



# The Hornet

## The Newsletter of 100 Squadron Association

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## Newsletter 65 - May 2004

Dear Colleagues,

In the past I have bewailed the trials and tribulations due to my ineptitude with the computer. Well last week, two days into this N/L, the hard drive on this one died and lost everything ...all my photos any files and records (those not saved on disks anyway) and all the operating programs gone forever. What with having no e-mail, no jokes, no multi-maps, no word processor, I felt like a lost soul. However, our friendly local computer serviceman rebuilt it (at enormous expense) so all we have to do is reload the programs and start the newsletter all over again! That's enough of my problems, so on to better things.

I hope to see you all up at Leeming in June, it sounds as if it will be a grand weekend. Flt Lt Chris Bulteel tells me that instead of just the usual flypast he is hoping to have our own airshow. Wow!. If you haven't already booked for both the highjinks on the base and your accommodation I suggest you do so without delay, as last time we held the meeting at Leeming it proved extremely popular. Do also remember that if you have any difficulties in attending, either practical or financial, please contact Alex or John Willis, our welfare reps.

Regards to you all,  
John

## Correspondence

Jim Beath has written from Canada to offer his apologies for being unable to attend this year's reunion. He points out that the Canadian warplane Museum in Hamilton, home to their Lanc., now has several more WW2 trainers flying regularly. He also suggests that we get the name of our road changed to Merlin Lane - to honour the engine!

Bill Chisholm has passed on a query from Ontario asking for information about Flt Lt T R Jones DFM, ex air gunner. Tom collapsed and died at a Remembrance Day parade last year. His daughter lives in Norwich and is anxious to learn the full story as to how her father and navigator Bill Moffat brought the Lanc back after being shot up by a fighter over Turin late in 1944. Can anyone help with information for this lady?

Bill also passed on a letter from Ruth Roadhouse. The letter was written by Ted Locke in 1945 and comes from his widow Joan. We will reproduce it in full next time.

Alex Wedderburn has received a copy of a book 'Shot down over Denmark' by Helge William Grant. Among other things it recounts the fate of Lancaster ED 709 of 100 Sqn which crashed 21st April 1943. This book will be placed in the Squadron archives at Leeming and will be available for loan to members. A picture of the memorial stone appears on page 18, when Alex and Greta visited in September 2003.

The Association is very grateful for the generous gift of £100 from the daughters of the late Eric Redshaw together with his photograph and a copy of his pass book from when he was stationed at Seletar. We reproduce them on page 11. Both Honor and Marguerite have since joined the Association as associate members.

Tony Davey contacted us by e-mail about the Resistance Memorial near Les Glieres in France. see pages 16 and 17.

Arthur White begs to differ with the opinion expressed in the Straits Times (NL64) about the origins of the skull and crossbones in the squadron crest. Arthur says it was actually taken from a French brothel in Nancy in 1917.

Basil Gotto wrote from Ireland about the moment he learned of the outbreak of WW2. He was having an evening drink on the verandah outside Kuala Lumpur and the moment stuck in his mind so clearly that years later, back in England from a Japanese POW camp, he wrote a short story about it. We include the story on page 12 "A few days afterwards, being in the RAF reserve, I received a telegram to report to 100 Squadron Seletar so I rushed down to Singapore, but typically, when I arrived nobody had heard of me!"

Our congratulations to Norman Bonnor upon being re-elected as President of the Royal Institute of Navigation. He was first elected to this post on October 2002. Norman's story of his time at Wittering continues below.

Greg Harrison continues his research, keeping in contact with other researchers in France. We passed on an enquiry about the crew of ED 563, lost on a raid against Stuttgart, and Greg is trying to put two of the families in touch. With regard to Pilot Officer Gerald Hood: lorry driver Alan Barrow has done further research and has written about the circumstances surrounding his execution by the Gestapo in 1945. (NL 62)

John Snewin in Australia makes sure that we receive the RAAF Beaufort Squadrons Association newsletter with some great jokes. It may be of interest to know that the National Archive of Australia has now unveiled the nominal roll of over a million men and women served in the war. Visit [www.ww2roll.gov.au](http://www.ww2roll.gov.au) for details. We were sorry to read that the RAAF Hudsons Sqn Association held its final meeting in April - its first meeting was held in 1984. We are fortunate indeed that our own Association goes from strength to strength.

