

## AIR GUNNER

## BIOGRAPHY BY KIM NEWTH

Growing up in the city of his birth, Jack Marshall recalls a happy, relatively trouble-free childhood. He was born in London on 1 August 1920 to English parents, Herbert and Edith Marshall and was the youngest of three brothers in the family. When Jack was in his teens, his father would commute to work as a telegraphist at the Central Telegraph Office as the family had by then moved to a home just out of London. Jack's school years passed uneventfully and his first job was as an apprentice wrought-iron worker<sup>1</sup>.

Jack's father, Herbert Marshall, had served as a sapper in the First World War and had also fought in the Boer War. Jack remembers hearing about the battlefields of Flanders and Passchendaele from his father<sup>2</sup>, but never thought he would be confronted with similar risks even though the threat of war began to loom again through the 1930s.

In 1937, Herbert elected to retire early. By this time, his other two sons had left England to join a farming programme in New Zealand. "Mum and Dad talked it over and said 'let's join the boys'. I was eighteen at the time so I came out [to New Zealand] with them." The original plan was that Jack was going to join one of his brothers in partnership as a butcher.

Not long after arriving in Napier, Herbert and Edith moved to Christchurch<sup>3</sup> but Jack stayed on in Hawke's Bay.

**Air Gunner over Germany**

When war was declared, Jack jumped at the opportunity to serve, not least because it meant getting home to England. "I felt a mix of patriotism and [a sense of] adventure – at nineteen, you think differently ... They wanted volunteers to be gunners and that meant going through training faster and being on a ship heading to England sooner than if I'd gone for something else. So I volunteered to be a gunner."

After training at Ohakea, which had opened as an RNZAF training base in September 1939<sup>4</sup>, Jack joined 35 other RNZAF gunners on board the *Akaroa* in March 1940. As Max Lambert observes in his book called *Night After Night*, dedicated to all New Zealanders who served in Bomber Command in the Second World War, the war 'dealt harshly' to this small group of men: 'Nineteen dead, four POWs, others wounded, and injuries that shortened the lives of the survivors<sup>5</sup>.'

Of course, Jack and the other men were not to know what lay ahead of them as they set sail for England. "I think the boys were all looking forward to the adventure of the trip

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<sup>1</sup> Ibid, p. 29.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid, p. 30.

<sup>3</sup> Ibid, p. 29.

<sup>4</sup> See *Air Force - Base Ohakea*, <http://www.airforce.mil.nz/about-us/where-we-are/hq-and-bases/ohakea.htm>

<sup>5</sup> From *Night After Night* by Max Lambert, 2005, Harper Collins Publishers (NZ) Ltd, Auckland.

and what they were going into. I don't think anybody was particularly worried at that stage.”<sup>6</sup>

Jack's first tour with 115 Squadron RAF, based at Marham, Norfolk<sup>7</sup>, involved flying as a rear gunner in Wellington bombers. He flew 22 sorties in that tour. The first raid on Berlin had taken place in August 1940, in retaliation for central London having been bombed<sup>8</sup>. Soon young men would be climbing into bombers on British airfields almost every day and night.

A well-thumbed logbook records where Jack flew in that first tour. Bombing destinations included Frankfurt, Berlin, Oostende, Cologne, Hamburg and Essen. In later years, Bomber Command's bombing of German cities was to become controversial, yet, as Lambert notes, the British public held a different view at a time when Bomber Command was their only offensive weapon for a couple of years after Dunkirk. The drone of bombers heading for Germany was a source of comfort and hope<sup>9</sup>.

Jack says it was all too easy for people after the war to look back and criticise the impact of Allied bombing raids. “People in England forgot *we* had been bombed. We were condemned for what we did but we saved hundreds of thousands of lives when the second front started<sup>10</sup>.”

It was a hard life for bomber aircrew flying these wartime raids. Every three or four days they had to climb into a bomber to face the incessant roar of the engines for up to nine or ten hours at a time, accompanied by intense cold, fatigue and the ever-present risk of sudden death from a night fighter, or flak coming up from below. Casualty rates reached appalling levels on some of these sorties<sup>11</sup>. Indeed the overall casualty rate in Bomber Command was the highest of any of the British armed forces<sup>12</sup>.

By the end of the war, 55,000 aircrew of Bomber Command had been killed, including 1850 New Zealanders. Most died on flight operations, but thousands also died in flying or ground accidents. Almost 10,000 became Prisoners of War. Some 4000 men returned to base wounded from the raids in which they had taken part<sup>13</sup>.

It must have been a claustrophobic experience for Jack to squeeze into the tail end of a bomber, all alone, connected only with the rest of the crew by intercom and a system of lights. Rear gunners wore several pairs of gloves and layers of clothes to combat the cold of flying at high altitude. Their job was to scan the skies for night fighters and use their guns when necessary<sup>14</sup>.

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<sup>6</sup> This quote is from *Silent Casualties* by Alison Parr, 1995, p. 30.

