



FLEET AIR ARM ASSOCIATION



“THE AIREY FAIREY”

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NATIONAL FLEET AIR ARM ASSOCIATION

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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
1st October 2000

EDITORIAL

I have received some queries as to why this issue of "The Airey Fairey" is somewhat later than had originally been intended but I am sure you will have realised that this is to enable me to include a review of the unveiling of the Fleet Air Arm Memorial which took place on 1st June. However this issue was ready to go to the printers shortly after this date but unfortunately, despite repeated requests from Ted Cuff, some branches have still not had the courtesy to reply to his request asking for the numbers of magazines required. Yes, we could have gone to press and totally ignored them but, by having a much smaller requirement, the cost increases.

Some contributors have queried why their article has not been included in a particular issue. As was explained in the last issue, space and the fact that I attempt to produce a magazine that contains a balanced cross section, limit us. No article is discarded but is retained for future use. However I am still receiving items, which need to be included in a particular issue far beyond the closing date, and cannot therefore be included. This is unfortunate especially with notifications of those who have 'crossed the bar'.

I am sure that many of our members have some very interesting stories which other members could enjoy, so what about it? I try to keep everything exactly as it is written but my computer often says otherwise, or maybe its just digit trouble?

At the last National Committee meeting I said that I had received two adverse comments regarding our choice of name for the magazine, but it was unanimously agreed to retain it.

I received a letter from the Secretary of The Battle of Britain Memorial Trust requesting that I publicise their 60th Anniversary Memorial Day "as two Fleet Air Arm Squadrons took part in the Battle". In my reply, where I agreed to do this, I also pointed out that 56 Fleet Air Arm pilots took part in the Battle, 26 of whom flew with RAF squadrons and of all those taking part some 9 were killed. I feel, as do many others, that we should not let the RAF claim all the credit. The media already does this for them!

We shall again be accepting entries for the 'Christmas Greetings' the cost remaining at £5.00 per entry. Please ensure that they are sent with remittance, to reach me by the deadline given on the previous page.

FLYING ADMIRAL DEPARTS SOMERSET

13 March 2000

Thirty years of Naval Aviation Admirals in Somerset will end on 16th March when Rear Admiral Iain Henderson moves from the Naval Air Command Headquarters near Yeovilton to Headquarters RAF Strike Command at High Wycombe, to become the first naval officer to command an RAF Group.

Admiral Henderson's move marks a major development in the UK maritime aviation capability, because he will take command of a new, joint, Royal Navy – Royal Air Force maritime aviation force which will pave the way for the next generation of jet aircraft due to fly from the two large aircraft carriers being ordered by the Government.

The Admiral's maritime formation, called Number 3 Group, comprises Joint Force Harrier (the Royal Navy Sea Harriers based at Yeovilton and the RAF Harrier GR7's), RAF Nimrod aircraft and the RAF's Search and Rescue helicopters.

After 1st April, the Naval Air Command, with its 170 aircraft based at the three Royal Naval Air Stations at Yeovilton, Culdrose and Prestwick, will be headed by Commodore Christopher Clayton with the title of Commodore Naval Aviation. He will be located at the Fleet Headquarters at Northwood, though elements of his headquarters staff will remain at Yeovilton.

HQ Flag Officer Naval Aviation, Yeovilton, Somerset.

Note. The restructuring of command, and especially the formation of the Joint Force Harrier, derives from the Government's 1998 Strategic Defence review. The joint operation of the two types of Harrier aircraft from Invincible Class aircraft carriers and from land bases will lead towards operation of the Future Carrier Based Aircraft – a supersonic jet able to carry out a wide range of roles, including fighter and strike – from the two large carriers planned to enter service from 2012.

On behalf of the Fleet Air Arm Association may I wish both Rear Admiral Henderson and Commodore Clayton our best wishes for their success in their new appointments.

The Spitfire Goes to Sea.

(Part 3)

Back in the UK in January 1945, after a short spell at Machrihanish, Implacables' two Seafire squadrons (880 & 801) moved to Grimsetter, a new Naval Air Station in the Orkneys. Here there was more room than at RAF Skebrae to fly the 67 Seafires which now formed the enlarged Seafire squadrons known as 30 wing. We now had a wing leader Cdr. Colin Campbell-Horsefall, DSC RN. We were bound for Implacable directly she had completed much needed repairs and enlargements. We suspected that that we would shortly be following the Indefatigable into the Pacific. We had heard that the Japanese had made use of Zeke fighters on suicide missions. We also knew, as did Admiral Rawlings in the Pacific, that the Seafire L 111 with its marvellous low level performance would be capable of catching the Kamikazes before making their zero altitude, below radar cover, one way dives onto our flight decks. We hoped we would arrive in time to prevent immense damage from this form of attack.

Both 880 and 801 were consequently re-equipped with L 111 Seafires by February 1945. With 48 Seafires, 20 Avengers and 12 Fireflies Implacable was by far the largest carrier in the RN at this time operating up to 80 aircraft.

"Implac's" repairs were completed by 15th March and we joined her the next day. In the next fortnight before arriving at Port Said the Seafires managed to complete 248 deck landings the only damage being two burst tyres. This was about three times better than the average accident rate for Seafires so far in the war and it rewarded us for the frightening time we, the deck party, lift operators and our magnificent ground crew had spent on training. Decklanding on a fleet carrier the size and speed of the "Implac" provided a much favourable environment than for the Seafire squadrons based on the shorter and slower escort carriers. Such was the confidence which our Commander (Air) Charles Evans held in us - himself a fighter pilot - that he allowed us to include some DL practice while the carrier was anchored into a 25 knot wind. The question was "could we keep it up?" Would the Seafire with its Merlin 55M-engine cope with tropical temperatures and three-hour trips spent at low level and overloaded with a double weight of fuel? Would pilots cope with three-hour trips in cockpit temperatures of 100+ degrees? Would our ground crew cope with living in hammocks in passageways, 4 hours sleep and no leave for months? Only time would tell.

We carried out a little flying on the way out to Sydney. After a short stay ashore at ChinaBay airfield where we enjoyed the RAF's food and long runways, we included

photographing the Cocos Islands with vertical F-24 cameras, practising “downward twizzles” (an attack method from vertically above the target aircraft) and “section drill”. This latter attack formation had been developed for some time in 30 Wing. It allowed strafing attacks on airfields to be carried out by up to 16 aircraft at the same time. In this way, the 200 guns firing at us would have but a few seconds firing time shared amongst 16 targets instead of all – or most of – the guns firing at a single target as it dived in succession over a period about 16 times as long.

