



The Hornet

The Newsletter of 100 Squadron Association

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Newsletter 61 - May 2003

Dear Colleagues,

Time seems to have flown by so fast this year for me. I enjoyed a very eventful 70th birthday in March – how many can claim to have been sung to personally by the Counterfeit Stones and West country folk duo Show of Hands! Thanks to my family, I am now the proud possessor of a digital camera, and I am practising happily with it. However there is a down side ... that was the day that Bush and Blair rolled into Iraq at the start of the war. Our brave forces responded as ever, prepared to risk their lives in the defence of democracy. Here in Poole we have the Royal Marines Base, and through the local press, we were very aware of the sad losses of many young men. Nothing much changes, does it. Thank God the war was short and casualties comparatively few compared to the wars which you and I knew.

There is still time to book in for this year's reunion at RAF Wyton. Just let Alex know as soon as possible, please. We hope to meet very many of you there in June.

Best wishes to you all,

John

New Memorial at RAF Waltham

Roger Stephenson, Chairman of Waltham Museum, wrote to us just too late to include this information in the last newsletter. So apologies for the short notice for this event.

Roger has been farming since the age of 14. During the war his father flew as a pilot and the farm foreman knowing this, told Roger that there was a crash site on the farm and that he could expect to plough up fragments of aircraft. Roger continues:

“This led me to try to find out about the history of this aircraft, and the more I found out the more I wanted to create a lasting memorial to the crew who flew this last mission.

“After considering various options I decided to go for a simple headstone with a plaque giving the names of the crew, surmounted by the 100 Squadron Crest, for at the time of the crash 100 Squadron was composed of Lancasters based at RAF Waltham, and so with the full permission of the landowner, the headstone is being placed at the base of three pine trees which still bear signs of the damage caused by the crash.”

In Memory of Avro Lancaster Mk 111, JB 595 RAF Grimsby 16th/17th December 1943 – operation Berlin.

You are cordially invited to attend the official opening of the Memorial Stone on Saturday 7th June 2003, dedicated to Flt Lt Proudfoot and the crew of JB596 (HW-H) at her crash site at Hatfield Top, Lincs. It is asked that you arrive at the Waltham Windmill Rural Life Museum at about 12.00 noon and we will make our way to the Memorial site at about 1.30 pm where after a service we shall be back at the Windmill around 3.00 pm.

RSVP to Roger Stephenson on 01472 828469 ASAP

Roger sent this account of the crash. “On the night of 15th December 1943, 32 Lancasters, 17 of them of 100 Squadron based at RAF Waltham, took off on a bombing raid of Berlin, HW-H JB596 being among them. When returning to base, pilots would use Grimsby docks tower as an unofficial visual guide in locating the aerodrome, but on this occasion a heavy layer of fog obscured the area, which caused

four aircraft to crash, JB 596 being one of them.

The site is situated on the edge of the Lincolnshire Wolds, the land rising steeply to the road and then less steeply on the farm which is 70 to 80 feet higher than the plane below, and it was this height which probably had a crucial bearing on events which followed.

At about 11.00pm, witnesses heard a plane flying low from the direction of Waltham, probably hoping to find a break in the fog to line up with one of the runways. Had it been 30 feet higher it would have cleared the trees. The plane hit the ground about 300 yards from the road and slid for 500 – 600 yards before coming to rest. The starboard wing clipped a cottage roof and the port wing caught the pine trees. Most of the nose section was found a short distance away.

Four men died;

Fg Off R L Proudfoot - Pilot.
Sgt S D Viggers - Flt Engineer
Sgt J Bamford - Bomb Aimer
Sgt B Heaton - Wireless Operator

The three survivors were:

Sgt L Noyes - Navigator
Sgt B Phillips - Mid Upper Gunner
Sgt F H Taylor - Rear Gunner

Now harvests of gold corn here are gathered
No swords but ploughshares instead
And the pine trees stand sentinel
Over the field where life's blood was shed.

