



RAFLAA Newsletter

SERIAL 51

JULY 2008

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EDITORS NOTES

Hello to you all,

We had a successful AGM and Dinner Dance - see details later in this issue. But we had some negative feedback about Dauncey's so next year will be in what I think will be a far better location – the Webbington Hotel. Do read the 'Message from our Chairman' and the 'AGM Advance Notice'. Full details will be available in the next issue.

Thanks for all you send me. It is all appreciated especially by our readers. However, you may notice that the articles about Apprentice Days and the RAF are by the same few people. Very good they are too but I am sure you all have a story or two, so come on – put pen to paper or finger to keyboard and let us know what it was like for you.

To my drinking friends

Just read an article on the dangers of drinking... Scared the life out of me! So that's it! After today, no more reading articles!

Ed.



Deadline for next issues

To allow for printing and distribution, each newsletter needs to be completed well ahead of the nominal month of issue. If you have a contribution please ensure it reaches the editor before the date set below.

23rd September for November 08

23rd January for March 09

23rd May for July 09

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Soft copy preferred!

AGM Minutes

Minutes of 14th Annual General Meeting of the RAF Locking Apprentice Association

From Dave Gunby, Secretary

Venue: Dauncey's Hotel, Weston super Mare

Date: Saturday 12th April 2008 at 13:00 Hrs

Present:-

Tiny Kuhle	87 th	Chairman
Dave Gunby	72 nd	Secretary
Tony Horry	76 th	Treasurer
John Farmer	77 th	Membership Secretary
Peter Crowe	95 th	AA Rep/Webmaster
Andy Perkins	109 th	Tech Rep
Chris Tett	92 nd	Newsletter Editor
Rick Atkinson	91 st	Service Rep
Graham Beaston	209 th	Craft Rep

Apologies: -

Air Cdre M Palmer	91 st	President
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ITEM 1 Chairman's Address

The Chairman welcomed everyone and opened the meeting with a reading of the Apprentice Prayer. He then referred to those members who had sent their apologies in particular our President who was facing major surgery. There followed a minutes silence in memory of those who had passed away since the last AGM.



He then addressed the AGM thus:-

This Association is an integral part of the Association of Boy Entrants and Apprentices (FABEA) and it is with sadness that I have to report the passing of the Chairman of BRATS192 John Luke. He will be sadly missed by both his Association and FABEA (he being the focal point for the distribution of Cenotaph tickets)

In this, the 90th year of the formation of the RAF, it's brought to mind the tremendous contribution that the service has made to this country. In particular, from my own perspective, the comradeship, and training for life that the Aircraft Apprenticeship gave. It gave us self esteem, and pride to belong to a Service. I'm sure that's why you belong to this Association, because you remember those influential times of our lives. It is so different now. Our servicemen get threats

and insults in the streets of our towns and cities when they are on the streets in uniform. Yet they still perform those ever more difficult tasks with great dedication and skill. People objected to the expansion of accommodation for families visiting injured service men and women undergoing long term treatment at Headley Court, on the grounds that it would lower the tone of the neighbourhood, and the value of their property. Fortunately they lost their planning objections.

We are back at Dauncey's Hotel which was booked somewhat hastily following the refusal of the Royal Hotel to host our gathering. This venue may not be the best and your comments are eagerly awaited by your Committee both today and on the Association web site which has a forum facility.

Your committee has, as ever, done some sterling work to ensure that the Association is kept in fine shape. I'm indebted to them, and it's reassuring to know that the money is looked after very well, that our membership is maintained, newsletters produced and distributed, merchandise maintained, and the AGM venue booked and organised.

ITEM 2 President's Address.

In the absence of the President, the Chairman presented the RAFLAA Trophy, a framed citation and a cheque for £50 to Sgt Graham Nield (Instructional Officer) at No1 Radio School. The Citation was read out, and the Chairman handed over the awards to Sgt Nield who was accompanied by his wife and two children.

Sgt Nield responded offering his thanks to the Association for the award and said that his Cheque would be donated to Headley Court Hospital.

The Chairman then invited the Treasurer to present his report.

TEM 3 Treasurers Report

Tony Horry addressed the meeting:



I hope that you each have sight of a copy of the Accounts and Balance Sheet for the year ending January 2008. The full accounts are here if anyone wishes to inspect them. These accounts have been audited and have been declared as a true and fair view of trading for the year and that the Balance Sheet is an accurate reflection of the Association's affairs at 31st January 2008

This year our net surplus of income over expenditure is £899.09, which is very similar to the situation last year.

INCOME

Income from subscriptions is similar to last year and includes 11 new members. Eleven members have become life members this year.

A donation of £179.00 was received from the 79th Entry.

ROYAL AIR FORCE LOCKING APPRENTICE ASSOCIATION

PROFIT & LOSS				
SALES	2007/2008		2006/2007	
Membership fees	£3,177.50		3,216.50	
Life membership	£1,202.50		1,912.17	
Sales - ties, pins and videos	£95.50		179.40	
Window + Dedication Event	£0.00		450.00	
Donation	£179.00			
AGM and other misc income	£2,875.00		2,491.50	
Bank interest received	£240.74		160.55	
		£7,770.24		8,410.12
<u>PURCHASES</u>				
Pins	£44.80		270.25	
Ties	£195.58		0	
Videos	£0.00		0	
Window + Dedication Event	£0.00		1,187.00	
Donations and wreaths	£270.00		100.00	
Name badges	£33.30		33.50	
Other				
AGM and other purchases	£3,920.89		3188.27	
		£4,464.57		4779.02
<u>DIRECT EXPENSES</u>				
Advertising	£44.00		44.50	
Bank charges	£4.00		14.00	
Auditing	£50.00		50.00	
Refund	£320.00		196.00	
		£418.00		304.50
<u>OVERHEADS</u>				
Travelling expenses	£472.20		399.30	
Printing	£947.50		1,288.30	
Telephone	£35.03		8.00	
Postage and carriage	£395.88		601.91	
Stationery	£137.97		141.90	
		£1,988.58		2,439.41
<u>PROFIT/LOSS</u>		£899.09		£887.19

ROYAL AIR FORCE LOCKING APPRENTICE ASSOCIATION

BALANCE SHEET				
		2007/2008		2006/2007
<u>CURRENT ASSETS</u>				
Deposit Bond	£5,108.97			
Business Money Manager A/C	£2,625.58		£7,493.81	
Community Account	£2,944.99		£2,176.64	
Petty cash	£19.97		£129.97	
<u>NETT CURRENT ASSETS</u>		£10,699.51		£9,800.42
<u>CURRENT LIABILITIES</u>				
<u>FINANCED BY</u>				
Brought forward balance	£9,800.42		£8,913.23	
Profit and loss account	£899.09		£887.19	
		£10,699.51		£9,800.42

<u>Refunds</u>		
AGM	Hibbert	£49.00
	Huscroft	£58.00
	Murray	£20.00
Bank	Unpaid Cheque	£100.00
Subs	Fisher	£7.50
	Babington	£7.50
	Minter	£58.00
	Watson	£20.00

<u>Donations</u>		
Cancer Research	£50.00	John MacKenzie (76 th)
Abrigail Trust	£50.00	Gordon Harrop (79 th)
MacMillian Nurses	£50.00	Terry Kendall (76 th)
RAFA	£50.00	
RAFA	£20.00	
Flowerdown House	£50.00	

At the AGM 2007 it was decided to set aside £3000 towards the provision of a Memorial at the RAF Locking site. To avoid the bureaucracy of setting up new accounts with the associated need for new cheque signatories, the Committee agreed that I should invest £5000 into a HSBC Business High Interest Deposit Bond for six months. This realised interest at 4.3% gross of £108.97. This was reinvested with the capital for a further 6 months at 5% gross interest and will be repaid 29 April 2008 (£128.07 interest).

EXPENDITURE

On the expenditure side we replenished our stock of ties (30 purchased) and we purchased 28 lapel badges from the Cranwell Association.

The cost of the AGM 2007 was a total of £3620.89 - £3331.60 was paid to the Royal Hotel, the rest being the cost of wine, disco, trophy donation and accommodation. The income from members was £2675.00

The cost of the AGM 2007 to the Association was £945.89

OVERHEADS

Printing and postage costs are down compared to 06/07, thanks to newsletter printing by Graham Beeston and more distribution through e-mail.

I propose that the Accounts for the year 2006/07 be adopted

I also propose that the £5000 + the accrued interest of £237.04 be reinvested in the HSBC Business High Interest Deposit Bond for a further six months.

Acceptance of the report was proposed by Brian Waring (83rd) and seconded by Glyn Price (102nd). There was unanimous approval.

The Chairman thanked the Treasurer for his efforts and then invited the Membership Secretary to present his report.

ITEM 4 MEMBERSHIP SECRETARY'S REPORT

The Membership Secretary John Farmer addressed the meeting:



GENERAL

The year 2007/8 has been a reasonable year as far as membership numbers are concerned. The number of new members joining has dropped slightly, averaging just under 1 a month (as against just over 1 a month last year). The number of members joining still exceeds those leaving (voluntarily). The number of active members has dropped. The number of members taking Life membership continues to grow. Numbers of members paying their dues by Standing Order Mandate has decreased. There have been some resignations and 3 members have passed away.

