



# The Hornet

## The Newsletter of 100 Squadron Association

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## Newsletter 68 - February 2005

Dear Colleagues,

As this is the first newsletter of 2005 I wish you all a belated HAPPY NEW YEAR and many more of them

Enclosed with this newsletter you should find a copy of the updated membership list. If we have put you at the wrong address, would you please move there immediately to make it right! Seriously, please check your own entry carefully and notify us ASAP of any mistakes: for which we apologise in advance! Next time we will publish a list of alterations and additions.

Also enclosed is an application form for the Reunion 2005. As ever, we are looking forward to meeting old friends and making new ones. Following the unexpected posting of his predecessor, our new Liaison Officer (note on p19) has been pitched in at the deep end to organise the reunion. We all wish him the best in his endeavours on our behalf.

We have had no response to the suggestion that the N/L might go out on secure email sometime in the future. We would welcome your comments.

Best wishes to you all.                      John

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We always welcome your contributions; please send us your thoughts and reminiscences relating to your service on the Squadron, no matter how long or short, or your observations on any of the articles we have published. Once again, our thanks to all those who have contributed to this issue.

## **Veteran's Badge**

Air Commodore Norman Bonnor has sent us some information about this. The Veteran's badge was launched last year for veterans who served in the Second World War and is available on request.

Please apply to: Mr Richard Godfrey  
Veterans Policy Unit  
7th Floor Zone 1  
Main Building  
Whitehall  
London SW1A 2HB

An application form can be found on the British Legion website.

## **Query**

We had a question from Bill Chisholm in Canada regarding the aircraft picture on page 19 of the last Hornet. It is in fact a photo taken by Brian Hulme of the Victor tanker aircraft at Elvington Air Museum which bears the Squadron markings. The pod under the wing is a fuel tank. This aircraft was flown by the Squadron as a bomber before its conversion to a tanker.

## **Stupid Criminals**

A woman was reporting her car had been stolen and mentioned that there was a car phone in it. The policeman taking the report then called the phone and told the guy who answered that he had seen the car advertised and wished to buy it. They arranged to meet and the thief was arrested.

The Belgian news agency Belga reported in November that a man suspected of robbing a jewellery store in Liege said that he could not have done it because he was busy breaking into a school at that very same time. Police then arrested him for breaking into the school!

David Posman, 33, was recently arrested in Providence Rhode Island, after allegedly knocking out the driver of an armoured car and stealing the nearest four bags of money. It turned out that they contained £800 in pennies, weighed 30 pounds each, and slowed him to a stagger during his getaway so that police officers easily jumped him from behind!

45-year old Amy Brasher was arrested in San Antonio, Texas, after a mechanic reported to police that 18 packages of marijuana were packed into the engine compartment of the car which she had brought in to the mechanic for an oil change. According to police, Brasher later said that she had not realised that the mechanic would have to raise the bonnet of the car in order to change the oil.

## **Vin Knight - extracts from his journal**

Vin did his second tour with 100 Squadron at Waltham where he was Engineer leader. Arthur White did a couple of trips with him including a "Manna" to Rotterdam: flying over the North Sea at 50ft, Vin opened the throttles to the maximum "to see how fast a Lanc would go!"

Vin died in 1985 leaving a widow and son. Ellie has typed out the hand written journal recently and sent it to Arthur, including much of his wartime memorabilia. His flat cap was Arthur's which he "nicked" when Arthur first turned up in the Mess as a sprog Plt Off. He left Arthur his own cap which no doubt had had a few pints poured into it during the Waltham period, and a lot more hours in it. Sadly, Arthur lost it on his demob night in Nottingham!

This is the first part of Vin's account of his experiences as a Flight Engineer in a Lancaster Bomber crew.

"Of 28 Flight Engineers who commenced to operate at the Squadron at the same time as myself, only three of us finished our tour; the other 25 failing to return from the raids they took part in.

