

Wartime Memories.

By: A. G. BUCKLEY (Warrant Officer) Rear-Gunner 57 Squadron.

I was born in Southwark, London S.E.1. which is quite close to London Bridge and when my father died in 1930 we moved to Dagenham in Essex. On leaving school at the age of 14 I was employed as a messenger boy with the Press Association in Fleet Street, which is centered in the city of London and was the home of the many national newspapers that were in existence in those days. My weekly wage at that time was ten shillings per week which in those days money is fifty pence and out of that small wage I had to buy a monthly season ticket on the underground, bus fares to the local station as well as paying my mother for my keep. I later managed to secure employment as an office-boy with a firm of solicitors in the city at twelve shillings and sixpence per week where I remained until 1939, a year in which war with Germany was imminent and both brothers who were the principals in the firm decided to close the business and join the forces.

On Sunday September 3rd I was at home with my mother when at 11am the Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain announced that war had been declared on Germany. Within a short time the air-raid sirens sounded throughout the country and we all thought that we may be bombed and possibly gassed and I remember running to a neighboring house where *my* sister was visiting to hand over her gas mask. Every house was issued with an Anderson shelter which was erected in the back garden and covered with earth and as my mother was a widow and my brother, sister and I were likely to be called up for the forces the neighbor kindly suggested that we join the two Anderson shelters together.

At that time I had managed to secure a job in the sales office with a main Ford distributor in Dagenham and in 1940 the Battle of Britain commenced when hordes of German bombers attacked London by day and by night. As Dagenham is situated close to the River Thames this was the route that the Luftwaffe used en-route to the City of London and we saw many dog-fights between the fighters and the Heinkel and Dornier bombers and we witnessed many aircraft on both sides being shot down. We will never forget the courage of the Spitfire and Hurricane pilots in battling against overwhelming odds. There were air raids by day and night and we spent many sleepless nights in the air-raid shelter, the result was that we all felt very tired on the following day at work. I recall that then the September 7th which was my seventeenth birthday I went to the local cinema with some pals and during the evening a message was flashed on the screen warning that the sirens had sounded and requesting people who wished to leave the cinema. However most people remained in their seats, but in a short while we heard the sound of anti-aircraft gun fire and the thud-thud of bombs falling and we were informed that the doors had been locked and nobody would be able to leave until the all-clear had sounded. Some brave people went on to the stage and started singing, telling jokes and playing the harmonica, eventually our courage deserted us and we sat quietly in the seats wondering what was going to happen next until three in the morning when the all-clear sounded and we were Jet out only to discover that quite a lot of damage had been caused and, tank traps had been erected as the Germans had made an unsuccessful invasion attempt and our navy had sunk the landing barges carrying German troops. The failed adventure was known as "Operation Sea-Lion" and although the event was played down, my brother-in-law was serving on a minesweeper at the time and confirmed that his ship had sunk several of the barges.

Throughout 1940 the air raids continued day and night and if the sirens sounded when we were at work we had to file into a pavement street shelter. I had for years been a member of Kingsley Hall as a cub scout, later a member of the Youth Club and some of our friends who were of age were joining the forces and I remember one who had joined the air force and came home as a pilot officer wearing his pilot's wings and. I then decided that I would volunteer for aircrew duties.

On March 1941 I joined the Royal Air Force and. reported to the London and North Eastern Railway Headquarters where we were given a strict medical examination and. an intelligence test and was accepted to train as a Wireless Operator/air-gunner and was sent to Padgate in Lancashire to be kitted out. I remember that my mother gave me five pounds which *was* quite a lot in those days and sewed the note inside my jacket despite my protests, however she was right for the next morning some of my colleagues had had their wallets stolen during the night. The next few days were spent in getting kitted out with our