<sup>7</sup> ‘No.115 Squadron was as near as any a typical Bomber Command squadron of the Second World War. It began the war operating the Vickers Wellington from Marham, Norfolk, but active operations did not begin until the German invasion of Norway in April 1940.’ From Rickard, J (15 April 2008), *No. 115 Squadron (RAF): Second World War*, [http://www.historyofwar.org/air/units/RAF/115\\_wwII.html](http://www.historyofwar.org/air/units/RAF/115_wwII.html)

<sup>8</sup> Luftwaffe bombers, searching for targets in the Thames estuary, apparently strayed off course and mistakenly bombed central London. Winston Churchill retaliated by ordering the first RAF raid on Berlin. Due to thick cloud, most of the bombs missed the city but the raid angered Adolf Hitler who, in turn, threatened retribution. From *Night After Night* by Max Lambert, 2005, p. 77.

<sup>9</sup> *Ibid*, p. 18.

<sup>10</sup> ‘Shorten the war they did. The invasion of Hitler's Fortress Europe in June 1944, a near-run thing, succeeded largely because of pre-landing bombing by the RAF and USAAF.’ From *ibid*, p. 131.

<sup>11</sup> *Ibid*, pp. 26-27. Lambert describes very evocatively what these sorties would have been like for the bomber crews.

<sup>12</sup> *Ibid*, p. 35.

<sup>13</sup> *Ibid*, p. 34.

<sup>14</sup> This paragraph draws on info from *Night After Night* by Max Lambert, 2005, pp. 190-191.

“We wore three pairs of gloves: a pure silk pair, a coarse wool pair, and leather gauntlets. The temperature could get as low as minus thirty five up there<sup>15</sup>,” recalls Jack.

“I never made a claim. At the time it was very hard to tell if you’d hit anything or not because we always flew at night. Unless a plane actually blew up or went down in flames, you didn’t know what had happened.”

### **Down in the Sea**

Inevitably, almost every bomber crew’s luck would run out at some point. For Jack and the other members of the six-man crew<sup>16</sup> it happened on 14 November 1940 on the return journey from a raid on Berlin. Jack later wrote about the events that unfolded. The following passages are drawn from his account entitled *Night Raid on Berlin*.

They had set out in the evening and had an uneventful outward trip. At around 9.15pm, after successfully bombing their target and surviving heavy anti-aircraft fire, they turned for home. Passing east of Hamburg where flak was again intense, they crossed the coast and flew out to sea for several miles before flying level with the Dutch coast. All seemed well until the bomber’s captain, Sergeant Morson, noticed the starboard engine’s oil gauge was empty and the engine temperature was rising fast. This engine then spluttered out and caught fire. The crew battled valiantly to keep the plane airborne as long as possible by extinguishing the fire, hand pumping oil to the port engine and jettisoning all excess weight. In the end though there was nothing left to do but brace for the plane hitting the sea. This happened just after 3am.

The crew managed to inflate a dinghy and get out, all except for the second pilot, Sergeant Dean, last seen clinging to the front turret before disappearing beneath the waves.

“The sea was now smashing the dinghy against the aircraft and tired as we all were we fought like demons to keep the dinghy from being burst by this pounding,” recalls Jack. “Eventually, partly through our own efforts and partly I suppose through the whims of the waves, we got away from the aircraft ... We drifted around in the North Sea, waiting for daylight.”

After firing off flares the next day, they were spotted by a passing Wellington and some hours later were rescued by HM trawler *Pelton*. “I remember being hauled up the ladder and over the side of the ship by two of the crew. I landed on the deck like a big fish and for some time had no feeling and was unable to move...”

Rough weather delayed their arrival so they were not landed at Yarmouth until 8.30am the following morning.

To this day, Jack is thankful for the way in which they were rescued and for the kindness showed to them by the trawler’s crew<sup>17</sup>. Sadly, HMT *Pelton* was torpedoed and sunk off Great Yarmouth not long after this on Christmas Eve 1940<sup>18</sup>.

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<sup>15</sup> In *A Pathfinders Day* Jack relates that during the last few months of his flying career he was issued with ‘an electric suit’ made of leather and lined with lambs’ wool that helped to keep him cosy.

<sup>16</sup> Jack writes: “There were six of us in the crew, captained by Sergeant Morson, known to everyone as “Swede”. Sergeant Dean, known as “Dixie” for obvious reasons, was the second pilot, George Bury the observer, “Clev” Cleverley the Wireless Operator, the Front Gunner “Gin” Iles, and myself as Rear Gunner.”

<sup>17</sup> They were lucky to have made it safely through this ordeal. Lambert notes that despite the bravery of Air Sea Rescue (ASR), the chances of being saved after ditching were slim, especially at night or in winter. From *Night After Night* by Max Lambert, 2005, p. 27.

