

**Memories of 9<sup>th</sup> August 1961 from Wenche Davis, originally from Stavanger, now living in Wales.**

As a girl of 14 I had achieved high enough grades to start Kongsgaard Cathedral School after spending two months in the summerhouse in Vervik in Strand. There were only a couple of farms and some summerhouses and we had to walk or row to Fiska for our groceries. If the weather was fine, we would swim in the sea just below the hut or go for a swim in Vostervannet about fifteen minutes away, and pick blueberries on the way. For us children every day was a new adventure.

The day of the crash we had been helping the farmer getting the hay into the barn and were allowed to play and jump in the hay in the afternoon. I had brought my mother's wind up gramophone and was listening to Doris Day when we heard a loud noise of a plane. We ran outside and the plane seemed to pass just above our heads. The grey cloud was very low and I cannot say for certain if I saw a glimpse of the plane.

My brother, who was ten, is convinced we did not because of the bad weather. When we later heard on the news a plane from England was missing, I think we notified the local policeman. The sound of the plane was very loud, but whether there was an unusual sound to the engine I dare not say.

The next morning we heard about the crash and that many young schoolboys had lost their life. It made a huge impression. All day we listened to the news and could not understand how a plane destined for Sola airport could end up in Holttaheia. Some local children went up to the crash site, but we were told to by mother not to go. We were all just engulfed in sadness. Returning home on the Tau Ferry we saw many English people. Most of us had never heard of Croydon even London was very foreign.