aircraft of the Squadron were crossing Denmark at 1,500 feet in bright moonlight en route to Stettin. Sgt Alec Gamble (Kemp's mid-upper gunner) recalls the trip.

"Op No. 20 was the worst! We were part of a very small force and we lost 56 aircraft. It was a semi-low level run until the Baltic when we climbed to 12,000 feet. We saw several low flyers shot down by light flak. On the way out we were attacked by a Ju88 over Ejsburg, Denmark. Arnold's diving turn was perfect. We turned inside the Ju and Billy Bancroft (rear gunner) and I liked to think we hit him as he soon disappeared. We had performed a perfect circle and Phil Coffey (nav) complained about the waste of time!

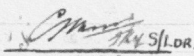
"We were also hit by light flak on the run in the north of Stettin. There seemed to be aircraft going down all the time. In those days the diving turn into the fighter's curve of pursuit was the correct procedure. Later, a special corkscrew was developed - I always preferred the former. Apart from the target run we weaved all the way to Stettin and back. Arnold complained that his arms were pulled out of their sockets. On my second tour we abandoned these tactics."

W.O. Ross did the recco on Stettin and reported that it was the best raid he had ever seen - the smoke rising as high as his aircraft (11,200 feet). Sgt G.M. Pettigrew and his crew failed to return from the target and were posted missing.

For the next four days the Squadron stood down. The weather was inclement so ground training took place.

Excerpt from *Black Swan*, p167-168.

| START OF 1 ST TOUR. | | | | Time carried forward — | | | |
|--|-------|-----------------------|---------------|------------------------|---|--------------|-------|
| APRIL 1943. 103 Squadron Elsham Wolds. | | | | 43.45 | 09.00 | | |
| Date | Hour | Aircraft Type and No. | Pilot | Duty | REMARKS (including results of bombing, gunnery, exercises, etc.) | Flying Times | |
| | | | | | | Day | Night |
| 8.4.43 | 11.15 | ⊙ | Sgt Rudge | Mid-upper | air firing Nr Mablethorpe D.N.F. | 1.40 | |
| 9.4.43 | 11.30 | ⊙ | " " | " " | loss country Whilly-Kinnaird Head. | 8.40 | |
| | | | " " | " " | crossing point (Atlantic) Bardsey Isle - Base | | |
| 10.11.4.43 | 23.50 | ⊙ | " " | " " | (Operational) FRANKFORT. S.W.G. 502A/C 21 MISSING | 7.10 | |
| 13-16.4.43 | 20.30 | ⊙ | " " | " " | 2 (Operational) Spezia N. Italy 2 (Diverted to Westcott) 1500 miles round trip 4 MISSING | 9.45 | |
| 14.4.43 | 17.40 | ⊙ | " " | " " | Westcott to base. | 1.00 | |
| 15.4.43 | 12.30 | ⊙ | " " | " " | base to Tangmere, with another crew | 1.50 | |
| | 16.40 | ⊙ | " " | " " | Tangmere to base. | 1.20 | |
| 16.17.4.43 | 21.10 | ⊙ | " " | " " | 3 (Operational) Pilsen Bohemia 2000 ft. Shaky trip. CZECHOSLOVAKIA Post office patrol tank held by flash N.F.T. | 9.50 | |
| 18.4.43 | 12.10 | C | " " | " " | Turned back from Spezia. | 4.5 | |
| 18.4.43 | 21.05 | ⊙ | " " | " " | Sibb crew U.S. | 3.20 | |
| 19.4.43 | 19.20 | T | Sgt Pettigrew | " " | single sea firing | 1.00 | |
| TOTAL TIME | | | | | | 60.00 | |

| APRIL 1943. 103 SQUADRON ELSHAM WOLDS. | | | | Time carried forward — | | | |
|--|-------|----------------------------|-----------|------------------------|--|--------------|-------|
| | | | | 60.00 | 39.05 | | |
| Date | Hour | Aircraft Type and No. | Pilot | Duty | REMARKS (including results of bombing, gunnery, exercises, etc.) | Flying Times | |
| | | | | | | Day | Night |
| 20.4.43 | 21.40 | I | Sgt Rudge | Mid-upper | (Operational) Station N.W. Germany 4 low LEVEL 21 MISSING | 8.10 | |
| Summary for April 1943. | | 103 Squadron Elsham Wolds. | | | | | |
| | | Day 16.15 | | | | | |
| | | Night 38.20 | | | | | |
| | | Total 54.35 | | B.P. Baird | | | |
|  o.c. B. Flight. | | | | | | | |

