



Newsletter

On Balance, Ring Changes After Sterling Service

GEORGE RING STANDING DOWN AFTER FOUR YEARS AS TREASURER

Increasing pressure of work in his real job has meant that George Ring (95th) had to stand down having given sterling service (pun much intended) as Treasurer since the Association was inaugurated four years ago.

In his Presidential address at the fourth AGM, Martin Palmer thanked George for his unstinting efforts in what is one of the most demanding offices of the committee.

As many members already know, George and Margaret also expertly organise the very successful Dinner Dance which follows the AGM, making the week end worthwhile, especially for those who travel long distances. They have also organised other occasions such as the November Social event, providing the opportunity for members to reunite often for the sec-

ond time each year. Very generously the couple have offered to continue in that unofficial role, an offer which was readily accepted on our behalf by Martin.

The actual hand over of the balanced books to the incoming Treasurer took place at the August Committee meeting. The new treasurer is Tony Horry (76th), to whom all financial issues should be addressed with immediate effect.

Tony's address and telephone details can be found on the enclosed list of committee members. The various forms in the member's booklet will be updated in the next issue of the member's booklet which will appear before the end of the year.

A full report on the AGM appears inside.

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Editorial

How's this for dedication? I write this sheltering from the hot Mediterranean sun beneath a straw sunshade on a wide sandy beach on the island of Kos. The Aegean is gently lapping at the shore about a dozen yards from me, and a gentle breeze is keeping the sweat at bay. I have just dined on kalimari and salad washed down with 'an ice cold Charlie'. Life is as sweet as the yoghurt and honey which followed it.

Whilst de-stressing, I have been trying to think of new ideas to con encourage you lot into writing some copy (the cupboard is bare). I can't escape the conclusion that amongst the 377 of us, there must be a cornucopia of experiences and anecdotes which would delight and astound the rest of us. It wasn't too difficult to come up with some of my own (although whether you consider them delightful, remains to be seen).

For instance, who remembers the "*I Learned About Flying From That*" articles in Flight Safety magazine? How about a series of "I learned about life from that" articles here?

Finally, may I say a big thanks for all the kind (and otherwise) remarks which I have received following an accident when I fell off a brick and broke my hip. (I'm now a health and safety officer by the way!)

About the scariest moment happened at the Dinner Dance. The bar is on the third floor of Dance Scene, and the dining room is on the middle floor. Rather than attempting the stairs to the bar on my new NHS crutches, which I still had not completely mastered, for pre-dinner drinks, I elected to stay in the dining room. To my horror there appeared a host of slightly tipsy middle aged men brim full of Comradeship and Entry Spirit; the gentlemen of the 99th insisting that they could carry me to the bar on their shoulders! What worried me was, what state they would they be in when it was time to carry me down again. Anyway, sense prevailed and I was left to reserve the 99th table. I later did go upstairs under my own steam – less ceremoniously but a much safer! But thanks for the thought lads!

I learnt about life from that ...

Unfortunately, the Apprentice system failed to recognised my inherent leadership qualities. So not for me the heady responsibilities of Apprentice NCO-ship, or even Class Leadership. Maybe opting for the Band had something to do with this, but for whatever reason, it wasn't until some years later that I discovered the intoxicating power held by those in charge of a Flight of disciplined airmen, ears pricked, ready to respond instantly to the commands of He In Charge.

Eventually I found my self back at Locking instructing, the result of a desperate attempt to get away from Henlow. Problem was, this was in the days when the parade square wasn't a car park, so ... monthly Saturday working parades. My ability to drill remained untested, until one fine Saturday morning I was handed this Flight of Airmen we prepared to march off the square by a Flight Sergeant who had better things to do.

"Take this lot to 3T Block and report to Squadron Leader Somebody" were my instructions. A muted groan told me that 'this lot' weren't too chuffed about their Saturday morning prospects, and come to that nor was I.

Given my previous inexperience, I cautiously experimented with the Flight until I began to get the hang of it. Actually I soon became completely hooked on the power buzz and did a complete circuit of 3T and 4T Block before bringing my lads to a halt and standing them at ease.

I found the Squadron Leader on the indoor parade ground. He explained that there were 500 chairs to be moved into the Theatre and laid out cinema style.

