



The Hornet

The Newsletter of 100 Squadron Association

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Newsletter 70 - August 2005

Dear Colleagues,

Judy and I were delighted to meet so many of you, both old friends and new, at the reunion (report on page 14.) Even if the weather was not as good as one would have hoped, I think all those present had a most enjoyable time so we must give our thanks to "Bunders" and his team for all their efforts on our behalf.

This year the Remembrance Day Service will be held on Sunday, 13th November at Holton le Clay at 12.00. Afterwards there will be the usual fabulous buffet lunch in the village hall provided by Jean Johnson and her family at a cost of £6.00 payable at the door. Please let Alex know numbers by 9th November.

We are also very grateful to AVM John Herrington and his wife for the article on page 16 and to Dr Keith Ellis for his recollections of National Service on page 8.

Finally, please note the 11th hour message from Wing Co White about the BBMF repaint on page 5.

Best wishes to you all,
John.

Correspondence

There are one of two further amendments to the membership list :
Sqn Ldr V C Robertson lives at HACKET LANE not the Wacket. We have also learnt that Mr Henry Brown has a DFC.

Colin Johnson sent us a cutting from his local paper about a new memorial to be built in North Thoresby, near Grimsby. Lancaster ED583 went down in October 1943 during a corkscrewing demonstration. We believe that the dedication ceremony is to be held on 4th October 05 when it is hoped that the Lancaster will do a fly-past. The new memorial will feature an eight pointed star with engraved discs naming the crew. Colin also assures us that the old Jug and Bottle pub sign is now in the Windmill museum at Waltham.

From Bill Chisholm in Canada, we learn of the death of his pilot, Bruce Roden who passed away recently in Toronto. Bill remembers two things: one being how he kept the Lancaster on the runway with a heavy bomb load as long as possible to build up airspeed prior to take-off, also his ability to fly the whole trip without the automatic pilot and doing a superb job of flying the course supplied by Bill and checked on his compass. After the war, the family business was sold so Bruce entered the life assurance business and of course he sold Bill a policy in the early 1950s. A few years ago, the company demutualised and Bill's wife Grace received shares in Manulife. "Oh Bruce" writes Bill, "why didn't you sell me a bigger policy??" Bill also feels he should advise the Squadron that, on occasions, Bruce was able to divert some gasoline, which might otherwise have damaged the tarmac, into his motorbike! We in the UK add our condolences to Bruce's family.

Alex has received a letter from James Machie in Queensland enclosing a print of Lincolns in Kenya and a newspaper article of that time, which we shall reproduce in the next edition. Any further thoughts on the Squadron's service in Kenya will be welcomed.

Gordon Lumley has sent an article about the Squadron's conversion to Lincolns at that time, again for future use.

From Arthur White, we have learned of the death of former Association member Bill Hartnett, who served as a navigator in the 1944-45 era. We have no further details, but send our condolences to his family and friends.

As always at this time of year, we need to remind you that subscriptions are now due for the coming year; John Willis is eagerly awaiting your subscriptions.

Sounds Familiar?

Just a line to say I'm living, that I'm not among the dead
Though I'm getting more forgetful and mixed up in my head.

I've got used to my arthritis, to my dentures I'm resigned,
I can cope with my bi-focals, but oh how I miss my mind!

Sometimes I can't remember when I'm standing on the stair
If I'm going up for something or have just come down from there.

And, before the fridge, so often my mind is full of doubt...
Now did I put some food away or come to take some out?

So I think of you quite often and wish that you lived near.
And now it's time to post this and send it off my dear.

As I stand beside the post box my face is just as red.....
I should have posted this to youI've opened it instead!

The Navigator - by Audrey Grealy

A lot has been written of pilots and gunners,
And similar Lords of the Air,
But no one has lauded the poor navigator,
Who certainly also was there.

He patiently sat in his dark little cabin,
Apart from the rest of the crew,
Their guide and their mentor in reaching their target,
And doing what they had to do.

Alone with his charts and his fine calculations,
Their lives and success in his hands,
His brain and Mercator combining directions,
O'er enemy waters and lands.

He could not allow any kind of distraction,
Like flak or an engine cut out,
Or jinking or searchlights or somebody wounded,
To cause him a shadow of doubt.

He must have had powers of deep concentration,
To press on regardless of this,
And calmly sit plotting, in spite of the mayhem,
The route back to England and bliss.

