



## FLEET AIR ARM ASSOCIATION



## “THE AIREY FAIREY”

Issue Number 8  
Summer 2002

# NATIONAL FLEET AIR ARM ASSOCIATION

## PATRON

*Admiral Sir Raymond Lygo K.C.B.*

## PRESIDENT

*Rear Admiral Scott Lidbetter  
Flag Officer Maritime Aviation*

## VICE PRESIDENTS

*T.Larbalastier      R.Golightly*

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*W (Bill) Watson*

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Contributions for inclusion in "The Airey Fairey", the official journal of the National Fleet Air Arm Association, are most welcome and should be submitted to the Hon. Editor prior to the deadline shown below. Whilst every effort is made to include them, due to space limitations, this is not always possible. However no article is wasted as those not used are retained for possible future use. Where there are events of general interest and dates for these are after the issue of the magazine, they will of course be included. Should you wish for articles and/or photos to be returned then please enclose a S.A.E.

**DEADLINE FOR THE NEXT (WINTER) ISSUE IS**  
**1<sup>st</sup> October 2002**

*Names & Telephone Numbers of  
The National Executive Committee*

*At our last Annual General Meeting we had a request to include the names and telephone numbers of the National Executive Committee, I am pleased to include these below.*

Chairman

**William (Bill) Watson**

01273 890757

Vice Chairman

**Barry Simons**

01825 872539

Secretary

*Position Vacant*

Treasurer

**Ben Worship**

01329284917

PRO

**Ron Sandry**

01179 509638

Elected Members

**Brian Bingham**

01903 770295

**Len Owen**

01332 514030

**Fred Wadley**

02088982560

ex Officio

Vice Presidents

**Ron Golightly**

02088 945234

**Terry Labalestier**

01214 445011

National Standard Bearer

**Sheena Mewha**

**Arnold Thompson** (Tel:02392786443) has agreed to act as temporary secretary until a new one is elected. He has also agreed to become National Membership Secretary.

## EDITORIAL

Many of you may be wondering why this issue is quite late, so I feel I must explain.

In view of the fact that Ted Cuff, who usually produces all the address labels and envelopes for distribution of The Airey Fairey was seriously ill, in January I asked that all secretaries supplied me with the address list of their members who wished to receive copies of our magazine and to supply that information to me by 1<sup>st</sup> April. This was essential since I had to take over this task in addition to editing the magazine. Unfortunately less than 50% did so, although some did actually supply labels. To those I say thanks very much it was a great help. I then wrote to those who had not complied and whilst some eventually replied the lateness caused problems. In fact I have still not had replies from 5 branches but I can wait no longer. It will not be possible to supply any late requests as to go for a reprint is too costly. Since this is my last issue as Editor I am rather disappointed.

As most of you know I first introduced a twice yearly magazine firstly as a newsletter then following it by eight issues of The Airey Fairey. I feel that now is the time for a change and have been very fortunate in being able to get a volunteer successor, Lionel Smith, of Solent branch, who I am sure will provide us with an excellent magazine.

I wish to take this opportunity to thank all who have bothered to send me articles most of which I have been able to include so please keep sending them in but to the new editor. His details are:-

Lionel A. Smith  
4 Wakefield Avenue  
Fareham  
Hants  
PO16 7RP

Tel: 01329 318153

<e-mail [lionels@argonet.co.uk](mailto:lionels@argonet.co.uk)>

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

15<sup>th</sup> Dec.'01

I have just finished reading the number 7 issue of the Airey Fairey and feel that I must write to say that perhaps it is the first time I have enjoyed doing so.

I know there has been criticism in the past of the contents but after all, you only get out as good as you put in. In this issue I thought that every article was interesting, informative and in some cases entertaining. I would like to congratulate and thank all those who took time to submit their contributions. With the number of members in the Association whose service time covers quite a few years, there must be many stories that could be told. Forget the idea that you will be 'charged' with swinging the lamp. Others will always enjoy a good tale or an unusual experience. Let's have some more of the same. I look forward to reading some memoirs in forthcoming issues.

I know that it will be some time before the next issue hits the streets but I would like to thank Fred Udell (Hitchin) for his comments. It would help the Association so much more if others felt as his members do. I have always thought that the Association was pretty democratic, at least we try to be, but it seems that rather than fight their cause there are some who just withdraw without any thought of discussion or compromise. Just because a decision taken by their elected Committee, after quite a lot of thought I might add, is not to their liking it seems their only answer is to say "s\*\* them" and walk away.