uniforms and other items and attending lectures of our future training and the strict discipline that we can expect. Our next move was to Blackpoll a town that during the whole war had never had a bomb dropped on it despite the fact that there was about three hundred and fifty thousand men and women based there. We were billeted in private houses in the town and were fed by the house owners most of whom were very kind to us. During the day we were occupied with lectures and with six hours morse code training in the Winter Gardens where the pass rate was twenty-two words a minute, which required much concentration. Every day we spent an hour or so drilling on Blackpoll Front so with pay of ten shillings each week there was little money available for pleasure. The beat drill squad was awarded a week-end pass otherwise we had to wait for three months before we were allowed a pass. There were many sporting and entertaining personalities stationed in Blackpool and in our squad the drill corporals were Max Wall a leading comedian before and after the war and Danny O'Dea who plays the short sighted man in the "Last of the Summer Vine" series. After a few months we were posted to Yatesbury in Wiltshire for an eight-month wireless course. On completion of our training we were very surprised to be told that with the production of the four-engine bomber a separate wireless operator and two gunners will be required in the future and we were given the option of being posted as a ground operator for at least six months or going on the air-gunnery course straight away, which I decided to accept.

I was posted to Morpeth in Northumberland for my gunnery course and before I was due to leave my sister who was in the WAAF, the women's Air Force, wrote to me and suggested that I apply to be posted to Stormydown Gunnery School which was only five miles from St. Athan in Glamorgan where she was stationed as we had not seen each other for over a year. My request was immediately turned down as the postings had already been approved by Records but to my surprise a few days later the adjutant sent for me and told me that he had managed to have my posting to Stormydown approved. However, I was very fortunate for I learned later that the poor chap who had taken my place was in a Blackburn Botha with five other trainees when it crashed killing them all. Incidentally, my sister and I could not get time off together and I never saw her. At Stormydown we spent six weeks intensive training on the Browning 303 gun, four of which are in the Lancaster rear turret, two in the mid-upper turret and two in the front. Much of the time was spent on the range firing from fixed turrets. We had to learn parrot fashion and recite the internal action of the gun when the triggers are pulled and to strip the gun whilst blindfold. During the six weeks we spent only eight hours flying in the rear turret of the ancient Armstrong Whitworth Whitley. The turret was fixed and open and the Vickers gas operated gun was mounted on a bar, which held steady when we fired at a drogue being towed by the small Westland Lysander. Our bullets were tipped with different colors so that individual gunners results could be assessed. In that short space of time we were passed out as Sergeant air-gunners and after a few days leave I was posted to the Operational Training Unit at Upper Heyford in Oxfordshire. Soon after we arrived all aircrews were assembled in a hangar for crewing-up when a pilot would select a navigator and invite him to become a member of his crew, then the two would approach a bomb-aimer and so on until they had assembled a crew of five who were required to fly in the Vickers Wellington bomber. I was crewed with Flying Officer Derek Reay and we flew on night and day cross-country exercises and I can recall one scary incident when on a cross-country to Liverpool, across to Newcastle and south to Selsey Bill on the south coast and then back to base. We were flying at about 18,000 ft., which meant that we were breathing through our oxygen masks about thick cloud. Above 10,000 ft without oxygen one could become disoriented and confused, however on the southern leg I was sitting in the rear turret without ammunition with nothing to do but look out. Suddenly I saw a fighter approaching and reported to the pilot who was preparing to take evasive action, the fighter came close and wagged his wings indicating that we were to follow him and we could confirm that he was British. We made a "U" turn and followed him back to our base where it was discovered that the navigator had a fault with his oxygen supply and we were over the Channel Islands heading towards France - another minute or so and we would not have stood a chance.

After completing our training at Upper Heyford we were posted to Swinderby in Lincolnshire, a conversion unit, where we were to train on the Lancaster and adding a flight engineer and a mid-upper gunner to our crew which now numbered seven. We took part in a leaflet raid on Angers in mid-France, which was occupied by the Germans the object of the leaflets was to try to encourage the French population there to end the war and also to enable us to gain operational experience. Fortunately we suffered very little opposition until we approached the target when we encountered some problems with searchlights and fairly heavy flak so we were very relieved to return to base undamaged.

