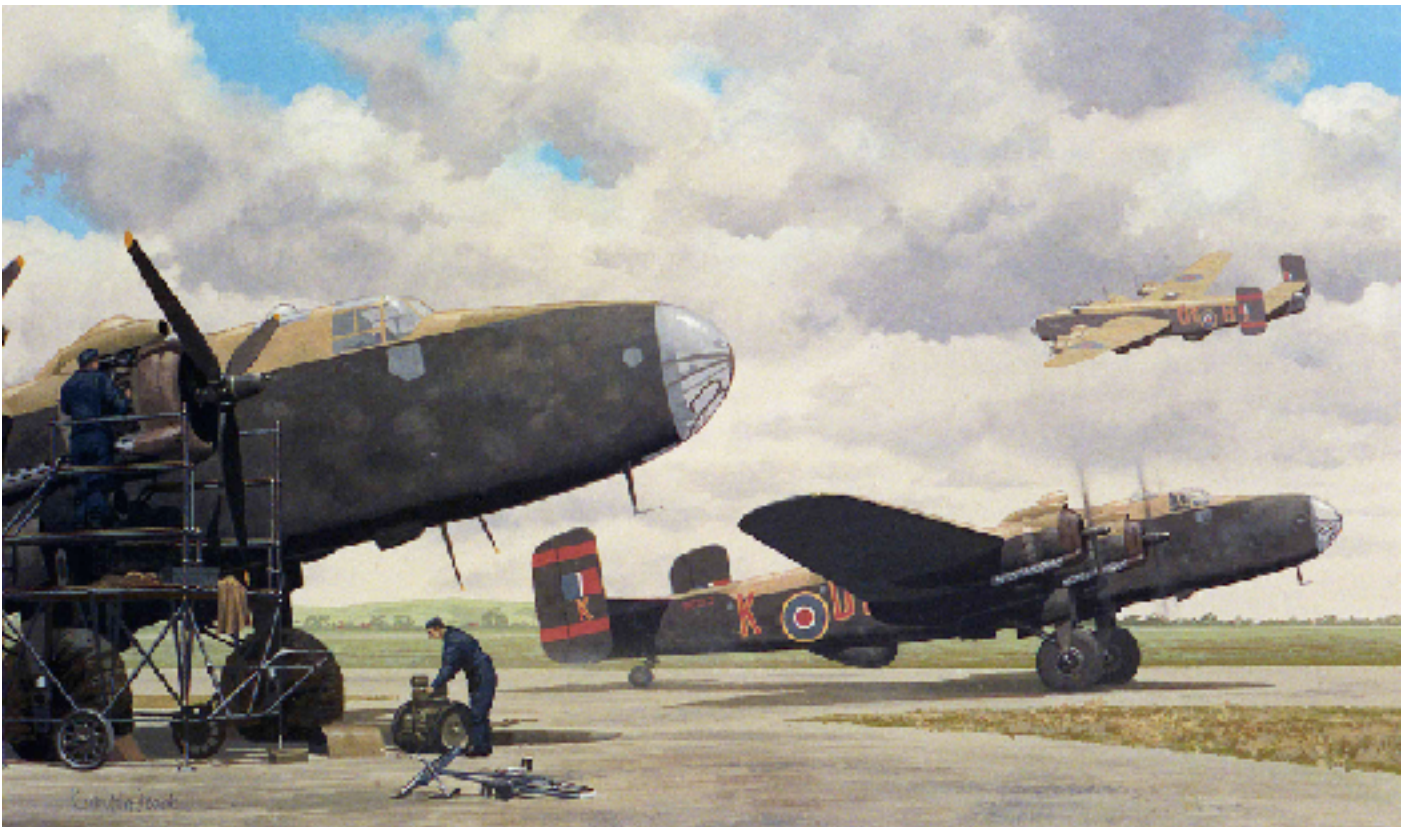


102 (CEYLON) SQUADRON ASSOCIATION



NEWSLETTER

March 2020

Hon. Sec. Harry Bartlett

Email 102squadronassociation@gmail.com

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102 (Ceylon) Squadron Remembrance Weekend 11 November 2019

We gathered at Pocklington over remembrance weekend to remember those who died while serving with 102 (Ceylon) Squadron. The weather had been horrendous. John Williams was stuck in flood bound traffic for hours on his journey from Kent and our hearts went out to those people living quite close to Pocklington who had been flooded out by the River Don breaching its banks.