ADVERTISING

The association continues to advertise in the RAFA magazine and on Teletext. The Independent Pilots Association continues to give us free advertising in their magazine as required. The returns from this advertising

ROYAL AIR FORCE LOCKING APPRENTICE ASSOCIATION

(especially the RAFA magazine) continue to be encouraging. We are hoping to advertise in the RAF News in the very near future. During the year we started contacting Aircraft Museums and Aviation orientated parks. Results were not very encouraging but we intend to have a go at this again this year. Strangely enough the RAF museums at Cosford and Hendon no longer have notice boards where we could display posters. They would be willing to display pamphlets (A4 3 fold), which we might consider. (It would not be a cheap exercise). After our appeal last year several members came up with suggestions, most of which we took up. Thanks in particular to Dave English on this. We are always glad to hear of any possible source of (free) advertising.

NEWSLETTER

The Newsletter is now mainly distributed by down load from the RAFLAA web site, by hard copy or in a very few cases by personal copy via e-mail. The system seems to be working well. There have not been any real problems since last year. We are always glad of feedback either to myself, the webmaster or to the NL editor.

LIFE MEMBERSHIP AND STANDING ORDERS

Life membership is becoming more attractive it seems since the subscription rate went up. The number of members paying their subs this way has grown dramatically.

The problem with members who Pay subscription by SOM and who have failed to update the subscription amount paid by their bank (to £10.00) is gradually resolving itself. We have now had 3 months with no one underpaying. I have had to terminate some members for continual underpayment (3 years). We hope that you will agree that it is not fair for some members to pay at the old rate and the rest of us at the new. Something I have mentioned before is that we have a number of members who have 'dropped off the map'. We have no contact with them but their subs continue to be paid by SOM (at the old rate). One did eventually make contact with us when he noticed that someone had been taking £7.50 from his account for the last three years and he couldn't remember who it was! We welcomed him back with open arms (once he had paid up his arrears!)

MEMBERSHIP CHANGES SINCE THE LAST AGM (UP TO THE 5TH APRIL 2008).

- We now have 650 names on the database of which 351 are 'active'.
- 11 new members have joined.
- 3 members have resigned and 4 members have passed away
- 7 members have been terminated due to shortfalls in their subscriptions.
- 7 more members have applied for life membership giving a total of 61 life members.
- There are now 211 Members paying by SO, this is down from 223 last year (Life memberships).
- There are 75 members still not paying by SO.

CHANGES OF PERSONAL DETAILS

Please keep me informed in any changes in your personal details, especially those that may affect delivery of the newsletter.

This concludes my report, which I commend to the meeting.

Acceptance of John's Report was proposed by Charles Hart(71st) and seconded by Brian Waring (83rd). There was unanimous approval.

The Chairman thanked John for his report and introduced the next item on the Agenda.

ITEM 5 Election of Officers

The officers of the Association due for re-election were Rick Atkinson the Service Rep, Peter Crowe the AA Rep/Webmaster and Chris Tett the newsletter editor. All three were prepared to serve on the Committee for a further three years.

It was proposed by Harry North (96th) and seconded by Glyn Price (102nd) that their offer be accepted and all agreed.

For the current committee, see inside the last page of this newsletter.

ITEM 6 Constitutional Change

The secretary, Dave Gunby explained the need to change the constitution.

FINANCE (SUBSCRIPTIONS)

Existing Para 5:-



Subscriptions are to be levied annually. The General Meeting approved an initial subscription of £10.00 with immediate effect. Thereafter, annual subscriptions are to be £7.50 or as approved at subsequent Annual General Meetings. Life membership of the Association may be purchased for a single payment of £100.

Proposed Para 5:-

Subscriptions are to be levied annually. Those joining the Association will pay £15.00 which includes the first year subscription. Thereafter the annual subscription is £10.00 or as approved at subsequent Annual General Meetings. Life membership of the Association may be purchased for the sum of £100.00.

The above change was largely cosmetic and acceptance was proposed by Mike Collier (76th), seconded by Brian Waring (83rd) and all agreed.

FINANCE (CHARITABLE DONATIONS)

Existing Para 6:-

A Memorial fund of £400 will be set up to provide charitable donations. Amounts up to £50.00 may be approved by the Secretary and Treasurer if they are notified of the death of a member, providing they are advised prior to interment. Donations will not be made in retrospect.

Proposed Para 6 :-

Amounts up to £50.00 may be approved by the Secretary and Treasurer if they are notified of the death of a current member and the nominated charity is advised.

ROYAL AIR FORCE LOCKING APPRENTICE ASSOCIATION

This proposal prompted a lengthy debate surrounding the idea of a charitable donation with respect to the death of a current member. However this proposal was accepted with the proviso that the Committee take another look at it with a view to further amendment at the next AGM. The proposer was John Austin (76th) and the seconder Charles Hart (71st) and all agreed.

ITEM 7 RAF Locking Apprentice Memorial

The Secretary read the letter sent to the Developers of the Locking Parklands site which was sent immediately following the 2007 AGM and copied to all interested parties and the local press. The developers responded with an update of “progress” which was difficult to understand but appeared to say that an approved developer of the site would be selected in the late summer (2007). The Secretary continued to monitor “progress” in the ensuing year and the latest information was that a developer would be selected early in the year (2008) from a short list of either 2 or 4 depending on who one speaks to.

As a major part of our interest in the development includes the retention of the Church and its surrounds Robin White (86th) suggested the Association voice its concerns to the Bath and Wells diocese. He further suggested contact with the relevant MP and also Radio Somerset. Joe Holroyd reiterated the need for continual monitoring of the situation lest events overtake our concerns. The Committee will discuss what else the Association can do at their meeting in July.

The Chairman thanked the Secretary for his update.

ITEM 8 Newsletter

The Editor voiced his thanks for all the contributions he had received and apologised if



anyone had not had their particular input published. He assured contributors would be satisfied in the next issue. More input is always welcome.

The Sports photo had produced a good response and many others were available on the tables waiting to be claimed.

The 2007/8 “Wordsmith” award was presented to Brian Davies of the 76th Entry and collected, on his behalf, by Mike Collier (76th).

The Chairman thanked Chris for his efforts.

ITEM 9 Golden Entries (80th, 81st & 82nd)

- a) There were no members of the 80th Entry present at the meeting.

ROYAL AIR FORCE LOCKING APPRENTICE ASSOCIATION

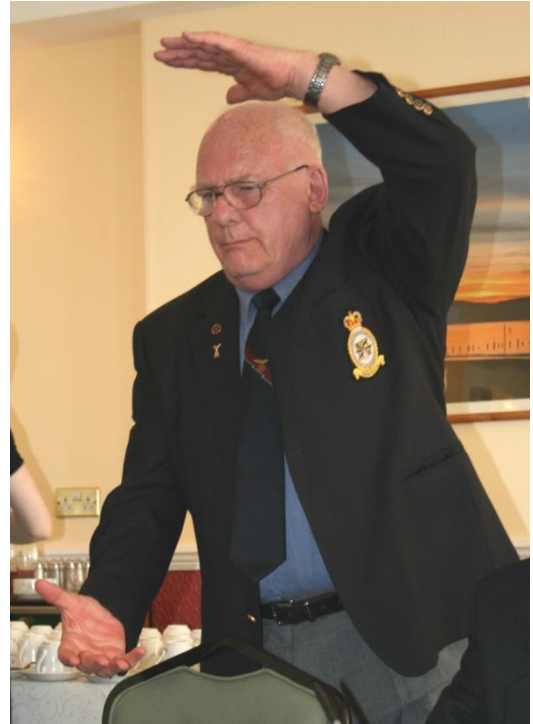
b) Peter Turner, making his first appearance at an AGM, had a few words to say about his limited knowledge of the 81st as he was compassionately discharged after 2 years. So far as he could remember his interest mainly concerned activities that would gain him a 48 hour pass.

c) Brian Mockford then addressed the meeting with a welcome discourse concerning

the 82nd. Brian had arrived at the 82nd via 80th and 81st and vividly remembered that first day of kit collecting and bed-pack construction. There was the moving and subsequent replacing of the sawn off Lancaster bomber and an incident with a Panda Hot Water bottle. Brian was roundly applauded for his efforts.



It was big.



No, it was large!



No it was bigger still!



I tell you it was enormous!!

ITEM 10 Venue & Format for AGM/Reunion 2009

There was the usual lengthy debate on format and whereabouts for AGM/Reunions. However it was felt that the Committee should decide the details of next year's reunion. They would be discussing this at their July meeting having done some research into the possibilities.

ITEM 11 RAFLAA WEB SITE

Webmaster Peter Crowe reported that the web site was working satisfactorily. Whilst the "blog" facility had been removed (lack of use) he had introduced a "Forum" page for the membership to add their comments. In particular comments good or bad of this reunion would be useful. Peter invited members to say what else they would like to see on the site and he would try to accommodate them.

The Chairman thanked Peter for his comments.

ITEM 12 Any other Business

John Farmer informed the meeting that the provision of life membership certificates was taking longer than expected but he hoped to be up to date soon.

There being no further business the meeting closed at 1515hrs.

Dinner Dance

The AGM was followed by an enjoyable dinner dance in the evening.



The last word on the Reunion

THE REUNION

Sent in by Robbie Robbins 76/77/78

A bunch of old farts turned up with their tarts
to a reunion dinner they came.
Each greeting the other like a long lost brother,
they wandered down memory lane.

Without wearing labels they should have been able
to know one another on sight.
"My God! It's..... No, it isn't! Hang onJust a
minute,
it'll come to me during the night!!"

Grow back the hair that used to be there,
shave off the beards and moustaches.
With a glimpse of that face it all falls into place,
despite the false teeth and eyeglasses!

