

Arthur belonged to the 405 Squadron. He was nicknamed "Junior" due to being the youngest in his squadron. He was stationed at Gransden Lodge, Bath Hill Courts. His position was "armourer" and he was responsible for hauling the bombs to the planes via tractor and also towing the planes into the hangar for service.

The worst experience that Arthur recalls was when a fire broke out in the hangar while a tractor was being filled up with gas. While attempting to put out the fire, Art's clothes caught on fire, and he had to jump in a nearby pond to put it out. Art was treated for leg burns in the small hospital that was located on base and he recalls that when loudspeaker announced "all bomb haulers report to duty", a nurse wrapped his leg and he left the hospital immediately to return to his duties.

One of the best memories Arthur has is the long time friendship he formed with Duke Palmer. "Duke" signed up in the air force the same day and Art recalls with a chuckle that one of the things he and "Duke" used to do was answer each other's roll call if the other wasn't there.

Their sleeping quarters were a mile away from the hangar, so they were issued bicycles to get around. Arthur remembers that the rations were terrible, i.e. mutton (with hair still on), steamed puddings. However once a month they bicycled to the next town and for a shilling enjoyed a meal with egg on toast. Arthur also recalls visiting his brother Hector at his camp where rations were much better.

Arthur's father was in the merchant navy. Their purpose was to assist hauling men and equipment to their destinations. The merchant boats had little or no protection from the enemy, having only a small gun at the end of the deck. Arthur recalls having to watch out for the "buzz bombs". That's why the tractors they used