## **Memories and Anecdotes from** **100 Squadron at RAF Wittering, 1964-66** **Part 2**

As I said in Part 1 (Newsletter 64, February 2004), our monthly training hours were reduced when the aircraft fatigue specimen showed signs of a possible structural weakness. One or at most two sorties a week doesn't sound like hard work, but sortie planning for

the rear crew would take a day while the pilots completed a simulator exercise or two. Target study for our four warplan targets would take another day together with other routine ground training and, of course, there was Quick Reaction Alert (QRA). To hold QRA, the crew had to be fully constituted (no replacements were allowed because of the secrecy associated with warplan targets) and the crew, as a whole, had to be classified to "Combat Ready". There were three classifications: "Combat Ready", "Select" and "Select Star" - later replaced by "Command". After arriving on the Squadron from the VTF Conversion Course, it took several months for each individual in a crew to reach "Combat Ready". You then joined the six-month training cycle involving the requirement to complete a set number of training events to proscribed standards. So it would take a minimum of eighteen months (assuming you achieved all the training goals to the high standards required) to reach the top classification if you ever made it at all. During my time on both XV and 100 Squadrons, there were never more than two crews on the squadron at "Select Star" standard. The V-Force squadrons had an establishment of ten crews, but we rarely had more than seven or eight fully constituted crew available because of leave, sickness, postings etc. and at least one of these would not yet be "Combat Ready" and thus available for QRA; as a result, most crews would be on 15-minute standby for 24 hours each week.

During the day, QRA crews could undertake some ground training and target study, but the five members had to stay together and ready to react to the "Hooter". Fortunately, unlike some other V-Force bases, the Officers Mess at Wittering was reasonably close to the QRA pans, so we slept in the Mess and took our meals in the Aircrew Feeder. 15-minute readiness meant you had to be able to reach the aircraft, undertake "last minute loading" actions on the weapon and be ready with the cockpit door closed in under 10 minutes; you were now at 5-minute readiness. The Bomber Controller might then advance you to 2-minutes or stand you down; 2-minutes meant starting up and taxiing out to the threshold in no more than 3 minutes. It was a rare 24-hour duty, if you were not called out on a practice readiness during either day or night. At weekends, apart from the daily aircraft checks and the usual practice call out, we would relax in the Mess playing bridge or mah-jong. However, if the weather was good, my crew would head for

the garden at the front of the Mess to take up our passion for competitions with favourite toys of the mid-60s - plastic rockets. These were just over a foot long, and you launched them using very strong elastic bands. The body of the rocket contained a parachute for safe recover; however, you could adjust the delay on the parachute opening. Our competitions involved setting the delay so that, after the rocket started its descent, the parachute opened at the lowest possible height and maximum descent speed - the winning margin was usually less than three feet. Losers spent time gluing the broken parts of their rocket back together. One sunny Saturday, we were indulging our usual passion and had achieving some very low openings around six feet or so off the lawn. We set up again and one bystander called the count-down; a cheer went up as the rockets soared away, but one picked up the wind and headed over to the car park in front of the Mess. Concern rose as it looked like a serious repair job would be needed if the parachute didn't open; concern rose further when the Station Commander's car with his standard flying swept round the front of the Mess and our rocket looked to be on a precise interception course. The chute opened six feet off the ground and the rocket fluttered down bouncing off the boot of the car. We all hid behind a hedge and waited our fate but, fortunately, either he didn't notice or chose to ignore our children's games and strode straight into the Mess. From then on, we took more care when launching our toy rockets.

As I also explained in Part 1, we regularly practised and demonstrated 4-aircraft scrambles from the ORP at Wittering. I do remember one unfortunate incident in the summer of 1964 when it was decided to hold a "families day" with the object of letting the wives, girlfriends and children see what the station's role was all about. They were taken on tours of the Ops Block, visited to the simulators, had tea and cakes in the various units and the finale was to be a 4-aircraft scramble. The families were bussed out to a roped off area on the grass opposite the RW26 ORP. I think we were No.1 crew in the stream as usual. It was a lovely sunny Saturday with just the faint murmur of traffic moving on the A1. A loud speaker system was used to explain what was about to happen to all the happy families but unfortunately it did nothing to really prepare these poor innocent wives and children for the two minutes of mayhem that was about to occur. The scramble call was given and 16 Conway engines burst into life; our aircraft went to full power and

accelerated down the runway followed rapidly by three more. There was chaos among the families with screaming children, distraught mothers and many in a state of shock. We never again had a practice scramble on a families' day!

