

ELSENHAM'S WAR



THE LITTLE NORMAN CHURCH ON THE HILL.

"MEMORIES OF A VILLAGE"

in

Commemoration of the 50th Anniversary

of

V.E.DAY.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The printing of this booklet has kindly been sponsored by Elsenham Parish Council and our 'present day' business adverts. We thank them for their generosity.

Thanks must also go to Sue Johnson, Ray Franklin and John Segar for visiting, and chatting to our contributors.

But our gratitude goes to those villagers who have shared with us the memories of their war. In such a small booklet it has proved almost impossible to include everything. Many tales told by several people have been included in the general 'story'.

As in places up and down the country everyone 'did their bit' and to all those, particularly our servicemen and women, must go our unending thanks, for without their devotion to duty we would never have had the freedom to even think of producing such a booklet.

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As a 'newcomer to Elsenham, (a mere twenty-one years), compiling this booklet has been a privilege. The small village which was Elsenham was very much 'in the front line'.

The proximity of Debden Aerodrome, Stansted, particularly with the arrival of the Americans, and the railway line, which the Germans seem to have convinced themselves was a main munitions route, made Elsenham and the area surrounding the village, very vulnerable.

Every resident remembers the many enemy sorties, the low flying aircraft sometimes chased by our own 'boys'. Most flew West to East with the main targets being Debden and the railway, but a few, by mistake or otherwise, flew East to West.

The worst night, and the one that stuck in everyone's mind, was the night the bombs were dropped on the Paddocks, now the Stud, lighting up the whole area, but the most frightening was when the bombs were dropped through the village. Whistling bombs, the V1 and V2 rockets, the dreaded siren and the shouts of the Air Raid blackout warnings were all part of every day life.

The population of the village was swollen by evacuees, the land army girls, and our own soldiers based at Elsenham Place.

Travelling anywhere presented a major problem with queues for buses often adding hours to a journey if you had a few changes, and it was often quicker to resort to a bicycle!

But people also enjoyed themselves too. The old village hall, which was next to the school opposite the Crown, was run as a canteen for the soldiers by Mrs. Tee from Elsenham Hall and a band of willing helpers. Dances were also held there, fondly remembered by civilians and uniformed alike.

Our two local hostelries played a central part in Elsenham's War. The pilot of the Hurricane

H.M. the
KING'S MESSAGE

broadcast on Christmas Day

AND I said to the man
 who stood at the
 Gate of the Year.

Give me a light that I
 may tread safely into the
 unknown; and he replied.

Go out into the darkness
 and put your hand into
 the hand of God.

That shall be to you better
 than light, and safer than
 a known way.

*May that Almighty Hand
 guide and uphold us all.*



QUOTED FROM THE WRITINGS OF MISS MINNIE L. HASKINS

repeat her stories without her consent, but it is enough to say that she was never without either chocolate or nylon stockings!

I hope that reading these memories will be as enjoyable an experience for you as it has been for me putting them together.

Lyn Segar.

which crashed near the Hall, mentioned by Gordon Barker, walked into the Crown and asked "How far am I from Debden?" The locals told him "Four miles as the crow flies, but seven by road".

"Not bad!" said the pilot, "I nearly made it!" After a phone call, and no doubt a few pints, he was picked up from the pub and returned to base.

There are many memories from those who are no longer with us that it would have been lovely to have. I remember one lady of the village amusing us greatly one night in the Robin Hood, with tales of the 'Yanks' from the Airport. I do not feel it would be right to

LONDON BLACKOUT



10.44 p.m. to 5.9 a.m.

Moon—8.37 a.m. to

1.9 a.m. to-morrow.

Lighting-up Time: 10.59 p.m.

MY MEMORIES OF WORLD WAR II

BY GORDON BARKER

I was almost six years old when Neville Chamberlain announced at 11.00 a.m. on Sunday September 3rd 1939 we were at war with Germany. I remember what was reputed to be the first bomb dropped in the country on Pimblett's Farm in Henham. A plane load of bombs were dropped through the middle of the village. The first was in Elsa Wood, the second in George Waterman's garden in Station Road, the third went into James Percy's grave in the cemetery, the fourth in the croak meadow in Henham Road, the fifth in the swimming pool at Elsenham Place and the sixth on Cumnegar Hill, not one of them exploded. I remember the bomb disposal squad digging in the croak after the war and having difficulty owing to running sand. I am not certain if the bomb was retrieved.