Sadly there were only four of us to pay respects to the crew of G George at the Beckside Centre on the Saturday morning which was understandable given the terrible travelling conditions. We laid the wreath and made our silent tribute.



Sunday dawned with bright sunshine and we made our way to St. Catherine's Church at Barmby Moor. On arrival we found out that our Chaplain, Reverend Jan Hardy, had had to go to her family because her mother was seriously ill. At less than 24 hours notice the Reverend Peter Nelson had stepped in and between the stalwart Church Warden Gordon Fallowfield and us we quickly adapted. The Church was full to the point of people having to stand in the entrance at the back. (Our thoughts went out to Rev. Jan during this difficult time.) The page in the Squadron Book was turned by Najla Bartlett who had only recently had a knee operation but insisted on performing the duty. John Williams gave the Kohima Exhortation.

In the absence of an Officer from RAF Linton Ouse which is closing, we were very fortunate to have an honour guard from the Pocklington School Combined Cadet Force, directed by Cadet Force Officer (and Teacher) Patrick Dare. They took part in the service conducted by Reverend Peter and then provided the guard at the Commonwealth War Grave Memorial service in the churchyard where Graham Horton laid the Association wreath. We also had the support of Barmby Moor Parish Council whose Chairman and the Mayor and Mayoress of Pocklington Town Council who laid wreaths there.



We then raced up to the Airfield memorial at the Wolds Gliding Club where Reverend Peter conducted the Act of Remembrance and the silence. Wreaths were laid by the Mayor and Mayoress of Pocklington Town, the Chairman of Barmby Moor Parish Council, the Association by John Williams, the Gliding Club and relatives.

We retired to the Gliding Club Clubhouse where refreshments were served by Tonita the Club Admin Officer, in the absence of Judith and Colin Stevens.

Graham Horton, John Williams and I then took part in the Pocklington Town Remembrance Parade during which Graham laid our wreath at the World War 2 War Memorial.



A busy weekend but the most important one in our Association calendar.

APPEAL FOR HELP

Following on from the recent mentions of Log Books, [Clare Wilson](#), our amazing Archivist, needs some help in getting the copies of the Log Books indexed and catalogued into the Squadron Archive.

Clare does the archivist role freely to us on the back of her work as a professional Genealogist and our work is done in the evenings after she has finished her 'day' work for her clients. The work is not onerous and only needs the ability to type stuff into a pre-prepared document Clare will supply and then email it back to her so that she can 'cut and paste' it into the main archive.

I am 'targeting' you in particular as you all seem to be able to find your way round a computer/smartphone and have the necessary interest to help with this. You can contact Clare though a message through Messenger on here or through her Website,

<https://www.treehousegenealogy.co.uk>

Thank you

The Green Button Crew



The Green Button Crew

Robert Learmond's memories
of World War II



Glossary & Abbreviations

Ack-ack: anti-aircraft fire

E-boat: British name for the German Schnellboot (S-boat), a small, fast torpedo boat

F/L: Flight Lieutenant

F/O: Flying Officer

F/S: Flight Sergeant

Flak: anti-aircraft fire. Derived from the German word 'Flugabwehrkanone' (aircraft defence cannon)

(Junkers) JU88: Luftwaffe twin-engine multi-role aircraft

Luftwaffe: official name for two of the four German air forces, also a generic German word for 'air force'

ME110 (abbreviation for Messerschmitt Bf 110): German twin-engine fighter aircraft, the major night-fighter aircraft of the Luftwaffe

Pathfinder Force: squadrons that located and marked targets with flares, which a main bomber force could aim at, increasing the accuracy of their bombing

P/O: Pilot Officer

U-boat: anglicised version of the German word 'U-boot', a German military submarine

WAAF: Women's Auxiliary Air Force

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Joining the RAF

World War II started for me on the night a whisky distillery near the Hearts Football Ground in Edinburgh was bombed. Edinburgh had experienced bombing in World War I; on that occasion a distillery in Leith was the target. Did the Germans detest whisky, or did they believe Scots morale would be affected? It certainly was a demoralising sight to see whisky flowing through the streets.