I can only urge those Branches who seem to wish to go it alone to rethink their decision. So much time and effort has been put into the Association it will be a pity to weaken it now. I know there are some things that must be changed and it is essential that all branches be represented to make these changes acceptable to everyone. As the old saying goes, 'you can't change the rules if you don't play the game'. I look forward to meeting representatives from all branches at future meetings and hope that these differences will be resolved. In the meantime I send best wishes to all members.

*Fred Wadley*

F.R.Wadley (Hanworth)

## **THE NATIONAL STANDARD**

*The 'Laying Up' of the old and  
The Dedication of the New.*

I am pleased to announce that the 'Laying Up' of our old Standard and the Dedication of the new will take place, by kind permission of Commodore C.M.Covington RN, at St. Bartholomew's, the Fleet Air Arm Memorial Church, Yeovilton, on Wednesday 4<sup>th</sup> September 2002.

The Chairman, Bill Watson, and myself visited Yeovilton some little while ago to finalise arrangements. We were very pleased with our welcome and the assistance we were given. The Reverend Mark Jackson has agreed to conduct the service and will be assisted by the Reverend Peter Clark. Peter is an ex Chief PTI and was at one time Physical Trainer to the FAA Field Gun Crew. All being well it is hoped that the Air Station Volunteer Band will be in attendance.

The ceremony is programmed to commence at 1500 (3 pm to non-sailors) following which there will be a buffet at a charge of around £5 per head. I have asked that all branch Standards will be in attendance and the Standard bearers are asked to attend at 1300 for a rehearsal.

The church can accommodate around 200 but should the numbers attending exceed that (which I hope they will) we will be given the use of a hangar.

Our Patron, Admiral Sir Raymond Lygo, our President Rear Admiral Scott Lidbetter and the National Standards of the RNA, Aircraft Handlers and the Association of Wrens have been invited so lets make a special effort by exceeding our expectations and make it a memorable day. It will most probably be the last time that our Association has a new Standard to dedicate. Please let your Branch secretary know whether or not you and any guests will be there.

As a matter of interest, we have on order a new carrying strap which is similar in design to that of the RNA, but has our Association badge in

gold to the centre and with a silver band down each side. Also included are some Fleet Air Arm Battle Honours. As we are the proud possessor of some 33 honours it would be impossible to include them all so a representative sample has been selected and these will be shown beneath our badge.

Our sincere thanks go to the following who have generously made donations towards the cost of the new Standard.

**Mrs. M. Minter**, in memory of her late husband **Donald**,

**Mr. Ivor Hall**, Derby Branch,

**Mr. C. McKinnon**

**Royal British Legion**, Patchway and District Branch,

**Royal British Legion**, Patchway and District Club,

**Banks of Bristol**,

**Bristol Branch, Ladies Section**,

**Derbyshire Branch**,

**Greater Manchester Branch**,

**Hitchin Branch**,

**Wrekin Branch**,

**Yeovil Branch.**

*Barry Simons..*



## FROM THE BRANCHES

### Bristol

In 1994 Reg Veale and myself considered forming a FAA Association Branch in Bristol.

The Royal British Legion Branch, Patchway kindly offered us a meeting room and subsequently we held our inaugural meeting on Monday 9<sup>th</sup> May 1944. Now some 8 years on we have increased our membership from 14 to 77. Our main aims were to support the National Association, continue the commitment to comradeship and service built up whilst serving in the FAA and to become supporters of the RN Historic Flight which had been established at Yeovilton in 1972. We continue to make donations and although these seem to be just a drop in the ocean compared with the running cost – every little helps.

Our members are very much looking forward to the naming of Swordfish NF 389 as 'City of Bristol' which is hoped will take place in 2004

At our dinner in June 2001, Derek Wilding, from Rolls Royce, who is President for UK MOD support, felt that the event would be a big occasion.

