



NEWSLETTER

May 2018

www.olddux.org

Compiled by Alan Garner



Dear Members

Twenty-three years ago, a legend was born with the coming together of those men and women who had served at Royal Airforce Station Duxford before its closure in 1961. The aim was to reunite old friends who had lost touch. They were spread over many lands and it has taken over two decades to find as many of them as we have. Knowing that we did not catch them all, yet many did respond to the call.

Over this time the unique Old Dux Association had grown into a large membership, we include all those who left us to fulfil their final postings, R.I.P. Also, we always remind ourselves that we have had the blessings of an amazing organisation who have kept the memories alive by looking after our beloved station. This has been very special to us and greatly appreciated and they threw in a whole Imperial War Museum as well, what other association can boast of such a privilege. It adds to the spirit of the place. (Genius Loci). We can rest assured that they will continue to look after the place long after our time.

However, as we have finally moved into old age and not wanting to just slip away, we decided to go out with a big-bash and chose this Centennial year of the RAF by holding our final annual dinner earlier this month on 12th May. A day to remember. All thanks and appreciation go to Stan and Jan Dell, Kerris Denley with support from Colin plus Maureen Parks who organising the two magnificent cakes and Larry Cross who produced a name label for everyone to make up for failing memories, plus all those who helped towards a wonderful evening, not forgetting The Red Lion's catering staff who moved as a well-trained military unit.

Dinner Report

It was overcast and raining when we arrived at The Red Lion for the final dinner, not like those few days of glorious weather earlier in the week. With finishing touches being made to the 130 dinner places set out over the many tables, it all looked quite amazing. Indeed, the tables filled the place to capacity with no more room at the inn. As the Red Lion became crowded with all the members, their family guests and IWM personnel we all knew it was going to be a very special evening. The bar was packed shoulder to shoulder which is always a good sign. With all the greetings and shaking of hand and our jolly chairman taking the lead in kissing all the ladies (and why not?) nobody was showing any further concern for the dull weather outside.



Before we all sat down the trolley carrying the two cakes appeared by the closed doors to the dining area where our ex WRAF members performed a mock cutting of the cake just to show the bar crowd these two magnificent cakes and for photographs. The doors then opened for us all to take our seats. (The catering staff cut and served the cake to everyone at the end of the evening with the coffee and tea). There were four bottles of wine on each of the round tables and eight bottles on the monks' table, although these photos were yet to show the arrival of the bottles of white wine. The first course arrived without any fuss as each diner had a coded notice with their name and three coded letters identifying each course, this allowed the serving staff to efficiently place all dishes to the correct spot. These coded notices also allowed the staff to place the correct eating irons for the appropriate dishes.

Main courses were served, the wine flowed and conversations around the room was very complimentary of the excellent food. The third course, the sweet one was also superb.

Then came the entertainment in the form of two lovely ladies; Anne Riely and Learana Ashleigh, dressed in Flt. Lt. WRAF uniforms and known as The Swing Time Sweethearts. They performed brilliantly singing favourite songs from the 1940s that we all know so well with everyone joining in. Then came the raffle which was good fun. Here, we would like to thank all those members for providing so many fine presents. After that, following for a second performance The Swing Time Sweethearts again had us all singing along. Speeches came next. Firstly, a fine speech by our chairman Bob followed by Sir Richard's speech touching on all that was important for the occasion which was well received by everyone and just blew us all away. A toast to the Queen and another to The Old Dux Association appeared to bring the evening to a close. But no! there was one last item on the program, a song composed and written by Gordon Allin accompanying himself on the guitar, especially for the occasion intitled 'The Many to the Few' (more later).

The New Flag Pole

On the day of the AGM at 1030 hours the Duxford Director presided over a ceremony held nearby the SHQ building to inaugurate the new Flag Pole and the raising of the RAF Duxford Pennant, which the MOD and the RAF gave permission for, to recognise the achievements of The Old Dux Association within the history of Duxford. Many members and friends attended showing their support for this important event.