Later in 1965, there was a similar incident and again nobody had thought about the probable outcome beforehand. My crew were scheduled for a five-hour high-low-high profile with the usual Blue Steel runs planned and booked with two RBSUs. It was an important sortie for us as a crew, as the end of the training period was approaching and we needed to complete a number of procedures to ensure we retained or improved our "classification" rating. I vaguely remember that we had been on QRA the day before and had prepared the sortie plan with only the weather and NOTAMs to worry about the next morning. An Andover from the Royal Flight carrying the now dowager Duchess of Gloucester was due to land mid-morning but we planned to be airborne long before that. Next morning, as soon as we were relieved from QRA by another crew and had returned our war target bags to the vault in Ops, we completed our flight planning and headed for the aircraft parked in a dispersal at the Collyweston end. Unfortunately we found a snag that John Charlton, our AEO (Air Electronics Officer), said would affect the sortie and had to call for 2nd-line groundcrew to change one or two black boxes; meanwhile we returned to Ops to re-plan the sortie timing and re-book our RBSU slots and low level route bookings. After more than an hour, we finally got the word that the aircraft was ready and we headed back out, but now the Royal Flight was due and we were held in the dispersal with engines running while the Andover trundled in on an ILS approach. We were getting desperate as any further delays would blow away our bookings and badly affect the success of the sortie. We badgered the tower, and they finally let us taxi to the threshold of RW08 just as the Andover touched down. Of course the Andover only needed a fraction of the 10,000 feet of runway to land, and it turned off to the right onto one of the access tracks where a Rolls Royce was waiting to pick up the Duchess and the Station Commander was ready to greet her before she left for Barnwell Manor. As the Andover came to a stop only some 50 yards from the runway edge, we got permission to roll. The door of the Andover opened on the far side of the fuselage from us and steps were rolled into position by airmen dressed in bright white overalls as was fitting for a Royal Flight arrival. Just as the dear lady stepped out of the door onto the steps, we

came past at full chat and she went back inside rather distressed. After that nothing moved at Wittering during a Royal Flight!

The Victor Mk2 aircraft was capable of climbing quickly to 45,000 feet and could, by what was called “cruise climbing” - allowing the aircraft to climb very slowly in the cruise as the weight of fuel dropped - it was possible to get up to 55,000 feet towards the end of a sortie, or even 60,000 feet if the temperatures aloft were colder than normal. We were therefore issued and trained to use a “pressure jerkin and leggings” that would enable us to survive a cockpit decompression at high altitude. Normally, the cockpit was pressurised to the equivalent of 8,000 feet and was very comfortable but, if a decompression occurred above 45,000 feet, we would need to breathe under pressure or the oxygen in our lungs would bubble out and we would rapidly become unconscious. Breathing under pressure is the reverse of our normal method of respiration; you have to resist the pressure in the oxygen mask as you allow it to fill your lungs and then force against it to breathe out. Clearly you were not expected to do this for any great length of time; if cockpit decompression occurred, you made an emergency descent to below 40,000 where normal use of 100% oxygen was acceptable. Thus having to wear the extra flying clothing against the prospect of such an emergency was to buy the crew the time to descend to a safer altitude.

One consequence of the need to wear a pressure jerkin and leggings was that you got uncomfortably hot in summer or in the tropics as soon as you kitted-up. To offset this, you wore a “ventilated suit” over your shreddies and under your flying suit and pressure gear. These suits were made of thin white nylon with a spiders-web of tubes with holes incorporated into the fabric and a feed hose sticking out the side that you plugged into a cool air supply to stay comfortable. Each crew position in the aircraft had a plug in point and so did the seats on the crew buses that took us to the aircraft. We rarely bothered to use these suits in UK as the summers weren't that hot and the crew bus systems were often unserviceable, but on “ranger flights” to the tropics, we usually took them along. On our crew's first ranger to Singapore, we had the suits with us and decided to try them out when we realised that the outside air temperature would be approaching 100 degrees at our planned take off time. We managed to borrow an air conditioning trolley to keep the cockpit reasonable cool while we completed the checks but, as soon as this was removed and the door closed for engine start, you can imagine how quickly the temperature in the