By the time I got back to the Flight I had a strategy worked out and reckoned an hour should crack it. Unfortunately the Flight also had a strategy and had legged it – to a man.

The Squadron Leader was unimpressed, and suggested that the sooner I started, the sooner I would finish. He was right, I managed to hand in the keys at 16:30 that afternoon.

Lesson: Always leave someone in charge, and make sure that you know who they are!

AGM Report

A condensed version of the official minutes.

Approximately 100 members attended the fourth AGM, held as usual in the indoor theatre at RAF Locking.

Opening the meeting, the President introduced the Station Commander, Group Captain 'Simon Rooms, whom he thanked for interrupting his busy schedule to visit the reunion and also for his interest in the Association and providing the venue. The Group Captain was then introduced by the President to address the Meeting.

The Station Commander said that there were three points that he wished to make.

Firstly, he informed the membership that the RAFA was about to set up a convalescent home in Weston-super-Mare a project at which the Station is directing its fund raising.

This led directly to the second point. One of the main ways in which funds were to be raised was to produce a History of RAF Locking for sale in which he hoped the Association would participate. The history would consist of a collection of anecdotes from people who had served at RAF Locking over the years of the Station's existence and he believed that the membership would be a rich source of material. He would therefore be pleased to receive stories from members for publication but time was short so he needed the material as soon as possible, but in any case before the end of October, which was the latest that material could be accepted. (See page 20 of this issue for further details).

Group Captain Rooms's third point was to outline his intentions on the commemoration of RAF Locking's closure. He said that because of the severe shortage of manpower, he aimed to train up a team of personnel to undertake the duties required of the Battle of Britain Church Parade, the Freedom Parade, a possible Royal Visit and the return of the Freedom

Scroll and Sword to the Charter Trustees of Weston-super-Mare. He invited the Association to take part in the final Freedom of Weston Parade and hold its reunion and AGM at RAF Locking for the final time in September 1998. This invitation, he hoped, would also be taken up by members of the Cranwell and RAF Locking Boy Entrant Associations. He said that at this moment, timetabling was uncertain but when the Station Diary had been put in order, planning could begin.

The meeting then moved on to the presentation of the RAFLAA Trophy to Cpl Le Wilson. A full report and picture appear on page 7.

President's Address

In his address, the President thanked the Station Commander for providing the facilities for holding the AGM and said that he was grateful for the offer to take part in one of the commemorative closure events of RAF Locking. He felt sure that the membership would respond to the occasion in providing copy for the proposed 'History.' of the Station.

He went on to say that the Association had a stable period and that he was pleased that this year he had not had to report the death of any colleagues. Sadly, some members had left the Association but this was balanced by others who had been found. In particular he was delighted to see the Sri-Lankan contingent at the reunion.

Chairman's Report

The Chairman thanked the Committee for the effort put into organising the reunion and the Meeting. In particular, he wished the Treasurer, George Ring (95th Entry), who was about to stand down, good luck in the future. He thanked George for the work he had put in since the inception of the Association and for his stewardship of the members money.

He went on to reflect on how we were to continue the Association after the closure of RAF Locking and stressed that finding new members was the only way in which to maintain momentum and enthusiasm. He said that next year would probably be the last opportunity to come to Locking and that, because it was special, he hoped many more people would come to the last reunion and take part in the Freedom Parade.

Finally he informed the membership that the Association would be represented at a meeting of the Federation of Apprentice and Boy Entrant Associations in July this year. He said that although it would be wrong to assume that the Associations would move closer together, the meetings did allow opportunities for closer relationships and a sharing of information. As time went on and memberships inevitably reduced the likelihood of some merging was likely.

Membership Secretary's Report.

The Membership Secretary reported that active membership stood at 377. The Association had unfortunately been unable to retain 70 members who had declined to renew their memberships.

He went on to say that recruitment was still largely achieved through the membership and urged all present to persuade friends and colleagues to join. He outlined some of the ways in which the Association was trying to find members and said that, lately, the best medium had proved to be the Internet. This was due to the unstinting work of George Burville (90th Entry), and that he was deeply grateful to George for his work in setting up a home page on the World Wide Web and passing on the information to him.