<sup>18</sup> ‘HMT *Pelton* (Skr. John Alexander Sutherland, DSC, RNR) was torpedoed and sunk by the German motor torpedo boat S-28 off Great Yarmouth on 24 December 1940.’ From *Allied Warships – HMS *Pelton**, <http://uboat.net/allies/warships/ship/7102.html>

This episode earned Jack membership of ‘the Goldfish Club’, a kind of informal RAF ‘club’ for pilots who baled out into water<sup>19</sup>. An account of Jack’s experiences was also published in New Zealand newspapers in January 1941, which noted that he had initially been reported ‘missing’ in November<sup>20</sup>. It must have been an anxious time for his parents waiting for further news<sup>21</sup>.

### Meeting Mollie

Jack’s first tour was behind him when he met his wife-to-be, Mollie Parker.

It was while he was on a rest tour<sup>22</sup> as an instructor before returning to combat flying. He was based with 11 Operational Training Unit at Bassingbourn<sup>23</sup>.

Mollie was working at the time as a shorthand typist for the Ministry of Food, set up in 1939 to oversee rationing and nutritional education<sup>24</sup>.

In London, she had witnessed a lot of bombs being dropped on the city. “We didn’t sleep in beds for weeks,” she says. “We slept in an air raid shelter during the Blitz in London<sup>25</sup>. After the war, I remember telling one of our daughters what an air raid was like and she said, ‘I would not have put up with it Mum’.”

After Mollie and her parents had been bombed out of their London home, they had sought refuge at Leigh-on-Sea in Essex. This is where she and Jack met. In 1942, after a 10 month courtship, they decided to marry.

Many years later, in 2002, they returned to Leigh-on-Sea to re-marry at the same church. “Not everyone can say they have been married twice to the same person,” says Jack. “We have been so happy.”

While still on ‘rest tour’, Jack flew on two of the thousand-bomber raids into Germany. These were intended to demonstrate the strength of Bomber Command, with every serviceable plane and airman put into the air for these raids<sup>26</sup>. Mollie remembers the skies “throbbing” with the sound of departing aircraft.

<sup>19</sup> See *Memories of True Heroism* by Rob Cooper, Mail Online, 15 June 2012, <http://www.dailymail.co.uk/news/article-2159744/Memories-true-heroism-Medals-flying-helmet-WWII-flying-ace-downed-22-Nazi-fighters-expected-fetch-50-000-auction.html> By *Such Deeds* by Group Captain C.M. Hanson, 2001, notes that Jack was a member of the Goldfish Club for ditching in the North Sea, p. 324.

<sup>20</sup> From Papers Past – *Down in the Sea*, Evening Post, 30 January 1941, <http://paperspast.natlib.govt.nz/cgi-bin/paperspast?a=d&cl=search&d=EP19410130.2.78&srpos=18&e=-----10--11---0Sergeant+Jack+Marshall->

<sup>21</sup> Incidentally, Jack’s father spent the war serving as a sergeant in the RNZAF at Wigram, training wireless operators at Wigram. “Many ex Waafs will remember ‘Pop Marshall’.”

<sup>22</sup> From *By Such Deeds* by Group Captain C.M. Hanson, 2001, p. 324.

<sup>23</sup> 11 OUT had been formed on 8 April 1940 as part of 6 Group, to train night bomber crews flying Wellingtons. From *The Wartime Memories Project – The Second World War*, <http://www.wartimememoriesproject.com/ww2/allied/royalairforce/11otu-raf.php>

<sup>24</sup> ‘By the end of the war, housewives had become very educated in nutritional vocabulary. The Ministry issued many cooking leaflets, often dedicated to specific topics such as the magic of carrots ... 15,000 people eventually worked for the Ministry of Food.’ From *Cook’s Info – British Wartime Food*, <http://www.cooksinfo.com/british-wartime-food>

<sup>25</sup> A period of intense bombing of London and other cities that began in September 1940 and continued until the following May. From *The London Blitz, 1940*, EyeWitness to History, [www.eyewitnesstohistory.com \(2001\), http://www.eyewitnesstohistory.com/blitz.htm](http://www.eyewitnesstohistory.com/blitz.htm)

<sup>26</sup> From *Night After Night* by Max Lambert, 2005, p 147. Many young aircrews were still under training but were pressed into service to make up the numbers.

The future must have seemed very uncertain for the young couple. Mollie faced the prospect of imminent widowhood. Jack still had a second tour to finish<sup>27</sup>.

She already knew Jack's war experiences were affecting him deeply. They had first met not long after he'd been rescued from the North Sea. She remembers how he always turned down a cup of tea at that time because if he picked up a cup it would beat against his teeth. His hands were shaking so much from nervous tension that he was unable to stop it happening<sup>28</sup>.

### **Serving with the Pathfinder Force**

In early 1942, some bomber crews had started to fly ahead of their main attack force so as to drop incendiary markers that could serve as aiming points. These experiments paved the way for the Pathfinder Force (PFF), which began operating later that year<sup>29</sup>.

