



LAA Newsletter

SERIAL 46

NOV 2006

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EDITOR'S NOTES

Hello to you all.

We have a bumper edition and a crop of anecdotes and experiences from our apprentice days and from service later in the RAF. They all bring memories of how is used to be in the service so please keep writing and sending them in.

The story of the 91st mine is a great example of Entry solidarity and bravado. I am sure that other entries did other interesting stunts so are there any more stories out there?

I have included some interesting quotes about marriage in the humour section and anyone who is or has been married will appreciate the picture of the florist's window!

Details of the next AGM and Dinner dance are included, so get your bookings in now!

Deadline for next issues

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

23rd January for March 07

23rd May for July 07

23rd September for November 07

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

Chris Tett

Tel: 01908 583047

Mob: 07796 428663

45 Chapel Street

Woburn Sands

Milton Keynes

Bucks

MK17 8PQ

Chris@crtett.plus.com

Soft copy preferred!

COMMITTEE MEETING MINUTES

36th Committee Meeting of the RAF Locking Apprentice Association

From Dave Gunby (Secretary)

Venue: RAFA Club Weston super Mare

Date: Thursday 20th July 2006 at 13:10 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 |

Apologies: -

| | | |
|----------------|-------------------|-------------|
| Graham Beeston | 209 th | Craft Rep |
| Rick Atkinson | 91 st | Service Rep |
| Vic Gibbs | 88 th | General Rep |

The Chairman opened the meeting at 13.10 with a greeting to all followed by a reading of the Apprentice Prayer.

ITEM 1 APOLOGIES.

Apologies had been received from Graham Beeston, Rick Atkinson and Vic Gibbs.

ITEM 2 MINUTES OF PREVIOUS MEETING.

The Committee reviewed the minutes of the 35th Committee meeting and found them acceptable.

It was proposed by Dave Gunby and seconded by Tony Horry that the minutes of the 35th Committee Meeting in February 2006 be accepted as a true record. All agreed.

ITEM 3 MATTERS ARISING.

The matters arising were either dealt with by confirmed completion of action points or were to be covered later in this meeting agenda.

ITEM 4 TREASURER'S REPORT

RAFLAA - Treasurer's Report for Committee Meeting – 20th July 2006.

This covers the period 1st February to 19th July 2006.

At the last meeting we discussed new procedures for receiving subscriptions and John's new system has been introduced, which I believe works well. John receives the subs and passes the cheques and information on to me. I continue to supply John with copies of the statements for checking Standing Order receipts.

ROYAL AIR FORCE LOCKING APPRENTICE ASSOCIATION

Also, at the AGM, it was agreed that subscriptions should be raised to £10 per annum and new members pay £15.00 to join. All the Standing Orders have to be changed and the response has been good. There have just been a few hic-cups.

One involved my change of SOM – The Charing Cross Branch of Lloyds Bank, instead of actioning Mr D. Trueman's SOM they misunderstood the instruction and changed my account SO payment instead! After a talk with my branch and with the assistance of the Andover Dept Trouble shooters, the problem was sorted.

The Bank of Scotland has incorrectly credited us with £107.00 on 12th June when changing another members' SOM. The payment now shows on our July statement so I can make a repayment to the bank. The member has been refunded.

Our July statement also shows that we set up a SO to RAF LOCKING of £10. I have queried this entry with HSBC who acknowledge and apologised for their mistake in setting up Frank Samsom's new SOM We will monitor this entry.

AGM - As you will see from the accounts, the income was £2491.50, with a total expenditure of £2988.27 including the disco, subsidised bar and wine, trophy award and expenses. The actual payment to the Royal Hotel was £2610.10. This shows that the event cost to the Association was £496.77.

Due to an error on my part, I mislaid some cheque payments and cash, which were income from the event – which has now been added to the accounts.

Talking of Bank Charges – at the last meeting I mentioned that HSBC have now centralised their overseas transactions. This meant we lost our local arrangement over commission rates and we were charged £5.00 for an overseas cheque. I wrote but received no reply, I wrote again and personally visited the branch, with still no reply. However, I recently paid another overseas payment of AUS\$ and we were not charged commission.

The balance in the account as at 18th July was £9858.55.

Tony Horry
19th July 2006

Proposed that a donation of £25 be made to RAFA Weston-super-Mare Branch for use of facilities at this meeting.

Acceptance of the Treasurers report and the donation to RAFA was proposed by John Farmer, seconded by Chris Tett and accepted by all.

Action: -Tony Horry

ITEM 5 MEMBERSHIP SECRETARY'S REPORT

MEMBERSHIP NUMBERS!

There have been small changes in membership numbers since the AGM. We have gained 5 new members and lost 5. There are now 629 names (past and present) on the database. 361 are considered to be 'active' although there is some doubt about 10 members who have failed to pay their subscriptions. I am still investigating this.

The number of members paying their 'subs' by Standing Order Mandate has remained substantially constant. This leaves some 90+ who pay by "other means". Life membership has increased by 4. The increase in subs has triggered some interest in this method of 'one off' payment.

NEWSLETTER BY E-MAIL.

The last edition of the newsletter was sent out successfully in part by e-mail. A couple of requests for back numbers by E-mail have been received and processed.

NEWSLETTER BY MAIL.

Address lists supplied to the provider of postal services in required format. No requests for back numbers in hard copy have been received.

APPBE WEBSITE

No change. I check on it now and then and it appears the notice boards are quite well used.

GENERAL

It has been a reasonably busy period since the AGM. The increase in subscriptions notification and reminders has been considerably more time consuming (and more expensive) than I originally thought it would be. Like me, many members do not seem to be good at filling in forms. I have on quite a few occasions had to send forms back for correction or proper completion. Progress has been quite good but there is still a long way (and some more expense) to go.

Generating Newsletter address lists should not cause any problems in the future now that a format and process is agreed.

The new method of processing subscription and new members payments seems to be working well.

The Golden Years Certificates for 2006 have all been despatched.

This concludes my report.

J. L. Farmer
Membership Secretary RAFLAA
20th July 2006

Dave Gunby proposed that the Membership Secretary's report together with a donation of £25.00 to a charity to be named in honour of Gus Hill be accepted. Andy Perkins seconded and all agreed.

ITEM 6 SECRETARY'S REPORT

The Secretary reviewed the correspondence since the last committee meeting. The main point of recent correspondence was a request to the awards committee of the National lottery for a grant towards the provision of the Commemorative Window in St George's Church RAF Halton. No award was granted, as the lottery people could not see how a church window benefited the community. The Association was invited to send up to three guests to the No1 RS Annual lunch at RAF Cosford.

ITEM 7 AGM 2006 REVIEW

The Chairman reviewed the results of his survey into the AGM 2006. The major complaint was with regard to the standard of the food provided. Some members of staff were deemed to have been unhelpful. The Disco was generally well received although some thought the mix of music could have been better the volume being about right. Some people said that they never attend the evening function as the anticipated volume of the Disco is too loud. There were other minor complaints from attendees. In order to redress the complaints a sub-committee comprising: - Chairman, Treasurer and webmaster were formed and they were due to meet the General manager of the Royal Hotel on Tuesday 25th July. A report would then be forth coming and an e-mail committee meeting would decide an appropriate form of action as a matter of urgency bearing in mind the time scale for the next AGM.

(See Addendum 1 to these minutes for the result of the meeting.)

ITEM 8 AGM 2007 PROPOSALS

This item is deferred to an e-mail meeting following the outcome of meeting referred to in item 7 above.

ITEM 9 FABEA 2006 REPORT

The Chairman gave a report on the 2006 FABEA meeting held at RAF Halton on 12th July. The main point of which was the installation and dedication of the Church Window. RAFCAA have withdrawn from holding a joint dedication service as they cannot, as yet, agree a design for their window. Further discussion is covered in the next item in these minutes. Six tickets for the Cenotaph ceremony have been reserved for our Association use and these can be reserved by contacting the Secretary.

ITEM 10 RAFLAA WINDOW IN RAF HALTON CHURCH

The Secretary presented a discussion paper to the meeting outlining proposals for the Dedication Service on Sunday October 15th. The Treasurer is to collate the numbers attending and accept the £5.00 per head charge for lunch. The membership Secretary will send details of the service to all e-mailable members inviting them to contact the Treasurer if they wish to attend. He will also contact Alan Viller with regard to reading the Lesson. The Chairman will organise the Coaching with reference to RAFHAAA. The Secretary will read the History of RAF Locking Apprentices which he will compile. He will

ROYAL AIR FORCE LOCKING APPRENTICE ASSOCIATION

also produce a sketch map of the location for the occasion. The secretary will further write to the other Associations inviting them to join us, as the service is not strictly confined to members of our Associations.

Action:- Chairman, Treasurer, Secretary, Mem Sec.

ITEM 11 NEWSLETTER REVIEW

Current distribution procedures and frequency of publication were approved. Loose inserts would be continued for special items. Increases in postal charges wef 21st August would not impact on the distribution, as the changes are size related rather than cost.

ITEM 12 WEB-SITE REPORT

Peter Crowe said that he would put a notice with regard to the Church Window dedication on the notice board.

Action :- Peter Crowe

ITEM 13 ANY OTHER BUSINESS

The Membership Secretary had received notification from a Mrs Sallitt that her husband David (102nd) had passed away in February 2005. Mrs Sallitt still wished to receive the newsletter and the Secretary would write a letter of Condolence.

The Membership Secretary had received a short letter from former Newsletter editor Colin Ingram saying that he and Judith were well and coping with life in the Gulf.

There was also mention of a New Airfield Charity. However the General Rep was not present to elaborate further.

Action :- Secretary

ITEM 14 DATE OF NEXT MEETING

The next Committee meeting to be held on 15th February 2007 at Flowerdown House Weston-super-Mare at 1300hrs. Tony Horry will liase with Flowerdown House re the reservation of a room for the meeting.

Action :- Tony Horry

There being no further business the meeting closed at 15.05 hrs.

Addendum 1

The sub-committee formed in item 7 of the 38th Committee meeting minutes has met the General Manager of the Royal Hotel. He said that he was very concerned about our complaints and thanked us for our feedback. He will offer a quote for next year's event and explain how he intends to redress the complaints. (The sub-committee will remain in close touch). In the meantime the Sub-Committee have reserved Saturday 14th April 2007 provisionally, as our preferred dates of 28th and 21st are no longer available.

Extraordinary Committee Meeting Minutes

Extraordinary Committee Meeting of the RAF Locking Apprentice Association.

From Dave Gunby (Secretary)

Venue: Henderson Hall, RAF Halton

Date: Sunday 15th October 2006 at 13:45 Hrs.

Present:-

| | | |
|---------------|------------------|----------------------|
| Tiny Kuhle | 87 th | Chairman |
| Dave Gunby | 72 nd | Secretary |
| Tony Horry | 76 th | Treasurer |
| John Farmer | 77 th | Membership Secretary |
| Rick Atkinson | 91 st | Service Rep |
| Chris Tett | 92 nd | Newsletter Editor |
| Vic Gibbs | 88 th | General Rep |

The meeting was convened following the dedication service of the RAFLAA Commemorative window.

The purpose of the meeting was to approve expenditure for the 2007 AGM/Reunion. (This item was first inconclusively discussed at the 36th Meeting held on 20.07.06. Item 8 of the minutes refers).

The Chairman Proposed the sum of £700 be set aside to cover deposits and subsidies for the event to be held on Saturday 14th April 2007. The proposal was seconded by Rick Atkinson and all present approved.

There then followed a discussion during which the menus for the AGM/Reunion were chosen and the costs to members agreed.

The Treasurer undertook to produce a booking form for insertion in the next newsletter as a matter of urgency.

The above being the only business the meeting closed at 1415 hrs.