The Last AGM

The Committee gave notice at the Special General Meeting of the Association which was held at the IWM Duxford on the 13th May 2018, to those members present, who were called upon to agree with the Committee's recommendations that the Association should close and that the Committee be instructed to proceed with the closing of the Association in a proper manner. This was duly proposed, seconded and agreed by all.

Sad though the occasion was all joined in and showed their appreciation for all the previous and present committee members that had served the association over the years. Gifts of appreciation was presented to Chairman Bob for his long service along with a bouquet of flowers for his wife Bobbie, also to our treasurer Stan with a bouquet to his wife Jan and a well-deserved bouquet to our lovely Kerris for all her hard work.



RAF Duxford Veterans - keeping the memories alive! Not Ready to Completely Let go? Neither is the IWM. We have set up the RAF DUXFORD VETERANS, first to keep the memory of the RAF at Duxford alive, secondly to work with the IWM by meeting the visitors, so many of whom really do want to know about life at an RAF station during the COLD WAR, about our work, about how and where we lived, what we ate, our social life and the kind of people we were. We have already had two trial - "Meet the Veterans Days"- where we met and talked with nearly 600 men, women and children. Those of us who participated not only enjoyed ourselves but felt the very keen interest the public displayed in the message.

We are not Old Dux mark 2, nothing will match the distinctive achievement of what Bob and his founder members set up, and from which we all benefitted so generously. The Old Dux Association was for the benefit and on behalf of its members.

RAF Duxford Veterans is an informal group of individuals, we will have no News Letters, formal dinners, subs, and no web site. The objective is to keep the memories alive, in collaboration with IWM Duxford, through 'Meet the RAF Duxford Veteran Days', through media interviews in the press, radio and television. Also, through our stand at the air shows and we will of course continue to support the Remembrance Service. Socially, we intend to hold two impromptu dinners per year at the Red Lion, trials of which have proved both popular and very relaxed! We are negotiating already with the Red Lion to arrange sensible room rates. To become involved all you need to do is email us to confirm that we can use your email address to contact you with regular bulletins and updates on what is happening. However, we do expect anyone who joins us to participate in some way to meet our objective of Keeping the RAF Duxford Memories Alive!

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LeJog (Land's End to John O'Groats)

You are welcome to use my little adventure in the newsletter if you think it worthy of a mention. I did, in fact keep a Log Book of my trip, old habits die hard. The whole thing was reminiscent of a flying sortie's planning and execution day by day: much of what is put into practice in the air was useful in the LeJog trip. For example, route and fuel planning: With my 125cc Honda, I wasn't sure of the bike's fuel range when heavily laden and it does not have a fuel gauge or a reserve tank.

In theory, under normal conditions, it will do about 80 miles on a tankful (3.7 litres) so I had to discover what range I could expect when laden. Hence the need to carry some reserve petrol in a steel flask. Secondly, how many miles to aim for in a days' riding: I wasn't setting off to break records and it was meant to be (and was) a leisurely, enjoyable ride; because of "saddle soreness" combined with an orthopaedic "rear-end problem", I decided upon an average of about 100-120 miles per day. It doesn't sound much but travelling at 30-35 mph - with frequent stops to ease aching legs, snacks and the calls of nature - the elapsed time per day was in the region of 6 hours - more than enough for a 75-year-old!

You might wonder why I didn't simply stop at garages to top up the tank rather than worry about running out of fuel: the answer was that it was a nuisance and a faffle having the fuel filler cap under the saddle; to get to it I had to unstrap and remove my panniers and rear saddle bag every time, sometimes just to put 1 or 2 litres in, and the whole business took ages, and held up other motorists in the process! Hence, I planned my fuel stops to be as infrequent as possible. On the subject of luggage/storage my acquired "baby" panniers (which didn't hold much) attracted a rather cutting comment from my good lady wife when she saw them for the first time: "Gosh" she said "where are you going to put everything - you'll need both of those just to carry all your medical supplies"!!! Cruel, but somewhat close to the truth. Christine is fine, and her sense of humour hasn't dimmed one scrap as you can tell.