His only advantage above all the others,
To keep the adrenalin flowing,
Was due to his maths, his dividers and compass,
At least he knew where he was going!

Grateful thanks to Arthur White for loaning us a copy of this poem.

Proposed BBMF Lancaster Repaint Scheme

As outlined by Wing Co White at the AGM, the BBMF were hoping to repaint the Lancaster as 'Grog's the Shot' whose wing and tailplane leading edges were painted yellow for the last raid of the war on Bertesgarten. However, this has raised a storm of protest in certain quarters, and it has now been suggested that it should be painted as either 'Able Mabel' or 'Phantom of the Ruhr'. Wayne is keen to hear from anyone who was serving on the Squadron at that time who may have an opinion, so if anyone has photographs or stories about any of these aircraft, please can we have them, and we will forward them to BBMF. The final decision will be made by Sqn Ldr Clive Rowley, OC BBMF.

Ladies ... this is the joke you have been waiting for.

Two Blond Men

A passer-by watched with interest as two blond workmen laboured in the heat of the day. The first man dug a deep hole and his colleague immediately filled it in again. They repeated this time after time for hours. Finally the watcher could no longer contain her curiosity. "Why are you digging those big holes only to have them filled in again?" she asked. "Ah well" was the reply "we usually work in a team of three, but today the guy who plants the trees is sick!"

Question: What is your date of birth?

Answer: July 15th

Q: What year?

A: Every year.

Q: How old is your son who lives with you?

A: 38 or 35, I can't remember which.

Q: How long has he lived with you?

A; Forty five years.

New Member

Following the AGM, Mrs Pam Culver, daughter of the late Roy Mager, has joined the Association as an Associate Member. Her address is:

23 Castle Mead
Kings Stanley
Stonehouse
Gloucestershire GL10 3LB

Downbeat places to live in the USA

Dreary Island in Louisiana, Boring in Maryland, Uncertain in Texas, Embarrass in Minnesota, Dismal Key in Florida, Tedious Creek, in Maryland, Weary Creek in Michigan, Cape Disappointment in Washington State, Dull in Texas and Worstville in Ohio!

Reunion Picture

To obtain a copy of the following picture, the group photograph taken at Leeming 24th June 2005, please sent a cheque payable to Mr D Wright

Send to SAC. D Wright
Photographic section
RAF Leeming
Gatenby
Northallerton DL7 9NJ

An A4 copy will cost £4.00 plus postage.



Reflections and Circles: 100 Squadron, Operation Grapple and all that

by Dr Keith Ellis

This article is my attempt to follow the highly entertaining and informative article 'Christmas Island' by Sqn Ldr John Clubb. John's article is a hard act to follow as it provides a lucid and fascinating account of the airborne activities undertaken by 100 Squadron during 1956-57 in support of Operation Grapple. I enjoyed reading it, and it stirred my faded memories from almost 50 years ago. John wrote from an aircrew perspective, whereas this article is from the ground crew. It is also somewhat biographical in that it is a personal account of my early days in the RAF and beyond, in terms of the wheel of life turning full circle.

I was called for National Service in September 1955 and, like many others, travelled to Cardington for assessment and induction. We undertook various tests: educational, aptitude, general knowledge, physical and medical. Everyone was very nice: we were addressed as 'Mr' and spoken to in a civilised manner. After the tests, I was told that as a National Service airman, the best I could hope for was to be mustered as a clerk, but if I were to sign on for four years then I could become an Electrical Mechanic to work on aircraft with the added, temptation of an extra pound a week. That was good enough for me, so I signed on. From Cardington, we were sent to RAF Bridgenorth via Shrewsbury for what was mysteriously termed 'Basic Training'. On the train, the manner of address underwent a subtle change. 'Mr' disappeared, and the form of address became much more basic - maybe this was the meaning of 'basic'? Speech at normal levels also disappeared, and shouting became the norm. Well, I was being paid 49 shillings a week, so it had to be worth it, didn't it?

After passing out of Bridgenorth, I went home for one week's leave, and left from Shrewsbury railway station, for reasons which will become clear later. Trade training at RAF Melksham followed and, by March 56, I was a qualified Electrical Mechanic (Air) in Trade group Four. So in late March, I arrived at RAF Wyton, and here I was at last in the 'real man's Air Force.' After the two day blue chit arrival procedure, I was instructed to report to the 82 Squadron Orderly Room.