Forty years have gone past as young men they met last,
who cares about how, where, or when.
No time scale could measure the joy and the pleasure
of friendships they formed way back then.

While laughing and shouting like kids on an outing
and singing rude songs in the bar!
Some could recall 'The Kirrimuir Ball',
and every man there was a star!

At the meeting and greeting midst drinking and eating,
some sad memories lingered a while.
No one wanted an end to a marvellous week-end,
but we said our good-byes with a smile.

I was one of those 'Tarts' who came
with her 'Fart',
he was one of those time-
travelling men!
Now the Reunion is past, but it won't be the last
we will definitely come back again!!

Another classic from the pen of 'Jane' Hay

NOTICES

A message from our Chairman

In previous issues of the News Letter, there's been very little reported on the evening function, which many members enjoy very much. This year we've included a few 'photos to show that it is a fun evening, and gives members the chance to meet people who they've not met for many years. This year we had to return to Dauncey's Hotel, which though limited in facilities, makes up for it by providing good food, and very good service. The hotel is old, and is a collection of terraces put together for a sea-side hotel, has only on-street parking, and is a bit of a hike into town.

Because some members felt that the accommodation left a lot to be desired, we have sought out an alternative venue. Unfortunately, Weston is short of suitable hotels, they are either too small, or cater for the coach trade.

We've been forced to look a bit further afield, but ever mindful that members at the AGM have expressed a preference for Weston. I'm pleased to say that we've found a venue that is only 3 mls. from Banwell (ok 7mils. from Weston!) but The Webbington has superb leisure facilities in lovely surroundings, and a very good standard of accommodation for those wishing, or needing to stay the night. There is ample to do for the ladies, whilst the rest of you are bending elbows! In my personal view, it would be a very pleasant weekend break. For those with access to the internet, please go to www.latonahotels.co.uk for further information on the Webbington. We will of course publish more details in the NL at a later date.

The committee and I hope to see many more of you there next year.



AGM Advance Notice

It is now confirmed that the next AGM and dinner dance will be held at the Webbington Hotel on **Saturday 18th April 2009**. Full details of accommodation and prices including how to book will be published in the next RAFLAA Newsletter November 09.

So put the date in your diary now and come and join us next year

Meet & Greet



Dinner/Dance



Webbington Hotel



N.B. Use our Website for your Reunions
There is a new Reunion Section on the website under Info. This will enable members to advertise their entry reunions on an individual page.

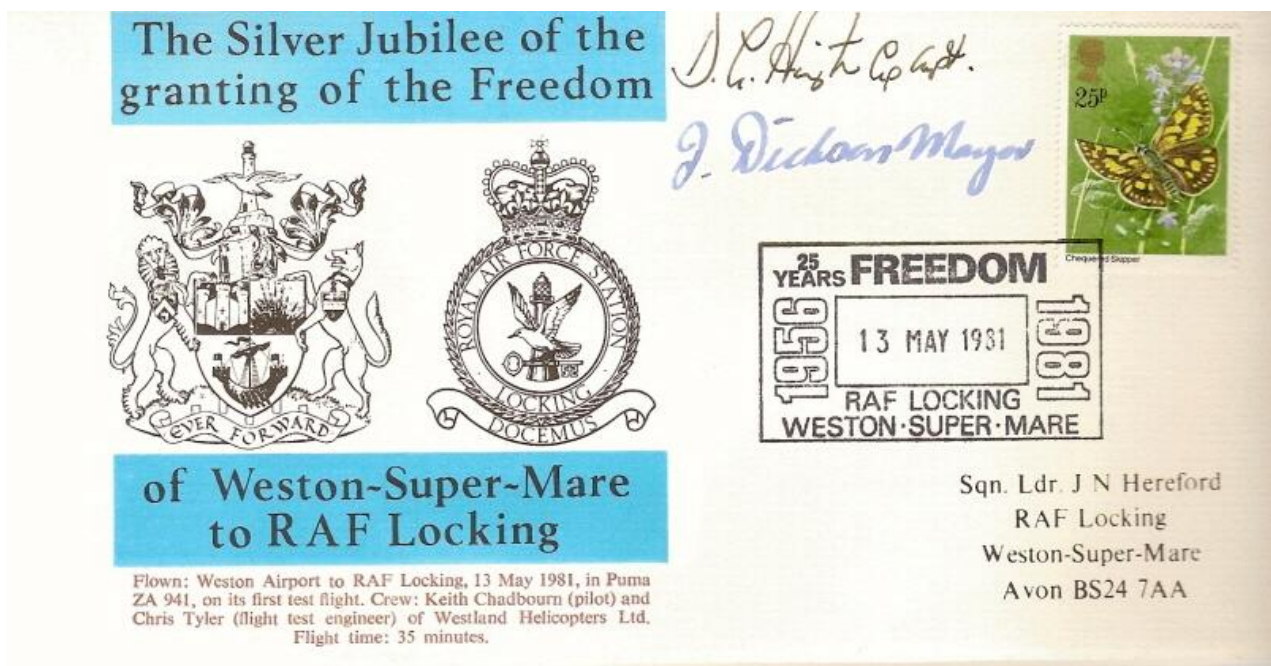
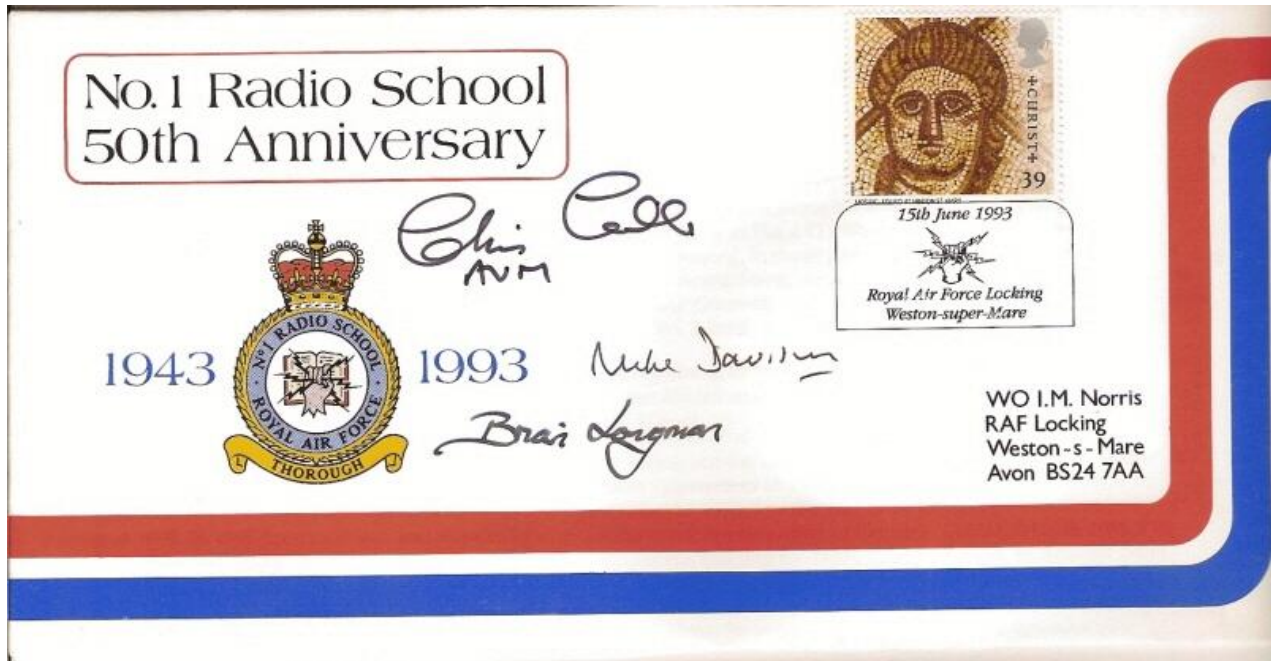
Tit-Bits

First Day covers

From Ian Davies 91st

I found these 1st Day covers while looking through some old files and scanned them in.

The 50th anniversary cover was flown in the Red Arrows on 4th June, just before their display at the Flowerdown Fair on 19th June 1993. The others were flown from Weston Airport to Locking by Puma on the 13th May 1981.



After the Feasting is Over

From Stan Murray 92nd

In the beginning God covered the earth with broccoli, cauliflower and spinach, with green, yellow and red vegetables of all kinds so Man and Woman would live long and healthy lives.

Then using God's bountiful gifts, Satan created Dairy Ice Cream and Magnums. And Satan said, "You want hot fudge with that? And Man said, "Yes!" And Woman said, "I'll have one too with chocolate chips". And lo, they gained 10 pounds.

And God created the healthy yoghurt that woman might keep the figure that man found so fair. And Satan brought forth white flour from the wheat and sugar from the cane and combined them. And Woman went from size 12 to size 14.

So God said, "Try my fresh green salad". And Satan presented Blue Cheese dressing and garlic croutons on the side. And Man and Woman unfastened their belts following the repast.

God then said "I have sent you healthy vegetables and olive oil in which to cook them". And Satan brought forth deep fried coconut king prawns, butter-dipped lobster chunks and chicken fried steak, so big it needed its own platter, and Man's cholesterol went through the roof.

Then God brought forth the potato; naturally low in fat and brimming with potassium and good nutrition. Then Satan peeled off the healthy skin and sliced the starchy centre into chips and deep-fried them in animal fats adding copious quantities of salt. And Man put on more pounds.

God then brought forth running shoes so that his Children might lose those extra pounds. And Satan came forth with a cable TV with remote control so Man would not have to toil changing the channels.