In summary, I did 1510 miles round trip on 45.86 litres at a cost of £54.15. I think this is equivalent to 149.8 miles per gallon! I have attached some photos which might be of interest and give you the flavour of what this LeJog adventure was all about. The trip took 8 days raising £1000 for the RAF Benevolent Fund sponsored by friends and relatives.

Best wishes to you and yours, John.



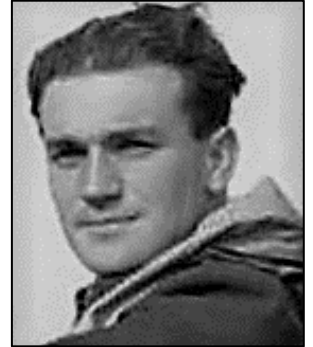
If I was not English I would like to be Irish

Mostly Wikipedia -Ed

Born in Dublin, Brendan Éamon FitzPatrick Finucane DSO, DFC & Two Bars (16 October 1920 – 15 July 1942), known as Paddy Finucane, was an Irish Royal Air Force fighter pilot. He was a high scoring Second World War flying ace—claiming 32 victories—and was the RAF's youngest Wing Commander in its history.

Finucane joined the Royal Air Force in May 1938. After flying training and conversion to the Supermarine Spitfire he was posted as a Pilot Officer to 65 Squadron and the Battle of Britain at RAF Hornchurch in 1940. Finucane claimed his first victory in the Battle of Britain on 12 August 1940, a Bf 109. 65 Squadron was rested at the end of August 1940 and did not return to 11 Group until November. By year's end Flying from RAF Tangmere, Finucane had claimed four Bf 109s and a Bf 110.

A year later in April 1941, Finucane was awarded the DFC and posted as a Flight commander to the newly formed Australian 452 Squadron at RAF Kirton-in-Lindsey, the first RAAF Sqn. to serve in Fighter Command. Making their debut on operations in July 1941, "Paddy" added 17 fighter claims to his score by his 21st birthday in October 1941 also being awarded a Distinguished Service Order. In January 1942, Finucane was given command of No. 602 Squadron RAF at RAF Redhill. On 20 February 1942 Finucane was slightly wounded in the leg during a strafing mission with his new command. Four Focke Wulf Fw 190s fell to his guns in March 1942. Finucane's fame spread beyond RAF ranks and model airplanes of his Spitfire with the vivid green Shamrocks were sold all along Piccadilly Circus and The Strand. Finucane became the youngest Wing Commander in the RAF on 27 June 1942, leading the Hornchurch Wing.



Death

He was killed at the age of 21 on 15 July 1942, when he was leading the Hornchurch Wing in a fighter "Ramrod" operation (attack by fighters using cannon and machine gun against a ground target) targeting a German army camp at Etaples, France. He always said that the *Luftwaffe* would never get him, and coming out at low level, his Spitfire was actually hit by a ground shot from a single machine gun post near Pointe du Touquet which hit his Spitfire's radiator. He flew slowly out to sea, talking calmly to his comrades. Finally, when some eight miles off Le Touquet, off the French coast, he sent his last message, spoken probably as his engine stopped: "*This is it, chaps.*" He crashed from about 10 feet above the sea, and his Spitfire immediately sank. By the time of his death he had claimed a total of 26 aircraft destroyed, six shared destroyed and eight probably destroyed.

Memorials

A rose; **Spiffire Paddy**, grown by Sean McCann was named in memory of him. In November 2004, the rose was planted in the memorial garden in Baldonnell Aerodrome in Dublin (home of the Irish Air Corps) beside the garrison church. It was from Baldonnell in 1932 with his younger brother Raymond, that he first took to the air. The ceremony was attended by members of the RAF Association and the Air Corps. Corgi die cast model manufacturer had created a 1/72 scale model of his Spitfire complete with the green shamrock. The model depicts his aircraft in which he achieved most of his victories when he flew with 452 Squadron Royal Australian Air Force in 1941.