Kathryn Reid ALAM Hons.

Holland - The occupation years **EVACUATION**

Greta Overmeen continues her story.

It was fall 1943, and for years I lived with my parents and brother in the same house at the left bank of the Ijssel river between two bridges, a railway bridge and a traffic bridge. The most important was the railway bridge for it was – and still is – the main connection between the west of our country and Berlin. Of course they were the target of many attacks from the air. Many locomotives had been shot at and got into flames. Also bombing the bridges happened on a clear days; however, it seemed to be very hard to destroy the bridge for the majority of the bombs went right through, leaving just a hole, or they fell next to the bridge. It was just like a moon landscape, full of craters. On the top picture the X shows where we lived and the two bridges. (See page 8.)

It became rather risky for us and we got frightened. Every morning after we woke up, we opened and windows and looked how the weather was. We were relieved when it was cloudy or raining for that meant we could stay home. But when it was clear we packed our belongings and went away on our bicycles for the rest of the day, going to a farmer whom my father knew. And every time we got back home the bridges were still there. Eventually my father decided that we had to evacuate. For how long nobody knew. So we stored quite some stuff in an old coach house and finally left. I kept on going to the house, maybe once a week, to get some more things and brought them to the coach house.

That winter was very cold and on one occasion when it was a little milder I went home again to see my father (who had stayed behind) and to fetch some things. It was somewhere in March and there was that plane again, flying very low. (After the liberation I learned it was a reconnaissance plane, but at that time it scared me.) It was already dark and close to eight o'clock, the time that every citizen had to be inside. But I didn't dare to go on and took shelter against the wall of some house. All of a sudden there was a young man with his bicycle also waiting until that plane was gone. Finally it was quiet and I started racing to the farm. He went with me and told me not to cycle so fast,

for there was no need. I told him that I didn't take any chances. He told me that he came from the south of the country and could not go back, for that part of Holland was in the hands of the Allied forces. And because there were hardly any young men around, I agreed with his invitation to see each other on a Sunday afternoon. At that time it was dark, and all I knew is that he was wearing a kind of beige raincoat. At that Sunday afternoon, he had the same raincoat tightened way up to his neck. Now that should have made me suspicious but I wasn't. Until we started to rest for a short while, while he looked for a cigarette. And oh boy, there I got the shock of my life, for he was wearing the Dutch SS uniform!!! To think, what I could have said in his presence, for which they could put me in jail. I was furious and called him a coward for hiding that uniform under a raincoat. Fortunately he didn't know where I lived, and I never saw him again.

In spite of the fact that we didn't live in our home, we managed well and there were not many dull moments. After all it was a big farm, and there was always work to do. The evenings were somewhat boring, for there was hardly any light to read, or whatever you could do with your hands. But we had our daily meals, although the bread was horrible, but we were still better off than thousands of others. And if you only could have seen those poor people coming all the way from the West on foot, pulling some kind of children's cart in which they had goods from home to swop for food (milk, grain, anything). They were tired, cold and felt dirty and not seldom they asked for a shelter for the night in the hay. Most of the time the farmer's wife gave in and helped them. Gave them a cup of hot milk and bread. Then in the morning they left again, where to ????. One time, a man fell down from the hayloft and broke his collar bone. There was a panic, for how could we get a doctor with no one being allowed to get out? So they had to wait until early morning, and things went alright with the poor man.

And every week Germans came to the door to fetch their amount of eggs that they had claimed, and there was no way to make excuses. Every time they came, the farmer's wife was very nervous. Sometimes they just walked in and looked in different rooms and left again and we just stood there and watched. The relief was big after they had gone.

It was a sunny morning on January 22 1945, although it was very cold. There were planes in the air coming back from their sorties in Germany. They flew high but sometimes you could see the reflection of the sun on them. It was always fascinating but on the other hand you were glad when they had gone by and in my heart I wished them a good return to their base. Suddenly we saw a burning plane, still high, and saw little dots jumping down. It was south east of us and it came in our direction. With all the little knowledge we had, we ran to the cellar, waiting for things to come and so frightened. We heard a lot of noise, a big bang and then nothing but silence. Carefully we stepped out of the cellar, one by one, and anxiously moved to the stable door and finally went outside, unaware of what we would see.

