

RAFLAA Newsletter

SERIAL 52

NOV 2008

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Editors Notes

Hello to you all,

This a bumper issue with 48 pages. It is all due to you so thanks for all the items you have sent.

I was also very pleased to get a lot of feedback this time.

Peter Tanner wrote to point out:

As ever, I enjoyed reading the latest newsletter (July 08). A couple of points - page 11 - my name is Peter Tanner (not Turner); also it was not my first AGM - I have been to at least 3 at Weston and also the one at Cosford.

Ooops sorry about that - Ed

Peter Tanner also wrote:

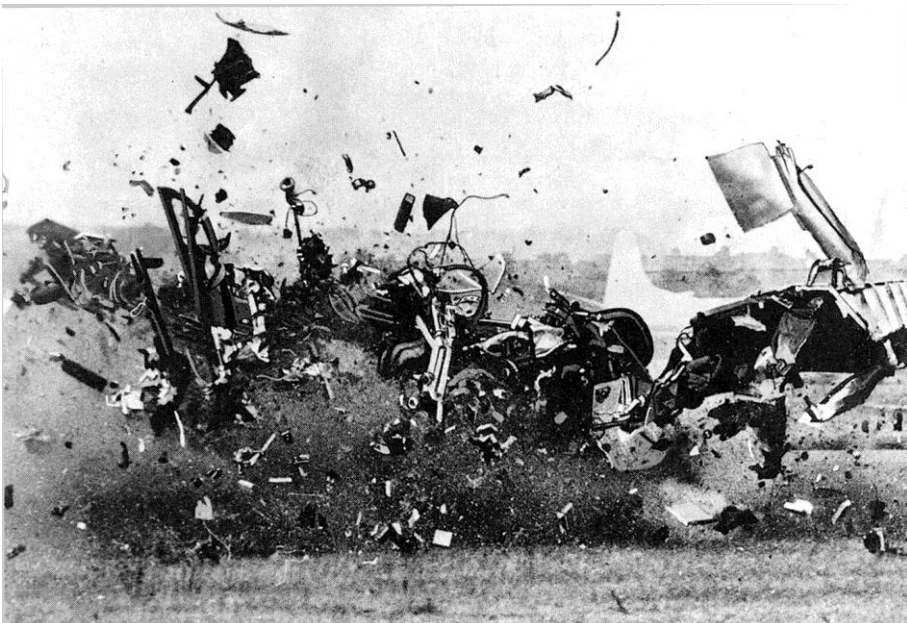
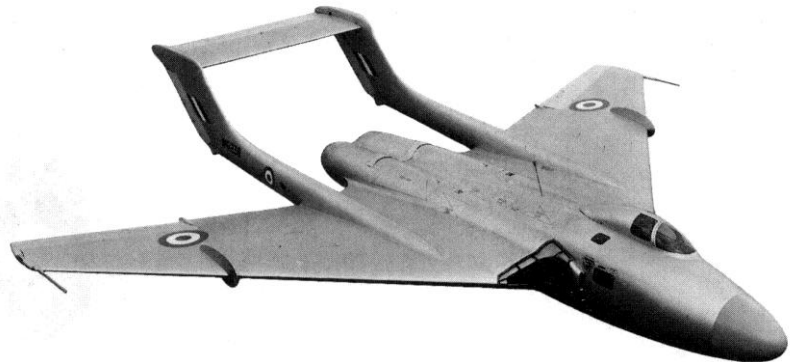
On page 21, Brian Davies' interesting article on "My Aircraft Tales" - I thought the DH110 was a Vixen, not a Venom?

(On checking, it seems the aircraft that crashed was a DH110 prototype. It later entered service as a Sea Vixen but true, it was not a Venom. -Ed)

On the subject of the Farnborough crash in 1952, I had a note from Dave Croft of the RAF Butterworth & Penang Association. He writes:

As always I enjoyed receiving and reading the latest copy of the RAFLAA newsletter. I read with particular interest Brian Davies 'Aircraft Tales', pp 20-21, July 2008. Part of his story really got my attention.....

I searched through my past aircraft magazines/archives (?), to find a picture of the moment of impact of the DH 110 Brian mentions in his article. The



original photograph was taken by a spectator called Herbert Orr who was on the 'spot' at the moment of impact of the main aircraft section when DH 110 prototype WG236 broke up in flight. I should think Brian wouldn't have been far from this point of impact!!!!

The date of this very public air accident at the 1952 Farnborough Air Show was September 6th. The pilot, S/Ldr John Derry and his

Royal Air Force Locking Apprentice Association

flight test observer, Tony Richards, died in the crash, as did 28 spectators hit by falling/bouncing/rolling wreckage. Brian was bloody lucky to escape injury! I have attached a copy of the main impact point taken by Herbert Orr.

Peter Tanner also wrote with reference to Brian's Aircraft Tales (1):

Also I don't remember a Victor Bomber landing at Weston - one of my friends that I play golf with (ex-Cranwell radio school) was a Victor Bomber pilot and wondered if the runway would be long enough for taking off.

Does anyone have any more information on a Victor at Locking? Thanks - Ed

The newsletter reaches far and wide. This note reached me from San Francisco, USA.

Chris and all. What a terrific job you guys are doing with the Association and the Newsletter. Thank you. I so much enjoy reading the newsletter and about the goings on. I must say it makes me a bit homesick and I wish I could have been at the last AGM. I will make it one day, I hope.

I was in England last year and stopped by to see my old pal **Mike (Rob) Robbins**, (76/77/78). We had a good old chinwag and he gave me a copy of the then current newsletter which prompted me to join the RAFLAA. The year before, **Mike Keen** (78th) and his wife were travelling through the US on their way to a cruise of the Alaska coast, so we got to see them in Seattle. That was a kick.

My wife and I live near San Francisco, California. I retired in 1999 after 35 years in the Commercial Insurance business. Prior to that I was a Policeman in Vancouver, Canada. I must say that Ground Radar training and having the Miller Timebase burned deeply into my brain was terrific preparation for my eventual career in insurance.... 😊

Kidding aside, probably the best 3 years of my life in many ways were spent at Locking, and the training and discipline did give me a basis from which to make a decent start. Memories of people like WO Parks, Sgt Rice and the Beetle will be with me forever...as they will for a few others no doubt. I did actually get accepted into the RCAF when I arrived in Canada in 1957, and they would have given me a Cpl Tech rank on the strength of my RAF App training. Just before I signed up for 5 years, they told me I'd be posted to one of the stations on the DEW (Distant Early Warning) Line in the Yukon, some distance above the Arctic Circle. Not quite the lifestyle I had in mind, so it was Err, thanks, but no thanks.

After retirement, my wife and I sailed the South Pacific in our 43' sailboat for about 7 years. We were in New Zealand, on the dock one morning, when who should I run into but my old classmate **Keith Benton**. He was the first exApp I had met since leaving England in 1957. He and his wife are also sailing the world. What a small world it turned out to be.

I am sorry not to see more 78th people on the membership list. However, I was glad to read John Farmer's report that the membership is increasing, albeit slowly and hopefully more 78th guys will get on board. If anyone knows the whereabouts of John Wombwell (76th) or my old pals Stu Leake or Jim Tyler, I would appreciate your letting them know that I'd like to get in touch with them, or have them contact me via your site.

Cheers, and hope to see you all in April 09.

Mike and Joyce Creasy. mikanjoy@yahoo.com Home Phone: (916)434-5338
Mobile Mike (916)216-2268 Mobile Joyce (916)215-5392

Royal Air Force Locking Apprentice Association

The feedback just shows that someone does read the newsletter!

Look inside for the details of our next AGM & Dinner/Dance at the Webbington. You will see the room prices are less than last year and at a much nicer hotel. So get your bookings in now.

Please keep the comments and the articles coming! It is your newsletter and I know that other ex-apps love to read about what happened to you.

Ed.

Thought for the day

A married man should forget his mistakes.

There's no use in two people remembering the same thing.

Deadline for next issue - 23rd January for March 09

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

Chris Tett

Email: Chris@crtett.plus.com

Soft copy preferred!

Tele: 01908 583047

45 Chapel Street

Woburn Sands

Milton Keynes

Bucks

MK17 8PQ

Committee Meeting Minutes

Minutes of the 40th Committee Meeting of the RAF Locking Apprentice Association

From Dave Gunby, Secretary

Venue: RAFA Club, Weston super Mare

Date: Thursday 24th July 2006 at 13:00 Hrs

Present:-

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

Apologies: -

Graham Beeston	209 th	Craft Rep
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ITEM 1 Apologies

Apologies had been received from Graham Beeston,

ITEM 2 Minutes of the Previous Meeting

The Committee reviewed the minutes of the 14th AGM in April 2008 and the 39th Committee meeting in February 2008 and found them acceptable. It was proposed by Chris Tett and seconded by John Farmer that the minutes 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

The Income/Expenditure sheet shows the state of the accounts as at 8th July – the date of the latest bank statement.

The following cheques have been issued on 19th July but are **not included** in the expenditure:

100548 - Mike Curtis for Name Badges = £6.90

100549 – G Beeston for Printing & Postage = £406.88 (Newsletter – June08)

AGM 2008 – The Income for members attending was £2314.00

The expenditure to Dauncey's Hotel was £2411.00 which was made up from:

57 buffet lunches = £370.50

82 dinners = £1312.00

Wine (38) = £342.00

Bar expenses = £406.50

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Room for Guests (Mr/Mrs Nields) - £80.00

Other AGM expenses – P Crowe disco £110; C Tett £16.95; Trophy engraving £15.00; Donation to Mr Nields £50

Total cost = £2602.95; Cost to Association = £288.95

(In 2007 total cost = £3620.89; cost to the Association of £945.89)

Refunds have been made to 2 cancelled members.

Charity Donation: £95.50 was raised for charity at the AGM dinner and Mr Nields generously donated his trophy award of £50.00 for charity. The Chairman agreed that £150 should be donated to “Help for Heroes” charity. A letter of appreciation has been received.

AGM 2009: £200.00 deposit paid the Webbington.

The HSBC Business High Interest Deposit Bond (£5108.97) matured in April after the second 6 months of investment earning Interest of £128.07.

£5237.04 has been re-invested for 6 months at a rate of 4.25% gross Repayment date: 30th October with £111.59 interest due.

Business Money Manager Account: £1000 has been transferred into this account from the current account, in order to attract interest.

Donations:

£50.00 Donations have been made in memory of David Trueman and Ron Grant

£150 raised at the AGM dinner has been donated to “Help for Heroes”.

Tony presented his report which is shown below. This was found acceptable to the Committee and Peter Crowe proposed acceptance of the report together with a £25.00 donation to the RAFA Wings Appeal. Chris Tett seconded and all agreed.

The Chairman thanked Tony and invited the membership Secretary to present his report.