And Man and Woman laughed and cried before the flickering light and started wearing stretch jogging suits. Then God gave lean beef so that Man might consume fewer calories and still satisfy his appetite.

And Satan created McDonalds and the 99p double cheeseburger. Then Satan said "You want fries with that?" and Man replied, "Yes, and super size 'em". And Satan said, "It is good." And Man and Woman went into cardiac arrest.

God sighed and created quadruple by-pass surgery.

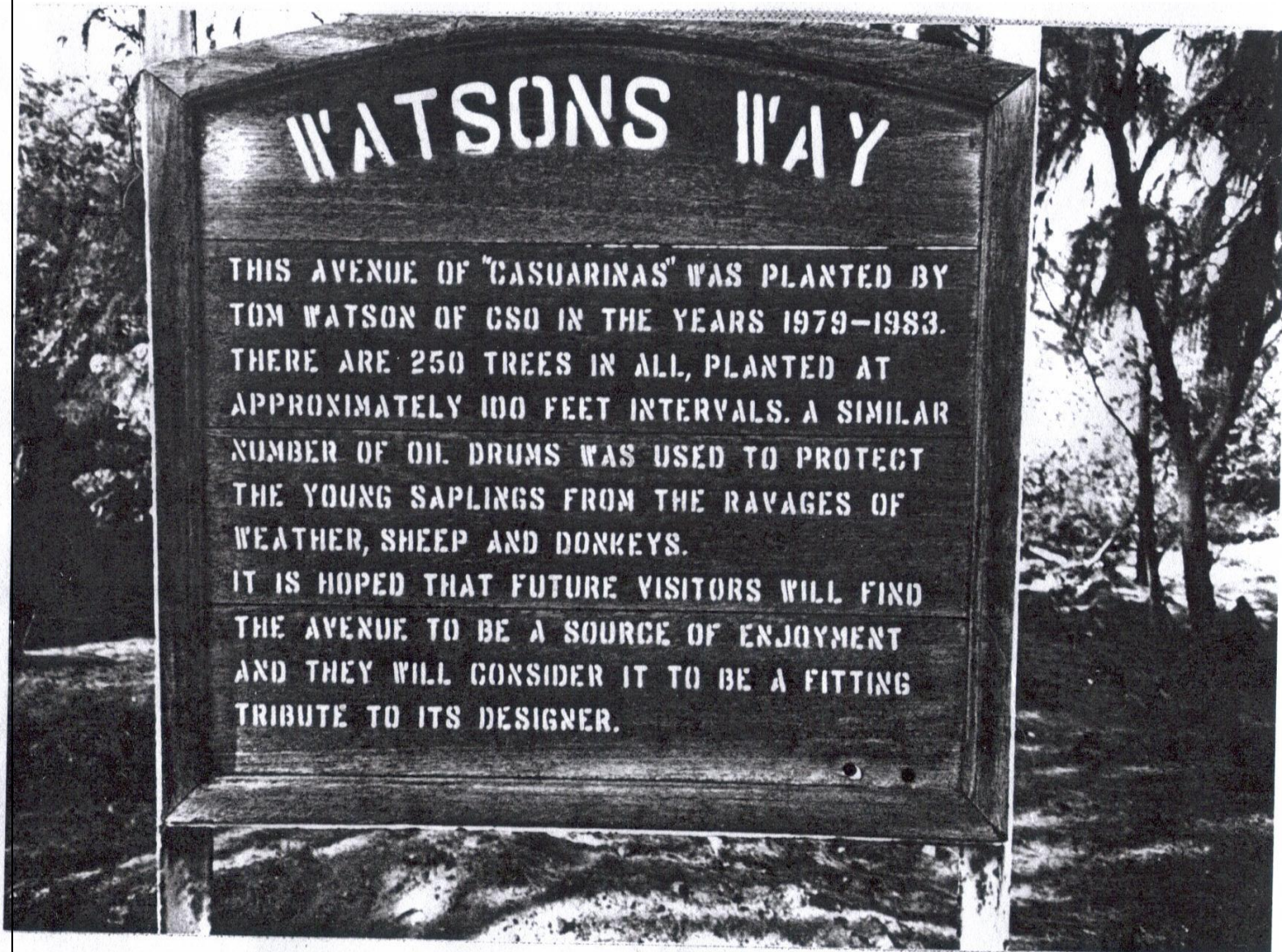
And then Satan chuckled and created the National Health Service.

Apprentice Leaves his Mark

From Robbie Robbins 76/77/78th.

This photo was taken in the Ascension islands by Eric Parsons 227th Entry.

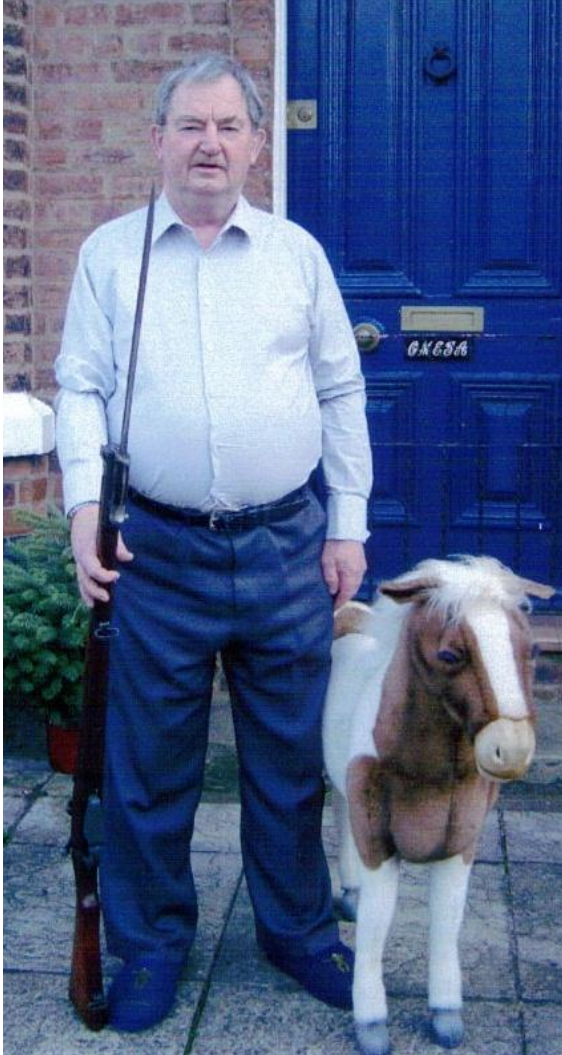
The trees were planted by Yorkie Watson 76th Entry.



Rifles and Fred

Bill Smith 589575 writes:

Following your photos of Hamish and some more smart lads with rifles and bayonets, try this!



The rifle has a 1963 date, probably overhauled in Parkistan; the bayonet is by Wilkinson. The pony is half sized and stuffed, name of Fred.

Did we really throw these rifles around? I can hardly lift this one. It does work. I managed to fire about 20 rounds off (reduced power) but then became exhausted.

I do have a certificate for the rifle: Cheshire RFD 230. I am still doing ham radio now & then: 63KJS and now have a degree in Theology.

Thanks for the magazine.

My Aircraft Tales (1)

From Brian Davies 76/77 Entries

I have from a very young age, loved military aircraft. But quite a few of my flights have proved to be rather eventful.

My first recollection of seeing an RAF aircraft close-up, was at the Bristol Aeroplane Company factory and airfield at Filton at the age of 5 years old. My father, who was an airframe and engine fitter at B.A.C. took me there one day (for some reason), and I saw and walked amongst a long line of some 20 or 30 Blenheim bombers awaiting delivery to the RAF. Even at that early age I was impressed.

I was fascinated by the sight and decided there and then to join the RAF when I was old enough.

A little later in the mid 1940s, the RAF put on display a Wellington bomber in central Bristol. I was able to look throughout the plane and be amazed at the intricate lattice-work which held the fuselage together and really how small it was for the crew inside. Further charmed by the RAF, I vowed to join the Air Training Corps as soon as I could, and when possible joined Bristol's 2124 Squadron.

It was with the ATC and the Bristol University R.A.F VR squadron that I had my first flight and experienced the delights of the DH Tiger Moth, although very surprised at its flimsy structure and seeing the grass speed by through the floorboards as we took off! Also although I sat on my parachute, I could only just see over the side of the open cockpit.

It was the first of many flights from the Filton airfield in Tiger Moths, Chipmunks and Avro Ansons (in which I spent many hours watching parts of the fuselage fabric slowly peeling off in flight) and looping my first loop at the age of 13 in a Tiger Moth was particularly exhilarating and the first of many. It was at this tender age that on one flight as I stretched to look over the side of a Tiger Moth that I accidentally hit the throttle lever with my knee and the engine cut out. The pilot became agitated and shouted to me if I had used a parachute before (at age 13????). By this time we were gliding towards large electricity power lines and the pilot found the 'fault' with the engine and it started by the time we were about 300 feet from the ground. We did not speak much on our return to Filton!

Another time in the comfort of a Chipmunk, we flew over the Wiltshire countryside covered with deep snow, enjoying ourselves and me practising flying straight and level and doing turns when the Flight Lieutenant pilot asked me if I recognised where we were. I had been concentrating on the flying and said no. He said neither did he and the fuel was getting low and we should be returning to base. I suggested an answer to the problem, so we flew much lower looking for a railway line. When we found one we followed it until we reached a small country station, then circled low and read its nameplate. The return to Filton was then a pretty easy effort.