The first thing we saw was a big burning piece a couple of metres behind the haystack and the barns. We didn't know what it was, but we saw no human body, something we were afraid of. After that we got some more courage and looked around the whole farmhouse to see whether there was any damage. Nothing. Then Heintje, the maid, and I saw a huge part of the plane on the land of a neighbour. (Later we heard that it was the tail.) It wasn't burning, so we both ran towards it, out of sight of the rest of the folks and over the solid frozen fields. When we arrived we could not believe what we saw because the first thing that caught our eyes was the candy on the floor. So we climbed in it, put our mouths full and the rest in our pockets and look around. There was an iron sort of chair and a gun with a long string of bullets, I thought it was. Both of us have been sitting on that chair, not having a clue what it was meant for. We were so excited, didn't feel the cold and didn't think about going back again. Imagine, I was 18-years old and felt 10 years younger. For a moment everything was forgotten.

And then, out of the blue (if we had been clever, we should have known) there they were. The Germans. We hardly could move out of fear and couldn't speak because our mouths were full with that candy. They were shouting at us, pulled us out, ordered us to empty our mouths, for it was enemy food that we were eating. Some more threatening questions followed, but finally they apparently saw that we were just some foolish Dutch girls, we could go after a slap in our face and a firm kick under our bottom. With that terrible experience and our madness about losing the candy we ran back home, where the family

was anxiously waiting saying the usual: "How can you do a thing like that, you must have been crazy. Allez, inside both of you."

The next day after the fire was out, we went to that big part of the plane behind the barns and already there were the Germans. Fortunately not the same ones we met before. It was an engine and further on a big square rubber kind of container. We all thought that we could use that for our shoes and for one time ignored our aversion against the Germans and asked them whether we could have a part of it so that our shoes could get repaired. Apparently they were in a good mood for there were no arguments. So we took it – the workmen did - and the shoemaker did miracles with it so we had dry feet again.

Recently I was told by a historian that the plane was a US one, a so called Flying Fortress of the type B-17G of the 8th Air Force, stationed at Grafton Underwood England. There were 9 men aboard, 2 were killed, 5 became POW and 2 escaped. One of them, the radio operator, is still alive and sometimes contacts the Dutch historian.

Many times I have been thinking that it is a miracle that I survived this and be able to write about it, for HOW ON EARTH could we be so stupid and hide in a cellar with a big thatched roof over us and burning pieces flying around the house. If just ONE piece had hit the roof, we would never have been able to get out. That was NOT where evacuation stood for in our case.

Greta.



Membership Update

Flt Lt DE Walton DFC RAF Rtd
'Windridge', 73 Fordhouse Rd
Bromsgrove
Worcs B60 2LS
Tel; 001527 876286

We apologise for omitting Flt Lt Walton from the current list

Change of address

Flt Lt Adam Williams
617 Sqn RAF Lossiemouth
Moray IV31 6SD

R D Barnes
182 Manor Rd North
Southampton SO19 2EB

New Member

Sqn Ldr Peter Hamilton
Beech House
Glosthorne Manor
Ahswicken Kings Lynn
Norfolk PE32 1NB
Tel: 01553 630586

Peter is a pilot who served on 100 Sqn, flying Hawks from March 97 - January 99. Welcome to the Association.

Associate Member

Mr Greg Harrison
118 Court Rd
Grangetown Cardiff CF11 6SE
Tel: 02920 394030
E-mail greg@greg-harrison.co.uk

Greg's grandfather served on 100 Sqn 1944-45 as a bomb aimer.
Greg is an aviation enthusiast who has offered his researches to the Association.

Obituaries

Squadron Leader AW Ruffell RAF Ret'd.