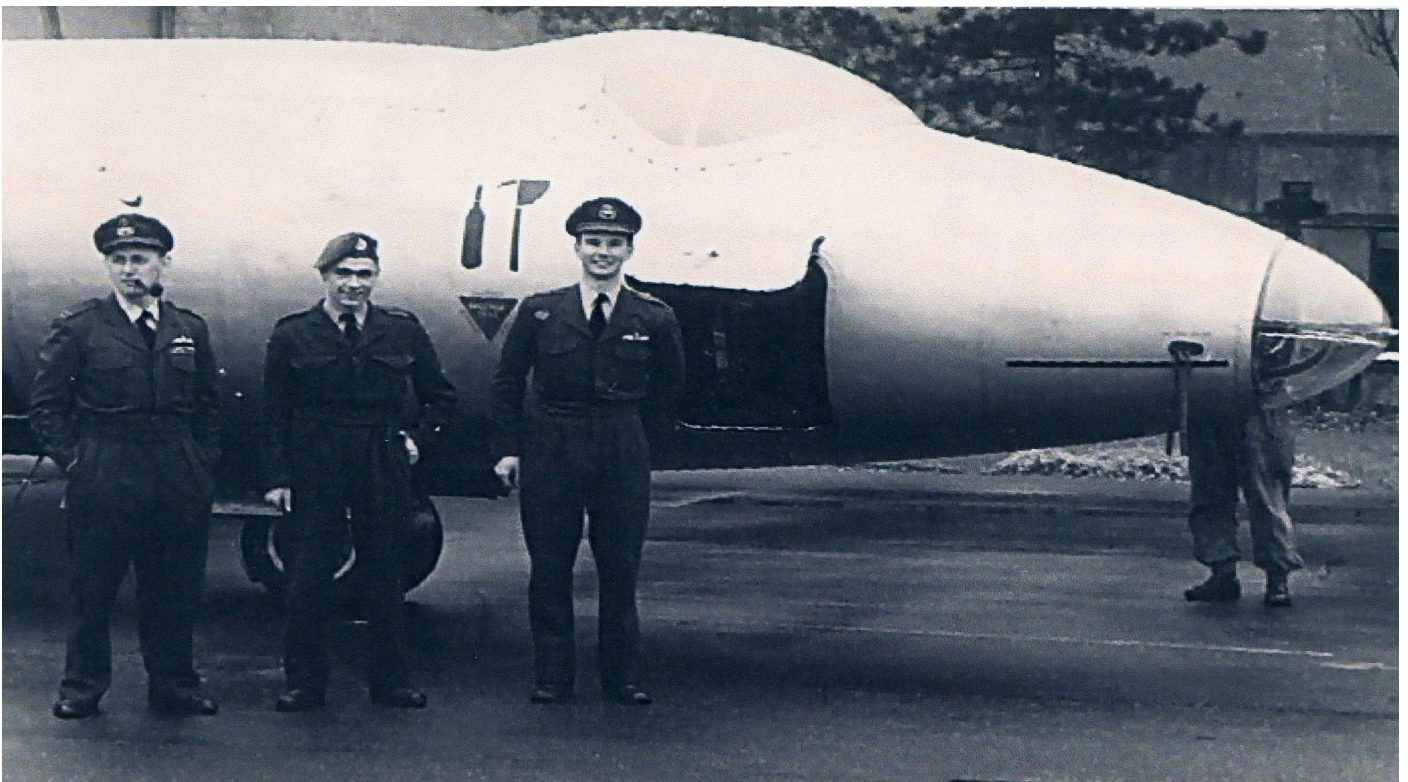
From there I was sent to the Squadron dispersal to report to Flight Sergeant Yarnall known as 'Chiefie'. He was in charge of the first-line servicing of the Canberra PR7 with which the Squadron was equipped. Chiefie was a disciplinarian of the old school; he was a mild-mannered Welshman who never had to raise his voice; he just looked at you, raised an eyebrow, and that was enough. He ran the ground operations with calm efficiency, but this calm exterior was soon to be tested. I was 'inducted' into 82 Squadron and spent my first few days reading and signing reams of STO's (Standing Technical Orders) and actually being allowed into the cabin of a PR7 under the watchful eye of 'Basher' Bashford, corporal in charge of the E&I section. 82 Squadron was commanded by Sqn Ldr D A Hammatt AFC DFM. He was a WW2 Bomber Command veteran, and his stern exterior provided cover for a very kind and caring man.

