



# RAFLAA Newsletter

SERIAL 50

MARCH 2008

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## EDITORS NOTES

Hello to you all,

There is the usual mixture of articles covering your time as Apprentices and later in the RAF. It all brings back memories to us all. For example – remember Hamish the pony! I was particularly struck by Steve Oakes (88 & 89<sup>th</sup>) who ended up in the RAF police but still fondly looks back on his time as an Apprentice. (See JNR Tech by Another Route)

There is no section entitled 'Have your say' as no one has sent in anything that would fit under that heading. Similarly, the Blog facility on the website has been removed. Both facilities can be made available. If you do wish to start a discussion please contact the Webmaster or Newsletter Editor.

Please keep sending me your items. They are all valued but please do not ask me to write articles based on a few details. I could not possibly write what you would intend so you write it and I will consider the piece and try to fit it in.

Thanks for all you send me. I know that our readers appreciate being reminded just what it was like to be an apprentice and a serviceman. Naturally, I have kept back a few articles for next time but I need yet more.

*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.

23<sup>rd</sup> May for July 08

23<sup>rd</sup> September for November 08

23<sup>rd</sup> January for March 09

All comments, contributions, ideas and feedback to the newsletter editor:

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Soft copy preferred!

## Committee Meeting Minutes

### Minutes of 39th Committee Meeting of the RAF Locking Apprentice Association

From Dave Gunby, Secretary

*Venue:* RAFA Club, Weston super Mare

*Date:* Thursday 19<sup>th</sup> July 2007 at 13:00 Hrs

*Present:-*

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

*Apologies: -*

Graham Beaston	209 <sup>th</sup>	Craft Rep
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The Chairman opened the meeting at 13.00 with a greeting to all followed by a reading of the Apprentice Prayer.

#### **ITEM 1 APOLOGIES**

Apologies had been received from Graham Beeston.

#### **ITEM 2 MINUTES OF PREVIOUS MEETING.**

The Committee reviewed the minutes of the 38th Committee meeting and found them acceptable.

It was proposed by John Farmer and seconded by Pete Crowe that the minutes of the 38th Committee Meeting in July 2007 be accepted as a true record. All agreed.

#### **ITEM 3 MATTERS ARISING.**

All action points had been completed with the exception of the review of the wording of paragraphs 5 and 6 of the Constitution. The wording was debated and changes approved. Secretary to promulgate changes which are to be publicised in the forthcoming Newsletter, and subsequently approved at the AGM 2008.

Action:- Secretary, Newsletter Ed.

ROYAL AIR FORCE LOCKING APPRENTICE ASSOCIATION

**ITEM 4      TREASURER'S REPORT**

<b>PROFIT &amp; LOSS</b>				
<b>SALES</b>	<b>2007/2008</b>		<b>2006/2007</b>	
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
<b><u>PURCHASES</u></b>				
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
<b><u>DIRECT EXPENSES</u></b>				
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
<b><u>OVERHEADS</u></b>				
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
<b><u>PROFIT/LOSS</u></b>		<b>£899.09</b>		<b>£887.19</b>

ROYAL AIR FORCE LOCKING APPRENTICE ASSOCIATION

<b>BALANCE SHEET</b>				
		<b>2007/2008</b>		<b>2006/2007</b>
<b><u>CURRENT ASSETS</u></b>				
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	
<b><u>NETT CURRENT ASSETS</u></b>		<b>£10,699.51</b>		<b>£9,800.42</b>
<b><u>CURRENT LIABILITIES</u></b>				
<b><u>FINANCED BY</u></b>				
Brought forward balance	£9,800.42		£8,913.23	
Profit and loss account	£899.09		£887.19	
		<b>£10,699.51</b>		<b>£9,800.42</b>

Accounts as per the income/expenditure statement.

The Bank statement for period Jan-Feb 2008 has been received. The End of Financial Year has been checked and balanced. Balance Sheet for FY 07/08 now stands at £10,699.51. This represents an excess of income over expenditure of £899.09 for the year (£887.19 in 06/07)

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 79<sup>th</sup> Entry.

Bank Interest has risen due to the investment of £5000.00 into a HSBC Business High Interest Deposit Bond.

6 months investment interest = £108.97. This was reinvested with the capital for a further 6months and will be repaid in April 2008 (£128.07interest)

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

## ROYAL AIR FORCE LOCKING APPRENTICE ASSOCIATION

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

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

### **Overheads**

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

Tony Horry  
Treasurer  
20<sup>th</sup> Feb 2008

Andy Perkins proposed and Chris Tett seconded the acceptance of Tony's report and a donation of £25.00 to Flowerdown House for their hospitality, all agreed.

### **ITEM 5 MEMBERSHIP SECRETARY'S REPORT**

#### **Membership numbers**

There are now 649 names (past and present) on the database (up 7 since the AGM). 353 are considered to be 'active.' (This is down 7 since the AGM).

There are 5 member who pay their subs by cheque who's memberships are in doubt as they did not pay in 2007, they are all on their 'final reminder'.

The number of members paying their 'subs' by Standing Order Mandate (in the db) is now 227 (up 6 since the AGM). 10 of these did not pay in 2007. They too are on their 'final reminder'.

A further 8 paid their SOM at the old rate and despite reminders they have not 'topped up' or amended the rate to £10.00. (I have already terminated 7 memberships for persistent under payment, it looks as though these 8 may follow.)

Along with the 5 members who failed to pay their dues (cash) we could lose a total of 23 members from the active list later this year. With the 7 already terminated that will mean we may lose 30 members.

## ROYAL AIR FORCE LOCKING APPRENTICE ASSOCIATION

We now have 3 members (?) who have dropped off the map. They all still continue to pay subscriptions by SOM (at the old rate!!)

There are now 58 life memberships (up 3 since the AGM).

There have been two members pass away since the AGM: Terry Kendall 76<sup>th</sup> and Dave Trueman 91<sup>st</sup>.

### **Increase in subscriptions paid by SOM**

This still continues to be time consuming (and expensive). As mentioned previously, at the end of 2007 there were still 8 members with shortfall payment problems. In general their banks have not actioned the request to increase the SOM sum. Efforts to resolve the problems continue. We have had two months with no short fall payments, we might be winning!!

### **Newsletters**

The NL has been published on the Website as is now usual. It is password protected. Notification that a new edition is available for viewing/downloading is circulated by E-mail along with the password (new each edition). I have had some feedback but I will be interested to find out how many members actually download the document to read it.

Newsletter posting label information was provided as usual.

### **Advertising**

The attempt to 'spread the word' about RAFLAA through additional advertising, started off well with some very rapid responses. Encapsulated A4 size posters have been supplied to a number of Aviation and signals related museums/sites. Response has been quite good with several enquiries and even a couple of new members. I will continue with these once the 'Season' starts.

We have had a contact with the RAF Butterworth and Penang Association and I believe that we will have an 'ad' in their magazine's next edition. We have exchanged links to our respective websites. The editor of the magazine will be very pleased to hear from anyone who served in the area and who is willing to provide some 'input'.

J. L. Farmer  
Membership Secretary RAFLAA  
21st February 2008

Acceptance of the Membership Secretary's report was proposed by Dave Gunby and seconded by Chris Tett all agreed.

### **ITEM 6 SECRETARY'S REPORT**

The Secretary reviewed the correspondence since the last committee meeting, which mainly concerned matters of condolence. There had been little reaction to the Associations invitation to No1 RS to nominate a recipient for the RAFLAA Trophy. The Chairman had received an acknowledgement of our invitation but no further progress had been possible. The Chairman will progress this John Farmer all agreed.

Action:- Chairman

**ITEM 7 SWRDA**

The Secretary had exchanged correspondence with SWRDA in December 2007 and discovered that there had been virtually no progress since our last meeting. However both Peter Crowe and Andy Perkins had heard locally that a developer had been chosen. The Secretary will contact SWRDA to ascertain the current position prior to reporting to the AGM.

Action :- Secretary

**ITEM 8 FABEA**

The hosts of this year's meeting are the Admin Apps. Association and it will take place at RAF Brize Norton Officers Mess on July 16<sup>th</sup>. Chairman and Secretary will attend on behalf of RAFLAA.

Action :- Chairman, Secretary

**ITEM 9 AGM 2008**

Most of the arrangements were in place for this year's AGM/Reunion at the Dauncey's Hotel Weston-super-Mare on Saturday 12<sup>th</sup> April. The Chairman, Tiny Kuhle and Chris Tett will visit the Hotel following this meeting to discuss menu choices and provision of wine. The cut-off date for the reservation of rooms is March 16<sup>th</sup>, Members will be reminded of this in the next newsletter.

The secretary is to invite the Chairman of Cranwell AA and Halton AA to the meet and greet bar and buffet lunch at the Associations expense and also to the dinner/Dance in the evening at a cost of £20.00.

In the next Newsletter Chris Tett is to invite attending members of the 80<sup>th</sup>, 81<sup>st</sup> and 82<sup>nd</sup> Golden Entries to say a few words at the AGM when they would receive their certificates.

Chris will also include these minutes in the next Newsletter and also the proposed agenda for the AGM.

Action:- Chairman, Secretary, Newsletter Ed. & Membership Sec.