We eventually arrived in Sydney (via Perth and round the southern side of Australia) and flew ashore to Bankstown airfield on 6th May, setting forth once more on 24th May for Admiralty Islands where our Pacific Fleet had a “private” anchorage among the coral islands on the northern coast. Our airfield was “aboard” Ponam coral strip, the single runway forming about 75% of the islands’ surface. Here we practised some dive-bombing on a small island inhabited solely by monkeys using 500lbs. bombs slung under each wing .

On 12th June we set forth with a fleet of four destroyers and two cruisers – Uganda and Achilles – plus a “spare deck” carrier (Ruler) for an attack on Truk. On the way we did some more deck landing drill, this time Bob McWhirter – CO of 828 Avengers – went over the side but was rescued by an accompanying destroyers’ whaler – as usual. We also made a practise strike on part of the carrier force of the Pacific Fleet, which consisted mainly of Victorious, Indomitable and Indefatigable. Approaching at low level and high speed we caught the entire fleet with its “pants down” much to the distaste of Admiral Vian, who loathed Seafires after his experiences at Salerno and in the words of our Commander Air never forgave our Captain –Hughes-Hallet – on “Implac” for making such a success of them.

Arriving off Truk at dawn on 14th June, twelve Seafires took off in semi-darkness for a “ramrod” against the airfields and harbour installations. The whole place was clamped down with a tropical storm. On return we heard that the “Implac” deck was foul so we landed aboard the Ruler in a heavy rainstorm. When it abated we noticed that the Rulers’ Walrus rescue aircraft had been blown over the side without those on the bridge having noticed. Returning to the “Implac” for a late breakfast we then carried out a second “ramrod” attack against some oil tanks at Dublon. The third trip at 1000 on the following day was a bombardment-spotting task for the cruisers. They were trying to hit targets, which the Seafires had photographed the previous day. Unfortunately their shooting was inaccurate and nothing worthwhile hit. I got it in the neck on my return, but when I explained that Achilles’ gunnery was three miles off target (later found to have been caused by a fault in their adjustments) and both ships’ R/T was indecipherable, I was found ‘not guilty’.

Life at Ponam coral strip had been a mixture. Mosquitoes ashore and primitive

drainage into the lagoon together with stingrays when bathing, tended to discourage swimming. However, there was the joy of flying our beautiful aircraft in the early morning cool air over the many coral islands. We would open the hood and look down on the beautiful native girls below, their arms raised to us in greeting as we sped by.

Up to this time our sorties from the "Implac" had been no longer than two hours because of fuel capacity. I flew to the US Navy's' airfield nearby and they gave us permission to take away 100 ex Kittyhawk 89-gallon long-range tanks. These were delivered by the Americans the following day and we were able to entertain them with a few G and Ts before they left. We made sure that they had enough by pouring strong G and Ts from a two-gallon pitcher. When they said that they would like it watered down we passed them a water jug with the water having been laced with more gin. The results were marvellous to behold.

These tanks were hitched to the Seafire belly instead of the 45-gallon slipper tanks which we had been using. It was far more reliable and much easier to fit using our modified bomb racks. Although it formed half the Seafires total fuel and therefore still had to be in use over enemy territory, it allowed "Implacs" Seafires to accompany strikes to the far side of the Japanese mainland with some lasting 3 hours and 20 minutes.

On 3rd July we set off from Manus to join the 12 Fleet Carriers of the American fleet for operations off Japan - softening up the Japanese defences by removing their airforce and shipping - ready for the invasion scheduled for early September of that year. But our carriers port outer screw had jammed following a failure of its thrust bearing. We had to delay our scheduled arrival whilst engineers from our Flagship Carrier, Formidable, renewed the bearing in under a weeks work.

On 16th July, 24 of us flew over the American fleet of 12 carriers and 100 destroyers, cruisers and support vessels so that they would be able to recognise a Seafire and Firefly. Included in the fleet were some 20 submarines that were to act as rescue craft in Japanese coastal waters where it may be too hazardous to use their fifty air/sea rescue flying boats.

During the Okinawa landings the Japanese had launched 1000 Kamikazes in 30 days. The Americans, with their wooden flight decks, had suffered huge losses. To give them a further 20 miles of radar cover they adopted the expedience of positioning 'tomcat' destroyers in groups about 20 miles further towards the enemy in order to give the fighter direction staff a further five-minutes warning of approaching Kamikazes and to give their own Corsair and Hellcat fighters the chance of interception.

Mike Crossley

THE SOUND OF (PUSSERS) MUSIC

To arrive at the country park at what was HMS Hornbill, (RNAS Culham) in June '47 was a bonus after Yeovilton and sharing a bed space in the mess at Argus camp was someone who became my 'oppo' a Ron Jiggins. We both worked at the Firefly R&DU at No.1 site on test flight. Ron also played the tenor sax in the camp dance band. Showing an interest in his musical talent, Ron persuaded me to borrow a spare alto sax from the NAAFI recreational store and try my hand.

Many months and after much hard practice teaching myself to read music and how to hold and blow the sax, Eddie Farnon, the guy running the band threw caution to the wind and allowed me to sit on the end at camp dances and to play long notes in the likes of 'I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now'. Before leaving Culham for SAM's course in March '49 I had become fairly competent.

Arrival at 'Heron' was in time to join the band being formed by a three badge PO by the name of Ron Clayton, a terrific tenor sax player, and it is to him that I owed my future musicianship both in the service and civvy street. We provided a good band for dances held in the cinema where busloads of girls were brought in from Bristol and Weston-Super-Mare. Fellow musicians were Ernie Harper, Ray Hoare, Brian Flynn, Charlie Wise, Basil Williams, Brian Tolson, Jan the Polish camp barber and many others.

Time to move on and now to join in the formation of the 'Navalaires' at Lossiemouth in November '49. A large dance band performed at the dances in the concert and local halls around Morayshire and beyond, and the military band, at one time mustering 36 musicians, was in great demand for official functions up to sixty miles away. Many who served at 'Lossie' will recall 'Tubby' Luxton our Marine bandmaster weighing in at 18 stone, who cut quite a figure on parade and playing the string bass in the dance band. It was great to get the extra 2 days leave as an incentive.

