



The Hornet

The Newsletter of 100 Squadron Association

President: Air Commodore N. Bonnor F.R.I.N. F.R.Ae.S RAF(Retired)

Chairman:	Treasurer:	Secretary:	Newsletter Editor:
Officer Commanding 100 Squadron Royal Air Force Leeming Northallerton N Yorks DL7 9NJ 01677 423041 Ext2047	J S Willis MBE 10 Orchard Close Harston Cambridge CB2 5PT 01223 872743	Sqn Ldr A C Wedderburn MBE 11 Bury Way St Ives Huntingdon Cams PE17 4SL 01480 461415	J W Holford 42 Merley Lane Wimborne Dorset BH21 1RY 01202 885905 hornet100uk@yahoo.co.uk

Newsletter 69 - May/June 2005

Dear Colleagues,

I'm writing this editorial just after the celebrations to mark the anniversary of VE day, and Judy, and I would like to add our thanks to all of you who fought for our freedom all those years ago. We would love to hear some of your memories of VE Day 1945.

Can I draw your attention to the list of alterations to the Membership list which appears on page 17. Many of the errors are not our fault, but I admit there is no excuse for getting my own telephone number wrong. Hands up all those who spotted it! I also should be able to list the Honorary members correctly (very sorry Stamper) and to spell 'Dewsbury' correctly.

May I also urge you, if you haven't already done so, to book in for the Association Reunion in June. Alex is away till 4th June, so give him a call after that date or send in your application form. See you at Leeming in June.

Best wishes to you all,
John.

Correspondence

Much of the correspondence has reached us through the secretary, Alex Wedderburn. Tony Fellows of Valiants and Vulcans sent the photograph below. He was in the RAF for twelve years, and they are also his initials.



Simon Gifford contacted Alex in March. He is researching a possible book project on Operations in the immediate post-war period and is keen to learn more about the activities of 100 Squadron, with particular regard to the conversion from Lancasters to Lincolns. If anyone can help, we will gladly pass on letters or e-mails.

Also in March, Alex received an e-mail from Steve Mockridge, thanking the Association for the 100 Squadron plaque sent as part of the Sandakan Memorial Windows Project. Many men of 100 Squadron perished there at the hands of the Japanese. Steve's father was one of the survivors: there was only one other. Sadly Les Mockridge passed away in September 2000.

Many e-mails have been exchanged among your Committee regarding the new 100 Squadron Association website. Dr Keith Ellis has been working very hard, not without his fair share of hitches and glitches, and

he is hoping to 'unveil' the website at the reunion in June. He also says he wants a campaign medal when all is done! Keith has also sent us an article to follow John Clubb's account of Operation Grapple which we shall publish next time.

Member A F Smith together with his grandson Greg Harrison is hoping to represent the Association at a Memorial Service in Southport on Sunday, 15th May, to honour Fg Off Gordon Russel, killed in action with 100 Squadron on the night of 25th/26th May 1943. Due to an administrative error, his name was missed off the town's war memorial after the war. Mr Bill Armstrong and his colleagues at the Southport branch of the Air Crew Association have lobbied to have his name included, and the service on the 15th is the official unveiling of Fg Off Russel's name, together with a service of remembrance for him.

John Willis has received a letter from Mrs Anne Pearce, a daughter of the late 'Dinger Bell' who died in January of this year, enclosing a bequest of £500 left to the Association in his will. The Committee intends to consult the membership at the AGM in June as to how this generous donation should be spent.

We are grateful to whoever sends us our copy of the RAAF Beaufort Association newsletter. Anyone interested can visit the website:
www.australiansatwar.gov.au

Also, our thanks to Bill Chisholm who keeps us up to date from Canada. Sadly this time he enclosed a notice from the local press about the death of Philip Barber.

Thank you to John Fray for his letter explaining that he won't be able to make it to the reunion this year - it won't be the same without you!

The raid on Essen

We continue the account of the raid from the journals of Vin Knight.

We are in the thick of it now. Another two aircraft have gone down. Not much chance of dodging the stuff now. The sky is still clear - not a cloud. Suddenly the marker flares burst, reds and greens. Immediately a heavy barrage is set up around them. The enemy knows that all the aircraft must fly over them to the target.

The bombs start to go down. It is easy to distinguish the bomb bursts from the gun flashes. Strings of incendiaries, their white glow looking like electric lights.