"At the end of my first tour, I had several shaky trips in succession and was not sorry when I was told I was to be screened. I felt I could do with a rest - this feeling lasted about three months and then I began to get the old urge back again. For family reasons - I had a wife and baby - I tried to overcome it, but I knew I could not be content until I was on operations again. I experienced considerable difficulty due to the fact that in the meantime I had been promoted to Flight Engineer Leader at a Conversion unit and was responsible for the training of all Flight Engineers there. I made regular applications and eventually the glad news came through that I was to be given a Squadron. In October 1944, I joined my new Squadron. As a Leader my operational activities were rather curtailed, due to the fact that officially I was allowed to take part in a maximum of two raids per month. My only chance of getting on a raid was when an Engineer went sick and, if I preferred to go myself, I stepped into his place. As a Leader, you rely on opportunities like this: however, as time went on I found other methods, which it would be unwise to relate.

On my second tour, I did several daylight raids. It looks good in daylight to see the sky full of aircraft but at the target itself, the thrill is not so great. To see a target blazing away at night gives a crew a sense of satisfaction that a job has been well done.

Flak is so different at night. The flashes of the guns can be plainly seen and the bursts in the sky much more effective. Light flak in all its various colours shaking into the sky, although dangerous, is fascinating to watch. Searchlights add to the picture as they probe the sky in their untiring search and then, about the target area, you will probably get 50 or 60 searchlights in different cones.

Searchlights can be very demoralising. I have never yet met an aircrew who liked flying through them. Although they themselves do you no harm, to get caught in a cone of searchlights is usually the first step towards signing your death warrant. The area covered in the sky by one of these cones must cover many cubic miles, and it is with great skill that a pilot manages to weave his aircraft out of it. When an aircraft is coned, it is the enemy's usual practice to concentrate every gun on it until it is shot out of the sky."

There follows Vin's fascinating account of the raid on Essen, 9th January 1943.

"We are told at 10.30 am that we are on tonight...enquiries...'What's the petrol load?'... 1450 gallons...it must be the Ruhr. Out to our aircraft we go, F for Freddie, a Lancaster 1. The aircraft is ready so we do our night flying test. We fly round for half an hour, make our tests and return to base. Everything OK...all set for tonight. We get lunch at 12.30 and lie on our beds till briefing time 15.00 hrs.

We walk into the briefing room, everyone eager to get a glance at the target map. It is Essen. We are briefed and as we leave the room, crews leave their valuables and money in little canvas bags and hand them over to the Intelligence Clerks ... just in case... a final search of our pockets to remove any evidence that may give information to the enemy in case we get shot down. This is very important as even a bus ticket has been known to help the enemy trace which squadron you are from.

We climb into our flying kit, into the transport and out to the aircraft. We have an hour and a half to wait for take off. A few jokes are passed as we smoke but time goes very slowly. Eventually take off time comes, engines are started and checks made. We taxi to the take off point, ACP have given us green. We straighten up on the runway, final checks made, helmet adjusted and microphone on.

Doug calls "OK for take off." I answer back "OK for take off." This is a moment when no mistakes can be made. The aircraft is moving now, Doug keeping her on a straight course along the runway. "Full power" he calls, and I push the throttles right through the gate and lock them. We leave the ground and climb steadily. I check the engines and gauges again...all is OK...we are safely airborne...I make up my log. We are to circle the aerodrome for 30 minutes to give us plenty of height when we get to the target. At 9000 ft, we put on our oxygen. Syd the navigator calls that it's time to set course. I set it on the DR compass and out to sea we head.

The intercom. is very quiet. No one speaks unless they need to. Doug calls each crew member to see that they are alright. We are now well out to sea. All eyes are skimmed for other aircraft. Navigator calls that we are about 50 miles from the Dutch coast. Doug thinks it is time to start to weave... we begin to dive and climb and twist and turn.

Yes we can see the searchlights on the coast now ... lots of flak bursts like twinkling stars and the light flak being hose-piped up. We approach the Dutch coast and go in over Overflakken ... Rotterdam on our port side is putting up a good display ... probably someone off track. As we get further inland the defences are hotting up.

It's a grand night, not a cloud in the sky. We are now at 17,000 ft.... everyone's eyes searching the sky... not an unnecessary word spoken. I check my gauges ... everything running perfectly.