NOTICES

AGM and Dinner Dance

RAFLAA ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING – SATURDAY 14th APRIL 2007

Our 2007 annual reunion and AGM are to be held on 14th April 2007 in the Birnbeck Suite, Royal Hotel, Weston-super-Mare. This Georgian building opened as the first hotel in Weston in 1810. The Hotel is situated in the centre of Weston, close to the Winter Gardens and the shopping centre. It has its own car park and has extensive views across the bay.

Provisional timetable

| | | |
|------------------------------------|-----------------|---|
| Friday 13 th April 06 | 18:00 | Informal Meet and Greet at the Aperitif Lounge Bar, Royal Hotel |
| Saturday 14 th April 06 | 10:30 | Members commence arrival at Royal Hotel |
| | 11:00 | Bar facility opens – Aperitif Bar |
| | 12:30 | Finger Buffet commences |
| | 13:30 | AGM commences with Trophy presentation – Birnbeck Suite |
| | 15:00 | AGM complete. Tea served |
| | 15:30 | Members disperse |
| | 19:00 for 19:30 | Dinner Dance – Aperitif Bar and Birnbeck Suite |

Accommodation Booking

All Booking of accommodation is being handled by the Royal Hotel, 1 South Parade, Weston-s-Mare, North Somerset, BS23 1JP

Tel: 01934- 423100 Fax: 01934 415135

Web: www.royalhotelweston.com Email: royalwsm@btopenworld.com

Please quote: “RAF Locking Apprentices Association Reunion AGM” when making reservations. Accounts must be settled with the hotel. All 37 rooms have been booked off for Friday 13th and Saturday 14th April. **Please note: these rooms will be held until Friday 16th March 2007, whereupon any rooms not booked with a £10.00 deposit will be released.**

The hotel has a lift and disabled access and has one easy access room, but some rooms do have steps within them.

| Room Type | Bed & Breakfast |
|---------------------------|-----------------|
| Standard Single | £62.00 |
| Single (non smoking) | £66.00 |
| Standard Double | £83.00 |
| Double (non smoking) | £99.00 |
| Twin (non smoking) | £99.00 |
| King Size (non smoking) | £110.00 |
| Four Poster (non smoking) | £110.00 |

Standard rooms subject to availability.

**APPLICATION FOR
RAFLAA AGM DINNER DANCE AND FINGER BUFFET – 14th April 2007**

Name:

Entry No:

Address:

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

Please provide tickets @ £29.00 pp £

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

Please provide tickets @ £20.00 pp £

I wish to attend the finger buffet lunch only:

Please provide tickets @ £10-00 pp £

Total £

Please delete as appropriate.

Cheques to be crossed account payee and made out to: "RAF Locking Apprentice Association"

Post your application to: Mr A Horry, Hillside Cottage, Kewstoke Road, Kewstoke, Weston-super-Mare, BS22 9YD
Tel: 01934 628383
E-mail: horrycorp@aol.com

Again, it has been decided to subsidise drinks purchased from the bar by charging just £1-00 a glass whatever it's content. Wine will be provided at the dinner.

Please complete your menu choices below:

| Name | | | | | | | | | |
|------|---------------------------|--------------------------|-------------------------|-----------------------|-------------------------|------------------|--------------------|-----------------|-------------------------|
| | Starter | | | Main Course | | | Sweet | | |
| | Tomato soup with croutons | Pan Fried Wild Mushrooms | Chicken & Avocado Salad | Poached Plaice Fillet | Grilled Turkey Escalope | Vegetable Basket | Brandy Snap Basket | Strawberry Tart | Apple & Rhubarb Crumble |
| 1 | | | | | | | | | |
| 2 | | | | | | | | | |

Menus

The committee have expressed our concerns to the management at the Royal over the quality of the food at last years AGM and Dinner dance. The menus for the dinner and lunch are shown below and we expect that these will be an improvement on last year.

Dinner

Starters

*Tomato & Basil Soup with Croutons
served with a crusty roll & butter*

*Pan-Fried Wild Mushroom
In a garlic and basil butter*

*Chicken & Avocado Salad
With a calvodos dressing*

Main Course

*Poached Plaice Fillet
Stuffed with prawn and dill moose, served with watercress & lime sauce*

*Grilled Turkey Escalope
Topped with cheddar cheese and honey glazed ham, with mustard sauce*

*Vegetable Basket
Filled with asparagus, mixed peppers & potatoes with a pepper dressing*

Desserts

*Brandy Snap Basket
Filled with fruits from the forest*

*Strawberry Tart
Served with clotted cream*

Apple & Rhubarb Crumble

Lunch Finger Buffet

Chicken Satay

Herb Cocktail Sausages

Cocktail Sandwiches

Selection of Vol-au-Vents

Crispy Fried Mushrooms

Spicy Tomato Dip

Garlic Bread

Crisps

Subscriptions

At the AGM in April 2006 it was agreed that the subscription rate for members of RAFLAA would be increased from £7.50 to £10.00 a year to cover increases in administration and newsletter provisioning.

- Members paying their 'subs' before the AGM would not be affected by the increase until 2007.
- Members whose 'subs' are due after April would be affected straight away.
- Members paying cash will receive the usual reminder with the new amount on it.
- Members paying by Standing Order Mandate (SOM) should have received a notification from the Membership Secretary requesting them to amend their SOM either personally or on line, (notifying the Memb sec as soon as the amendment is made), or by returning a supplied SOM form to the Memb sec for action.

If any member paying by SOM has not received a notification please get in touch with the Membership Secretary as a matter of urgency. If any member has received a notification but has not yet changed the SOM, please take action to do so ASAP.

Pension Challenge

The Combined Armed Forces Federation UK is in the process of challenging the Government over the fact that many members of the Armed Forces who left before qualifying for a full pension prior to 1975 are nevertheless entitled to a pro-rata pension based on the number of years served and the fact that salary levels were reduced below the civilian equivalent in order to provide them. To lend your support or find out more details, please contact in writing or by email:

FRANK RIXON BEM
10 NEPAUL ROAD,
TIDWORTH,
HAMPSHIRE
SP9 7EU.

f.rixon@virgin.net (Send Address)
WEB SITE, www.caffuk.co.uk

David Lafferty

David Lafferty was N01 Wing Adjutant 1964-66 and remembers the 100th entry onwards. He was holed up with some of them in Cheddar Caves as a survival exercise and wonders if anyone remembers him. If any of the 100th Entry members or others would like to get in touch, they can contact David Lafferty at TheLafferty@aol.com

Bob Copping

Bob Copping (56th Halton) invites ex-Locking apprentices in the Peterborough area to contact him with a view to joining the Peterborough branch of the "RAF Halton Apprentice Association". He can be contacted on 01572-812468.

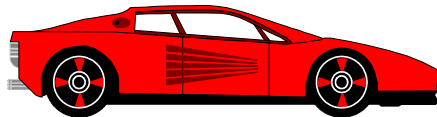
THIS MAY SAVE YOU LIFE

A friend of mine died in his car from a heart attack. He had pulled into a lay-by safely so he must have realised something was wrong. If he had known the following, he might be alive today. So read on. Ed.

How to Survive a Heart Attack When Alone

From Sandy Gauld 92nd

Let's say it's 6.15pm and you're driving home (alone of course) after an unusually hard day. You're really tired, and frustrated.....



Suddenly you start experiencing **severe pain** in your chest that starts to radiate out into your arm and up into your jaw. You are only five miles from the hospital nearest your home. Unfortunately, you don't know if you'll be able to make it that far.

WHAT TO DO ???



Since many people are alone when they suffer a heart attack, without help, the person whose heart is beating improperly and who begins to feel faint, may have a little as 10 seconds before losing consciousness.

ANSWER:

DO NOT PANIC, BUT START **COUGHING** REPEATEDLY AND VERY VIGOROUSLY.

A **DEEP BREATH** SHOULD BE TAKEN BEFORE EACH COUGH, THE COUGH MUST BE DEEP AND PROLONGED, AS WHEN PRODUCING SPUTUM FROM DEEP INSIDE THE CHEST.

A BREATH AND A COUGH MUST BE REPEATED ABOUT EVERY TWO SECONDS WITHOUT LET-UP UNTIL HELP ARRIVES, OR UNTIL THE HEART IS FELT TO BE BEATING NORMALLY AGAIN.

DEEP BREATHS GET **OXYGEN** INTO THE LUNGS AND COUGHING MOVEMENTS SQUEEZE THE HEART AND KEEP THE BLOOD **CIRCULATING**. THE SQUEEZING PRESSURE ON THE HEART ALSO HELPS IT REGAIN NORMAL RHYTHM. IN THIS WAY, HEART ATTACK VICTIMS CAN GET TO A HOSPITAL.

Based on an article published in N.º 240 of Journal of General Hospital Rochester.

BE A FRIEND and show this page to as many friends as possible.

WINDOW DEDICATION

The dedication service of the commemorative window mentioned at the last Newsletter was held on Sunday 15th October at St. George's Church RAF Halton. It was well attended by over 50 members and partners. The Window looks really great and as it was dedicated the sun came out and shone through it.

After the service, there was lunch at the Airmen's Mess (it hasn't changed that much!) and a visit to the Trenchard Museum which is all about the apprentice movement. This brought back many memories especially the section with beds on brown lino with floor pads. The beds had bedpacks (which would never pass inspection) and full kit laid out.

Dave Gunby, 72nd, made the following address about Locking Apprentices:



Training first began at RAF Locking as far back as 1939 with the formation of No. 5 School of Technical Training. However, it was not until 1952 that Apprentice Training started. The first entry of Aircraft Apprentices were the 71st Entry who arrived in April of that year. Accommodation, messing and medical facilities were all housed in wooden huts. Training accommodation was largely brick built hangars with some wooden hut use. The 72nd Entry, one with which I have a close affinity, arrived in the September of 1952, and then on December 1st Entries 64 to 70 arrived having moved from No. 6 Radio School at RAF Cranwell. This meant that No. 1 wing of No. 1 Radio School had its full complement of 12 Entries of Aircraft Apprentices. Apprentice life at RAF Locking was a very short lived affair for the 64th Entry as they passed out only 18 days after arriving.

The Aircraft Apprenticeship comprised a year of basic mental and physical training followed by two years of more specialised instruction. Time was found, however, for extra curricular activity. Apprentice sports teams took part in local leagues as well as in competitions with other RAF and Army Apprentices. Being situated in Somerset it will come as no surprise to hear that the consumption of rough cider in the local area surpassed all previous records.

Getting caught consuming it meant that the following lists of charges were arraigned against the miscreants: -

- Breaking in and out of camp
- Failing to book in or out
- Wearing civilian clothes with out permission, and
- Smoking and drinking without a pass.

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These misdemeanours were certain to attract a period of extra military activity.

Parades at both Wing and station level were commonplace and the parades were always led by the Apprentice Pipe and Trumpet band. The mascot was a Shetland pony called various names including its allotted name of 'Hamish McCrackers'. Hamish served for several years before retiring and being replaced by 'Heather'. The band also entertained in the local area at events in and around Weston-super-Mare. To its further credit the Band played at several Royal Tournaments. Despite the compulsory nature of parades sufficient volunteers were always found from the various entries to furnish regular drill competitions. These were keenly fought and considerably enhanced the reputations of the Squadron Drill instructors. During some of these competitions we saw the advent of Continuity drill. This form of drill was later made famous by the Queens Colour squadron.

Life in the barrack room was much the same as it had been at Cranwell. Those hours of floor padding to that well known tune 1-2-3. Those little circular movements made with the index finger inside a duster in an effort to redesign the toe-caps of our boots how many? 1 million 2 million. Ironing bread to make toast and the mellow tones of the duty trumpeter to lull us to sleep and gently awaken us.