Joining 813 Squadron at Lee in April '52 I was told that as the Marines had all the band jobs tied up in this area I might as well retire. However thing turned out very differently thanks to Band Master Roy Mizen who invited me and our AEO, Lt. Smith, to practice with the Flag Officer's Marine band each Wednesday. I had the good fortune to join Bert Sharpes Marine band in Lee Tower Ballroom and masquerading as a Marine band sergeant, to play at wardroom dinners and other official functions.

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we set about forming the 'Jets'. Andy Anderson, Joe Hutchins, 'Bomber' Brown, Den Sharpie and others whose names escape me, enjoyed jobs at the Top Hat and Badminton Hall in Littlehampton and sometimes in the Rex Ballroom, Bognor. We also formed a military band to play a few tangos and marches for divisions using instruments donated by Bob Gravestock who was running a band at Culham when it closed down.

Altogether being a member of any Bluejackets Band was very enjoyable but I recall some sad moments when we organised dances to collect funds for the families of those lost on the submarines 'Truculent' and 'Affray'.

Demob came at Lee in February '54 and a new era of music opened up around the Gosport area.

Ron Jones.

IN DEFENCE OF THE BARRACUDA

As the author of the article on the Barracuda which appeared in a previous issue of 'The Airey Fairey', I am always interested to hear of other peoples experiences of this aeroplane to add to my file. That the 'Barra' was never the best aeroplane ever operated by the Fleet Air Arm has to be admitted but neither was it the worst and in fact it did make a valuable contribution to the Fleet Air Arm's ability to take the war to the enemy until the Grumman Avenger became available in numbers.

Personally I believe that had the Barracuda been a more aesthetically appealing aircraft it would not have acquired the poor reputation that it did. It was in fact a very rugged aircraft and the losses in squadron service were no greater than other aircraft once the problem of rudder overbalance had been discovered by Capt. Eric Brown and the pilots' note amended. Capt. Brown's book, "Wings of the Navy" contains a well-balanced appraisal of the aircraft and there is no one more qualified to write about the plane than he.

The real reason for writing this letter is to address the myth about the wing locking pins being 'soft' or made from the wrong material. This story seems to have descended into folklore about the Barracuda and is often quoted but I have yet to meet anyone, or to read an authenticated report that can substantiate the story. I served on three Barracuda squadrons myself at various intervals during the war and there was a whisper then of aircraft on other squadrons (never ours) about the wing pins being 'soft'. I do not recall however, any aircraft being grounded or any visits from factory technicians to carry out modifications to

the wing locking pins. Also I would have expected the aircraft accident investigation reports to highlight such a serious problem. Following my Fleet Air Arm 'career' I joined the Aeronautical Inspection Directorate (A.I.D.) and I know from experience that all metals accepted for manufacture of aircraft have to be metallurgically certified before issue to the shops. Therefore I very much doubt that any incorrect material specification or improperly heat-treated steel ever got into production aircraft. Even supposing for one minute that it did it seems inconceivable to me that undue wear of locking pins would escape 'major' inspections. Perhaps an ex Fairey Aviation employee or FAA airframe fitter who worked on 'Barras' and actually carried out any 'mods' may be able to correct me on this topic but in the meantime I remain very unconvinced.

David G. Gardner

HMS PEREGRINE R.N.A.S. FORD

As a humble AM2 fresh from technical training at RAF Locking, I, with other 'sprogs' was drafted to HMS Peregrine at Ford in Sussex. Our squadron, 750. Was an observer training squadron equipped with ancient Blackburn Sharks. All senior rates were RAF corporals and sergeants who quickly indoctrinated us into the art of DI's and aircraft handling. It was a proud day when I was declared QS qualified to sign the '700'. Oh, those Sharks inertia-starters ! A sure way of building up ones muscles.

There was very little flying done just then, the Battle of Britain had begun and there were some very nervous Shark aircrews when the Messerschmits were about. We air mechanics spent a lot of our time manning the Lewis gun posts around the perimeter of the airfield. None of us had had any training on Lewis guns, or any gun for that matter, just a brief instruction by a leading seaman on how to load, aim and fire. I remember him saying, "don't fire long bursts, a burst of five then stop, then another burst of five, then, if you're lucky the bloody thing won't jam". My first ever shot in wartime was fired in anger at a low flying ME 109, and yes, the bloody gun did jam.

With daily dogfights overhead, shot-up planes making emergency landing, it was an exciting experience until the day those Messerschmits and Stukas came too close for comfort. The nearby RAF base at Tangmere was the prime target, my mate and I standing by our gun-post, an ancient Lewis gun mounted inside a circle of sandbags. We were watching the action, trying to get a pot shot at those enemy aircraft and at the same time nervously hoping that they wouldn't come too close.

That I believe was on Wednesday August 14th, then at then following weekend, August 17th or 18th it was our turn. Me 109's came in first strafing the defences then came the Stukas and Heinkel 111's which made short work of hangars, picketed aircraft and buildings. We at the gun posts, particularly on the perimeter, were largely ignored. It is not pleasant with a fighter coming for you with guns blazing whilst all you have is a Lewis gun of World War 1 vintage notorious for jamming at the wrong moment, as our did. The air raid did not last long but did tremendous damage and some loss of life.

That air raid marked the end of 750 as a training squadron at Ford. A few days later I was drafted to HMS Jackdaw at Crail in Scotland, a new Naval Air Station, then still under construction. But that's another story.

Eric Mutton, Australia.

EPIC MISSION – KOREAN WAR

by Capt. Jeff Gledhill DSC RAN Retd.

Courtesy of the New Zealand FAA Association

In 1951/52 during the Korean War, HMAS Sydney operated Firefly and Seafury aircraft of the Sydney Carrier Air Group, from areas in the Yellow Sea with one period off the East Coast of Korea. Apart from bombing and rocketing on the east coast aircraft spotted for bombardment by the guns of the mighty New Jersey and various cruisers and destroyers.

On 26th October 1951 off the West Coast, 26 Flight (Fireflies) was briefed to carry out an attack many miles into North Korea on a railway tunnel believed to be sheltering ammunition or supply trains by day. The bad news was that it was well defended.

In mid afternoon and on what was an unusually clear day our four Fireflies were catapulted off. I had given quite a lot of thought to the best way of carrying out the attack, so after reaching the coast in finger four formation we flew over a mountain behind Haeju, over a big sheet of cloud and started a dive out of bright afternoon sun towards the tunnel which we could see some distance ahead. All of which should have given us some cover and surprise. Unfortunately the final approach had to be along the axis of the tunnel, which must have been obvious to the defence and presented no deflection shots. We dived low onto the railway cutting to the tunnel entrance strafing continuously with cannon for flak suppression. As the first three aircraft pulled up after bombing, No 4 (Lt. N Macmillan and CPO Obs. Hancock) called that they had been badly hit and were having to set down in a paddy field.