Jack's second tour was with a Pathfinder crew, 7 Squadron<sup>30</sup>, based at RAF Oakington, which he had joined in September 1942 after having volunteered for the PFF. He began flying sorties in Stirling bombers<sup>31</sup> in a crew skippered by a very accomplished pilot, Fraser Barron, a New Zealander. No other New Zealander in Bomber Command ever matched Barron's record. Prior to his death in a collision over Le Mans, France in May 1944 he was one of the most decorated airmen of the war, having been awarded a DSO and bar, DFC and DFM. As Lambert states, Barron was New Zealand's standout bomber pilot of the war<sup>32</sup>.

"I remember we were crewing up for the Pathfinders. I was told Fraser Barron was looking for a gunner. I said 'he's got one'. He was a real gentleman and an excellent pilot."

Following a first trip to France "to break us in" and a stint of training, they began flying Pathfinder missions over Europe. The logbook lists where they went: Cologne, Hamburg, Stuttgart, Berlin, Kiel and Frankfurt.

From October 1942, Bomber Command's focus shifted to air support for the campaigns developing in North Africa<sup>33</sup> by attacking Italy's northern industrial area, beginning with Genoa then Turin.

During one of these sorties, Jack remembers the bomber becoming badly iced up on the approach to the Alps. The crew realised they would not be able to take their intended route over the mountains and weighed up whether they ought to carry on or return to base. "Fraser said 'if we can't get over them, we will go through them' so he found a pass and we went up this pass. We had a very good navigator and so we did end

<sup>27</sup> In fact, he started his second tour just 12 weeks after their wedding. The young bride was 19, Jack was 21. From *Silent Casualties* by Alison Parr, 1995, p. 81.

<sup>28</sup> Ibid, pp. 162-163.

<sup>29</sup> Ibid, p. 133.

<sup>30</sup> 7 Squadron was a founding pathfinder unit.

<sup>31</sup> 'The Stirling, designed prior to the Lancaster and Halifax, was an enormous aircraft, with four engines and a crew of seven. Throughout its service its design limitations (chiefly its wings being too short for the large size of the aircraft) resulted in poor performance and a high loss rate.' From *RAF Bomber Command – Heavy Bombers*, [http://www.rafbombercommand.com/aircraft\\_heavy.html](http://www.rafbombercommand.com/aircraft_heavy.html)

<sup>32</sup> From *Night After Night* by Max Lambert, 2005, p. 174. 'He rose from the rank of sergeant to wing commander and CO of a major pathfinder squadron in less than two years, and when he reached that position he was barely 23.' Ibid, p. 177.

<sup>33</sup> 'Montgomery was to launch the second battle of El Alamein on October 23; and "Torch", the three-pronged invasion of North-west Africa, was to begin on the night of November 7/8. Bomber Command supported these campaigns...' From *Military History Online – Bomber Command* by Brian Grafton, see 'Pathfinder-led Raids', <http://www.militaryhistoryonline.com/wwii/bombercommand/1942.aspx>

up getting through this way.” After surviving heavy anti-aircraft fire over the target, they returned to base where they were told they were only crew from their squadron that had managed to reach the target and get back<sup>34</sup>.

Returning from another long flight to Genoa, the crew realised they were running dangerously low on fuel. The engines literally cut out as the aircraft touched down at their home base.

The second tour, like the first, was full of danger. Jack describes one particularly terrifying incident in his account called *A Pathfinders Day*.

The night had started routinely enough. Jack had climbed into his turret, checked the guns and felt the usual relief on getting airborne without any difficulties. It was natural for him to be anxious at take-off given the fully fuelled bomber was loaded up with incendiaries and thousands of rounds of ammunition. To him, take-off was one of the worst moments of any sortie.

Once airborne, he began constantly searching the night sky. “At no point on these sorties are you safe from some form of opposition action. Heavy flak to me was the most dangerous and I understand that the bulk of our losses were due to this...” He recalls how searchlights could light up a bomber “like a Christmas tree” making it an easy target for night fighters.

On the final approach to the target, the plane had to fly straight and level in order to enable bomb aiming duties to be conducted with accuracy. Incendiaries and the first target indicator would then be released. “In order to drop our second marker, it was necessary to mark time over the target area prior to a pre-arranged time for dropping our last marker.” It was nerve-wracking stuff with the plane vulnerable all the while to anti-aircraft gunners below and night fighter attack.

Pathfinders had to be sure their markers were in the right spot and crews were expected to take aerial photos as proof of the target. These were achieved with the aid of ‘flash bombs’ that must also have put them in plain sight of gunners and fighters<sup>35</sup>.

On this particular night, Jack’s bomber crew had dropped their last marker and turned for home when they were attacked by a Messerschmitt, ME110.

“The first indication, in spite of constant searching, was a very long burst directly underneath us which was our blind spot.”

The burst severed many of the plane’s hydraulics, leaving Jack unable to operate his turret or guns. He wrestled the pin out of one of his guns, allowing it to be used as a free gun, but by this time the fighter was dead astern and following the bomber down as it made a steep turning dive.