The mid 1960's saw changes in the Apprentice Training system. Following the raising of the School leaving age from 15 to 16 a 2-year apprenticeship was introduced and called the Craft Apprenticeship. The Aircraft Apprentice became a Technician Apprentice and successful graduates passed out as Corporals with ONC as opposed to Junior Technician. In 1970 a one year course was introduced to be undertaken by Mechanic Apprentices. Apprentice Training finally ended in March 1976 ending 54 years of Trenchard's Brats.

During the 25 years of Apprentice training at RAF Locking there were several Royal visits. The late Princess Margaret visited on no less than three occasions. She visited as part of a review of youth organisations in Somerset in 1953 and in July 1955 to review the passing out parade of the 72nd Entry. Her final visit came in 1974 when she reviewed the training and recreational facilities on the station. The passing out parade of the 83rd Entry was reviewed by the Duchess of Gloucester in 1959.

Many pranks were played as a way of getting back at those in authority during those 25 years. Cars and bicycles were hidden or repositioned. The Station Pig Farm sign had a habit of appearing near the Stn Commanders Residence. Entry flags appeared in unauthorised places both inside and outside the Station. Self-catering operations developed in billets involving the extensive use of electric irons to iron bread and to heat water. All these things went on at RAF Locking as they did at Cranwell and I'm sure here at Halton. On a personal note I recall the wing warrant officer chastising a young apprentice for not wearing his greatcoat and saying that if the young man died he would have to bury him and he hadn't got the time.

RAF Apprenticeships at RAF Locking in their various forms produced fine young men well equipped for their adult service life. Some fell by the wayside due to sickness. Some simply did not enjoy their opportunity and pleaded successfully to their parents to buy them out. There were those who insisted on swinging their left arm with their left leg and wore their beret askew. Finally there were those to whom 'doing as they were told'

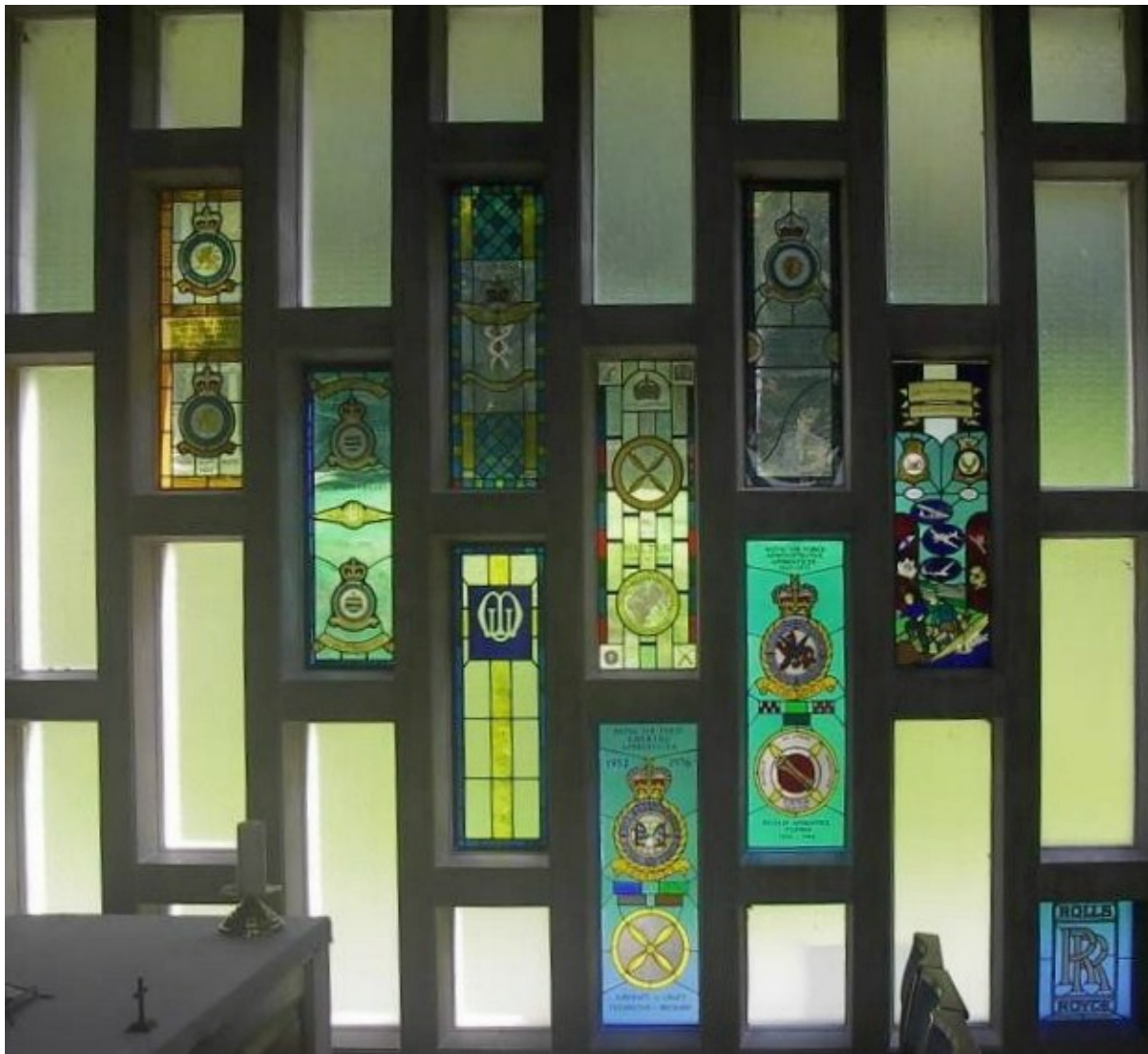
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were words from a foreign language. The RAF did their best to encourage those unable to complete their Apprenticeship to find other opportunities in other sectors of the RAF.

The RAF Locking Association was formed at an inaugural meeting held on 28th April 1993. A committee was formed comprising serving and civilian ex-apprentices and a set of rules promulgated. Since then the Committee, having had several changes of personnel, have met 36 times and organised 12 Annual General Meetings. The Association has grown in number to 630, a number that will continue to grow, hopefully, for many years to come. That assumption is based on the fact that for many people nostalgia doesn't kick in until they are 65.

A total of 5791 young men entered the RAF Apprenticeship scheme at RAF Locking and a high percentage of them went on into a lengthy and successful career in the Royal Air Force and also various Air Forces of the Commonwealth.

We have gathered here today to witness the dedication of the RAFLAA Commemorative window, which will now follow.



APPRENTICE DAYS

Shooting S**t

From Bryan Armitage 71st

On our summer camp we played at soldiers on Saunton Sands. There we were issued with a quantity of blank cartridges and firing pins for our Lee Enfield rifles. The sands held a plentiful supply of rabbit droppings and having an inventive mind I found that with a couple of inches of droppings stuffed down the muzzle of the gun and a blank up the breech I could decapitate a dandelion at twenty paces.

I therefore lay claim to be the first Locking apprentice to shoot shit although the quantity record is surely held by Mike Collier.

Sick Parade

From Stan Murray 92nd

I recall the one and only time I actually had a stay in Sick Quarters. I had only reported sick with a bad cough, but to my surprise I was told I would be kept in for observation. To my even greater surprise, when I got to the ward, it was full to overflowing with what looked like perfectly fit airmen, both of the National Service and Apprentice variety. Normally the ward was deserted and highly polished, so it was definitely not meant to be used, but today was suspiciously different.

I discovered that we were in this position because a visit from the Chief Medical Officer was expected, and it was deemed appropriate to have people for him to see.

The guy in the next bed to me (a National Serviceman) was not too happy, and so, when asked by the VIP what he was in hospital for, his answer was "nausea". The question then came from the dignitary, "what kind of nausea?" The answer "I'm sick of the F****g Air Force". As soon as the inspection was over, by a miracle of medical care, we were all well again, and discharged within five minutes.

Sick Parade (2)

From Stan Murray 92nd

I have a story about Dave Buse (92nd) who was rather famous for his schemes to avoid parades. I got Dave's permission first.

Dave reported sick one morning with dandruff – (honest) – because his story was that if he had gone on parade with it he would probably have been charged for having white flaky bits on his shoulder. It worked. He got off the next parade, but his "punishment" was that he was issued with some horrible yellow "goo" to rub into his head and it ponged!

Has anyone got more unlikely medical stories?

The 91st Entry Mine

Rick Atkinson 91st

This is a great story of entry exploits. Are there any more out there? ed

The saga of the mine really does need telling - it was an event in my life which I will never forget as I was the one who "borrowed" the Landrover and drove the mine to Newquay.

We, the 91st and others, were camped in tents at Penhale, near Newquay for an Apprentice Summer Camp. We often ran along the beach during our PT sessions. This was when we spotted the mine and hatched the plot. It was an old WW2 mine that had been washed up, defused by the RN and left to rust (not an uncommon sight in those days). It was about 4' 6" high and it took about five of us to lift it. The challenge was to paint the entry icons on it and place it somewhere prominent. We noticed that there was always a selection of MT parked outside the officers' mess hut at night. As the only one of the gang with a driving license, I was "volunteered" to borrow the most suitable vehicle if I could get it started. One of the long wheel base Landrovers had the keys in it so, in the pitch dark, whilst the officers were "partying" in the mess we all piled into the vehicle and I drove it boldly out of the camp entrance. Meanwhile, another team had rolled the mine about a quarter of a mile along the beach to an access road for painting and loading. This is when we discovered how bulky and heavy it was and, that it didn't really fit in the back of a long wheel base Landrover.

The plan was for three of us to go in the Landrover and place the mine in any suitable public place we could find. In the event, after it had taken six of us to "graunch" it into the back of the Landrover we realised that three people would never be capable of getting out again. There was no room in the rear so, four squeezed into the front and one guy squatted on the now much buckled tailgate with his legs inside the mine. We drove around Newquay at about one in the morning desperately trying to look normal and find a resting place for our trophy. We were all getting very nervous and finally settled on a flowerbed just inside the gates of a park. I backed the vehicle up and shrunk in horror at the sound of metal on metal as we tried to heave it over the stern and the already buckled tailgate. Somehow we managed to drag it and stand it up in the middle of the flowerbed; then we fled back towards Penhale.

We had a cunning plan to return the Landrover to its parking place in complete silence. I drove up a track at the rear of the camp where there was no fence; just open sand dunes. From there it was all down hill to the officers' mess so, all we had to do was turn off the engine and push it to the car park. We proved that five men couldn't push a long wheel Landrover through sand dunes - even if it is down hill! There was nothing for it but to start and drive it (oh the noise!). After a few yards it bogged in and the rear wheels began to spin (oh the noise!). This was followed by even more noise as I graunched the gearbox trying to find out how to engage four wheel drive. Eventually I abandoned the Landrover in the car park, more or less as I found it - but a bit worse for wear.

