



[ No Subject ]

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From: "lillian larwig" &lt;lilarwig@swbell.net&gt;

To: "Lil" &lt;lilarwig@swbell.net&gt;

Pamela Austin letter: dated, 1st November 2009

Hello Lillian:

A very wet and Windy Sunday, so I have been looking for photographs.

You asked about wartime memories. I may have told you before that I was in the garden when Mill Road bridge was bombed. I was 12 or 13 at the time and was standing on the garden gate trying to glimpse a very low flying aircraft. Looking back over the house, I was horrified to see a wing tip lift over the rood with a swastika on it. I dashed back to the house--I never ran so fast on the track!--as the crunch of bombs assailed my ears. they missed Mill Road bridge but fell either side, demolishing two rail worker houses. Michael Bowyer, the historian told me they were after the engine turntable on Cambridge station. About 50 years later, a lovely ginger cat called Winston, used to visit me for tidbits. Eventually, I found she lived in Catherine Street whose garden back onto ours, and belonged to Chris and Roger Simpkins. roger had been a baby in his brother's arms in one of the houses demolished, but they escaped without injury although they had to move in with an aunt and never went back to the Mill Road house. It's about 400 yards from here. I believe the bomber was shot down by fighters from Deborn

We didn't have any buzz bombs on Cambridge, they mostly fall in the country side around here. Aimed at London, I think. we were at the limit of their range. It was terrible to hear them go put-putting over and waiting for the engine to cut out when they would fall. They and the V2 rockets caused great devastation when they fall in built up areas.

As it was the 70th anniversary on 3rd September since the out break of war, there has been quite a lot of articles in the paper--reminiscences, so I enclose these for your interest. I should, of course, be interested in the articles/photo you have if they differ from these I am enclosing. It may be the same photo you have of Weary Bones on the ground--it's a miracle there wasn't air explosion, as both were full of bombs and fuel. I have a letter from Robert Edwards, her pilot on the day of the crash, 17th September 1944. Contrary to the rules, he had his rear Gunner up in the plane for take off, as she was an 'old lady' nearing the end of her operational career, so saving him from injury. I'll look the letter out.

I would never have come to America, I am East Anglican born and bred and I love my little green corner of England, and have never traveled well.

One of the things I missed most as a child was confectionery. After Sunday School, I used to look with longing in the sweet shop window on the corner opposite the chapel. It was full of Cadbury chocolate bars but they were all dummies, made with cardboard. The sweet ration was just 2 ozs. a week at one time. There was black market food, of course, but we never had any dealings with them. However my poor brother managed to feed us, I cannot imagine. Once I remember queering? (cant' read the word, lil) for ages for a cake on the market square and leaving it in my bicycle basket whilst I visited my grandparents whose house fronted on Midsommer Common, leaning my bike against the railings. When I came out to go home, I found to my great dismay that on of the houses grazing on the common had put his head over the rail and almost completely demolished the hard won cake! I cannot remember the aftermath or what excuse I gave my brother.

Clothing was very difficult and rationed with coupons for everything.. At the end of each school year we had a sale, outgrown items of uniforms would be brought in to be sold to younger smaller pupils. Rules on school uniform were quite strick. even during the was. Only pupils who had been evacuated from other schools in more at risk areas were allowed to wear their own old school uniform.

During the was the Derby was run at Newmarket and my first visit to the racecourse was on June 19th 1943, derby Day. We were to go on a school trip to Wicken Fen nature reserve near here, together with the boy's grammar school meeting outside their school in Hill Road--my friend and I were late and missed the main party. Nothing faunted?, we set off on our bicycles to catch them up. Out along the Newmarket Road we pedaled. "What a lot of people going to Wickan Fan" we said as we joined the throng. No cars, no patrol, just bikes. It was Derby Day and we ended up on the recourse. I saw Straight Deal win the Derby but in love with our 'also

ran' in the last race.--Ti-Chin--and was hooked for life.

Tie time and getting dark,  
Keep well over the winter.  
Best Wishes Pam

Pam added another page:

P.S. We had a rare treat about a month ago Marschall's aerodrome celebrated their 100th birthday with a flying display which my neighbour and I watched from the garden. His father was a pilot in WWII.

We saw 8 Tiger \_\_roths flying in formation, man fighters, the Vulcan, the red Arrows and to my delight, I saw the B17 from Duxford come in to land.

The wash dump where Weary Bones ended her days, surrounded Marshalls and is only about a mile from here. Every time I go to Newmarket, I pass the spot where she rested as a road runs through it now. I used to call it 'Weary Bones' road.

During the filming of the Memphis Belle, we often saw them flying and all of them flew over the race course when I was at Newmarket, bit I didn't have my camera ready!

The photograph you have of Weary Bones down on her belly is almost certainly the one I have "after the accident". Does it say 'getting ready for the 70th mission'?

These are all the photo's I have--all the information I have about them is on the back from Walter.

We are having a postal strike, so I don't know when you will receive them. Any questions, just let me know.

If we had been invaded in 1940, I would join 'the resistance'. as a runner/messenger. I would shoot my mother first so that she did not fall into the hand of the Germans. I don't know how, I didn't have a gun. My Father would, of course, have been killed by them. I don't know what would have happened to my little brother, he was too small to have run away with me.

One of the most distressing things for a child was the many pets destroyed because of the fear of gas attacks, which we were expecting. (I always carried my gas mask but hated wearing it. It was \_\_\_\_\_ (darvunmy) and claustrophobic and the shortage of food for them.

The racing/breeding industry was very hard hit. Rations were only available for mares who had bred a winner, so many beautiful young mares were destroyed because they had not yet bred winners. My first favourite, Ti-Chin, was foaled in 1939, and his dam, Jacqueline of Naidault, was destroyed to comply with government policy. Tich won 5 races and held the 7furlong track record on the July course at Newmarket, June 1944, for very many years.

Lil's note: Pam must have loved horses and racing. Her stationery had something like:  
Save the animals etc on it. So, she is an animal lover.