His name is inscribed on Panel 64 of the Air Forces Memorial at Runnymede. The memorial commemorates airmen who were lost in the Second World War and who have no known grave. The Battle of Britain Memorial on London's Embankment also includes his name as one of the "Few." His flying logbook can be viewed in the Soldiers and Chiefs exhibition in the National Museum of Ireland in Collins Barracks, Dublin. It is on loan from the Finucane family. His uniform is on display at the RAF Museum at Hendon in London.

Paddy, you may have no grave to mark your life, but we know where you are, Rest in Peace and thank you.

Associate Member Jim Munro (Son of Jack Munro) Some comments obtained from Jim himself. Ed. I must just mention a Duxford related anecdote told to me (Jim) by Alex Gray from his AGME days. He and my father (Jack Munro) had been out over The Wash in a Blenheim, doing test firing of guns..... my father as pilot. On their return to Duxford, the undercarriage would not deploy. So, they had to move away to where they could do some steep dives to produce enough G that eventually 'persuaded' the landing gear to come down..... as notified to my father by Alex who was crouching (I assume) observing through the nose window of the aircraft to watch the gear deployed..... All happened before I was born so has a certain poignancy.

My Father Jack must have had a very interesting time at Duxford given the state-of-the-art of captured German aircraft to be found in the 'other half' of the AFDU/AGME shared hangar.

The Air Fighting Development Unit (AFDU) was an air technical intelligence part of the RAF which developed operational tactics and tested captured enemy aircraft. It was based at Royal Air Force Stations at Northolt, Duxford and Wittering..... AGME stands for (Air Gun Mounting Establishment).

Another Brave Irishman

From the Daily Telegraph 29 December 2017.

Group Captain Johnnie Warson Foster DFC, AFC who died aged 95 on 30 October 2017. Born in Belfast, son of a doctor, attended Campbell College before going on to Queens University to study medicine. After one year he volunteered to join the RAF as a pilot and spent the majority of his long service in the RAF as a fighter pilot, including support of operations off the Norwegian coast.

In April 1942 Foster joined No 19 Squadron based in the south of England. Over the next few months he flew many sweeps over northern France in support of formations of light bombers attacking targets in the region. The squadron was heavily engaged during Operation Jubilee, the raid on Dieppe on August 19 1942. During one sortie, his aircraft was hit by anti-aircraft fire, he was hit in the leg but he managed to return home safely.

Throughout 1943 Foster was in constant action and had amassed more than 600 hours flying time on Spitfires when he was rested to be a flying instructor. In April 1944 he converted to the Mustang long-range fighter. In September, he was posted to No 65 Squadron, flying from airfields in Norfolk escorting bomber formations.

In late 1944 Coastal Command's Strike Wings of Mosquitos and Beaufighters based on the Moray Firth made concentrated attacks against enemy convoys carrying Swedish iron ore to Germany and shipped from Norwegian ports. The Luftwaffe's fighter squadrons based in Norway and Denmark posed a serious threat to these operations, so it was decided to escort the strikes with long-range fighters. Foster was the flight commander of No 65 Squadron when it was transferred to Peterhead with US-built Mustangs to fulfil this role.



When shipping was identified off the Norwegian coast, formations of up to 36 strike aircraft were launched, with Foster and his pilots providing an escort. The Luftwaffe countered with fighters and on February 9 1945, forever known as Black Friday, they intercepted in force as the Strike Wings (a group of aircraft) attempted to attack shipping in the narrow Forde Fjord. Despite the intervention of Foster and his pilots, nine Beaufighters and a Mustang were lost. The Mustangs shot down four enemy fighters.

During another fierce engagement later on March 25, the CO of 65 Squadron, S/Leader Grahame Stewart, was shot down and Foster was promoted to take command of 65 Squadron. Operations intensified and towards the end of April and early May, U-boats attempting to escape from the Skagerrak were attacked. On May 2 he led twelve of his Mustangs escorting the Strike Wings when U-2359 was sunk on the east coast of Denmark and two days later they protected the Strike Wings on their last operation of the war. A week later, Foster was awarded the DFC.