**ITEM 10 RAFLAA WEB SITE**

Due to the Webmaster changing ISP soon it has become necessary for the Association to pay £3.00 per month to continue to have our Web Site hosted by 'Freeola'

The 'Blog' facility on the web site has been removed as it was only used by one person. Newsletter Editor is to insert a piece in newsletter inviting requests for the facility to be re-introduced.

Action:- Webmaster, Treasurer, Newsletter Ed.

**ITEM 11 NEWSLETTER**

The Editor stated that he had received several requests to write articles obituaries but had had to ask the requestors to write the article.

The Editor further stated that he would insert a piece in the Newsletter asking attendees at this year's AGM to be prompt with their comments good or bad.

The Editor further requested the minutes of this meeting be promulgated ASAP so as to be included in the next Newsletter.

Action:- Newsletter Ed.



**ITEM 12 ANY OTHER BUSINESS**

Prompted by Chris Tett the Committee considered a likely date for the 2009 AGM/Reunion. It was decided that it would take place on 25<sup>th</sup> April with 12<sup>th</sup> as an alternative.

**ITEM 11 DATE OF NEXT MEETING**

The next Committee meeting is to be held on 24th July at RAFA Weston Branch at 1300hrs. Tony Horry will liaise with RAFA Weston with regard to the reservation of a room for the meeting.

Action: - Tony Horry

The meeting closed at 15.18 Hours.

**Presentation at Flowerdown**



The Chairman, Tiny Kuhle, presenting an audio system on behalf of the Association to Sue Cuncell, Assistant Manager and Shane Allott, a care person, at Flowerdown House. This donation was made from funds raised at the Annual Dinner last year.

## NOTICES

### **For those attending the next AGM**

#### **Golden Entries**

The Golden Entries for the 2008 AGM are the 80<sup>th</sup>, 81<sup>st</sup> and 82<sup>nd</sup>. If you are a member of these Golden Entries, you will be invited to say a few words about your entry when you receive your certificate at the AGM. Please think about that and do not be shy!

#### **Car Parking at Dauncey's**

Dauncey's Hotel does not have a car park. There is free parking outside and in the nearby streets but it is limited.

#### **AGM Agenda**

The 14<sup>th</sup> Annual General Meeting of the RAFLAA is to be held at 13:30 12<sup>th</sup> April 2008 at Dauncey's Hotel, Weston-super-Mare. The agenda is as follows:

1. Chairman's opening remarks. (Apprentice prayer and Apologies)
2. Presidents Address and Presentation of RAFLAA Trophy.
3. Treasurer's Report.
4. Membership Secretary's Report.
5. Election of Officers. (Service Rep, AA Rep and Newsletter editor)
6. Constitution Changes.
7. Memorial Locking-Parklands.
8. Newsletter Production.
9. RAFLAA web site.
10. Recognition of 'Golden Entries 80/81/82'
11. Venue and format of AGM/Reunion 2009
12. Any other business

#### **Election of Officers**

The positions of Service Rep (Rick Atkinson), Webmaster (Pete Crowe) and Newsletter Editor (Chris Tett) are due for Re-Election in 2008. All these officers have indicated a willingness to stand for a further term.

If you wish to stand for a position on the committee or if you wish to raise anything at the AGM, please contact the Secretary, Dave Gunby, or the Chairman, Tiny Kuhle, in good time before the meeting. (Contact details inside back cover)

#### **Feedback Requested**

We moved to the Royal Hotel from Dauncey's following complaints. Now we are back. Certainly the Dauncey's has been redecorated and has new management so hopefully it will serve us well. However, your committee would welcome feedback on the 2008 AGM venue both positive and negative.

Your committee needs to book a venue for the 2009 AGM a year in advance so please let a member of the committee know your views, particularly about what you think about the food and accommodation during the AGM weekend. Thank you.

## **Constitution Amendments for AGM 2008**

As indicated on the agenda for the AGM, the committee think that two paragraphs are in need of amendment as follows:

### **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.

### **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.

## **2008 AGM Buffet and Dinner Dance**

Repeat Notice

### **Saturday 12<sup>th</sup> April 2008 at Dauncey's Hotel**

Note: date and venue have changed from the provisional notice.

For the reasons outlined in the Chairman's letter last newsletter, our 2008 annual reunion and AGM is to be held on 12th April next in Weston-super-Mare and will be held at Dauncey's Hotel which is located on the seafront to the North of the town. The hotel has been taken over by the Morris family, and offers a good standard of accommodation with many rooms offering a view over Weston Bay and Brean Down. We have reserved a number of rooms at a special price of £40 per person for a night's bed and breakfast booked with the hotel. Early booking is advised

The cost of the Dinner Dance (including wine and disco), the finger buffet lunch with tea and biscuits after the meeting will cost you £28 each with all the events taking place in the hotel. Should you wish to attend just the AGM the buffet lunch will be £8.00 including tea and biscuits after the AGM. Those of you who wish to attend the dinner-dance without the preliminary events the cost is £21.00. Your Committee will be subsidising drinks purchased from the bar on Saturday morning and again during the evening.

### **Provisional timetable**

Friday 11 <sup>th</sup> April 08	18:00	Informal Meet and Greet Dauncey's Bar
Saturday 12 <sup>th</sup> April 08	10:30	Members commence arrival at Dauncey's Hotel
	11:00	Bar facility opens
	12:30	Finger Buffet commences
	13:30	AGM commences with Trophy presentation
	15:00	AGM complete. Tea served
	15:30	Members disperse
	19:00 for 19:30	Dinner Dance

### **Accommodation Booking**

**Accommodation must be booked direct with the hotel.** Please contact:

Dauncey's Hotel, Claremont Crescent, Weston-s-Mare, Somerset, BS23 2ED

Tel: 01934 – 410180; Fax 01934 – 410181

E-mail: [info@daunceys.com](mailto:info@daunceys.com) Website: [www.daunceys.com](http://www.daunceys.com)

Rooms are available at the agreed prices for both 11th and 12th April 2008.

Please quote 'RAFLAA Reunion' when making reservations.

Accounts must be settled with the hotel

*The rooms are held for the RAFLAA until 16<sup>th</sup> March 2008. So if you have not booked now is the time!*

### **AGM Booking**

Please complete the enclosed sheet or download the separate form and send it with your cheque to Tony Horry. Details are on the next page.

**RAF Locking Apprentices Association – Annual General Meeting**

12<sup>th</sup> April 2008 at Dauncey's Hotel, Weston-super-Mare

**Application for Dinner Dance and Buffet Lunch**

Name:

Entry No:

Address:

I wish to book both lunch and dinner (dinner includes wine and disco to follow):

Please provide ..... tickets @ £28 pp £

I wish to book the dinner dance (includes wine and disco to follow) only:

Please provide ..... tickets @ £21.00pp £

I wish to book the finger buffet lunch only:

Please provide ..... tickets @ £8.00pp £

Total

Please complete as appropriate. Cheques to be crossed account payee and made out to the RAF Locking Apprentice Association.

Please post your application to: Mr A Horry, Hillside Cottage, Kewstoke Road, Kewstoke, Weston-super-Mare, BS232 9YD Tele: 01934 628383: E-mail: [horycorp@aol.com](mailto:horycorp@aol.com)



**Pick up a Sports Picture at the AGM**

There are a number of Sports box's labelled 50's, 60's.70's which contain various unknown teams. The boxes will be at the AGM so come and try to identify photos for your entry. Provided there no overlap or dispute, you may be able to add them to your entry box. If you wish to claim a photo, please inform a member of the committee.

**Sports Boxes**

*The photo published last issue cause quite a response. My thanks to Bill Humble 73<sup>rd</sup>, Ken Toogood 79<sup>th</sup> and Neil Castle, Mike Collier, Eric Ellis and Norm Jessup all of the 76<sup>th</sup> and a J. Birch. The photo seems to be 'A' squadron Boxing Team 1954, with 73<sup>rd</sup>, 76<sup>th</sup> and 79<sup>th</sup> Ed.*



	Harry Ardell 79 <sup>th</sup>	79th		Tony Prior 76 <sup>th</sup>	Pete Slocombe 76 <sup>th</sup>	
Bruce James 79th	79 <sup>th</sup>	L. Longstaff 79 <sup>th</sup>	Norman Jessup 76 <sup>th</sup>	79 <sup>th</sup>	Keith Stewart (or Stuart) 79 <sup>th</sup>	Barry Bonsor 76 <sup>th</sup> (or Meridth)
	Johnny (Tank) Martin 73 <sup>rd</sup>	Bob Appleton 76 <sup>th</sup>	White or Fincher or Francis	Tug Wilson	Frank Emerson 76 <sup>th</sup>	
		79 <sup>th</sup> or 80th				

The names Cook, Parkinson, Fisher and Davidson are thought to belong too!

**Location of Entry Boxes**

Following the publication of the Entry boxes in the last issue, the 79<sup>th</sup> and 94<sup>th</sup> (in blue) have been claimed and 76<sup>th</sup> entry box holder has changed.