For the next few weeks it was the case of getting used to the huge four-engine Lancaster so for the next few days we, again carried out day and night exercises which was to be the last step before being thrown in the deep end and taking part in the major operations over Germany.

We were granted leave with instructions to report to 207 Squadron at Spilsby where within a day or so we were selected for a raid on Berlin, which was known as the "Big City". Unfortunately as I had been suffering from a very heavy cold Flying Officer Reay insisted that I report sick to the Medical Officer, and although I protested as it meant that I would have to make up that trip with another crew, he reminded, me that I had their lives to think of as well as my own. However, I was grounded for twenty-four hours and that evening I stood with the crowd at the side of the runway to wave them off and to my dismay they did not return. You can imagine how I felt losing my friends and although I was very lucky to have escaped, I was sad that Sgt. Lewis who replaced me had also lost his life.

The next day I was sent back to Swinderby to be re-crewed and. within a few days I was posted to 57 Squadron at East Kirkby. Arriving at Boston one night I waited at the bus stop by the Ingram Memorial in the Market Place with my full kit, I asked the six airmen standing there what time the bus would arrive. They asked me whose crew I was to fly with and I replied that it was with Flying Officer Thomas; to my surprise it was he and his crew standing there. He asked me if I drank and suggested that we adjourn to a local pub so that they could see what I looked like. Our association has lasted to this day for over the years we have kept in touch and visited each other, but unfortunately only Frank Thomas, a retired Group Captain, and I are left although I am in regular touch with the widows of our navigator Sid Bradley and bomb-aimer, Charles Paton.

We commenced operations in December 1943 with a raid on Frankfurt where we met stiff opposition right from the French coast to the target suffering some flak damage and with the guns of the rear and mid-upper turrets out of action. On our return we were circling the base when I reported another Lancaster circling at the same height, the pilot told me to keep a sharp look out for the stupid "so and so" and when we landed the pilot opened the side window and asked the airman where our dispersal was, he replied "you cant park there Sir, some silly!!! from East Kirkby has just landed. It was most fortunate for us that the Flight Commander had also made the same mistake.

In November 1943, the Chief of Air Staff Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Harris had announced the commencement of the "Battle of Berlin" when he decided that his bomber crews would bomb the major German cities ruthlessly to break their morale and he was prepared to lose 500 aircraft in the process. During our tour we were to bomb Berlin on ten occasions as well as Essen, Frankfurt Stuttgart, Leipzig, Nuremberg, Munich, Schwienfurt and many other targets, with heavy losses on most occasions, for instance, on one Berlin raid we lost 58 aircraft, on Leipzig 78 and on Nuremberg 95 bombers were lost with a further 13 that either crashed on take-off, mid air collisions and crashed on landing. This was the heaviest Bomber Command loss in World War.

The German Luftwaffe were constantly employing different tactics for as well as normally attacking the bomber from the rear thus putting both turrets out of action and hitting the fuel tanks and also gradually climbing up underneath the belly of the aircraft, they started fitting upward firing guns. Most crews carried out a banking search every few minutes when the pilot would bank the aircraft to allow the gunners to search underneath. The Luftwaffe also started using the "box system" where their tracking stations would plot the course of the bombers and pass the information to the operations room on the station where their aircraft operated from. This enabled their fighters to remain airborne for a longer period as against their previous "Wild Boar" tactics when their aircraft would roam the sky hoping to down some unsuspecting bomber, which meant they had to land frequently to refuel.

In March we again attacked Frankfurt when we were hit by flak over the target, the aircraft became uncontrollable and we plunged from 20,000 ft to 5,000 ft. We were ordered by the pilot to prepare to bale out but the descent was so steep making escape impossible. The pilot and the flight engineer managed to hold the aircraft steady but with only the slightest movement of the controls the aircraft would be almost uncontrollable. When reaching the UK we had to fly towards Grimsby to make gentle alteration of course in an effort to land at East Kirkby. These events were reported at de-briefing and we were amazed the following morning to be told that there was only superficial damage and we would have to fly in that aircraft that night. Following further frantic protests orders were given to strip the wing when it was discovered that the main spar was cracked due to the force of the explosion and the aircraft would never have got airborne that night as the wing would most probably have broken off.