Just that week I had volunteered for service in the RAF as a navigator. It was April 1940. I had turned 18 in March and so, despite my father's protests, I volunteered. I possessed the necessary qualification – a Higher Leaving Certificate – and within a few days I was called up.

I was told to report to Padgate, but I'd never heard of such a place - I had only been to England once! It turned out to be near Warrington in Lancashire, and I arrived there at nearly midnight. There was an air raid in progress so we spent the next four hours in a tunnel at Warrington railway station.

Padgate was not an attractive place. We saw no aircraft, but we were introduced to drill routine by overbearing Corporals and Senior Warrant Officers. We either drilled and marched or polished shoes and buttons! Now kitted out we were transported to Blackpool and had our first shock. Some of us had expressed a desire to train as pilots, navigators or wireless operators, but we now found ourselves introduced to training as wireless operators, and the drilling and marching continued. Needless to say we had to accept the decision of our masters and so our training commenced in Blackpool tram sheds - a cold and draughty spot in winter.

Our living quarters (billets) were private houses run by Blackpool landladies who did their best to make a profit from the rations allowed. The result was we were always hungry and sought to replenish our lack of food by visiting the many church canteens. Luckily the entertainment in Blackpool was excellent, with several good theatres and many cinemas. The Tower Ballroom had fantastic bands and organ recitals: Reginald Dixon and the Sydney Torch Orchestra often played there.

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Admission to all shows was usually between 8p and 1 shilling – cheap, yes, but our pay was only 14 shillings per week.

After 6 to 8 weeks we were tested for our proficiency in Morse code. The test was conducted in a gentleman's clothing outfitters – Burtons the Taylors. This was how the phrase "Gone for a Burton" started; later the phrase meant you got the chop (meaning you were missing from an operation). If you passed the test and were medically fit for aircrew you were posted to Yatesbury in Wiltshire. Those unsuitable for aircrew became ground operators and were posted to the nearby base of Compton Bassett.

Ford, Sussex

To put it mildly, training was in a state of confusion. Yatesbury could not accept any more Wireless Operator/Air Gunners (WOP/AGs) so some of us found ourselves being trained for Air Defence. After very basic training we were posted to Ford on the Sussex coast – a big improvement on Padgate and Blackpool, but not the type of service we wanted in the RAF. The airfields on the south coast (Ford, Thorney Island and Tangmere) were attacked frequently by hit-and-run raids.

The Ground Defence unit personnel were all fairly sports-minded and many of us were good footballers, and so competition was keen to be members of our unit team. We reached the final of a local competition, to be played on the Littlehampton Football Ground. However, several days of rain plus a heavy storm resulted in the ground being flooded and the game was abandoned. Someone suggested we visit a local pub called The Windmill in Rustington. After a few glasses of 'War Time Beer' we made our way to a local tennis club dance.

Little did I realise that by going to this dance my life would change completely. Before joining the RAF my main interests were athletics and football; my contact with girls was very limited and so the thought of asking a girl to dance filled me with trepidation. Nevertheless, I did approach one – somehow or other I managed a series of "moves" that resembled a quick step without crippling her – I remained with her for the rest of the evening. I discovered that she was a children's nurse, and so I accompanied her back to the nursing home when the dance finished

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I feared that once I left I would soon be forgotten with all those Canadians around.

Nina was obviously disappointed with the news. We had grown accustomed to meeting at least once a week and it would be at least 3 months before I saw her again. Life at Sullom Voe in the Shetlands would be depressing and Tom, Jimmy and I felt we were being unfairly treated.

Sullom Voe, Shetland Islands

The journey from Ford to Invergordon would take at least 36 hours. However, we managed to miss our train connections and this enabled us to spend time in Edinburgh, Falkirk and Sunderland. On arrival at Invergordon we had to wait for a further 3 days for the ship to Lerwick. The crossing from Scotland across the Pentland Firth is notorious – the crossing was even rougher than expected and I was sick for most of the voyage.

We arrived in Lerwick in driving rain and gale force winds. The journey on a narrow and muddy road took nearly 3 hours through a rather depressing landscape with no trees! The flying boat base (Sunderlands Caralinas) was not a welcoming sight. The wind and rain never ceased – you walked leaning into the wind or you let it carry you along! The football field was a muddy quagmire. Entertainment was provided by an ENSA concert party: they all seemed to be geriatrics. Nina had nothing to fear on this station; there were no girls! Why, WHY did we make a nuisance of ourselves at Ford?