70 Ken Keeling	71 Charles Hart	72 Dave Gunby
75 Alan Gumbrecht	76 Mike Collier	77 John Falmer
78 John Mackenzie	79 Dave White	81 J.B. Studholme
83 J.B. Studholme	84 Tony Mooney	85 Joe Holroyd
86 Doug Reed	87 Barry Dinnage	88 John Cross
89 Colin Hinson	90 Jeff Mills	91 Ian Davis
92 Chris Tett	93 Tony Hatton	94 Pete Purdy
95 Peter Crowe	96 Ron Spain	98 Mick Riddle
99 Bob Storey	100 Bruce Thorpe	102 Glyn Price
103 Dave Chapple	105 Trevor Reynaet Plus Band & Rug	115 Ian Mowat And General Albums

There are more unclaimed boxes. Contact Pete Crowe to inquire about yours.

**76<sup>th</sup> Reunion**

From Mike Collier 76th

The 76th Entry held a reunion on the 5th/6th October 2007 at Dauncey’s Hotel in W-S-M, to belatedly celebrate the passing of 50 years since our escape from Locking. Thirty two Entry members and guests plus one widow attended. Of these, two came from Australia, one from France and one from the U.S.A., who also brought his fan club, to ensure that most of the available hotel accommodation was occupied. Much to our delight, our one surviving "Rhodesian" made the journey from Zimbabwe. Three others made the trip from the other side of Hadrian’s Wall.

A well attended "Meet and recognise" on Friday evening was followed by a most acceptable dinner on Saturday. After dinner entertainment by Eric Ellis was supplemented with a reading by Sena Allen. Liberal consumption of alcohol ensured that both evenings ended happily in the early hours of the following day.

**Errata**

With regard to the November 07 Newsletter, Neil Castle, 76<sup>th</sup> reported that:

‘Page 15 - the author of ‘Ode to Locking’ is Mrs Jane Hay – (not Jenny) and she is the wife of ‘Bert’ Hay (as opposed to Burt).’

*Ooops sorry – Ed.*



**Seeking all: ----- EX-84<sup>th</sup> Locking Apps!**

A number of members from this entry have expressed a keen interest in holding an entry reunion in the summer of 2009. We have on record just a few ex-members' locations. We are seeking the like of: Tom Pope; Frank Milligan; Brian Wood; Johnny Bench; Jim Nottingham; Pete Hillman; Peter Hillman; Defreatus; Garry Guy; McKonkie; Llewellan, and many more whose names escape me! (Has any one an entry list; both for signing on in 1956 and/or pass out in 1959?) Even if you considered it easier to pass out with the 85<sup>th</sup> or 86<sup>th</sup> ...or left to take over Dad's farm, we would like to hear from you!

How we all started:



And  
How  
We  
Finished  
:



LET'S GIVE IT A GO!!!

Contact: Chris Armes, [chris.arms84@btinternet.com](mailto:chris.arms84@btinternet.com) 01142350074

Harvey Morton, [rcejoy@hotmail.com](mailto:rcejoy@hotmail.com) 01309691752

Tony Beard, [tony.beard1@ntlworld.com](mailto:tony.beard1@ntlworld.com) 01767220055





# RAFBPA

## RAF BUTTERWORTH & PENANG ASSOCIATION



**The RAF Butterworth & Penang Association's aim is to establish and maintain contact with personnel and their dependents who served at RAF Butterworth or Penang, or units located within these stations. This is achieved through the Association newsletter 'Eastward', published three times a year, and annual reunions held in the UK.**

The RAFBPA is an unincorporated Members Club affiliated to other associations with RAF links to FEAF including the National Malaya and Borneo Veterans Association, RAF Changi Association and RAF Seletar Association.

The Association welcomes new members and application for membership can be made to the Association Secretary on (01344) 429238 or e-mail: [peter.bpa@tiscali.co.uk](mailto:peter.bpa@tiscali.co.uk)

The RAFBPA website [www.raf-butterworth-penang-association.co.uk](http://www.raf-butterworth-penang-association.co.uk) has further details about the Association.



## **The ATC Needs You**

### **Make use of your Apprenticeship Skills with the ATC**

Do you want to put the skills and knowledge you acquired as an RAF apprentice to good use today? With the Air Training Corps you can - and help the Service find its next generation of officers and airmen.

The ATC, which boasts more than 40,000 cadets and has squadrons in most UK towns, is recruiting new adult staff and is particularly keen to get those who have served in an RAF trade and or branch on board.

Your expertise and experience of life in the RAF are invaluable to the ATC, as it provides a massive range of activities for its cadets, preparing them for their future careers whether they are in the forces or civvy street.

Instruction in propulsion, aerodynamics, airframes, communications, radio, radar, navigation, musketry and drill are key parts of the wide training syllabus, which also includes sports, adventure training, Duke of Edinburgh and, of course, flying and gliding. As well as putting your skills to good use training the younger generation, you are also sure to make many new friends by getting involved with your local squadron and meeting those who are already volunteering their time.

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To find out more or be put in touch with your local ATC unit, call Sqn Ldr Gordon Howarth RAFR on (01296) 656116 or see the website [www.aircadets.org](http://www.aircadets.org)

### **Gordon W L Howarth**

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MTN: Halton ext 6116

## Tit-Bits

### London Times Obituary of the late Mr Common Sense

From Stan Murray 92<sup>nd</sup>

'Today we mourn the passing of a beloved old friend, Common Sense, who has been with us for many years. No one knows for sure how old he was, since his birth records were long ago lost in bureaucratic red tape. He will be remembered as having cultivated such valuable lessons as: Knowing when to come in out of the rain; why the early bird gets the worm; Life isn't always fair; and maybe it was my fault.

Common Sense lived by simple, sound financial policies (don't spend more than you can earn) and reliable strategies (adults, not children, are in charge).

His health began to deteriorate rapidly when well-intentioned but overbearing regulations were set in place. Reports of a 6-year-old boy charged with sexual harassment for kissing a classmate; teens suspended from school for using mouthwash after lunch; and a teacher fired for reprimanding an unruly student, only worsened his condition.

Common Sense lost ground when parents attacked teachers for doing the job that they themselves had failed to do in disciplining their unruly children.

It declined even further when schools were required to get parental consent to administer sun lotion or an Elastoplast to a student; but could not inform parents when a student became pregnant and wanted to have an abortion.

Common Sense lost the will to live as the Ten Commandments became contraband; churches became businesses; and criminals received better treatment than their victims. Common Sense took a beating when you couldn't defend yourself from a burglar in your own home and the burglar could sue you for assault.

Common Sense finally gave up the will to live, after a woman failed to realize that a steaming cup of coffee was hot. She spilled a little in her lap, and was promptly awarded a huge settlement.

Common Sense was preceded in death by his parents, Truth and Trust; his wife, Discretion; his daughter, Responsibility; and his son, Reason. He is survived by his 4 stepbrothers; I Know My Rights, I Want It Now, Someone Else Is To Blame, and I'm A Victim.

Not many attended his funeral because so few realized he was gone. If you still remember him, pass this on. If not, join the majority and do nothing.'

## **Some Gems from Various Quiz Shows.**

From John Hall 92<sup>nd</sup>

### **The Weakest Link, BBC1/BBC2**

Anne Robinson: In traffic, what "J" is where two roads meet?

Contestant: Jool carriageway.

Anne Robinson: Which Italian city is overlooked by Vesuvius?

Contestant: Bombay.

Robinson: What insect is commonly found hovering above lakes?

Contestant: Crocodiles.

Robinson: Wh...?

Contestant (interrupting): Pass!

Anne Robinson: In olden times, what were minstrels, travelling entertainers or chocolate salesmen?

Contestant: Chocolate salesmen.

Robinson: The Bible, the New Testament. The Four Gospels were written by Matthew, Mark, Luke and...?

Contestant: (long pause) Joe?

### **National Lottery Jet Set, BBC1**

Eamonn Holmes: What's the name of the playwright commonly known by the initials G.B.S.?

Contestant: William Shakespeare.

### **Chris Searle Show, BBC Radio Bristol**

Searle: In which European country is Mount Etna?

Caller: Japan.

Searle: I did say which European country, so in case you didn't hear that, I can let you try again.

Caller: Er... Mexico?

### **Family Fortunes, ITV**

- 1) Something a blind man might use? A Sword
- 2) A Song with the word Moon in the title? Blue Suede Moon
- 3) Name the Capital of France? F
- 4) Name a bird with a long Neck? Naomi Campbell
- 5) Name an occupation where you might need a torch? A burglar
- 6) Where is the Taj Mahal? Opposite the Dental Hospital
- 7) What is Hitlers first name ? Heil
- 8) A famous Scotsman? Jock
- 9) Some famous brothers? Bonnie and Clyde.
- 10) A dangerous race? The Arabs
- 11) Something that floats in a bath? Water
- 12) An item of clothing worn by the Three Musketeers? A horse
- 13) Something you wear on a beach? A deckchair
- 14) A famous Royal? Mail
- 15) Something that flies that doesn't have an engine? A bicycle with wings
- 16) A famous bridge The Bridge Over Troubled Waters
- 17) Something a cat does? Goes to the Toilet
- 18) Something you do in the bathroom? Decorate

- 19) A method of securing your home? Put the kettle on
- 20) Something associated with pigs? The Police
- 21) A sign of the Zodiac? April
- 22) Something people might be allergic to? Skiing
- 23) Something you do before you go to bed? Sleep
- 24) Something you put on walls? A roof
- 25) Something Slippery? A conman

### **Steve Wright Show, Radio 2**

Wright: On which continent would you find the River Danube?