The anti-aircraft guns at Takeley made a dreadful noise. Tom Siney was in the Home Guard and one evening while on duty on the railway bridge in the High Street, an elderly man was making his way home from The Crown. Tom pointed his broom handle at him and said halt who goes there. The man said who are you. Tom replied I am a Home Guard. The old man eyed Tom up and down, spat, and said I'm buggered if I didn't think so, and made his way home.

Arthur (Bewy) Wright was fire watching one night in the little long thatched cottage endways to the road in Fullers End. Mrs Paul telephoned from next door. Arthur picked up the receiver and could not hear Mrs Paul clearly and so with the receiver still close to his mouth, said to his mate, come and answer this phone, its like a bloody bumble bee in a bottle.

George Jordon, a true village character, was put on fire watch with the Rev. Wilmot-Brook, this I am certain was done deliberately as George's language was often not the choice of the Vicars. All windows had to be covered to stop any light being shown. George could be often heard to call 'put that light out'.

The long school at the paddocks that was entirely built of wood by Sir Walter Gilbey in 1898 was set on fire by incendiary bombs, the whole village was illuminated by this massive fire.

A mosquito came down to the left hand side of Old Mead Road, and a hurricane came down in Park Field close to Elsenham Hall, skidding across the meadow and burying its nose in a laurel hedge, the pilot was unhurt.

Charles William Anderson of Priors, Tye Green was Head ARP Warden. The Head Quarters were at Miss Eleanor Bournes, the Post Office next to the Memorial Pump in the High Street.

A land mine dropped at the rear of Motts Hall, Gaunts End. It was very loud and rocked the village.

Ron Wheeler lived at 4 High Street and when he was a baby, the pram he was in ran out of the gate into the road and into the path of a large tank that was coming up the High Street, stopping just short of a collision.

The Royal Horse Artillery were stationed at Elsenham Place. The Officers were based at the Friends Mission House, now Harleigh House in the High Street.

I well remember the bombs that whistled, the V1 rocket (doodle bug) that went from east to west down the High Street, very low with an enormous flame coming from the rear. This crashed at Dazzles on the A10.

The dug out in the garden was roofed with railway sleepers covered with earth dug from the large hole in the ground.

The School's War - Mrs Rogers.

Although a teacher at Great Chesterford for 2½ years during the war, she was based in our Village with the Infants Class in the Quaker Chapel (now New Cottage, High St.), with a class of 56 children at one time, among them many evacuees from London. The playground was non-existent, only the walk way round the hall, which was right onto the road.

Gas mask practice was carried out daily, children and teachers together, and the little ones had Mickey Mouse type masks. These were always kept on the back of the chair - at the ready! The Air Raid Post, situated at the Old Post Office, was manned by Reg & Henry Butters, who would give a yellow warning and knock on the school door if the siren was about to go off. Then the children would sit under their desks and sing "Roll out the Barrel" and play percussion instruments to make a lot of noise and keep themselves amused. The children not only had to endure double summer time, starting school at 7.00am because of the air raids, but also the horrible smell of the school room in the mornings after it was used by the Fire-Watchers at night! (An all pervasive smell of FIRE!)



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The "NASTY NAZI" Nursery Rhyme.

"Sing a Song of
Nazi Birds with
Adolf at their Head!"



On the home front.....

Jim Harling had the task of a fire watcher at Fullers End and vividly remembers the night the Paddocks were set ablaze.

The "Paddocks Blaze" is also recalled by **John Pimblett**, of Tye Green. Two cottages also caught fire on the Green. The fire watching hut was built with bales of straw, and the firefighters 'armed' with helmet, stirrup pump and gas masks! Seven bombs dropped on John's land and he was paid 17/6d (87½p) to fill in each hole!

The school teacher, **Mrs Rogers**, was also a member of the ARP, manning all night the first aid station at Elsenham Hall with Peggy Rowland (now Mrs John Gingell). During the Battle of Britain they were on duty from 7.00pm until 6.00am the following day, and had to wait for Mr. Jones, Chairman of the Parish Council from Tye Green, who was Chief Air Raid Warden, to tell them they could leave their duties. Mrs. Rogers well remembers nodding off one Friday afternoon while taking register at School!

Mrs Phil Wood or Miss Phil Gray, as she was then, easily remembers the bomb which fell in Elsenham Cemetery, but mercifully failed to explode. She worked as a Land Army Girl at Elm Farm in Stansted.