RAFLAA INCOME/EXPENDITURE - 1st February 2008 to July 2008

Balance brought forward from 31 January 2008 (end of FY 07-08)

Business Money Manager A/C	£ 2,625.58	
Current A/C	£2,944.99	
Cash	£19.97	£5,590.54 (working balance)
Deposit Bond	£5,108.97	
Net Current Assets	£10,699.51	

Profit & Loss

Income (Sales)		Expenditure (Purchases)	
Membership Renewals		Pins	£0.00
Cheques = 23	£347.50	Name Badges	£0.00
Standing Orders = 132	£1,290.00	Ties	£0.00
		Videos	£0.00
		AGM	£2,802.95
New Members = 0	£30.00	Other	
Life =	£500.00	Donations	£250.00 £3,052.95
		Direct Expenses	
Sales - Video =	£ -	Audit	£50.00
Sales - Ties = 2	£30.00	Refunds	£258.99
Sales - Wheels/Lapel/	£20.00	Bank Charges	£0.00
Sales - Coasters =	£9.00	Advert	
AGM	£2,467.50	Overheads	£308.99
Window Donation	£ -	Travel	£280.60
		Printing	£307.50
Interest - Moneymaster A/C	£ 41.81	Telephone	£55.00
		Postage	£160.81
		Stationery	£126.77 £930.68
		Total Expenditure	£4,292.62
Total Income			
	£4,735.81		
Surplus/Deficit	£443.19		
Working Balance	£6,033.73		

Current Balance

Deposit Bond	£5,237.04	£5108.97 invested Oct 07 - Matured April 08 with Interest added = £128.07; Reinvested for 6 months
Business Money Manager A/C	£3,667.39	£1000 transferred from Current A/C - 25 April 08
Current A/C	£2,347.01	
Cash	£19.33	
Total Funds	£ 11,270.77	

A. Horry, Treasurer, 20th July 08

ITEM 5 Membership Secretary's Report

Membership numbers!

There are now 651 names (past and present) on the database. This is an increase of 2 since February. 350 are considered to be 'active.' There are now 65 life memberships.

I am glad to report that no one has passed away since last we met.

We still have 3 members (?) who have dropped 'off the map'; they all still continue to pay subscriptions by SOM (albeit at the old rate!)

The foreseen problems with 'non payers' of subscription and 'short fall payments' are still present and are 'being worked on.' Some members have 'paid up,' 2 members have decided to resign and one has resigned due to bad health. (We will still continue to send his family a copy of the Newsletter to be read to him!) I am in contact with the others about payments. Unfortunately there may still be some 'losses' in membership numbers by the end of the year, I am hopeful that they will not be as great as originally forecast.

The number of members paying their 'subs' by Standing Order Mandate remains constant.

Increase in subscriptions paid by SOM

This still continues a problem for some members. I am glad to say that it is now proving much less time consuming and expensive than in the past.

Newsletters

The notification that the last NL was available on the web site went out as normal. There has been some feedback. All of it has been good.

Alterations to the Newsletter posting label information list was provided as usual.

Advertising

We have at last had an advert published in the RAF News. Some interest but no new members as yet. Advertising continues in the RAFA Wings magazine.

This concludes my report.

Acceptance of John's report was proposed by Dave Gunby and seconded by Peter Crowe.

ITEM 6 Secretary's Report

The Secretary stated that the only correspondence received was in respect of the invitation to No1 Radio School Annual Lunch for which acceptances had been sent.

ITEM 7 AGM 2008 Review

The Committee, having reviewed the feedback from members attending this year's AGM/Reunion, decided to move the venue to The Webbington, a Best Western hotel near Winscombe. There were no complaints re quality of food or service at Dauncey's but

several members found the rooms unsatisfactory including the room for the meeting and dinner dance.

ITEM 8 AGM 2009 Proposals

Members of the Committee had been to assess The Webbington following the AGM. Having found the hotel suitable for our requirements they invited the events manager to suggest suitable packages which we might like to consider. Consequently several 'packages' were before the Committee for consideration.

There followed a lengthy discussion as a result of which it was decided that a meet and greet lunch buffet would be provided together with the usual subsidy on drinks. The AGM will be held in a separate room and followed by tea and biscuits. In the evening, a sit down 3 course dinner with wine in the ratio 3:1 red/white and musical entertainment during and after the meal. There would be no drinks subsidy during the evening function.

The costs would be as follows:

- Accommodation: Double room + Breakfast £75.00
- Buffet Lunch: £9.00
- 3 course dinner with wine £21.00 (Menu to be pre-chosen via the booking form)
- The Buffet and Dinner to be available at a special price, for those wanting both, of £28.00

The Chairman and Newsletter editor were to visit the Webbington immediately following this meeting to make reservations for Saturday April 18th 2009. The numbers would be reserved as 100-115 for the dinner and 50-55 for the Buffet.

Peter Crowe would look into the provision of musical entertainment and Chris Tett proposed a sum of £300 be reserved for this purpose. John Farmer seconded and all agreed.

Dave Gunby proposed that a sum of £1000 be set aside against the cost of the event to the Association. Andy Perkins seconded and all agreed.

Action: - Chairman, Newsletter Editor, Treasurer, Webmaster

ITEM 9 FABEA 2008 Report

The annual meeting took place on the 16th July at RAF Brize Norton and was hosted by the Admin. Apps. Assoc. The Chairman and Secretary attended. Constituent member associations gave their reports which mainly concerned dwindling membership numbers and difficulty recruiting Committee workers.

RAFLAA have been allocated 6 tickets for the Cenotaph Parade on November 9th anyone wishing to attend should reserve a ticket with the Secretary. Peter to put a note on the Web site. Our Association will take its turn in providing the FABEA wreath.

Mention was made of the forthcoming celebration of the 90th Anniversary of Trenchards Brats in 2012. Although too early to discuss detail it was generally agreed that the event should take place at RAF Halton in the summer of 2012.

Royal Air Force Locking Apprentice Association

Finally it is the turn of RAFLAA to host next year's meeting and this will be held at RAF Halton on Wednesday July 15th with the expense being borne by the Association. The detail will be put before the Committee's next meeting.

Action: Chairman, Secretary, Webmaster

ITEM 10 Locking Parklands

The provision of a form of memorial to Apprentice life at RAF Locking is the Associations current project. It has been impossible to drive the project forward due to the extensive delay by the proposed developers of the site. The former St Andrews PMUB Church while still standing has been vandalised. The Association is working in support of the Locking Parish Council in their quest for burial rights. It would appear that the project is floundering because of its reliance on so many other people. The Secretary will pursue what action he can to make progress.

Action: Secretary

ITEM 11 Newsletter

The Committee congratulated Chris on the production of a very interesting and well laid out Newsletter.

Editor was asked to publish the fact that three members of the Committee are due for re-election in 2009. Members should be informed that the Committee is not a 'Closed Shop' and any volunteers will be welcome.

Action: Newsletter Editor

ITEM 12 Web Site

Peter Crowe reported that the web site was working well. He would like more Entry Badges for display.

ITEM 13 Any Other Business

The Secretary had received a sample of a Commemorative medal together with an order form. The Committee viewed the medal and decided that the order details should be published in the newsletter.

Action: Secretary, Newsletter Editor

ITEM 14 Date of Next Meeting

The next Committee meeting will be held on 19th February 2009 at Flowerdown House Weston-Super-Mare at 1300hrs. Tony Horry will liaise with Flowerdown House re the reservation of a room for the meeting.

Action: Treasurer

There being no further business the meeting closed at 15.20 Hours.

NOTICES

RAFLAA Annual AGM and Dinner Dance

The Annual General Meeting and Annual Dinner will be held at the Webbington Hotel, Loxton, Weston-s-Mare, BS26 2HU on **Saturday 18th April 2009**

<http://www.bestwestern.co.uk/Hotels/Best-Western-Webbington-Hotel-83838/Hotel-Info/Default.aspx> or <http://www.latonahotels.co.uk/best-western-webbington.html>

The Webbington is situated prominently on the southern slopes of the Mendip Hills, a short drive from Junction 22 of the M5. Originally an Edwardian manor house, the hotel has been extended over the years to offer spacious grounds and accommodation, fully-equipped gymnasium, floodlit tennis courts, a heated swimming pool with adjoining sun lounge, sauna, steam room and solarium.



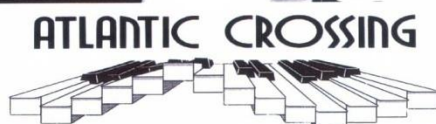
The cost of the Dinner Dance (including wine), and finger buffet lunch with tea and biscuits after the meeting will be £28 each. Should you wish to attend just the AGM the buffet lunch will be £9.00 including tea and biscuits after the AGM. If you wish to attend the dinner only the cost will be £21.00. Drinks from the bar will be subsidised at Saturday lunchtime and wine provided during the evening meal but the bar in the evening will not be subsidised.

Directions to the hotel will be published in the next newsletter.

The full dinner menu is presented in this newsletter. Please indicate your choices on the booking form as the hotel needs to know numbers of each choice in advance.

Provisional timetable

Friday 17 th April 09	18:00	Informal Meet and Greet at the Webbington
Saturday 18 th April 09	10:30	Members arrival commences
	11:00	Bar facility opens in Rowberrow Suite
	12:30	Finger Buffet commences in restaurant
	13:30	AGM commences in Rowberrow Suite
	15:00	AGM complete. Tea served
	15:30	Members disperse
	19:00 for 19:30	Dinner Dance in Brent Suite



Music

Instead of a disco, the Committee has arranged for live music for dancing after the dinner. A duo known as Atlantic Crossing have been engaged. Mike & Linda have been working together professionally since 1971 and have performed in many top class venues.

With Mike on keyboard and Linda on bass guitar, the duo provide music with an individual sound and feel which is great for listening or dancing.

Accommodation Booking

Accommodation must be booked direct with the hotel.

Please contact:

**The Webbington Hotel, Loxton, Weston-s-Mare, BS26 2HU Tel: 01934 750100
email: sales@webbingtonhotel.ecilpse.co.uk**

Rooms will be charged @ £75 double, £60 single, B&B per night.

Please contact the hotel direct and quote RAFLAA when you book to obtain these special low rates. No deposit is required as rooms will be held on a credit card.

Accounts must be settled direct with the hotel.

RAFLAA Lunch and Dinner Booking

Please fill out the enclosed booking form or download the separate form and post to Tony Horry together with your cheque.

The menu follows. Please record your choices when you return the form.

***RAF Locking Apprentices Association
Dinner Menu 18th April 2009***

Carrot and Courgette Soup

Lemon Blini

Served with avocado, prawn and cream cheese topping

Burgundy Pear with Stilton

Red wine poached pear grilled with a stilton crumble and laid on a garlic crouton

~*~*~

Chargrilled Tuna Steak

Finished with tiger prawns and garlic and herb butter

Pinwheel of Chicken Breast

Supreme of chicken rolled with red pepper and surrounded by creamy asparagus sauce

Canneloni of Beef

Roast sirloin of beef rolled with horseradish cream cheese surrounded by a piquant tomato sauce

Baked Aubergine with Feta

Ratatouille with a balsamic reduction

All Served with a Selection of Chef's Vegetables and Potatoes of the Day

~*~*~

Chocolate Pavlova

Citron Tart with fresh Cream

Fruit Salad with Duo of Coulis

Selection of Cheese and Biscuits

~~*

Tea & Coffee Served with Mints

Royal Air Force Locking Apprentice Association

**APPLICATION FOR RAFLAA AGM – 18th April 2009
DINNER DANCE AND FINGER BUFFET**

Name:

Entry No:

Address:

Date:

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

Please provide tickets @ £28pp £.....