cockpit rose so use of the ventilated suits with the engines now providing the air input was most welcome. We taxied out with the air valves fully open and said how good we thought the system was. With clearance to take-off, Terry Austin opened the taps and we started to roll - argh!! As the engine power rose, the air pressure into the suits rose dramatically, and we all struggled to turn off our air valves. At the debriefing after the sortie, Terry said he nearly abandoned the take-off! On return to the UK, we recommended a change to the pre-take off checks to turn the air valves down when using air vent suits.

One of the limiting factors on making best use of a training sortie was the time it took in the air to align the Inertial Navigation System (INS) of the Blue Steel missile. Ground alignments took 20 minutes but were totally unrealistic for a Force designed to scramble in less than 4 minutes and so were abandoned at an early stage. The Standard Operating Procedure (SOP) to align the INS was climb out and not attempt to start up the missile until you were straight and level at 45,000ft. One day, we were looking at an aircraft on a dispersal with a missile loaded, when Jeff Morgan, our co-pilot, said "We align that missile when we are in level flight, but the missile isn't!" What he meant was that to fit Blue Steel on the Victor, unlike the Vulcan, it was hung in a nose down attitude of some 10 degrees. "Why don't we align it in the climb when it's closer to level?" The nav team being typically dismissive of what co-pilots say replied as one "Cos the SOP says you do it at height!" But he had started us thinking; we could save up to 20 minutes by starting the alignment immediately after take-off. Gordon Hagel and I got out our Blue Steel course notes again and then went to see the missile technicians. We soon realised that the SOP had been written during the trials programme in Australia and nobody had considered revising it since the system had entered operational service. In the INS Bay, we persuaded the technicians to let us experiment with an INS on a test bench and found that we could easily complete the alignment process in less than five minutes. Just to be sure, we contacted Dr Roberts at RAE Farnborough who had been deeply involved in the design of the navigation and guidance of Blue Steel. When we explained our thoughts about aligning the INS in about five minutes during the climb, he said he couldn't see any reason why not. Of course, we kept all this "under our hats", but it soon became rather obvious that we were completing many more Blue Steel



practice attacks than any other crew on the station. First it was the Wing Weapons staff who questioned us, but we easily sold them a story, but then "the boss" - Wing Commander Herrington wanted to know what we were up to, so we came clean. He said we could keep going, but we had to let the other 100 Squadron crews "in on the plot"; however, "Don't tell 139 Squadron!" That didn't work for long; 100 Squadron were soon completing twice as many practice attacks as 139, so the Station Commander had to know. He said it was okay, "But don't tell anyone on those flatirons at Scampton!"

It was soon after this that we were chosen to be the first fully-operational crew to launch a Blue Steel, but I have already told the story of Operation Fresno in Arthur White's second supplement to The Hornets' Nest. However, the missile we launched and fired that day nearly didn't make it because of an incident a few days earlier on one of the "carry over" sorties we had to complete at Aberporth Bay Range before we were allowed to fire it. We had completed the sortie and fly-through at Aberporth very successfully and climbed away to recover to Wittering. As we approached the airfield, the undercarriage was selected down, but one of the main legs refused to go "green". We had about 30 minutes fuel remaining, so we entered the circuit, reported the problem and considered our options. Raising and lowering the undercarriage again had no effect; we still got two greens and a red. Using the secondary hydraulic system produced the same result. The Victor had experienced undercarriage problems in the past, and one of the modifications to solve possible problems was the addition of a compressed air bottle that blew the undercarriage down, but once used the hydraulic lock on the undercarriage would be lost and reliance placed on mechanical locks only; so this was a "once-only" last resort. By this stage, the Duty Pilot had informed the senior staff who rapidly assembled in the tower. Why so much high-powered interest? Well, if we did attempt to land with dodgy gear, we would have to jettison the missile first. Remember this was a fully operational round, full of kerosene and high test peroxide, which when mixed in measured quantities in the rocket motor were a pretty explosive combination. Crushed together all at once under an aircraft with a collapsing undercarriage doesn't bear thinking about! Dumping a million-pound missile (at 1966 prices!) in a farmer's field wasn't a very good idea either. Our options were narrowing with every minute, and our decision