The defences hot up. They know that Essen is going to get it. Flak is bursting everywhere now and the searchlights probe unceasingly. They have coned two of our aircraft, but I haven't time to watch. With so much flak about, I must constantly watch my engine and tank gauges. The navigator gives another change of course. We head right for the marker flares. This is our run up.

Doug seems to be weaving more than ever. I can see lots of other Lancs about. The searchlights make it as light as day. Bill says that one of the aircraft that was coned has been shot down. The markers seem as far away as ever. What a time it takes to get to them. The fires below are beginning to take hold now. Quite a few red patches can be seen. It is getting very bumpy now. We are running into the heavier defences. I scan my gauges quickly - all O.K. On we go towards the markers; Lancasters darting among the flak and searchlights in their elusive weaving.

Below us the fires are burning more fiercely, and new ones are springing up. Occasionally here's a bigger explosion as an ammunition dump is hit. The incendiaries burn brightly in different patterns. Tongues of flame spit from the flak guns. The flak is hose-piped up in pretty orange green and blue traces - curling into the sky before finally exploding like a little star at the end of its travels. Brilliant photo flashes are everywhere. Hundreds of bluish white eyes blink at you as you look down the searchlight beams, each one searching the sky for you. Haze and smoke begin to cover the target. I wonder for a

moment which is worse - up here or down there! Our cockpit is as bright as day. The sky is full of bursting shells. Other aircraft are diving and weaving all around us - one side then the other, above and then below.

It is like hell let loose. Everyone seems to have gone mad. I feel almost mad myself. A fierce hatred burns in me for the men who so mercilessly operate the guns and searchlights. Still, it's their job. I wonder how Doug feels. His face is covered by his goggles and mask. He puts his thumb up, and I do the same. Probably he's wondering what I'm thinking.

No time to pay attention to other aircraft...too much to watch...another goes down no one mentions it...must keep the intercom clear...more bumpy than usual...shells bursting pretty close...several in front of us. The enemy's radar has caught us. Doug does a sharp turning dive to port and loses 500ft quickly. We level out again, check the gauges, everything O.K. I don't think we've been hit. This run up is taking an age.

Someone asks for more oxygen. I turn it up to emergency. Not the time for anyone to pass out. Suddenly the bomb aimer calls "Hold her steady, Doug." We stop weaving. Straight and level now, this is our bombing run. This is the most dangerous time. Radar can detect your exact position so easily now. No means of defence now. All you can do is wait for it and hope it doesn't hit you.

The bomb aimer calls "left, left". Skipper makes a slight correction...no one else speaks. Again, another correction. Tense moments, these...licked by searchlights, but Doug keeps straight on his course. Got to risk it now or we shall spoil the run. Very bumpy now...flak is bursting very close.

Wally calls again. "Hold her steady, Doug, bomb doors open." This gives you a queer feeling. Although the bomb doors are thin they give a sense of protection. Now you know the bombs are fully exposed by those gaping doors. The thought of sitting on that exposed 4,000lb charge is about the worst moment. Shells are bursting everywhere... just one bit of shrapnel will be enough.

We fly on straight and level. Wally calls again "Right, right....right... steady, steady, steady... A slight pause - a slight shudder and uplift. It's gone, what a relief. I breathe again. Wally calls "Bombs gone, bomb doors closed. We still fly straight and level for photographs. The navigator calls course out of target. I set the DR compass...still straight and level...still an easy target.

The flash goes...camera turns...Wally calls "Camera OK." This is the moment I have been waiting for. I push the RPM levers up to their fullest extent. The engines whine as Doug puts the nose down in a turning dive, and we go like a bat out of hell. All we want now is speed. We twist and turn, still diving, aircraft swinging everywhere, flak all over the sky, searchlights still searching. What a mad moment but what an exhilarating one.

I have never felt like this in my life. I hardly feel human. I feel almost mad...mad with excitement and jubilation. I expect it's relief after the tenseness. I collect myself and make a check of everything...everything perfect.

We are still surrounded by major defences, but the aircraft is much more manoeuvrable now that our speed is greater, and we are no longer sitting on bombs. We level out and turn on to the new course. In front of us a tracer is flashing across the sky. Fighters are waiting for us coming out...all eyes are skinned...still a big danger of collision too. I turn and have a look at the target again. It is well ablaze and the bombing is still going on. Up goes another aircraft....hit on the 4,000 pounder. That is quick anyway. Smoke is curling up many thousands of feet, and an angry glare is reflected in the sky. What a sight it is. What a pity such destruction is necessary.