From Mr P King, a close friend of the family, we learnt that Arthur died peacefully in his sleep at home in Taplow on 18th February, aged 97. He had joined the Association in 2001. Arthur enlisted in the RAF in 1922 as a 'Halton Brat' in the second intake and trained as a fitter/mechanic. He went to RAF Henlow for a year and then on to the Aircraft Carrier Argus in the China seas. In the early 1930s, he qualified as a pilot and joined 100 Squadron flying Horsleys at Donibristle. We understand that he completed 12 years service and was placed on RAF Reserve but was recalled on the outbreak of war. He ended the war in Yugoslavia, setting up landing strips and controlling flying, and later still he joined the Civil Aviation Authority on Air Traffic Control duties.

An interesting piece of 100 Squadron history was revealed when his family were going through his effects – a piece of canvas from a Horsley bearing a painting of a bulldog with the inscription "nemo me impune lacessit" - "no one provokes me with impunity" (motto of the order of the Thistle) which at that time was the unofficial emblem of 'A' Flight. Mr King has sent the canvas to the Secretary for the Squadron's archives.

The funeral took place on 3rd March at St Nicholas Church, Taplow. A wreath was sent from the Association. We offer our sincere condolences to his niece and nephew, Linda Lawer and Jerry Ruffell.

Edwin Menagh

It is with regret that we learn of the passing of James Edwin Menagh of the Canadian Association on January 23rd of this year. He served as a Navigator on Lancasters during the war and flew 31 missions. We are grateful to his niece Sheila Sansome for contacting us and offer our condolences to her and the family. We also received a letter from Jack Playford in Canada who was his pilot. Here is an abridged version.

"I met Ed in July 1944 at OUT Finningley where he joined our crew and bonded well. After the war we were both living in Toronto. He married Dolly, and I married Molly! We had a close relationship there. Over the

years we continued our friendship by mail and telephone until retirement when we started an annual visit to his home on Bacchus Island. Dolly passed away some years ago and Ed married Corinne. They had some good years together. At our annual get-together we were joined by Mac McKay and his wife Norma until his death 5 years ago. Then Jim Elrick and his wife Charlotte joined us for several visits.

“Ed had a fantastic memory and could sing many verses of ‘100 Squadron Boys’ from memory along with many other stories and poems. Finally his heart gave out and he died peacefully at his home, aged 87. Mac, Jim, Ed and I were all members of the Association. None of us got to a reunion in the UK, but we did attend reunions in Trenton and St Catherines, and would like to thank those who did all the work entailed.” Ed’s picture is below.



Murray E Heighes

Murray’s wife Hazel wrote to say that her husband died on 5th March. She said that the whole family enjoyed reading the Association Newsletter and that she would be pleased to continue to receive it. A letter of sympathy was sent on behalf of the Association. Hazel requested that a donation be made in Murray’s memory to the McMillan Fund at the St Michael’s Hospice in Basingstoke.

Lancaster Operations

This is a new book by our first Honorary member Ian Reid. It has been published to coincide with the 60th anniversary of the Squadron becoming operational at RAF Grimsby with Lancasters. Ian formed the RAF Waltham Association in 1980 and gathered correspondence and photographic records. There are 29 aircraft profiles produced for the book, and Ian has researched another six. He would like WWII members to send him ANY Lancaster pictures showing the nose of the aircraft so that he can identify that a particular aircraft may have had nose artwork or only bomb symbols. From the review of the book.....

".. dozens of first hand accounts covering the two year period 100 Squadron was based at RAF Grimsby.

"Former airmen from Australia, Canada, Britain and New Zealand lend their thoughts and diaries to the days when the Lancasters flew against heavily defended targets.

".. ground crews and WAAFs tell stories of serving and tending to the needs of the squadron to despatch the aircraft.

"Many years of research have culminated in probably the most detailed account of life on a bomber station and of the men and Lancasters that served."

You can get your personalised copy from Ian Reid, 104 Peakes Lane New Waltham, Grimsby, Lincs DN36 4LY. Price £21.00 plus £5.00 p&p, a special rate for members.