In the ATC, I frequently flew in Tiger Moths, Chipmunks, Ansons, Valettas and Varsitys and enjoyed every moment, this was backed up by a course on a link trainer where I did quite well and was down for a course at piloting a glider. That is until I tried the Meteor 8 link trainer and crashed it so often it didn't do my confidence much good. But the

crowning flight for me was to be at an ATC summer camp at RNAS Culdrose where we had the opportunity of flying in a Bristol Brigand (piloted by a Captain Blood!) or a two seat Hawker Sea Fury. I chose the latter. Culdrose was an eye-opener to us young teenagers as we found that the Royal Navy and The RAF were two quite different animals – and we found that women (WRNS) swore quite fluently. The time came for my flight, I had been briefed and the Sea Fury started up and the powerful engine roared very loudly as we made our way down the taxi way to the runway. It then stopped and taxied back again with an engine fault. I never got my high power flight after all.

I attended the Farnborough Air Displays as often as I could, and one time was nearly my last. In the early 50s (I was 15 in 1952) the display was a wondrous sight with the mass of British aircraft flying – the massive Avro 698 (Vulcan) was amazing, the Valiant bomber graceful and Hawker Hunter and Supermarine Swift impressive as they went through the sound barrier. These were joined in 1952 by the sleek DH 110 (Venom). It was this aircraft that exploded on a high-speed flypast when one engine spiralled into the packed crowds and a large part of the undercarriage landed two metres away from where I was standing and covering me with soil and cinders. My 'shell shock' after this tragedy took some days to disperse, but did not dilute my love of aircraft

At the age of about 16 I attended the Aircrew Selection Board at RAF Hornchurch and passed all the selection procedures, except that I was told my maths was not good enough. This forced me to Plan B and I joined the Apprentices, and therefore forfeited my place in the ATC for glider training.

I choose the Ground Wireless trade as I thought the work would all be indoors out of the weather in the dry and warmth. My logic was up for questioning when for the next three years I was exposed to numerous parades each week, often in weather I would not let my dog out in! This was followed by five postings to flying stations where either wet and cold weather or hot sticky 40 degree C temperatures were the norm. My five other postings were mainly inside in the warmth – and the other mainly in the Far East jungles in a tent.

My flying experience as an A.A. was unfortunately very limited – just one trip in a Varsity. But I did manage to get into the Mosquito at Weston Airport and witnessed the traumatic last landing of the Victor bomber there.

Murphy's Lesser Known Dictums

Light travels faster than sound. This is why some people appear bright until you hear them speak

He who laughs last, thinks slowest.

Change is inevitable, except from a vending machine.

Those who live by the sword get shot by those who don't.

Nothing is foolproof to a sufficiently talented fool.

The 50-50-90 rule: Anytime you have a 50-50 chance of getting something right, there's a 90% probability you'll get it wrong.

If you lined up all the cars in the world end to end, someone would be stupid enough to try to pass them, five or six at a time, on a hill, in the fog.

If the shoe fits, get another one just like it.

The things that come to those who wait will be the things left by those who got there first.

Give a man a fish and he will eat for a day. Teach a man to fish and he will sit in a boat all day drinking beer.

The shin bone is a device for finding furniture in a dark room.

A fine is a tax for doing wrong. A tax is a fine for doing well.

When you go into court, you are putting yourself in the hands of 12 people who weren't

Education These Days!

Science Exam

Try reading through these children's science exam answers.

Q: Name the four seasons.

A: Salt, pepper, mustard and vinegar.

Q: Explain one of the processes by which water can be made safe to drink.

A: Flirtation makes water safe to drink because it removes large pollutants like grit, sand, dead sheep and canoeists.

Q: How is dew formed?

A: The sun shines down on the leaves and makes them perspire.

Q: How can you delay milk turning sour? (brilliant, love this!)

A: Keep it in the cow.

Q: What causes the tides in the oceans?

A: The tides are a fight between the Earth and the Moon. All water tends to flow towards the moon, because there is no water on the moon, and nature hates a vacuum. I forget where the sun joins in this fight.

Q: What are steroids?

A: Things for keeping carpets still on the stairs.

Q: What happens to your body as you age?

A: When you get old, so do your bowels and you get intercontinental.

Q: What happens to a boy when he reaches puberty?

A: He says good-bye to his boyhood and looks forward to his adultery.

Q: Name a major disease associated with cigarettes.

A: Premature death.

Q: How are the main parts of the body categorized? (e.g., abdomen)

A: The body is consisted into three parts -- the brainium, the borax and the abdominal cavity. The brainium contains the brain; the borax contains the heart and lungs, and the abdominal cavity contains the five bowels A, E, I, O, and U.

Q: What is the fibula?

A: A small lie.

Q: What does "varicose" mean? (I do love this one...)

A: Nearby.

Q: Give the meaning of the term "Caesarean Section."

A: The Caesarean Section is a district in Rome.

Q: What does the word "benign" mean?'

A: Benign is what you will be after you be eight.

Evolution of British maths teaching

1. Teaching Maths In 1970

A logger sells a truckload of timber for £100.
His cost of production is $\frac{4}{5}$ of the price.
What is his profit?

2. Teaching Maths In 1980

A logger sells a truckload of timber for £100.
His cost of production is $\frac{4}{5}$ of the price, or £80.
What is his profit?

3. Teaching Maths In 1990

A logger sells a truckload of timber for £100.
His cost of production is £80.
Did he make a profit?

4. Teaching Maths In 2000

A logger sells a truckload of timber for £100.
His cost of production is £80 and his profit is £20.
Your assignment: Underline the number 20.

5. Teaching Maths In 2008

A logger cuts down a beautiful forest because he is selfish and inconsiderate and cares nothing for the habitat of animals or the preservation of our woodlands. He does this so he can make a profit of £20.
What do you think of this way of making a living?
Topic for class participation after answering the question: How did the birds and squirrels feel as the logger cut down their homes? (There are no wrong answers)

6. Teaching Maths 2018

الاند تاج من ال ثمن. أ الم سجل ت بيع حموله شادنة من الخشب من اجل 001 دولار. صاحب ت كل فة ما هو الربح له؟

Apprentice days

How do I get out of this one?

From Ken Toogood 79th

It was a pleasant summer day, at Royal Air Force Locking; the Apprentice passing-out parade had been completed without a hitch and I was in an excellent mood. I was heading back to No.1 Wing lines having just held a very enjoyable conversation with someone who had passed out with me.

I chose to walk along the back edge of the parade square and was reflecting on my salad days which had been spent at Locking - I reached the edge of the tarmac and was just about to step onto the grass verge. All those happy memories were tumbling over each other in my mind when, suddenly, I was jolted out of my reverie by a distant shout:

"Toogood, come here!"

I recognised the voice at once. I had arrived at Locking on 19th January 1955 and learned to be very wary of this individual on precisely the 20th January. The north country accent, the "no nonsense" tone - get it wrong and this man could be real trouble - it just had to be Beetle (Flight Sergeant Bill Bettel) - Oh Heck!

Now, you and I know that there were certain things we had to learn at No.1 Radio School; equally there were skills we acquired which were an unintentional by-product of this education process. One such skill required apprentices to have at least one fairly plausible excuse ready in the time it takes to turn and approach your accuser.

This process spun into action, I ran through all the off-the-shelf excuses; all the "this has worked before" excuses - but how could I come up with something (anything) that can justify my walking on **HIS** grass? And yet...

I hadn't actually trodden on his grass - but that couldn't be enough; I plainly had every intention of doing so. What reason could I possibly have for getting away with this? I began to turn, there was a start of an idea - a straw to clutch at - it was a good one too. But my time was rapidly running out - and yet...

The idea was coming together as I faced him. As I focussed on this figure of military authority, some 20 yards away, there was something different this time. Eureka! Now I have it! A reason that is going to work, bound to work - I knew it - I could guarantee it. The difference that I identified was this - spread across Beetle's face was the broadest grin I have ever seen him give. Looking briefly down at my suit with turn-ups, my brown shoes and ex-Apprentice tie, I cheerfully replied:

"Hi Chiefy, I don't come when I'm called, these days. But I'll tell you this though - I will be delighted to meet you halfway.

You see, it wasn't 1956 or 1957 - the year was 1972; the "50th Anniversary" Open Day that many of us were invited to; the passing-out parade for the "two hundred and heaven knows how many" entry. I had been out of the Air Force and working at British Aircraft Corporation at Filton for four years. We happily shook hands then Beetle and I

reminisced at length. Then I walked to the corner of the Arena and all that I could see of No.1 Wing was a series of unfamiliar brick buildings that could hold no memories for me. Someone had spirited away forty eight wooden barrack huts; the "B" squadron area had been grassed over.

Oh! And who was the guy who had passed out with me, who I had met at the other corner of the parade square some thirty minutes earlier? Why, it was Flt. Lt. Bruce Graham, based at R.A.F. Chivenor and in command of a unit flying Hawker Hunters. He that, in a previous RAFLAA news letter, couldn't remember meeting many people of the 79th. Hi, Bruce!

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Feeling proper poorly

From Ken Toogood 79th

There was one Monday morning, late in 1956 that I joined the working parade and marched down to our classroom in 3 Block; up on the balcony and as far round anti-clockwise as you could go. But I didn't feel as bushy-tailed as normal. We sat and unpacked our books, waiting for the lecturer to arrive.

The tutor started to write up notes for us to copy but when I turned my attention to the blackboard (green actually), I simply could not see it. I turned to the classmate on my left and asked him and he couldn't see it either. No-one else seemed to have problems so we excused ourselves and returned to the Wing and took our small-packs with us to Sick Quarters. Diagnosis - Asian 'flu.