### Derbyshire

#### Life Before the Computer

- *Memory was something that you lost with age*
- *A programme was a TV show*
- *A cursor used a profanity*
- *A keyboard was a piano*
- *A web was a spiders home*
- *A virus was the flu*
- *A hard drive was a long trip by road*
- *A mouse pad was where a mouse lived*
- *And if you had a 31/2" floppy drive – you just hoped no one found out.*

## The Nervous Passenger

This man is really nervous of flying, but he has business across the world and has to fly. To curb his fears he decides to get to the airport early so he can talk to the pilot

As he walked on board he sees the flight attendant and asks her if he can speak with the pilot.

*"I'm sorry, she's not on board yet"* she replies.

He can't believe it. His first flight and the pilot is a woman!

He asks again **"can I speak with the co-pilot?"**

*"I'm sorry, she is not on board either"* she replies.

He is really sweating now, even the co-pilot is a woman, so he asks if he can speak with the navigator.

*"I'm sorry, she is not on board either"* she replies.

As sweat is running down his face he grasps for some reassurance and asks a final time, **"Can I at least see the cockpit?"**

To this remark the friendly flight attendant responds,

*"I'm sorry sir, we aren't calling it that any more!!"*

*Tom Bowen*

## Eastbourne

It seems of late that our numbers are being depleted but nevertheless we are still going.

Our long weekend trip this year was a trip to Weston Super Mare and this included a visit to the FAA Memorial Church at Yeovilton.

Terry Bullingham, accompanied by Capt. Dick Lake RN (Retd), gave our branch an extremely interesting talk on how, since he

was blinded during the Falklands campaign, his life has had to change and how he has been assisted to accept his disability by St.Dunstons. Incidentally, Terry is ex Fleet Air Arm Electrical Artificer and was the only Navy man to be totally blinded during that campaign. Dick Lake, the Ovingdean manager, is an ex Observer.

Our branch is to undertake a visit to St.Dunstons in July where we will have a guided tour and one of our guides is to be Nigel Whitely (our gold medal archer) who now works for St.Dunstons.

### Angus

I thought this item, which is taken from the Angus newsletter, was very worthwhile of inclusion.

### **Just a simple message**

Around the corner I have a friend,  
In this great city that has no end,  
Yet the days go by and weeks rush on,  
And before I know it a year is gone.

And I never see my old friend's face,  
For life is a swift and terrible race,  
He knows I like him just as well,  
As in the days when I rang his bell.

And he rang mine, we were younger then,  
And now we are busy and tired men,  
Tired of playing a foolish game,  
Tired of trying to make a name.

"Tomorrow" I say, "I will call on Jim"  
"Just to say I am thinking of him."  
But tomorrow comes and tomorrow goes,  
And distance between us grows and grows.

Around the corner! – yet miles away,  
“Here’s a telegram sir” “Jim died today.”  
And that’s when we get and deserve in the end.  
Around the corner, a vanished friend.

Remember to always say what you mean. If you love someone, tell them. Don’t be afraid to express yourself. Reach out and tell someone what they mean to you. Because when you decide that it is the right time it might be too late. Seize the day. Never have regrets. And most importantly, stay close to your friends and family, for they have helped make you the person that you are today.

### **BASED THERE**

As an ex PO Air Radio Mech. following demob and by virtue of an ex serviceman’s resettlement grant, I studied agriculture at Aberdeen University and, after short periods working in Scandinavia and elsewhere joined, in late 1949, the Thurso office (John o’ Groats) of the department of Agriculture for Scotland as an Assistant Lands Officer for the four Northern Counties administering the extensive Government Farms and Lands set up after the First World War for the resettlement of Servicemen and others.

I give the above preamble to illustrate my confused personal feelings when I was instructed to take over, in addition to my normal responsibilities, the management of the former wartime Naval Airfields of Hatston, Skeabrae and Twatt in the Orkneys, from the London based Admiralty “Surveyor of Lands” and to turn them back into agricultural production. I had similar instructions regarding the ex RAF ‘dromes of Castletown and Skitten in Caithness but they were not FAA. My senior Officer left the matter fully to me with the words “This is more up your street, I’m not an ex serviceman. You know these places. You deal with it!”

I was informed by letter that there was to be a formal handover on a given date by an Army Captain who was in charge of a small company of soldiers who guarded and acted as caretakers for the Admiralty at Hatston. Flying from Caithness, I duly presented myself at the guardhouse at the appointed time and was taken by a saluting sergeant to the Captain’s office.