I climbed up and called for support from other aircraft in the area and managed to get a message through to the ship. A flight of Seafurys led by the AGC (Lt.Cdr. Mike Fell) and some RAAF Meteors responded to the call. According to Lt. Macmillan's subsequent report there were enemy troops in the vicinity of the downed Firefly. They were firing at the aircraft circling over head and advancing to try to capture the two aircrew on the ground. CPO Hancock used his Owen gun to good effect. Courtesy of the USN, the ship had an S51 helicopter flown by Chief Aviation Machinists Mate Dick Babbit and his crewman. This was dispatched to the rescue late afternoon and had to fly some 110 miles mostly over enemy territory. The chopper arrived at the scene and immediately came under fire as it recovered the Firefly crew. It was reported that the chopper crewman leapt to the ground armed with a sub machine gun and fired point blank range into the enemy troops with deadly effect just as they were about to seize our aircrew.

Darkness was falling and the S51 was not fitted with instrument lighting but using the cabin light the pilot did a brilliant job of flying back to Kimpo (Seoul) together with the remaining RESCAP. Altogether a fine and courageous rescue for which the USN pilot was decorated.

After HMAS Sydney returned Lt. Macmillan did a helicopter conversion on British Sycamores at Nowra and became one of the RAN's earliest SAR pilots. Later he left the Navy and flew civil helicopters in the Melbourne area.

During the annual Moomba festival it was reported that whilst flying the Queen of the festival and passing over a reservoir he struck power lines and all were lost. An ironic and tragic end to this account of an experienced pilot and fine young officer.

Capt. Jeff Gledhill DSC. RAN. (Retd.)

BATTLE OF BRITAIN MEMORIAL TRUST

60TH ANNIVERSARY MEMORIAL DAY – 9TH JULY 2000

The Battle of Britain Memorial Trust will hold a special Memorial Day at the Memorial Site, Capel le Ferne, Folkestone, Kent on Sunday 9th July 200 to commemorate the 60th Anniversary of the Battle of Britain. The site will be open from 1100.

Our National Standard together with Standards from Eastbourne, Essex, Hanworth and Solent Branches will be paraded accompanied by a number of members and wives.

PRESENTATION

Bob Everett, founder member and former Secretary of the Angus Branch was awarded a Certificate of Outstanding Performance to the Angus Branch. This was signed by the National Chairman and Vice Chairman. The Branch framed the certificate and Lt. Col. Ballantyne, ex 45 Commando and the current Chairman of the Royal British Legion, Arbroath Branch, made the presentation on the night of the AGM.

It is of course, the first of its kind in Scotland, and, most likely, because it was especially designed for this occasion by Barry Simons, the first of its kind in the National Association.

I'm sure that throughout the Angus Branch, all our members congratulate Bob on this achievement.



Photograph by kind permission of the

ABROATH HERALD

Sadly since the presentation Bob has Crossed the Bar, but in view of his work for the Branch and after discussion with the Branch secretary, a decision has been made to publish the article.

MY WAY TO THE FAA.

By Zvi Avidror.

(Part One)

It was about 8 o'clock on a beautiful spring morning. The date was 20th April 1939 and the place was the bridge of a decrepit tramp steamer flying the Greek flag and sailing at about 10 knots due east and about 35 miles off the coast of Palestine, slightly south of Haifa. I was standing next to my father Jacob, an ex-artillery major of the Imperial Austro-Hungarian Army, and he was commander of this voyage. Next to him and holding the wheel was Captain Papadopolos the master of this rust bucket and weighed in at 120Kg, all of it blubber and joviality. I had just turned 14. The bridge had open windows and the gentle breeze wafted through, carrying with it a mixture of salt, cooking sheep stew and smoke from the stack (it was a coal burner) and I loved every minute of it. The ship's load was 304 "passengers" – refugees from Europe fleeing from the clutches of Schikelgruber's (Hitler) minions.

We had left the port of Burgas in Bulgaria six weeks before, bound for the shores of Palestine and safety. What we had in mind of course was bypassing the official passport control at the port of Haifa and landing at night, quite illegally, at the shores of a kibbutz called Beit-Hanan about 50km south of Tel-Aviv.

Suddenly I heard, in this quiet morning, an unusual zooming noise. I pulled my Dad's sleeve and said, "listen". He stopped talking to the fat Captain and suddenly shouted "airplanes Son, sound the alarm immediately".

I grabbed the rope of the ship's bell and started banging away like mad. Dad grabbed the loudspeaker horn and shouted to the "passengers" who were catching the breeze on deck "everybody below deck and batten down the hatches". Hardly a minute passed after the decks were cleared when a pair of Hurricanes appeared from the east, throttled down and made a lazy circles around us and then came at us again, this time very low. They pulled up and flew away due east. Father started talking to the Captain who was very agitated and kept saying, in his broken English, "very bad, very bad, British Navy".

My duties on board were part of the "armed guards" who also did duty as lookouts. I had, and still have, exceptionally good eyesight and about half an hour after the RAF's visit I saw a puff of smoke on the horizon which developed, within the hour, into what to me was a beautiful sight, namely a

Hunt class destroyer of the Royal Navy, which came at us with a “bone in its teeth”. There and then I decided “this is for me”. It was a fateful statement, as we shall see later.

The RN duty officer hailed our ship and asked our fat Skipper “ what is your cargo and destination”? To which he replied very angrily “ you can not ask me anything as I am in international waters”. The reply was “unless you give us the required information we will board you as you are probably carrying contraband goods”. Our Captain said “my cargo is onions and my destination is Port Said”. The reply was “in that case you are sailing in the wrong direction. Turn 25 degrees to starboard and keep going”. As we were to find out they did not believe Capt. Papa’s reply.

We did turn and kept sailing south waiting for nightfall and for the light signal, which should have given us our landing point. We were three weeks overdue mainly due to the condition of this rust bucket and consequently have been meandering around the Dodecanese Islands, To this day I have and intimate knowledge of Kyos, Naxos, Lesbos and many others.