Several months went by, and then one day we heard an announcement offering the chance of aircrew training as Air Gunners. The bomber force had expanded with the introduction of Stirlings, Halifaxes and Lancasters (casualties had also increased) so we decided to apply and our applications went off to Edinburgh.

The boredom of Sullom Voe affected my relationship with Nina – there was nothing to write about. Leave (for seven days) was not frequent, and I had to wait 6 months for leave. Back in the 1940s, before you could think of marriage you had to be able to offer a girl something for the future. The possibility of seeing her again was remote: now that I had

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then made my way back to Ford. Luckily transport was not a problem – there was a fair amount of coastal traffic at night.

Nina Jennings and I had arranged to meet again so the dancing lessons continued. At first she had difficulty understanding my Scots accent – I don't think she had ever met a Scotsman before! Nina had lived on Hayling Island near Portsmouth, where her parents had a shop. They'd lost both their home and shop when a German bomber dropped a land mine after leaving Portsmouth. The nursing home, where she now worked, was about 300 yards from the beach, which was heavily mined. She told me that soldiers of the Royal Engineers stationed nearby tried to "chat them up" as they carried round unfused mines on the panniers of their bicycles.

Nina was looking after evacuee children from London. They had been sent down to the coast for greater safety but it didn't occur to the bureaucrats that Rustington was at least 20 minutes nearer the Luftwaffe airfields in France. Also, Portsmouth was a prime target just along the coast and Tangmere, Ford and Thorney Island, important RAF bases, were nearby. The elderly had also been evacuated to small towns along the coast, but fortunately no air raids causing casualties took place (although Poling, an important radar station, was bombed).

The boredom of ground defence duties at Ford continued. About 75% of the personnel had originally volunteered for aircrew and some had lost interest and spent much of their time in local pubs. In Littlehampton or Arundel a 48-hour pass meant that Brighton was accessible. Fortunately, I had found a girlfriend and our attachment to one another increased, but we were still very young.

When I met her mother at the Star Inn in Horsham the idea of getting engaged had not occurred but the thought was there. The word LOVE in 1941 meant something then!! We could have become engaged and I could have remained at Ford, in relative safety, possibly to the end of the war but I was determined to remuster as aircrew. Again, three of us (Tom, Jimmy and I) applied (previous requests had been ignored or turned down) but this time the officer in charge arranged for us to be posted to, of all places, the Shetland Isles. This was indeed a shock: I had met a lovely girl who was in love with me (I cannot think why), and

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been accepted to aircrew what was my life expectancy? As well as that, one could not ignore the likelihood of her meeting someone else who lived in Horsham. And so, before departing from Sullom Voe, I wrote to Nina breaking off our friendship making the excuse that I had met someone else.

The day for our departure from Sullom Voe arrived – a glorious cloudless day with little wind and a smooth crossing to Scotland. On our few visits to Lerwick we realised the relationship with the Scandinavian countries was still evident – many of the shops had Norwegian names and many of the Viking traditions were still celebrated (in peace time of course). The journey south was slow, stopping at nearly every station. However, the hospitality at Aviemore was unbelievable: despite the fact that we arrived there after midnight a tireless band of WVS members were ready with refreshments.

The aircrew medical seemed a formality. Our next destination was St Johns Wood in London – quite a difference from Sullom Voe! We spent a week there before posting to the Initial Training Wing. During that time I was tempted to contact Nina, but having broken off with her I thought my visit would not be welcome.

Yorkshire & North Wales

The Initial Training Wing at Bridlington in Yorkshire was so different from Blackpool – we lived in requisitioned houses. We were well treated (although still drilling and marching) and had frequent lectures on first aid, escape procedures if shot down, aircraft recognition, and treatment of prisoners of war. However, the lectures were not entirely successful, for after drilling and marching we'd be ushered into a darkened lecture hall, and in the darkness we'd all fall asleep! With the knowledge acquired after two years' service in the RAF, Tom, Jimmy and I knew many of the "tricks" in the service.

The most popular spot as far as we were concerned was the local Methodist Church. They served excellent refreshments and one of the volunteers, a middle-aged lady called Hilda, made a special fuss of us: the two Scots and the "Geordie". We had also discovered the Spa Ballroom.