The ward already had about twenty lads on it - all with the same symptoms. It was the worse viral infection I had experienced and we all were having a bad time. As the days rolled on, more and more people fell victim to it and naturally it was not confined to No.1 Wing.

This gave the authorities a problem because the wards in SSQ were filled to overflowing and it was considered inappropriate to mix apprentices from 1 Wing with the "boggies".

At the time, there was an unoccupied block of twelve huts across the road from No.1 Block. These were opened, kitted out with furniture and bedding then many apprentices were shifted there to recover. Then the organisation started to go awry; new cases were put in the same huts as those well on the road to recovery and some, me included, went through the whole experience a second time.

Apprentices, even when ill, can be quite wicked (as if I need to tell you!) The SMO was a Squadron Officer; as she was at one end of the billet during her rounds, lads at the other end would develop a desperate thirst and pour out orange squash from a height of about nine inches. The sound could be widely heard and I don't think she ever completed any billet in a single pass; she always seemed to get called away for some reason.

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THE DAY AFTER

From Mike Collier 76th

It's dark when I wake, cold and disoriented. Faint light from the windows allows me to make out the shapes of large cupboards. Occasional noises from the darkness remind me that I am not alone. Memories of yesterday restore my sense of time and place. Yesterday, I became an Aircraft Apprentice.

Without warning the room is suddenly illuminated. A voice, recognizable as the hut L.A., commands everyone to wake up and get their feet on the floor. I do as instructed. It is very cold, a film of ice glistens on the inside of the windows. A glance at my watch, tells me it is just after 6 o'clock. I decide to go and wash, before the washroom gets crowded. Gathering the required items I head for the door. "You! Stop where you are" I turn, an index finger protruding from a sleeve with a single chevron on it, is pointing at me. Chatter in the hut fades to silent anticipation. I halt and stand to attention as smartly as pyjamas, towel and washing gear allow. The L.A. appears at my side. "What's your name?" I tell him. "Do you have some sort of special dispensation Collier?" "No L.A." I reply. "Then why aren't you on floor pads?" Mentally I kick myself but can think of no reply. "Get back to your bed space and use them. I'll be watching you Collier. Step out of line again and you will be on a charge." Sheepishly, I return to my bed space. My new colleagues snigger.

Finally I make it to the washroom and find an empty basin. It is no warmer here, the water barely tepid. A tentative attempt to shave is made hazardous by shivering. Back at my bed space, I hurry to pull on coarse garments. Collar studs slow down the effort. They are a complete mystery but eventually I work out how to fix all the bits together at the same time. As I attempt to make a bed pack, a trumpeter sounds reveille in the corridor outside. The bed pack is not very good. Some of the others look much neater than mine. I shuffle down to the "diagram" to try and work out where the rest of my kit needs to be placed. The L.A. announces that we can go for breakfast but not to spend all day about it. There is a lot of work still to do in the billet. I join the crowd heading for the mess. The mess is easy to find, a steady stream of shadowy figures hurry towards the brightly lit entrance. Breakfast, if not very appetizing, is adequate. We linger a while, trying to get warm. Outside it seems to be even colder. Inside the hut it is not much warmer.

The L.A. prowls about, loudly criticising kit layouts. Eventually we are told to change into our best uniforms. Having done so, wait quietly in our bed spaces. As he leaves, he orders everyone to be here at 1745, as tonight is a "bull night". Almost immediately, the corporal, from the station yesterday, enters the hut. "Stand by your beds!". "I am Corporal Love" he tells us. "I will be one of your drill instructors. Flight Sergeant Bettell and Sergeant Maxwell will be here shortly to check the fit of your uniforms." Someone at the corridor end of the hut is detailed to call us to attention when they arrive. I'm glad it's not me. I have decided to hide in the crowd and try to avoid the wrath of authority and the scorn of my colleagues. The corporal moves to the next hut.

Heavy footsteps in the corridor announce the arrival of an ominous looking Fit Sgt Bettell. He launches into an outline of what he expects of us in the future, leaving little doubt as to the dire consequences of failing to comply. His inspection commences. I stare straight ahead as he reaches me. With both hands he tugs my jacket down but otherwise seems satisfied. I am ordered to get uniform ironed, buttons and badges cleaned and boots polished. A few others are told to report, with their uniforms, to the station tailor at 1600. Finally, we are ordered to change into working dress and parade outside at 0930.

There is just time to get the various items back into the correct "diagram" positions. An impatient and sarcastic Sgt Maxwell is waiting by the roadside. Some chaos ensues but eventually two squads are formed. We march to a building which, once inside, I assume is a cinema. Having found seats, the level of noisy banter starts to rise. "Silence!" The voice of authority fills the room. A glance behind confirms that Flt Sgt Bettell has entered. Ninety six pairs of eyes monitor his progress as he ambles down the aisle to face us. He glares. There is total silence. "Entry — attention!" Everyone stands. Two officers file in. A Squadron Leader, who looks familiar, followed by a Flying Officer. After telling us to be seated, he introduces himself as "A" Squadron Commander, Sqdn Ldr White. I remember him from initial interviews at Halton. He gives us a short pep talk, including an instruction to write home to our parents as soon as possible to advise them of our safe arrival. He introduces the other officer as Flying Officer Bobart, our 76th Entry Flight Commander. In a rather odd accent, which I do not recognise, the Flg. Off. goes through a range of do's and don'ts including obeying, without question, orders from Apprentice and permanent staff N.C.O.s. Working hard at our technical studies. Keeping ourselves and our accommodation smart. Not to have civilian clothing or private transport, except pedal cycles, on camp. Not to smoke without written permission from our parents. Not to consume alcohol on or off camp. The latter not being an immediate problem, as we are confined to camp for the next few weeks. When we are allowed out, we must remember that to the general public we represent the RAF, our conduct must be exemplary. Finally, he hands over to Flt. Sgt. Bettell, who calls us to attention again, as the officers leave.

"Right, you have a 10 minute break. You will be back here seated, at 1100." I relax and try to recall what the Flight Commander told us. Others search for toilets. The level of chatter rises again. It falls silent when the Flt Sgt re-enters. He reiterates much of what we have already been told, indicating severe retribution, should anyone have the temerity to infringe the rules. Large diagrams are produced. The Apprentice rank structure and good conduct stripes are explained. Another set, showing insignia from A.C.2. to Marshal of the RAF are presented. How to address the wearer and who to salute is covered. Having been in the A.T.C., I am fully aware of these. The lecture is becoming boring by the time we break for lunch.

Back in the mess, people, who I now know to be senior entry, barge into the front of the queue. We mutter but fear of their reaction suppresses actual complaint. The meal is not very good, when I return to the hut I am still hungry. The LA directs us to get on with cleaning our brasses and bulling our boots. "On parade" signifies the start of the afternoon. Sgt. Maxwell marches us to a building with a name board proclaiming Sick Quarters. He tells us that if we need to report sick, we must first inform the hut L.A. Take washing gear and pyjamas in our small pack and report to this building. Woe betide malingers. We are formed up into a long queue. Inside the building, greatcoats and jackets are removed and left shirt sleeves rolled up as far as they will go. The head of the queue disappears through a distant door.

When I eventually enter, an apathetic clerk is sitting at a table. Beyond him, a corporal, in a white coat, is filling a large syringe. From the way he wields it, I guess he may be a champion darts player. Someone ahead asks the clerk what the injection is for. I hear T.A.B.T. but no explanation. The question was probably a mistake. The corporal seems to move slightly further away and demonstrates that he may also have talent as a javelin thrower. At the table I am asked for last three and name. Having complied, I am told to place left hand on hip, elbow outwards. I wince through gritted teeth as the needle is planted firmly into my arm. Previously removed garments are reinstated. The Sgt. allows us to stay in the warmth of Sick Quarters until all have been inoculated. A further march

around the camp, finds us in yet another queue. This one terminates at a photographer. I am required to stand, convict like, holding a small board on which my service number has been chalked. Tomorrow we are told, we will be issued with our 1250. This apparently is an important document, as it seems that losing it is a capital offence. When everyone is finished, we are marched back to our billets and dismissed.

It is 1545. Those who have been detailed collect their uniforms and head for the station tailor. For the rest of us, the relief is almost palpable. Quite suddenly, there is no one to shout at us. I wonder if I dare lay on my bed. I give into temptation, close my eyes and listen to the murmur of conversation. Accrued tension slowly drains away. My only concern is for the top of my left arm, which has stiffened up. I examine it, it is red, swollen and hot. Everyone else has the same problem. We decide to get to the mess early for tea. This meal, though better, is not very substantial. We are back in the hut early. I manage to get hold of the iron and press my best uniform.

The LA appears promptly at 1745. All furniture is moved to one side of the hut. Someone is detailed to sweep the exposed floor. We are introduced to something called a "bumper". The LA flicks orange polish onto the lino and demonstrates how to spread it with the bumper. He turns to me "Collier, you're the one who likes to walk about without floor pads, now's your chance." I grasp the bumper handle and tentatively swing it. The ache in my left arm becomes considerably worse. "Put your back into it!" I swing it harder and faster, gritting my teeth as the pain level rises further. Half an hour later, after a few short rests, I have spread polish over one half of the hut floor. My arm is on fire, shoulders, neck and back ache. I am just about exhausted. The LA approves my efforts. "Perhaps next time, you will remember your floor pads." I am told to join my colleagues who are indulging in formation floor padding. By 2000 the whole floor is gleaming. The LA produces a list of jobs to be done in the hut and surrounding area. Against each job is a name. Mine is against CLEAN AND POLISH ENTRANCE HALL. We are told that when he is satisfied with our work, we are free for the rest of the evening. I groan inwardly, it's another session with the bumper. In half an hour the hall floor is immaculate. I call the LA. He hardly looks at the floor but runs his finger along the door trim —dust! I am ordered to wash all four doors. It's another three quarters of an hour before he approves what I have done.