Contestant: India.

Wright: The leader of the orchestra plays which musical instrument?

Contestant: The baton.

Wright: What is the Italian word for motorway?

Contestant: Espresso.

Wright: What is the capital of Australia? And it's not Sydney.

Contestant: Sydney.

Wright: What was the animal referred to in Val Doonican's song Paddy McGinty's?

Contestant: I don't know.

Wright: It begins with a "G".

Contestant: Cow.

### **BBC Radio Newcastle**

Paul Wappat: How long did the Six Day War between Egypt and Israel last?

Contestant (after long pause): Fourteen days.

### **Bob Hope Birthday Quiz,**

LBC Presenter: Bob Hope was the fifth of how many sons?

Contestant: Four.

### **BBC GMR, Phil Wood Show**

Wood: What "K" could be described as the Islamic Bible?

Contestant: Er...

Wood: It's got two syllables... Kor...

Contestant: Blimey?

Wood: Ha ha ha no. The past participle of run...

Contestant: (Silence)

Wood: OK, try it another way. Today I run, yesterday I...

Contestant: Walked?

### **Daryl's Drivetime, Virgin Radio**

Daryl Denham: In which country would you spend shekels?

Contestant: Holland?

Denham: Try the next letter of the alphabet.

Contestant: Iceland? Ireland?

Denham (helpfully): It's a bad line. Did you say Israel?

Contestant: No.



## Apprentice days

### Newspaper Advertisement

From Ian Davis and Rick Atkinson 91<sup>st</sup>

There was newspaper advertisement featuring Charlie Tyler (91<sup>st</sup>) working on a piece of "high tech" equipment ARC52.



Ian Davis writes that he had an ARC52 UHF Set out of its case recently at the Helicopter Museum and could not believe how mechanical it was.

**Hamish**

From Trevor Reynaert (105<sup>th</sup>)



252 S.A.A. McCrackers, H.,  
No. 1 (Apprentice) Wing,  
Royal Air Force,  
Locking,  
Somerset.  
February, 1964.

Sire,

**Promotions and Publicity**

I have the honour respectfully to thank you for your recognition of my past services in promoting me to S.A.A. on the 8th February, 1964. The carrot was great.

The publicity of late in the local and national newspapers gave me food for more thought on a topic which I overheard you and Mr. McDonagh discussing some time ago, namely the remarkable lack of knowledge of my personal history by the Apprentices of the Wing.

With your permission sire, I will dictate a "Short History of Hamish" (I already have a volunteer scribe) and submit it for your approval as an appendix to this letter.

I have the honour to be,  
Sire,  
Your obedient Servant,



(H. MCCRACKERS),  
252 S.A.A.

Wing Commander J. A. Heatherill,  
Officer Commanding,  
No. 1 Wing,  
R.A.F., Locking.

You may be aware that Hamish McCrackers was adopted, at the end of 1953, as the mascot of No. 1 (Apprentice) Wing, which had just then arrived from Cranwell, and that he was purchased by the Apprentices themselves, by whom, of course, he *is* still maintained. The reasons for the name are not obvious, apart from the fact that Hamish is a Shetland pony. However, perhaps Hamish can explain it all better himself.

### **A Short History of Hamish**

Strange as it may seem to the unedificated—I was born and NOT issued. I well remember the occasion, for I was very small at the time and I suppose that it must have been a blue sky for I've been mucking about with R.A.F. blue for a long time now. Anyway, it happened on All Fools Day, being the first of April, 1952. What a day to get clobbered with! Hence the name CRACKERS and being a Scot, the natural prefix, Mac. Still, I first saw the light of day in Scotland, which is near England and I guess that I was earmarked for export immediately my mother saw my skewbald complexion, shaggy haircut, efficient teeth, sharp hooves, nasty temper and rolling eye, because after I'd been sculling around "ye banks and braes" for eighteen months or so, along came this mon wi' a daft hat on who said: "Hoots Mon, ye're a braw laddie, we'll ye no come along wi' me and jine the colours?" and I, being April Fool by birth and Crackers by name, having the spirit of adventure hot within me, came down to Locking and swore—Gosh I'd a right to—didn't you? I learned later that the man largely responsible for my being pressed into service and the man who was later to become my dear friend and benefactor, was the late Sir Ian Orr-Ewing, M.P. for Weston-super-Mare, so you see I never did have to write to my M.P, for I used to see him quite regularly. Anyway on 25th November, 1953, the Apprentices of the day having dug deep into their pockets with hot, sticky fingers and having parted with some of their ill gotten loot, I signed on for 30 years. Boy, they really saw me coming!

I've often wondered why I was mustered as Agricultural Assistant u/t Ceremonial Mascot. Perhaps the frequent visits of the chaps with wheelbarrows had something to do with it. Still, I dropped the u/t title with the graduation of the 68th Entry in April of 1954 but the wheelbarrows kept coming. (I believe that it was a bumper year for dahlias, but when I went to have a "butchers" at the "Old Man's" garden, he wouldn't let me in and stronger wire was used on my paddock.—Gratitude.—Huh!) However, on the 22nd of May of this same year I found a super new paddock, when just after reveille a feller with a white dog collar on waved to me and came out of his stable to play. Oh what a time we had, jumping about the flower beds and running amongst the potatoes. It was great, but like all the others of the two-legged variety he soon got fed up and took off. (I was later informed that this was one of the local vicars who was not actually overjoyed to find me "on parade" in his paddock. Anyway, my herd leader at the time, Groupy Robinson, now Air Commodore Bruce Robinson, C.B.E., wrote him a nice letter and detailed four volunteers to put the damage right—good lads all.)

In June of 1954 I took the band to Earl's Court and the Royal Tournament. Whilst there I was stabled with the gee-gee's of the Household Cavalry; not a bad crowd for Sassenachs, but a bit on the horsey side. There was a lot of marching to be done but nothing really untoward. I resolved even then, that one day. I would take some of the starch out of a queer looking bearded individual who pounced around with another herd. During 1954 I also made several local appearances for the benefit of the natives and the prestige of the School: the Battle of Britain Parade, the Cheddar Horse Show, and



## ROYAL AIR FORCE LOCKING APPRENTICE ASSOCIATION

miscellaneous illegal sorties after lights out. The last were in order to visit numerous girl friends in the area, despite the wire surrounding the paddock becoming higher and stronger—but just when I was really starting to show my paces, they did it. What a rotten trick. Do you know they introduced me to a chap called VET—I haven't felt the same since!

Following a reasonably quiet period in my career, during which I tried unsuccessfully to get a transparent waterproof coat to wear on parade in inclement weather, and was involved in some literary rudery with that odd individual of the other place (Halton) whom I spoke about earlier. I was promoted to L.A.A. This occurred on 6th December, 1955. In the early part of 1956, many were the writings in books, periodicals and newspapers of my activities. Everyone seemed to want to know how many well wishing fingers I'd nibbled and how many shins had been scraped a bit, not how even tempered, kind and obedient I am. Well I suppose that's journalism.

Still the months dragged on, '56 spread into '57; rumours of promotion were abroad, but because of long inspections, haircut trouble and periods of sloth when I had to rely on the pony major for support, '57 went into '58 and '59. I wasn't completely inactive during this period—I attended all the best Annual Functions and at least once a month, I had the usual entertainment of watching people jumping round the totem pole on the square. Then it happened. Another spate of press engagements, pets' club lunches and more rumours of promotion which were realised on 8th September, 1959, when I got my long awaited C.A.A.

Nothing much occurred after this for a while, except for an improvement in quarters (in keeping with my promotion) and a strengthening of the fence surrounding them (not in keeping with it). Perhaps they think that I'll be able to grow 'em again—only wish I could, then no matter how strong or how high they built it, I'd have a little nibble here and a little nibble there, cause they wouldn't be able to stop me having a little nibble, but no, this is purely wishful thinking.

In June, 1961, at the Royal Tournament, I saw him. There he was, Lewis II, that smelly scented Billy from the place we don't talk about. For years I'd nurtured the hope and here he was, right in range. I well remember the excited tremble I got, just before he got his - right in the fuselage. I pranged him real proper in front of thousands. All the ah's and the oh's from the assembly were as nectar to my ego, the culmination of years of secret longing expended in one well placed strike—on reflection though I sometimes wish that the target presented had been the tail unit. I got three extra bales of hay for that caper but because of it I again languished in the shadows, a neglected embarrassment.

Then came a few new faces to brighten the scene of my off duty environment, for in January of 1963 I noticed an eagle eye peering at me from the "B" Sqn. C.O.'s office which overlooks my paddock. I wandered over to have a gander at this strange and gleaming pupil—it was definitely speculative. I glared back. Should I have a go? But no, better investigate further. It's a good thing that I did, for my investigations revealed that this particular peeper belonged to Sqn. Ldr. "Buckshot" Buchanan who, when the mood is on him, shoots anything that moves—hence the speculative gleam I'd observed. Needless to say the Squadron Leader and I get on very well together (I keep out of his way).