Proposed V-Force Reunion - 2004

Alan McLoughlin has contacted us about a possible weekend meeting of all personnel who served in any capacity on any Valiant, Victor or Vulcan squadron. The idea arose after a reunion at Newark Air Museum last year which was attended by many ex-Vulcan guys. At present it is only tentative, and Mac is anxious to get an idea of the amount of interest there would be. You can write to:

Alan McLoughlin

Wheal Lovell Farm

Manhay, Helston, Cornwall TR13 0NL

Tel: 01326 573509 e-mail almacmedal@aol.com

or Don Chadwick - email foxbarn@btopenworld.com

It is noticeable that we have comparatively little correspondence from our own Victor lads, and it would be nice to publish a few tales and reminiscences from that era in the Hornet. The great writers seem to be the Lancaster boys, but it takes all sorts to make an Association! We would welcome contributions from all the post-war periods, with photos if possible. Ed.

Holland 4th May 2003

60 years after the Battle of the Ruhr, it was felt to be fitting that 100 Squadron should pay its own tribute to former comrades who are commemorated in villages across Holland. Between April and July 1943 over 700 Bomber Command aircraft were lost in battle and about 5,000 aircrew. It is also a tribute to the people of Holland who still remember our boys, tend their graves and care for memorials to them in the villages of Eelde, Twello, Grashoek and Vlodrop. May 4th was chosen because it is the eve of Holland's "Liberation Day" when communities all over the country have their own remembrance services in the early evening.

For the past five months, the Squadron has been involved in intensive negotiations with British and Dutch Embassies, Strike Command, Dutch Military air bases and civilian airports at Eindhoven and Gronigen. Even the RAF Police got involved! Arthur White, meanwhile, was inundated with e-mails, letters and calls in his efforts to get latitude and longitude co-ordinates and large scale maps for the Squadron, not to mention anxious requests for details of timing, heights and courses to be flown.

Finally it all came together. Three 100 Squadron Hawks flew to Gronigen, (Dutch military bases being closed at weekends.) They flew over Holland at 2000 ft and descended to 500 ft for the salute over Grashoek, Twello and Eelde. Although 19 of our boys are interred at Jonkerbos War Cemetery there was no particular ceremony there, while the committee at Vlodrop preferred a midweek ceremony so the Royal Netherlands Air Force could take part.

We send our thanks and appreciation to 100 Squadron Boss. Wg Cdr Mike Simpson, for his strong support and for master-minding the operation, and to Flt Lt Chris Bulteel our Liaison Officer for all his work and responsibility in working at the sharp end with those mentioned

above. Thanks also to Jim Berry for cheerfully accepting a change of plan to attend Grashoek instead of Vlodrop and to 'Ginger' Stevens who did battle with Ryanair to change his destination from Jonkerbos to Eelde, where he was joined by Ian Reid. Colin Johnson, the 'guardian' of Holton-le-Clay joined Arthur and Paddy at Twello. Here are their reports.

"This year's activities at Grashoek were simpler but still impressive. We were driven round and shown places of interest relating to war-time Holland under the Nazis; a former German airbase, war cemeteries and the Overloon War Museum. Our thanks to Ed Muijsers. At about 7.00 pm a simple service was held at the Monument in the woods, conducted by Huub Kluitjmans, Piet Kurvers and Pip Dorssers-Kay. Poetry relating to the 1943 events was recited by schoolchildren from Grashoek Primary School and translated by their teacher. The band played the British National Anthem, a bugler sounded Last Post, then the minute's silence followed by Reveille. As the Dutch Anthem was played, the three Squadron Hawks flew over the site. Wreath-laying followed and then I gave the RAF Dedication to the Fallen. The Committee and Guests then retired to the Anchorplaatz in the village for refreshments. Our thanks to all our new Dutch friends for their kindness and hospitality during our visit".

Jim and Margaret Berry.