The Captain rose to greet me but with the slightly puzzled look of an officer handing over his command to a young 25 year old man and not, to what I think he expected, a dignified mature senior Government officer accompanied by an entourage.

Various matters were discussed, and maps and papers were handed over and formally signed. "Now I have the Guard lined up" said the Captain, and led me out of the former Naval Commanding Officer's room to the square.

Perhaps a dozen or so Pongos were lined up. The Sergeant brought the to attention and saluted. I stood still, my face assuming that impassive stony look adopted by navy men when faced with an unknown situation or an unbelievable order from a senior in rank. Surely I wasn't expected to march along the short line of men and inspect their bearing and turnout? When in doubt – do nout my Yorkshire oppo used to preach to me in the Andrew. So I stood silent and remote while the Captain returned the salute, stepped back and gave the sergeant a barked and incomprehensible order. The sergeant saluted, turned and snarled out further gibberish and at which a corporal marched forward to me and held out a small sack, the kind used for sandbags, which appeared to be half full.

I was obviously meant to take this sack, which I did with slow dignity hiding my surprise at its weight. I subsequently found that it was full of keys of all sizes and descriptions. The captain saluted me and shouted to the sergeant who dismissed the guard.

I, an ex 'Hostilities Only' PO had formally been presented, as Representative of the Secretary of State for Scotland, with Hatston Airfield lock, stock and barrel!!

How many departed Jaunties were turning in their graves?

How many old Warrant Gunners would shake their heads in horror?

How many prewar RN Officers would have refused to believe it?

By that afternoon the Army had packed their kit onto a lorry and left forever.

I sat in the absolute silence in the former Captain's office studying the many

airfield maps and wondering where were the locks and doors for the half a sack of keys; only a few had labels, and as often as not they were illegible – and I thought of early '44.

At that time I had received a draft to the Orkneys whilst waiting for a ship at Townhead Transit Camp, Rosyth but, as I had been kept gainfully employed as a Warden in the local Naval cells, had been kipping down in an empty cell after night watch unknown to the Jaunties runner who had been looking for me all morning. I was quickly packed and rushed aboard a train at Dumferline station but soon taken off the train by the RTO because “you’re too bloody late to join the ship before sailing. To this day I don’t know what ship it might have been.

My story is not of the steps and difficulties of conversion from war to peace, from aircraft to agriculture faced me and the squad of local men whom I employed to that end but I may mention certain problems were not to be found in farming circles which may be of interest such as-

- + the acres of coiled barbed wire defences which were to be expensively gathered and dumped into old quarries until a profitable sale of the barbed wire, duly baled, was negotiated. The bales being shipped south to be made into quality steel for car bodywork.
- that the airfield drains were made by dumping large stones in long trenches as per specification by architects. These inevitably silted up, flooded the fields and were almost impossible to rectify by hand methods.
- That where fences crossed the many large areas of tarmac or cement, holes for fence posts had to be chiseled out by hand (there were virtually no machine aids then)
- The network of old water mains and electric cabling had to be located and cut off.

There was eeriness about parts of the camps buildings, huts and hangars, especially in the long late evenings of the far Northern Isles when the wind whistled through the broken windows of the Control Tower, flapping the tattered wall notices. Looking along the empty runway through the wispy sea mists, I would have to stop myself peering and listening for the drone of a piston engined F.A.A. plane returning from

night torpedo exercises as I had done at Fearn just south on the mainland of Scotland.

I would stand in the silence of a desolate rusting empty Nissen hut, thinking of the cold winter's nights in wartime when the cast iron stove would be red hot and surrounded by steaming clothes and young sailors toasting filched slices of bread before smearing it thinly in Marmite while trying to brew cocoa in tin mugs.

I would find myself gazing at the huge deserted hangars with their loose corrugated iron sheets scraping in the half gale of darkened early winter night and wish for the stuttering roar of an old plane engine to break the quiet.

I would shake my head in sympathetic memory of some forgotten Stoker PO, and his pride and joy, his beloved boilers and generators which had served the whole camp but were now rusting and silent and I would give the nod to the scrap men with sledge hammers to start removal.

The most poignant experience I had was when I was valuing wooden hut dispersals prior to sale for perhaps poultry sheds, and I froze as I read, lettered in fading paint on the wall – 812 Squadron – not my old squadron but the preceding one before my Barracuda squadron reformed in 1944.