was that we should head for The Wash to jettison the missile but make one last minute attempt to blow the gear down with the compressed air system. If we got "three greens", we would not jettison but, either way, we would have to divert to Marham because of our expected fuel state when we reached The Wash. When Terry related our intentions to the Tower, you could sense that they were going through the same drama as us. But, I must hand it to the Station Commander and his team, they made no attempt to interfere with our decision; they just wished us the best of luck and said they'd warn Marham of our emergency. About half way to The Wash, for no accountable reason, "three greens" suddenly appeared and we quickly turned about and landed safely at Wittering with much relief all round.

The above are some of my memories of those years at Wittering. They have probably become a little embellished in the telling but can you blame me. Despite the demands of QRA and the regular alert exercises, these were happy and fruitful times that were full of challenges, and I was also enjoying my early family life with Miggs and a baby daughter.

Norman Bonnor  
President

## **For your Information**

RAF Pensions Branch at Innsworth moves to :

Joint Services Pensions  
AFPAA  
PPPA  
Mailpoint 480  
Kentigem House  
65 Brown street  
Glasgow G2 8EX

Tel: 0141 224 3600

# **Obituaries**

## **Ashley Cedric Bloomer**

Cedric died in March. He joined the Squadron in 1952, following his apprenticeship as a machine tool fitter at Longbridge, serving on Lincolns at Waddington. He served in Kenya against the Mau Mau and later worked on Canberras as a bomb armourer until his demob.

He was a keen sportsman in his youth and a keen gardener in later life. He served on nine committees of the Royal British Legion for his county and branch and he was the training officer, teaching case workers how to go about helping service and ex-service personnel in need of help. He also ran the Poppy Appeal for his branch.

John Fray represented the Association at his funeral, and we are grateful to him for this obituary. He tells us that there were Legion members from Staffs. Worcs. Shropshire and the Black Country – nine RBL standards and one RAFA. Although Cedric had only one nephew, and no other family the service at St Peter's Church, Cradley was well attended.

## **Sally Lancaster**

Following the publication of Bob Pierson's article in NL 64 about Sally and her mascot dolls, we were saddened to hear of her recent death at the age of 77. Sally was confined to a wheelchair but remained a skilled craftswoman for most of her life. Her brother Stanley Lancaster has taken care of her for many years. We offer him our sincere condolences. Roger Stephenson represented the Association at the funeral. He writes "the service at the Grimsby crematorium was simple, with mention of Sally's connection with the RAF 100 Sqn during WW2. Many friends from the days she lived in Waltham were in attendance as well as members of 100 Sqn, including Ron Hall, Jon Moore and Mr and Mrs Bob Pierson. Both Bob and Ron still have the dolls that Sally became famous for." A donation was sent from the Association towards a wreath in red white and blue flowers.

## "Change Partners"

From the gaiety of the restaurant was I wafted back; from the tramp of the dancers, from the chink of the cutlery, - from the girl opposite I was carried, by that tune, to the still peace of a tropic evening.

Washed – exercised – bathed – verandah of a wooden bungalow – a bungalow on stilts – long wicker chair – sleeping dog – cheerful little Indian lad with whiskey – sun low behind jungle, giving foreboding look to thick rich growth – sun catching young rubber trees arising hopefully – youthfully from a sea of ground foliage. Trim garden – scent of Frangipani – stately sentinels of red tipped Arico palm with their incessant stream of "Cringer" ants climbing and descending – peace, quiet, comfort, backwater, fruitful, productive, secure, thoughts of homeland, pipe.

Indian boy hovering; he wants to play the gramophone. I don't want the gramophone – easy going – contented "OK Podian." I could have guessed. "Hutch" singing "Change Partners and dance with me" – mournful – sickly.

Dog's interest awakened – car threading through rubber – neighbour – draws up – "Stop that gramophone" – "just dropped in to tell you the war is ON, coming to the club?" " many thanks for letting me know – I never believed it would come. No thanks, no club tonight."