When we did arrive at about 2 am at where Capt. Papadopolos’s “expert navigation “ claimed we should have been, no signal was visible. Nevertheless he dropped anchor about 5 miles off shore and told my Dad “this is it, I am not moving until everybody is off my boat”. Having no choice, Dad gave the order for everyone to transfer onto the ‘kayak’ (a Greek motorised wooden fishing vessel). This boat took six trips with its ancient 2-piston engine to land everyone ashore. The sight that greeted us was most romantic, as we had landed on a soft sandy shore backed by wavy sand dunes and beyond which rose a full moon silhouetting a row of palms. This romantic sight bode ill as we were to later find out.

Dad gave the order to form concentric circles, women and children on the inside men and guards on the outside. That meant that me armed with my .22 calibre revolver, which seemed to me like important artillery, was one of the 14-armed young men which were supposed to guard 304 hapless refugees.

Suddenly shots were heard south of our position. Dad immediately ordered everyone to dig in. This was easily done in the soft sand of the seashore. Suddenly a Very pistol was fired which lit up the whole area as bright as daylight and a very authoritarian English voice commanded “everybody lie still and nobody move”. Dad translated this into many languages so all got the

message. At this time dawn was just coming up and we opened our eyes to an astonishing sight. We were surrounded by a group of young men in British Army uniform, smartly turned out carrying rifles with fixed bayonets and with a couple of well dug-in Bren guns. Dad immediately saw that any resistance was out of the question and gave the order to bury all arms. A very smart Sergeant Major, who turned out to be quite human, commanded the squad. He informed us that the Navy had been shadowing us since we had been discovered by the Hurricanes. We were informed that as illegal immigrants we were going to be interned in a prison camp in Haifa. As the sun rose we took stock of our position and discovered that there were two people missing. They were later discovered to have been butchered by Arabs mainly because the woman had quite a bit of jewelry and was not prepared to part with it. The S/Major told Dad that he would permit us to hire some camels to carry our meager luggage to the railhead where a train was waiting to transport us to Haifa. A bargain was struck with the owner of the camels for a sum, which could have bought the beasts several times over. We were then marched through the village of Isdud (today the port of Ashdod) and thoroughly pelted with cow dung, rotten vegetables, spat on and roundly cursed. The Arab marksmanship was remarkable as not a missile hit any of the soldiers (to which they would probably replied with cold steel).

After nearly a day's journey we finally arrived at the place in Haifa which, to our surprise, turned out to be a transit camp and not as we expected, a prison camp. We had hardly recovered from our odyssey when three days later we were asked in an unmistakable manner to make room for the next lot of refugees. Thus we found ourselves at the gate of the camp with nothing more than our belongings and five gold sovereigns which Mom had managed to secrete from the five hundred, our entire fortune, with which we had started our journey two months before. The remainder were resting in the deep pockets of that "jolly pirate" Capt. Papadopolos who had kept blackmailing Dad with all kinds of pretext like "no coal, no food, no money for crew" etc.

First of all Mom rented a flat while Dad went and bought 4 beds and mattresses which left our capital at 1 sovereign! Next came a way of feeding our family of four, my parents, brother and me. Mom took the initiative and started baking Vienna strudels since she was a celebrated cook. (This was quite amazing since we were very well to do when we fled Europe. We had four house servants, a gardener and chauffeur). Mom was made of sterner stuff, which was tested immediately when she told my brother and me to start hawking her heavenly smelling goodies on the streets of Haifa. This created an instant revolt to which Mom replied "no sales, no dinner" and she made it stick. The first day we sold 8 trays of strudels. This was our start in the "Promised Land".

In the meantime Dad found work at the Royal Navy's Mine and Torpedo depot in Haifa Bay as an assistant storekeeper. (At the end of WWII he was head of the depot).

It was my turn to be taken care of. The family's decision to immigrate to "uncertain" Palestine was due to my insistence to enroll at the Haifa Maritime College while the rest of our family all went to Brazil.

I dressed in my best shirt and pants and was taken by Mom to see the head of the college, Comandatore Enrico Levy (ex Royal Italian Navy). The interview was very pleasant and was conducted in both German and French in which I took a lively part, as I was keen to make a good impression on the Commander. Just as the going was most positive the commander dropped a bombshell by asking Mom "and how is the boy's Hebrew"? To which she replied "he hasn't any at present but he is a quick learner and will have Hebrew in no time". The Commander terminated the interview by advising Mom to "enroll the boy in an ordinary school and when he is proficient bring him back and he will be accepted. I felt as though the end of the world had come. There and then I made a vow "no matter what I shall wear a white naval uniform". I did not know at the time but those were indeed prophetic words.

WANTED

Des Mardle made a recent visit to The Aviation Museum in Malta. He was surprised to find that there was no representation of the FAA in picture form. It was explained that the museum started some time after the FAA left hence the lack of such items.

However, the staff of the museum would be extremely grateful for contributions especially squadrons ashore at Halfar and carriers alongside in Grand Harbour. Each picture donated will have the name of the donor entered into a master book that will be on display in the proposed extension. Any donors should please enter their name and description of the photo on the reverse. Please forward any photographs to: Des Mardle, 19 School Road, Arbroath, Angus, DD11 2LU who will be pleased to forward them to the museum.

FLEET AIR ARM ASSOCIATION LAPEL BADGES

Lapel badges with your name engraved within a 40 x 10 mm rectangle mounted over a 30mm dia. FAAA crown over anchor in winged laurels emblem are available from Ron Frost 10 Charfield Road, Kingswood, Wooton-under-Edge, GL12 8RL at £4.50 ea. Profits to Swordfish Heritage Trust. Please PRINT name you wish engraved (maximum 14 letters) cash with order please.

REMEMBRANCE SUNDAY

Approximately 50 members attended the Remembrance Service at the Cenotaph in London. His Royal Highness The Prince of Wales took the salute at the march past following the service. Doug Wyatt laid a wreath on behalf of the Association and other wreaths were laid by branch representatives. This year the weather was kind – it did not rain.

The Remembrance ceremony at Lee-on-Solent was attended by members and our National Standard and that of the Solent Branch were paraded. Our National Treasurer, Ben Worship laid a wreath on behalf of the Association.



Ben laying our wreath at the Lee On Solent Memorial.

NATIONAL STANDARD BEARER

During the past year Tery Lowden, our National Standard Bearer has paraded the National Standard on a total of eleven occasions. Included in these were

- a dedication service at the unveiling of plaques to Lt. D.Sandford VC(Submariner) and Sub.Lt. R..Warnford VC (FAA). Both received their decoration in 1918.
- Weymouth Annual Military and Veteran Service Parade, together with branch

Standards from Bristol, Eastbourne, Hanworth and Watford. In all there were 60 RNA and FAAA Standards in our contingent. Unfortunately we drew the short straw and were accompanied by a band that had no idea of how to play for marching. We must have changed step innumerable times.