The Membership Secretary outlined a proposal to change the Association's Constitution in order to make it easier for members to contact each other. Currently the Constitution protects member's addresses. This means that the Association meets the requirements of the Data Protection Act (DPA) but this was frustrating members from writing or contacting colleagues direct. In discussing the matter with a data man-

ager, it had become clear that the release of members names, addresses, telephone numbers and E-mail addresses was not in conflict with the DPA. It had therefore been decided to put the issue to the membership. If members approved the proposal, a booklet would be published giving every member's address, telephone number and, where applicable, their E-mail address by the end of 1997.

However, If any members wished such data to remain confidential he had to inform the Membership Secretary in writing by 15 October 1997

The Chairman put the following resolution to the Meeting;

The Meeting approves the release of Members address details to other members of the Association.

After discussion, in which the resolution was amended so that only written information would be available, the resolution was unanimously approved.

(The resulting amendment to the Constitution is published on page 17 – Ed.)

Balance Sheet and Treasurer's Report

The Treasurer hoped that the members had taken the opportunity to study the audited balance sheet. He compared the Association's profit and loss and the Balance sheet pointing out differences between this and last year's figures. He noted that, although nett profit had fallen to less than a third of the previous year's figure, the Association's current assets were broadly in balance and that the finances were in a healthy state. He said that since last year's Meeting, there had been some changes in the pattern of spending especially in the production of the Newsletter which is no longer free. Nevertheless, despite the extra spend there was no need to increase the membership fee which he recommended as adequate to keep the Association's funds in a strong position. The balance sheet, a copy of which appears in this newsletter, was any-

mously accepted by the AGM.

Election of Committee Members.

The Chairman explained that one of the General Members, Peter Crowe (95th), had completed his statutory three years on the Committee and unless there was a volunteer, he had agreed to stand for re-election, which was accepted by the membership.

Craft Representative, Barry Cox (219th), had volunteered for the post after last year's AGM and his appointment was ratified by the this Meeting.

The Chairman next called for a nominee for election as Treasurer. George Ring (95th) had now completed 4 years in the post but pressure of work required him now to hand over the responsibilities of the office. However, he was prepared to go on organising the social events for the Association, an offer which, the Chairman said, he was grateful to accept.

There being no volunteers forthcoming, the Chairman asked members to reflect on the requirement and if any member wished to seek nomination, to see him after the Meeting.

After the Meeting, Tony Horry (76th Entry) volunteered for the post of Treasurer and was appointed by the Committee to carry out the duties subject to ratification by a future General Meeting.)

Subscriptions

After the Chairman outlined the required financial need in 97/98, it was proposed and accepted unanimously that the subscription charge remain at £7.50.

Closure of RAF Locking

The Chairman said that it was necessary to gain members views on the future after the closure of RAF Locking. Members' thoughts were that they wanted to commemorate the training of apprentices at RAF Locking but there were few ideas on how this was to be done. The Committee had one or two ideas but the Chairman

thought that it should not impose its views on the membership. When asked what these were, the Secretary explained that there were two options that would be looked at. The first related to the RAFA project in Weston where it was suggested the Association sponsor a wing, public room or suite and decorate it with suitably mounted photographs and possibly a plaque. The other was to erect a suitable memorial in the Town Mayor's Parlour where Weston's former civic pride is maintained.

The Chairman said that all that could be done at present was to plan our part in the event outlined and to make sure that we had a videoed record of events.

Member's Propositions

The Chairman was asked if there had been any thought of where the Association would go after the closure of RAF Locking. The Chairman answered that there were no plans afoot nor could any be made. He thought that most members would prefer to see the Association centred on Weston-super-Mare and thought it unlikely we would receive a welcome from RAF Cosford although there had been a change in atmosphere.

A further question from the floor was concerned with the fact that next year's reunion would not now be until September and therefore was an earlier one planned? The Chairman said that the Committee would look into holding one in the early spring of next year. (Subsequently decided as Saturday 21 February 1998)

Date of next AGM

No decision could be made on the date of the next AGM; however, it would fall sometime in the month of September 1998 and would coincide with the Station's final Freedom parade in which the Association would take part.

The meeting then concluded and members dispersed, to meet again at the Dinner Dance, which was enjoyed by all as usual.

Memory Joggers

by Mike Ferrer 102nd

As usual, lots of interesting memory joggers in the May RAFLAA newsletter. The mention of the dance organised by the 95th, in March 1963, especially stirred up visions of what was the biggest "jankers" parade I ever saw.