We continue inland. We can see the Ruhr now on our starboard side. From the distance, it looks like a solid mass of flak and searchlights. What an awe inspiring sight it is. Essen is in the middle of it.

I watched the probing searchlights. Suddenly I saw a little red ball of fire appear in the air in front of us. Wally the bomb aimer casually

remarked "Kite on fire, skip". Silence again. I watch the fire getting bigger and bigger as it falls to earth. I wonder about the seven men in it. It hits the ground, seems to explode, and tongues of flame shoot up. I shudder. I'm glad I wasn't in that one!

The Navigator now gives a change of course. We are heading right into the Ruhr. It does not look possible for any human being to fly through that and come out alive. Doug is throwing the aircraft all over the sky. I have to hold on to avoid being thrown myself. Occasionally a searchlight will flick us. Flak is very heavy now. The way the tracer curls up fascinates me. Suddenly on the port side there is a terrific flash followed by lots of pretty coloured stars and a cascade of white stars. "Aircraft blown up on port side." I expect it had had a hit on the 4,000 pounder. The crew would not have known anything about it.

On the starboard side, I could now see a particularly strong concentration of flak and searchlights. That must be Essen. We change course. I check engines and gauges and change to full tanks. We are into the thick of it now.

Next issue: The Raid.

## **Christmas Island - Part Two**

We continue the account by John Clubb, which we began in NL67.

On the day of the first drop - 15th May 1957, my 28th birthday - everyone not directly connected with the operation was moved as far as possible from the airfield end of the Island in case the Valiant carrying the bomb crashed on take-off. All 3,000 people on the Island had to be accounted for before the Valiant could start its take-off run. Once it was safely airborne, we resumed our normal activities, but kept ourselves aware of events 400 miles to the south, just in case the "chain reaction" predicted by some of the tabloid newspapers did materialise and the World did the opposite! The progress of the operation around Malden Island was relayed to Christmas Island and broadcast over the PA system. That the end of the world did not happen was just one more reason for a fairly good party that night.

Spare time, what little there was between rehearsals and live drops, was spent fishing, sun-bathing (the lagoon wasn't really deep enough nor safe for swimming) by day. In the evenings, Watneys and Tennants ruled, although there was very little, if any over-indulgence - at least until the final drop was over.

The task force Commander, Air Vice Marshall W E Oulton CB CBE DSO DFC established a tradition that at weekends or stand-downs, he and the senior officials of the three services and the senior scientists would tour the Messes and join in the festivities. I believe this had a huge effect on morale, even though morale was generally good anyway. The opportunity to talk informally with the top brass about this very special operation was unique for most of us, and our guests always gave a good account of themselves. I will always remember a conversation a small group of us had with Dr William (later Sir William) Cook, the scientific director, one Saturday evening. We were asking him how he could be sure that the explosion just off the end of Christmas Island the following week would not damage the camp or we who would be on the Island. After a complex scientific explanation of over pressures, air density, dissipation of the blast etc. he said "Anyway, I'll be a lot nearer the burst than you people will" - and walked away, hands behind his back with all his fingers crossed!

After the experience of "Grapple" the work-up to the one bomb of



"Grapple X" was more routine, although the prospect that the bomb would be dropped just a mile or so off Christmas Island rather than 400 miles away certainly concentrated the mind. This also had the advantage that we all felt very much more closely involved and the detailed running commentary over the station Tannoy heightened the drama for everyone.

Finally, on 8th November 1957, my new pilot Brian Taylor and I were called from our evacuation positions where we were expecting shortly to feel the heat of the flash on our backs, to take over as last minute substitutes for "Photo 1" - Sqn Ldr Monaghan and Flt Lt John Pomford - whose oxygen was running out much too quickly as they prepared to take up their orbit for the Valiant bomb run. We were airborne pretty quickly and just managed to climb to our operating height in time for a last minute drift and groundspeed check for the Valiant bomb aimer before taking up our orbit for post-burst photography. The tension as the Valiant started its live bomb run was like nothing I had felt before. To prevent flash blindness we faced away from ground zero just before the bomb left the Valiant, then closed our eyes and covered them with our hands as the bomb was falling and burst time approached. Despite these precautions, and the fact that my small window was covered by a curtain, it was impossible not to see the flash of the explosion 25 miles away as a brilliant white light (some people saw the bones of their hands as if X-rayed). After 20 or so more seconds the operations controller gave the order that we could open our eyes and look towards the explosion.