The teenage+ boys who maintained and manned these flying machines had departed for carriers and foreign shores and civvy street and only their ghostly memories hung in the cold silent northern air.

*Charles G. Davidson*

### THE ENIGMA VARIATION

After seeing the film 'Enigma' at the cinema last year, I was reminded of my encounter with the Enigma code and was inspired to write the following account. It has been confirmed by Neville Bradpiece an ex T.A.G. of 834 Squadron.

This is not one of the 14 Variations by Elgar. This happened in 1944 in the Indian Ocean and has nothing at all to do with music. Only at the end of the episode about to be related did we hear the word 'Enigma'. When, just a short while ago, I saw the film, I realised that 'Enigma' had intruded into my life for a second time.

I was on 834 Squadron aboard HMS Battler operating in the Indian Ocean performing A/S duties for convoys bound from Aden to Bombay and back. The squadron was a composite one comprising 9 Swordfish and 6 Seafires. I flew in A for Able as Observer to Lt.Cdr. Dixon Child the CO with P.O. Webb as TAG.

On 22<sup>nd</sup> January we were ordered to abandon our convoy patrol A/S duties and accompanied by the cruisers Newcastle, Suffolk and another vessel to search for a German supply ship, a blockade runner, which was believed to be rendezvousing with U-boats in the area. After a week the search was called off and we headed for Durban.

On 13<sup>th</sup> February, we waved goodbye to the ladies of Durban arriving at Mauritius 11 days later. We resumed the search for the blockade-runner on 9<sup>th</sup> March. We were carrying out a parallel search with 2 aircraft on the port side of the M.L.A. of the carrier with another 2 on the starboard side. On the 12<sup>th</sup> a signal came over the W/T that the enemy had been sighted – the SS Brake stationary with 3 U-boats alongside. Wow!! What a perfect set-up – 3 subs on the surface probably not able to dive, hence sink the subs first, leaving the mother ship until last. All the airborne aircraft hurried back to be loaded with R.P's and/or bombs. They were then lined up on the deck ready for take off. We waited for the 'Take Off' signal and we waited and waited! Ultimately we received the order that we were not repeat NOT to attack and that a destroyer would be sent to sink the ship. Of course the U-boats vanished to wreak more damage on allied shipping and to kill more men.

Everyone was furious – in all probability we would have sunk all the U-boats and the mother ship as well. But I had other emotions in addition, revenge, anger and bitterness amongst them. Two years before I had an experience that the S.N.O. probably hadn't. In March 1942 in the Atlantic Ocean, a U-boat had sunk a small troopship the Muncaster Castle in which I



was taking passage to Ceylon to join the Hermes. The survivors spent some time in the water and lifeboats from the rescuing corvette plucked us from a watery grave. So I could empathise with seamen who were torpedoed by those submarines which had been given a second chance. We were later told that the S.N.O. believed the Germans might surmise from our attack that the 'Enigma' code had been cracked and that a carrier had been sent to carry out the attack! We had previously been given to believe that the information about the blockade-runner had come from a human source in India.

On the following day, the 13<sup>th</sup>, A for Able took off and sighted 2 U-boats on the surface 10 miles ahead of the carrier. We attacked one with rocket projectiles and believed we hit it. Two from the three from the previous day? One never knew. At least we saved the carrier and other ships in the company.

So that's my experience with 'Enigma'. Perhaps the Admiral was right. It's too late to worry about it now nearly 60 years later. But I can't help wondering about what would have been the outcome, how many lives and tons of shipping would have been saved but for worry about the 'Enigma'.

I found out later that aircraft 'M' stayed behind and saw the destroyer Roebuck arrive and the crew watched the U-boats submerge and the destroyed sink the blockade-runner by gunfire.

*Harold Taylor*  
Ex Lt(A) RNVR

### ESSEX BRANCH

Copy of the letter received by our National Treasurer  
Donation to Association funds in memory of the late Donald Groom.

At the Essex Branch meeting on 14<sup>th</sup> March 2002, a motion was passed that a donation of £25 be made to the National Funds to be earmarked for welfare purposes and that the donation be acknowledged in this issue of the Airey Fairey.