Doug is throwing the aircraft about. Periodically we are flicked by searchlights. We are still fortunate, they do not hold us. Several others are coned about us. Now that I have time to think again, I wonder what the crews feel as they sit there in those blazing lights, just waiting and hoping.

One aircraft is down very low. He has evidently been coned for some time and has lost height during his evasive action. Most of the guns seem to be firing at him, and flak is bursting all around him and curling

in its usual fascinating way. It doesn't look as if he has much of a chance, they have got him too low. There must be 30 or 40 searchlights trained on him. Poor devil. I guess how I would feel. Suddenly a faint red spot appears which grows and grows and gradually the aircraft falls to earth. I wonder if any of the crew are getting out. Maybe some of them are already wounded. A sudden flash and terrific burst of flame - it has hit the ground. I wonder if any of my friends were in it.

The bombing seems to have finished, but it looks as if the whole place is on fire...just a solid mass of angry red. I bring my log up to date and give Doug our endurance. Plenty of petrol left. Things have cooled down a little, and it's safe to use the intercom. A few comments are passed until Doug calls "All right lads, quiet now, we aren't out of it yet." We must be nearly 100 miles away by now, but we can still see the glare reflected in the sky.

We are routed out over the Zuider Zee. In the distance is a heavy concentration of flak and searchlights...that must be Amsterdam. We pass on into the North Sea. Gradually we lose height, coming down to 8.000 feet. I turn off the oxygen and remove the mask. What a relief. Now the chatter starts. We talk about the raid and wonder if we will be on tomorrow night. We make arrangements of what we will do if we are not. I pour Doug a cup of tea from my thermos and have one myself. My mouth is still foul after the oxygen.

Wally does his bombing check, and Doug opens the bomb doors and shakes the plane in case there are still any bombs hanging there. In the distance, we can see the homing searchlights on our coast to guide us in. We run up to the coast and fire off our colours of the day for recognition. We pass inland and soon pick up the searchlights of our base. We join the circuit, ask permission to land and are given our turn. As we come in on the approach, the flare path seems to be twinkling out a welcome...what a grand sight!

We land with a slight bump, and Doug says "Well boys, that's another one for the book." I learned afterwards that he never said that until the aircraft was safely on the ground. We go to dispersal, shut down, all switches off and clamber out of the aircraft and off to the interrogation room. Waiting crews are discussing the raid over cocoa and biscuits. Everyone is in high spirits.

When our turn comes we give our account of the raid. We finally finish. Off to the Mess for bacon and eggs, a noisy meal. I feel tired out now. Off to billet, head on pillow, sleep.

33 aircraft failed to return from this raid. You may wonder what my thoughts and reactions were after my first raid. They were very mixed. Of one thing I was certain. Unless I was very fortunate, I hadn't long to live.

We are grateful to Vin's widow Ellie and to Arthur White for this account.

Obituaries

Dorothea Thurley (nee Gebler)

From her son Geoffrey, we have learnt that Dorothea died in hospital at Dumfries on 23rd February at the age of 82. She had been in poor health for the past two years. Dorothea was a Grimsby girl and must have been delighted to be posted as a member of the WAAF to Waltham where she served in the Met Office. About eight years ago, she moved to the little Scottish village of Dalry and later to Drummore.

The funeral and cremation took place on 13th April at Roucan Loch Crematorium, Collin, Dumfries. Dorothea leaves two sons and in accordance with their wishes, the Association has made donations to the RSPB (Galloway local group) and St Nicholas Hospice, Bury St Edmunds. We send our condolences to the family.

James D McEwan

From his niece Mrs Ann Watson, we learn of the death of James in Edinburgh on April 16th, following a short illness. He was 98 years old. He was the author of 'The Remorseless Road'; his experiences and those of his fellow RAF personnel at the hands of the Japanese. We send our condolences to his family.

George Samuel Charles

From his widow Dorothy, we learn that George died in Coventry in January. Both of them regularly attended Remembrance Day services at Holton le Clay, and it meant a lot to him to talk with others about times gone but not forgotten. Our good wishes to Dorothy at this time.

Phillip Barber

Phillip died among his family in Oakville in Canada in his 86th year. He was born in England and served with RAF Bomber Command, flying 35 missions after D-Day. He emigrated to Canada and there worked for Avro, later joining Best Locking Systems and developing a company that grew from coast to coast. He and his wife returned often to England for reunions, and we send condolences to his family.