I must say that when I saw the red and black fireball rising above its black stalk (seconds before the characteristic white stalk and mushroom cloud developed) my first thought was that someone must have miscalculated, and we would soon be heading north to Hawaii as Christmas Island would not be available for landing. My second thought, as I saw dark concentric rings of blast waves coming up towards us was that we wouldn't be flying at all after they had hit us. Then the training took over, and we had to concentrate on taking photographs as the fireball developed. As it happens, the scientists had not miscalculated, Christmas Island was undamaged. The blast waves just gave us a gentle nudge, the end of the world was postponed and we took some very good photographs. Six days later we were on our way back home.

All in all, considering the many potential hazards of the operation, we were lucky to avoid many accidents although the sad loss of one of our most professional crews, John Loomes and 'Monty' Montgomery his navigator at Goose Bay, due to icing, poor radio communications and possibly fatigue, reminded us all that there but for the grace of God went any of us.

The weather played a part in several difficult situations experienced by 100 and 58 Squadron aircraft. A double flameout caused by a combination of extremely cold temperatures and turbulence at height, another similar 'nearly' when we found ourselves still in turbulence and cloud at 52,000 feet with an outside temperature of minus 85 degrees. We also suffered a split undercarriage hydraulic jack, possibly due to the extreme cold at height, but fortunately we had got our wheels down and landed before all the fluid drained away. Another of our Canberras was less fortunate and landed wheels up at Christmas Island.

Squadron Leader Douggie Hammatt, our Detachment Commander on Grapple, had a hair-raising ride when an un-forecast jet stream, failure of navigation equipment and an underpowered ground radio at Christmas Island combined to leave them "temporarily unsure of their position". Thanks to good luck and good airmanship, they eventually landed at Christmas Island with tanks almost dry. A similar incident almost led to the loss of two VIP's, Sir William Cook and Dennis Wilson, flying from Christmas Island to Honolulu courtesy of 76 Squadron. Their Canberra B6 did land with dry tanks - on a disused airstrip on the island of Maui. It says a lot for the training and flexibility of the crews that none of these "near misses" turned into anything worse.

Thinking of this operation so many years later, I still feel a sense of pride in being part of such an important event which had been conducted "on a shoe string" in such a professional manner. From the top to the bottom, everyone knew what he had to do and did it successfully. Brian Taylor and I still attend the "Grapple" reunions, and it is interesting that in March 2000, 79 people who served on the Island attended. Of those, 41 were ex-Royal Air Force officers and 16 were ex-100 and 58 Squadron aircrew.

# **Obituaries**

## **Mrs Greta Overmeen**

Greta died on November 1st last year. For the last two years, she had been waiting for a heart operation and called Arthur and Paddy on 29th October expressing her delight at getting an appointment for 31st. Sadly, complications arose and she failed to recover from the operation.

Members will recall Greta as "the lady who loved to see, hear and touch a Lancaster" - an ambition she achieved with the Mynarski Lancaster in Canada a few years ago. For 60 years, she tended the graves of "her boys", the crew of WH4989 shot down near her village in 1943 and in recognition of this she was made an Honorary Member of 100 Squadron Association. She also tended the graves of members of the Canadian Highland Division and paratroops of the Border Regiment, who were killed in the liberation of Holland, and was made an Honorary Member of each organisation. A highlight of her life was the salute by three Squadron Hawks over the graves of "her boys" in May 2003.

Her work as a Dutch patriot was recognised by the Queen of the Netherlands in 1999 - she will be missed by many in the villages of Twello and Terwolde where she spent most of her life, and as far afield as Canada and the UK.

She was cremated on 5th November 2004, and floral tributes were sent by the Association. We send our sincere condolences to her two sons and their families. Greta was a fighter to the end.