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Frequently I've said history repeats itself. It did one night at the Spa Ballroom when I asked a girl to dance with me; like Nina, she was friendly and helpful. Following that night we went to the local cinema and walks along the "Prom". Obviously Joan Milner's parents were anxious to meet this airman she had met. Imagine my surprise when Joan took me to her home; her mother was Hilda who I had met at the Methodist Church, and she greeted me as though she had known me for years! To Joan's surprise she described how she had got to know us (Tom Brownless could charm the ladies), although Hilda spoilt it all with a Yorkshire comment "the way to a man's heart ...etc". For the remainder of my stay in "Brid" I became a regular guest with the Milners – they were extremely kind to me – perhaps it was just as well that our stay in Brid would be brief.

Our next posting was Llandwrog near Caernarvon in North Wales. How different after the generosity of Yorkshire. Tom and Jimmy had both been invited out by local people in Bridlington, but here at Llandwrog there was no social life. The main aim was to finish our course and get to an operational training unit. However, the instructors were excellent, all had done a tour on Bomber Command, and the atmosphere was cheerful and relaxed.

We did all our target practice on drogues towed by Fairley Battles. We fired from Blenheims, and all three of us gained excellent results – Jimmy especially! We then received our 3 stripes, an increase in pay and 7 days leave, extended to 10 days with instructions to report to RAF Hixon (Staffordshire). Once again we had to find the nearest railway station; Jimmy and I spent two days there. Our next destination was RAF Wymeswold near Loughborough. There we said goodbye to Tom; we had been together since 1940. Unfortunately it was a final goodbye to Tom as he was shot down on his 12th operation.

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countries. Sandwiched between this intensive training we had bombing practice, Air Sea Firing, and Fighter Affiliation. We spent 3 months at Wymeswold and Castle Donnington (now the East Midlands Airport). At the completion of our training we were given 7 days leave, ration cards and much prized petrol coupons (one of the perks received by aircrew presumably because they thought our life span would be brief).

Marston Moor, Yorkshire

At the end of our leave we reported to Marston Moor (Yorkshire) – again a widely dispersed station and you constantly needed a bicycle. Flight Sergeant Ellis' crew joined us – their navigator had trained in the States with Ron – one of the gunners came from Cowdenbeath, a mining village in Fife.

Once settled in our Nissen Hut we explored the airfield on our bikes. In one of the hangars a Halifax was undergoing repair (a common occurrence we would discover), and we asked the Flight Sergeant in charge if we (Ted, Harry and I) might go on board. Once on board, everything seemed so much larger than a Wimpy – I had only flown in a Blenheim, a Whitely and a Wellington. The Flight Sergeant in charge was talking to an officer, a Group Captain, and to our dismay they climbed on board. The Group Captain saw us but did not ask any questions about why we were there; he only enquired how long had we been at Marston. Instead of criticism he suggested we blindfold ourselves and get to know the aircraft in the dark, saying "your life will depend on it". Simple but obvious advice. Later we learned that the Group Captain was the Station Commander (the youngest in the RAF) Leonard Cheshire VC, DSO, DFC – later to be commander of 617 Squadron. We carried on with our inspection noting that the mid-upper turret had only a canvas flap for a seat!

Our training at Marston went without a hitch – just a few Air Firing exercises, working with a camera gun and low flying practice before our posting to a squadron.

The Green Button Crew

Whose idea was the green buttons? It was either Ron Pharo's or Ted Dutton's. Both died some years ago, so we'll never know.

To form a crew was a haphazard affair. All the new arrivals at Wymeswold were instructed to report to the Sergeants' mess where we were told to find our other crew members! In the midst of this were groups of Canadians playing cards. Ted Dutton was standing next to me – his comment was "I don't like the look of some of them". He was an Air Gunner with a London accent but living in Spalding (he had joined the RAF as a regular so knew all the dodges).

Ron Pharo (Navigator) from Rochester and Doug Cullen (Bomb Aimer) from Liverpool were deep in conversation – both had trained in the USA. We now had to find a pilot and a Wireless Operator / Air Gunner, although they had both met one another. Ken Mountney (pilot) originally came from Durham (Jarrow) and Harry Bartlett (Wireless Operator / Air Gunner) from Cramlington; both Geordies, although Ken's parents now lived in Walthamstow. We all made our way to the "billet"; a Nissen Hut. It was there that someone gave me a packet of green buttons to sew on my battle dress. The bright green buttons did stand out and in no time at all we became known as the "Green Button" crew. Green was thought to be unlucky, so we were tempting the "Gods".