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

Please provide tickets @ £21.00pp £

I wish to attend the finger buffet lunch only:

Please provide tickets @ £9-00pp £

Total £

Please complete/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, BS232 9YD Tel: 01934 628383: E-mail: horrycorp@aol.com

For application for accommodation, stating requirements, please contact:

Webbington Hotel, Loxton, Weston-s-Mare, BS26 2HU Tel: 01934 750100

email: sales@webbingtonhotel.ecilpse.co.uk

Rooms will be charged @ £75 double, £60 single B&B per night. Please telephone the hotel direct and quote RAFLAA when you book to secure the reduced rates.

ACCOUNTS MUST BE SETTLED WITH THE HOTEL

Please complete your menu choices (see newsletter for full description) and return with your booking form and cheque.

Name	Starter			Main Course				Dessert			
	Soup	Blini	Pear	Tuna	Chicken	Beef	Aubergine	Pavlova	Tart	Fruit	Cheese
1											
2.											

84th Reunion

From Arthur Clarke 84th

"Are you, or someone you know, in this photograph? If so you may like to know that the 84th (1956) entry of apprentices RAF Locking are holding a reunion in 2009. Go to this website <http://www.mooney.shared.hosting.zen.co.uk/index.htm> or send an email to n.c2@ntlworld.com and meet some of your old pals."



Committee Re-election

Three members of the committee are due for re-election at the AGM as they have held their post for 3 years. They are:

- Graham Beaston – Craft Rep
- Andy Perkins – Tech Rep
- Dave Gunby – Secretary

Dave Gunby and Andy Perkins are willing to stand for re-election but Graham Beaston will not be seeking re-election.

Your committee needs more volunteers so if you would like to stand for any of the posts and in particular, the position of Craft Representative, please step forward and contact Dave Gunby.

Cenotaph

The RAFLAA have 6 tickets for the Cenotaph Parade on November 9th 2008. The Chairman and other committee members will be at the cenotaph. Anyone wishing to attend should contact the Secretary, Dave Gunby. (01522) 525484 dpgraf72@btinternet.com

Entry Badge on the Web

Our Webmaster can now display your Entry Badge on the RAFLAA Website. Please send an electronic copy of your Entry Badge to the webmaster and Pete will do the rest

90th Anniversary of the RAF Coin



The Tower Mint has produced a 38mm solid nickel-silver medal to mark the 90th anniversary of the RAF.

It has the RAF Logo on one side and images of three planes on the reverse. These aircraft represent the 90 year period of the RAF: an SE5, a Spitfire and a Typhoon together with dates marking the 90th anniversary. It is presented in a gilded presentation case.

Your Association is able to offer it to you at £8 over the counter at the next AGM or they can be posted direct to you at a cost of £8.50 including P&P. This is half the official Tower Mint price.

The medal is also available at the Tower Mint;

<http://www.towermint.co.uk/shop.asp>

where it is priced at £16 + £2.50 P&P so your Association offers a very good deal.



To purchase one of the medals please send a cheque for £8.50 payable to RAFLAA and your details to Tony Horry.

Hillside Cottage
Kewstoke Road
Kewstoke
Weston-s-Mare
BS22 9YD

Or you can contact Tony:
by email (horrycorp@aol.com)
or telephone (01934) 628383

Tit-Bits

The Fate of Locking Water Tower

Dave Gunby 72nd sent me this piece from the BBC.

The Ministry of Defence (MoD) is selling a water tower and nearby pump house at the former RAF Locking base near Weston-super-Mare in Somerset.

The disused tower, built in the 1940s, is believed to have been designed to look like a church tower to disguise the location of the nearby airfield.

An MoD spokesman said the sale provided "an excellent opportunity for an inspired developer". The buildings will be auctioned in London on 17 September.



Then John Lloyd 87th sent an email and noted:

I now live on the camp, with my wife Pat, in one of the officer's married quarters only about 200 yds or so from the Locking Water Tower. A landmark for so many of our members, it may shortly disappear. We will be trying, with others, to buy it so that it doesn't get knocked down.

Then Tony Horry sent me this article from the Weston Mercury.

Weston & Somerset
Mercury

Water tower bought by 20-year-old

24 September 2008

A MUCH-LOVED landmark on the former RAF Locking camp has been bought at auction by a 20-year-old from Banwell. The 150ft water tower, formerly owned by the MOD, which put it up for sale as it was 'surplus to requirements', has been bought by Ashley Parsons for £33,500.

The electrician plans to turn the building into a first home for him and his girlfriend, 21-year-old Sasha Wareham. Ashley said: "It was the only thing we could afford and we hope to turn it into our family home. Hopefully the community will support us."

Earlier this month, Locking Parish Council decided against purchasing the structure because it had not planned it into this year's budget.

Locking Grove Residents Steering Committee chairman Siobhan Armstrong, who lives next door to the tower, said: "I have spoken to Ashley and I am very pleased that it has been bought by a local person who loves the tower and wants to keep it as is.

Previously, Siobhan had tried along with her fellow residents to bid for the tower.

Ponder on these imponderables.

From Geoff Corby 92nd

- If you take an Oriental person and spin him around several times, does he become disoriented?
- If people from Poland are called Poles, why aren't people from Holland called Holes?
- Do infants enjoy infancy as much as adults enjoy adultery?
- If a pig loses its voice, is it disgruntled?
- If love is blind, why is lingerie so popular?
- Why is the man who invests all your money called a broker?
- When cheese gets its picture taken, what does it say?
- Why is a person who plays the piano called a pianist but a person who drives a racing car not called a racist?
- Why are a wise man and a wise guy opposites?
- Why do overlook and oversee mean opposite things?
- If 61 is pronounced sixty one, why isn't the number 11 pronounced onety one?
- If lawyers are disbarred and clergymen defrocked, doesn't it follow that electricians can be delighted, musicians denoted, cowboys deranged, models deposed, tree surgeons debarked, and dry cleaners depressed?
- What hair colour do they put on the driver's licences of bald men?
- I thought about how mothers feed their babies with tiny little spoons and forks so I wondered what do Chinese mothers use? Toothpicks?
- Why do they put pictures of criminals up in the Post Office? What are we supposed to do, write to them? Why don't they just put their pictures on the postage stamps so the postmen can look for them while they deliver the mail?
- You never really learn to swear until you learn to drive.
- No one ever says, 'It's only a game' when their team is winning.
- Ever wonder about those people who spend £1.50 apiece on those little bottles of Evian water? Try spelling Evian backwards: NAIVE
- If 4 out of 5 people suffer from diarrhoea, does that mean that one enjoys it?

The Amazing Uses of WD-40

From Stan Murray, 92nd

I had a friend who had bought a new pickup. He got up one Sunday morning and saw that someone had spray painted red all around the sides of this beige truck (for some unknown reason). He was very upset and was trying to figure out what to do- probably nothing until Monday morning, since nothing was open. A neighbour came out and told him to get his WD-40 and clean it off. It removed the unwanted paint beautifully and did not harm his paint job that was on the truck.

WD-40 who knew? WD-40 was created in 1953 by three technicians at the San Diego Rocket Chemical Company. Its name comes from the project that was to find a 'water displacement' compound and rust preventative solvent and de-greaser to protect missile parts. The original name of the product was called 'Water Displacement #40 and was later shortened to 'WD-40'. They were successful with the fortieth formulation, thus WD-40. The Corvair Company bought it in bulk to protect their atlas parts. Ken East (one of the original founders) says there is nothing in WD-40 that would hurt you. The basic ingredient is FISH OIL.

Here are some other uses of the product:

- Protects silver from tarnishing.
- Removes road tar and grime from cars.
- Cleans and lubricates guitar strings.
- Gives your floor that 'just-waxed' sheen without making it slippery.
- Keeps flies off cows.
- Restores and cleans chalkboards.
- Removes lipstick stains.
- Loosens stubborn zippers.
- Untangles jewellery chains.
- Removes stains from stainless steel sinks.
- Removes dirt and grime from the barbecue grill.
- Keeps ceramic/terra cotta garden pots from oxidizing.
- Removes tomato stains from clothing.
- Keeps glass shower doors free of water spots.
- Camouflages scratches in ceramic and marble floors.
- Keeps scissors working smoothly.
- Lubricates noisy door hinges on vehicles and doors in homes.
- It removes black scuff marks from the kitchen floor! Use WD-40 for those nasty tar and cuff marks on flooring. It doesn't seem to harm the finish and you won't have to scrub nearly as hard to get them off. Just remember to open some windows if you have a lot of marks.
- Bug guts will eat away the finish on your car if not removed quickly! Use WD-40!
- Gives children's play gym slide a shine for a super fast slide.
- Lubricates gearshift and mower deck lever for ease of handling on riding mowers.
- Rids kid's rocking chairs and swings of squeaky noises.
- Lubricates tracks in sticking home windows and makes them easier to open.
- Spraying an umbrella stem makes it easier to open and close.
- Restores and cleans padded leather dashboards in vehicles, as well as vinyl bumpers.

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- Restores and cleans roof racks on vehicles.
- Lubricates and stops squeaks in electric fans.
- Lubricates wheel sprockets on tricycles, wagons, and bicycles for easy handling.
- Lubricates fan belts on washers and dryers and keeps them running smoothly.
- Keeps rust from forming on saws and saw blades, and other tools.
- Removes splattered grease on stove.
- Keeps bathroom mirror from fogging.
- Lubricates prosthetic limbs.
- Keeps pigeons off the balcony (they hate the smell).
- Removes all traces of duct tape.
- Folks even spray it on their arms, hands, and knees to relieve arthritis pain.
- WD-40 attracts fish. Spray a LITTLE on live bait or lures and you will be catching the big one in no time.
- Use it for mosquito bites. It takes the sting away immediately and stops the itch.
- WD-40 is great for removing crayon from walls. Spray on the mark and wipe with a clean rag.
- If you sprayed WD-40 on the distributor cap, it would displace the moisture and allow the car to start.

P.S. Keep a can of WD-40 in the kitchen cabinet over the stove. It is good for oven burns or any other type of burn. It takes the burned feeling away and heals with NO scarring.

My Aircraft Tales (2)

From Brian Davies 76/77th

20 years old and still loving aircraft

On passing out of the Apprentices and working at the airfields of Ballykelly then St Evel, I spent a 7-week detachment in Gibraltar, flying for the first time in a Hastings, which proved to be very noisy, cold and uncomfortable. But it was the largest plane I had ever flown in until then, therefore of great interest to me.

Getting myself and three airmen back to UK from Gibraltar proved very difficult as we were offloaded three times, twice from a Hastings and once from a BEA Viscount. Much as I enjoyed Gib. I eventually obtained a passage for four aboard a returning Shackleton, en-route strangely to Brize Norton!

The Shackleton was overcrowded, and I spent most of the 8-hour flight sitting on the severely vibrating main spar. Its own full crew, a full spare crew and eight passengers together with a mass of freight forced us to take the full length of the Gibraltar runway to just lift off over the sea. It was shortly after that I found out this was the Shackleton that I had seen crash-landing wheels up on Gib. runway during that year's Battle of Britain display a few weeks earlier. Also it had been 'mended' and given a temporary Certificate of Air-worthiness for its last flight to UK.

During this long flight at about 1000 feet round the coast of Western Europe, I spent a little time in the comfort of the front gun turret or the bomb bay where I was told not to touch the guns as they were loaded!