In late May 1945 the squadron returned to Norfolk for peacetime operations. By the time Foster left a year later he had accumulated 600 hours flying the Mustang, having also been mentioned in despatches.

In July 1949 he took command of No 263 Squadron at an airfield near Norwich. In 1951 he took command of No 257 Squadron, also flying the Meteor. He held the post for two years and in June 1952 he was awarded the AFC. He spent three years as the Air Attaché in Rome before retiring from the RAF in September 1975.

Westland Whirlwind

More about Jim.

Jim Munro gave a passionate talk to the October 2015 AGM covering his Father's involvement with the cannon armed and very fast Whirlwind, which explains his personal connection with this subject, because, Jim's Father was Sqn. CO of 263 Whirlwind Sqn. back in 1940/41 and was a senior armaments expert.

Some argue that the Whirlwind's range was too limited compared with the Spitfire and Hurricane and was held back to deal with the impending invasion named 'Operation Sealion' where the Whirlwind could better defend our island with its powerful cannons and superior speed. This invasion never happened due to the RAF's famous successes of 78 years ago.

However, the Whirlwind did see plenty of action up to November 1943 and declared obsolete January 1944. For those of you with internet access, click on the video by Jim Munro below, then view the other link.

<https://www.bing.com/videos/search?q=whirlwind+fighter+aircraft&&view=detail&mid=6FEEF6C2B3FD0FF817C0&&FORM=VDRVRV>

<https://www.bing.com/videos/search?q=whirlwind+fighter+aircraft&&view=detail&mid=7E4D1C532BEB355302C&&FORM=VDRVRV>

An amazing story!!

A pilot glanced outside his cockpit and froze. He blinked hard and looked again, hoping it was just a mirage. But his co-pilot stared at the same horrible vision. "My God, this is a nightmare," the co-pilot said. "He's going to destroy us," the pilot agreed. The men were looking at a grey German Messerschmitt fighter hovering just three feet off their wingtip. The fighter had closed in for the kill on their crippled American B-17 bomber. It was five days before Christmas 1943.

The B-17 Pilot, Charles Brown, was a 21-year-old West Virginia farm boy on his first combat mission. His bomber had been shot to pieces by swarming fighters, and his plane was alone, struggling to stay in the skies above Germany. Half his crew was wounded, and the tail gunner was dead, his blood frozen in icicles over the machine guns. But when Brown and his co-pilot, Spencer "Pinky" Luke, looked at the fighter pilot again, then something odd happened. The German didn't pull the trigger. He stared back at the bomber in amazement and respect. Instead of pressing the attack, he nodded at Brown and saluted.

What happened next was one of the most remarkable acts of chivalry recorded during World War II.

Stigler pressed his hand over the rosary he kept in his flight jacket. He eased his index finger off the trigger. He couldn't shoot. It would be murder. Stigler wasn't just motivated by vengeance that day. He also lived by a code. He could trace his family's ancestry to Knights in 16th century Europe. He had once studied to be a priest. A German pilot who spared the enemy though, risked death in Nazi Germany. If someone reported him, he would be executed. Yet, Stigler could also hear the voice of his commanding officer, who once told him: "You follow the rules of war for you--not your enemy. You fight by rules to keep your humanity."

Alone with the crippled bomber, Stigler changed his mission. He nodded at the American pilot and began flying in formation so German anti-aircraft gunners on the ground wouldn't shoot down the slow-moving bomber. (The Luftwaffe had B-17's of its own, shot down and rebuilt for secret missions and training.) Stigler escorted the bomber over the North Sea and took one last look at the American Pilot. Then he saluted him, peeled his fighter away, and returned to Germany. "Good luck," Stigler said to himself. "You're in God's hands now." Franz Stigler didn't think the big B-17 could make it back to England and wondered for years what happened to the American pilot and crew he encountered in combat.