Edna Greenslade

From Bill Greenslade, we learn that Edna passed away in March. She was a WAAF serving as a cook from 1942 to 1945, during which time she served bacon and eggs to Bill's crew when they returned from Operations over Europe. Bill must have had his fair share of bacon and eggs over the years!

New Members

Mr Ronald Crawford
8 Cotterdale Holt
Collingham
Wetherby, W. Yorks LS22 5LS
Tel; 01937 574413
Ron was a navigator on Lancs
at Waltham in 1943

Mr Stephen Hall
8 Nursery Lane
Sutton on Trent
Newark Notts NG23 6PY
01636 821549

Wg Cdr Mel Bennett DFC
47 Saxon Way
Saffron Walden
Essex CB11 4EQ
01799 523629
A cadet pilot at Grimsby in 1944

Mr Paul Douglas
10 Ridgeway
Marlpit Hill
Edenbridge
Kent TN8 6AR
Tel; 01732 864260

Paul had a cousin who flew with 100 Squadron during the war but was shot down and killed 11th June 1944. Paul joins us as an Associate Member.

A Poem for VE Day

This poem was written by the widow of the RNVR Officer, Lt Cdr Clifford Steel who commanded HM Destroyer KIPLING in the Med. and who led the Naval Detachment at Plymouth on VE Day 1945. We heard it read at Wimborne Minster on VE Day earlier this year. It was written for the late wife of Captain Ian Monro RN, who has kindly given us permission to reproduce it here.

What should we tell the youth of today of those six long war-torn years?
Should it be the fighting, the deaths we recall and the many thousands of tears?
The battles, the blitz, the anxious nights the moonlight reflected red
From the angry glow across the sky "A bomber's moon" we said.

Should we tell of all the lives that were lost, of the headstones, cold and bare,
Sons, brothers, fathers, our own youth perhaps, so many whom we loved are there.
No, keep that to ourselves, but never forget in the quiet of our hearts and minds,
But tell of the other side of those years and the bitter-sweet memories that bind.

Tell them of courage, selflessness, care for friends, of sacrifice made without thought
For the safety of others - unknown perhaps - perhaps your own life bought.
Tell of the feeling of total commitment; not for self was the war to be won
But for our way of life, the strength of the whole, and for peace when the fighting was
done.

Though time may have softened and healed our hurt, today we remember the pain,
But just as we've travelled these past sixty years, let us tell them again and again
Of the meetings, the partings, the falling in love, the laughing together, snatched
moments of fun,
The comforting arm, the outstretched hand, strength - compassion in everyone.

So, don't tell the young only of war, remind them we knew it would cease
Tell how we worked and journeyed together the route to the blessings of PEACE.

By Sybil Steel. May 1995.

Anagrams

Rearrange the letters of ELEVEN PLUS TWO and you get TWELVE PLUS ONE.
Rearrange the letters of A DECIMAL POINT and you get I'M A DOT IN PLACE.
Rearrange the letters of SLOT MACHINES and you get CASH LOST IN ME.
Rearrange THE MORSE CODE and you get HERE COME DOTS!

Two jokes from Arthur

A guy comes home from work and flops down on to the couch. "Get me a beer before it starts." he tells his wife. His wife sighs and gets him a beer. Fifteen minutes later he says "Get me another before it starts". She looks annoyed but gets him another and slams it down beside him. He drinks it and says, "Quick, get me another - it's going to start any minute now!" The wife is furious and yells at him; "Is that all you're going to do all night? Drink beer and sit in front of the TV? You're nothing but a lazy, drunken fat slob! Furthermore..." The man sighs and says "It's started ... !"

The controllers at Frankfurt are regarded as short tempered and expect you to know how to get to your parking location without assistance from them. The following exchange took place a few years ago between Frankfurt ground control and a BA 747 (call sign Speedbird 206.)

Speedbird: "Good morning Frankfurt: Speedbird 206 clear of the active."

Ground Control: "Guten morgen, taxi to your gate"

The plane pulls on to the main taxiway and stops.

Ground Control (brusquely) "Speedbird, do you not know where you are going?"

Speedbird: "Stand by, I'm looking up the gate location now."

Ground Control (most impatiently): "Speedbird 206, have you never been to Frankfurt before?"

Speedbird (coolly): "Yes, several times in 1944 but I didn't stop."