On one trip to Berlin we encountered heavy flak and night fighter attention and when we were over enemy territory the flight engineer Wally Adams reported that an engine was overheating and there was danger of

fire, it was therefore decided to “feather the engine” which meant that we would have to continue on the remaining three. On our return the ground crew were annoyed that the fault may be attributed to their negligence and when the engine was stripped down they discovered a large chunk of flak had penetrated the cowling and severed the coolant tank and all the liquid had drained away. The lads were given to keep the piece of flak as a souvenir.

We were part of a force of 100 Lancaster’s briefed to lay mines in Danzig Bay, a huge port on the Baltic, which divides Poland from Russia. I recall that when we crossed Sweden on the outward leg, which was all lit up as we were over a neutral country and our pilot jokingly suggested that it would be a good idea if we made a forced landing there. Our instructions were to approach the target flying at 100 feet over the sea in order to avoid their radar and to lay the mines across the entrance to the Bay to bottle up the many U Boats that were sheltering there. The enemy searchlights were shining at us horizontally across the water and we met heavy anti-aircraft and, machine gun fire, which of course was exaggerated by being reflected in the sea. We were relieved to get away from there and on the homeward leg we were approaching the Danish coast when we were confronted a massive bank of cloud and I had reported another Lancaster was gradually converging on us and it was later confirmed that the pilot was Pilot Officer Finch from our 57 Squadron. We both entered the black mass where there was a great danger of the aircraft icing-up as ice would quickly form on the wings with the possibility of the aircraft stalling and crashing. Frank, our pilot decided that we should climb out of it rather than to try and get below it and as we started to climb the flight engineer warned that the ice was thickening, the aircraft started to shudder and after what seemed to be an eternity we broke through it and emerged into a starlit sky and we continued our flight back to base. We later learned that Pilot Officer Finch and crew had not returned from his first operation. Over the years when meeting my crew we always wondered what happened to them and only last year when my wife Kathleen and I visited Denmark with members of our Squadron Association we visited many graves of wartime aircrew who had crashed there and among them we saw the graves of Pilot Officer Finch and his crew. Since the war the local people have beautifully cared for these graves.

After completing 12 operations we were due to be “stood-down” and we were preparing to spend the evening in Boston when an airman called at my hut and informed me that the Gunnery Leader wanted to see me. I was told that I was to replace a gunner in the crew of Flying Officer Waugh for an operation on Leipzig - it was considered a bad omen to fly on operations with another crew during a tour, but I had no option. The aircraft from both squadrons were lined up along the perimeter track and our aircraft was second in line to take off. The first Lancaster piloted by Flying Officer Murray thundered along the runway and we were waiting for the all-clear but it was immediately obvious that his aircraft was experiencing serious difficulties as he did a “U” turn and crash landed and careered across the airfield exploding near the road on the airfield boundary, The rear-turret broke away on impact and the gunner was dragged out severely injured, but his six colleagues were killed instantly. Although we were all strapped inside our aircraft and, I was wearing heavy flying gear, I, my crewmembers and those from the other aircraft, got out and dived for cover. After returning to our aircraft we were told that take off was to be delayed for thirty minutes and we had then to take off over the still burning wreckage. It appears that the unfortunate gunner eventually recovered and was returned to operations with another squadron and on one raid their aircraft was severely damaged and the injured navigator was strapped to the bed and given a morphed injection. As they were losing height the pilot decided to try to make the English coast and they could bale out on crossing the coast they opened the unconscious navigator’s parachute and lowered him out of the side door. The rear gunner who had previously escaped death following the crash was next out and the poor chap’s parachute failed to open and he was killed.