## **Flt Lt T R Jones**

We have recently been informed of the death of Thomas Jones in November of 2003; he collapsed while carrying the standard for the Royal British Legion at a Remembrance Day parade in Orpington at the start of the two minutes' silence.

We send our condolences to his daughter Patricia Smith and to the rest of his family.

## **Bob Knights**

We have been informed that Bob died on 2nd January, just two weeks before his 90th birthday. Alex has sent a letter of sympathy to his widow Mabel.

## **Mr G A 'Dinger' Bell**

From his daughter Ann we learned that 'Dinger' died suddenly on 6th January at his home in Gloucester at the age of 93.

He joined the RAF in the early 1930's, and one of his early postings was to 100 Squadron at Donibristle. In December 1933, he embarked on the SS Rampura with the Squadron's new Vildebeestes packed in crates, bound for Singapore. From 'Dinger' came much of the information and photos of the Squadron's early days in Singapore which was reproduced in The Hornet's Nest.

In a career spanning over 40 years, he served at various RAF bases in the Middle and Far East and Europe until he retired and went to live in Weston-super-Mare with his wife Betty. He maintained a close interest in all RAF matters and was involved with RAFA in Weston.

Following Betty's death in 1994 he moved to Gloucester to be closer to his daughters.

His funeral took place at St Lawrence's church Barnswood on 18th January, followed by a private cremation ceremony and a reception at Guild House. In accordance with family wishes, the Association has sent a donation to the Tsunami Relief Fund.

To his daughters Ann, Marjory and Ruth we send our sincere condolences. Ann wishes to become an associate member of our Association.

'Dinger' worked behind the scenes dealing with DRO's leave passes, travel warrants, ration cards, requisitions, correspondence and all the minutiae which make the RAF tick. In the words of Eric Sykes, "Three cheers for the man on the ground!"

Arthur White

## **Norman Thom - "Swiss Evader"**

Norman served as a 100 Squadron Wireless operator. He spent most of his working life in Switzerland and is now retired and living in France. He went to RAF Marham in about 1976 when Pete Le Marquand was CO of 100 Squadron. Tony Davey recalls that he was a VIP guest on this occasion. This is a short extract based on the book "Aviateurs - Pietons vers la Suisse" by Roger Anthoine, which has been translated by Tony, our man in France.

19 year-old Sgt Norman Thom was captured in Eastern France. With his pilot William Bell, and the rest of the crew, he was based at Waltham in March 1944. On the night of 27th April, the target was Friedrichshaven. On the return leg, they were attacked by a Junkers 88 - an explosion - the crew stuck to the sides of the fuselage; another explosion, and Norman was thrown out of the aircraft, unconscious. He landed about 100 metres from the wreck of the plane, the only survivor. He was then captured by a German patrol and transferred to a military barracks from whence he escaped on foot and made his way towards Switzerland. On 1st May, he arrived at Deuxville and was given a false identity card. He was apprehended crossing the Swiss border and handed over to the Military Police. Now a refugee, by August he had decided to risk a return to England via France. There the resistance group sent the ex-aviators on their way to make contact with the American army. Finally he was flown in a Dakota from Rabat in Algeria to Bristol.

Back in London on 6th September, the M19 investigators wrote their account of Norman's adventures and ordeals; a mere two pages to cover four months of high drama. Every year Norman journeys to the village of They to visit the graves of his fellow crew members, in the shade of the old church.

"The aviator's wind for ever caresses their tombs."

# Dresden Revisited

I was asked to take part in a programme for German TV about the bombing of Dresden on 13th February 1945. Naturally I agreed. To be on the safe side I contacted AVM Herrington for advice on what to say and what not to say. The TV crew came to our house, moved all the lounge furniture to one side and built a TV studio at one end. Filming and interviews took about three hours and then they left.

I received a Christmas card thanking me for my contribution and asking if I was prepared to do another hour. I rang up and said "Yes, come along any time" and the response was "Would you be prepared to do the filming in Dresden?" This was three days before Christmas, and I was to be in Dresden on 2nd January!