Later in the year came another Mac in the person of W.O. McDonagh who comes and has a daily chat and varies the old diet a bit with a packet of biscuits or a nice carrot. I

must say that things looked up a bit with his arrival. Perhaps it's because with a name like McDonagh he also is an exile—I must ask him sometime. He's my pal; he brings me carrots and biscuits. Wish I had more pals—I SAY I WISH I HAD MORE PALS.

Next came another likely looking candidate in die form of Wing Commander J. A. Heatherill. At the mention HEATHER, nostalgia overwhelmed me and I resolved to have a natter with him at the first opportunity. (Could it possibly be?) The very next morning I waited for him and as he approached his Wing HQ, I neighed over:  
"Say J.A, how's about the old S.A.?"

Do you know, he immediately summoned a scribe in the form of Sergeant Hurst who was commissioned to take my dictation in a letter of appeal to the Management. The outcome of this was on the 8th February, 1964: another parade, another carrot, another Stripe, and the title S.A.A. McCrackers.

In closing I must take this opportunity of addressing an the Apprenti foaled at Locking, for all those of the past, those of the present and those yet to come, work hard, work well and good luck. Lang may yer lam reek!

HAMISH

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### **In-flight entertainment**

From Ken Toogood 79th

Whilst at Locking, I became convinced that some people were posted in partly for their entertainment value. Consider these three examples:

Those of us who were trained as Air Radio Fitters and Ground Radar Fitters had to be fully-conversant with the operation of the Miller timebase circuit (primary radar would pretty useless without it!). Once this was safely absorbed, we then had two further circuits - the Sanatron and Phantatron presented to us (these bespoke timebase circuits employed a thermionic pentode and I don't know if a transistor equivalent is possible).

Shortly after we, or perhaps the 78th or 80th entry, had reached this point in the syllabus, a recently-qualified education-branch Pilot Officer was posted on to the staff of 3 Shed. His colleagues showed him the topics which the class had covered so far that term and gave him a carefully-prepared briefing folder for him to present the next day.

He duly arrived, introduced himself and his subject to a classroom of apprentices then commenced his lecture. He was well-rehearsed and gave a commendable presentation. A few of his students, concerned that they may not have fully-grasped the finer details asked, seemingly, helpful questions. The lecture concluded with the instructor satisfied that he had taught his subject well and he was pretty-convinced, from the feedback, that the class had completely absorbed the information which he had imparted.

But life is cruel, or so he found, when on his return to the staffroom it was explained to him that there was no such circuit as a self-flushing closetron and that his apprentice class were certainly somewhat sharper than he had been that day.

## ROYAL AIR FORCE LOCKING APPRENTICE ASSOCIATION

It was a Saturday morning and No.1 Wing mustered for the Station Commander's Parade. The entries formed flights, were numbered off, sized off, inspected and finally command passed to the junior officer appointed for that day. So for "A" Squadron, the 76th probably had Flt. Lt. Reid, the 82nd had Flying Officer Bunny Holt, but Jack Hobbs (our Entry Flight Commander) was unavailable that day so we had a very new Pilot Officer from the training staff. Now, Squadron Leader Francis took command of the squadron; meanwhile Squadron Leaders Cook and Uprichard took charge of "B" and "C" squadrons respectively.

Now we sounded off by squadron and Wing Commander Linnard took command of the Wing; the order was given for the parade to turn right. Flight/Squadron commanders moved to the front of their flights/squadrons while the Wing Commander, with W.O. Parkes at his heels, took position in front of the Apprentice Pipe Band. The order was given and the pipe band and the 76th Entry marched off for their appointment with the Station C/O; our Pilot Officer had studied this bit carefully and he counted and he counted until the time was right and off he went with his arms swinging. They had certainly taught him how to march, and he marched and he marched and he thought "This is going well!" The band and the first flight wheeled to the right, at the end of the Arena, and headed down the hill. Our Pilot Officer reached the corner and he wheeled; then he glanced right and, to his horror, at the distant end of the Arena he saw two whole flights and two whole squadrons waiting to join in.

If he had had time to think about it, deep in the depths of boggieland, there were two more Wings waiting to join in too - and maybe even Group Captain Blair-Oliphant shaking his watch saying "I think I need to get a new one of these."

As it was our intrepid Pilot Officer ran all the way back, and boy did he run; pink and puffing he resumed his station and, being relieved of the need to count anything, gave the order which allowed about two thousand more men to parade on the square at their Station Commander's behest. I've always wondered what was said to him afterwards.

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One of the arrangements for Sundays was that Catholics and Anglicans who chose to attend Mass or Communion at 07.00 did not have to attend the Sunday Church Parade. At the end of these earlier services, a "late breakfast chit" was issued. This little passport allowed us to casually walk back to the Wing, in working dress, drop off our beret, collect mug and irons and head for the canteen. There we took a leisurely breakfast and, when permanent staff arrived to chase up the parade stragglers, we simply presented our chits and continued with our meal.

Later, we would return to the billets and settle down to read our Sunday papers. If you made the mistake of getting back to the billet too soon, you got embroiled in the fuss of apprentices and permanent staff and, sometimes officers even, all in best uniform milling around and tumbling out of the billets to muster for the main Sunday parade. Chances were, too, that you would be expected to present this valuable little chitty every five minutes.

In late October 1956, we had missed all the fuss and the parade had marched down to 3 Shed. Sometime later, we heard footsteps then some jingling, the door handle turned and the door swung open to reveal Flying Officer Bunny Holt in best blue, brown gloves

and full-size medals.

"Where's everyone gone", enquired Bunny, "and what are you lot doing loafing about?"

We all showed our chits and one of our number suggested that the fact that the moving of clocks by one hour, for the end of summertime, just might be the cause of Bunny's little problem. Bunny closed the door and left.

The simplest ones are best

From Ken Toodgood 79th

The identity of the prime character in this tale is sadly lost in the mists of time so we will call him Dave. Dave was in the 79th Entry at Locking and these events occurred in 1956.

One Thursday, Dave's Gran left her home, caught a bus and visited Dave's parent's house which was in the same town. There she chatted a while, helped out with chore or two, had lunch, drank a few cups of tea and at one point simply asked "where's Dave?" She then put on her coat, gathered her things together and caught a bus back home.

Later that day, Dave's father returned from work and, whether he wanted to hear it or not, was fully-debriefed on the visit by Gran.

The following day, mid-morning, Dave's dad slips out of work to the nearest post office, pays the appropriate fee for a service, and then returns to work.

Two hours later, a telegram arrives at Locking and passes to "A" Squadron Office on the Apprentice Wing. Dave is summoned from Tech. to report to the top of the hill. Dave arrives and Flight Sergeant Bettel solemnly hands over the telegram which Dave opens and reads.

He hands the telegram back to Beetle who discovers that the message is "COME HOME QUICKLY -GRANDMA ASKING FOR YOU."

Dave gets told to go away, change into best blue, pack a bag and come back. On his return he completes a Form 295, which gets signed; he is then issued with a railway warrant and driven to Weston station by his Flight Commander.

On arrival at his home town, he visits his Gran's house to find her sat in her favourite arm chair drinking tea and dunking biscuits. She looks up and says "Ooh! I was asking about you only yesterday!" Dave spent the rest of the weekend in the company of friends and family.

He returned to Locking late on Sunday; he missed working parade on Monday morning walking, instead, to the Squadron Office where he reported that the old lady had turned the corner and was well on the road to recovery. Wish I'd thought of that one first!

## JNR Tech by Another Route

Steve Oakes (88 & 89<sup>th</sup>)

I have often wondered where my RAF career would have taken me had I graduated with my own entry but I did become a Jnr Tech by a completely different route 5 years later. I was ceased training (CT) after the third term so I missed the majority of the 3 years at Locking but I can still recall some great times.

On the day when the senior entry (80<sup>th</sup> I think) had just got their Finals results, two of their members came to the mess hall with a JT stripe each chalked on their arms. The pride they exuded was an inspiration to us mere first term sprogs wondering if we would ever reach that exalted rank. In fact they were almost walking sideways so that their new rank could be seen. Queue bashing was rife and even the other senior entries stood aside.

Like many others who were CT, I was offered the chance to remuster and was seconded to the guardroom while I decided what I wanted to do. The RAF Police looked very attractive as they ran the Station with some measure of respect, although this illusion was sadly shattered with my adult posting to Honington. On my first night shift in dense winter fog, and still only 17, I was dropped off at a remote dispersal and simply told to 'go and find 2 Victor aircraft and stay there until the morning'. Guarding the country's nuclear deterrent was not uppermost in my mind at the time. After 15 months at Locking however, the spit and polish routine at the Police depot was not too difficult whereas some of the National Servicemen found it hard going. There were not too many regulars in those days.

Nevertheless, the RAF Police did later provide a wide variety of jobs and I went on to complete 28 years service. Being a List 2 trade, it had a different promotion ladder from that of the technical branches. Second-tier advanced training, known as the RAF Police One Course, was greatly sought after as it, theoretically, helped with specialist postings before the Q-trade annotations were introduced in 1964. After a 26 weeks studying RAF law and other related subjects, I was able to carry out minor crime investigations; I became a security specialist; I could run a dog section and I was able to do anti-vice duties in Singapore, and much more. The course was very competitive with a high failure rate but success meant becoming qualified Jnr Tech. The candidates were usually very experienced NCOs already so they received an extra 2/6d a day trade pay, but as I was still an SAC (acting corporal unpaid), I was **promoted** to the rank of Jnr Tech and as far as I know I was the only person to have been a substantive Jnr Tech in the RAF Police.