Half way up Portugal the navigator came to me and said "You're a radio man come with me we have a problem" Apparently the radar and voice radio had ceased to work and he wanted me to fix them. Ahh the innocence of aircrew! I broke the news to him that being Ground Wireless, I didn't know the air equipment from an ice cream sundae. But I did know that at 1000 feet over the Atlantic was not a good place to experiment, that the ARC-52 transceiver was pressurised and that I could blow the plane's electrics if I did wrong. We flew the rest of the way using just a Morse radio link.

My next flight with the RAF, with 23 other airmen, first in a BOAC then in a United Airlines DC-7C was on very comfortable flights from Heathrow to San Francisco via New York (we drank the plane dry before reaching Shannon Airport). From Frisco we had an equally comfortable United Airlines DC-6 to Honolulu. There amidst all the many American military and civvy aircraft with their modern tricycle undercarriages, in the corner of the airfield, was an RAF Hastings all lonely and forgotten. This was of course our next flight over 1000 miles south to Christmas Island (now Kiritimati). It was as noisy as ever but warmer as we droned south.

The Hastings based at Christmas Island may have been outdated even then, but did sterling work in bringing fresh supplies to the many thousands on the island. They were also invaluable on taking us to Hawaii and back on leave.

Later in 1958 our expected excitement of returning to UK on one of the big shiny Constellations, Stratocruisers and DC-7s on charter to the services were dashed when the Joint Services Movements section in UK decided to send 250 RAF personnel back to UK by sea on a 7-week journey. It was a novelty but a very enjoyable journey.

My next RAF flight was years later when I flew on posting to Cyprus from Stanstead in a Bristol Britannia, comfortable and uneventful. Later when I returned to UK on leave, I hitched a lift from my station, Akrotiri, in a half freight half passenger RAF Britannia, but the only seat available was the fold-up dicky seat outside the cockpit.

As I sat alone in my best blue with its brand new sergeant's stripes with the freight for company, we were crossing the bottom of Greece; it was then that I detected a strong smell of petrol. Now Britannia's do not use petrol as fuel, so I went looking at the freight pallets and saw a clear liquid seeping from the freight and slopping across the aircrafts floor. It was petrol and covering the floor in increasing depth. I rapidly went into the cockpit and alerted the crew and all of us all but the pilot, spent the next hour mopping up the petrol with paper napkins and any other absorbent material we could find. All smoking was banned, all ventilators turned full on and all unnecessary electrics turned off as the icily cold aircraft made its way to the UK and a gentle landing so as not to risk sparks.

Whilst at RAF Akrotiri I was in charge of the ground communications effort during a night time V-bomber deployment (it was about the time of the Cuba missile crises), and the engine noise that the squadron of Vulcan's made on the pan was tremendous. So bad that the Ultra and the Cosser hand mobile Tx/Rx sets we were using proved to be absolutely useless as the aircraft engines were kept running. It resulted in my having to climb up the vertical ladder into the cramped Vulcan cockpit to pass a message to the pilot. It added spice to the job.

Perks of Being Over 50

1. Kidnappers are not very interested in you.
2. In a hostage situation you are likely to be released first.
3. No one expects you to run--anywhere.
4. People call at 9 PM and ask did I wake you?
5. People no longer view you as a hypochondriac.
6. There is nothing left to learn the hard way.
7. Things you buy now won't wear out.
8. You can eat dinner at 5 PM.
9. You can live without sex but not your glasses.
10. You get into heated arguments about pension plans.
11. You no longer think of speed limits as a challenge.
12. You quit trying to hold your stomach in no matter who walks into the room.
13. You sing along with elevator music.
14. Your eyes won't get much worse.
15. Your investment in health insurance is finally beginning to pay off.
16. Your joints are more accurate meteorologists than the weather service.
17. Your secrets are safe with your friends because they can't remember them either.
18. Your supply of brain cells is finally down to manageable size.

And did you notice....

These are all in Bold Print for your convenience.

Boys!

From Chris Lewis 92nd

This is dedicated to all those with sons and grandsons. You find out interesting things when you have sons, like:

- A king size waterbed holds enough water to fill a 200 m² house to a depth of 10 cm.
- If you spray hair spray on dust balls and run over them with roller blades, they can ignite.
- A 3-year old Boy's voice is louder than 200 adults in a crowded restaurant.
- If you hook a dog leash over a ceiling fan, the motor is not strong enough to rotate a 20 Kg boy wearing Batman underwear and a Superman cape. It is strong enough, however, if tied to a paint can, to spread paint on all four walls of a 6m x 6m room.
- You should not throw cricket balls up when the ceiling fan is on. When using a ceiling fan as a bat, you have to throw the ball up a few times before you get a hit. A ceiling fan can hit a cricket ball a long way. The glass in windows (even double-glazed) doesn't stop a cricket ball hit by a ceiling fan.
- When you hear the toilet flush and the words 'uh oh', it's already too late.
- Brake fluid mixed with bleach makes smoke, and lots of it.
- A six-year old Boy can start a fire with a flint rock even though a 36-year old Man says they can only do it in the movies,
- Certain Lego's will pass through the digestive tract of a 4- year old Boy.
- Play dough and microwave should not be used in the same sentence.
- Super glue is forever.
- No matter how many jelly crystals you put in a swimming pool you still can't walk on water.
- Pool filters do not like jelly crystals.
- VCR's do not eject 'BL&T' sandwiches even though TV commercials show they do.
- Black Bin Liners do not make good parachutes.
- Marbles in petrol tanks make lots of noise when driving.
- You probably DO NOT want to know what that smell is.
- Always look in the oven before you turn it on; plastic toys do not like ovens.
- The spin cycle on the washing machine does not make earthworms dizzy.
- It will, however, make cats dizzy and cats throw up twice their body weight when dizzy.

Apprentice days

Exploits of the 82nd

From Ray Mockford 82nd

Following Ray's great presentation at the AGM, I asked Ray to write down his account of the 82nd so that every member could read it. - Ed

I started at RAF Locking in the 79th Entry but due to an accident I eventually ended, I am very glad to say, in the 82nd Entry. We were a small Entry by the time we made it to the finals. 41 sat the finals but only 37 made it to the passing out parade. We were very sorry to see our brothers FT'd. Being such a small entry I think made us a closer unit.



We were there when it all was happening at the time of the Teddy Boys. Looking back on that Saturday night is all a bit blurred but enough of the memory still exists. At about 20:55 there were several altercations taking place on the sea front not far from the bus station. The bus station was in those days on the sea front. At 21:15 when 7 buses left the bus station on route to RAF Locking the occupants of the sea front were several bodies in various states of disarray, about 4 ambulances, numerous police and Police Cars and lots of blue flashing lights. The following morning for church parade there were several apprentices showing signs of very rough usage. I myself had a very swollen right hand which caused severe discomfort for several days when holding a pen or trying to do up buttons. Nobody in the complete wing reported sick with any damage; however we were informed that several visitors from Bristol were recumbent in the WSM hospital.

For our fun and games with the visitors from Bristol, the WSM council, considered that we needed some form of punishment. This was achieved with an extra parade for the "Freedom of the City", as if we did not get enough already. Sorry guys but we were responsible for this extra parade each year till the closing of the camp. I know as my brother joined as an apprentice and followed in my footsteps some 13 years later.

Between the final exams there is a period of about two weeks while waiting for the results. This period was completely unorganised, not like the Air force we had got to know. Idle minds do not stay idle for long and a night excursion was planned. The aim was to move the Lancaster bomber parked behind T3 and T4 to a more suitable position on the main parade square. The wings had been removed outboard of the inboard engines. We found that the rear wheel could not be turned to be directly in line so in steps, 40 Apps under the tail to lift and swing the rear around towards the direction wanted. Next push like mad to the next direction, change with all again under the tail. Slowly we made progress towards the target, edging around trees and road signs till finally we could move it no further. While all this had been going on a two man National

Service guard patrol came by and we believe that they reported the activity to the Duty RAF Copper in the main guard room. Later these two came back and actually helped in moving road barriers and diversion signs so that nobody was aware of the repositioning of this large aircraft part.

Just before lunch on the following day F/Sgt Bettel had the entry on parade and without laying the blame for the aircraft movement informed us that we would be paraded after lunch to move the object back to its original hard standing. It seems that the MT section with two aircraft towing tractors and a 3 ton truck or two had not been able to extract it from between the trees on the road next to the parade ground.

While the rest of the wing were at lunch we moved the offending object back to the hard standing behind T3 & T4. We all fell in for the parade and were promptly marched off to where F/Sgt Bettel had been told the MT section had left the aircraft. Strangely it was not where he thought it should be. We were then marched up and down the various roads and almost into the married quarters till finally we found the aircraft in its place. Needless to say a certain F/Sgt was not very happy but I think even he saw the funny side.

As I mentioned earlier my brother also became an apprentice. One day he, I hope, will tell his story of the day this same F/Sgt found he had another Mockford in his squadron. It seems that I had made enough impression that after 13 years the name popped visions in his mind, obviously traumatic.

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Somerset Sights & Satellites

From Brian Colby 87th

The complete change to the lives of the over 300 young lads who arrived at Royal Air Force Locking for the 18th September 1957 to form the 87th Entry, was made even more memorable when just 16 days later on the 4th October, the Russians launched the first ever man made satellite, Sputnik 1. A couple of nights after the launch, whilst taking a well earned smoke break from the monotonous billet "bull", a number of us had the good fortune to see it pass slowly overhead in the night sky. Even the Russians had celebrated our arrival and hopefully it was going to be a good omen for the following 3 years?

For me this spectacle started a lifetime fascination of the night sky, with many hundreds of such sights, with just once, in over 50 years of viewing, seeing what might have been a UFO, when in 1966 the 'satellite' that four of us were watching, as it passed slowly over RAF Seletar, suddenly deviated from its straight line course by about 30 degrees, accelerated to about five times its original speed, and disappeared from view in just a few seconds.

The Russians had initiated the exploration of space, and some of us in the billet wanted to explore our own locale in greater depth, but with slightly more down to earth means. Thus the following summer a number of us decided that a great way to get away from the confines of the camp, and a change from dreary old Weston-S-Mare was to go out cycling, and explore the nether regions of Somerset. After arranging to have sent to me, my beaten up old bike that I had used for a number of years previous, doing a paper round in Norwich, I was duly summoned to the guardroom to collect my 'parcel', and a

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subsequent ticking off from the duty NCO for upsetting his routine when I collected it. Apprentices soon learnt to cope with such verbal lashings, by ignoring everything that is said, and as they say down in Somerset 'Clock a deaf un'

The next weekend about six of us decided we would go off on our first trip and made our way to Cheddar. It was absolutely marvellous to be away from the confines of the camp and out in the countryside, and it was with such a sense of freedom we happy bunch of 'brats' wended our way through Banwell and beyond and eventually made it to the Gorge. For a young lad from the flatlands of Norfolk, the rolling hills that we passed on the way and the sheer vertical walls of the Gorge were a real eye opener.

After exploring the sights together that Cheddar offered, we started the long cycle trek back to camp. Making our way through the village of Winccombe, we realised just how hungry and thirsty we all were, and a local hostelry beckoned. Unfortunately this particular pub had run out of food, so we had to make do with just a bag of crisps each, and of course partook of a few jars of the local 'Scrumpy'.

On empty stomachs this golden juice of the apple had its obvious effect on all of us, and it was 6 very merry apprentices that started the long trip back to camp. How we made it back without an accident I will never know; luckily there wasn't too much traffic the rest of the way, and by a real miracle we didn't fall off our bikes, as we wobbled and weaved our way back to base.