The gentleman who became Phil's husband, **Harry Wood**, was stationed at an Anti-Aircraft Battery at Gaunt's End. Before Stansted Airport became fully utilised for war-time purposes, Harry worked on an earlier Search Light Battery at Thremhall Priory. As well as assisting the Anti Aircraft gunners, the searchlights were also used as beacons to guide our planes home.

Mary Blackwell of Gold Close was singing in the choir at Elsenham Church on the precise moment that war was declared. "Before I was called up", she said, "I remember clearly the Doodlebugs coming over". Mary went on to operate a capstan lathe making parts for Spitfires.

Miss Annie Harling has vivid memories of the Butters brothers, who ran the nursery and were Air Raid Wardens, walking up and down Station Road blowing their whistles. A local lady was so afraid she would go to her underground shelter in the garden as soon as she heard

What do I do...

when I send
parcels to the
Forces abroad
or at home?

I use a stout box (preferably made of corrugated cardboard) or a box with a lid which covers the sides of the box.

I give added security by an outer covering of linen, calico or sacking, sewn up tightly.

I write the address in bold letters on the parcel itself and *not* on a label which may get torn off.

As a final precaution I put inside the parcel my own name and address as sender, and a list of the contents.

Cut this out—and keep it!

*Issued by The Ministry of Information
Space presented to the Nation
by the Brewers' Society*

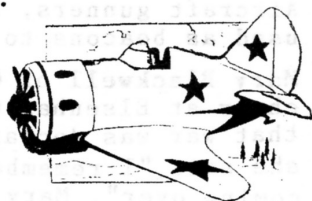
GOSH! I WISH I'D ONE O'
THEM DICTATORS HERE...
JUST FOR TWO MINUTES!



a whistle. Apparently she and her husband did not get on with the man next door

who, one day, after the all clear had been given, blew his whistle and down the lady went into the shelter where she stayed all day! The Butters brothers were not at all pleased when they found out.

Pop's father was a member of the Home Guard, and the uniform that was issued to him was three times too big. Annie also recalls Bob Childs, another Home Guard, saying that the war would go on and on and on until the Home Guard got down to the beaches to push the Germans out!



Pauline Rattey:- recalling one particular moonlit night said that even though the glass dome which formed part of the Elsenham Paddocks, had been painted green, the moonlight was still reflected from it. The Bomb-Aimers flying over must have been able to see the target with ease. Others have confirmed the accuracy of that bombing run, incendiaries raining down, the resulting fire lighting up the entire village of Elsenham. Another strong recollection is that of the Doodlebugs passing over her bungalow in Robin Hood Road, red flames pouring from their "Tails", the persistent throb and then the sudden and eerie silence. "You knew then that some poor devil nearby was for it, and diving for cover, you prayed it wouldn't be you". After an Air Raid she would walk the village streets and adjoining fields looking for shrapnel, but sadly none of these "trophies" remain.

John Rattey:- The "string" of incendiary bombs which were responsible for the "Paddocks" fire also fell right across Robin Hood Road. One fell in the back garden and John's father put it out by covering it with soil. The next day a group of local lads found an unexploded incendiary device towards Fullers End. It was duly carried home, and not surprisingly, much consternation was shown by John's parents when shown this "trophy". The local police were called and it was placed in a bucket, eventually to be taken away by the army.

Ron Wheeler:- Ron's dad was on duty at the A.R.P. post behind the old Pump House in the Old Post Office when the "Gaunt's End land mine" went up. His mother opened the door of their home, No 4 High Street, at the exact moment of the huge explosion. Ron and his sister spotted the first V1's to hit London while on a walk around Tye Green. They had been told to seek shelter if anything strange appeared in the sky, and so, as the rockets flew over, they both threw themselves into the deep ditch which ran alongside Fullers End cross roads.

No longer in existence, the ditch along



—STANDS FOR EVACS. OF VARIOUS SIZES
WHO FIND COUNTRY LIFE BRIMFUL OF SURPRISES

Stansted Road was where **Gerald Sewell** was told to jump when the planes came over. Whilst standing in the field where Mill Close now is, he saw a Doodlebug fly over, and while playing behind Mill House, a Heinkel light bomber flew over at roof top height, it's markings and the pilot clearly visible.



The streets of Elsenham would sometimes be littered with shiny foil, dropped to confuse the enemy radar, and a set of dummy landing lights were constructed behind the woods to the rear of Mill House to confuse the enemy bombers. Bunkers were built on what is now "Fourways", and on the Willis Toy site.