Unfortunately, I returned to guarding the V Force but did get to FEAF in the end. At the time though, I remembered that day when I saw my first real time Jnr Tech. Becoming a Jnr Tech myself was one of my early career goals having not achieved it as an Apprentice and I have no doubt my short time at Locking opened many doors for me.

## Humour

Irish Love Story  
From Geoff Corby 92<sup>nd</sup>

An elderly man lay dying in his bed. While suffering the agonies of impending death, he suddenly smelled the aroma of his favourite scones wafting up the stairs.

He gathered his remaining strength, and lifted himself from the bed. Leaning on the wall, he slowly made his way out of the bedroom, and with even greater effort, gripping the railing with both hands, he crawled downstairs.

With laboured breath, he leaned against the door-frame, gazing into the kitchen. Were it not for death's agony, he would have thought himself already in heaven, for there, spread out upon the kitchen table were literally hundreds of his favourite scones.

Was it heaven? Or was it one final act of love from his devoted Irish wife of sixty years, seeing to it that he left this world a happy man?

Mustering one great final effort, he threw himself towards the table, landing on his knees in rumped posture. His aged and withered hand trembled towards a scone at the edge of the table, when it was suddenly smacked by his wife with a wooden spoon.

'Keep off' she said, 'they're for the funeral.'

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**Christmas Shopping**  
From Phil Marston 92<sup>nd</sup>

I took my dad to the shops the other day to buy some Christmas gifts. We decided to grab a bite at the food court.

I noticed he was watching a teenager sitting next to him. The teenager had spiked hair in all different colours: green, red, orange, and blue. My dad kept staring at him. The teenager would look and find him staring every time.

When the teenager had enough, he sarcastically asked, "What's the matter old man, never done anything wild in your life?"

Knowing my dad, I quickly swallowed my food so that I would not choke on his response; knowing he would have a good one. And in classic style he did not bat an eye with his response, "Got drunk once and had sex with a peacock...."

...and I was just wondering if you were my son."

Don't mess with the oldies!



### **Cash Demand**

From Phil Marston 92<sup>nd</sup>

For several years, a rich businessman was having an affair with an Italian woman. One night, she confided in him that she was pregnant. Not wanting to ruin his reputation or his marriage, he paid her a large sum of money if she would go to Italy to secretly have the child. If she stayed in Italy to raise the child, he would also provide child support until the child turned 18. She agreed, but asked how he would know when the baby was born. To keep it discrete, he told her to simply mail him a post card, and write 'Spaghetti' on the back. He would then arrange for the child support payments to begin.

One day, about 9 months later, he came home to his confused wife. 'Darling,' she said, 'you received a very strange post card today.' 'Oh, just give it to me and I'll explain it later,' he said. The wife obeyed and watched as her husband read the card, turned white, and fainted. On the card was written: 'Spaghetti, Spaghetti, Spaghetti, Spaghetti, Spaghetti. Three with meatballs, two without. Send extra sauce.'

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### **An Irish Ghost Story**

From Geoff Corby 92<sup>nd</sup>

This story happened a while ago in Dublin, and even though it sounds like an Alfred Hitchcock tale, its true!!!!

John Bradford, a Dublin University student, was on the side of the road hitchhiking on a very dark night and in the midst of a big storm. The night was rolling on and no car went by. The storm was so strong he could hardly see a few feet ahead of him.

Suddenly, he saw a car slowly coming towards him and stopped. John, desperate for shelter and without thinking about it, got into the car and closed the door, only to realise there was nobody behind the wheel and the engine wasn't on.

The car started moving slowly. John looked at the road ahead and saw a curve approaching. Scared, he started to pray, begging for his life. Then, just before the car hit the curve, a hand appeared out of nowhere through the window and turned the wheel. John, paralyzed with terror, watched as the hand came through the window, but never touched or harmed him.

Shortly thereafter John saw the lights of a pub appear down the road, so, gathering strength, he jumped out of the car and ran to it. Wet and out of breath, he rushed inside and started telling everybody about the horrible experience he had just had

A silence enveloped the pub when everybody realized he was crying and....wasn't drunk.

Suddenly, the door opened, and two other people walked in from the dark and stormy night. They, like John, were also soaked and out of breath. Looking around, and seeing John Bradford sobbing at the bar, one said to the other...

"Look Paddy....there's that feking idiot that got in the car while we were pushing it!!!!"

**Clever Marketing**

From Phil Marston 92<sup>nd</sup>

Ahmed and Hamid are both beggars at several places in London.

Ahmed drives a Mercedes, lives in a mortgage-free house, and has a lot of money to spend. Hamid only brings in 2 or 3 pounds a day. Hamid asks Ahmed how he manages to bring home a suitcase full of £5 notes every day. Ahmed says; "Look at your sign, it says, I have no work, a wife and six kids to support."

"The British who see that do not feel as if they accomplish anything by giving you money. You will still have no job and a large family whether they give you money or not!"

"Now look at my sign!"

So Hamid looks, and Ahmed's sign reads:

"I only need another £5 to move back to Lebanon!"

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A duck walks into a pub and orders a pint of beer and a ham sandwich. The barman looks at him and says, "But you're a duck". "I see your eyes are working", replies the duck. "And you talk!" exclaims the barman. "I see your ears are working too" says the duck, "now can I have my beer and my sandwich please?"

"Certainly", says the barman, "sorry about that, it's just that we don't get many ducks in this pub. What are you doing round this way? "I'm working on the building site across the road", explains the duck. Then the duck drinks his beer, eats his sandwich and leaves.

This continues each day for 2 weeks. Then one day the circus comes to town. The Ringmaster of the circus comes into the pub and the barman says to him, "You're with the circus aren't you? I know this duck that would be just brilliant in your circus, he talks, drinks beer and everything!" "Sounds marvellous", says the ringmaster, "get him to give me a call".

So the next day when the duck comes into the pub the barman says, "Hey Mr Duck, I reckon I can line you up with a top job, paying really good money!" "Yeah?" says the duck, "Sounds great, where is it?" "At the circus", says the barman.

"The circus?" the duck enquires. "That's right", replies the barman. "The circus?" the duck asks again. "Yes" says the barman.

"That place with the big tent?" the duck enquires. "Yeah" the barman replies.

"With all the animals?" the duck questioned. "Of course" the barman replies.

"With the big canvas roof, with the hole in the middle", asks the duck. "That's right!" says the barman.

The duck looks confused, "Why would they want a plasterer?!"



## RAF Days

### I Shouldn't Have .....as a Chief Tech (1969 – 1976)

From Brian Davies 76/77<sup>th</sup>

- ❖ Told the Officer Selection Board that I would not apply again as they suggested as 'they had had their chance', on coming 3<sup>rd</sup> out of 55 A & B graded applicants when they only wanted to select two. Arrogance.
- ❖ Gone hunting for a king cobra's mate with my machete after an airman had killed one, in the wilds of central Malaya on a tented exercise. I did not find it (Lucky for me)
- ❖ In Singapore, accepted my friendly grocer's invitation to a pugilist's evening in town, until the Seletar security officer told me it was controlled by the Chinese Tongs. I had to back out. Slight loss of face.
- ❖ Been so happy at a military range in Malaya, watching Phantom jets live firing a few hundred metres in front of me, then the army behind me firing howitzers over the top of me, with the odd misfire bursting overhead. Slightly unnerving.
- ❖ Been so rude about the then current (Labour) government when in about 1970 I got a 98% pay rise and Chief Techs were receiving much more salary than the SWO, due to the new 'X' Factor. RAF Seletar's SWO refused to talk to any chief techs in the Mess for about three weeks.
- ❖ As the Chief Tech on the RAF IRS inspection tour of Singapore and Hong Kong in the 70's taking the Group Captain, Lt. Colonel and Sqdn Ldr on a tour of the picturesque seedier spots in central Singapore ending up in Bougi Street, where a former waiter at RAF Seletar Mess recognised me and supplied us beer at half normal price.
- ❖ On frequent visits to GCHQ and other sensitive places, parking my Moscovitch car at the front of the buildings.
- ❖ Fly back from two weeks in RAF Masirah in my best civvy suit amongst a load of desert sand encrusted Landrovers and mysterious army service personnel. With the Hercules taking a short cut over the Empty Quarter at very low level!!!
- ❖ Left the RAF when I was told my Flight Sgt's crown was due. (But there again, I did eventually earn much more money as a civvy)
- ❖ In my last few months of service, join Pye Telecommunications in Cambridge as a Senior Technical Author, and being horrified to be taxed so much for two salaries earned at the same time.

## **He hadn't got a leg to stand on**

From Ken Toogood 79th

A shiny yellow helicopter, a Westland Whirlwind of 228 Search and Rescue Squadron, Leconfield, had finished its exercise detail and was returning to base.