Charlie Baird's log sheets, April 1943, 103 Squadron

| DATE | AIRCRAFT TYPE & NUMBER | CREW | DUTY | TIME | UP | DOWN | DETAILS OF SORTIE OR FLIGHT | REFERENCE |
|--|------------------------|--|---|-------|----|-------|---|---|
| FROM 20.58 HOURS ON 13/4/43 TO 07.20 HOURS ON 14/4/1943. | | | | | | | S P E E I A. (Cont'd) | |
| LANCASTER I. & III. | | | | | | | | |
| | R.D. 751 | Sgt. W. A. Steel, Sgt. J. G. Fee, Sgt. P. D. Mitchell, P/O. R. C. Reilly, Sgt. R. W. Bennett, Sgt. A. N. Birch, Sgt. S. L. Holland. | No cause maximum damage to target area. | 20.50 | | 06.22 | | |
| | W. 4337. | W/Comdr. R. A. O. Quarter, P/O. C. Mason, Sgt. D. Wilkinson, P/O. A. Robinson, Sgt. A. J. W. Smith, Sgt. D. P. Oliver, Sgt. N. Tenber. | | 20.13 | | 07.00 | | |
| FROM 20.58 HOURS ON 16/4/1943 TO 08.15 HOURS ON 17/4/1943. | | | | | | | P I L S R N. | |
| LANCASTER I. & III. | | | | | | | | |
| | R.D. 769. | S/Ldr. J. O. Pridmore, P/Sgt. E. Sticker, P/Sgt. N. H. LeVain, Sgt. J. Baines, Sgt. J. W. Miller, P/Sgt. J. W. Betty. | No cause maximum damage to point of aim at EISEL. | | | | Seventeen aircraft were detailed to attack this target with 1 x 4000 lb. and 3 x 1000 lb. G.P. bombs. Casseres and hickels were omitted. The route taken was: - BASE - 50.10N, 01.50E - 49.37N, 02.05E - 48.59N, 12.50E - TARGET - 49.37N, 02.05E - 50.10N, 01.50E - BASE. | A 133 |
| | R.D. 731 | S/Ldr. E. A. England, S/O. C. J. Pumphrey, Sgt. J. J. Parfitt, Sgt. J. J. Conner, Sgt. J. J. Woodcock, Sgt. J. J. Conner, Sgt. J. J. Conner, Sgt. J. J. Conner. | | 21.05 | | 06.10 | There was no cloud on route and the moon was full making conditions as bright as day. The captains were instructed (by command) to cross the flight belt at a height of 1500 or so feet, and to climb gradually afterwards to a few thousand feet for the attack. | S/DR. ENGLAND bombed the markers from 7,000 ft. at 06.18 hrs. |

Battle Orders for 13-14-4/1943 and on following pages 16-17 and 18-19/4/1943.

| DATE | AIRCRAFT | CREW | DUTY | Time | | DETAILS OF SORTIE OR FLIGHT | REMARKS |
|---|------------------------|---|----------------------------------|-------|-------|-----------------------------|---------|
| | | | | Up | Down | | |
| FROM 20.58 HOURS ON 18/4/43 TO 02.15 HOURS ON 17/4/43. | | | | | | | |
| LANDMASTER I. & III. | | | | | | | |
| | | | To cause maximum damage to point | 21.07 | 03.40 | | |
| E.D. 528 | Sgt. W. A. Steel. | Sgt. W. A. Steel. Sgt. J. L. Lister. Sgt. J. C. Bayliss. Sgt. W. Boustyann. Sgt. W. Hollands. | damage to point | 21.07 | 03.40 | | |
| LANDMASTER I. & III. | | | | | | | |
| E.D. 773 | Sgt. N. J. Ryan. | Sgt. N. J. Ryan. Sgt. W. O. Gentie. Sgt. W. Stringer. Sgt. J. D. Tope. Sgt. G. M. Atkinson. Sgt. W. Watsons. | | 21.10 | 07.08 | | |
| LANDMASTER I. & III. | | | | | | | |
| E. 4945 | Sgt. J. D. M. Mearns. | Sgt. J. D. M. Mearns. Sgt. J. D. Mearns. Sgt. J. W. Hindson. Sgt. J. G. Gifford. Sgt. W. Harley. | | 21.12 | --- | | |
| LANDMASTER I. & III. | | | | | | | |
| E. 4945 | Sgt. D. W. Judge. | Sgt. D. W. Judge. Sgt. G. Lamontson. Sgt. G. M. Antton. Sgt. G. G. Gifford. Sgt. G. Mearns. Sgt. J. D. Mearns. Sgt. J. D. Mearns. | | 21.08 | 06.45 | | |
| LANDMASTER I. & III. | | | | | | | |
| E.D. 769 | S/Ldr. J. O. Prescott. | S/Ldr. J. O. Prescott. Sgt. D. Mearns. Sgt. S. Blalock. Sgt. J. Torrens. Sgt. W. J. Miller. Sgt. S. W. Bosty. | damage to target area. | 20.55 | 04.45 | | |
| LANDMASTER I. & III. | | | | | | | |
| E.D. 701 | S/Ldr. J. O. Prescott. | S/Ldr. J. O. Prescott. Sgt. D. Mearns. Sgt. S. Blalock. | | 20.54 | 04.30 | | |
| 3 P R I I A. | | | | | | | |
| Seventeen aircraft were detailed to give the | | | | | | | |
| finishing touches to the raid of the night 13th/14th inst. | | | | | | | |
| with a load of 5 x 1000 lbs, 2 x 90 x 6 lbs & 2 x 8 x 30 lb | | | | | | | |
| bombs. | | | | | | | |
| The route taken was: - HARE-SILVER HILL - CLARIDGE | | | | | | | |
| - LAKE BOWERT - 45.39N. 05.53E - 44.12N. 08.25E - TANKET | | | | | | | |
| APPENDIX | | | | | | | |
| A. 13A | | | | | | | |