Sun has set – car lights twist away – oil lamp arrives – jungle alive with noise – a chechaw lies in wait by the lamp for his prey – pipe out – mosquitoes awake – "Whiskey, Besar" a big one.

War – stupendous – exciting – appalling – called up – no replacement – bungalow shut down – cook back to coolie lined – boy, what of him? Jungle engulfing the garden – monkeys romping in the house – chickens to market. Why do I think of such trivial things when such enormous issues are at stake? Air raids on London – thank goodness home is in the country – Armies in battle, glad I am in the Air Force – personal, personal. Human nature – more important to me what price I get for my car than thousands of massacred Poles.

All right Podian, put on the wretched gramophone, it may be your last chance." Could have guessed "Hutch" singing "Change Partners"

War! The cry or war reverberating 7000 miles to affect the lives of all seeking out even this quiet haven – myself, the cook, the little boy, the monkeys, the chickens, the jungle, the “chechaw” will have no lamp to lure its mosquitoes, the ants – no the war will not stop them climbing and descending the slender stem of the Arico palms – the soulful tune drags on.

But no, the orchestra has finished with “Change partners” - the spasmodic clapping of the dancers calls me back to post-war gaiety. “And what” asks the girl with a whimsical smile “has kept you in dreamland for 2 and a half minutes?” “I was just thinking how nice it would be to be an ant – but only of course if you would be an ant too.” I wonder vaguely what has become of the cook, the friend who brought the tidings – the small boy and the dog – but it does not seem very important now.

Basil A Gotto

1945

## **The National Memorial Arboretum**

John Willis has been in negotiations with Graham Nolan of the above organisation on our behalf. The results of the communications are as follows:

1. They are going to plant a silver birch tree in the RAF wing of the Arboretum with a plaque inscribed “Our tribute to those who did not return. 100 Squadron Association.”
2. Another silver birch will be planted in the RAF Far East area with the same inscription, as a tribute to those members of the Squadron who were stationed at RAF Seletar. In this case the inscription will be on a black plastic label attached to the tree.

Graham Nolan will keep us informed of progress.

## **Asking for your help**

Further questions for you:

Hans Ooms in Holland is researching Lancaster PD 221 "BQ-R" of 550 Squadron which crashed on 3rd/4th February 1945 in Westerbeek.

Richard Knott is researching the events surrounding the raid on Berlin on 16th/17th December 1943. He is interested in the circumstances that led to a series of crashes across England as the crews attempted to return to base that night. We will pass on any personal accounts or other information.

Peter Menges in SW Germany is also researching bomber losses and asks for information about Lancaster PB 572 HW-F. It crashed on a raid 1st/2nd February 1945, and he needs to know the crash site and any other details. The crew were as follows:

Flt Lt Conn

Fg Off Dukelow

Flt Sgt Hartshorn

Fg Off Hughesdon

Sgt Hart

Flt Sgt Brady

Sgt Wilson

Fg Off Blackbourn

Sgt Hemmant

Following our enquiry last NL about 1503916 Robert Smith, we received a letter from his nephew, Mr C G Stuttard of Oldham. Having placed a wreath on the Waltham memorial in December, he was contacted initially by Fred Bury and then by a Jack Taylor who had trained with his uncle at Blackpool and Hereford. He writes of all the helpful people he has met or spoken with associated with 100 Squadron and asks us to pass on his thanks to everyone who has assisted him. He is a retired aircraft engineer who has worked for 40 years within the same Chadderton factory where his uncle's aircraft was manufactured. How about that!

## **A 'Brightener' from Australia**

A man in a taxi wanted to speak to the driver so he leaned forward and tapped him lightly on the shoulder. He was not prepared for what happened next.

The driver screamed, leaped in the air and yanked the car wheel over. The car jumped the kerb, demolished a lamp post, narrowly missing a dog and its startled owner before coming to a stop just inches from a pastry shop window.

The stunned passenger stepped shakily out of the cab, saying "I didn't mean to frighten you, I just wanted to ask if you would accept a credit card."

The taxi driver mopped his sweating brow and tried to calm his racing heart. "It's not your fault, mate," he said, "It's my first day as a cab driver. For the past twenty five years I've been driving a hearse!"