Having tidied up the main cabin area, the winchman took up his favourite position, sitting in the open doorway, with his safety harness firmly linked to a strong point in the main cabin ceiling. This was the way to enjoy the scenery - a bit like paragliding but with something to sit on.

But something was wrong. As he looked out, the geometry was askew; the starboard main wheel was in the wrong place. When he saw why things were wrong, he realised that he and the rest of the crew, and the aircraft itself were in real trouble. That main wheel should be attached to the fuselage by three struts; two from low down and the third, which included an oleo damper, should be attached just above window height. It was this third strut which had broken and was pointing uselessly upright. Now, most aircraft can land on three wheels, in fact many do and quite successfully, but it ain't going to work with a Whirlwind!

The skipper, when notified of the damaged strut, contacted Leconfield Air Traffic Control, and reported the problem. The message passed to the Squadron and then to the first-line and second-line groundcrew. Some urgent demands were telephoned through to Stores and the Squadron Landrover hurtled away to collect the necessary parts.

Then the debates started - how to fix it? One idea put forward was to land it on three wheels and a hydraulic jack - that was rejected. Land it on an inflated dinghy - was another silly one. Three wheels and some tool-boxes suggested an airframes corporal, who was promptly kicked out of the office.

Then someone came up with the only workable option - there was no alternative - it had to be repaired "in flight". So, by the time that the helicopter reached the dispersal, three replacement undercarriage struts, umpteen toolboxes and all the available airframe guys (with the possible exception of that corporal) were waiting. The aircraft came to the hover and gradually lost height to allow the navigator and winchman to step to the ground. The ground crew were no fools - if there was a static electricity build up - the aircrew were welcome to it. The skipper held it in the hover and a second pilot climbed on board whilst the ground crew started to inspect the damage.

The conclusion reached was that only the damaged oleo strut needed replacement but that the task was going to be made more difficult with it flopping around, because of the backlash permitted by the lower couplings, together with the fact that the damaged parts were "airborne". All the airframe techniques, which were intended to stop things coming apart through vibration, now made the work harder with split pins and locking wire and stiff nuts and tab washers all having to be released with the job moving up and down, left and right and forwards and backwards; and if it moved towards you - it could knock you off your feet.

They managed to remove the small stub, the fragment of the upper end of the strut where the fracture had occurred. Everyone sighed with relief and a fresh pilot took the

controls. Work started on the linkages near the main wheel; now the helicopter could hover one foot higher as work continued. A used pilot left and a fresh one arrived and clambered on board.

"How much longer", asked the present captain, "we're running out of fuel."

Another debate started - everyone knows that there are problems with static electricity and refuelling.

"Well, that pilot got out OK", said the airframe corporal.

"You're quite correct" said an airframe Chief Tech, who promptly detailed off the corporal to refuel the aircraft. (You should never volunteer for anything - first golden rule!) But all the other groundcrew withdrew some distance, just in case. The bowser approached, the hose was deployed; the corporal removed the cap from the fuel tank and inserted the nozzle. The bowser pumps started and refreshing Avgas flowed into the thirsty bird. Another sigh of relief all round and from that point onward that corporal was now considered as being completely forgiven.

Work resumed on removal of the damaged strut and it was eventually released. The new strut was fitted and secured whilst yet another aircrew change occurred. Once securely in place, but with many of the locking devices ignored for the time being, the aircraft came out of the longest hover anyone could remember and touched down on terra firma.

In-flight refuelling! Been there - done that - got the tee shirt! - thought the aircrew and groundcrew, "Why do all the other Commands make such a fuss about it?" And with the aircraft engine switched off and the rotor blades still slowly rotating, a glorious silence began to settle on the dispersal - so everyone retired to their respective crew-rooms for a well-deserved mug of tea.

### **Chiang Mai - part 3**

Stan Murray 92nd

During the time in Chiang Mai many new and exciting things happened. It was all completely alien to me, as I believed I had been trained to service airfield communications and navigation equipment. However in Chiang Mai I was one of three airmen allocated to the transmitter and its associated generator which was used to send messages to Singapore. I had never seen one of these before, nor have I since. It only broke down once in my time there, so I suppose I got off lightly.

The British have a lot to answer for in the way we behaved when working in foreign lands. So much of it was simply fun, but on looking back we really owe a lot of people an apology.

The main example that comes to mind was our behaviour when out drinking. In Chiang Mai the bars, which were in the open air, did a lot of trade, and then, as now, much of that was connected to the girls who worked there. The system for payment of drink was really quite simple and had worked for years with the locals and the Americans who were already well established in that area of the Far East. As each round of drinks arrived, the barman simply left the bottles and cans on the table and at the end of the night they were added up and the bill produced. If the table got filled up quickly it was cleared, and a note of the total already consumed, left at the bar. However, as no one likes to pay for everything if they can get away with it, we just waited until the coast was clear and tossed some of the empty bottles over the fence into the garden next door. It worked at first but eventually the neighbours started to complain and a new system of payment was devised - cash! Bit by bit we worked our way around the town, finding new bars to try the scam, but in the end we ran out of bars.

The Thai people were amazingly friendly towards us and seemed to trust us implicitly. No matter how we treated them, they came back for more.

I remember the taxi rides from the camp to town. The taxis haven't changed much over the years; they were basically scooters with a bit built on the back to take up to six passengers. When we travelled, it was always fair game to get the taxi drivers to compete against each other to see who was fastest. As we loaded into these taxis, usually taking up two or three of them, we managed to explain that we wanted them to race each other into town and only the winner would get paid the fair, plus a tip as an incentive.

They always took it on, and if you can imagine the trip of about a mile or so, over dirt tracks, with no real roads, at the top speed of a fully loaded scooter taxi, then you can see why we all needed a drink on arrival. I wonder if the races were fixed, because surely no one would be stupid enough to do it day in and day out if they never won. May be it was us who were being conned.

Of course there are also occasions when we can be the opposite to how I have just described and "giving blood" is just one example.

In Thailand in 1962 blood was given by locals, and I have no doubt, others, who were paid for their donations. However, we were brought up to give blood free to our Health Service in Britain and so we thought nothing of it to do the same abroad. We had been asked by the CO if we would contribute at the local hospital, and so, when the time came, a gang of us made our way to the donation unit to be welcomed like kings.

We duly gave our blood and were seen into a small room afterwards where each of us was given a bottle of Guinness. This was a change from the usual NHS cup of tea, but very welcome nonetheless.

As we left we were all handed a very impressive card which looked very like a wedding invitation, it was in fact an invite to a local festival at the weekend, where we were all treated by the local dignitaries as VIPs. It would appear we could do no wrong in the eyes of these lovely people – it is just a pity that our language skills were not good enough to converse at length with our hosts.

Another thing I remember was how different it was just going to the barbers in Chiang Mai compared to back home. On entering the establishment we were usually greeted by a beautiful young lady who asked if we were British or American. We didn't twig at first, but soon got the message when we were shown the price list. One price for them - another for us. If I remember correctly it was about a quarter of the price for us compared to the Americans, but I may be wrong that it was that much. Nothing has changed in all those years really.

When we sat down we were provided with a supply of adult magazines which was quite a shock to me (remember this was the early 60s, and the UK was just beginning to consider entering the "swinging 60s). To make matters even more embarrassing, during the shave and haircut the barber would ask if we wanted a massage while he was doing his business. True to form, naïve that I was, I always said no. You work it out.

To have a shave with the old cutthroat razor and then have a haircut was pure bliss. At the end we were splashed all over with after shave and felt a million dollars, especially when we walked out into the searing heat - it was a new feeling for me - I could have had it done every day.

Before we set off on the next part of this tale I would like to mention an occasion which at the time made me as a Scot feel a bit angry, but I feel that the outcome may have been of some help to the kids at the time.

Not long after our arrival in Chiang Mai I was visited by a young schoolboy with a note from his teacher to introduce him to me. The project was a commendable one, and each child at the local primary school had been sent to our camp to "adopt an English airman." It was not the fault of the child so I proceeded to explain to him with the aid of maps that in fact I was not English, and that Great Britain was indeed a combination of countries, one of which was Scotland. His teacher was not happy, so I went to the school, only to discover that all the maps available showed that there was no Great Britain, only England, and that Scotland did not exist.

It took me a while but eventually the teacher believed me and when I left she was trying to get up to date maps. I think I did my bit!

No story about Thailand can be complete without one about the girls who ply their trade there. You must also realise that as I was young and innocent, still only 19, the average age of the American GI in Vietnam, so a lot of this is purely second hand.

I mentioned the trusting nature of the Thais, well it even stretched to the brothel madams, who allowed credit for their regular visitors (allegedly). This system seemed to work well, and most of the guys who had reason to visit the ladies for a chat on a humid evening paid their bills on payday. However on some occasions the guys who were on detachment from Singapore got called back at extremely short notice, and did not have the opportunity to settle the bill. It didn't seem to matter when it had only happened a couple of times, but it seemed to be becoming a habit as time went on. It all came to a head one morning when the Hastings which was used to shuttle us back and forth to Singapore was taxiing along the runway, gaining speed to take off, with a little Thai lady running behind it waving an unpaid bill "for services rendered".