After a quick wash, I begin to feel the cold again. Sitting at the table, I scribble a few lines to my parents and a longer letter to my girl friend. I am still making my bed when the LA. calls "Lights out in 5 minutes". They are extinguished before I have finished changing into pyjamas. Despite the cold and my very sore left arm, I quickly drift off to sleep.

I am dreaming. There are dull thumping noises and shouting. I am rising into the air, turning and falling. I return sharply to consciousness, as simultaneously my hip and head hit the floor and my wooden locker. The noise continues for a few seconds more, before the lights come on. Fully dressed people are hurrying out of the door to the corridor. The hut is in chaos with overturned beds, half awake people in various positions, gazing in disbelief. Our pyjama clad L.A. appears. "Get yourselves sorted out. Lights go out in 5 minutes". I stare at the heap that was my bed, some of the springs have fallen out. As I search for and try to refit them, I am engulfed by a black depression, that even the resilience of extreme youth cannot suppress. The floor we recently spent two hours polishing, is covered in muddy footprints and scuff marks. My head and hip hurt. My left arm is still swollen, stiff and hot. My neck and shoulders ache, after the exertions with the bumper. I am cold, tired and hungry. I miss my comfortable existence of a few days ago. I miss my girl friend. I am close to tears. I want to go home!

Sewing the seeds of discontent

From Ken Toogood 79th

In the mind of any decent apprentice, boundaries are meant to be breached, rules are there to be bent and many instructions are open to interpretation. Why did we do it? - Yet most of us tried. In this case, I refer to Good Conduct stripes! How many of us anticipated the prescribed change dates? Sport one when you are not entitled to any; show two when it should only be one; display three, etc.

I remember one Sunday afternoon when one lad settled down with his housewife to sew on to the sleeves of his working tunic, and best tunic, sets of two Good Conduct chevrons - you know, the ones with the black background that could be bought from the tailor's shop in Weston.

You've all seen it, the concentration of a guy sewing - the tongue does more work than the needle. But eventually, the job was done and the second set were attached. He put on his working tunic to admire his handiwork. We weren't supposed to be watching, but he swanked about in front of the mirror flaunting this new "assumed" status. Satisfied, he returned to his bed-space, donned his best tunic and returned to the mirror. Shock, horror! Nothing! - Gone! He was looking at a bare sleeve. Empty!

It must have happened many times but he eventually discovered a pair of inverted chevrons neatly attached to the inner face of his right jacket sleeve.

Venom and Hate

From Ken Toogood 79th

With apologies for the title to the writer of "I'll tell of the Battle of Hastings"

"There on the shore stood Harold,
His eyes full of venom and hate.
He said "If you're here for the regatta,
You've got here just six weeks too late!"

One of the highlights of our Summer Camp at Saunton Sands, in 1956, was the liaison visit to Royal Air Force Chivenor. At one stage, we entered a hangar which contained several deHavilland Venoms. The Sergeant giving us this phase of our guided tour explained where everything was, showed us the cockpit layout, the location of the ground/flight switch (crucial) and then opened the nose cone to reveal a pair of VHF sets - TR1985/1986.

Then, poor sap, he got called away to the telephone. OK, I know we had been taught the TR1987, but that is a mere detail. He was away for just a few minutes but, on his return, these two boxes had been removed. There, on the hangar floor, in precise and ghastly symmetry, was every lowest component part. Every one of twenty crystals were included in the pattern and all of the flexible drives had been reduced to several pieces.

It was only later in the year that we learned about before-flights, after-flights and the importance of signing the Form 700.

Humour

The Final Word on Nutrition

From Stan Murray 92nd

After an exhaustive review of the research literature, here's the final word on nutrition and health:

1. Japanese eat very little fat and suffer fewer heart attacks than us.
2. Mexicans eat a lot of fat and suffer fewer heart attacks than us.
3. Chinese drink very little red wine and suffer fewer heart attacks than us.
4. Italians drink excessive amounts of red wine and suffer fewer heart attacks than us.
5. Germans drink beer and eat lots of sausages and fats and suffer fewer heart attacks than us.
6. The French eat fois-gras, full fat cheese and drink red wine and suffer fewer heart attacks than us.

CONCLUSION: Eat and drink what you like. Speaking English is apparently what kills you.

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The Best Bar

A Scotsman, an Englishman and an Irishman were sitting in a bar in London. The view was fantastic, the beer excellent, the food exceptional. "Y'know" said the Scotsman, "I still prefer the pubs back home. In Glasgow there's a little place called McTavish's. The landlord goes out of his way for the locals so much that when you buy 4 drinks he will buy the 5th drink for you."

"Well," said the Englishman, "At my local, the Red Lion, the barman will buy you your 3rd drink after you buy the first 2."

"Ahhh, that's nothin'," said the Irishman. "Back home in Dublin there's O'Brians Bar. The moment you set foot in the place they'll buy you a drink, then another, all the drinks you like. Then when you've had enough drinks they'll take you upstairs and see that you get laid. All on the house."

The Englishman and Scotsman immediately pour scorn on the Irishman's claims but he swears every word is true. Well," said the Englishman, "Did this actually happen to you?"

"Not me myself, personally, no," said the Irishman. "But it did happen to me sister a few times."

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Why Parents Drink

From Phil Marston 92nd

The boss wondered why one of his most valued employees had not phoned in sick one day. Having an urgent problem with one of the main computers, he dialled the employee's home phone number and was greeted with a child's whisper.

" Hello? " "Is your daddy home?" he asked. " Yes ," whispered the small voice. May I talk with him?" The child whispered, " No ."

Surprised and wanting to talk with an adult, the boss asked, "Is your Mummy there?" " Yes ." "May I talk with her?" Again the small voice whispered, " No ."

Hoping there was somebody with whom he could leave a message, the boss asked, "Is anybody else there?" " Yes ," whispered the child, " a policeman ". Wondering what a cop would be doing at his employee's home, the boss asked, "May I speak with the policeman?" " No, he's busy", whispered the child.

"Busy doing what?" " Talking to Daddy and Mommy and the Fireman ," came the whispered answer.

Growing more worried as he heard a loud noise in the background through the earpiece on the phone, the boss asked, "What is that noise?" "A helicopter " answered the whispering voice. "What is going on there?" demanded the boss, now truly apprehensive.

Again, whispering, the child answered, " The search team just landed a helicopter ." Alarmed, concerned and a little frustrated the boss asked, "What are they searching for?"

Still whispering, the young voice replied with a muffled giggle... " ME ."

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I Really Am broke!

A little old lady answered a knock on the door one day, only to be confronted by a well-dressed young man carrying a vacuum cleaner. 'Good morning,' said the young man. 'If I could take a couple of minutes of your time, I would like to demonstrate the very latest in high-powered vacuum cleaners.'

'Go away!' said the old lady. 'I'm broke and haven't got any money!' and she proceeded to close the door. Quick as a flash, the young man wedged his foot in the door and pushed it wide open. 'Don't be too hasty!' he said. 'Not until you have at least seen my demonstration.' And with that, he emptied a bucket of horse manure onto her hallway carpet. 'If this vacuum cleaner does not remove all traces of this horse manure from your carpet, Madam, I will personally eat the remainder.'

The old lady stepped back and said, 'Well let me get you a fork, 'cause they cut off my electricity this morning.'

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Apparently True

From Phil Marston 92nd

GOOD

In Orange County, a California Highway Patrolman was running radar. He had a perfect spot to watch for speeders, but wasn't getting any. Then he discovered the problem. A 12 year old boy was standing up the road with a hand painted sign which read "RADAR TRAP AHEAD!" The officer later found a young accomplice down the road with a sign reading, "TIPS" and a bucket full of money. (And we used to just sell lemonade!)

BETTER

A motorist was mailed a picture of his car speeding through an automated radar post in Bakersfield, CA. A \$140 speeding ticket was included. Being cute, he sent the police department a picture of \$140. The police responded with another mailed photo of handcuffs.

BEST

A young woman was pulled over in Oakland, California for speeding. As the Highway Patrolman walked to her car window, flipping open his ticket book, she said, "I bet you are going to sell me a ticket to the California State Police Ball." He replied, "California Highway Patrolman don't have balls."

There was a moment of silence while she smiled and he realized what he'd just said. He then closed his book, got back in his patrol car and left. She was laughing too hard to start her car.

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Elderly Marriage

In a small town, an elderly couple had been dating each other for a long time. At the urging of their friends, they decided it was finally time for marriage. Before the wedding, they went out to dinner and had a long conversation regarding how their marriage might work. They discussed finances, living arrangements and so on. Finally, the old gentleman decided it was time to broach the subject of their physical relationship.

'How do you feel about sex?' he asked, rather trustingly. 'Well,' she said, responding very carefully, 'I'd have to say ... I would like it infrequently.'

The old gentleman sat quietly for a moment, then over his glasses, he looked her in the eye and casually asked 'Is that one word or two?'