Betty and I left Manchester on Sunday afternoon and arrived in Dresden by 8.30pm, to be met by the producer Herr Dag Freyer who thanked us for "taking the trip upon you so briefly after New Year."

The topic was "Commemoration and reconciliation" The intention was to bring together both German and British contemporary witnesses to talk and exchange experiences. On Monday morning, Betty and I with the other RAF bod from 49 Squadron were given a conducted tour of Dresden. Buildings were still under reconstruction as little had been done under the Honiker regime, and hundreds of prefabs were still in use. Some buildings were being restored using old and new stone.

Later in the afternoon, we went to the "St Petersburg Hall" of the Hilton hotel across the street from the Frauenkirche, and we were met by the film crew and welcomed by the director Herr Dehnhardt. There were 158 Germans seated in groups of eight. I was invited to meet the survivors of the firestorm. Most had been children at the time but others had lost relatives. Among them was a Jewish lady who had been in a concentration camp on the outskirts of Dresden who said that they prayed to be killed by an RAF bomb rather than go to the gas chambers. There were tears and hugs all round. I managed to visit each group and to shake hands with everyone. It was a most humbling experience.

At six o'clock, we all went to the Frauenkirche which is still being restored using old and new stone, to take part in an hour long commemoration in the crypt. Several contemporary witnesses recounted their memories and a pastor spoke of the perspectives for reconciliation, and how the Frauenkirche had become a symbol for mutual understanding. I said a few words which were translated, and asked that they remember not only those who died in Dresden but also those who perished in Warsaw, Hamburg, Coventry, Nuremburg, London, Sheffield and the cities of other countries. The TV cameras were there to record the event for the documentary. An ensemble of the famous Kreuzchor accompanied the ceremony.

The commemoration was due to end at 7.00pm, but we were still there at 8.30, and there was an overwhelming feeling of friendship throughout the candlelight service. There was no ill-feeling shown - only friendship.

The journey home was filled with thought and thankfulness. Betty's foot swelled up, and wheelchairs were the order of the evening. What a hectic start to the New Year!



Thanks to Stamper for sending us this account so promptly, and for the photo of the Frauerkirche..

# Annual Reunion 2005

As we go to press in early February, the programme at this stage is provisional. There will be a more detailed one in the May newsletter. Also the list of accommodation on page 17 is from last year and is intended as a guide only. The prices may have altered since last year. Please check at the time of booking.

An application form is enclosed with this mailing.

## Fri 24th June

- |             |  |
|-------------|--|
| 1100 - 1230 | Arrive Guardroom, security administration, then to 100 Squadron hangar. View archives. |
| 1200 - 1315 | BBQ Lunch  |
| 1400 - 1530 | Static aircraft and mini flying display.   |
| 1700 - 1800 | 'Happy Hour' in Officers' Mess.  |
| 1800 - 1815 | Transport to hotels.   |
| 1945        | Transport from hotels to base.   |
| 2000        | Informal meal followed by speeches by the President and the CO.                        |
| 2300 - 2400 | Transport to hotels.   |

## Saturday 25th June

- |             |  |
|-------------|--|
| 0900 - 0930 | Committee meeting.                                       |
| 0930 - 1030 | AGM in Officers' Mess ante-room. Ladies in Ladies' room. |
| 1100 - 1200 | Church service, parading Squadron Standard.              |
| 1215 - 1315 | Light lunch.   |



# Accommodation List

Please note that these are last year's prices.