- Korean Veterans Assn. at St. Paul's Cathedral and the first Tattoo at Richmond run by and for the Royal Star and Garter Home.
- The last Royal tournament at Earls Court together with three hundred and forty nine other Naval Association Standard Bearers. Contrary to the note in the Bristol Branch newsletter the Eastbourne Standard was paraded as well as our National Standard together with Branch Standards from Hanworth and Yorkshire.
- The Essex and Hanworth Branch Standards joined our National Standard at the biennial RNA Parade in London.

Our thanks go to our National Standard Bearer and all Branch Standard Bearers who have over the past year paraded their Standards at various events.

YEOVIL BRANCH

The Branch had a very successful year and continues to go from strength to strength.

This year started with our AGM where we had to say farewell to our long-standing secretary, Ken Leslie, who has been in the branch since formation.

About 35 members enjoyed a weekend at a hotel in Torquay. We had an interesting talk from David Hobbs, Curator of the FAA Museum, about service aircraft that never quite made it.

Forthcoming attractions include an inter-service association's quiz in an attempt to bring local associations closer together; we only tend to meet at the Remembrance Day Parade. A wine tasting evening with a local vintner, a candle lit supper and an evening cruise on the Kennet and Avon canal. (One way of saying you have got some sea time)?

We have a full and interesting calendar of events and would welcome visits from members and wives who happen to be in the area. We meet at the Old Barn Club (opposite Westlands main entrance) on the third Tuesday of the month at 2000. Why not pop in?

Bob Ridout

The next two items are printed by kind permission of
The Shearwater Aviation Museum Foundation, Canada.

REMEMBERING the FORGOTTEN MECHANIC.

Through the history of world aviation
Many names have come to the fore...
Great deeds of the past in our memory will last,
As they're joined by more and more.

When man first started his labour in his quest to conquer the sky,
He was designer, mechanic and pilot and he built a machine that would fly.
But somehow the order got twisted, and then in the public's eye
The only one that could be seen was the man who knew how to fly...

The pilot was everyone's hero, he was brave, he was bold, he was grand,
As he stood by his battered old biplane with his goggles and helmet in hand...
To be sure these pilots all earned it, to fly you have to have guts...
And they blazed their names in the hall of fame on wings of baling wire struts.

But for each of these flying heroes there were thousands of little renown
These were the men who worked on the planes but kept their feet on the ground
We all know the name of Lindbergh and we've read of his flight to fame
But think, if you can, of his maintenance man, can you remember his name?
And think of our wartime heroes, Billy Bishop, Buck McNair and Hampton Gray.
Can you tell me the names of their Crew Chiefs? A thousand to one you cannot.

New pilots are highly trained people and wings are not easily won...
But without the work of the maintenance man our pilots would march with a gun.
So when you see mighty aircraft as they mark their way through the air,
The grease stained man with a wrench in his hand
Is the man who put them there!

Anonymous.

HAEMORRHOIDS WHERE HAST THEE GONE?

By Walter S.Sloan

Way back in 1959 when I was flying Banshees in VF870, we went on a Fall cruise to old blighty to take part in a NATO exercise. The weather was pretty good, considering the time of year, and after a couple of day landings we were all set for our first night carrier landings for some time. The date was 11TH November 1959. The night chosen was dark with a silver moon sometimes showing up through the high cloud cover but it was definitely nighttime.

Start up went well and the first three Banshees manned by Wally Walton, Alex Fox and Ed Hallet were catted off with no problems. I was number four in this illustrious group. Sitting on the catapult and winding up the engines I was starting to have some doubts as to whether this was a good idea, but it was too late, everything was working, and, as the late Derek Prout used to say "its OK as long as you have fuel and noise" and I had both. So, throwing the deck officer a pusser salute, it was time to go flying. For all pilots who have done this they will remember it was one hell of a shove. The cat was only 102 feet long and we needed 120 knots. even with a15 knots of wind and the ship wound up to 20 knots that meant 85 knots of cat speed. You definitely knew you were going somewhere.

After the salute there normally seems a slight pause which seems longer when every sense in your body is working at top speed. I got the initial boost then it stopped. With all my heart I hoped I would still fly but just in case I grabbed the air driven canopy opening lever and it rammed the canopy fully open in jig time. Some people may ask why I didn't eject and the answer is simple, the ejection seat was severely limited and unless you were at 5000 feet and straight and level at 200 knots the chances were slim that you would survive.

Anyway I was still hopeful until I hit the water when it got dark, cold and very wet at about the same time. I released my seat harness, gave a mighty shove with my legs and popped to the surface. Have you ever seen BONNIE from water level bearing down upon you? She looked pretty big with a huge bow wave that had me bore sighted. I managed to get in two swimming strokes before I was tossed arsy tassy down the port side. About a third of the way along the ship something was bothering the hell out of me when I realised my oxygen mask had filled with water. I yanked it off just in time to realise I was passing under a huge danbuoy which was supposed to be released at such a time. "NOT NOW" I was thinking and fortunately it did not drop. When I was clear of the stern it was time to get into my raft which all went well and after I had assumed command, it was time to let people know I had survived. Now as Squadron Flight Safety Officer, I had done things mostly right in this situation. We carried flares in our Mae wests and on one side there was a flare and the other smoke. The flare side had a knurled safety cap while the smoke was smooth. I felt for the knurled cap, found it, turned it around and fired the smoke. Sitting there thinking what a clot I was a searchlight picked up the smoke so it worked out. It was then that I realised that the steely-eyed fighter pilot was not as cool as he thought.

The rest of the ordeal went pretty well. I got picked up by the Athabaskan's sea boat, had a good shot of brandy, compliments of Ron Heath who was XO and was rowed back to Bonaventure later on to get a medical. Never did fine out what failed during the launch but there seemed to be grease from the bridle slapping on the deck. Perhaps it slipped off or broke or the attachment on the Banshee failed. The old Banshee had one last kick when she punched a hole in the Bonnie for this dastardly deed.

A note for flight surgeons. Before this incident the good doctor on the ship was treating me for haemorrhoids. They disappeared immediately after but I am not sure if this is a cost-effective way to cure the problem. However if all else fails....

The following address was given at the dedication of the Angus Branch Standard in 1996 but I feel that it is well worth publishing.