One morning soon after joining 82, I came into contact with Flt Lt Peter Langdon DFM. He was also a WW2 Bomber Command veteran and one of the senior pilots. He had a cheery grin and, depending how close he was to one of Chiefie's beloved kites, puffed or sucked a pipe continuously. Chiefie introduced me as the newest member of the Squadron and Peter grinned, told me to be sure to follow Chiefie's instructions to the letter and to keep my boots and my nose clean, which ought to keep me out of trouble. Both Sqn Ldr Hammatt and Flt Lt Langdon are still around today.

Summer came on, and I learned a lot about Canberras including how to clean them, the most hated of routine tasks. Then one day in late July we were told to appear at the dispersal for a Squadron photograph. All the aircrew also appeared, and the picture was duly taken. The CO then announced that 82 was to be disbanded. 'Nice I thought, out of a job already. But the CO went on 'However, we are going to reform shortly as 100 Squadron and will begin training for a most exciting mission on Christmas Island in the Pacific.' Visions of white coral beaches, sunshine and girls in grass skirts seemed very enticing to a lad who had grown up in the war in the grime of the South Wales mining valleys. The CO was a bit light on details but asked for groundcrew volunteers for this mission to be associated with the testing of UK nuclear weapons. So I and many others signed up for the adventure, and became a member of 100 Squadron.



82PR Squadron in July 1956 immediately prior to disbanding and reforming as 100 Squadron (Recce Detachment)



Flt Lt Peter Langdon (with pipe), author and Fg Off Sammy Small during the run up to Operation Grapple in front of 100 Squadron Hanger.

We re-sprayed the aircraft and repainted the tail fins incorporating the Skull and Crossbones badge into the fin. We upgraded the electrical power generation system, installed STR18 and other new radio and navigational aids such as Green Satin, improved the photographic capabilities and installed a myriad of other modifications ready to fly over the Pacific. We went on training courses; flying went on by day and by night! Aircraft were being withdrawn for modification and the whole Squadron worked really hard to prepare. By Christmas 1956, we were ready and had a memorable Christmas dinner in the Dolphin Hotel, St Ives, singing anything but carols! A truly merry evening.

During January, we paid interminable visits to Sick Bay for jabs, medicals and dental treatment. We were fitted with tropical kit - baggy shorts and floppy hats. Then we had one week's leave prior to our departure. Early in February, we boarded RAF buses dolled up in our best blue, to Heathrow. We were on our way at last.

All the ground crew, with Chiefie clucking and fussing like a mother hen, were to fly to New York then on to Chicago, San Francisco and Hawaii. Did the girls really wear grass skirts? We had to suffer the indignity of flying in a BOAC Stratocruiser via Shannon and Gander while the aircrew flew in their very own planes all the way. Typical!

A day in New York followed; the Empire State Building, Times Square and the UN General Assembly in session. Then it was back to Idlewild (now JFK) for a night flight across the USA. Our first All-American breakfast was in a diner in San Francisco where I asked for milk for my tea and was told sharply that you get milk for cornflakes and cream for tea! I had my first encounter with a tea-bag, something of a shock for a Welsh lad used to tea strong enough to rot teaspoons.

We boarded another DC6B and arrived in Honolulu late in the afternoon. The girls did wear grass skirts and greeted us with 'Aloha', put garlands round our necks, sang, danced and kissed us. Chiefie was almost apoplectic, running about like a headless chicken and worrying about the desertion rate!

We then came down to earth with a bang. Hickam Field, home of the USAF Pacific Command was so big; Wyton would fit into one corner. Our barrack block room was the size of a soccer pitch. The Yanks couldn't comprehend soccer or cricket!

We slept in two-tier bunks, and there were hundreds of them. The room seemed endless, there was constant chatter and the 'wash rooms' were a route march away. The PA kept up a constant stream of 'Now hear this...' announcements. The PX was the equivalent of the NAAFI shop, much larger and with far more on sale. What it was to be on an American Airbase on RAF pay! The food in the mess hall was far better than Wyton's, but that wasn't hard anyway! We had 24 hours of free time to explore before RAF aircraft would start 'staging' through on the way to Christmas Island, and we were to be taken down in anything that flew. Explore we did; Waikiki Beach and Diamond Head; we made the most of the 24 hours.