We had all enjoyed our first foray into deepest Somerset and had a great day out, but unfortunately our timing was slightly awry, as the next morning, we had to miss our expected lay in, and with somewhat slightly sore heads, had to get up early ready for Church Parade.

Whilst the Padre was later doing his best to convert the inattentive young lads before him, busily reading the books smuggled in their best blue hats, my thoughts wandered to what could lay ahead.

Of course I didn't know it at the time but, as well as even more of the planned cycling trips, I was destined to see much more of Somerset over the following years, as a member of the Apprentice Wing Gymnastic display team, with the likes of Brian Chillery and Co. Also ahead were the exciting boxing tournaments, when I and the rest of hut 375 members would make our way to the Gymnasium, to loudly cheer on our billet boxers, Brian and 'Tiny' Kuhle, as they fought the visiting Army Apprentices teams from nearby Chepstow.

These were to be fond and happy memories in the making, but of course maybe a later story.

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All Bright and Shiny

From Ken Toogood 79th

It was in our eighth term, or perhaps early ninth, when a new general duties corporal was posted into "A" Squadron, on No.1 Wing, at Locking.

After he had settled himself in for a few weeks, he decided to do a spot-check by visiting squadron lines at 06.30 so that, immediately after reveille had sounded, he strode through the billets of the 85th entry, finding them up and beginning with their routine start-of-the-day chores. (So they should be!)

He progressed to the part of the squadron lines which housed the 82nd entry; many of them were up and he chivvied the rest along till all had their feet on the floor. (So they should be!)

Then he went too far, he visited us at the 79th entry billets. For most of us, this early rising nonsense was strictly for others. We had the timing down to a fine art and knew that 07.10 rising would see us out on the working parade in good time, with all the ablutions complete, bed-pack done, everything straight and locked up where appropriate. There was always an emergency Kit Kat bar handy if we felt peckish - that would see us through to NAAFI break.

This newly-arrived corporal did not know about such things and started making the most awful din at a time in the morning which we had forgotten existed. We struggled to the surface and everywhere this corporal looked he could see that his interruption was meeting with our total disapproval. We worked through our morning routines and found that we were ready to go on parade some fifteen minutes earlier than necessary - this compounded our disgruntlement.

In good time, we moved to the road outside squadron lines ready for the working parade before marching off to Tech. Then who should appear but this ruddy corporal again - all RAF blue and shiny. He fussed around the 85th flight then the 82nd flight before standing square in front of the 79th entry. "See you again, tomorrow, lads", said he, "we're all going a on a run in the morning at 06.35hrs. Make sure that you are up and ready."

He was becoming irritating!

The following morning, he ignored the 85th and 82nd billets and came straight to us. All smart and bouncy in his flash tracksuit, but he was a little taken aback to find us all ready for this run of his. Off we went on the road between the cookhouse and "A" squadron huts; left at the junction and past the end of "A" then "C" squadron lines to the turning for the NAAFI; turned right by "B" squadron and headed off towards the Lombardy poplars and the post office. Past the Astra, along the side of Station HQ, then the guardroom came into view on the left; carry on round the curve, now heading down toward No.s 3 and 4 Tech sheds. Turned again to follow the lower edge of the parade square; up the hill and back along the side of the arena - the band huts came into sight then the cookhouse and finally huts 341 and 343. Phew!

The corporal said something pointless and went on his way. We, on the other hand, were still up 20 minutes earlier than normal so some of us decided to visit the cookhouse, just

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to fill in time. Now we remembered why we didn't bother going there any more.

Guess what happened at 8.00 as we got ready to march down to Tech.? Up comes this corporal guy and: "See you same time tomorrow, guys," said he with a wicked grin, "you must agree that was fun!" He was becoming more irritating by the moment! You just don't do this kind of thing to a senior entry - why didn't he know this?

It is now the third day. At 06.30, this corporal bloke with his flash tracksuit comes bouncing along the road and reaches huts 341 and 343. He enters hut 341 - empty! He moves on to hut 343 - that's empty too! He checks the wash house - empty; the bathhouse - empty. Double-checks the huts - nothing; checks on the roofs of the huts - nothing; looks under the huts - nothing. So he sits on the step to hut 343 and waits.

At 06.55, he sees, or hears, a group of runners in the distance. They travel the entire length of the arena, pass the cookhouse and reach the two huts. Puffing and pink with the exertion, we stood in a semi-circle around the seated corporal.

"Where the blazes have you lot been?" demanded the tracksuit. "I've been waiting here for 25 minutes."

"Well, corporal" replied our spokesman, "quite frankly we didn't think much to your run yesterday - far too short! So we decided to do a longer one today, but to avoid being late and upsetting you, we had to set off earlier. You should have come with us, you would have enjoyed it." The corporal muttered something incoherent and left. For some of us we were about to have our second breakfast of the week. Now, breakfast was becoming irritating.

As we were assembling for the Wednesday morning Wing parade, along comes our shiny corporal: "See you again tomorrow, guys," said he.

"You'll have to be a bit earlier than today," replied our spokesman, "we can't have you holding us up."

It is now the morning of the fourth day. At 06.15, this corporal bloke with his flash tracksuit comes bouncing along the road and reaches huts 341 and 343. Empty, just like the day before. So he sits on the step to hut 343 and waits.

At 06.55, he sees a group of runners in the distance. They travel the length of the arena, pass the cookhouse and reach the two huts. Pink with the exertion, we again stood in a semi-circle around the seated corporal.

"You know, corporal," said our spokesman, "you will have start getting here on time. You haven't had any exercise for a whole forty-eight hours now. You need to watch it, staff, otherwise you'll be getting out of shape."

The corporal muttered something dark and incoherent and left. We didn't see the corporal at working parade that day; we slept in to the old time on Friday morning and we never saw that ruddy track suit ever again.

Well, they said that Locking was a training school, didn't they?

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Little did he know...

From Ken Toogood 79th

One of the lads in the 79th noticed, in 1957, that if you put your hand opposite the end of the transmitter waveguide in the H2S Mk 4A laboratory, it got warm.

He pondered on this odd behaviour for a few days then decided to turn it to his advantage. Mid-morning he bought a bottle of Coke and a steak and kidney pie from the NAAFI wagon and took them to the lab for a fault-finding session.

He placed the bottle of drink out of the sunlight and carefully positioned the pie in line with and close up to the waveguide. He then concentrated on other things for the rest of the morning.

Lunch time arrived and the rest of the class marched up to No.1 Wing, as usual, for our mid-day meal. But our genius didn't bother to join us because he had made "other arrangements".

He took his time recovering the Coke bottle and took a few swigs; then he turned his attention to the pie. Sure enough, it was nice and warm to the touch; he'd discovered a way of avoiding the two-way lunch-time trudge.

He took his first bite out of the pie, but he must have selected a poor one because it felt like he had bitten into a piece of bone. It wasn't much fun to chew either but, Hey! you don't normally get bone in NAAFI pies. Then he inspected the fresh opening into the pie; there, inside, were the blackened remains - cinders if you like - of a cremated steak and kidney filling.

Now Frank Whittle invented the jet engine because of his knowledge of engines and a lot of careful experimental work; if our intrepid hero had engaged on some lateral thinking - he could have invented the microwave oven. But no - a more basic instinct took over and he chose, instead, to run all the way to the Apprentice Wing canteen of the off chance that he might salvage a portion of the menu option that all his fellow apprentices had looked at and rejected.

About the same time, two airmen from 3 Wing also ignored the chance to make millions when they chose to sunbathe, one weekend, on top of one of the radar caravans near 4 Shed. When they reported sick on the Monday, the MO eventually concluded that they had probably cooked the contents of their stomachs. And they didn't take out microwave-cookery patents either.

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Fortunes of War

From Mike Collier 76th

I crawl stealthily up the dune towards the "enemy" stronghold. It seems an age since I set out; elbows and knees are getting sore. My ears are assailed by sporadic small arms fire and the detonations of thunder flashes. It's July 1955, we are on a night exercise from Summer Camp. Denims and boots gradually fill with sand as I slither slowly up the incline, intent on capturing our opponent's flag. There is a sudden extra bright flash. I bury my face in the sand to prevent light reflecting from it and alerting the "enemy". In a lull in the noise, voices from the darkness not far ahead. I freeze but know I must be getting quite close. The voices again, this time further away. An "enemy" patrol perhaps. Pretty sloppy, making all that noise. The lull seems to have gone on for quite a long time. Is this some sort of trap? Hardly daring to breathe, I ease myself almost silently into their camp. I wait for someone to rush out of the darkness. No sign of anyone in this area, again very careless but to my advantage.

Hugging the ground, I crawl slowly to the base of the flag pole. Still no alarm raised, I am going to be a hero. Gently, I lift my head to see how the rope is secured. In the dim light I perceive a rope but no flag. Damn, someone must have beaten me to it! Again there are voices in the distance. I hold my breath and stay perfectly still. The voices seem to be calling my name. Slowly it dawns on me that the exercise must be over. The bright light I ignored, the recall flare. No wonder my approach went undetected.

Sheepishly, I climb to my feet. Encumbered by the sand now stored in my clothing, I lumber down the dune and shamble into the light cast by the headlights of the waiting lorries. A sergeant "rockape" collars me as I emerge from the darkness. I think he was about to organize a search party. Though I guess he was more concerned about his own future than mine. I have no idea what the penalty might be for mislaying an Aircraft Apprentice but he certainly takes his foreboding and anger out on me. Colourful expletives punctuate his tirade as he calls into question, my legitimacy, common sense, basic intelligence and eye sight. The process is not helped by comments shouted by my colleagues from the safety of the lorries.

Potential hero to unpopular villain, all in a matter of a few minutes. Such are fortunes of war!

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I have these jabbing pains!

From Ken Toogood 79th

Locking 1955-57 - I had reported sick and the prescribed treatment required me to report for attention twice a day. When I arrived, one afternoon, I disturbed two nursing orderlies at play - they were using hypodermic syringes as "water pistols"!

After a few moments, one orderly squeezed just that bit too hard and the needle flew off, narrowly missing his colleague and embedded itself into the wall.

It is at times like these that you hope your TABT isn't due shortly.

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Explosive 'Fun'

By Brian Davies

76/77 Entry

From the age of 6, explosions have fascinated me. Some have said 'Why didn't you become an armourer in the RAF then?' The answer was that I also wanted to go into ground communications. And anyway bombs and guns are dangerous.

At this tender age I spent much of my time in South Wales as my parents thought that Bristol was too dangerous during the bombing during early years of the war. This was especially after a stick of four 250 kg bombs bracketed our house in west Bristol. The loud whistles as they came down was unearthly, and time stretched interminably as we waited for the explosions and to see whether they had missed us. It did however crack all our ceiling plaster and removed some roof tiles.

We experienced some incendiary bombs as well on our road in Bristol, but my nearest encounter with them was in the Welsh village where I stayed with my Aunt. Two miles or so away was a steel plate factory, and the Luftwaffe kept missing on three occasions and hitting the village. On two of the times I had sneaked out of our cellar to watch the wardens bashing the mini bombs with spades to put them out. Exciting, yes, but foolish for a six year old.