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RAF Days

Unusual Postings and Memories

From Stan Murray 92nd

In 1966, after spending three years in Germany at RAF Gutersloh, I was posted to the Institute of Aviation Medicine in Farnborough. I thought they had got me mixed up with someone else as no one I spoke to could understand why a Ground Wireless Fitter (sorry, L Fitt (GC)) was going to anywhere connected with medicine. On top of that no one had even heard of the place.

As it happens it was probably the most unusual posting I had, and I had a few, but most of all it gave me an opportunity to get on with what I loved doing most, playing football.

On arrival at Farnborough I was interviewed by a nice old Squadron Leader who later became quite a major part of my life at the time - Squadron Leader Brewer. Some of the questions he asked me were really strange, and I had no idea why they were being asked. Later on of course, the reasons became obvious - it was simply the secrecy, and politically sensitive nature of the work that I would be involved in. Before I started they needed to know of certain views that I may have held, and generally make sure I was going to fit in to my new place of work.

It always struck me as strange that this had not been done before my posting had been decided, but then again this was becoming fairly normal for me. After all, suppose I had given the wrong answers, where would they have sent me? Still, at this stage in my life I should have been used to the way things were done.

When I settled into the new job, the one thing I quickly realised was that there are an awful lot of brainy people doing jobs no one knows anything about. If you were to add up the IQs of the team I worked with, who were all scientific civil servants, I'm not sure a calculator could have coped with the final total. My immediate boss was a guy I knew from Locking where he was a National Service instructor in basic radio principles - Dick Borland - a very clever man who made life very easy for me, just by being so clever and not really needing me too much. The boss of the section I worked in was a Squadron Leader called Tony Nicholson who appeared regularly on TV at the time as an expert on the space flights that were taking place. So you see I was in good company. The rest of the team were all highly qualified in their specific fields but they didn't make me feel as if I didn't fit in, in fact, quite the opposite, it was an honour to have worked with them.

The main part of the new job was researching into the future military usage of lasers in aircraft weapons systems. This was at a time when James Bond had introduced the term "laser" into the language, but the reality of what we did bore no relation to what we saw on the big screen. The lasers we used had power supplies which filled up a large room, and once fired, we had to wait up to thirty minutes for them to recharge - not quite 007.

Because of the time taken to set up experiments and then digest all the results and write up reports, I found that I was not particularly busy, because I was only really needed during the time the experiments were running, then I had time on my hands. Enter Squadron Leader Brewer.

There was no football team at the Institute, mainly because it was such a small unit, but also because no one had ever thought of starting one. After speaking to "Alf" Brewer we decided that now was the time, and I could start it all off. We had nicknamed him Alf after

ROYAL AIR FORCE LOCKING APPRENTICE ASSOCIATION

Sir Alf Ramsay, the England manager. There was a lot of interest, and with the help of a fellow Scot, Ken Girvan, we actually got enough names together to put a team out. There were only a dozen or so RAF personnel but we managed with the help of a few civilian staff. It was now up to Alf to sort out opposition, and how well he did.

We were unable to enter any official league, but in our first year we managed games against the Military Cadets at Sandhurst, the inmates at HM Prison, Broadmoor, the trainees at the Police College Bramshill, and various small military establishments in the London area. It was an interesting set of games and the experience of playing inside Broadmoor, amongst a bunch of guys who were criminally insane, will live with me forever.

The game against the inmates was interesting simply because the events before and after were so different. We travelled to the prison already kitted out for the game, and on arrival we were led through various locked doors to the pitch by a series of prison officers, and given a short time to warm up.

I remember it was raining heavily and quite misty, this all added to the eerie spectacle which preceded the game. The gates to the prison area opened and a group of what looked like hooded ghosts, started to troop towards the pitch, which was in an area surrounded by a very high wall, topped with barbed wire. The hooded ghosts wore long cape-like waterproofs, which reached down to the ground - they were the inmates being let out to watch the game. It was a hard fought tussle and the final score was 5 - 5, with the guy I was marking scoring three of their goals (as you see I played my usual game) At the final whistle, I thought our time was up as the "supporters stormed the pitch and came right for us. It was not to do us harm, but to lift us all onto their shoulders and carry us off the pitch. Unknown to us the team had never been beaten, and certainly no one had ever scored five goals against them. This was just a show of appreciation for the game we had played.

Afterwards, in the canteen, having tea and sandwiches with the players, (After all you couldn't give a bunch of nutters alcohol. The inmates, not us.) I got talking to the guy I had been marking and found out that he had been on Reading's books for a few years before being put away for GBH on his granny, who died from her injuries. He seemed such a nice guy!

As well as playing for The Institute of Aviation Medicine, I also played for a local village team, Cove, in the Surrey Intermediate League. There are two things worth reporting in my season with them - first we played in the Surrey Intermediate League Cup Final, and I got another football medal. Nothing special you may say, but it was my first since leaving Locking. Secondly, I actually played in the FA Cup.

Don't start checking the record books, although they will show that I played for Cove, against Walton and Hersham and scored the first goal of the game. Sadly it was an own goal and they went on to win 8 - 1.

I played in many games all over the world and of course enjoyed them all, but these two are the ones that stick in my mind for various reasons, and keep my posting to Farnborough in my head.

There must be a load of you reading this and saying you remember doing this or that during your time in the mob, when posted to an unusual unit.

Why not drop the editor a line and let us all hear about your adventures.

What Do I Do Now?

From Mike Collier 76th

Early in my instructing career at Yatesbury, I was allotted the dubious pleasure of explaining the mysteries of the S.T.R. 18 airborne H.F. wireless equipment, to a group of foreign national officers. A comedian somewhere had drawn together a class of seven lieutenants of Arab extraction, a large number of whom were Iraqis and one Israeli major.

All seemed to be going well, until we reached the Aerial Tuning Unit. At the end of this section I posed my usual "Any questions?" One of the Arab gentlemen replied, "I am not understanding this". "O.K., no problem, I will go through it again". On this occasion, much more slowly and deliberately. At the end, the same gentleman "I still do not understand". So, into a third explanation, splitting it into small sections and trying to elicit a positive response at the end of each. Ultimately, the same outcome, "I do not understand". At this point the Israeli jumped to his feet, pointed at the Arab, proclaimed "You are thick!" and stormed out of the room.

Now, excellent though it was, two weeks on the Instructional Techniques course at Uxbridge, does not prepare you for this sort of situation. As a Cpl. Tech., I figured my chances of successfully ordering the major back into the classroom were pretty slim. I visualised newspaper banner headlines, R.A.F. N.C.O. SPARKS INTERNATIONAL INCIDENT. In the end I opted for the path of least resistance. Tried to pretend that nothing untoward had happened and launched into explanation number four. At the end of this, I think the Arab was probably still in the dark but too embarrassed to admit it and nodded his understanding. Or of course, it could have been that it was his turn that day to provoke the Israeli but I did not think of this until a long time afterwards

I went out into the small annex which separated the Yatesbury classrooms from the outside world. The major was leaning against the wall, smoking. "I think we are ready to proceed now sir". He rolled his eyes skywards, extinguished his cigarette and came back in. That was one of a very few classes, in thirty years of teaching, that I was truly glad to say goodbye to.

Puzzle Time

Your Age By Eating Out

Don't tell me your age; you probably would tell a falsehood anyway-but your waiter may know! YOUR AGE BY DINER & RESTAURANT MATH

It takes less than a minute. Work this out as you read. **Be sure you don't read the bottom until you've worked it out!**

1. First of all, pick the number of times a week that you would like to go out to eat.(more than once but less than 10)
2. Multiply this number by 2 (just to be bold)
3. Add 5
4. Multiply it by 50
5. If you have already had your birthday this year add 1758.
If you haven't, add 1757.
6. Now subtract the four digit year that you were born.

You should have a three digit number. The first digit of this was your original number. (I.E. How many times you want to go out to restaurants in a week.)

The next two numbers are

Your AGE! ----- (Oh YES, it is!)

By the way, this is the only year (2008) it will ever work.

Obituary

Geoff Peters.

It is with great regret that I report the passing of Geoff Peters, the Flight Commander of the 94th Entry in 1961/62. He had not enjoyed good health for the past few years, having suffered several heart attacks and kidney failure which resulted in thrice weekly dialysis which dominated his later years. The 94th Entry have been having annual reunions at various venues around the country since 1988 and since we regained contact with him in 1998 he had attended reunions whenever possible with great enthusiasm, the last being at Blackheath in 2006, he always spoke of the great spirit retained within the Entry and was proud to be included.

Geoff's funeral was on the 5th March at St Georges Battle of Britain Chapel in Biggin Hill where he had lived since leaving the Royal Air Force. We will, I am sure, all have individual memories of him but overall as a firm but fair man who was a very good Flight Commander and will be missed at our future reunions.

Pete Purdy 94th Entry.

Closing Thought

From Geoff Corby 92nd

Rules for Life

Work like you don't need the money.

Love like you've never been hurt.

Dance like nobody's watching.

Sing like nobody's listening.

Live like it's Heaven on Earth.

An Irish Friendship Wish

May there always be work for your hands to do.

May your purse always hold a coin or two.

May the sun always shine on your window pane.

May a rainbow be certain to follow each rain.

May the hand of a friend always be near you.

May God fill your heart with gladness to cheer you.

And may you be in heaven a half hour before the devil knows you're dead.

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The Apprentice Prayer

Teach us good Lord, to be thankful
For all the good times we had,
The skills we have learned,

The friendships we have shared

And the companionship we have enjoyed.
May all who have served the apprenticeship of the Wheel
Be ever mindful of the needs of one another.

Amen