The first RAF aircraft was a Valiant B1 of 49 Squadron, one of the bomb droppers. We helped turn it around. The American mechanics were mystified by the fact that the engines were not visible. 'Why not have them in underwing pods?' they asked. 'What for?' we replied. 'So that the engine can be jettisoned in case of fire'. A short silence was followed by the superior, patronising and laconic riposte of one of our engine fitters: 'British Rolls Royce engines just do not catch fire.' The Yanks were speechless, and we had won our first battle; it served them right for having such smart uniforms, chests full of 'putty' medals and wallets full of greenbacks!

Three days later, we shipped out to Christmas Island. We flew in a Shackleton sitting on the main spar, wave hopping for 6 hours. I have never forgotten that flight. I'm sure the skipper had one more Jack Daniels than he should have. We were all relieved to see Christmas Island, especially Chiefie. He lined us up for roll call as soon as we crawled out, green to the gills, to ensure that his Squadron was all there.

It was hot and wet and sticky, and so it stayed for the next six months. When it rained the drops were the size of golf balls. We were billeted in small tents, six to a tent with space at a premium. The tents were laid out in a series of streets identified alphabetically and numerically in a grid. I lived in tent D28. There were hundreds of these tents housing matelots, pongos and erks all living in harmony for the most part. The Island was crawling with those delightful multi-legged creatures which we came to know and love, land crabs. These stupid, aggressive and inquisitive creatures. We spent the first

night fending off their attacks; waking to find one of them scuttling past ones head was not a pleasant experience. After one night we built platforms for our beds and barriers at the doors of the tent. The crabs could be as big as dinner plates with fearsome claws which could and did crack open coconuts. They were everywhere. One matelot, who had possibly been too long on the Island, used to wander about at night with one of these crabs on a piece of string; the crab had 'Neddy RN' painted on its back. We therefore decided to capture an even bigger specimen, painted its shell black and stencilled the Skull and Crossbones in white paint; not an easy task! Good we thought, beat the navy, until Chiefie saw our handiwork. He was not amused and suggested that we were behaving in a manner unbecoming to members of 100 Squadron. The string was ceremoniously severed and the creature scuttled off after making a very large dent in the toecap of someone's shoe as a departing mark of respect for 100 Squadron.

The 'domestic arrangements'; we washed and showered in salt water, the toilets were a large pit, and we drank desalinated sea water. The tea tasted foul, and the food was not much better so we all lost weight. The main recreation was swimming in the 'Bay of Wrecks', or at the better area several miles away known as Port London. It was worth the truck trip as the water was deep and calm, with wonderful marine life. On one occasion I swam beneath a large Manta Ray. Other recreation included soccer, cricket, volleyball, fishing and drinking beer. Two middle aged ladies (the only two) organised bingo etc. in the NAAFI, but they didn't wear grass skirts.

Enough about the social side for now. The real reason for our presence on the Island was to prepare the dispersal for the arrival of our aircraft. There were stores to be unloaded, spares and toolkits to be sorted, dispersal tents to be set up: a million and one things to do.

My apologies for the small alterations and omissions. More of Keith's adventures next time. John.

Association Reunion June 2005

On Friday 24th June, the traffic on the A1 road was appalling. This meant that some of the Association Officers were a bit late arriving, but that couldn't be helped. It meant that queuing for lunch at the 100 Squadron hangar was quicker than usual! It was good to meet old friends and new ones too. Several members admitted it was their first time. We were delighted to welcome Pam Culver and her husband who were there by special invitation to see the display of her father Roy Mager's wartime diaries, and also Bob Hampson and his family who had come for the day. Material about the Seletar days contributed by both these families is now in the Squadron archives. Also there was the family of Fred Inglis who was recovering from an operation. We wish him a speedy recovery.

After lunch, we moved into the hangar to shelter from the showers and to watch an impressive and exciting though rather reduced flying display. The weather was not fit for an old lady to venture out, so the Lancaster's appearance had to be cancelled. Flt Lt Dave Harvey put the Hawk through its paces, followed by Gaz Littlechild and Dicko Moyes throwing the F3 Tornados about the skies. Following the arrival of the Canberra, the Association assembled on the tarmac for a group photograph in front of it. Our liaison officer Gareth 'Bunders' Bundock seemed to everywhere at once, with other young officers making sure we missed nothing. It's good to know that the future of the Squadron is safe in the hands of such capable men and women.