Amazingly, in the Welsh town near my residence, the local ironmonger sold such intriguing things as sodium which made delightful but dangerous mini explosions when put in water; and also believe it or not he also sold fuse cable, by the foot

My small crowd of 6, 7, and 8 year olds found that when we unravelled this cable we could recover a large amount of dark grey gunpowder. Then we went onto the mountainsides and experimented in blowing up rocks and making various size bombs out of glass bottles with varying lengths of fuse. We frequently went home without eyebrows much to the annoyance of parents. Eventually we were found out and the ironmonger reported to the police for selling gunpowder to minors.

My next experience with explosives was in the Aircraft Apprentices, when in the hot summer months of 1954 we had made a few bottles of wine, and secreted them in the baggage room at the end of our hut. Unfortunately the wine fermented much quicker than expected and one hot weekend afternoon the lemonade screw top (yes - screw top !!!) bottles blew up with such force that only a sticky glass powder was found left adhering to all the suitcases. This stopped us making wine that way.

A year or so later one of our Entry (a clever lad named Simison) discovered that we could make a good explosive 'gun cotton' from soaking newspapers in a solution of fertilizer, drying them and when packed onto containers, they made rather good bombs. Needless to say in spite of the potential danger, we thought this was great fun.

The possible use of these bombs was (at the time) interesting. After experimenting with small bombs let off on the air raid shelter in between the front of our hut and the Sports Arena, then in dustbins – where the lids gratifyingly blew quite high, we expanded our scope.

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We placed a bomb in the sewer manhole to see what would happen. Besides lifting the heavy manhole cover a few feet, it invoked the wrath of the senior entry in nearby huts when a few of them on the W.C.s were swamped with a gush of backwater. We did not own up.

The next prank was the wrapping of minibombs on rockets (this was around Guy Fawkes time) and firing them at the ice cream van plying its trade on the other side of the Arena. Spectacular effects as they exploded, but after a few we decided that it was a bit too dangerous.

Hearing hand grenades go off at fairly close proximities (in Limassol during the civil unrest of the 1960s) and an earlier experience, finally cured me of my fascination with explosions.

On Christmas Island in the Pacific in 1958, I was one of many who felt the raw power and terrific blast of the three multi-megaton H-Bombs from about 20 miles away, and I was one of the few who won the raffle (yes really a raffle) to be within 5 miles of a 5 kiloton A-Bomb burst.

It's true, ignorance (and youth) is bliss!

It's Curtains for you, Prosser

From Ken Toogood 79th

One lad who started with the 78th, but passed out with us, was called Prosser. They had smoking compounds for us to use - so we didn't smoke in the billets, did we? Well, of course we did.

Prosser had this refined to a high degree; not only could he smoke lying on his bed, but when the need arose he could deftly flick the stub up and out of the window which was set slightly ajar for this very purpose. Time after time, his aim was spot on.

Then, one day, his aim was slightly off and the butt fell smouldering onto the window sill. But his confidence was high and he didn't check; we set off for afternoon Tech and thought no more of it.

The butt smouldered on and eventually touched the curtain, setting it on fire. Just at the right moment, Flight Sergeant Bettel, performing his rounds, entered the billet, saw the smoke and dunked the burning curtain in the fire bucket.

Prosser was called to the Squadron office - we can imagine the kind of things that were said - he paid for a replacement curtain and was ordered to hang it in the billet.

You can work out the rest of the story for yourselves when I simply tell you that, when we returned from Tech the next afternoon, we were greeted by Chiefy Bettel, gesticulating wildly, brandishing a piece of scorched material in his hand and yelling ""Prosser! It's happened again!"

Humour

The Taliban and the Jew

From Phil Marston (92nd)

A fleeing Taliban, desperate for water, was plodding through the Afghanistan desert when he saw something far off in the distance. Hoping to find water, he hurried toward the object, only to find a Little old Jewish man at a small stand selling ties.

The Taliban asked, "Do you have water?" The Jewish man replied, "I have no water. Would you like to buy a tie? They are only \$5."

The Taliban shouted, "Idiot! I do not need an overpriced tie. I need water! I should kill you, but I must find water first."

"OK," said the old Jewish man, "It does not matter that you do not want to buy a tie and that you hate me. I will show you that I am bigger than that". "If you continue over that hill to the east for about two miles, you will find a lovely restaurant. It has all the ice cold water you need. Shalom."

Muttering, the Taliban staggered away over the hill. Several hours later he staggered back.

"Your *!?!##** brother won't let me in without a tie."

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Love Story

From Phil Marston 92nd

I will seek and find you.

I shall take you to bed and have my way with you

I will make you ache, shake & sweat until you moan & groan.

I will make you beg for mercy, beg for me to stop.

I will exhaust you to the point that you will be relieved when I'm finished with you.

And, when I am finished, you will be weak for days.

All my love

The Flu

Now, get your mind out of the gutter and go get your flu jab!

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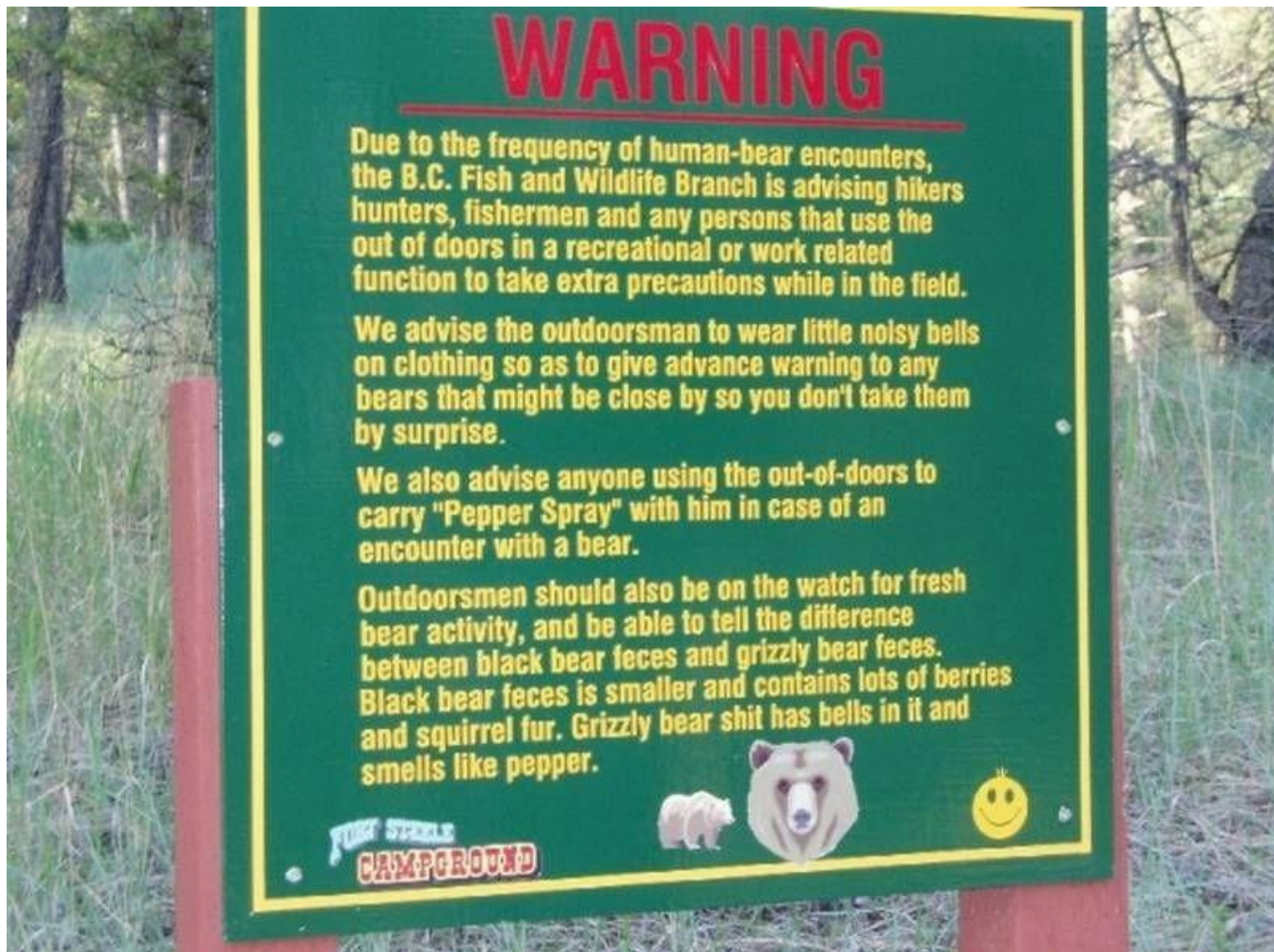
Voted Best Scottish Short Joke

A bloke walks into a Glasgow library and says to the prim librarian, "Excuse me Miss, dey ye hiv any books on suicide?"

To which she stops doing her tasks, looks at him over the top of her glasses and says, "Fook off, ye'll no bring it back!"

Bear Warning

Tiny Kule 87th noticed this warning sign!



Sunday Morning Sex

From Geoff Corby 92nd

I will never hear church bells ringing again without smiling.

Upon hearing that her elderly grandfather had just passed away, Katie went straight to her grandparent's house to visit her 95-year-old grandmother and comfort her.

When she asked how her grandfather had died, her grandmother replied, 'He had a heart attack while we were making love on Sunday morning.'

Horrified, Katie told her grandmother that 2 people nearly 100 years old having sex would surely be asking for trouble

'Oh no, my dear,' replied granny. 'Many years ago, realizing our advanced age, we figured out the best time to do it was when the church bells would start to ring. It was just the right rhythm. Nice and slow and even. Nothing too strenuous. Simply in on the Ding and out on the Dong.'

She paused to wipe away a tear, and continued,

'He'd still be alive if the ice cream van hadn't come along.'

Two from Australia

Two Chimps and a Blonde!

A blonde lady motorist was about two hours from the Gold Coast when she was flagged down by a man whose truck had broken down. The man walked up to the car and asked, 'Are you going to the Gold Coast?'

'Sure,' answered the blonde, 'do you need a lift?'

'Not for me. I'll be spending the next three hours fixing my truck. My problem is I've got two chimpanzees in the back which have to be taken to the Gold Coast Zoo. They're a bit stressed already so I don't want to keep them on the road all day. Could you possibly take them to the zoo for me? I'll give you \$100 for your trouble.'

I would be happy to,' said the blonde.

So the two chimpanzees were ushered into the back seat of the blonde's car and carefully strapped into their seat belts. Off they went.

Five hours later, the truck driver was driving through the heart of the Gold Coast when suddenly he was horrified!! There was the blonde walking down the street and holding hands with the two chimps, much to the amusement of a big crowd.

With a screech of brakes he pulled off the road and ran over to the blonde. 'What the heck are you doing here?' he demanded, 'I gave you \$100 to take these chimpanzees to the zoo.'

'Yes, I know you did,' said the blonde, 'but we had money left over --- so now we're going to SeaWorld!

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Veterinary School

First-year students at the Sydney Vet school were receiving their first anatomy class, with a dead cow. They all gathered around the surgery table with the body covered with a white sheet.

The professor started the class by telling them, 'In Veterinary Medicine, apart from knowledge, it is necessary to have two important qualities. The first is that you not be disgusted by anything involving the animal's body.' For an example, the Professor pulled back the sheet, stuck his finger in the anus of the dead cow, withdrew it and stuck it in his mouth. 'Go ahead and do the same thing,' he told his students.