THE VALUE OF THE STANDARD

Text: "The Lord said to Moses and Aaron: 'The Israelites are to camp round the Tent of Meeting some distance from it, each man under his standard with the banners of his family.'" Numbers 2: vv 1&2.

Introduction. The background to our text is the need for forming some kind of army to be drawn from the twelve tribes of Israel – a kind of MOBEX! However, one tribe, that of Levi was to be exempt from combat – they formed a Division of Padres!! (The first 'Sin Bos'ns' on record!). The total number mobilised was 603,550. Each tribe set up camp and, in the centre, hoisted their own standard, a rallying point which would become important in the subsequent battle scenario. In military history, standards and ensigns would often change the tide of battle on land and sea. Even in the air as the dear old 'Stringbag' flew the white ensign on a short jackstaff from the after cockpit.

What was its value? It was SACRAMENTAL. It pointed beyond it self to the spiritual. The communion symbols of bread and wine of themselves have little value but beyond them is the broken body of Christ with all that means to the Christian. The standard then points us to the historical tradition, our nation, courage, self-sacrifice, discipline, high-hearted happiness amidst great fellowship.....

What is the value of our new standard?

A Symbol pointing to what?

(a) History and Tradition.

Four would be pilots assembled at Eastchurch airfield on March 1st 1911 for flight training. They were Lts. Gregory, Longmore and Sampson RN and Lt. Gerrard RM Light Infantry. (Does it not seem fitting that we celebrate today in this RM base Condor, formerly RNAS Condor?) These men were part of the drive to win over a very sceptical Admiralty – thank God their enthusiasm won the day despite many setbacks.

(b) Courage and sacrifice.

November 11th 1940, the Fleet Air Arm's 'Trafalgar Day' – the attack on the Italian fleet in Taranto. Flying the Fairey Swordfish Torpedo/bomber, 21 aircraft, 15 from Illustrious and 6 from Eagle, pressed home their attack virtually knocking out the enemy fleet. Two aircraft were lost and, sadly, one aircrew killed. This still is regarded as their 'finest hour'.

Today is 'Battle of Britain' Sunday and among the 'Few' were many young Fleet Air Arm Pilots. We still owe them a great debt and it's good for the nation to remember them for their courage and self-sacrifice. One RAF pilot, Flt.Lt. Richard

Hillary was one who wrote down his experiences giving us an insight into the thinking of these young pilots. Let me quote a few lines from his diary – He joined up in 1939 and when asked why the RAF he wrote: “In the first place I shall get paid and have first class food. Secondly I haven’t any sentiments about killing people. Air fighting is individual combat between two people where one either kills or gets killed. It is exciting, individualistic and disinterested. I shan’t get maimed; either I shall get killed outright or I shall get a few pleasant medals and enjoy being stared at in a night club.” Pretty cynical stuff. Hitler’s intelligence network had already written off British youth as decadent! Do you blame them? However 18 months after joining the RAF and having been shot down and maimed with severe burns he wrote the following: “I have discovered that it is impossible to live for oneself; to take from humanity and pass by on the other side. Only by feeling deeply the lives of others is one able to confer value on this life. I want to earn the right to fellowship with my dead. I want to be worthy of the friendship of those still living who will go on fighting until the ideals for which their comrades have died are stamped for ever on the future civilisation.” This is not a brash youth anymore.... these are the words of a man in the fullest sense of the word. Whispering out of our standard are the voices of those who, in the Fleet Air Arm, paid the supreme sacrifice.

(c) Comradeship.

As the standard is unfurled we are reminded of the priceless gift of comradeship enjoyed in the Service. A comradeship renewed in the creation of our Association up and down the land and beyond our shore. This is a valued treasure to be guarded with honour.

Conclusion.

Our Gospel lesson deals with the Pharisees and their need for a sign of Jesus’ authenticity. They need visible proof of His claim to be the Messiah. This request angered Jesus and He knew they were trying to set Him up. “ A wicked and adulterous generation asks for a miraculous sign! But none be given it except the sign of the prophet Jonah” Matt.12:39. Jonah remained three days in the dark belly of the whale and on the third day he reappeared. Jesus was hinting at His own death and resurrection and this brings us to the final sacramental symbol of our own standard – it is a MEMORIAL. A reminder to us of our comrades in the Fleet Air Arm who died in war and peace but are alive forever more.

Let us honour our standard always – it points us to so much that is fine and true.

Amen.

ANGUS BRANCH

Our membership area is vast and covers an area from Inverness in the north to Calder in the south and as far as Ayr in the west and we are pleased to say that our branch meetings are extremely well supported. We have a strong contingent living in and around Dundee and these members are some of our most loyal supporters.

We attempt to make our monthly meeting such that they are of interest to most members. These meetings are made up of a variety of themes combining items of interest as well as social events. The system seems to work very well and it is surprising how many people have a tale to tell. One of our guest speakers had built an aeroplane in his attic whilst another was involved in the breaking of the ENIGMA code. All good stuff!

Unfortunately our Branch Chairman, Roy Butcher, recently had to relinquish his post as he had suffered a slight stroke – a warning to slow down. Our Vice-Chairman, Alan wedge willingly stepped into the breach.

Duncan M. Lawes (Dickie)

UNVEILING OF THE FLEET AIR ARM MEMORIAL

Having volunteered to act as stewards (who said never volunteer?) at the unveiling of the Fleet Air Arm Memorial, we arrived at the Victoria Embankment Gardens on a rather dismal and overcast day at about 0830. Having left our overnight accommodation rather early we had neither seen nor heard the news that there had been a bomb at Hammersmith Bridge and were therefore somewhat surprised to hear that the vehicle carrying the chairs for our guests and which had been due to arrive at about 0730 was held up somewhere en route. It did eventually arrive just before 1000, although after some early arrivals, but those responsible did a great job and swiftly positioned them.

Having taken up our appointed station to greet guests and direct them to the seating area we were then informed that there was another problem; that being that although the personnel of the guard had arrived their rifles had not. These have to come by a secured vehicle and yes – the bomb had also delayed this. A decision was made to delay the unveiling ceremony by 15 minutes. In the meantime the Royal Marine band entertained those present. Finally the rifles arrived, the guard formed up and all was ready to proceed.

The guard, under the command of a Wren Lieutenant, and preceded by the band marched onto the Embankment Gardens. They led the National Standards of the Fleet Air Arm Association, Royal Naval Association, Aircraft Handlers Association and Association of Wrens (incidentally this was carried by an ex FAA Wren). They took up their respective positions on either side of the memorial.