“I was subject to a strong centrifugal force which added to my predicament. I found myself staring straight into the nose of this enemy fighter – just waiting for his final burst, just waiting for the end [and] hoping it would be quick! I thought my last seconds of life had arrived, but it wasn’t to be. The fighter just hovered there in that position for approximately five to six seconds and suddenly dived away, not to be seen again.”

Jack believes the fighter must have run out of ammunition at just the right time.

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<sup>34</sup> In *A Pathfinders Day*, Jack notes that another crew also got to the target but was shot down. Jack remembers being taken to the base control tower on their return where a large group of air force personnel was standing. It was the early hours of the morning and they had been waiting for their return. As Jack and his crew stepped from the bus that had picked them up from the dispersal area, the assembled men began to clap. ‘I believe about eight two aircraft were dispatched that night. I feel that the ‘powers that be’ knew it was going to be a difficult ride, so only sent a token force.’

<sup>35</sup> Jack notes that Mosquito aircraft, also part of the PFF, were first to mark the target at very low altitude.

There were other dicey moments. He was acting as mid upper gunner on another occasion when the plane was attacked, with a burst just missing the rear gunner whose parachute was set alight. Fortunately the wireless operator managed to put the fire out whilst evasive action was taken.

“It never ceases to amaze me that we were so lucky to survive so many of these excursions when other crews didn’t survive even, in some cases, their very first trip.”

He remembers feeling extremely nervous on his very last raid<sup>36</sup>, which was an additional voluntary one since there was an aircraft all set to go, but no rear gunner.

“It would be hard for anyone to understand the feelings I had on returning to base safely that night. The thought that never again do I have to go through the trauma of heading across France, Germany and Italy. No more take offs with huge loads, no more run ups to the target, no more flak, no more fighters. It was time to utter a silent prayer.”

Altogether, he took part in 46 dangerous sorties. The citation for his DFC on 12 April 1943 describes Jack as having been dependable and reliable, a valuable member of air crew, who had set a high standard of reliability and enthusiasm<sup>37</sup>. No doubt he also felt like a very lucky man to be returning to New Zealand in one piece, newly married, in time to celebrate a family Christmas at the end of 1943.

### Post-war years

Life back in New Zealand got off to a bad start. Not long after Jack’s return home with Mollie, a minor rebuke from his father over not having written a letter to a neighbour caused Jack to choke up and break down sobbing. It was the first awareness he had that all was not right. His memory of subsequent weeks and months is a blur and his life quickly assumed a dreamlike unreality that lasted for years<sup>38</sup>.

The Air Force official who dealt with Jack on his return made matters worse when he failed to recognise Jack’s Pathfinder insignia and told him he’d have to take it off<sup>39</sup>. It put Jack in a foul mood. He responded by saying he’d rather give back his DFC ribbon. Postings to Guadalcanal and Fiji were suggested, but Jack considered he’d done his duty; 46 sorties with Bomber Command were enough.

Eventually he was discharged on the grounds of war ‘neurosis’. Apart from a small, temporary pension, there was no further help or support from the Air Force<sup>40</sup>.

Jack initially found work with an insurance company, but didn’t enjoy it. Yet he felt he lacked the focus to take up an alternative vocation. Soon after that he briefly switched to working in a fishing venture with one of his brothers, before taking on a series of sales jobs in Nelson, Wellington and Christchurch. Mollie grew aware that her husband was having regular memory black-outs and, at the end of a work day, would often struggle to remember anything about what he’d done<sup>41</sup>.

In the midst of these troubles, Jack and Mollie decided to start a family. Their son Tony was born in 1945 and twin girls, Carol and Marie, were born in 1948.

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<sup>36</sup> This last sortie was to Stuttgart on 14 April 1943. Jack always flew with a silver cigarette case in his jacket pocket and at the end of his last operations had the destination and date of every raid engraved into it. From *Silent Casualties* by Alison Parr, 1995, p. 113.

<sup>37</sup> *By Such Deeds* by Group Captain C.M. Hanson, 2001, p. 324.

<sup>38</sup> *Ibid*, pp. 116-117.

<sup>39</sup> *Ibid*, info for this section from pp. 140-141.

<sup>40</sup> *Ibid*, p. 141.

<sup>41</sup> *Ibid*, p. 141-142.

Jack later ran a taxi business and Tony also grew up to drive a cab.

For many years, Jack “kept quiet” about his wartime experiences. “I really didn’t want to talk about it. Most of us were like that, but now I do feel it is important for our young people to know what it was like.”

He had come home feeling as though he had got through the war unscathed. There were no physical wounds but living on edge for so long, facing extreme danger, had taken its toll. As Alison Parr records in her book *Silent Casualties*, published in 1995, 40 years after the end of the war more than 10,000 Kiwi veterans had been recognised as suffering from ‘nervous system disabilities’ as a result of their wartime service. These days, as Parr notes, we would call it ‘post-traumatic stress’<sup>42</sup>.

It was tough for Mollie too being a young mother, feeling homesick for England, with a husband whose ‘vagueness continued ... He just switched off’<sup>43</sup>.