The students freaked out, hesitated for several minutes. But eventually took turns sticking a finger in the anal opening of the dead cow and sucking on it. When everyone finished, and stood around gagging, vomiting, and spitting, the Professor looked at them and said,

'The second most important quality is Observation... Notice that I stuck in my middle finger in the cow and sucked on my index finger. Now learn to pay attention.'

Julie Andrews

From Brian Chisham 92nd

To commemorate her birthday actress/vocalist, Julie Andrews made a special appearance at Manhattan's Radio City Music Hall for the benefit of the AARP. One of the musical numbers she performed was 'My Favourite Things' from the film 'Sound Of Music'.

Here are the lyrics she used: Sing it for best effect!

*Botox and nose drops and needles for knitting,
Walkers and handrails and new dental fittings,
Bundles of magazines tied up in string,
These are a few of my favourite things.*

*Cadillac's and cataracts, hearing aids and glasses,
Sterident and Fixodent and false teeth in glasses,
Pacemakers, golf carts and porches with swings,
These are a few of my favourite things.*

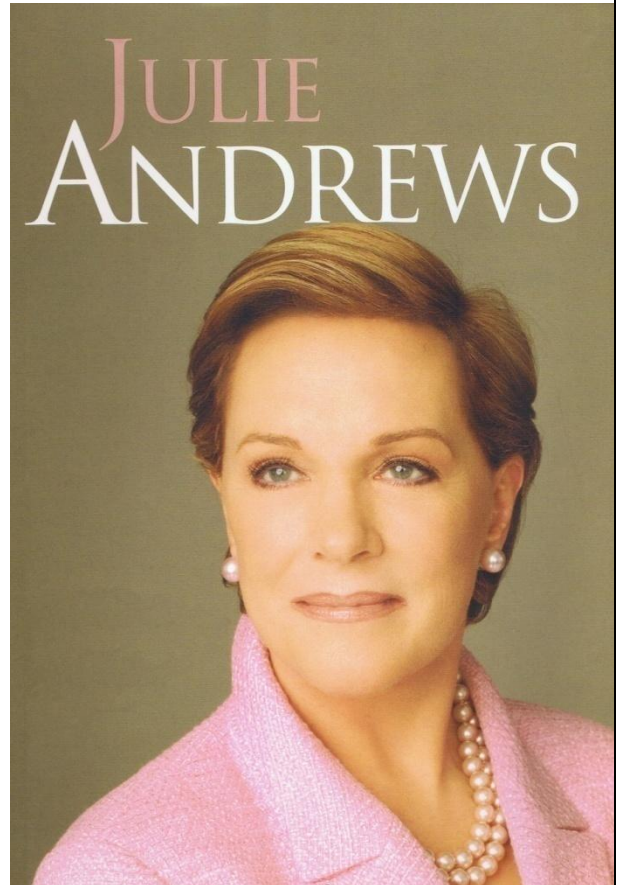
*When the pipes leak,
When the bones creak,
When the knees go bad.
I simply remember my favourite things,
and then I don't feel so bad.*

*Hot tea and crumpets and corn pads for bunions,
No spicy hot food or food cooked with onions,
Bathrobes and heating pads and hot meals they bring,
These are a few of my favourite things.*

*Back pain, confused brains and no need for sinning,
Thin bones and fractures and hair that is thinning,
And we won't mention our short shrunken frames,
When we remember our favourite things.*

*When the joints ache,
When the hips break,
When the eyes grow dim,
Then I remember the great life I've had,
And then I don't feel so bad.*

Ms. Andrews received a standing ovation from the crowd that lasted over four minutes and repeated encores.



RAF Days

Definite No – Nos

By Brian Davies 76th

As a life-guide to younger ex-apprentices (i.e. those under 70 years of age), here is a short list of a dozen things NOT to say to your fellow creatures. They are all true experiences by me, mainly when I was much younger, and I am still surprised to still be around - it must be the charm and eloquence instilled in me during Apprentice training:

1. In a Greek Taverna in Corfu, ask for a Turkish coffee. (Caused the Greek waiter to go ape****)
2. Tell your superior officer that you have learnt successful man-management by doing the opposite to his example. (Caused him to be confused as he thought he was always right)
3. Talk Slav politics late at night in a Belgrade bar. (Escaped by getting the locals more drunk than me)
4. Tell a good Islamic customs officer at the Penang Customs Post, that your bag is full of pork sandwiches. (Result: beat a hasty exit as he stepped away in horror)
5. After flying from UK to New York, ask a NY city policeman what the correct time was (I received a curt 'beat it bud')
6. Make plans to set up a 'house of ill repute' in Akrotiri village (1963) to meet an urgent need from many lads on the camp. (Resulted in being sternly warned off by the Cypriot mafia via the S.I.B.)
7. In a bar in Narbonne (south France), tell Frenchmen that they did no better than the Americans in Vietnam. (Result: Quickly found another bar to drink in)
8. Tell a Yorkshireman in Leeds that they are tighter than Scotsmen. (Result: losing a contract a month quicker than expected)
9. Tell Australians at a caravan site in the bush near Kalgoorlie that they don't barbecue properly – just hot plate cook! (Left the site earlier than usual next day)
10. Attempt to tell the USSR Commissar aboard a Russian liner (1965) how a democracy works successfully. (Result: He poured me another vodka and smiled benignly)
11. Try explaining to a Canadian that Canada is part of North America [continent] (Result: He kept repeating that he was not American)
12. By-passing the local police force to arrange with Special Branch for Saudi bodyguards to carry arms on Saudi royalty flights into Manchester Airport. (Result: a golden Saudi thank you)

National Service Tale

From Stan Murray 92nd

Some of my fondest memories of those I worked with involved National Servicemen and the very first came not long after leaving Locking. My first posting after passing out was to Cranwell.

Initially, my time there was very short, but I have to recall a story that will remind everyone of what it was like to serve with a National Serviceman.

The Transmitter site was in Cranwell village, a mile or so from the camp. For a short period I was working on the site, and for company I had a "National Service Airman" called Johnny Halliday, a Geordie who had been a welder in the North East shipyards when he was called up to serve his country.

John was like my image of all Geordies, he had a natural sense of humour, and was always smiling and joking. One day he put this to use and proved to me that if you wanted a job done properly you had to give proper instructions, or anything could happen.

The boss, Flying Officer Bill Hill, was paying the site a visit one day, and decided it could do with a sprucing up. Many of you will remember some of these old buildings, a bit like prefabs, flat roofs, usually white, with timber frames, usually painted black - all pretty standard stuff for those days. The instruction seemed clear enough - but was it? The boss suggested that John might like to get outside one day and paint the building, so that it would look a bit brighter. Well, did he mention a colour? No, he assumed John would do the logical thing and paint it black and white. Never assume!

John had a look in our paint locker and discovered a variety of half- empty tins. The colours covered virtually every colour imaginable, so John, being a National Serviceman, used his imagination. He climbed onto the roof with the tins, emptied them out and brushed the sticky liquid over the roof, and let it drip down the sides of the building. What a lovely pattern appeared - a bit like something out of "Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts' Club Band".

In a few days, Flying Officer Hill arrived to survey the newly painted building. As he approached in his Land Rover, it swerved off the driveway, no doubt in shock, at the sight that unfolded before his eyes. Initially he was livid, but when confronted by young John, he relented and eventually smiled.

As he said at the time - he should have known better than to ask a National Serviceman to do a job without explaining precisely what to do. John lived for weeks in the NAAFI on free drinks and fags, from an appreciative audience to his tale of how he became a painter. As I said, my time at Cranwell was initially very short, but it did have good memories.

Anyone out there got a National Service story to keep us all amused?

A Henlow Posting – 1965

From Dave Thompson (88th Entry)

Henlow was not a popular posting in the '60s. Discipline was very strict under the very tight rule of the Station Warrant Officer, WO Sierkierkowski, a Polish gentleman who presumably had stayed here after the War. He insisted that everything was done by the book and that meant a type of discipline loved by the big training schools of the RAF. Uniforms had to be immaculate and when lunch breaks were due, everyone had to form up in flights and march to the mess. For most people, the mess in those days was a large wooden building situated beyond the brick built barrack blocks which now house JARIC and other sections, so it was quite a distance to march. The SWO's pride and joy was the Parade Square and we spent many a happy hour marching on there. I wonder what he would make of the Square as it is now. It is a car park and half of it has single person accommodation built on it!

I had just completed a very enjoyable two and a half year tour at Rheindahlen. As a Ground Wireless Fitter, I worked on Radio Relay, part of RAF Germany ComCentre, and we provided multi-channel radio communications across the whole of the command using fairly ancient German made equipment. It worked well enough but if you were the Duty Fitter, you could be called out any time of the day or night to go and fix a problem anywhere that the RAF had a base at that time. I got stranded at Geilenkirchen one night when my 5 ton Ford Köln truck (3.5 litre side valve V8 petrol engine, 8 mpg) refused to start after I had fixed the problem there. I was eventually "rescued" by the Duty Signals Officer's assistant and driven back to base leaving the truck behind. (To see a photo history of Rheindahlen in the early '60s, see:

www.queenswayclubsurvivors.com/index.php)

From this background, I actually volunteered to go to Henlow where I knew life would not have the same excitement. However, as I came from Letchworth it was an opportunity to spend time with my family. In those days, single people could not generally live off camp but I made enquiries to see if I could and was directed to the SWO's office as it was to be his decision. This was the first time I had met him so I made sure I was looking my smartest and knocked at his door. My impression on seeing him was that he was a very stern looking man and I didn't think my request would be granted. However, I was wrong. He said there would not be a problem as long as I took my turn to be JNCO in charge of a barrack block; I was a corporal at the time. Also I would not be able to draw living out allowance as it could not be paid to single people. This was not a problem as I would have most of my meals in the mess anyway. So I moved home and simply commuted in each day for work. I had to stay behind one evening each week to supervise the "bull" evening in the block, and be around for CO's inspections when they were due.

I worked in EES, the Electronic Engineering Squadron which was housed in 132 Shed. This building was demolished in the mid '90s but was situated immediately opposite the two stores hangars. I was a bay supervisor with about 10 airmen and 10 civilian Radio Technicians working in my bay. My job was to allocate to suitable people, the various jobs known as Signals Orders and then follow these jobs through various stages of manufacture making sure they were going to pass the AIS Inspectors eagle eyes when submitted! The whole shop floor was controlled by WO Frank Parsons and I was immediately under Sgt Wally Scott who had overall control of two bays. We mostly manufactured special cables and small electronic assemblies to be used on various ground installations mainly but sometimes special jobs would come up for us to do. In

Royal Air Force Locking Apprentice Association

those days, Signals Command had a laboratory at Ruislip and many small jobs were prototypes that we built for them. I had to go there occasionally to discuss problems with the boffins that worked there. One job I remember was a series of small black boxes that were to be fitted in an aircraft, I have no idea what it was, we weren't told. However, the components used were fitted on a printed circuit board, the first I had seen. Part of the job was to write the component locations on the board but as it was made from fibre-glass, it was too slippery for the type of ink we used and the sealing varnish applied over the letters just would not adhere. A different ink was found but for the varnish I was sent over to the CIBA Laboratory at Duxford, the company famous for inventing Araldite, and they had a varnish which was suitable for the job. Normally when I went out anywhere, I would get a vehicle from MT and drive myself but on this occasion no vehicle was available so they sent a driver round in a small truck to take me.