Later, the company reassembled for a superb dinner in the Mess. Air Commodore Norman Bonnor thanked the Squadron in a short address followed by Wg Cdr Wayne White, who outlined the Squadron's activities during the past year. He thanked WO Rae and staff for the dinner, Wg Cdr Clive Mitchell ex-100 Squadron for bringing the Canberra, and 'Bunders' and team for their work in organising the weekend. He outlined postings in and out, detachments in which the Squadron had been deployed (including the NTU at St Mawgan which resulted in a bill of £1000+ in Rick Stein's restaurant), a trip to Poland to introduce Polish Air Force Officers to Western tactics, and the 99 displays flown by Flt Lt Dave Harvey in the Hawk. Together with Terence the bear, Harvs raised over £2000 for the Great North Air

Ambulance Service! In total, the Squadron had flown 6,802 hours, and Wayne thanked engineers Roger Pilon and team who made it possible. Finally, he revealed that the next BBMF paint scheme for the Lancaster will be in 100 Squadron colours: LM 739 HW-Z 'Grog's the Shot'. This plane was flown by 100 Squadron from Sept44 to Apr45 and the BBMF are seeking photographs and also anecdotes and stories about her if anyone can help. * (see page 5)

On Saturday, the 21st Annual General meeting was held, with a minute's silence in memory of those who had died since the last meeting. Apologies were received from AVM Herrington, John Fray, Bill Banks, Ernest Jones, Alan Gaffney, Joe Clark, Joe Arber, Tom Lee and Ted Brewin. Wg Cdr White summarised the Squadron's activities. The secretary reported 7 new members but 11 deaths. There had been four requests for information, which had been referred to Greg Harrison. In connection with the Sandakan Memorial Project and the dedication of memorial windows in St Michael's Church, Sandakan in N Borneo, a Squadron plaque and wooden cross were donated. Arthur White and Hendrik Cazemier were thanked for their work in arranging the Dutch Remembrance Day event. Mr James Mitchie of Queensland Australia, a former navigator on 100 Squadron sent a print of Lincolns bombing the Mau Mau in Kenya in 1955 together with a cheque for A\$50. He has been invited to join the Association. Following the Treasurer's report, Dr Keith Ellis presented the new official Association website: www.100squadronassociation.org.uk The home page is now on the internet. He was thanked by Air Cdre Bonnor. The present Committee was re-elected. The annual Remembrance Service will be held at Holton le Clay on Sunday 13th November. The 2006 Reunion is likely to be held at RAF Wyton next June. Flt Lt Bundock was thanked again for a successful and enjoyable reunion, and the final item was the ratification of the 100 Squadron Association Constitution.

The parading of the Squadron Standard at the customary Church Service followed and then it was time for everyone to leave. An excellent reunion: Judy and I are resolved that by next year we will have learnt the second verse of the National Anthem!

The War in the Far East, 1939-45

Commemoration of Squadron casualties

by AVM John Herrington.

Last year, I began researching the casualties suffered by 100 Squadron in the Far East. A visit to my son and his family in Singapore acted as a spur: the opportunity to look for details at the Kranji War Cemetery seemed to be an excellent starting point, but the problem was greater than I had anticipated. On our return, the Commonwealth War Graves Commission provided indispensable help in filling in the gaps revealed during my visit to Singapore.

Kranji War Cemetery is situated on a hill on the North side of Singapore Island and its towering Memorial dominates the area. It contains nearly 5,000 graves, and the names of over 24,000 WW2 Commonwealth casualties who have no known graves are recorded on the walls of the Memorial. It is most impressive and admirably maintained by Mr Ling the curator and his team of gardeners. With his help, we found the 100 Squadron graves; only four of our members are buried there, all having died before the start of the war with Japan. 27 were killed in action, many having been shot down over the sea and have no known graves so their names are recorded on the Memorial's walls. During our visit, Cherry and I left a number of 100 Squadron remembrance items on the graves, at the Memorial and in the Visitor's album