"On a glorious evening with the sky beginning to redden in the west, Greta Overmeen took us to the cemetery at Terwolde for the solemn annual ceremony, together with Colin Johnson and Frank and Dru Ockerby. Already assembled was a group of children, each carrying a white rose, and civic dignitaries including the deputy Mayor and the pipe and drum band of the 48th Highlanders of Holland. In charge was the cemetery superintendent who had organised the proceedings to the second. At 1915hrs the procession began. At the entrance, Colin laid the traditional wreath on the cross, then we proceeded among the graves of the resistance and the children laid a white rose on each one until we reached the six graves of the crew of 100 Squadron Lancaster W4989; Sgt A B Magill, Fg Off C B Fleming, Sgt W F Bradley, Sgt G Glover, Sgt E N Cummings and Flt Sgt J W Lake – Greta's "boys". "Behind the graves a record number of the villagers stood to pay their respects, probably 3-400. At the front of the meadow, four white

flagpoles flew the flags of Canada, Britain, Holland and the RAF. To the right was the band. Madame Deputy Mayor laid the first wreath for the community, followed by Colin and I for the Association and the Squadron, then Mrs Hill, sister of the navigator, and Greta. Six children then laid a white rose on each grave. Still carefully watching the time, the superintendent signalled to the band who played laments until 1936 hrs. Two minutes later, the Squadron Hawks appeared from the south and passed overhead at 500 ft and 300 knots in salute before flying to complete their mission at Eelde before the National two minutes' silence began at 2000 hrs. The band played the National Anthems of Britain and Holland, and I began my address. On behalf of the Squadron and the Association, I thanked the Mayor and Committee with special thanks to Mrs Janneke Schipper and to Greta for all their advice and assistance over the last few months, and to Mr Coert Munk, the manager of the local airfield who had provided coordinates and maps of the cemetery. I talked about the wartime resistance movement and stressed our appreciation of the Dutch people's support over the past 60 years, and concluded by saying that the fly-past was not only a salute to the fallen but also 100 Squadron's way of saying Thank you to them, and a small tribute to the 5,000 young aircrew of Bomber Command who died in the Battle of the Ruhr 60 years ago. A little later we attended another short ceremony where the Burgomaster renamed a street 'Resistance Street' in memory of the resistance workers. I gave a framed Squadron crest and a tin of Quality street to the children and in return received a picture to present to the CO of 100 Squadron."

Arthur and Paddy White.

(And of course, we extend our grateful thanks to Arthur for all his hard work and wish we could have been there. Ed.)

And last but not least, the report from Eelde.

"The visit to Eelde got off to a lovely start. On the flight over I was talking to a Dutch lady whose father listened out each evening in anticipation that the Lancasters would come over, and he would not sleep until they were on their way home. Hearing my reason for attending Eelde, she said she would tell her father: RAF aircraft would be flying over again.

"Ginger Stevens and I met at the airport in glorious sunshine and were

met by Hendrik Cazemier. Details of the fly-past had been published in the local paper and many people approached us to express interest in our reason for being there.

“By 1415 hrs, it was time to bring the Hawks out of the hangar. Our Dutch friends Jack Beneker, Kees van der Mark, Eric Erk and Jans Bastiaans, better known as the “100 Squadron support Group” along with Hendrik and myself helped the crews to push the aircraft out onto the apron under the guidance of “the Boss” Mike Simpson. Ginger meanwhile was interviewed by the local TV company. and he certainly enjoyed the occasion.

“That evening we attended a brief service of remembrance in some nearby woods in honour of Jacob de Vrirs who was shot down in the last days of the war. The simple three stone memorial had the inscription “Remember the fallen victims of the hostilities.” There followed a lovely church service lasting about 30 minutes involving local people, a military presence and invited guests. Readings were given by Otto Bakker, Chairman of the organising committee, Henk Cosmeijer, deputy mayor, and Henni Wietzes, committee member. Several children read poems by victims of the concentration camps.