Date:- 9th June, 1943.

AIRCRAFT AND CREWS FOR OPERATIONS FOR NIGHT OF 9/10th JUNE, 1943.

| | | | | |
|-------------------------|--------------------|------------------|--------------------|------------------|
| E.D.769. I. | S/L. FRICKETT. | F/L. LANGSTAFF. | SGT. BLAKLEY. | SGT. MILLAR. |
| E.D.945. R. | S/L. ENGLAND. | SGT. FULFREY. | SGT. TORRANS. | F/S. BETTY. |
| E.D.701. B. | S/L. DAY. | F/O. UNWIN | SGT. COMER. | SGT. FREY. |
| E.D.612. A. | F/L. BROWN. | SGT. PARFITT. | SGT. WADSWORTH. | SGT. GANNON. |
| E.D.905. X. | F/O. VAN,ROLLEGHEM | F/O. PLINT. | SGT. BROWN. | SGT. SHARLES. |
| E.D.884. L. | F/O. EWER. | F/O. FISHER. | SGT. ELDER. | SGT. AUSTIN. |
| E.D.417. D. | F/O. CAREY. | F/O. LEWIS. | SGT. CLIFFE. | SGT. O'CONNEL. |
| E.D.767. H. | F/O. FINLAY. | SGT. GREENWAY. | SGT. MORLEY. | SGT. SAVILLE. |
| E.D.922. C. | F/O. GALE. | SGT. AGAR. | SGT. ROCTOR. | SGT. WILES. |
| E.D.916. J. | F/O. KING. | SGT. CARLIN. | SGT. VIVICE. | F/O. McLEOD. |
| W.4827. O. | F/O. HOEFS. | SGT. WILLIAMS. | SGT. WELAH. | SGT. FITCH. |
| E.D.878. G. | W/O. DENWOOD. | SGT. ROBSON. | SGT. WILSON. | SGT. LEE. |
| E.D.713. N. | W/O. ROSS. | W/O. DICK. | F/O. LEWIS. | SGT. BURCH. |
| E.D.942. D ² | W/O. RATCLIFFE. | SGT. TALBOT. | SGT. BRIBENY. | F/O. MONTGOMERY. |
| E.D.914. Z. | F/S. KEMP. | SGT. MACFARLANE. | SGT. WHEELER. | F/S. VIVERS. |
| E.D.904. Y. | F/S. STEEL. | SGT. FLETCHER. | SGT. ROSE. | SGT. GILLESPIE. |
| E.D.725. P. | SGT. POWELL. | SGT. MINGICK. | SGT. DUND. | SGT. BANNAN. |
| E.D.888. M. | SGT. RUDGE. | SGT. BREERS. | SGT. BROOKS. | SGT. FINEBAW. |
| W.4901. W. | SGT. WINCHESTER. | F/O. HEMINGWAY. | SGT. BLACKHURST. | F/S. WALSH. |
| E.D.751. S. | SGT. CHESTERTON. | SGT. JAY. | SGT. KING. | F/S. GOLDEN. |
| E.D.773. U. | SGT. WISMAIT. | SGT. ROBERTS. | SGT. THOMAS. | SGT. JAMES. |
| E.D.881. K. | SGT. PRESLAND. | F/O. OLDSBERG. | SGT. IMESON. | SGT. BLACK. |
| E.D.389. J ² | SGT. HADDMAN. | F/O. DAVIES. | SGT. CUTLER. | F/S. MORRISON. |
| W.4364. D ² | SGT. BRECKON. | F/S. ROSS. | SGT. BARLOW. | SGT. PEDDER. |
| E.D.396. V ² | SGT. IUNTEN. | F/S. COOPER. | SGT. HICKSON. | SGT. FLATT. |