On one occasion rows of camouflaged army trucks were parked the entire length of Hall Road. Rows of bicycles belonging to both the British and U.S. Military Personnel were regularly "parked" outside the Robin Hood and the Crown. The Americans used to give the locals part of their "Compo Rations" to ease the shortages, and the Canadians sent over some Drinking Chocolate, which was very well received! Once a glider broke free during the training for the Arnhem Invasion and came down near the Station. Before it was removed it was guarded by soldiers in red berets.

But one of Gerald's most vivid memories was seeing the sky full of Sterlings, towing gliders on the way to the D.Day landings.

Corann Bass - has lived in Stansted Road all her life. When she was a small girl her sleeping accomodation was very unusual. Because of the danger of Bombers missing Stansted Airport and emptying their bombs on Stansted Road, a 'safer' place was found for her. She slept in a cupboard under the stairs with a pillow on a shelf! American trucks conveyed the evacuees living in Elsenham to work at the American camp at Stansted Airport. Corann still remembers their smart uniform and the way she and her friends would ask "Any Gum Chum?".

Olive Lodge - remembers well the first air raid on Elsenham on a Friday afternoon (4.45pm) in September 1940. When she lived in Old Mead Lane she and her mother were machine gunned, but luckily they were bad shots! She went to Henham School, and was sitting at her desk with her friend Peggy Turner whose head was resting on her hand. When the Doodlebug went off near the school the SHOCK made Peggy's head leave her hand and hit the desk! As it was double summer time and the U.S. Aircraft could easily be seen taking off from the Airport, Olive would count them out and count the number that returned.

Don Lodge - recalls easily the one hundred plus Bombers with fighter escort that were after Debden Airport and the Thaxted Railway Line. Smith's farm was mistaken for a factory and Foreman Turner was killed by flying shrapnel. Many horses were hurt and a land-army girl was injured. On another occasion two land mines landed in the Orchards near the jam factory. Everywhere was lit up by bright flashes and pieces of apple tree flew all over the place. A Mosquito broke up in mid-air and crashed near Old Mead Lane. Don and some of his chums had the unpleasant task of looking for the body of the Co-Pilot. Although he had baled out he was too low for his parachute to open.

Vi Franklin - "The peace and quiet of one evening was shattered by the explosion of a land-mine, which blew in the sitting room window of "The Bungalow", Stansted Road. There was glass and mud everywhere and a deathly silence followed. My father was on Air Raid watch and went to investigate. When he failed to return, my late husband Cyril, also an A.R.P. went to search for him, only to find that in the dark he had fallen in the hole made by the exploding mine! It was a long time before the windows were repaired, possibly due to the shortage of labour!" Vi also remembers sitting at a bedroom window and watching a Spitfire chasing a Doodle-bug across the skies over Stansted Airport. There was a sudden burst of machine-gun fire from the pursuing plane and the fearsome weapon crashed!

Mary Harling - (later Mrs. Clayden) lived at Fullers End. Her memories of the Molehill Green Searchlight Batteries, and the Paddock blaze remain with her. "When you are young and present at Elsenham's first air raid, you do what you are told". She was told to jump in the ditch!



THE RISE

AND

FALL

of **ADOLF HITLER**

Rationing

Clothes were on rationing coupons, but as curtain material was needed for the blackout, Mrs Rogers recalls going to Jocelyns to buy curtaining to make summer dresses. "Everyone was so good at making do and mending", she says. Her mother would give her her tokens to buy new stockings and take the old laddered ones to wear herself. They used to send to Wales for unwashed wool and dye it with permangnate of potash, which coloured it khaki, and would then knit comforts for the forces.

Miss Harling recalls "Everyone was digging for victory in their gardens, growing vegetables and crops for food. The flour was awful, like rabbits bran, and wouldn't keep. People were encouraged to keep chickens to produce their own eggs, as rationing gave them only one a week. Dried egg was used a lot. Sugar, tea, meat and fat were also rationed".



"Living in the country had many consolations", recalls Vi Andrews.

"There was no real shortage of fresh vegetables, and being friendly with a girl who worked in a local fruit shop meant that I sometimes got a few extra oranges! Shortages meant that special recipes were devised".



The Social Side of Life

Vi Andrews has many fond memories of the war-time dances in the Old Village Hall. One evening, walking home from a dance, she was stopped by soldiers in Henham Road. (Our army was billeted at Elsenham Place.) It seems that a land mine had fallen near the Paddocks, and for some reason best known to the Ministry, this meant that everyone was being stopped and asked to produce their identification.