It is acknowledged that at present there is no positive 'Welfare' activity within the National set-up and it is felt that this action may well be the catalyst for other branches and individuals to make similar donations.

The widow and family of Don are aware of this action and are in sympathy

*Peter Roach*  
Acting Secretary

**CHAIRMAN'S ADDRESS**

6 East View Fields  
Plumpton Green  
East Sussex  
BN7 3EE

01273 890757

First let me introduce myself to you as your Chairman having been elected to succeed Doug Wyatt at the AGM earlier this year. I wish Doug a happy retirement after six hard years in office and hope that I can depend on his advice in future.

I have been in the Association for twelve years and have served on the National Committee for the past six.

“If it aint broke don't fix it” will be my watchword though I have no intention on someone else's laurels and shall always be open to any constructive suggestions for the improvement of our Association, so any ideas will be welcome though I make no promise to implement them. Please do not use the Les Dawson style of constructive criticism “your act's crap!”

My best wishes to all our Members and please let us see more of you at our meetings. They are not for delegates only; you will be permitted to air your views, though not allowed to vote, but I am sure it will be good for our social life. Should you wish to contact me directly, please don't hesitate to do so though any motion must be brought to the meeting by the branch delegates.

*Bill Watson*

DAEDALUS  
*(With tongue in cheek) by Don Short*

Now that the Royal Naval Air Station, Lee-on-Solent, is no more and is only a memory to the thousands of men and women who spent some time there, members may be interested in learning a little about the character who gave his name to that establishment.

Daedalus was an Athenian Greek whose story is part factual and a whole lot fictional. He was an architect, builder, sculptor, painter and the inventor of carpentry introducing a variety of implements such as the saw, axe, awl, plumbline and glue. He also devised masts and yards for ships and boats. He is reputed to have revolutionised painting and sculpture by being the first to depict figures with open eyes

And with their feet apart so suggesting life and movement. He was said to have built, by Royal Command, the "Great Labrynth of Crete, a very complicated giant maze which housed the King's monster "Minotaur", a creature half man half bull which was eventually killed by Theseus, another name with naval air connections!

The King of Crete was named Minos and he had a very beautiful wife with whom Daedalus, who was something of a lady's man (like thousands of Fleet Air Arm personnel who followed him) had a bit of a fling. King Minos found out and he imprisoned Daedalus and his son Icarus while he considered their fate.

However, being a right clever so-and-so, Daedalus fashioned wings of feathers held together with wax. He and Icarus put them on and flew out of the prison and Crete setting course for Sicily. Now we see why the Fleet Air Arm adopted Daedalus as he was the first person to fly over the sea! He decreed that our intrepid aviators should not fly too near the water for fear that their feathers should get waterlogged nor should they fly too near the sun in case the heat melted the wax which held their wings together. With both options the results would be disastrous probably leading to a complete write off.

However, Icarus, being an extremely stropo, head strong youth with

little respect for his Dad or any authority (yes, they had them in those far off days as well) ignored the rules and flew too near the sun with the result as predicted. His wings fell off and Icarus crashed into the Aegean Sea in an area which ever since has been known as the Icarian or Ikarian Sea. Check in a good atlas if you do not believe me! Cirrus's fate is unknown but, with no Guard ship, Air Sea Rescue or helicopters around I don't think his chances would have been all that great.

Father Daedalus made it to Sicily where he was welcomed by King Cocalus and where he became a favourite of the King's daughters. (Here we go again – Jack ashore!) When Minos of Crete pursued him to Sicily, the King's daughters tricked Minos into a steam bath (invented by Daedalus) where they slew him.

I have been unable to discover any further information about the fate of our hero, but I am sure that if Daedalus had come to a sticky end it would have been recorded somewhere because we know that the ancient Greeks had a morbid liking for tragedy! I think that the first Naval Aviator spent the rest of his days in comfort and happiness on Sicily with the adoring daughters of the King!

One thing does puzzle me though was that if Dadalus invented glue why didn't he use it for their wings instead of using such a dodgy substance as wax!!! Perhaps he wasn't such a clever \*\*\* after all?