As he watched the German fighter peel away that December day, 2nd Lt. Charles Brown wasn't thinking of the philosophical connection between enemies. He was thinking of survival. He flew his crippled plane, filled with wounded, back to his base in England and landed with one of four engines knocked out, one failing, and barely any fuel left. After his bomber came to a stop, he leaned back in his chair and put a hand over a pocket Bible he kept in his flight jacket. Then he sat in silence.

Brown flew more missions before the war ended. Life moved on. He got married, had two daughters, supervised foreign aid for the U.S. State Department during the Vietnam War, and eventually retired to Florida. Late in life though, the encounter with the German Pilot began to gnaw at him. He started having nightmares, but in his dream, there would be no act of mercy. He would awaken just before his bomber crashed.

Brown took on a new mission. He had to find that German Pilot. Who was he? Why did he save my life? He scoured Military Archives in the U.S. and England. He attended a Pilots' Reunion and shared his story. He finally placed an ad in a German News-letter for former Luftwaffe Pilots, retelling the story and asking if anyone knew the Pilot.

On January 18, 1990, Brown received a letter. He opened it and read: "Dear Charles, all these years I wondered what happened to that B-17, did she make it home? Did her crew survive their wounds? To hear of your survival has filled me with indescribable joy." It was Stigler. He had left Germany after the war and moved to Vancouver, British Columbia in 1953. He became a prosperous businessman. Now retired, Stigler told Brown that he would be in Florida come summer, and "it sure would be nice to talk about our encounter." Brown was so excited though, that he couldn't wait to see Stigler. He called Directory Assistance for Vancouver and asked whether there was a number for a Franz Stigler. He dialled the number, Stigler picked up. "My God, it's you!" Brown shouted as tears ran down his cheeks. Brown had to do more.

Contributed by Tony Harbour



Crippled B-17 Stalked by Stigler's ME-109



Luftwaffe Major Franz Stigler

Continued on next page.

He wrote a letter to Stigler in which he said: "To say THANK YOU, THANK YOU, THANK YOU on behalf of my surviving crew members and their families appears totally inadequate." The two pilots would meet again, but this time in person, in the lobby of a Florida hotel. One of Brown's friends was there to record the summer reunion. Both men looked like retired businessmen: They were plump, sporting neat ties and formal shirts. They fell into each other's arms and wept and laughed. They talked about their encounter in a light, jovial tone. The mood then changed. Someone asked Stigler what he thought about Brown. Stigler sighed and his square jaw tightened, he began to fight back the tears before he said in heavily accented English, "I love you, Charlie."



Charles Brown, with his wife, Jackie (left), with Franz Stigler, with his wife, Hiya.

Stigler had lost his brother, his friends and his country. He chose a new life away from his homeland 8 years after the war. Of the 28,000 pilots who fought for the German Air Force. Only 1,200 survived. The war cost him every-thing. Charlie Brown was the only good thing that came out of World War II for Franz. It was the one thing he could be proud of. The meeting helped Brown as well, says his oldest daughter, Dawn Warner.



They met as enemies but Franz Stigler, on the left and Charles Brown, ended up as fishing buddies. Brown and Stigler became pals. They would take fishing trips together. They would fly cross-country to each other's homes and take road trips together to share their story at schools and veterans' reunions. Their wives, Jackie Brown and Hiya Stigler, became friends, Brown's daughter says her father would worry about Stigler's health and constantly check-in on him. "It wasn't just for show," she says. "They really did feel for each other. They talked about once a week." As his friendship with Stigler deepened, something else happened to her father, Warner says "The nightmares went away."

Brown had written a letter of thanks to Stigler, but one day he showed the extent of his gratitude. He organized a reunion of his surviving crew members along with their extended families. He invited Stigler as the Guest of Honour. During the reunion, a video was played showing all the faces of the people that now lived--children, grandchildren, relatives--because of Stigler's act of chivalry. Stigler watched the film from his Seat of Honour. "Everybody was crying, not just him," Warner says. Stigler and Brown died within months of each other in 2008. Stigler was 92 and Brown was 87. They had started off as enemies, became friends, and then something more. After he died, Warner was searching through Brown's library when she came across a book on German fighter jets. Stigler had given the book to Brown. Both were country boys who loved to read about planes. Warner opened the book and saw an inscription Stigler had written to Brown:

"In 1940, I lost my only brother as a night fighter. On the 20th of December, 5 days before Christmas, I had the chance to save a B-17 from her destruction, a plane so badly damaged, it was a wonder that she was still flying. The pilot, Charlie Brown, is for me as precious as my brother was.