Fortunately, the worst of these symptoms began to subside through the 1950s. The couple managed to work their way through these difficult years.

When I met Jack and Mollie in early July 2014, Jack was coming up to 94 and Mollie was 91. In spite of the war’s lingering impact, the couple were pleased to share their memories and touched on their enduring love for each other.

“We have had a very happy married life and have never had a serious argument.”

Many times over the years Jack’s thoughts have turned to his wartime crew and to his skipper, Fraser Barron, who died so young. In 2002, he went to France and visited his grave at Le Mans Cemetery to pay his respects to a man he still so admires. He thinks also about the many other airmen who never made it home to their loved ones. He remains thankful for his survival, which has enabled him to share a long life with Mollie and his family.

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*This biography was compiled in January 2015 from an interview with Jack and Mollie Marshall on 1 July 2014 at their Christchurch home, as well as from relevant books and other source material including Jack’s own accounts from which I have drawn many quotes, (Night Raid on Berlin and A Pathfinders Day). My thanks to Jack for his assistance in providing this material and giving permission for me to use these sources for this biography.*

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<sup>42</sup> From ‘Silent Casualties’ by Alison Parr, 1995, pp. 14-15.

<sup>43</sup> Ibid, p. 142.



PHOTOS – JACK MARSHALL

These images are sourced from Jack Marshall's photographic/wartime records. I wish to acknowledge and thank Jack for letting me access these records and reproduce some of these for this biography. Included also are photos of associated medals and awards.



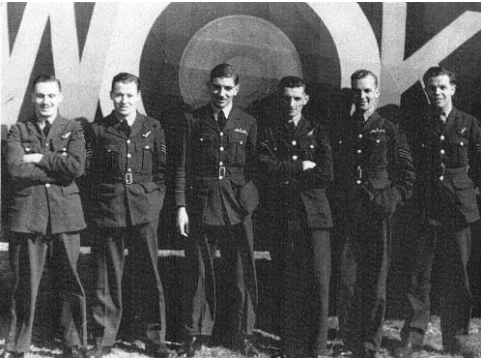
LEAFLETS DROPPED OVER GERMANY ... JACK KEPT THESE ONES.



"THE SAINT": JACK AND HIS CREW WENT DOWN AT SEA IN THIS WELLINGTON BOMBER WHILE RETURNING FROM A BOMBING RUN TO BERLIN, 14<sup>TH</sup> NOVEMBER, 1940



"THE SAINT"



THE WELLINGTON'S CREW (FROM LEFT): "CLEV" CLEVERLEY, WIRELESS OPERATOR; JACK MARSHALL, REAR GUNNER; "BEER" THE INSTRUCTOR; GEORGE BURY, THE OBSERVER; AND SERGEANT HARRY MORSON, THE CAPTAIN. MAN AT FAR RIGHT IS UNABLE TO BE UNIDENTIFIED.



JACK IS ON THE LEFT IN THIS PHOTO.



JACK, AT LEFT, WITH THE WELLINGTON'S AIR CREW



GROUND CREW



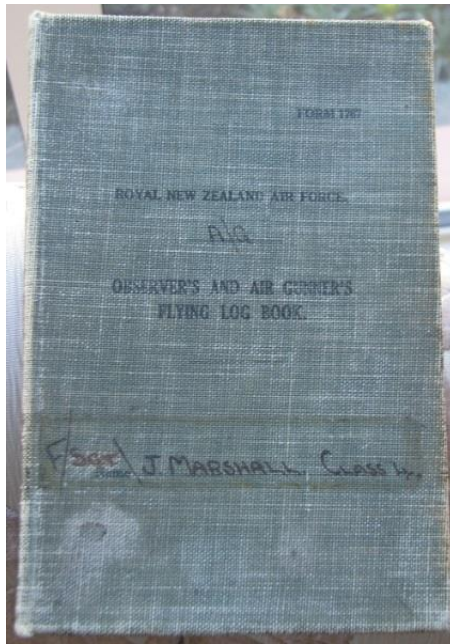
AT GREAT YARMOUTH NAVAL HOSPITAL AFTER THE RESCUE AT SEA. NOTE THE SALT ON THE MEN'S BOOTS. JACK IS AT FAR RIGHT.



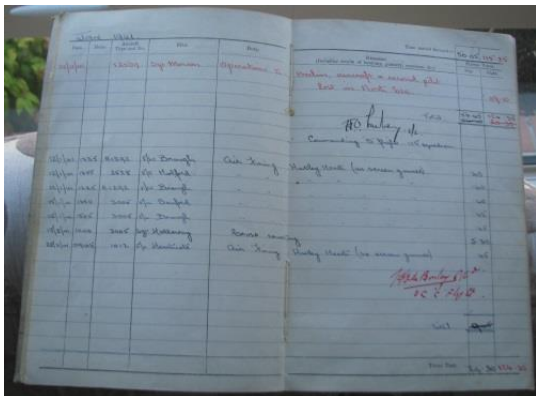
GREAT YARMOUTH, JACK IS 2<sup>ND</sup> FROM LEFT.