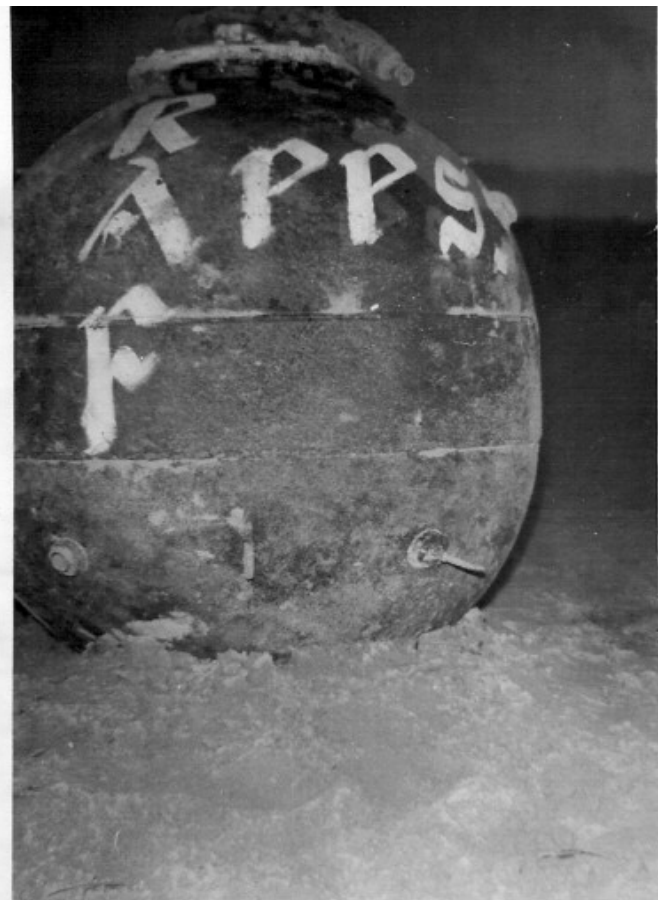
Breakfast was uneventful but by mid morning something was up! The whole of the 91st (about 160 of us) was paraded on the square in full uniform. The senior apprentice (the late Geoff Williams I believe) brought us to attention and the flight commander addressed us from the top of a grassy bank. In a calm voice he informed us that he had seen the mine on his bank run into Newquay and that there was no doubt (from what was written

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on it) as to where the culprits were from. We sniggered, and I thought to myself, "great 91st jape". He went on, "I've no idea how you got it there and, I don't really care, but you are jolly well going to fetch it back". Then things took a turn for the worse; the MT Sgt appeared from stage right and whispered something in the officer's ear. The flight commander's face dropped and all the staff went into a huddle. After a few tense minutes he addressed us again and announced that as an RAF vehicle had been involved it was now an extremely serious matter.

We were informed that those responsible would be charged with the following: Taking away, driving and damaging a vehicle etc - probably without a license; stealing petrol; breaking out of camp; breaking back in again and driving without insurance. My legs shook as I began to think that the end of my RAF service was very near. The drill sgt gave the order for all those responsible to march forward to the front of the parade; nobody moved. The order was given again, whereupon the senior apprentice brought us all to attention, ordered us two paces forward march, saluted the flight commander and said, "we were all in it together sir!".

Feet didn't touch ground, as they say, except for the pounding of our boots as we were all forced marched in squads towards Newquay (about 8 miles away). I'm not sure what transpired amongst the staff but after a few miles we were all piled into 3 tonners and taken back to camp. One 3 tonner was dispatched to Newquay to retrieve the mine that was unceremoniously dumped back on the beach.



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Back at Locking we pined for our mine and couldn't bear the thought of it rusting away on the beach with the "91st" fading in the salt spray. We plotted all winter to get it back; transport was the problem as usual. We sneaked over to the "boggies" (national service airmen) end of the camp and wandered around the car park. The owner of the J2 van thought it was a ridiculously long way to drive for a bit of scrap metal, but for a tenner he was game. Four of us had to "break out" of camp after tea, hiding on the floor of the van and be back for breakfast. Would the mine still be there? - We didn't know!

The driver thought it was all a bit of a laugh until I shone a torch on the mine at Penhale. "No, no, no", he said, "its tons bigger than you said". More money was promised and after a lot of heaving and graunching, we set off with the rear suspension down on the stops. I think it was in Taunton at about four in the morning when the police finally stopped us. There were two of them. One did the polite quizzing at the drivers door whilst the other wandered around the vehicle with a torch. Suddenly the rear doors were flung open and, "ello ello ello what's this then!?" Somehow the driver smooth talked his way out of it and we went on our way, "broke back" into Locking camp, too late for breakfast. The mine was hidden away around the back of somewhere or other and painted up again.

It next appeared with a great fanfare in the spot light, on a trolley with Jim Jackson dressed as Queen Boudicca, being towed by a gang of 91st "slaves" at the boxing championships in T Shed. The Penhale staff in the audience cheered and gave it a standing ovation as it swept around the ringside. We all felt very elated.

The last I saw of the mine was at the end of the 91st lines where we had cemented it into a place of honour. As we were driven away in the coach on that cold December morning in 1961, the old mine was the only thing I regretted leaving behind at Locking and I wondered what would become of it?

Free Wheeling in Somerset

From 685248 Tony King 91st.

One of the privileges of being an NCO Apprentice in the final year at Locking was permission to have a car. I only had a full licence to drive motorbikes but knew I could legally drive a three wheeled car. At the time (I think) that meant a car with only forward gears.

I located what I thought was a suitable vehicle in Weston-super-Mare, a 1934 Morgan Family Model three wheeler. It was powered by 998cc Matchless water cooled V-Twin engine, but had a three speed gearbox with reverse. I disabled the reverse gear and hoped I was now legal. To reverse the car, the driver's door had to be opened, the right leg extended to contact the road and then push. Fortunately it was not a heavy car.

Mechanically the Morgan was a nightmare. The engine, with no electric starter, was connected to a rear mounted gearbox and motorcycle type rear suspension. A dynamo for the 6 volt electrics was driven from the gearbox via a fibre gear mechanism. The car had to exceed 30 mph before the dynamo started to charge the battery. Another brilliant idea was for the main chassis tubes to double up as exhaust pipes. The brakes were another area for concern. The rear wheel was braked by the foot pedal and the two front wheels by the handbrake lever. The rear brake was quite ineffective so most of the

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braking was done by hand. On the steering wheel were controls for the choke and ignition advance and retard. Going down hills with the throttle closed, retarding the ignition caused the engine to issue a very satisfying series of bangs.

The entire car was a collection of pipes, wood and aluminium held together by simple nuts and bolts. The engine was bolted directly to what passed as the chassis and so all engine vibration was transmitted directly to the rest of the car. The result was that a pre-flight inspection was needed before every outing to tighten up many of the nuts. Modifying with stiff-nuts and locking wire would have solved many problems but I did not have the resources at the time.

Another problem was that it had four seats which meant that on most of its outings it was overloaded with apprentices. On one occasion driving in to Weston, one of the two swinging arms of the rear suspension broke in two. A major problem, can't remember how we got it back to Locking.

Another event occurred after a Saturday night in Weston. Returning to camp with a car full of merry chaps, on rounding a left-hand bend, the left front wheel started to rise. To prevent the car from rolling I had to straighten the front wheels. Unfortunately this meant driving into a wall. The front right suspension was slightly bent. The car was abandoned and we returned to Locking. Can't remember how we got back on that occasion either.

The next day I returned to car and found that I had crashed quite close to a garage. I borrowed some large pipe-bending tools and managed to straighten out the front. The drive back to Locking was uneventful. In memory of this event, the Morgan was repainted in a brick wall pattern.

Another problem occurred during a drive back to Locking from my then home. It was a moonlit night and the headlamps were getting dimmer. They were never much good in the first place. I found that the dynamo fibre drive had worn smooth and so the battery was not being charged. I could just about manage to drive slowly in the moonlight on sidelights alone. The trick was to wait for a proper car to overtake and then cling on to its tail. This I had to do for about the last 100 miles of my journey. The car had a reasonable performance, capable of 12 to 90 mph in top gear. I was happy to return to Locking.

I have just related a few of the many problems I experienced but the amazing thing was that I never had any trouble getting spares. A call to the Morgan factory was all that was needed to get the most obscure part.

Just prior to passing out I sold the Morgan for £34, the same price I paid for it. If it still exists it will be worth a lot more than that.

Reminiscences

Bruce Graham 79th

The reminiscences printed in the Newsletter over the years have provided interesting reminders of some of the things that we enjoyed, some of the things we had to put up with and some things that we'd rather forget! While I was preparing a memoir recently I reminded myself of three incidents that occurred in 1956 and 1957 during my time at Locking. If you had already left by then you'll probably start muttering about the slippery slope and people having it easy. If you were there at the time you may remember two of the incidents, but probably not the third. If you were after 1957 it would be interesting to know how things progressed in later years.

First Story

One day in the early summer (I think) of 1956 the entire Wing was ordered, at very short notice, to parade after technical studies on the indoor parade ground in 3 Block. Nobody knew what was going on and there was a lot of conjecture as to what misdemeanours could possibly have provoked an address by the OC 1 Wing. When Wg Cdr Linnard duly appeared at about 1630 the news was totally unexpected. The Armed forces had not received an increase in pay for many years – probably 5 or 6 – and had fallen a long way behind our civilian counterparts. First year Apprentices were still on the dreaded 17s 6p per week and our target pay on graduation as a Junior Technician was just over £5 per week. The great news was that we were to receive an immediate increase in pay of more than 60%. The ghost of the entire Wing was flabbered! Cries of “Be quiet in the ranks” on the march back up the hill had as much chance of being obeyed as hell freezing over. No, we weren't rich but it certainly felt that way for a while!

Second Story

I don't know about you, but when I received the joining instructions before going to Locking I didn't realise that the instruction to arrive with minimal civilian clothing meant that the next 3 years (apart from leave) would be spent wearing nothing but uniform. The odd brave soul tried to stash away some civilian clothes – sometimes with his illicit motorbike on a nearby farm – but most of us just put up with it. Until one day in the Spring term of 1957 when it was announced that the authorities were going to sanction the wearing of civilian clothes by apprentices. Were there any catches? Just a few!

First of all, to begin with the relaxation was limited to NCO Apprentices. This was probably intended as an incentive to aspire to that status. Then there was the definition of civilian clothes – navy blue blazer with No. 1 Radio School badge (no entry badges allowed), grey trousers, white shirt, RAF socks and shoes (no brothel-creepers, thank you very much!) Finally, the said attire could only be worn when going off the station or at the weekends within wing lines. If that sounds very restrictive, well it was but for us it was such a watershed that we could hardly believe it.

I wonder how long it took for things to really relax?

Third Story

Now this is the one that few of you who were there will remember because it happened so quickly. You will remember the delights of the Wing NAAFI and the stunningly attractive "girls" who served us – to describe most of them as not being in the first flush of youth and unlikely to compete in even the heats of a local beauty contest is being fairly charitable. Well, in the autumn term of 1957 somebody at NAAFI HQ made a **BIG** mistake and sent to No 1 Wing three very attractive teenage girls to join the team. Not to put too fine a point on it they seemed to be up for as much fun as they could get. Operating on the principle of droit de seigneur some members of my lot (the 79th - Senior Entry at the time) pounced. I have no idea where these trysts took place – senior entries had some clever ways of getting round silly rules like still checks – but there were some very bleary eyes among some of my friends after a few days. Unfortunately for them, the chief NAAFI lady soon realised what was going on and the delightful trio was sent elsewhere within a week of their arrival. Actually, I should say fortunately for my chums, because with finals looming not many weeks away minds should have been on other things. It was an interesting week while it lasted!

Some Aspects of a Misspent Apprenticeship

From Ken Farmer 75th

I consider myself lucky to have been an A/A when the pay was meagre and freedom even less so. 10/- on Pay Parade 5/- POSB and 2/6 in deductions per week; no civilian clothes and initially only allowed out of camp Saturday and Sunday afternoons and early evenings assuming one did not transgress during the week. This gave rise to an 'Entertain Ourselves Society'¹ where those who were mere worldly wise would teach (lead us astray) games of cards, songs and ditties, introduce us to dubious literature, the taste of scrumpy and the joys of notes cycling to mention a few.