At about 1115, HRH Prince Charles accompanied by HRH Prince Andrew arrived and following the Royal salute they took their seats. There followed a short service conducted by three Chaplains.

After this service Prince Charles was invited to carry out the unveiling. Despite a minor hang up the Memorial was unveiled to reveal the bronze figure of Daedalus poised on a column of Portland stone with the 33 Battle Honours on either side. The inscription on the rear face of the lower stonework reads:

**TO THE EVERLASTING MEMORY OF ALL MEN AND WOMEN FROM
THE UNITED KINGDOM, THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH AND THE
MANY ALLIED NATIONS WHO HAVE GIVEN THEIR LIVES WHILST
SERVING IN THE ROYAL NAVAL AIR SERVICE AND FLEET AIR ARM.**

**HE RODE UPON A CHERUB AND DID FLY, YEA, HE DID FLY UPON
THE WINGS OF THE WIND.**

Following the unveiling a reception was held in St. James's Palace where the two Princes took the opportunity to speak to many of those attending.

A number of those attending were very disappointed that for such an auspicious occasion the guard was very small and the Fleet Air Arm Colour was not paraded. The reason for this being given that it could not be paraded unless there was a full ceremonial guard. Yet it was paraded at HMS Daedalus without a guard but with just its escort in 1995. They were also rather surprised at the brevity of the flypast. Surely the present FAA could have done better or is this a sign of the times?

For those wishing to visit the memorial it is a short walk from the Embankment underground station. It is in the Victoria Embankment Gardens and is on the opposite side of the river Thames to the London Eye.

“Crumbs!”

This book presents a light hearted look at:

- Elementary school life in NE London during the 1930's.
Pre Second World War suburban London
- The German blitz on London
- A young teenager's role in the essential war effort
- Life in the band of the Ilford wing of the Air Training Corps.
- Basic training in the Fleet Air Arm of 1943
- Flying training in Canada.
- Flying a Seafire XV as a PO pilot with 805 squadron ready for the Pacific war in 1945.
- Royal Navy and Ilford life while waiting demob at the age of 20.
- Flashback memories of Arctic voyages, tropical sailings, youthful romances and a *Titanic* secret revealed.

Price £10.95 – illustrated. From: General Store Publishing House, Box 28, 1694 Burnstown Road, Burnstown, Ontario K0J 1G0, Canada. Telephone 001-613-432-7697. E-mail orders@gsph.com. Cheque, Visa or Master Card.

(Thoroughly recommended reading, Ed.)

FLEET AIR ARM MEMORIAL CHURCH

During a recent visit by the Eastbourne Branch to St. Bartholomew's Church, it was announced that as a 'Millenium Project' it was intended that a stained glass window of Resurrection Light be commissioned for the eastern window. Whilst no national appeal is to be made it is hoped that all organisations in anyway connected with our church would make donations to cover the cost. All such donations would be greatly appreciated. Any Branches or individuals interested should please contact the Reverend Mark Jackson RN. Remember IT IS our church so please give it all the support you can.

Rev. John c. Holland, 2 Breadalbane Place, Polmont, Falkirk, FK2 0RF, Tel: 01324 712716. Looking for some of his 'old codgers'. John served from 1940-1947 with 10 years on the reserve. Official No. SFX/1367. Engine training at RAF Hednesford and at Rolls Royce, Derby. Served with 756, 833 and 836 squadrons and at Daedalus, Jackdaw, and Kestrel. Landrail, Sparrowhawk, Merlin and Fulmar and on carriers Biter, Stalker, Argus and Indefatigable. Discharged to R.F.R. in August 1947 as PO Air Fitter (E) becoming a 'sky pilot' after reserve training. He is a member of the Angus Branch.

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

Donald Bailey. – ex AM (A) FX 774734. Canadian member of Greater Manchester Branch. Died on 22nd December 1999.

James Foot. – ex A/CPO Pilot Essex Branch. Died 31st March 2000

Harry Gillingham. – ex Chief Airfitter. Pembrokeshire Branch.

Trevor Harris. N.E.Hants & District Branch. Died 29th January 2000.

R.V.Hort. – ex LAF (E). Watford Branch.

John Hope – ex POAF(E). Hanworth Branch.

David Livingstone. – ex LAM (A) Greater Manchester Branch.

Rev. Dorothy Mellor. Padre to the Greater Manchester Branch for the past 4 years. Died 26th December 1999.

Anthony Pearce. - ex POAM (A). Late secretary to Essex Branch from 1952 – 1959. Died 1999.

Jim Ponting. Bristol and District Branch. Died 6th January 2000.

G.A.Preece. ex NA AH3. Watford Branch.

Chas Smith. – ex FAA Seaman. Essex Branch. Died 25th March 2000.

Stanley Travis. ex LAM (A) Greater Manchester Branch..

Harry Wheldon. ex POAF. Derbyshire Branch.
Died 14th January 2000, aged 78

Leslie White. – Essex Branch Died 19th January 2000.

LIST OF ACCOUTREMENTS ON SALE FROM THE TREASURER.

4th March 1999.

<u>ITEM</u>	<u>Cost (Incl. P&P)</u>
Ties	£7.25
Gold Wire Blazer Badges	£11.00
Silk Emb. Blazer Badges	£8.50
Life Member Lapel Badges	£1.00
Members Lapel Badges (Gilt)	£1.50
Associate Members/Spouse Lapel Badges (Chrome)	£1.25
Ladies Head Scarves	£8.50
Beret Badges	£7.00
Car Stickers	£1.25
Membership Cards	£0.15

ITEMS BOUGHT TO ORDER

Short Sleeve Pilot Shirt	£15.00
Acrylic Sweaters	£16.75
Lambswool Sweaters	£23.75
Colours Available: White, Navy, Red, Light Blue (Acrylic ONLY), Black, Grey, Bottle Green and Royal Blue.	
Sizes when ordering: 32" to 56" in 2" stages. Shirts S, M, L, XL and XXL.	

Orders to the Treasurer. **PAYMENT WITH ORDER PLEASE.** Cheques made payable to the Fleet Air Arm Association (National).

Items will be ordered by the Treasurer and sent direct from the supplier to the purchaser. The invoice will be sent to the Treasurer in order to prevent non Members of the Association from purchasing these items.

Note: Berets may be obtained from:

Uniform Clothing Store
H.M.S. Collingwood
Newgate Lane
Fareham, Hants.

Last known price - £6.71

Tel: 01705 722351

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