| E.D.731. T. | SGT. SCHOLLS. | SGT. McLELLAN. | SGT. GIBLING. | F/S. TUGFORD. |
| E.D.645. F. | SGT. DASH. | SGT. GRANTON. | F/S. TERNY. | SGT. LYONS. |
| E.D.913. Q | F/S. MOORE. | SGT. LEWIS. | SGT. SWIFT. | SGT. SMITH. |
| E.D.646. V. | SGT. DAVIDSON. | F/S. COFFEY. | SGT. REED. | SGT. GAMBLE. |
| | | SGT. WIDGER. | SGT. BELL. | SGT. BANCROFT. |
| | | F/S. ELLIOTT. | SGT. BROWN. | SGT. HORNELL. |
| | | E/S. MILLER. | SGT. BRIDGES. | SGT. PRITTON. |
| | | SGT. FEE. | F/O. WYKES. | SGT. BIRCH. |
| | | SGT. MITCHELL. | SGT. DEWITTEN. | SGT. HOLLAND. |
| | | F/O. OSBORNE. | SGT. BRUS. | SGT. JOHNSON. |
| | | SGT. WILKINSON. | SGT. SAND. | SGT. MADDEN. |
| | | SGT. LANCASTER. | SGT. GREENWOOD. | SGT. HAIRD. |
| | | SGT. ORME. | SGT. ROBINSON. | SGT. KILPATRICK. |
| | | F/O. TRIBLE. | SGT. PARK. | SGT. KELGHEE. |
| | | F/O. ST. LEGER. | SGT. ROCKELEN. | SGT. McGILL. |
| | | SGT. MILLINGS. | SGT. BULLOCK. | SGT. ROBINSON. |
| | | SGT. CAVE. | SGT. ACKROYD. | SGT. JACKSON. |
| | | SGT. BELLINGER. | SGT. NEWBY. | SGT. GIBSON. |
| | | SGT. SUTHERLAND. | SGT. GOSBY. | SGT. FLANNERY. |
| | | F/S. CROOME. | SGT. ST. PLAMURST. | SGT. PASTER. |
| | | SGT. AIKEN. | SGT. HORNBLY. | SGT. PIPER. |
| | | SGT. McLELLAN. | SGT. R. DORR. | SGT. COUGH. |
| | | SGT. CAMERON. | SGT. WILLIAMS. | SGT. WITCHLOW. |
| | | SGT. JONES. | SGT. HAINWOOD. | SGT. LEPORT. |
| | | SGT. DAVISON. | SGT. WELLEN. | SGT. FERREL. |
| | | SGT. BAILEY. | SGT. DOYS. | SGT. SMITH. |
| | | SGT. CORCORAN. | SGT. ASHTON. | SGT. WILKINSON. |
| | | F/O. HAYDON. | SGT. WATKINSON. | SGT. COOK. |
| | | SGT. WOODCOCK. | SGT. PRICE. | SGT. RUSSELL. |
| | | SGT. FORGAN. | SGT. GILES. | SGT. GRAMPFORD. |
| | | SGT. BARRET. | SGT. BURGERON. | SGT. SWIFT. |
| | | SGT. RAHKEE. | SGT. FLETCHER. | SGT. MAE. |
| | | F/O. MACHIN. | SGT. WALEN. | SGT. LODGE. |
| | | SGT. JONES. | SGT. GEE. | SGT. CUMMINGS. |
| | | SGT. COMER. | SGT. ENGLISH. | SGT. GALAVAN. |

OFFICER I/C. NIGHT FLYING. G/CAPT. L.W. DICKENS, D.F.C. A.F.C.
A.M.P. SGT. CATTON.

Wing Commander, Commanding,
No. 103 Squadron, R.A.F.,
ELSHAM WOLDS, BARNETBY, Lincs.

Aircraft and crew checklist 9-10/6/1943.