“Then we made our way through the village in the warm sunshine to the old cemetery, following a drum beat and the military representatives including Mike Simpson. At the cemetery, local people had gathered to pay their respects to their own dead and the crew of ED555; Theodore Simpson, Alfred Lower, James Godsett, Peter Cowling, Leonard Cohen, Clarence Gibb and Douglas Storey. Also there was a Mosquito pilot Jack Enticott, buried behind the Lancaster crew. His sister Daphinee Bossom was there with her son David. A sister of Clarence Gibb, Gladys Sullivan and her daughter Jackie were there also.

“The military guard of honour waited in silence for the three Squadron aircraft to fly over and pay their respects. As they passed overhead in perfect formation, the two minutes’ silence began. Then Ginger and Mike laid the huge wreath donated by the Committee. Gladys and Jackie and Daphinee and David laid their wreaths in turn. The local press and TV were there to record events. Both Ginger and I felt such emotion as we looked upon the graves of the Lancaster crew.

We walked around the cemetery. The site is maintained by the local branch of the Commonwealth Graves Commission and showed great respect for the fallen with bouquets alongside each grave. There was a military salute and those gathered there moved slowly on. The warmth of the Dutch people, the location, and the sunset combined to create an ambience never to be forgotten.

Ginger and I wish to thank Hendrik and friends for organising the event, for running us around by car and for translating the many questions asked. Thanks also to the crews, Sqn Ldr Pilling, Flt Lt Chris Bulteel, Flt Lt Gus McDonald, Flt Lt Bob Simpson and Flt Lt Emmel-Smith. Many Dutch people approached me wishing again to thank The RAF for their contribution to the ceremony.

Ian Reid

The picture below shows the headstones of the Lancaster crew, and the wreath laid by Wg Cdr Simpson and Ginger Stevens.



Another Aussie Enquiry

Kevin Webster received an enquiry from Andrew Bartleet who is engaged in family research. He is asking about his father's cousin, Wing Commander David Holford DSO, DFC (no relation to John as far as we know) who took command of 100 Squadron on 20th November 1942. He was the 20th man to command the Squadron until his death on 16th December '43. Kevin replied quoting from "The Hornet's Nest".

"With no diversions it seemed a case of 'every man for himself'. The CO, Wing Co David Holford DSO, DFC crash landed 'N' at Kelstern and shortly afterwards Fg Off Proudfoot crashed at Barnoldby le Beck. Circling Waltham, searching for a break in the cloud, were 'Q' and 'F' who collided in mid air just south of the base. Of these four crews, 28 men, only six survived. An enquiry into the improvement of safety in such conditions led to the 'Waltham Circle', an arrangement with local searchlight units to guide in the bombers during bad weather."

During his research, Andrew found five family members who served as aircrew but only one of them survived the war. If any of our older members remember David Holford, we will be happy to pass the information on to Andrew.

Did you know?

The very first bomb dropped by the Allies on Berlin during WW2 killed the only elephant in the Berlin Zoo.

The flag of the Philippines is the only national flag that is flown differently during times of peace or war. The blue portion is flown on top in peacetime and the red portion in time of war!

Donald Duck's middle name is Fauntleroy.

Did you know.....a grenade thrown into a French kitchen resulted in Linoleum Blownapart!

Memorabilia

Squadron ties, blue or maroon: £12.50 inc p&p

Blazer Badges. (Specify King's or Queen's crown): £12.50 inc p&p

"The Hornet's Nest" – History of 100 Squadron: £12.00 inc p&p

Supplement to "The Hornet's Nest": £4.50 inc p&p

All the above are available from the Treasurer.

Cheques payable to 100 Squadron Association please.

Black Baseball caps: £7.00 inc p&p

From Flt Lt Percival or Flt Lt R Simpson, 100 Squadron, Leeming.

Cheques payable to 100 Squadron Aircrew Fund please.

"Bread and Butter Bomber Boys": £8.00 inc p&p from Arthur White.

Cheques payable to Arthur White please.