### **...and how the editor gets his exercise...**

Jumping to conclusions  
Flying off the handle  
Running down his boss  
Dodging responsibility and  
Pushing his luck!

## **Quotes from George Burns**

- You'll know you have graduated from elderly to old when everything hurts, and what doesn't hurt doesn't work!
- When you are still chasing women but can't remember why!
- When everyone comes to your birthday party and stands around the cake to get warm!

## **Les Glieres**

Every year at this time there is a ceremony to commemorate the Resistance fighters who lost their lives in the Battle of Glieres. This was the 60th Anniversary of the battle, and the French Minister of Defence, Mme Micelle Alliot-Marie represented President Jacques Chirac.

In 1944, aircraft (mainly Halifax from Wittering) dropped supplies, armaments and four 'liaison officers' on to the plateau. However, Resistance fighters were heavily outnumbered by German forces, and the leader of the group Tom Morel was killed.

The RAFA was invited to take part in the recent ceremony, and the Chairman of our branch asked me to carry the Union Jack. I met up with Brian Wanstall, ex-Wg Cdr pilot who carried the Association Standard. We were about the last to be put into place around the Memorial stone together with 134 other standard bearers including British Legion and RAFA from Lyon.

The ceremony was very moving with a good choir, military band and of course speeches. The lady Minister of Defence shook hands with all the standard bearers, the VIP's, relatives of those buried there and survivors of the deportation camps. There were about 2000 people present.

The site is very impressive; the graves face the plateau where the battle took place and there are two waterfalls flanking the rock face. During the minute's silence all that could be heard was the sound of falling water from the cascades.

The event received national TV coverage, and I was so strategically placed that I had a five second spot on television.

Tony Davey





**Memorial and service at Les Glieres**



*Memorial at the entrance to the National Park Rebild Bakker.*

Immediately after the Liberation it became quite apparent that it was the Allied airmen who on their lonely and dangerous missions had provided the basis for the build-up, the arming of and the ability to fight of the Resistance Movement.

In 1988 a group of former Resistance fighters decided that a memorial should be erected on 5 May 1990, the 45th anniversary of the Liberation of Denmark.

The memorial is a tall, slender monument of granite symbolising the rudder of a bomber, and it bears the names of the 69 Allied airmen who were shot down and lost their lives on SOE-missions to Denmark. Crown Prince Frederik unveiled the memorial in Rebild Bakker on 5 May 1990.



**The memorial stone to ED 709 when Alex and Greta visited in September 2003**

## **Some Scouser gags from Arthur White**

Why does the Mersey run through Liverpool?  
If it walked it would get mugged.

What do you call a Scouser wearing a tie?  
The accused!

## **New Associate members**

Mrs Josephine Daly  
24 Main Avenue  
Bracebridge Heath  
Lincoln LN4 2PE  
tel; 01522 870403

Her brother Sgt John Botterill Forge Hudson was a rear gunner on a 100 Sqn Lancaster which was shot down in Holland in 1943. He is buried near Venlo.

Mr A F Smith  
1, Lees Lane caravan site  
Turning Lane  
Scarisbrick PR8 5HR

## Memorabilia etc.

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 Hornet's Nest: £4.50 inc p&p

All the above are available from the Treasurer.

Cheques payable to 100 Squadron Association please.

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Black baseball caps: £7.00 inc p&p

From Chris Bulteel (Fund Manager) or Flt Lt Higginbottom.

100 Squadron, RAF Leeming.

Cheques payable to 100 Squadron Aircrew Fund.

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

Cheques payable to Arthur White please.

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"The Itinerant Airman" By Arthur Gamble £10.50 inc p&p

Orders and cheques to:

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## **and finally.....**

An Amish boy and his father were visiting a mall. They were amazed by everything, but especially by two shiny silver walls that could move apart and back together again. The boy asked "What's this father?" Never having seen an elevator the father replied "Son, I have never seen anything like this. I don't know what it is."

As they watched, wide eyed, an old lady in a wheel chair rolled up to the moving walls and pushed a button. The walls opened and the lady rolled into a small room. The walls closed and the boy and his father watched small circles of light with numbers flashing. They continued to watch until the walls opened again and a beautiful young woman stepped out.

The father yelled to the son "Quick boy - go and get your mother!"