Returning to the Leipzig raid, again there was stiff opposition from the French coast and for my part it seemed strange flying with another crew for I was used to using the clock system when reporting the approach of enemy aircraft (the front of our aircraft was 12 o’clock, the rear 6 o’clock etc) to give some indication of possible trouble, but they had a different arrangement. On this occasion we were told that the Germans were using upward firing guns on their fighters obviously with great success for on this night 78 aircraft were lost. The following night I again was instructed to fly with Flying Officer Waugh and crew on an operation to Stuttgart which was less hazardous after which I returned to my own crew having missed the two days stand down. Incidentally, Flying Officer Waugh and crew were lost on a raid a few days later.

On March 30th we were briefed for a raid on Nuremberg and we were all relieved that the target was not

Berlin and thought it was much easier, but how wrong we were for it was a full moon in a cloudless sky which meant that it was a perfect situation for German night-fighters. We crossed the Suffolk coast and crossed the North Sea to Belgium when the German opposition commenced and we saw the odd aircraft being shot down. Over Germany they were dropping chandelier flares along the inward route and the night fighters were very active as was the heavy flak they were sending up. It was customary for gunners to report when aircraft were seen going down and we saw so many that the pilot asked the wireless operator to listen out in case there was a recall. When an aircraft is hit it sometimes explodes and with the cockpit exploding and the incendiaries burning the ball of fire hangs in the air for some time and together with the chandelier flares lighting up the sky the scene was horrific. The losses continued throughout so much so that some aircraft bombed Schwienfurt by mistake although it seemed to be a more important a more important target than Nuremberg. On the return leg we were flying through a mass of slipstream from the preceding bombers and we were very relieved to land safely at our base after such an eventful night in which ninety-five of our aircraft were lost, with a further thirteen lost through aircraft crashing on take-off, mid-air collisions and those written off after battle damage. This operation was recorded as the highest loss in Bomber Command in one operation during the war resulting in 545 men killed and 159 becoming prisoners of war. It was a night that I will never forget.

We were detailed for a raid on Munich and our route took us across France with a diversion taking us across the Alps to make believe that we were about to attack Turin and to lure the fighters away from the planned target. Before we reached the Alps we lost an engine through flak and as we needed to climb higher to clear the mountains the flight engineer expressed his doubt whether we would be able to make it on three engines and with a heavy bomb load, but we did, thank God. After successfully crossing the Alps we had to make a "U" turn and head for Munich, which was on the German side a short, distance away. The whole scene was brilliantly lit with flares. Group Captain Cheshire was the Master Bomber on this night, flying a Mosquito at 1000 ft. It appears that the Pathfinders had received such a pasting that the marker flares could not be dropped and the whole force were ordered away from the city and await a call to return. With aircraft flying in all directions it was most hazardous as more waves of aircraft were approaching from the rear. This obviously allowed the Luftwaffe squadrons to be directed back to Munich. Eventually we returned to drop our bombs and immediately were coned in searchlights for some ten minutes, as were some others in the same position. The pilot carried out corkscrew maneuvers the whole time without success and we were fortunate not to have been the prey of a night-fighter. Group Captain Cheshire was awarded the Victoria Cross shortly after this raid having completed over a hundred operations and in 1987 I was privileged to meet him at the Spalding Cheshire Home where we were visiting a disabled air-gunner. He graciously agreed to sign my logbook on the page containing the Munich entry and he discussed the events of that night with me.