Nobody had a radio (we probably needed permission to have one) and they were like pieces of furniture in the early 50's but Maddex (8340) had a portable gramophone and to this day I can hear the strains of 'Allentown Jail'¹ running through my mind - the grooves must have worn away! Unfortunately we lost this when he was FT'd at inters. The Tannoy never a medium of entertainment in those days never seemed to work and sometimes we even descended into childhood playing with the latest in water pistols. There was the Astra where we stood up for the national Anthem before the solitary film lest our loyalty to the Crown be found wanting at the end of our entertainment. I cannot think of much to say about the NAAFI except as a source of china mugs, yellow dusters and boot polish. At the O.D Fellowship a good supper was provided without having to clean the leftovers in the cookhouse and once I observed someone being hypnotised lying across three chairs, the middle one removed and someone sitting on the stomach of the subject who was as stiff as a board.

Learning card games has registered in my mind more than religious instruction so hardly having seen cards at home, I learnt Cribbage, 3 card Brag, Pontoon, Poker, 7's, Cheat, Solo, Whist, Patience, Canasta and Hunt the "Lady"^{***} (** indicates polite rather than the crude wording we used). A creature met in later life from Halton 78th said he played Bridge. Nothing that intellectual for us which is surprising as those who had greater

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numbers residing near Wendover thought that we were more intelligent having to learn radio and radar; let us bask in their regard, oh how little they knew!

There was singing without the beer and still remembered to this day are what might be called Rugby Songs such as: The Harems of Egypt, The Ball at Kiliimore (4 & 20 Virgins), Poor Little Angeline (The Village Fair), The Quartermasters Stores, The Good Ship Venus, His Name is Nobby Hall, Lilly the Pink, I Knew an Airman (The bloody big Wheel) and others. I wonder if the natives ever heard us singing when on route marches with full pack as we sang a German marching song as if we were fighting for the honour of the Reich with a ridiculous chorus 'knife, fork, spoon and FFI'. Certainly the second World War was still in our minds and some of us must have known those who fought and passed on these songs – I do not remember them as an ATC cadet.

You will notice an increase in depravity as memories come to the surface; we recited ditties one of the most foul being 'There was a woman from Azores....' (and not even **s could be used to make it clean), but I will repeat one mild by today's standards:

There was a lady from Devizes
Who was up at the local Assizes
For teaching young boys
Matrimonial joys
And giving French Letters as prizes.

She sounds like a social benefactor to me! When I hear one of our political masters etc, extol their influence I think of this: "Seduce"*** me said the Duchess, waving her wooden crutch; "Defecate"*** said the King and 5000 anal orifices strained in unison. Would it be pejorative of me to suggest they do not have this authority, but think of the last verse of 'the wheel', the collapse of the water and sewage systems plus all those trampled to death on their way to the bog, had they this power!

Who could stop our sap rising? Bromide in that brown murky liquid known as tea? It did not take us long to discover the works of Hank Janson and the purient, depraved and often amazing sexual behaviour/fetishes/exploits related by Havelock Ellis. To think that these people must still exist today and probably have dedicated Web Sites. There was more literary education in 'Eskimo Nell' surely written by a famous Canadian poet Robert Service with his tales of Dangerous Dan M'Grew. The Officer who took us for 'Cultural Studies' probably understood us more than we did ourselves introducing us to the works of Emil Zola and Guy de Maupassant where we could experience vicariously what was denied to us elsewhere.

Do you remember the first (and my last) taste of scrumpy at 8d a pint (about 31/2 p) and one could still imagine the dead rat adding to the fermentation. It was mostly brown ale in the Winter Gardens after that. When I purchased my motorbike and housed it two fields east of our 'C' Squadron block at a nominal sum, maybe £1 a term, it became expedient to take up Cycling on Sports Afternoon so with others we would cycle from the camp with some gear stowed away under the hut and proceed to extend our horizons. Would it have been as such fun for all of these activities had we been allowed to do them? The permissive society has a lot to answer for in depriving young people of today of the numerous.

HUMOUR

Marriage

Woman inspires us to great things, and prevents us from achieving them.
Dumas

The great question... which I have not been able to answer... is, "What does a woman want?"
Sigmund Freud

I had some words with my wife, and she had some paragraphs with me.
Anonymous

Some people ask the secret of our long marriage. We take time to go to a restaurant two times a week. A little candlelight, dinner, soft music and dancing. She goes Tuesdays, I go Fridays."
Henry Youngman

I don't worry about terrorism. I was married for two years."
Sam Kinison

There's a way of transferring funds that is even faster than electronic banking. It's called marriage."
James Holt McGavran

I've had bad luck with both my wives. The first one left me and the second one didn't."
Patrick Murray

Two secrets to keep your marriage brimming
1. Whenever you're wrong, admit it,
2. Whenever you're right, shut up.
Nash

The most effective way to remember your wife's birthday is to forget it once...
Anonymous

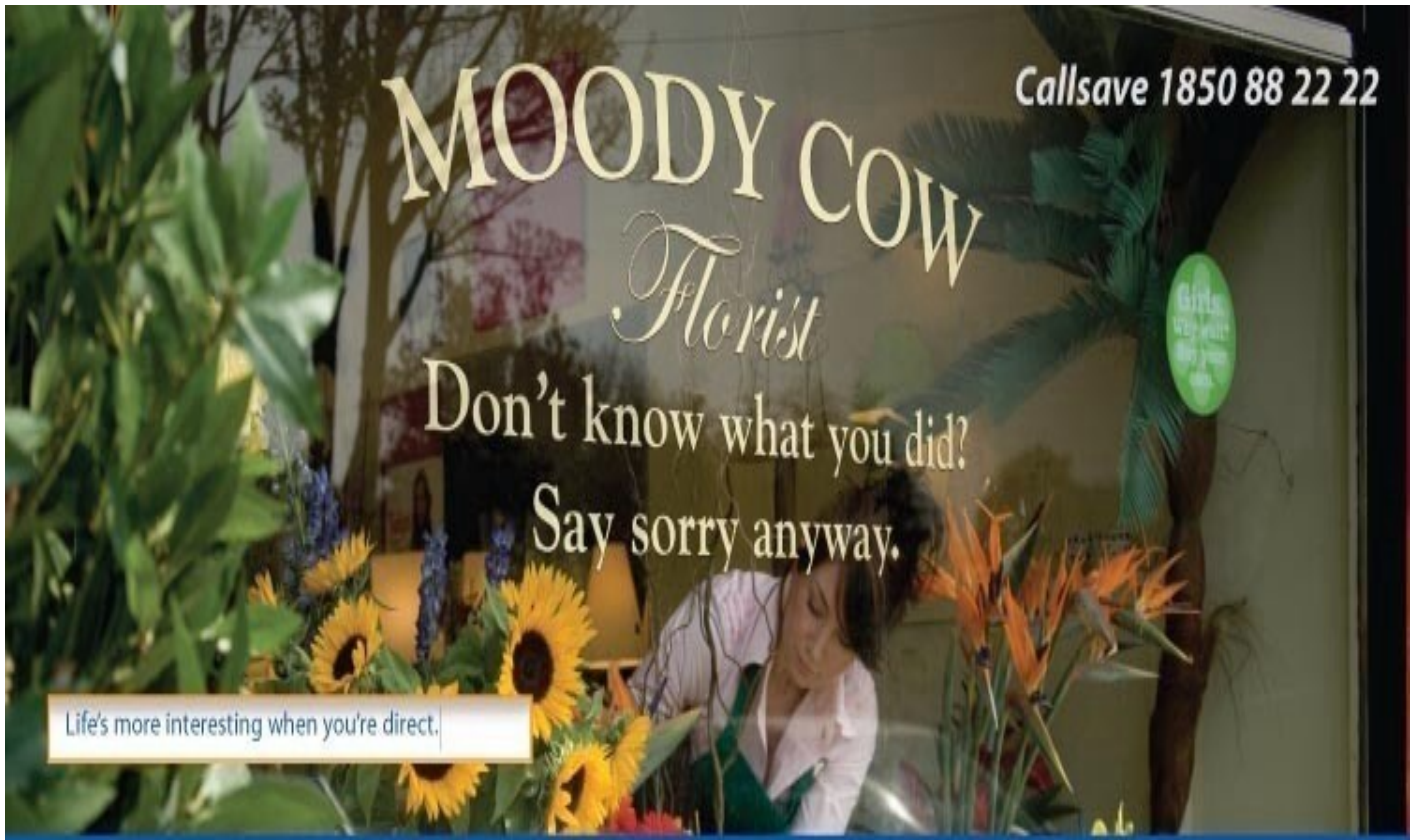
My wife and I were happy for twenty years. Then we met.
Rodney Dangerfield

A good wife always forgives her husband when she's wrong.
Milton Berle

Marriage is the only war where one sleeps with the enemy.
Anonymous

A man inserted an 'ad' in the classifieds: "Wife wanted". Next day he received a hundred letters. They all said the same thing: "You can have mine."
Anonymous

A Flower Shop That Understands



Moishe

From Phil Marston 92nd

A man walks into the street and manages to get a taxi just going by. He gets into the taxi, and the cabbie says, "Perfect timing. You're just like Moishe."

Passenger: "Who?"

Cabbie: "Moishe" Glickman. There's a guy who did everything right. Like my coming along when you needed a cab. It happened like that to Moishe every single time."

Passenger: "There are always a few clouds over everybody."

Cabbie: "Not Moishe. He was a terrific athlete. He could have gone on the pro tour in tennis. He could golf with the pros. He sang like an opera baritone and danced like a Broadway star and you should have heard him play the piano."

Passenger: "Sounds like he was something?"

Cabbie: "He had a memory like a computer. Could remember everybody's birthday. He knew all about wine, which foods to order and which fork to eat them with."

Passenger: "Wow, some guy eh?"

Cabbie: "And he knew how to treat a woman and make her feel good and never answer her back even if she was in the wrong; and his clothing was always immaculate, shoes highly polished too."

Passenger: "An amazing fellow. How did you meet him?"

Cabbie: "Well, I never actually met Moishe."

Passenger: "Then how do you know so much about him?"

Cabbie: "I married his widow."

Bible Quotes from Children

From Stan Murray 92nd

These statements about the bible come from the results a Catholic Elementary School test. They were written by children and have not been retouched or corrected so pay special attention to the spelling!

Can you imagine yourself to be the nun that is sitting at her desk grading these papers all the while trying to keep a straight face and maintain her composure.