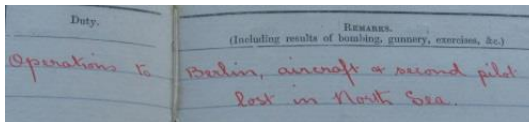
A NEWSCLIPPING REPORTS THE SINKING OF THE TRAWLER PELTON THAT HAD EARLIER RESCUED JACK AND HIS CREW.

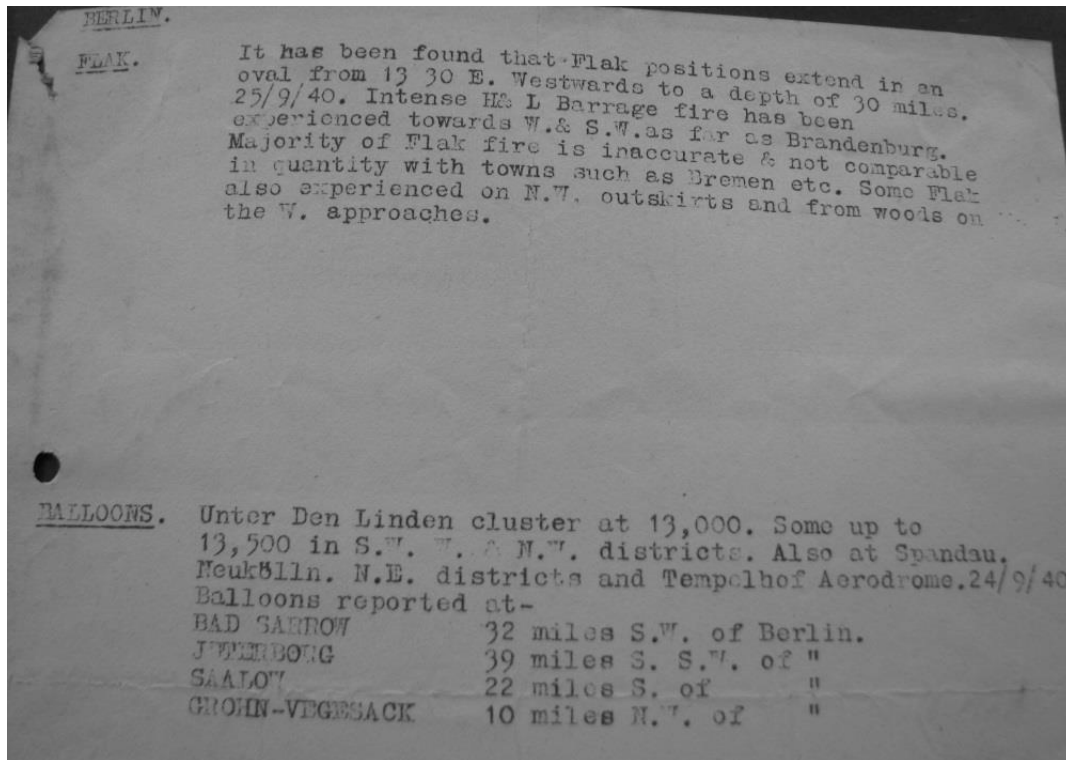


JACK'S RNZAF LOG BOOK

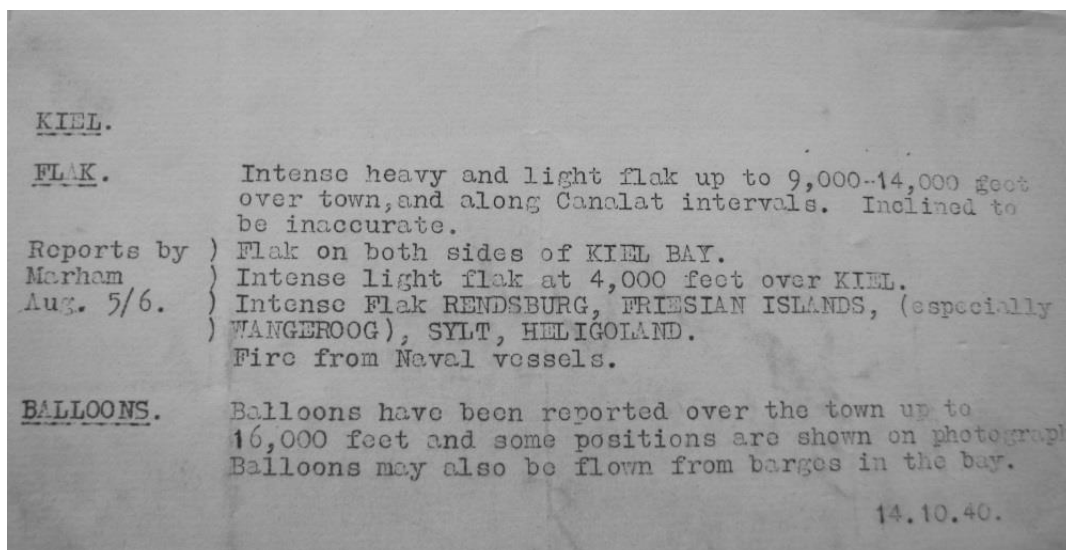
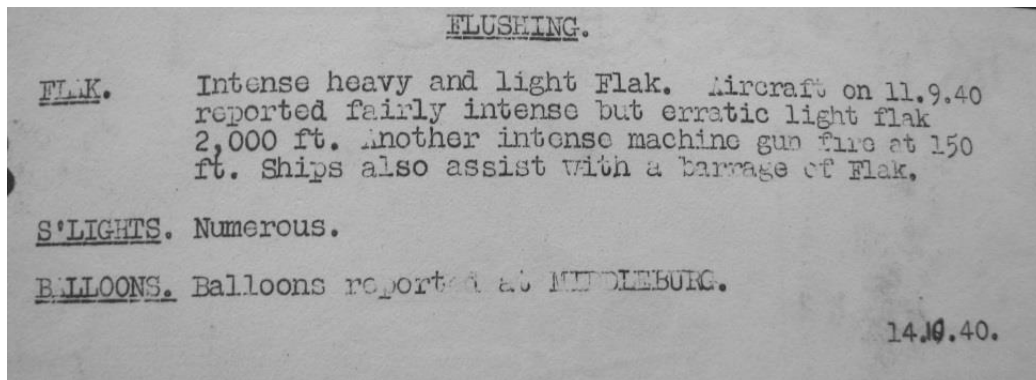