Ted was an extrovert and very popular. Harry Bartlett was friendly with a dry sense of humour, and quietly efficient as a Wireless Operator. Doug was like you would expect of a Liverpool ex-policeman. Ron was a pharmacist; he was the old man of the crew, at 26. Ken was the baby of the crew, soon to fly a four-engine Halifax, but unable to drive a car. Doug and Ron loved a glass of beer, as did Harry and Ted. Ken rarely touched alcohol but loved dancing; I tended to go out with Ken at that stage because I was not a heavy drinker.

Ken had to accustom himself to Wellingtons after flying Ansons, and Ron and Doug had to get used to navigating in the dark (there was no black-out in the USA). Our first few days were spent on take offs and landings – then daylight cross-countries, then night landings and cross

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102 Squadron – Pocklington, Yorkshire

Arriving at Pocklington, in Yorkshire, after 7 days leave, Ken's first remark when we settled in was "Well, we made it". Our Liverpool policeman Doug brought us back to earth with the answer: "Yes, but for how long?!"

At Marston we had picked up the seventh member of our crew, Harry Proctor (Flight Engineer). Unfortunately, he never seemed to become a member of the team: he had plenty of ability but was not reliable.

Our first exercise was a Command "Bullseye". This exercise was made up with a group of Heavy Conversion Units and "Rookie" Squadron crew to gain experience of operational conditions. The route could take you on an approach to the French and Dutch coasts then flying on pre-arranged routes with possible "dummy" interceptions en route. Near Pocklington there were two other stations: Elvington (77 Squadron) and Melbourne (10 Squadron) – landing back at Pocklington could be confusing because all three fields were close together. Luckily we avoided any confusion that evening as we had engine trouble and were diverted to Middle Wallop. The next morning we flew back to Pocklington.

The next day, just after lunch, my name was called out over the Tannoy (loud speaker). I was instructed to report to B-Flight immediately. I couldn't think why; I would soon know! Ken accompanied me. The Flight Commander and Gunnery Leader informed me that I would be flying that night with F/L Gibson – this was his last op and a member of the crew had gone sick – I was tempted to ask, why me? I suspect the answer was because it was considered lucky to have a Scot in each crew.

Part 2 in the next issue

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102 (Ceylon) Squadron Association Reunion Weekend

Saturday/Sunday 8th/10th May 2020

In 2020 we will again be holding the reunion. The format will be as in previous years:

Friday 8th May

Local events in and around Burnby Hall, Pocklington & the Town.

Saturday 9th May

- Informal memorial service at the G George Memorial at the Becks Centre, West Green, Pocklington. 1100 am
- Dinner at the Wolds Gliding Club at 6.30 pm for 7.00pm.
- Speaker: Wing Commander (rtd) Chris Goss MA
- Author of "It's Suicide But It's Fun"

Sunday 10th May

- Service at St Catherine's Church Barmby Moor at 10.45am; followed by Association wreath laying at CWGC Memorial
- Wreath laying at the airfield memorial next to the Wolds Gliding Club followed by light refreshments in the clubhouse at 12 Noon.
- Association AGM in the clubhouse at approx. 12.30 p.m.

Please contact me on the squadron email address if you have any questions at all about the weekend or need help making arrangements for travel or accommodation.

All forms required for booking the weekend in addition to membership subscription forms can be found at the end of this newsletter if you wish to print them.

Membership Renewal

Subscriptions are now due for 2020. The cost is the same as last year, (a minimum of £10), and can be paid by cheque (made out to 102 (Ceylon) Squadron Association) or by Bank Transfer which are the same as last year.

If you want the details for Bank Transfer please contact me. Thank you.

Website

John Saville has finished a lot of work on the new 102 (Ceylon) Squadron Association website and it is now live! the website is now open for business.

102ceylonsquadronassociation.org

We need you to let us have your stories, your photos, your memories to develop this. Have a look and see what you think.