The final operation of our tour was to Borg Leopold in Belgium the target being a huge German Barracks. We had very little opposition on the way there but as we approached the target the Wireless Operator Mike Kingsley received a recall message, as it appears the Germans were holding a considerable number of prisoners in the barracks. We were given the option of either bringing the bombs back to base, drop them in the sea or select a target to bomb. The Navigator, Sid Bradley suggested that we should bomb the Island of Overflakee off the Dutch coast, which was agreed. Overflakee housed a large German armory and as we made our approach the anti-aircraft guns opened up and I was relieved when we completed the run-up and the bombs were released. The whole sky lit up for some time and it was apparent that we had hit the magazine and the pilot said, "let's get out of here" and we made it for home. Charles Paton, our bomb-aimer was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross for his efforts. Last year I had the need to have a letter from a Dutch friend of our squadron translated by a Dutch businessman residing in Boston. During our conversation he said he came from a part of Holland that I had, never heard of and mentioned Overflakee. I related details of our raid to him and to my amazement he told me that he actually recalled the occasion. They said the Germans were moving the inhabitants of the Island to Germany so he and his friends stole a large rowing boat and escaped a fascinating story.

One amazing coincidence occurred during our tour that is worth including. We returned from a Berlin Raid early one morning and after de-briefing and our supper we went to bed after learning that four of our squadrons aircraft had been lost that night. Later in the morning we had to report to the flights to find out whether we were on operations again that night, which we were and the target was another on Berlin.

Outside the flight office were twenty-eight men from training school to replace those lost on the previous night. One of them came across to me and said he thought he knew me and after relating the various places that I had previously been stationed at. I mentioned that I lived at Dagenham and worked in the sales office of a Ford Distributor. He surprised me by saying he worked in the workshops there. He said that they were informed that they were on the raid to Berlin that night and although he felt quite scared, as I was, he felt a little easier meeting someone he could relate to and suggested that we could meet the following night for a drink if we were free, which I agreed. Unfortunately his crew were lost that night and I felt very sorry for them. At the end of the war I returned to my mother's home and managed to secure employment with the Prudential Assurance Company as an agent. After a month Kath wrote to me and said, she did not fancy leaving Boston and wanted me to return there. I handed my notice in and on my last afternoon the manager asked me to call at an address in Dagenham to deal with an enquiry. I knocked at the door which was answered by a chap wearing a beard, which was unusual in those days, he said "fancy seeing you" I said I did not know him and he reminded me of our brief meeting at East Kirkby when he and his crew had just arrived from training school. It appears that they were shot down and he was the sole survivor and when he jumped from the plane he collided with the tail fin rendering him unconscious and he remained that way for about a month in a German prison hospital, his mother being informed that he was "missing believed killed". When he regained consciousness he wrote to his mother and asked her to send five pounds to the girl at East Kirkby who had packed his parachute. The girl wrote back to her expressing her pleasure at hearing that he was safe and asked for his address. A girl appeared at the door and he introduced me to her as his wife. It appears that on being re-patriated in 1945 in the exchange of seriously wounded prisoners that she was the girl who had packed his parachute. It is my regret that I have never seen him since that day.



A.G. Buckley, Warrant Officer, Rear Gunner. No. 57 Squadron.

After completing our tour in May 1944 our pilot Flt. Lt. Frank Thomas DFC. Was sent on a test pilot's course and the rest of us went on extra courses regarding our respective positions. We then were posted to Coningsby as the 54 Base Test crew. It meant that all aircraft belonging to squadrons within the base, those that were delivered and those that had been damaged in action had to be tested, as well as those that when a crew had to abort a mission had to be repaired and tested. Among the aircraft that we flew on test were the survivors of the famous *Dam Buster Raid*, including the one of Guy Gibson, Mickey Martin etc. are all recorded in our flying logbooks This work gave us the opportunity to visit many places in the country to deliver or collect aircraft and sometimes transport air force personnel to their destinations. After fifty weeks we were disappointed to be posted back to 57 Squadron for a second tour on "Tiger Force" in the Far East as the war in the Pacific was still raging. We had our overseas injections, which knocked us up for a few days and commenced our training and to our amazement one morning that we learned that the Atom bomb had been dropped and that the Japanese had surrendered and our crew were to be split up and posted in all directions.