"The makeshift NAAFI in the Village Hall meant that beer had to be taken across from the Crown", remembers George (Pug) Sandford. "One night midway between the two, as aircraft flew along the High Street, the call DOWN was shouted. The only damage was two pint glasses broken and the sad loss of the contents!"

During the war with beer being 'rationed' the pubs often closed at 9pm, not for the blackout, but to preserve some beer for other days. Landlords would open up at various times, keeping the undercover network of locals and Yanks working overtime to locate the "running tap"! This often required exercise with the aid of bicycles and cross country running between all the local hostelries, often not in any logical order!

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Go to the nearest Office of the Ministry of Labour and National Service—but do not leave your present job right away—and say you want to help. They will advise you how best to serve your country.



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LABOUR AND NATIONAL SERVICE

The Servicemen.

John Clayden:- While John was stationed in Greece, he met his twin brother Paul! Paul had been wounded at Casino in Italy in 1943, and sadly passed away in 1981.

Seconded
into the
R.A.F. from



-IS FOR KIT YOU SEE WHAT A MESS IT IS
WHO MINDS A BIT--ITS ALL BARE NECESSITIES

French's Engineers. Ivor Thomas used to try and get home every other week. On more than one occasion he flew home by Spitfire to Stansted Airport, and once, memorably, by helicopter right to Henham Road! On one of his visits home he heard the Doodlebug which fell on Henham, damaging nearly every house in that village, and it was the closeness of that explosion which finally convinced Doris, Ivor's wife, that she'd be safer living away from Elsenham with Edward their small son.



Harry Goodchild was in the R.A.S.C. and was responsible for moving petrol and supplies. He spent three years in Nth Africa but returned to Elsenham during the early part of the war when his young son had to go into hospital, living in Stansted Road. He recalls a rear window being blown in when a land mine went off in the nearby field. "All that was killed was a rabbit!"

Although in completely different Services, Frank (Essex Regt.), Joe (R.A.F.) & Ted (R.A.S.C.), The Robinson Brothers, managed to meet up from time to time during the war, spending quite some time together in Algeria. Ted ran a 'taxi' service in and around Algiers for the serving allies. Joe remembers stopping an Army truck in the centre of Algiers to be told that Frank was in another vehicle with 'No 7' on its side, and sure enough



that was the way they met! Joe was in Blida on V.E. Day expecting an early demob, as he was an early volunteer. Not to be - he eventually arrived home for Christmas! He'd had to escort a prisoner "live" from Italy, after having signed as receiving him in such condition from his confinement! The brothers also met up with other Elsenham boys from time to time.

Stationed at the Channel whilst in the army, Jack Bateman saw the V1 and V2 rockets launched towards England. Prior to the war, Major Dodd, then the owner of the Paddocks, employed German personnel as servants. Jack was certain that information on strategic targets was being sent to Berlin! The girls who worked at the Paddocks all seemed to have cameras, and during their days off visited Debden Airfield.

"Lummy, if I got 'old of him, I'd tear 'is Swastika off!"
"My! Ain't you bloodthirsty!"



V.E.DAY - 8th MAY 1945

Vi Andrews, together with "**Pop**" **Dixon** and **Mr Nappett**, whose home was at **Elsenham Hall**, helped with the V.E.Day party held in the **Old Village Hall**, (now the site of **Old Hall House**). They supplied the food and drink and afterwards sports events, races, and competitions were held on the **Cricket Field** for the young and the not so young.

Olive Lodge remembers going to a dance at **Stansted Railway Station** and coming home on the cross bar of a local lad's bike (name not provided!)

"There was one big party in the wooden out-building behind the **Robin Hood pub**", recalls **Maude Suckling**, and then quickly added that she was too young to go!

George (Pug) Sandford heard the announcement on the radio, visited the **Robin Hood**, and then a total blank!

The 5th birthday of **Ron Wheeler** was on the day before V.E.Day, so the **Wheeler family**, **Mrs. Hensby** and the two **Miss Powells** had a party of their own in the back garden.

John Rattey had been told there was to be a day's holiday, but not being sure, both he and his father arrived for work as usual at **Stansted Airport**, and were promptly sent home!

Lily Robinson was working at the **Haymeads Hospital**, now the **Herts and Essex Hospital**, **Bishop's Stortford**. All patients who were fit to go home were allowed to do so. Some, however, who were not so fit took advantage of the situation too. They all returned.....
...eventually, to complete their treatment.