1. **IN THE FIRST BOOK OF THE BIBLE, GUINNESSIS. GOD GOT TIRED OF CREATING THE WORLD SO HE TOOK THE SABBATH OFF**
2. **ADAM AND EVE WERE CREATED FROM AN APPLE TREE. NOAH'S WIFE WAS JOAN OF ARK. NOAH BUILT AND ARK AND THE ANIMALS CAME ON IN PEARS.**
3. **LOTS WIFE WAS A PILLAR OF SALT DURING THE DAY, BUT A BALL OF FIRE DURING THE NIGHT.**
4. **THE JEWS WERE A PROUD PEOPLE AND THROUGHOUT HISTORY THEY HAD TROUBLE WITH UNSYMPATHETIC GENITALS.**
5. **SAMPSON WAS A STRONGMAN WHO LET HIMSELF BE LED ASTRAY BY A JEZEBEL LIKE DELILAH.**
6. **SAMSON SLAYED THE PHILISTINES WITH THE AXE OF THE APOSTLES.**
7. **MOSES LED THE JEWS TO THE RED SEA WHERE THEY MADE UNLEAVENED BREAD WHICH IS BREAD WITHOUT ANY INGREDIENTS.**
8. **THE EGYPTIANS WERE ALL DROWNED IN THE DESSERT. AFTERWARDS, MOSES WENT UP TO MOUNT CYANIDE TO GET THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.**
9. **THE FIRST COMMANDMENTS WAS WHEN EVE TOLD ADAM TO EAT THE APPLE.**
10. **THE SEVENTH COMMANDMENT IS THOU SHALT NOT ADMIT ADULTERY.**

11. MOSES DIED BEFORE HE EVER REACHED CANADA. THEN JOSHUA LED THE HEBREWS IN THE BATTLE OF GERITOL.
12. THE GREATEST MIRICLE IN THE BIBLE IS WHEN JOSHUA TOLD HIS SON TO STAND STILL AND HE OBEYED HIM.
13. DAVID WAS A HEBREW KING WHO WAS SKILLED AT PLAYING THE LIAR. HE FOUGHT THE FINKELSTEINS, A RACE OF PEOPLE WHO LIVED IN BIBLICAL TIMES.
14. SOLOMON, ONE OF DAVIDS SONS, HAD 300 WIVES AND 700 PORCUPINES.
15. WHEN MARY HEARD SHE WAS THE MOTHER OF JESUS, SHE SANG THE MAGNA CARTA.
16. WHEN THE THREE WISE GUYS FROM THE EAST SIDE ARRIVED THEY FOUND JESUS IN THE MANAGER.
17. JESUS WAS BORN BECAUSE MARY HAD AN IMMACULATE CONTRAPTION.
18. ST. JOHN THE BLACKSMITH DUMPED WATER ON HIS HEAD.
19. JESUS ENUNCIATED THE GOLDEN RULE, WHICH SAYS TO DO UNTO OTHERS BEFORE THEY DO ONE TO YOU. HE ALSO EXPLAINED A MAN DOTH NOT LIVE BY SWEAT ALONE.
20. THE PEOPLE WHO FOLLOWED THE LORD WERE CALLED THE 12 DECIBELS.
21. THE EPISTELS WERE THE WIVES OF THE APOSTLES.
22. ONE OF THE OPOSSUMS WAS ST. MATTHEW WHO WAS ALSO A TAXIMAN.
23. ST. PAUL CAVORTED TO CHRISTIANITY, HE PREACHED HOLY ACRIMONY WHICH IS ANOTHER NAME FOR MARRAIGE.
24. CHRISTIANS HAVE ONLY ONE SPOUSE. THIS IS CALLED MONOTONY.

World war III

President Bush and Rumsfeld are sitting in a bar. A guy walks in and asks the barman, "Isn't that Bush and Rumsfeld sitting over there?" The bartender says, "Yep, that's them." So the guy walks over and says, "Wow, this is a real honour! What are you guys doing in here?" Bush says, "We're planning WW III." And the guy says, "Really? What's going to happen?" Bush says, "Well, we're going to kill 140 million Muslims and one beautiful blonde with big tits." The guy exclaimed, "A blonde with big tits? Why kill a blonde with big tits?" Bush turns to Rumsfeld and says, "See, I told you! No one cares about the 140 million Muslims!"

Our Tony

From Stan Murray 92nd

A motorist, on his way home from work in Westminster came to a dead halt in traffic and thought to himself, "Wow, this traffic seems worse than usual."

After a short while, he noticed a police officer walking towards him between the lines of stopped cars. He rolled down his window and asked, "Officer, what's the hold up?" The constable replied "Tony Blair is depressed, so he stopped his motorcar and is threatening to douse himself with petrol and set himself on fire. He says no one believes his stories about why we went to war in Iraq, or that there is no pensions crisis, or the worsening economy, or that constant adding of stealth taxes, or that his education reforms are going to do any good, or that the health service is safe in his hands, or that immigration is under control, or that he is not George Bush's lapdog or that his Party's proposed tax cuts won't help anyone except his wealthy friends, or that his chairmanship of the European Community hasn't just led to more power being surrendered to the French.... So we're taking up a collection for him." Thoughtfully, the man asks, "How much have you got so far?"

The officer replies, "About forty gallons, but a lot of people are still siphoning....."

Helicopter Ride

Morris and his wife went to the State Fair every year, and every year Morris would say "Esther I'd like to ride in that helicopter". Esther always replied, "I know Morris, but that helicopter ride is 50 Dollars and 50 Dollars is 50 Dollars". One year Esther and Morris went to the fair, and Morris said "Esther, I'm 85 years old. If I don't ride that helicopter, I might never get another chance." Esther replied "Morris, that helicopter is 50 Dollars and 50 Dollars is fifty Dollars".

The pilot overheard the couple and said, "Folks, I make you a deal. I take the both of you for a ride. If you can stay quiet for the entire ride and not say a word, I won't charge you! But if you say one word, it's fifty dollars".

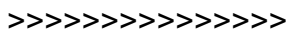
Morris and Esther agreed and up they went. The pilot did all kinds of fancy manoeuvres but not a word was heard. He did all his dare devil tricks over and over again but still not one word was heard. When they landed, the pilot turned to Morris and said "By golly, I did everything I could to get you to yell out, but you didn't. I'm impressed!" Morris replied "Well, I was going to say something when Esther fell out, but 50 Dollars is 50 Dollars".

Try This Quiz

Passing requires 4 correct answers.

- 1) How long did the Hundred Years' War last?
- 2) Which country makes Panama hats?
- 3) From which animal do we get catgut?
- 4) In which month do Russians celebrate the October Revolution?
- 5) What is a camel's hair brush made of?
- 6) The Canary Islands in the Pacific are named after what animal?
- 7) What was King George VI's first name?
- 8) What colour is a purple finch?
- 9) Where are Chinese gooseberries from?
- 10) What is the colour of the black box in a commercial aeroplane?

| | |
|--|--------------------|
| 1) How long did the Hundred Years War last? | 116 years |
| 2) Which country makes Panama hats? | Ecuador |
| 3) From which animal do we get cat gut? | Sheep and Horses |
| 4) In which month do Russians celebrate the October Revolution? | November |
| 5) What is a camel's hair brush made of? | Squirrel fur |
| 6) The Canary Islands in the Pacific are named after what animal? | Dogs |
| 7) What was King George VI's first name? | Albert |
| 8) What colour is a purple finch? | Crimson |
| 9) Where are Chinese gooseberries from? | New Zealand |
| 10) What is the colour of the black box in a commercial aeroplane? | Orange (of course) |



Did you get 4 correct? What do you mean, you failed? Me, too!

RAF MEMORIES

I Shouldn't Have... (As a J/T for 4 months):

From Brian Davies 76/77 Entry

- On my first posting from Locking in 1957, walk proudly with my one inverted chevron through the back streets of Catholic Belfast in uniform and carrying a kitbag, looking for the railway station. (I was lucky.)
- In charge of a shift at Ballykelly's Transmitter site, giving a national serviceman the night shift off so he could go to a party in Londonderry. He was arrested for being drunk and put in civilian jail. (I got away with it)
- On the airfield at Ballykelly make rude signs at the naval pilot of a taxiing Gannet aircraft, who then chased our Landrover across the grass for a few hundred yards until we escaped. (Fairy Gannets were big and hairy).
- On being refused admission to the Londonderry dance hall (too many McEwans lagers), sitting at the curbside talking politics with an IRA sympathiser who had just been pistol-whipped by the R.U.C.
- Taken the IRA too lightly until I did guard duty at RAF Ballykelly armed with a Sten gun and loaded magazines taped back to back.
- At Ballykelly's Barnault Transmitter station near the border, shooting at a rabbit caught transfixed in a searchlight and spending the whole magazine of the Sten gun without hitting it.
- Making a date at Dublin railway station with a gorgeous Irish blond girl met at a dance, and breaking it without telling her as my corporal's promotion came through and I had three days to get to my posting in Cornwall.

Time To leave

From Mike Collier 76th Entry

Early in 1968 I knew that the time was fast approaching, when serious thought must be given to my future. Although I had enjoyed most of my R.A.F. service, the decision had been made long before (Ref. Newsletter Ser. N^o 40) that I would never contemplate signing on. This was perhaps as well, as Air Radio Fitters were becoming "persona non grata". Electronics Fitter was the trade of the future. So the R.A.F. did not want me and I did not want the R.A.F.

I had been fortunate, in that, as an instructor for the previous 5 years at Yatesbury and Cosford, I had had the opportunity to follow the well worn O.N.C., H.N.C., City & Guilds path, that I suspect many of us took. Also, for the final 2 years, I had been teaching Basic Electronics, so my education in that area was in pretty good shape.

Having gone to Locking straight from school, my knowledge of civvy street was almost non-existent. Problem number one therefore was where to start looking. The only thing of which I was absolutely sure, was that I wanted to stay in teaching. The "Situations Vacant" pages of the Daily Telegraph became required reading.

The first job to catch my eye was an instructional post with I.C.L. at Letchworth. Though my knowledge of computers was very slim, I figured that my basic electronics would get me through and sent for the application forms. These completed and returned, the great day arrived for a first ever interview for employment outside the sheltered existence of the R.A.F. A small group had been assembled by I.C.L and much to my surprise, the first part of the day was taken up by a series of intelligence tests. These, 'which is the odd one out' or 'next in sequence' variety. Again fortune smiled, I have always enjoyed this type of mental exercise, often buying books of such puzzles to do for relaxation.

After lunch, everyone else in the group had disappeared. I assumed they were to be tested for some other form of employment. I was to have a technical interview with their Chief Instructor. He seemed to be somewhat harassed but not unduly perturbed by my limited knowledge of computers. He led me off to a classroom. Surprise number two, the room was tiny, with just enough space between the first desk and the whiteboard, for the instructor to stand. Certainly nowhere to put teaching notes or any of the other paraphernalia I often used. Totally different from service classrooms, where the instructor had a raised dais, a large desk and plenty of room to stroll about. I was not pleased by the prospect.

My host seated himself in the centre of the room, while I squeezed through to the whiteboard. "Can you draw me a Blocking Oscillator" he asked? "Valve or transistor" I replied. "No, a schematic will do". So I drew a square and wrote in it BLOCKING OSCILLATOR. I guess he just wanted to check if I could spell, for after a couple of questions on what such a device might do for a living, my technical interview concluded. On returning to the Admin. Office, I had my first experience of that most magical of civilian devices, the "expenses claim form". They must have been impressed by my modest requirement, as a week or so later, I was offered the job, with the princely salary of £1400 p.a. Of course, it could be that no one else applied!

Meanwhile, a Cosford colleague of mine, who was also about to leave the service, had been for an interview for an instructional job with the then B.O.A.C. Sadly for him, he was Air Wireless and they needed someone who also had Radar experience. Having rejected him, they had asked if he knew anyone in a similar position who might fit their requirement. After an exchange of paperwork, I was on my way to an interview with B.O.A.C. Their facility was on the edge of the Heathrow complex. Whilst I did not fancy working in that area, I was certainly impressed by the large, five storey dedicated training

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school. No intelligence tests this time but a cup of coffee and an introductory chat with one of their Training Supervisors. The subsequent technical interview was quite "hairy". I was taken to a spacious classroom, presented with an unlabelled, blackboard sized circuit diagram and given 10 minutes to prepare an explanation. It was not a circuit I recognised but looked like some sort of Radar modulator. When the time had elapsed, half a dozen people filed into the room and were introduced as in-house instructional staff. They would be asking questions and assessing my performance. After some 15 minutes on this, the supervisor called a halt. I felt reasonably happy. I had only been "nailed" on a couple of minor things, so breathed a sigh of relief and relaxed.

He then produced a different circuit diagram and said that I must now explain this to my "class", with no preparation time. After overcoming my surprise and looking at the diagram, I could hardly believe my luck. It was the noise limiter/detector from an H.F. Radio equipment, actually quite complicated. However, for the first 3 years I was instructing, I ran the STR 18 (H.F. Radio) lab and this circuit was almost identical to the one in that equipment. After further interviews with Personnel and the unit Training Manager, who seemed more concerned with if I had children, than if I could teach, it was time to fight my way through the heavy local traffic. On the drive home, I had very mixed feelings. I felt that I had performed reasonably well. The job appealed to me very much but I had spent all my life in the country or small towns and did not want to live in Outer London.