Thanks Charlie.

Your brother, Franz

Go here: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=8EkmyoG83Q>

ODA Epilogue

Ed.

We have worked together, kipped together (not literally, well not that I know of) ate together, drank/drank together, we had many good times and some sad times, back in the day. We still have those memories.

But now, we have come to the final moment for The Old Dux Association, all things must come to an end. We have run our course and it has been a good one from the mid-nineties (although, we all go back much further than that) on through to this centennial year of the Royal Air Force. We are now all on leave, permanent leave with some having taken theirs earlier. Not all made the whole journey with us but they are never forgotten. Like all of us, they are of Duxford, they are of the spirit of the place and that is most appreciated for being so. This is all that matters.

I know there are many more stories that could be told through these pages that must remain untold. To all who have contributed to our newsletters over the years, it has been 'you' who have given our membership interesting articles to ponder and to the various editors it's been a privilege and sometimes a challenge!! Your ODA committee gives thanks to all and wish you good health and comfort and a long future.

Time for a drink! I love water, especially frozen into cubes and surrounded by Vodka. Cheers everyone. **7**

The Gavel

Bob Hope

In the August 2000 ODA Newsletter Allan McRae wrote – 'At the May 2000 AGM, our thanks go to George Poole who presented the Chairman with a turned wooden gavel, inset with the Association Badge. Bob then demonstrated its percussive power by bringing the meeting to order.'

On seeing how pleased and happy Stan was on me handed it on to him, I know that both Allan & George would have approved. Many thanks Stan for all you did for us ODA Members.

Remembrance Sunday.

A reminder for those of you who wish to attend future Remembrance Sunday Ceremony's at IWM Duxford. Anyone can attend as a member of the general public who stand throughout the ceremony, but IWM have agreed to continue allocating reserved seating for Ex Old Dux Members and their families providing they have notice of names and total numbers attending. To facilitate this Kerris will continue to act as our Remembrance Sunday Coordinator and liaise with IWM's Events Officer.

This year the ceremony will be held on **Sunday 11th November** starting at 1300 hours in the Conservation Hall. Kerris will be there to greet you.

The public gain free entry to IWM Duxford on Remembrance Sunday's, therefore because of heavy traffic it is advisable to arrive early.

This year those of you who intend to be with us on Remembrance Sunday, and would like reserved seating, please let Kerris know by 28th of October. In future years advise Kerris by two weeks prior to that particular year's ceremony date. Kerris Denley Tel: 01590 645495 Email: kadenley@btinternet.com

The Many to the Few

What we all owe to you, the many to the few
On land or sea or in the air
You protect this precious life we share
For the sacrifices you have made
For the vital part that you have played
To give respect and honour you
Is the very least that we can do

What we all owe to you, the many to the few
We know not always where you roam
Your loved ones left to wait at home
Whether peace time or in war
We've so much to be grateful for
You keep our people safe and sound
Preserve this nation's hallowed ground

For the freedom that we have today
There has always been a price to pay
They risk and sometimes lose their lives
Be they sons or daughters, husbands, wives
We keep them in our hearts and minds
And support their loved ones left behind
Though the debt we never can repay
We should treasure every peaceful day

What we all owe to you, the many to the few
On land or sea or in the air
You maintain the peace for which we care
For those who our great nation serve
We should value them as they deserve
And each day as the sun will set
Think of them lest we forget

What we all owe to you, the many to the few

Copyright: Gordon G Allin, May 2018

Gordon performed this tribute at the ODA Dinner.

Available to download from 31-05-2018. <https://store.cdbaby.com/Artist/Gga>