From "Country Man's Diary"

Percy Izzard
U.K. Newspaper column
21st April 1943

The great oaks are never in a hurry to dress themselves for summer, nevertheless they have kept the pace set for all the trees by the years early warmth. Some are in the first stages of bronze-green leaf, others in golden green of foliage, just fully unfolded fitted with tender light under the sun.

Around me, the ash trees are a little behind them. They are just sprouting lovely fresh radiant tufts from their black buds. Now, the old sages of the weather told us, that means a season of little rain. "Oak before Ash, only a splash". they said. We shall hope for enough rain for all our good purpose.

With the coming into leaf of these two trees, the gaps in the face of the spring – green wood and along our tree lined roads are being filled.

POSTSCRIPTS:

THE BIG FIND

Berenice made one of the most exciting finds of all when she came across a tiny calendar of 1925. She noticed, on the back of each month, some writing.

Following is Patrick Joseph Cramer's record of his journey from Glasgow to Australia in July, 1925.

| 1925 | JUNE | | | | 1925 |
|-----------|------|----|----|----|------|
| Sunday | . | 7 | 14 | 21 | 28 |
| Monday | 1 | 8 | 15 | 22 | 29 |
| Tuesday | 2 | 9 | 16 | 23 | 30 |
| Wednesday | 3 | 10 | 17 | 24 | . |
| Thursday | 4 | 11 | 18 | 25 | . |
| Friday | 5 | 12 | 19 | 26 | . |
| Saturday | 6 | 13 | 20 | 27 | . |

PAT J CRAMER
LEFT GLASGOW
14TH JULY 1925
PER 10⁴⁰ P.M. TRAIN
QUEEN ST STATION

| 1925 | GLASGOW JULY | | | | 1925 |
|-----------|--------------|----|----|----|----------------------|
| Sunday | :: | 5 | 12 | 19 | 26 |
| Monday | :: | 6 | 13 | 20 | 27 |
| Tuesday | :: | 7 | 14 | 21 | 28 |
| Wednesday | 1 | 8 | 15 | 22 | 29 |
| Thursday | 2 | 9 | 16 | 23 | 30 |
| Friday | 3 | 10 | 17 | 24 | 31 |
| Saturday | 4 | 11 | 18 | 25 | L.A. PHILADELPHIA |

ARRIVED LONDON
7:30 A.M. 15TH JULY 1925
LEFT KING GEORGE V
DOCK, TILBURY ABOARD
DEBBIE WHIT EATING
LINER "SS EURIPIDES"

| 1925 | CAPE TOWN AUGUST | | | | 1925 |
|-----------|------------------|----|----|----|------|
| Sunday | 30 | 2 | 9 | 16 | 23 |
| Monday | 31 | 3 | 10 | 17 | 24 |
| Tuesday | :: | 4 | 11 | 18 | 25 |
| Wednesday | :: | 5 | 12 | 19 | 26 |
| Thursday | :: | 6 | 13 | 20 | 27 |
| Friday | FREE - A.T.L. | 14 | 21 | 28 | |
| Saturday | 1 | 8 | 15 | 22 | 29 |

SPENT THREE WEEKS IN
MELBOURNE DUE TO A
STRIKE BY SEAMEN. THEN
ON TO SYDNEY PER
SS COOMA.

| 1925 | SEPTEMBER | | | | 1925 |
|-----------|-----------|----|----|----|------|
| Sunday | :: | 6 | 13 | 20 | 27 |
| Monday | :: | 7 | 14 | 21 | 28 |
| Tuesday | 1 | 8 | 15 | 22 | 29 |
| Wednesday | 2 | 9 | 16 | 23 | 30 |
| Thursday | 3 | 10 | 17 | 24 | :: |
| Friday | 4 | 11 | 18 | 25 | :: |
| Saturday | 5 | 12 | 19 | 26 | 31 |

LEFT SYDNEY 1925
COMMENCED WORK WITH
W HECKEN DORFF
MILLMERRON.

SPECIAL ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS PART 2

**Elvie Taylor
Nan Ryan
Peter Ryan
Joan Rose
Lindsay Rose
Cliff Stringer
Claudette Smith**

**Lester Smith
Frances French
Don Charlwood
Dave Hitchins
Beryl Beautiman
Charlie Baird
Ross Bruniges**

FAREWELL

Eva Cramer

Cliff Stringer

Assheton Taylor

Jim Cramer

"But still there blooms my unabated spring."

*This book is for the benefit and for the family of Patrick Cramer.
It is not intended for further publication or sale.*