And a couple of snappy answer

A lady was picking through the frozen chickens in the supermarket, but couldn't find one big enough for her family. She asked an assistant "Do these chickens get any bigger?" "No madam," he replied "they're dead."

The policeman got out of his car and strolled towards the lad who had been stopped for speeding. "I've been waiting for you all day" the policeman said. The lad replied "Yeah, well I got here as fast as I could." When the policeman finally stopped laughing, he sent the lad on his way without a ticket!

Following the visit to Eelde in Holland to celebrate the 60th Anniversary of Dutch Liberation Day, Arthur White sent this report

After 5 months of intensive preparation by Hon. Member Hendrik Cazemier, five members and their wives travelled to the Mercure Hotel, Haren to represent 100 Squadron Association at this important ceremony: Arthur and Paddy White, John and Sheila Stevens, Frank and Dru Ockerby, Stamper and Betty Metcalfe and Jim and Margaret Berry. Colin Johnson came too, leaving Jean to win a seat on Lincolnshire County Council!

After the long drive from Rotterdam the party was met by Hendrik and his team of interpreters and taken to the WW2 exhibition in Eelde. Then it was on to the airport at Gronigen to await the arrival of the Squadron Hawks. Hendrik and his team assisted with refuelling and parking. Later we met up with the crews (Flt Lts John Rigg, Gareth Bundock, Pete Lewis and Colin Brough) at a local restaurant and spent a convivial evening.

May 4th began with a visit to a local school. Although it was a holiday, about 30 pupils wanted to see these old crocks in the flesh. Arthur introduced the party and gave a short address in which he stressed our appreciation of their grandparents and the Resistance Movement who cared for our boys in Bomber Command at great risk to themselves in occupied Holland, and to their parents who cared for the graves of the crew of ED555: Plt Off T L Simpson, Sgt G J Godsell, Sgt P R Cowling, Sgt A W Lower, WO D S Storey and Sgt C W Gibb.

The Squadron presented a plaque to the school whilst Colin Johnson had amassed copies of battle orders, list of 100 Sqn Lancasters, sites of the Squadron losses in Holland, Squadron honours and awards from WW1 and WW2 and a copy of Ian Reid's 'Lancaster Operations' for the school library. Arthur added a copy of 'The Sky over Holland', a poem written by an unnamed Dutch lady in 1945, his crew photograph and a big tin of Quality Street for the kids.

We then split into groups, each with an interpreter, for a Q and A session. Most of the questions were predictable but Arthur was a bit taken aback when asked by a 10-year old girl about the toilet facilities on a Lancaster! With the aid of a picture of a Lancaster he tried to explain how one got over the main spar, in full flying kit, to get to the Elsan. (In a private aside to the interpreter he told him what really happened!)

We then proceeded to the cemetery to see the graves which were beautifully maintained - the seven white headstones contrasting with massive banks of yellow pansies. Behind them was the single grave of Jack Enicott, a Mosquito pilot of 605 Sqn, also shot down in the area. The party was then driven to the airport for the official welcome by the Mayor followed by lunch in the airport restaurant. Here we met four German guests from a village near Bremen which is twinned with Eelde. Arthur tried to fraternise with them but was foiled by the language barrier, although they showed interest when he told them about learning Lily Marlene in German.

The Anniversary ceremonies began at 1700 hrs with an official welcome at the Museum de Buienplaats where the curator gave a brief tour of the exhibits and gardens whilst a dedicated band of ladies provided tea, coffee, cakes and profiteroles. We then walked to the nearby church where we were joined by 200/300 villagers when Mr Otto Bakker, President of the Organising Committee and Bergomaster Rijpstra of the Community of Tynaalo welcomed us again. A short service consisted of readings by the children with musical interludes on cello and oboe.

The whole assembly then walked in procession the 400m to the ceremony - transport was arranged for those who needed it. Most of them gathered at the memorial to the Resistance with our contingent at the graves of the crew of ED 555. The silence was broken by the roar of the Squadron Hawk as it flew, in a flash, over the graves in salute. Flt Lt John Rigg and Stamper Metcalfe laid a wreath on behalf of the Squadron and Association alongside one from the Eelde community. Mrs Bossom placed her own tribute on the grave of her brother Jack Enicott and then Stamper recited the dedication. The ceremony ended with a salute by the military Guard of Honour of the National Reserve.