Thus a total of 31 are commemorated at Kranji ,so it was clear I would have to look further afield for the rest. I feel strongly, and I'm sure that members of the Association feel likewise, that we should try to locate the resting place of all those who died in the Far East and remember them with the same dignity as those so carefully recorded in Western Europe. From the accompanying summary of casualties, one can see how widely they are scattered, in Japan, Thailand and various parts of Indonesia. The majority died as prisoners of war from malnutrition and ill treatment as those on the notorious Thai-Burma railway. Locating them has taken time even with the considerable help from the CWGC, who also provided information and photographs to complete our records. Indeed at Ambon, eastern Indonesia, are three graves of members who are not at present listed on our Roll of Honour: LAC

Christie, AC1 Davies and LAC Holland. The complete list and related data are now in the Squadron archives. With help from the RAAF, we have also been able to trace the one missing person, Pilot Officer Hillier RAAF, who is commemorated on the Kranji Memorial. I have since learned that all Australians and New Zealanders are now recorded under their national registers even though they may have served with RAF units.

There is a continuity and constant high standard at all the cemeteries. The obvious care and dedication everywhere is very touching and a great tribute to CWGC and its workers in the field. One piece of good news, the CWGC who have been so helpful with this research, have confirmed that Kranji Cemetery is not going to be moved as rumour suggested. Cherry and I discovered that all local schools visit Kranji on organised tours as part of their history. Two former Presidents of Singapore are also buried in the non-war part of the cemetery.

We also visited Changi which holds many memories for us going back 50 years to the era of the Korean War and the Malayan Emergency. I was flying Hastings on the Far East route, and Cherry was a Flight Sister in the RAF Nursing Service Air Casualty Evacuation teams. Most of the old RAF airfield has now gone along with many of the buildings. What remains of the RAF hospital and aircrew transit accommodation will disappear as the area is transformed into a huge leisure complex. However, the RAF road names are still there: Andover, Tangmere, Upavon and of course Wittering! Hopefully they may be retained.

We dropped into a small restaurant 'Jacob's Café' in the new Changi Village, only to find that this is the regular meeting place and headquarters of the RAF Changi Association. The proprietor, Lim Taw Soo produced copies of their quarterly newsletter, the cover of which bears crests of all the squadrons which have served in Singapore, including 100 Squadron of course. As we left the restaurant, we were greeted by a large red and black hornet! Quite a coincidence.

I conclude with a comment about the Changi Museum which, with a small chapel, has replaced the infamous Changi prison. The museum is a very moving memorial to the war years and all who suffered and died there. We were welcomed by the Director, who showed us around. On one wall are crests of units which served in Singapore. When I commented on the absence of a 100 Squadron crest, he said he would much appreciate a 100 Squadron plaque to mount with the rest.

This has now been sent to him. As a temporary measure, I gave him a copy of the Remembrance mounting and a copy of the painting '100 Squadron goes to war - the first operation'

Cherry has penned the following poem as a memento of our visit, and she joins me in sending best wishes to all members of the Association and the Squadron.

AVM John Herrington.

The Scattering of Petals

Aeons and aeons ago now it seems
Strait of Malacca was stuff of dreams.
When sailing ships nudged the shore,
Then seeking trade but finding more.
They too left their dead in a meadow
On Government Hill, in Raffle's shadow.

Today there is another field we mourn
Those who guarded the Strait of Johore.
At Kranji these sons of yesterday lie
Some sadly just names on walls so high.
Some scattered like petals in the wind
Further and further afield they sigh.

In Indonesia, and Thailand and Japan
Witnesses to 'the' railway and 'the' bomb.
These were our own forgotten airmen
Who saw the twilight of an Empire.
Remember them with pride, not sorrow,
Their legacy a Commonwealth inspires.

Cherry Herrington 2005

100 Squadron Casualties Far East 1939-45

Singapore Kranji	4 graves	27 commemorated	31
Japan Yokohama	11	4	15
Indonesia Ambon	3		3
" Jakarta	2		2
" Sumatra	1		1
Thailand Kanchanaburi	2		2
" Chungkai	1		1
Total traced	24	31	55



Kranji War Cemetery and Singapore Memorial.

The Veteran's Badge

To apply for your Veteran's Badge, write to:

Veterans' Policy Unit (Badge Applications)
Ministry of Defence
Main Building
Whitehall
London SW1A 2HB

Give your name, name at time of wartime service, date of birth, service unit, service number, dates of service and areas of service, your address including postcode and your signature.

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

From Flt Lt. Bundock

100 Squadron Leeming.

Cheques payable to 100 Squadron Aircrew Fund.