On the 13th Aug 68 I was offered the job at a starting salary of £1633 p.a. and they were happy to wait for a month until I was demobbed. After a few days of soul searching, worrying about the problems of travelling and the prospect of buying our first property in the London area, greed finally triumphed and I accepted the B.O.A.C. offer.

One other interview occurred as part of my progress towards civvy street. A visit to the station "Careers/Re-settlement Officer". This gentleman seemed totally disinterested in my situation. Apart from telling me that I had no chance of signing on, he must also have had a very low opinion of the capabilities of R.A.F. Senior N.C.O.'s. Having reviewed my file, which I assume contained details of my Locking Apprenticeship and subsequent qualifications, he concluded that my best opportunity for employment would probably be as a Security Guard. I was so disgusted with his attitude that I did not bother to tell him that I already had a job.

On September 8th 1968, I marched out of my Bridgenorth married quarter. Handed in my kit and headed into the unknown. The first few working days felt rather odd. Whenever I went outside, I could not help putting my hand to my head and wonder where I had left my hat. The more relaxed attitude was also difficult to get used to. I initially got very annoyed, when I told our janitor to organise some chairs in a classroom and it was not done instantly. I also received a ticking off from my supervisor, for reducing one of the girls in the office to tears, after she had told the same janitor to remove a projector from a classroom I was using. One of the good things about service life is that it enables you to adapt easily. I quickly learned that asking politely got much quicker results than ordering.

All in all, B.O.A.C. proved to be a good choice. Almost all of the instructors were either ex-R.A.F (including one ex-App, Dave Painter (73rd)) or ex-Navy and the transition was almost seamless, the sense of humour was the same and the training was angled towards aeroplanes. I made many firm friendships there, which I still maintain 24 years after leaving the company.

RAF Apprentices Sea Cruise

From Brian Davies, 76/77 Entry

During early 1958 a large collection of ex-Locking apprentices mainly from the 75th, 76th and 77th entries were posted from a freezing Britain to the middle of the Pacific Ocean, barely a year after passing out from their three year training course. Flying by BOAC, United Airlines and Transport Command Hastings the journey was exciting and a new experience for most.

They joined thousands of other servicemen on one of the world's largest desert atolls called Christmas Island - now known as Kiritimati (possibly changed some years ago to make it sound less radio-active).

On arrival there for the UK's atomic testing programme, we were told "You will be here for one nuclear test, then posted home". Ah those days when we believed our leaders! Most of us were still there three very large H-bombs and two 5-kiloton nuclear trigger explosions later.

But the drink was cheap and plentiful, the food excellent (after the RAF took over from the Army cooks) and the sea and sunshine marvellous (we did not seem to worry much about the abundance of sharks and massive manta rays whilst swimming in the lagoons).

At this time the Christmas Island base was manned by a thorough mix of Army, Royal Navy and RAF personnel, with the RAF being the greater number because of the airfield. We worked and socialised well together, but things got a bit strained as it came near to November when many of us were to be posted home to UK.

Troop movements for us on Christmas Island was staffed it seems by the Army and RN and they arranged many chartered civilian airliners to airlift personnel home. Incidentally this forced a change in our custom of walking across the camp road from our tents to the showers buck naked, as the many female airhostesses complained of the sight. We could never understand that!

However a chosen few, some 500 of us RAF people including some 20 ex-apps were elected by the Joint Movements to return to the UK by sea, taking some 5 weeks for the trip. Visions of a traditional troop ship abounded and we felt very annoyed at this delay when the Army and RN were being sent home by air.

On the 28th November, we crowded down to the port to see the ship as it came in and anchored in the port lagoon. We were astounded at its size - what was a ship that small in size doing crossing across the Pacific then the Atlantic?

The SS Captain Cook, of less than 20 thousand tons, was a single funnel passenger liner built in the late 1920s, was a veteran of the immigrant run from UK to New Zealand and had been returning empty to the UK at its modest cruising speed of 14 knots, when somebody in the Joint Movements section thought 'wouldn't it be nice to return 500 RAF people cheaply to the UK and not hire expensive airliners'. After some nine months cast away on the Island, this did not go down well with us and the future relationships with the Army and RN was probably damaged for some years as a result.

Once aboard and bedded down in 6-berth cabins, we headed north into the calm blue Pacific. 'Hang on' we thought, UK is east of here (we were just about on the equator) but felt better to hear that our first port of call was Honolulu. We quickly came to realise that this was in fact an enforced restful cruise, probably to rest our minds shattered from many nuclear explosions and canned Tennants lager. The only drawbacks were the occasional stints as fire watch/man overboard lookouts, and the fact that the powers that be in the RAF thought that Corporals and below could not handle spirits and therefore could only be served beer, **port** and **sherry** in the ships bars. The fact that most of us were just about pickled by drinking spirits for our nine months on the Island did not seem to register.

The SS Captain Cook was a very pleasant if antiquated ship with a large crew to normally look after some 2000 passengers, and there were only 500 of us. We were spoiled rotten at first by the 250 passenger care crew. It took the RAF Commandant (a wing commander) some time to find out that the ships stewards were bringing us tea in bed in the mornings, cleaning out the cabins and making the beds. That of course had to stop, one must not spoil the troops!

The dining rooms had waiter served tables and the food was excellent for us, who were used to the somewhat rougher life in the Air Force of those days, and the novelty of the rolling deep blue of the Pacific, seeing shoals of flying fish and numerous pods of whales never wore off. At one time we passed a large whale being harangued by group of sharks, and another time just about ran down a whale which dived as the bow seemed to hit it and slapped its massive tail against the ship's side.

We sailed on north for nearly a week (at 14 knots), then docked at Honolulu, for an overnight stay. By this time we all had our sea legs and the ground on shore continuously heaved up and down by a few feet for the next few hours - until we managed to get a few cans of Shlitz beer inside us. Those of us who had been to Hawaii on leave from Christmas Island, were quickly able to show the others the best places to visit, the best night clubs and the most interesting tourist sights.

All too soon we were off again, this time south-east to the Panama Canal. Passing the other Hawaiian Islands, we saw the spectacular sight of the huge red ball of the sun setting between the twin volcanic peaks of the island of Maui, a sight which left the most hardened ex-app in awe.

Later during a particularly ferocious Pacific storm we were not amused to be told by the crew that we were some 1000 miles from the nearest land except for the sea bottom some 5 miles deep below us. During the normally calm days it was most therapeutic however to relax for days in the warm sun on deck - and get paid for it.

Sixteen days later, after queuing behind numerous other ships in the Gulf of Panama, our turn came for the winding trip through the Panama Canal. It was exciting, as we passed what looked like very thick entwined jungle on the banks and enjoyed our first fresh water shower in nearly four weeks as the ship complied with the Canal's rules not to decant salt water (our usual shower water) into the fresh water canal. The passage through the locks, up some 80 feet then down at the other end to the Caribbean's level as the ship was pulled through by four compact locomotives was thrilling, and eventually we docked at the

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Caribbean entrance to the Canal at the city of Colon. A definite culture shock even for world-weary ex-apprentices.

During our night and day ashore, we all agreed that Colon was the most corrupt, evil, smelly and debauched place we had ever seen (we were all just in our early twenties however). One could easily walk over the border from the Canal Zone into the Republic, and the place seemed to cater for the pits of the seagoing world. Us ex-apps tended to stick together and we were glad to do so amongst the roughnecks we encountered. However we enjoyed the experience and most of us rejected the offers of hiring a boy's grandmother for the night. One good Catholic ex-app. did however and later on board was seen to pour neat Dettol over his private parts to purify himself. He reported sick to the Medical Officer for the next week with chemical burns to his bits and pieces.

As we sailed east from Colon the weather in the Caribbean was delightful. Our last call before we left the Caribbean was to be at the island of Curacao north of Venezuela. The weather was calm and to starboard over the Sierra Nevada de Santa Maria mountains in northern Columbia, we could see a tremendous electrical storm in the distance which was breathtaking in its splendour.

Located off the north coast of Venezuela, Curacao is a delightful island in the Netherlands Antilles with old world houses and hotels, bustling markets and lots of cheerful big black mamas in turbans and aprons with colourful dresses. The ship approached the dock through the centre of the picturesque capital town Willemstad. Ashore, we looked around the fort and town at Willemstad and as ex-apps do, found out where the action was in the evening. It was at Campo Allegra - Happy Valley. Just the place for sex starved and randy RAF types to descend upon after 9 months on a desert island.

In the evening, around about 250 of us took taxis and arrived at what looked like our impression of a Butlins holiday camp. Drinks were cheap and one could have ones way with one of the 250 ladies on duty at all times in their chalets for just 4 florins a time. This is where my smattering of Spanish, learned during an earlier 6-week detachment to Gibraltar was sought by many of my compatriots as they attempted to chat up the ladies.

There were bars and restaurants and a general merry air about the place which was run jointly by the local government and the massive oil refinery on Curacao. Most of us just went for the fun, remembering the lurid health lectures we received from medics at Locking about relationships with 'exotic foreign women'!

We were all enjoying ourselves until the shrill blasts of police whistles disturbed us, as the ship's RAF CO and a batch of snowdrops from the ship with local police tried to remove us. We all scattered into the undergrowth and hid until they went away, vowing not to trust local British embassy diplomats again as it was they who had alerted the CO of the undesirability of British troops being seen in such a place.

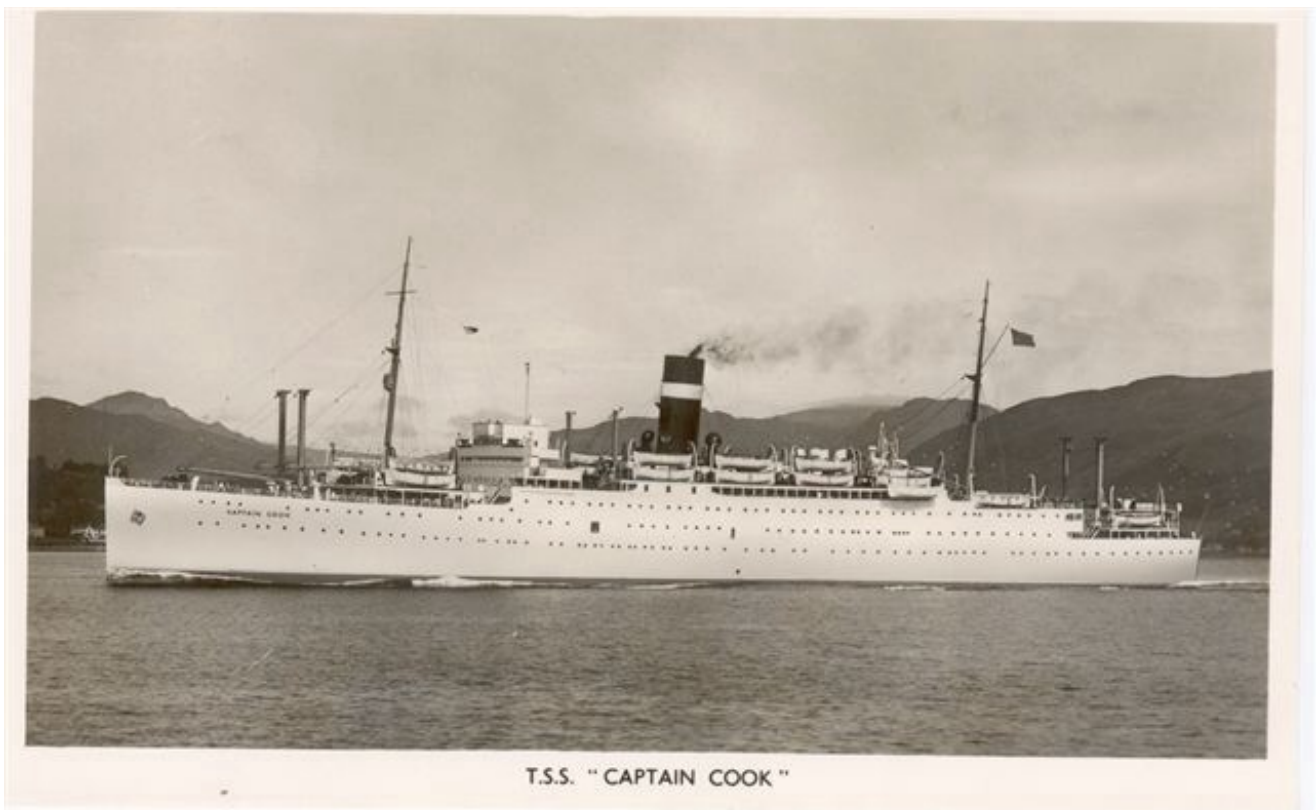
Aboard again we sailed north-east through the Virgin Islands at night so we never saw them (just as well). Then entering the Atlantic we changed into our blue uniforms complete with greatcoats which we had been told to take to the tropics as part of our essential kit - and so now it was proved to be so (the wisdom of our leaders). The weather grew worse and it took much effort to walk around the ship and stay in our bunks to sleep at night due to the extensive rolling motion,