We then walked back to the museum for refreshments; to our surprise, we were presented with gifts of a mug commemorating the birth of Princess Catherina Amelia (born 7th December 2003) and a lovely Royal Leerdam crystal paperweight. The Burgomaster and Otto Bakker had given us a most enthusiastic reception as indeed had everyone we met. Arthur thanked them on behalf of the group and reiterated our gratitude and appreciation for all the Dutch people who had risked so much for our boys during the war years and gave thanks to all those who still honour and remember them after 60 years. Then off for a quiet gargle and so to bed!

The above is simply the bare bones of a wonderful visit to Holland. After 60 years of enduring carping and criticism of Bomber Command from the armchair historians expounding on how we did it all wrong, we octogenarians found it refreshing, even rejuvenating, to meet people who had lived through the war at the sharp end, unanimous in their praise and gratitude to Bomber Command.

Yes, it did something to us when so many mums, dads and kids came smiling up to us to shake our hands. I suspect it was the same at Grashoek and Twello, and throughout Holland.

AW



The ceremony at Eelde, Dutch Liberation Day.
Photographs by Hendrik Cazemier.



A Couple more Snappy answers

Q. The youngest son, the twenty year old, how old is he?

A. He's twenty.

Q. All your responses must be oral, OK? What school did you go to?

A. Oral.

Q. Were you present when your picture was taken? !!!

Change of Address

Mr E E Jones
12 Cliff Richard Court
High Street
Cheshunt Herts EN8 0BE

He sends his regrets that he will not be able to attend the reunion due to health reasons.

"Merlins Roar"

The hour of remembrance has drawn near
I see you, hear you, feel you
The ones who no longer walk this earth
Now fly a peaceful mission.

The ones who shook my hands and flew
I'd like to name them all
But they took away the list one day
And now my memory is full of mist,
I just can't quite remember.

For them I have my life today
And all that it has brought
I owe them so much, my life.
Their words and laughter I still hear,
Time is just the distance.

The mist it clears when Merlins roar
I sit inside my turret
Not many turrets left here now
Now many of me either
But I'll remember them always
When I hear the Merlins roar
I'll never forget, whatever comes my way.

One day I'll be again with them
The mist it will have lifted
Then I won't need a list no more
I'll shake their hands for ever more
And in the dawn of a new day
My family will remember Merlins roar
And I will be remembered evermore.

Bob Pierson sent this poem to us, written by one of his sons, possibly with Bob in mind. Bob was 'tail end Charlie' on Lancasters and was recently the subject of a book by John Nichol also called Tail end Charlie. Our thanks to Bob and to his son.

Amendments, apologies and corrections

Mr J Castledine
Tel: 01930 658386

Mr J Berry DFC

Mr E D Alvarez
2 Enid Close
Bricket Wood

Wg Cdr C G Bell
Westfield House
Yarborough

Dr K Ellis BSc(Hons) MSc PhD

Sqn Ldr I Small MBE RAF Ret'd
3 Runrig Hill

Mr L Stow
Hillcrest
Ullenhall lane

Sqn Ldr V C Robertson
BS35 3TZ

Mr A White
Dewsbury

Mr A Wiseman
Tel: 01394 387930

Mr J Holford
Tel: 01202 885905

Mr E Mayfield DFM FCMI
RH16 4PB
Tel: 01444 458954

Mr H Cazemier
De Drift 10

Mr J D Stoner
Tel: 01273 559704

Mr R R W Parker
Tel: 01702 559869

And last but not least, our profound apologies to Stamper Metcalfe who should have been listed among the Honorary Members.

The following have defaulted on their membership

T Downey
R Wedlake

N Oakshot
A Walker

High Flight

Oh I have slipped the surly bonds of earth and danced the skies on
laughter - silvered wings.
Sunward I've climbed, and joined the tumbling mirth of sun - split clouds
And done a hundred things you have not dreamed of -
Wheeled and soared and swung high in the silence.
Hovering there, I've chased the shouting wind along
And flung my eager craft through footless halls of air.
Up, up the long delirious burning blue
I've topped the wind - swept heights with easy grace,
Where never lark, or even eagle flew;
And while with silent, lifting mind I've trod
The high untrespassed sanctity of space,
Put out my hand and touched the face of God.

By John Gillespie Magee RCAF, one of the poems we picked up on a visit to Gander Air Museum in Newfoundland last summer.

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, Drummore, Stranraer DG9 9QX