RNZAF LOG BOOK WITH ENTRY IN RED FOR 14/11/40





## "GEN" - INFORMATION REGARDING ENEMY DEFENCES

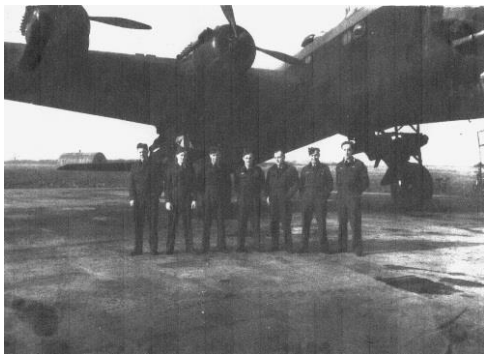




MOLLIE MARSHALL



SECOND TOUR, STIRLING BOMBER: JACK IS 3<sup>RD</sup> FROM RIGHT, PILOT FRASER BARRON IS TO HIS LEFT (2<sup>ND</sup> FROM RIGHT), NAVIGATOR BOB CALDWELL IS 2<sup>ND</sup> FROM LEFT AND "LOFTY", THE ENGINEER, IS 3<sup>RD</sup> FROM LEFT.



SECOND TOUR, STIRLING BOMBER: JACK IS 2<sup>ND</sup> FROM LEFT, WHILE PILOT FRASER BARRON IS AT CENTRE



A JUNKERS JU 88 GERMAN AIRCRAFT THAT HAD CRASHED AT AN AERODROME AT MARHAM, NORFOLK



JACK'S WWII MEDALS:  
'391865 JACK MARSHALL DFC, F/O 7 (PATHFINDER) SQN'



JACK'S FATHER'S MEDALS: HERBERT MARSHALL SERVED AS A SAPPER IN THE FIRST WORLD AND ALSO FOUGHT IN THE BOER WAR.

## VICTORY MESSAGE

**To: The Path Finder Force**

**From: Air Vice-Marshal D.C.T.Bennett, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O.**

Great Britain and the Commonwealth have made a contribution to the civilised world so magnificent that history alone will be able to appreciate it fully. Through disaster and triumph, sometimes supported and sometimes alone, the British races have steadfastly and energetically over many long years flung their forces against the international criminals. They have fought the war from end to end without a moment's respite, in all theatres, and with all arms - land, sea and air.

Bomber Command's share in this great effort has been a major one. You, each one of you, have made that possible. The Path Finder Force has shouldered a grave responsibility. It has led Bomber Command, the greatest striking force ever known. That we have been successful can be seen in the far-reaching results which the Bomber offensive has achieved. That is the greatest reward the Path Finder Force ever hopes to receive, for those results have benefitted all law-abiding peoples.

Whilst you have been hard at work through these vital years, I have not interrupted you, as I would like to have done, with messages of praise and congratulation. You were too busy; but now that your great contribution to the world has been made, I want to thank you each man and woman of you personally and to congratulate you on your unrelenting spirit and energy and on the results you have achieved.

Happiness to you all - always. Keep Pressing On along the Path of Peace.

Don Bennett

Headquarters, Path Finder Force  
European V-Day, 1945.

*VICTORY MESSAGE, ACKNOWLEDGING THE CONTRIBUTION OF THE PATH FINDER FORCE*



YEAR OF THE VETERAN - CERTIFICATE OF APPRECIATION



115 SQUADRON SHIELD



7 SQUADRON (PATHFINDER) SHIELD