Our C.O. at the time Wing Commander Ian Pedder, soon put a stop to the practice, and it never happened again. He was the first man I had met in a situation like the one in Thailand, with a lot of political and human responsibility which I could not imagine one man could handle. Of course I was still a bit starry eyed, but over the years I spent in the RAF there were very few that I came to admire and respect as much as him. He did reach the rank of Air Marshall and was knighted, but for some reason or other he never reached the ultimate rank of Marshall of the Royal Air Force which even in my youth I believed he would do.

I can remember one occasion, when our usual weekly Beverley - remember them - arrived with what should have been our normal supplies of toilet paper, food, beer and ciggies etc., was replaced by a Hastings, which disgorged, not supplies, but senior officers' wives, who had hitched a lift to Chiang Mai to look around the shops at the wonderful silks and suchlike. To be fair, the story did get exaggerated a bit in the telling at the time, but the basis of it was true. It transpired that the bulk of stores such as toilet rolls had been removed so that seats could be fitted for the comfort of the ladies.

We were not happy! Especially those with diarrhoea! Neither would it seem was our esteemed Wing Commander, who ordered that one of the Hunters was fuelled up, so that he could personally fly to Singapore and sort it out. I imagine he refuelled somewhere on the way, as it was a bit of a distance for a Hunter. Anyway, he was away for two or three days and on his return he was quickly followed by a plane- load of the requisite supplies. Now that's what I call leadership!

I imagine in all our lives we have seen something which made us think we were dreaming, or drunk, - well the first time I remember this happening to me was in Chiang Mai.

I was on the roof of my mobile transmitter unit, sunning myself, when I saw the weekly Beverly landing and taxiing to its unloading point. I never gave it a thought till it stopped and then started to go backwards, at a fair rate of knots. It was going too fast for it to be pushed by a tractor, so I thought I must still be suffering from the excesses of the night before. When I mentioned it to my mates at the end of the shift, I felt pretty stupid, especially when I found out that the Beverly was actually capable of reversing as it was used in fairly tight landing areas and needed the capability.



Remember, some time ago I said we would be home in three months – well I lied, or somebody did!

Three months from mid June brings us to mid September – but that came and went. “We need to stay for another month lads”, was the story from on high. Things hadn't gone the way they were expected to by our friends in Intelligence – there's a surprise! The same went for October and November, but as Christmas drew near the original gang of 32 airmen were flown back to Singapore, which they finally departed on December 15th, on what was then the pride of the skies, the Comet.

This had been a dream of mine ever since the Comet had first flown. Pretty basic stuff to kids of today, but remember this was the first commercial jet aircraft in passenger service. The only worrying bit about the return was that we had an overnight stop in Aden, not too popular a place for the British at the time. However it went by without incident and we carried on home.

Eventually, on 21st December, I arrived back at Cranwell, hoping to be told I could go home for some leave over Christmas and the New Year. What a fool I was. Didn't I know that I had missed my turn on the Station Roster for Fire Picket Duty, which had come up in September. Where had I been? – Apparently no one knew – it was a secret - so my turn had been rescheduled for Christmas and the New Year.

I even missed out on Christmas dinner, because, just as the Duty Fire Picket were sitting down to eat it, some silly woman in Married Quarters, set fire to hers.

Looking back over the whole story, it's up to you to make up your mind, based on your own views of how the country, or for that matter, the world, is still being run by the politicians, or in some countries, the military. Remember the Falklands, The Gulf Wars, Bosnia, Kosovo? How things have changed, or have they?

Anyway, having spent my allotted time, plus a bit extra in that beautiful country, I was back in the UK, and after a few weeks leave I returned to what I hoped would be normality at Cranwell - oh dear - silly boy - no chance of anything normal in the RAF of the day.

That's another story, or two, so if we all live long enough, I might get round to telling them.





## Obituary

### **David Trueman 91<sup>st</sup> Entry**

David died suddenly in a tragic flying accident near his home in the Scottish Borders on 30th Dec. His wife Angela, daughters Alison & Caroline, stepdaughters Tanya, Michelle and stepson Mark, and 14 Grandchildren survive him.

He was piloting his own single-engine Zenair Zodiac light aircraft when the accident happened very close to the farm strip he operated from. The actual cause has yet to be determined but the aircraft appears to have clipped a small gorse covered hillock in heavy mist. It turned over and unfortunately he did not survive the impact. The A.A.I.B. has yet to report the results of the investigation.

On graduating from Locking his first posting was to Marham as an Air Radio Fitter. He was accepted for aircrew training in 1967 and attended the Air Electronic School at Topcliffe from where he graduated as a Sgt AEOp in Aug 1968. His first flying tour was on Shackletons with 42 Sqn at St.Mawgan.

He converted to Nimrods with 42 Sqn in June 1971 and flew with them until he was commissioned as an AEO in 1973. Later, he joined the Victor tanker fleet at Marham, on 57 Sqn, where he became AEO Leader and then Flt Cdr Training. He remained there until 1986.

From Marham he was posted to High Wycombe & joined the Taceval team as an EW specialist until posted to MOD Ops (EW) in 1990. He remained at MOD until he retired as a Sqn Ldr in Sept 1997 to live with his adored family in Scotland.

Angela & David were regular attendees at the LAA re-unions and he will be sorely missed. David will also be missed for his charitable work locally. He was Chairman & Secretary of the Scottish Borders Elder Voice, and through his interest in vintage cars, was the Event Secretary of the Borders Vintage Automobile Club. He was also an active member of the Scottish Aero Club.

Cremation took place after a family funeral on Saturday 12<sup>th</sup> January and a Thanksgiving Service was held at Melrose Parish Church on Tuesday 15<sup>th</sup> January. This was very well attended and was a mark of the esteem David was held in locally. Three members of the 91<sup>st</sup> Entry attended the service.

Everyone who knew him will agree that we have lost a true gentleman in all senses of the word.

## Closing Thought

### Good Karma

This is some of what the Dalai Lama had to say at the end of the year.



### Instructions for Life

1. Take account that great love and great achievements involve great risk.
2. When you lose, don't lose the lesson.
3. Follow the three R's:
  - a. Respect for self
  - b. Respect for others
  - c. Responsibility for all your actions
4. Remember that not getting what you want is sometimes a wonderful stroke of luck.
5. Learn the rules so you know how to break them properly.
6. Don't let a little dispute injure a great relationship.
7. When you realise you've made a mistake, take immediate steps to correct it.
8. Spend some time alone every day.
9. Open arms to change but don't let go of your values.
10. Remember that silence is sometime the best answer.
11. Live a good and honourable life. The when you get older and think back, you'll be able to enjoy it a second time.
12. In disagreements with loved one, deal only with the current situation. Don't bring up the past.

## RAFLAA Committee

Appointment	Name	Address	Tel/e-mail	Re-Election	Entry
President	Martin Palmer				91 <sup>st</sup>
Chairman	"Tiny" Kühle	22 Tavistock Clse Woburn Sands Milton Keynes Bucks MK17 8UY	(01908) 583784 <a href="mailto:Hans.Kuhle@btopenworld.com">Hans.Kuhle@btopenworld.com</a>	2010	87 <sup>th</sup>
Secretary	Dave Gunby	23 Toynton Close Gregg Hall Estate Lincoln Lincolnshire LN6 8AL	(01522) 525484 <a href="mailto:dpgraf72@btinternet.com">dpgraf72@btinternet.com</a>	2009	72 <sup>nd</sup>
Treasurer	Tony Horry	Hillside Cottage Kewstoke Road Kewstoke Weston-s-Mare BS22 9YD	(01934) 628383 <a href="mailto:horrycorp@aol.com">horrycorp@aol.com</a>	2010	76 <sup>th</sup>
Membership Secretary	John Farmer	8 Glenmore Rd Minehead Somerset TA24 5BQ	(01643) 705443 <a href="mailto:RAFLAAMS@aol.com">RAFLAAMS@aol.com</a>	2010	77 <sup>th</sup>
Service Rep	Rick Atkinson	1 Lake Walk Adderbury Oxfordshire OX17 3PF	(01295) 812972 <a href="mailto:rick-jacky@lakewalk.wanadoo.co.uk">rick-jacky@lakewalk.wanadoo.co.uk</a>	2008	91 <sup>st</sup>
AA Rep/ Webmaster	Peter Crowe	14 Hillview Road Weston-super-Mare N. Somerset BS23 3HS	(01934) 412178 <a href="mailto:webmaster@raflaa.org.uk">webmaster@raflaa.org.uk</a>	2008	95 <sup>th</sup>
Craft Rep	Graham Beeston	87 Hornbeam Rd Havant PO9 2UT	Home (02392) 346242 Work 0778 8795358 <a href="mailto:graham@mapleoak.co.uk">graham@mapleoak.co.uk</a>	2009	209 <sup>th</sup>
Tech Rep	Andy Perkins	107Balmoral Way Worle Weston-s-Mare BS22 9BZ	(01934) 417323 <a href="mailto:aperkins@schaffner.com">aperkins@schaffner.com</a>	2009	109 <sup>th</sup>
Newsletter Editor	Chris Tett	45 Chapel Street Woburn Sands Milton Keynes Bucks MK17 8PQ	(01908) 583047 <a href="mailto:chris@crtett.plus.com">chris@crtett.plus.com</a>	2008	92 <sup>nd</sup>



## 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

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