*Don Short*

Greater Manchester Branch

### TAKING CHARGE?

At Culdrose I ran the Ground Radar Station on the coast at Gunwallow. This was a type 277 Ship Type Radar and was used for aircraft direction with the antenna mounted on a 30ft metal tower. The radar was taken down to return to Plymouth Dockyard for re-conditioning. On the return the lorry took a short cut under a low bridge. Oops!! Eventually it was returned all bright and shiny and a crane was organised to lift the radar and antenna onto a lorry to take it

up the hill for re installation The rope lashing, were removed and just as we were about to connect the crane the Commander (L) appeared and immediately took over command from me.

The crane driver said that he couldn't get a good position for the lift so could we move the lorry about 3ft back down the hill. "Yes" I said and immediately set about getting the lashings organised. "Hold it" said Cdr.(L) "we don't need lashings just reverse the lorry slowly down the hill". But sir, I said to which he retorted "driver just release the brakes and roll back about 3ft". The lorry had rolled back about 3ft when the brakes were applied and the antenna started rocking, the springs of the lorry starting bouncing and oh s\*\*t!! One very battered antenna lying on the ground worse than when it went away. I stated the obvious and said "it will have to go back to the dockyard, Sir." The Commander(L)'s reply was "oh no it won't you can repair it Chief" to which he promptly left.

Needless to say a lot of midnight oil was burnt, a lot of brute force and much grey paint used and it was eventually looking as good as new (at least from the ground anyway). It took two weeks to get the full capability of the radar restored. What a way to run a Navy!!

*With courtesy taken from the Raleigh A.A. Newsletter.*

#### BUCKINGHAM PALACE

Sir Robin Janvrin, the Private Secretary, wishes to thank you for your kind message of greetings sent to The Queen on the occasion of Her Majesty's Golden Jubilee.

The Queen has received your message with much pleasure, and has asked that the enclosed reply be sent with her good wishes.

February, 2002.

Prince Philip and I have been deeply touched by the many kind messages about the Golden Jubilee.

This anniversary is for us is an occasion to acknowledge with gratitude the loyalty and support which we have received from so many people since I came to the Throne in 1952. It is especially an opportunity to thank all those of you who help others in your own local communities through public or voluntary service. I would like to think that your work will be particularly recognised during this Jubilee year.

I hope also that this time of celebration in the United Kingdom and across the Commonwealth will not simply be an occasion to be nostalgic about the past. I believe that, young or old, we have as much to look forward to with confidence and hope as we have to look back on with pride.

I send my warmest good wishes to you all.

**ELIZABETH R.**

## JUNGLIES JUBILEE

848 N.A.S., the Commando Flying training Squadron based at Yeovilton, will hold a Golden Jubilee event in October, the 50<sup>th</sup> Anniversary of the Squadrons forming for the Malayan Emergency. Former Squadron members of all formations will attend the celebration.

For Details please contact:-

*Lt. Sean Cox, 848 N.A.S., Tel: 01935 456715 or*

*Les Smith, Secretary, 848 Malaya Association, Tel: 01584 831397*

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Cliff Newton, whose company manufactured our new National Standard, is writing a book on amusing stories, incidents, experiences, jokes and anecdotes of service life in all branches of the Armed Forces and he would appreciate any contributions from our members. Cliff is ex army but we don't hold that against him. Credit will be given to all contributions.

His address is:

Mr. C. Newton, The Bishop Tozers Chapel, Middlemarsh Road, Burgh-le-Marsh, Skegness, Lincs., PE24 5AD.

**IT IS WITH REGRET THAT WE ANNOUNCE THE NAMES OF  
THOSE WHO HAVE "CROSSED THE BAR"  
MAY THEY BE GRANTED SAFE ANCHORAGE**

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*RAY JEFFS OBE – ex L.t.(A), Bournemouth Branch*

*TED CUFF – ex AM(L), Eastbourne Branch &  
National Membership Secretary*



LIST OF ACCOUTREMENTS ON SALE FROM THE TREASURER.

Summer 2002.

<u>ITEM</u>	<u>Cost (Incl. P&amp;P)</u>
<i>Ties</i>	£7.50
<i>Gold Wire Blazer Badges</i>	£11.00
<i>Silk Emb. Blazer Badges</i>	£8.50
<i>Life Member Lapel Badges</i>	£1.00
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<i>Ladies Head Scarves</i>	£8.50
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<i>Car Stickers</i>	£1.25
<i>Membership Cards</i>	£0.15

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