<b>Tatton Lodge</b> Londonderry 01677 25593	£45 – Double (inc breakfast) £30 – Single (inc breakfast) All ensuite 5 Rooms
<b>Windsor Guest House</b> 56 South Parade Northallerton 01609 74100	£46 – Double (inc breakfast) £28 – Single (inc breakfast) All ensuite 6 Rooms
<b>The White Rose Hotel</b> 12 Bedale Road Leeming Bar 01677 422707	£58 – Twin/double £45 – Single MOD discount 18 Rooms
<b>Golden Lion Hotel</b> High Street Northallerton 01609 772053	£50 per person (negotiable!) 25 Rooms (1 single, 24 twin/double)
<b>Station Hotel</b> 2 Boroughbridge Rd 01609 772053	£45 Double (inc breakfast) £25 Single (inc breakfast) 1 single, 6 twin, 4 double/family
<b>Bruce Arms Bistro</b> Bedale 01677 424454	£60 Double occupancy £40 Single occupancy All ensuite 3 double rooms
<b>Leeming Lodge</b> 2 Leases Road Leeming Bar 01677 426264	£50 (approx) (inc breakfast) £42 Single (inc breakfast) 3 double 2 single Will do military discount
<b>Nags Head</b> Pickhill 01845 567391	£80 Double £50 Single 1 single, 9 doubles, 5 twins Will do military discount
<b>Wagon and Horses Inn</b> 20 Market Place Bedale 01677 424333	£45 Double/twin £35 Single £60 family rooms (3 sharing) 3 rooms (inc breakfast)

## **An Invitation**

In a recent e-mail, Hendrik Cazemier writes that preparations are underway for the Remembrance Day ceremony at Eelde in Holland. As always, this will be held on the evening of May 4th, and this year it will be special as it will mark the 60th anniversary of the end of WWII. Hendrik has invited the Squadron to take part and is awaiting a reply. In past years, Frank Ockerby and Ginger Stevens have travelled to Eelde to represent the Association during the ceremony. This was very much appreciated, and Hendrik would like to know if the Association is keen to participate in this year's event. Any member who is interested should contact Alex Wedderburn in the first instance. Hendrik also sent us this photo showing the BBMF Lancaster on its fly-past at last May's ceremony.



# **Correspondence**

Bill Chisholm sent us the December newsletter of the Canadian Association (twice) in which he sends birthday greetings to "Ginger" Stevens from all his friends in Canada. The members there are currently discussing plans should it become necessary in the future to terminate the group and to disperse the capital. Unlike our own Association there are no younger members; all are getting older, but we sincerely hope that they will go on for many more years yet.

On page 16, we give outline arrangements for the 2005 Annual Reunion at RAF Leeming. We look forward to seeing as many of you there as possible.

Our congratulations to Stamper Metcalfe who collected £4,365.93p for the Wings Appeal last year. This brings Stamper's personal total to over £52,000. The challenge is there for any other member to beat that! Stamper's account of his recent visit to Dresden is on page 14.

Wing Commander White reported that the November 04 edition of the magazine 'Air International' contained an article which reflected much credit on the Squadron aircrew and ground crew.

Alex has had an e-mail from the son of Daniel O'Donovan-Iland who featured in the Squadron song, asking if anyone remembers his father. Peter has offered his father's log book and photographs to the Squadron Archives, and would like to hear from anyone who knew him. Greg Harrison has been able to provide him with a list of operations which his father flew with 100 Squadron. and the Operations record book for Waltham at that time.

We have a new Liaison Officer on the Squadron: Flt Lt Gareth Bundock, known as 'Bunders'.

## **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.

Black baseball caps: £7.00 inc. p&p

Flt Lt Higginbottom.

100 Squadron, RAF Leeming.

Cheques payable to 100 Squadron Aircrew Fund.

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

Cheques payable to Arthur White please.

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

Orders and cheques to:

Mrs D Thurley, 3 Coastguard Cottages, Drummole, Stranraer DG9 9QX

## **And last but not least....**

A woman's revenge... as the lady customer fumbled for her wallet I noticed a remote control for a television set in her bag. "Do you always carry your TV remote?" I asked.

"No" she replied "but my husband refused to come shopping with me, and I figured this was the most evil thing I could do to him!"

A man and his wife were arguing about who should brew the coffee each morning. The wife said he should do it because he always got up first. He replied that the cooking was her job. "No" she said "It says in the Bible that you should make the coffee." "I don't believe that" says the man. "Show me." So she fetched the Bible, opened the New Testament and showed him the top of several pages where indeed it says "HEBREWS!"

Technical Hitch... true tales of IT terror! Compaq is considering changing the command 'Press any key' because of the flood of calls asking where the 'Any' key is!