

**Rear Gunner RAF Sergeant Donald Morris died near Lyne on 12 March 1945 and is buried at Englændergraven near Tarm, western Jutland, Denmark**

**70th anniversary of the shooting down of RAF Lancaster ME449**

**Speech by Lynne Marsden**  
**representative of the Donald Morris family**

**Bechs Hotel, Tarm, Denmark**  
**12 March 2015**



**Lynne Marsden**  
niece of Donald Morris  
*Photo by Birthe Holme Kasch*



**Raymond Morris**  
brother of Donald Morris  
*Photo by Birthe Holme Kasch*

My name is Lynne. I would like to tell you a few things about my Uncle Donald. He was 5 feet 4 inches (163 cm) tall and was the middle of three brothers. My father Raymond Morris is the youngest brother. Donald had dark eyes and wavy hair. My dad often talked about him as being happy, cheeky, and very mischievous. Donald often could be seen, to the dismay of the neighbours, pushing my dad in a pram up a very steep hill, letting it go, then running after it. I do believe that dad is very lucky to still be here today!

Donald often liked to bet on horses and he also excelled at snooker, even having his own snooker cue at the Embassy Rooms, Rotherham, South Yorkshire.

As a family we visited Tarm 41 years ago and stayed here at the Bechs Hotel, where we were to meet a gentleman called Mr. Rasmussen<sup>1</sup>. Nothing was too much trouble for him; he translated and he took us to the grave site of Donald Morris and Harvey Porter. He also took us to the farm and field where the plane crash landed and introduced us to a family who eye witnessed the event.

We would like to thank the people of Tarm, past and present, for their constant love and care of Donald and Harvey's grave. They will forever hold a place in our hearts.

We would like to thank Gail<sup>2</sup> for not giving up on looking for my father Ray. I do believe that fate had a hand in this. Also we would like to thank everyone involved in organising this event.

Finally I would like to finish with a few lines from Børge Rasmussen's poem about Englændergraven<sup>3</sup>.

Our *bodies* crumbled long ago,  
A bit went into the soil below.

Some bits are leaves, and some are air,  
A grain is found in the flower there.

Our *selves* are both beyond time and space,  
But we have a fancy for this place.

True, we're only two, no more,  
Of all the millions killed in war.

But still we gave what was ours to give,  
So that you and yours are free to live.

Thank you.

**[www.shotdownindenmark.com](http://www.shotdownindenmark.com)**

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<sup>1</sup> Børge Rasmussen was the Danish and English language teacher at Vestjysk Gymnasium in Tarm from 1938 to 1975. Rasmussen's article "Derfor hedder det Englændergraven i Tarm" was published in Ringkøbing Amts Dagblad on 16 September 1977).

<sup>2</sup> Eventually one of the many letters Gail Michener sent to families named Morris in Derbyshire, England, circuitously reached the correct family and Donald Morris's niece Lynne Marsden contacted Gail on 31 October 2014.

<sup>3</sup> Børge Rasmussen's poem "Hvorfor hedder det sted sådan" was published in Tarm Ugeblad on 28 September 1977.