I was posted as the rear-gunner with Squadron Leader Mike Beetham DFC later to become Marshal of the Royal Air Force Sir Michael Beetham DFC, AFC to 35 Squadron at Gravelly, Huntingdonshire where I remained until my demobilization, my one regret was that 35 Squadron was selected to take part in a tour of Canada and the United States and as my release date fell during the tour, I was taken off the list. I have since wished that I could have signed on for a further year. I returned to Boston and Kath and I have two children, Graham and Margaret, we all live happily with our grandchildren and great-grandchildren in the Boston area. I retired in 1985 after a forty-year career in insurance.

FIVE GROUP 57 SQUADRON.

Pilot F/Lt R.D.Thomas DFC (retired Group Captan F.D. Thomas DFC AFC)

Crew Members:

Navigator F/Lt S. Bradley

Bomb Aimer F/Lt C.S. Paton DFC

Wireless Operator F/Lt M. J. Kingsley

Flight Engineer F/S W. Adams

Mid Upper Gunner W/O R.Young

Rear Gunner F/S A.G.Buckley

OPERATIONAL LANCASTERS. Posted at 57 Squadron East Kirkby from 10 Dec 1943

Mission/ Operations.	Number Air Craft.	Air Craft lost.	Flying Time Hours
30 June 1943 Angers	Wellington		5,20
20 Dec 1943 Frankfurt	650 A/C 390 Lancasters	42	6,03
24 Dec 1943 Berlin	379 A/C 364 Lancasters	17	7,92
29 Dec 1943 Berlin	712 A/C 457 Lancasters	20	7,24
01 Jan 1944 Berlin	421 A/C 421 Lancasters	28	7,00
02 Jan 1944 Berlin	383 A/C 362 Lancasters	27	3,83
20 Jan 1944 Berlin	769 A/C 495 Lancasters	27	7,58
21 Jan 1944 Magdeburg	648 A/C 421 Lancasters	52	6,75
27 Jan 1944 Berlin	515 A/C 515 Lancasters	34	8,42
28 Jan 1944 Berlin	677 A/C 432 Lancasters	47	8,33
30 Jan 1944 Berlin	534 A/C 440 Lancasters	33	6,67
15 Feb 1944 Berlin	891 A/C 561 Lancasters	43	7,33
19 Feb 1944 Leipzig	823 A/C 561 Lancasters	78	7,00
20 Feb 1944 Stuttgart	598 A/C 460 Lancasters	14	7,50
24 Feb 1944 Schwienfurt	734 A/C 554 Lancasters	35	8,00
01 Mar 1944 Stuttgart	557 A/C 415 Lancasters	4	8,50
15 Mar 1944 Stuttgart	862 A/C 617 Lancasters	40	8,25
18 Mar 1944 Frankfurt	846 A/C 620 Lancasters	22	5,50
22 Mar 1944 Frankfurt	816 A/C 620 Lancasters	33	5,67
24 Mar 1944 Berlin	811 A/C 577 Lancasters	73	7,42
26 Mar 1944 Essen	705 A/C 476 Lancasters	9	5,50
30 Mar 1944 Nuremberg	795 A/C 572 Lancasters	94	8,08
05 Apr 1944 Toulouse	145 A/C 144 Lancasters	0	7,58
09 Apr 1944 Dannzig	103 A/C 103 Lancasters	9	9,50
10 Apr 1944 Tours	180 A/C 108 Lancasters	1	6,08
18 Apr 1944 Paris		1	5,00
22 Apr 1944 Brunswick	255 A/C 238 Lancasters	4	5,58
24 Apr 1944 Munich	250 A/C 234 Lancasters	9	10,08
26 Apr 1944 Schwienfurt	217 A/C 206 Lancasters	21	9,00
12 May 1944 Bourg Leopold	198 A/C 190 Lancasters	5	3,17
		Total 822	199,52

13 May 1944 57 Squadron East Kirkby	Day 23,40	Night	227,52
31 May 1944 Test Crew Conongsby			
23 Apr 1945 Test Crew Coningsby	208,93		0,33

12 May 1945 57 Squadron East Kirkby

Total Flying Hours: 659,70