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Crossing the Atlantic, we celebrated Christmas with good food and disgusting beer or port and lemon – the strongest drink we were allowed to buy. Our newly smuggled in rum from Curacao did not last long. Again at New Years Eve, all RAF passengers combined to make it a very lively time and the sore heads the next morning proved it. The SS Captain Cook was a Glasgow based ship and most of the crew were Scottish except for the English Chief Engineer who was the only sober one aboard that night. He put the helm hard over and sailed in circles for most of the night. By New Year's Day 1959, the ship had made 80 miles headway in the 24 hours instead of the usual 280 miles. Again isn't ignorance blissful.

We ploughed our way through to the Bay of Biscay, then north with the venerable ship wallowing at alarming angles until we crawled up the welcome sight of the southern coast of England. Then into Southampton on the 5th January, where HM Customs & Excise were waiting in strength. They went through all our kit with a fine tooth comb, issuing hefty customs levies on anything and everything they could. This was really appreciated by us - I don't think, after serving our country in foreign climes.

But the journey was a trip not to be missed, as it gave us memories to last a lifetime. A last memory was that we found out before docking that the Captain Cook was on its last voyage, the next stop was the breakers yard in Glasgow. Glad we did not know that in that massive storm in the Pacific.



Displacement 13,473 tonns.

Originally fitted for 1088 passengers.

Launched in Glasgow in 1924 as the 'Lititia'.

Refitted to be a troop carrier in 1946 and renamed: 'Empire Brent'.

Refitted 1952 for the New Zealand emigrant run and renamed 'Captain Cook'.

Scrapped in Glasgow in February 1960

DAYS OUT

The RAF Museum at Hendon

A good place to take grandchildren or just yourselves is the RAF Museum at Hendon. It is open daily from 10:00 to 18:00 and entry is **free**.

Tel: 020 8205 2266 or visit <http://www.rafmuseum.com/london/index.cfm>

There are over a hundred full-size aircraft from all over the world displayed under cover on the historic site of the original London Aerodrome. These include the legendary Spitfire and Lancaster Bomber.



A second new exhibition hall, the historic Grahame-White Building, which was part of the original Grahame-White Aircraft Factory sited on the old Hendon Aerodrome, has been dismantled, moved to the Museum site and completely restored. In its new position, the Grahame-White Factory truly complements the new Milestones of Flight Exhibition building and the other exhibition halls. The Museum has created a time warp back to the early days of aviation, by featuring many of its oldest aircraft.

Younger visitors are encouraged to experiment with interactive exhibits in Aeronauts - interactive. An upper floor allows you to overlook the Historic Hangars in all their glory and specially constructed platforms enable you to get up close to the aircraft.

OBITUARIES

Gus Hill 92nd



William Angus Hill
1941 - 2006

Born in Ireland on 28 December 1941 and raised in Scotland Angus grew up with his two sisters Helen and Margaret. Helen and Angus close in age played together and Angus used this to his advantage; Helen could be in his gang but only if she'd sweep the gang hut. In short as a child he was a scamp.

Angus joined the Royal Air Force at the age of seventeen and became an RAF Apprentice in the 92nd Entry at RAF Locking in 1959. He passed out qualified in Telecommunications. He enjoyed everything to do with the RAF and continued to attend reunions of the RAF Locking Apprentices until earlier this year.

In 1963 he married and subsequently had two children Gordon and Deborah. In 1969 while stationed in Cyprus Angus met Susan who he described as the best thing that ever happened to him. In 1975 Gus married Sue and took on the role of father to her children Karen, Carl and Andrew. In 1985 Angus and Susan had a baby Richard who was special to them both.

After the RAF Gus joined Crosfield Electronics and became production manager. Gus and family moved to the USA with Crosfield, later returning to settle in Wendover.

Combining electronics and his experience from the RAF Angus became an amateur radio enthusiast which meant the family had to contend with a 30 foot high aerial in the back garden but they got to speak to many people around the world with the coup of speaking to an astronaut!

Angus was a keen fan of classical music. Wagner a favourite and many a night the family would be blasted from its slumber with an extract from the Ring Cycle. He had a teenagers view of the volume switch - loud or louder!

Angus also enjoyed poetry, wine and photography. Through his love of photography he has provided his family with an archive of its history. Over time his interest in wine developed and he was an active member of the Wine Society and enjoyed immensely its monthly wine tasting.

A more recent pleasure was genealogy. Over the past 12 years he built a history of over 4000 people connected to him and to Susan. He loved the detective work involved and philosophised that all people really wanted in life was the "*LOVE OF A FAMILY*" to share the good times as well as sad. Angus believed that family is the backbone of society. Family gatherings in Wendover were a particular pleasure - barbecuing with his grandchildren, who were plied with wine, was a source of fun.

Angus has left his wife Sue, children Gordon, Deborah, Karen, Carl, Andrew and Richard and his grandchildren Thomas, Jonathan, Matthew, Laura, Jack, Tara, Aluna, Joe, Isabella and Edward who will miss him dearly. Angus would not want us to be sad for him at this time and as we remember him we are extremely proud and honoured to have known such a caring and wonderful man who loved Susan, life and family above all else.

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A commemoration service was held at Wendover on 21st September and was attended by a large contingent of his entry. Gus would be touched to know that many members made long journeys to pay their last respects.

George Gibson Blair 88th



George Gibson Blair of the 88th Entry died suddenly in early August after a short illness. George lived in Brackley, Northants in his later years. It is believed he may have served at RAF Greatworth and stayed in the area after he left the RAF. Whilst based in the Shetland Isles in earlier years, George met and married a local girl and later had a son, Trevor. Tragically Trevor was killed in an accident but did leave George a granddaughter.

George was always a great footballer and a life long Manchester City fan, not surprisingly as he came from Wythenshawe in south Manchester. During his time at Locking, he played for the Wing and later he played for the Shetland Isles whilst stationed there.

George was a Ground Wireless Fitter and left the RAF with the rank of Sergeant. George was not a member of RAFLAA as I had only managed to track him down last year after an extensive search. I had intended to persuade him to join our ranks but hadn't quite got around to it, but I am sure he would have been an enthusiastic member.

The funeral was at Banbury Crematorium on August 21 and it was a tribute to George's popularity that the chapel was packed by both family and the many friends that he had in the Brackley area. The 88th Entry was represented by Vic Gibbs, John Wells and myself, Dave Thompson.

DAVID SALLIT 102

Passed away 15th February 2005 after fighting cancer.

David was a member of the 102nd entry at RAF Locking.

Having 'passed out' successfully he served at RAF Stations abroad and in the UK. After leaving the Service he joined Digital Computers. Upon being made redundant when 'Digital' was sold David had several jobs before taking up employment at Fylindales where he worked until shortly before he died.

David was a keen photographer and had an interest in music of all types.

He leaves a Wife and Father.

CLOSING THOUGHT

I hope you are drinking from your saucer too.....

I've never made a fortune, and it's probably too late now.
But I don't worry about that much, I'm happy anyhow
And as I go along life's way,
I'm reaping better than I sowed.
I'm drinking from my saucer,
'Cause my cup has overflowed.

Haven't got a lot of riches,
and sometimes the going's tough
But I've got loving ones all around me,
and that makes me rich enough.
I thank God for his blessings,
and the mercies He's bestowed.
I'm drinking from my saucer,
'Cause my cup has overflowed.

I remember times when things went wrong,
My faith wore somewhat thin.
But all at once the dark clouds broke,
and the sun peeped through again.

So Lord, help me not to gripe,
about the tough rows I have hoed.
I'm drinking from my saucer,
'Cause my cup has overflowed.

If God gives me strength and courage,
When the way grows steep and rough.
I'll not ask for other blessings,
I'm already blessed enough.

And may I never be too busy,
To help others bear their loads.
Then I'll keep drinking from my saucer,
'Cause my cup has overflowed.

When I think of how many people in this world have it worse than I do, I realise just how blessed we really are.

RAFLAA COMMITTEE

| Appointment | Name | Address | Tel/e-mail | Re-Election | Entry |
|-------------------------|-------------------|---|---|--------------------|-------------------|
| President | Martin Palmer | | | | 91 st |
| Chairman | "Tiny" Kühle | 22 Tavistock Close Woburn Sands Milton Keynes Bucks MK17 8UY | (01908) 583784 Hans.Kuhle@btopenworld.com | April 10 | 87 th |
| Secretary | Dave Gunby | 23 Toynton Close Gregg Hall Estate Lincoln Lincolnshire LN6 8AL | (01522) 525484 dpgraf72@btinternet.com | April 09 | 72 nd |
| Treasurer | Tony Horry | Hillside Cottage Kewstoke Road Kewstoke Weston-s-Mare BS22 9YD | (01934) 628383 horrycorp@aol.com | Mar 10 | 76 th |
| Membership Secretary | John Farmer | 8 Glenmore Rd Minehead Somerset TA24 5BQ | (01643) 705443 RAFLAAMS@aol.com | Mar 10 | 77 th |
| Service Rep | Rick Atkinson | 1 Lake Walk Adderbury Oxfordshire OX17 3PF | (01295) 812972 rick-jacky@lakewalk.wanadoo.co.uk | Sep 08 | 91 st |
| AA Rep/ Webmaster | Peter Crowe | 14 Hillview Road Weston-super-Mare N. Somerset BS23 3HS | (01934) 412178 peter@petercrowe.co.uk | Sep 08 | 95 th |
| General | Vic Gibbs | 8 Old School Rd Royal Lane Hillingdon Middlesex UB8 3WE | (01895) 235 076 Gibbsvic@aol.com | Mar 07 | 88 th |
| Craft Rep | Graham Beeston | 87 Hornbeam Rd Havant Denvilles PO9 2UT | Home (02392) 346242 Work 07920038690 graham@mapleoak.co.uk | Sep 09 | 209 th |
| Tech Rep | Andy Perkins | 107 Balmoral Way Worle Weston-s-Mare BS22 9BZ | (01934) 417323 aperkins@schaffner.com | Sep 09 | 109 th |
| Newsletter Editor | Chris Tett | 45 Chapel Street Woburn Sands Milton Keynes Bucks MK17 8PQ | (01908) 583047 chris@crtett.plus.com | Sep 08 | 92 nd |

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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