One day I remember, there was a lot of noise coming from the airfield and just about everyone went outside to see what was going on. I had better explain that in those days, a large hangar known as the "Pickle Factory" housed some of the exhibits that were to go in the RAF Museum. Outside on the grass, stood a Lancaster, the one that is very familiar to us all these days as it now belongs to the Battle of Britain Flight. It had been destined to be used at Hendon in the museum but it was decided to form the Battle of Britain Flight and this was to be the Lancaster that was to be used. The noise we heard was the 4 Merlin engines being tested. Unknown to most people, work had been carried out on the aircraft to get it airworthy ready to fly to Waddington and what we were hearing were the final tests on the engines. As we watched the Lancaster started to move and gently taxied down to the start of the main runway where further engine tests were carried out. Then they were brought up to maximum speed and the aircraft moved forward gathering speed and finally took off heading for Waddington where it was to undergo a complete refit before it joined the BBF. Waddington was the first home of the BBF.

Station duties in those days seemed to come round quite often. Unlike today, there were no gate guards, in fact there were no gates! All the entrances were open and in use for anyone who wanted to come in. At night, it was the lot of the Orderly Corporal to patrol every two hours. We were based in the Guardroom for the duration of the duty and if it was a weekend duty, that meant being in there for the two days. On one occasion, I had to escort a prisoner from the cells to the mess which was a fair distance away. Well anyone who knows me knows that I am only five foot three and this particular airman was over 6 foot. He was awaiting transportation to Colchester to serve his sentence; he was a guy that was always in trouble and justice had caught up with him. Anyway as we marched to the Mess, he must have sensed that I looked a bit uneasy as he suddenly said "Don't worry Corp, I'm not going to run, I'm in enough trouble already"! In addition to these duties, we had to do Fire Piquet duties. Again, the team, about 6 airmen with a corporal in charge, lived in the Guardroom at night and at the weekend as this duty lasted a week! The team always got priority at meal times as we only had a limited time to eat.

Towards the end of my year at Henlow, Ian Smith the Prime Minister in Rhodesia, declared UDI, independence from British rule. Politicians here didn't take too kindly to this and decided to send an emergency force to neighbouring Zambia to put pressure on Ian Smith to back down. This emergency force needed communications back to the UK, no satellites in those days. The equipment selected was a large high power HF transmitter type DS20. This was hastily assembled into a cabin in 189 Hangar, part of EES. However, the airmen working on that part of the section could not get this

transmitter to work and no-one there had ever worked on one before. A notice went round all the other sections looking for anyone with experience on this equipment. As I had worked on these for 16 months at Normanby transmitter site in Lincolnshire, and I had been suitably taught all about these transmitters by Cpl/Tech John Austin 76th Entry. Anyway I put my name forward to help. It transpired that out of 3000 personnel working at Henlow, I was the only one who knew anything about these transmitters so I was sent down to 189 to sort it out. It took many hours I seem to remember and it was Christmas as well, but the job had to be done and eventually it was working well. A couple of nights later, I came onto camp with my Fiancée, Sandra, (met at Rheindahlen and now my wife of 42 years) for an evening's entertainment in the Corporals Club. The Star that evening was Norman Collier, a comedian who later went on to greater things. As we entered the Club, the guy on the door told me I was to report immediately to my Squadron Leader waiting in the Guardroom. Here I was told that as no-one else knew about this equipment; I was to go to Zambia with it. What he didn't know was that I had already been cleared to join SHAPE Headquarters at Fontainebleau in France. Anyway, the outcome was I didn't go to Zambia, they sent one of our Sergeants after I had given him a crash course on transmitter operation.

That was my year at Henlow. I came back in 1990 to work in the Civilian Technical Training Centre as an Instructor. I retired in 2006 although I still work in the Signals Museum. Signals museum web address www.rafsignalsmuseum.org.uk

There is one little twist in the tail of the story of the Zambia transmitter. Sometime after I left the RAF, we were invited to go and spend a weekend with some ex-Rheindahlen friends who lived at RAF North Luffenham. My friend Les, decided to show us slides of his tour in Aden. All of a sudden on the screen appeared a picture of my DS20 cabin which I instantly recognised. Asking why it was there, Les informed me that he had been sent down from Aden for a few months to work on it, as no other Ground Wireless Fitters were available. He had not known of course, of my earlier involvement!

Days Out

Halton Open Day

Sent in Ray Mockford (82nd)

Ray sent these photos of the open Day at Halton in June. It looks like a good day out so I will print the date of the next one in the newsletter if I get sent it.

RAF Halton - Open Day - 14 June 2008



Royal Air Force Locking Apprentice Association

RAF Halton - Open Day - 14 June 2008



Obituaries

Nothing can relieve the pain but kind thoughts help the memory.

Ron Grant

From Neil Castle (76th)

It is with great regret that we record the sad loss of our 76/77 friend and colleague Ron Grant, who died from cancer on the 24th of February 2008.

Ron was brought up initially by his grandparents in Glasgow and subsequently by his father and stepmother in Yeovil. Ron joined the RAF Apprentices with the 76th entry on the 20th January 1954. During his time at Locking Ron was a member of the wing boxing team and an excellent bugler in the apprentice band playing solo at Earls Court on several occasions. He was also a keen golfer and continued to play whilst still quiet ill with cancer.

Ron served a full term with the RAF including tours in Iran, S.H.A.P.E (Brussels), and instructor duties at Locking, completing his service as a Warrant Officer at RAF Henlow. After leaving the service he remained at Henlow as a civilian employee.

Ron was a founder member of the LAA. He leaves a widow and son and will be sadly missed by all who knew him.

588166 Tom William Hamilton Beck

From David Gunby (72th)

Tom was born in India on 17th November 1936. He was educated in India and at Coplestone School for Boys, Ipswich.

He joined the Royal Air Force on 10th September 1952 as one of 112 members of the 72nd Entry. During his 3 years at RAF Locking he excelled in the sporting field playing Cricket, Rugby and Badminton and passed out as Air Radio Fitter.

Tom's RAF career took him to Malaysia where he worked on many different aircraft and also represented the FEAF at both Badminton and Rugby. However his first love was cricket and he represented Combined Services, Selangor State and Malaysia. Tom was posted to RAF Raynham on his return to UK where he worked on Javelins and Hunters. In 1962 prior to a posting to Cyprus He was diagnosed with TB and after two years in hospital Tom was medically discharged.

Tom took civilian employment with SKF and completed another 3 year apprenticeship. He assumed responsibilities for SKF's European contracts and in 1974 joined Rockwell International again with European responsibilities. In 1978 he was relocated to USA where he remained until 1986 when he was returned to be headquartered in London. Tom retired in December 1995.

Tom took up Golf in his retirement and greatly enjoyed the social activities the game brings. He also supported the 72nd Entry at most of their reunion celebrations.

Tom married Susan in 1958 while in Malaysia. They have two children, Simon and Julie, and five grandchildren. Tom died in hospital in Winchester on 8th August 2008 shortly after suffering a stroke. He will be sadly missed by his family, friends and his colleagues in the 72nd Entry Association.

Sir Eric Dunn

From Tiny Kuhle 87th

It is with sadness that we learn of the death of the Patron of the RAF Cranwell Apprentices Association, Air Marshal Sir Eric Dunn KBE, CB, BEM, C.Eng., FRAeS. This will be a great loss to the CAA who have lost such a distinguished Patron, who like us all began his career as a humble 'brat'.

The picture shows the wreath sent by Cranwell Apprentices Association.



Peter Magnall

From Les Harris and John Farmer

I am very sorry to bring you the sad news that Peter Magnall, of the 4M1 (67th), died on 22 September. Peter was admitted to Stoke Mandeville Hospital on Friday 5 September having been diagnosed with cancer.

Peter's funeral, at which the Association and Entry was represented by Ron Atkinson of the 4M1 (67th) Entry, was at 2.45 pm on Tuesday, 30 September at the Chilterns Crematorium, Amersham. Following the funeral service, a reception was held at the Amersham & Chiltern Rugby Football Club, Amersham.

Peter, a widower, leaves three sons Paul, Philip and Andrew.

Closing Thought

Life and beer

From Stan Murray 92nd

A philosophy professor stood before his class and had some items in front of him. When the class began, wordlessly he picked up a very large and empty glass jar and proceeded to fill it with large stones about 4" in diameter. He then asked the students if the jar was full? They agreed that it was.

So the professor then picked up a box of small pebbles and poured them into the jar. He shook the jar lightly. The pebbles, of course, rolled into the open areas between the rocks. He then asked the students again if the jar was full. They agreed it was.

The professor picked up a box of sand and poured it into the jar. Of course, the sand filled up everything else. He then asked once more if the jar was full. This time the students were sure and they responded with a unanimous "YES!"

The professor then produced two cans of beer from under the table and proceeded to pour their entire contents into the jar -- effectively filling the empty space between the sand. The students laughed.

"Now," said the professor, as the laughter subsided, "I want you to recognize that this jar represents your life. The rocks are the important things - your family, your partner, your health, and your children. Things that, if everything else was lost and only they remained, your life would still be full. The pebbles are the other things that matter like your job, your house, your car.

The sand is everything else - the small stuff. "If you put the sand into the jar first," he continued "there is no room for the pebbles or the rocks. The same goes for your life. If you spend all your time and energy on the small stuff, you will never have room for the things that are important to you.

Pay attention to the things that are critical to your happiness. Play with your children. Take time to get medical checkups. Take your partner out dancing. There will always be time to go to work, clean the house, give a dinner party and fix the disposal.

Take care of the rocks first -- the things that really matter. Set your priorities. The rest is just sand."

One of the students raised her hand and inquired what the beer represented.

The professor smiled. "I'm glad you asked. It just goes to show you that no matter how full your life may seem, there's always room for a couple of beers.

Royal Air Force Locking Apprentice Association

RAFLAA Committee

Appointment	Name	Address	Tel/e-mail	Re-Election	Entry
President	Martin Palmer				91 st
Chairman	"Tiny" Kühle	22 Tavistock Clse Woburn Sands Milton Keynes Bucks MK17 8UY	(01908) 583784 Hans.Kuhle@btopenworld.com	2010	87 th
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Service Rep	Rick Atkinson	1 Lake Walk Adderbury Oxfordshire OX17 3PF	(01295) 812972 rick-jacky@lakewalk.wanadoo.co.uk	2008	91 st
AA Rep/ Webmaster	Peter Crowe	14 Hillview Road Weston-super-Mare N. Somerset BS23 3HS	(01934) 412178 webmaster@raflaa.org.uk	2008	95 th
Craft Rep	Graham Beeston	87 Hornbeam Rd Havant PO9 2UT	Home (02392) 346242 Work 0778 8795358 graham@mapleoak.co.uk	2009	209 th
Tech Rep	Andy Perkins	107Balmoral Way Worle Weston-s-Mare BS22 9BZ	(01934) 417323 aperkins@schaffner.com	2009	109 th
Newsletter Editor	Chris Tett	45 Chapel Street Woburn Sands Milton Keynes Bucks MK17 8PQ	(01908) 583047 chris@crtett.plus.com	2008	92 nd



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