Jack Bateman was on the small island of Folu, situated between Norway and the Shetlands on V.E.Day.

George Powell was stationed at Whitton on V.E.Day and leave was granted for the rest of the day. He cycled home to Elsenham, a distance of 44 miles. A colleague travelled with him to Newport where they said their farewells, but the last few miles seemed endless. On arriving home without any warning, he found his mother and father had gone to visit her sister in Waltham Cross, so undeterred, he and his sister took the train to meet up with the family. The return journey back to camp the next day required a detour around Cambridge as his leave pass had expired and he had to avoid any possible check points! Back at camp he was duly reprimanded as, not only was he late in returning, but he should have been on duty!

V.E.Day saw Archie Tucker in mid Atlantic, and in mid Pacific on V.J.Day. The main celebration was with extra 'rations' of grogg and other intoxicating liquor.

"The evening of May 8th saw Bomber Command staying at home, no more bombs to be dropped," recalls Ivor Thomas. "There were quite a few pints sunk". Ivor was stationed at Marham.

Stationed in Greece, John Claydon remembers, "We had quite a few beers. It was a wonderful day. You knew at last you were safe!"



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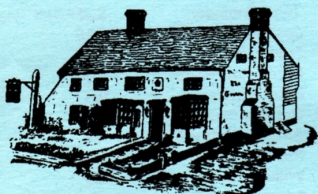
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THE CROWN

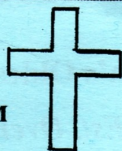
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HERE THENSTILL HERE NOW.

With Compliments

ROLL OF
ELSENHAM



HONOUR

1939-1945

Names of those from the Parish on Active Service
for their King and Country

Walter Andrew	RAF	James Lock	RAF
Arthur Azlett	SUFFOLK Regt.	Leonard Lock	RAF
George Barry	RAF	Leslie Lock	RN
John Bateman	RA	Stanley Lock	RE
Francis Bowen	IRISH GUARDS	Neil Macdonald	MERCHANT NAVY
Arthur Brooke	ROYAL SIGNALS	Walter Mackenzie	RA
Ernest Buttle	RAF	William Marlow	MERCHANT NAVY
Cyril Camp	RE	Albert Mason	MIDDLESEX Regt.
Catherine Chapman	WAAF	Minnie Mason	WAAF
Ronald Chapman	RAF	John Nunn	RE
Daisy Childs	WAAF	Mary Palmer	WAAF
Cecil Clayden	RAF	Reginald Palmer	ESSEX Regt.
John Clayden	SUFFOLK Regt.	Edwin Powell	RN
Paul Clayden	SUFFOLK Regt.	George Powell	RAF
William Collier	RAF	Sydney Power	RE
Frank Day	RAF	Fred Powter	5th DEFENCE Coy.
Albert Dixon	ESSEX Regt.	William Prior	RA
Joseph Dixon	SUFFOLK Regt.	Leslie Purcell	RA
Maurice Dixon	RA	Nichol Purcell	RA
Ronald Dixon	RA	Percy Purcell	ROYAL SIGNALS
Victor Dixon	RA	Alec Roberts	MERCHANT NAVY
Victor Dixon	RAF	Arthur Robinson	CARRIERS A.
Reginald Francis	ROYAL SIGNALS		Supt. Regt.
Henry Goodchild	RASC	Edward Robinson	RASC
James Harling	RAF	Frank Robinson	ESSEX Regt.
John Harling	RE	John Robinson	SUFFOLK Regt.
Leonard Harling	RA	Joseph Robinson	RAF
Rose Harling	Aux.NURSING SERVICE	Frederick Rogers	RAF
Spencer Harman	RAF	Bryan Routledge	RHG
James Hart	RA	Peter Rowlands	RN
Roy Hinks	RAF	Graham Russell	RAF
Ernest Hutley	SUFFOLK Regt.	Alfred Sandford	RN
Anthony Jack	RAF	Rose Sandford	WAAF
Evan Jack	RA	William Sandford	RN
Charles Jackson	RN	Edward Smallwood	RAC
Frank Jennings	ESSEX Regt.	Douglas Stock	RA
Sidney Keeble	RE	Rev.Philip Truswell	Hon. CF
Bernard Kier	RN	Henry Wise	RE
Stanley Livermore	RAF	George Reynolds	SUFFOLK Regt.

"Brethren, pray for us"