2020 – FORTHCOMING EVENTS

8th to 10th May 2020 (Reunion Weekend)

102 Ceylon Squadron - see above for reunion details

Pocklington:

7th May: The Pocklington History Group is hoping to organise a WWII/VE Day talk in church on the evening of **Thurs 7 May** and to set up one of our WWII photograph exhibitions in All Saints Church during Thursday that can be on display through the weekend. Bernard Ross' RAF Pocklington model will hopefully be on display in the Church as well.

8th May: Burnby Hall Gardens, (33 The Balk, Pocklington, York YO42 2QF), is organising a WWII/VE Day family/party day on **Friday the 8th May 11am-4pm** (from the Burnby Hall Gardens website: *"Join us for a 1945 themed family day featuring children's activities and a concert of 1940's music between 2pm and 4pm performed by Vintage Rhythms. Full details to be announced."*)

Kevin Warcup is organising a Friday afternoon piper for 'Battles O'er' and bugler for 'Last Post' in the Grape Lane WWII memorial garden and possibly to be repeated in the Burnby Hall Gardens straight afterwards.

All Saints Church is talking to its bell ringers about a Friday evening peal.

9th May: On Saturday 9 May All Saints Church is resurrecting a combined, one-day Flying Man/VE Day Festival. The church has been without a vicar for nearly two years, but it will give a town centre daytime focus for the Saturday.

Nothing is yet organised for the Saturday evening in the town.

Elvington:

8th/10th May: There are VE Day events at the Yorkshire Air Museum (<https://yorkshireairmuseum.org/event/ve-day-75-celebrations-at-the-yorkshire-air-museum/>)

MEMORIAL EVENTS.

22nd/24th May: Brissy-Hamegicourt, 02240, Aisne, France. This is a service as part of a project (Mission Fraternité 2020) driven by Sami Thellier Boabdallah who lives in the village. The main event takes place on the **23rd of May**.

The Association Secretary and members are accompanying relatives of the crew of DY-R shot down in 1940.

Provisionally 6th September: L'Abbaye Mortemer, LyonLa Foret, 27480, France. (North East of Rouen. A service to remember Huguette Verhague who rescued allied aircrew, including the four surviving crew of DY-O LW143 which crashed on the 29th of June 1944.

The Association Secretary is attending this event.

Remembrance Weekend Sunday 2020

7th/8th November: Services of Remembrance.



‘And when you come to 102
And think that you will get through
There’s many a fool who thought like you
It’s suicide but its fun.’

Anonymous 102 Squadron member, 1941.



Royal Air Force Pocklington Airfield

The home of 102 (Ceylon) Squadron RAF and 405 (Vancouver) Squadron RCAF No 4 Group Bomber Command during World War II from where so many gave their lives in the cause of freedom.

This memorial was raised by Old Comrades in gratitude to all those men and women who served in both squadrons in War and Peace

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102 (Ceylon) Squadron Association. Membership Renewal/Application 2020/21

Please return to:
Harry Bartlett. Sec.,
25 Horndean Avenue, Wigston, Leicestershire, LE18 1DP
Tel 0116 2129996, email: 102squadronassociation@gmail.com



Your Name	
Your connection to 102 Squadron. Dates served & rank or relative's name	
Full Address: (or contact address)	
County:	
Phone Number:	
Email Address:	
Other Information:	

I would like to RENEW / JOIN as a member please find enclosed my subscription of £..... (Min £10.00) – due on the 28th February 2020
 Payment can be made by cash. Cheque or *Bank Transfer (*Contact the Secretary for details)

Cheques payable to: 102 (Ceylon) Squadron Association

Would you prefer all squadron correspondence and the newsletter

by the internet or by post?

Signed..... Date.....

**102 (Ceylon) Squadron Association.
Reunion - Pocklington
SAT/SUN 8th / 10th May 2020**

Please print all details	
Your Name	
Address:	
Post Code	
Phone Number:	
Email Address:	
Please list all members and guests with Christian names.	
Indicate if you wish to be seated with any other member/s	
Number of guests requiring a vegetarian or alternate option.	

I enclose £..... for.....places at the Reunion Dinner **at £22.50** per place. **Please make cheques out to 102 (Ceylon) Squadron Association.** Please email me if you wish to make a payment by bank transfer.

Signed..... Date.....

Please return to Harry Bartlett. Secretary
25, Horndean Avenue, Wigston, Leicestershire, LE18 1DP
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