During the early evening, banned civilian clothing was being retrieved from the most obscure hiding places, in preparation for the dance. About half an hour before the transport was due to depart, every staff N.C.O. and flight commander on the wing descended on the more junior entries, and caught most of them attired "illegally". I think the 101st took the brunt of it, and, as they were only a small entry, finished up with just about all of them on three days CC.

For that three days, the evening parade composed three ranks from the guardroom virtually to Station Headquarters.

As to Roland Higgins query about where everyone has gone, I think he is looking in the wrong place. There are a lot of ex-Locking apprentices in civil aviation. He should forget the flight line and hangar, and go over to the tower, especially on the non-state airports and those in the Gulf, and ask around in air traffic engineering. In Abu Dhabi even a couple of the locally recruited Pakistani technicians were apprentices.

Finally just a small comment on the possibility of the association joining the final Freedom of Weston Parade. Some of the members may be in the same position as me in having a, not too obvious, disability, in my case breathing problems. I think that, at "120 to the minute", much more than a mile would probably be a little beyond me, so if the suggestion does become definite, perhaps some indication of what will be involved would be a good idea, to save any embarrassment. I never thought I would see the day when I would be possibly volunteering for a parade!!

Instructional Airframes

from K M Yates,

Aviation Research Historian

I am currently collating data for publication on the subject of time expired RAF Aircraft retained by the RAF. The bulk of this work will cover instructional airframes for both engineering and fire training as well as Gate Guards. At this stage it is unlikely that Museum exhibits will be covered, though they may be included in any follow up publication.

The book will be entitled "Last Post" and will cover pictorial and historical text relating to the aircraft. It is envisaged that we would cover all "M" (Maintenance) series aircraft, and certainly if we can, a pictorial record of all Gate Guardians Static display from inception to present day.

To this end I am writing to enlist your help and support in this venture. Through the membership of your association, is it possible that information may be obtained relating to Airframes relevant to RAF Locking. In particular we are seeking details of air frames held at the station that would fall within this remit, and if possible photographic studies of the aircraft whilst on charge at your station. I am in contact with Sqn Ldr Tilbrook, who is as you may know working on a history of RAF Locking for publication later this year, and have exchanged some data.

Any assistance/material received will be duly acknowledged in the book and crown copyright material will be used only after clearance from MOD (Air Historical Branch).

All royalties are to be made available to The Royal Air Force Museum and The Aerospace Museum, Cosford where I enjoyed many happy years as a museum volunteer.

If any one has any information, please send it to 102 Cherwell Drive, BROWNHILLS.

Walsall, West Midlands. W88 7LL

Tel / Fax: 01543453255

Presentation of the RAFLAA Trophy



The President presents the RAFLAA Trophy to Cpl Lee Wilson.

Cpl Wilson, a Statistical Clerk, was until recently a member of the Statistics and Records Section at RAF Locking. He has put in an outstanding year's work on behalf of No 1 Radio School and RAF Locking in producing a suite of business results from statistics compiled on the centralised examination results and training (CERT) computer system which is now installed in all RAF training schools.

He has been instrumental in creating these results now available at the 'touch of an icon' to all the managers, thus overcoming one of the major failings experienced by the Station when measuring the Unit's performance against the European Standard Business Excellence Model. Much of the information, which is essential to study and correct trends, is presented in graphical form and obtained from process control data.

Lee has worked tirelessly to provide management with all the statistical analysis necessary to maintain the Station's Lloyd's Quality Rating and he is a worthy recipient of the RAF Locking Apprentice Trophy. It is also good that Stats and Records, an unsung section which many on the Station are unaware of, are now able to bask in the reflected glory of the award to one of their members.

Lee has is now stationed at RAF Benson and has been promoted to Cpl. There he will be analysing and compiling statistics for Engineering Wing on the Station's helicopter fleet.

Shackleton Over The Pond

by John Botwood

Bill Hercus (85th) told us of the Shackleton Association homepage run by John Botwood from his home in Australia. Many apprentices have been associated with "Shacks" and their equipment, and so John has given his permission to reproduce this evocative account of a training flight over the Atlantic

They were interesting times but none of them could be more interesting than the last month of the year. The chart in the "A" Flight Commander's office becoming the object of everyone's attention around mid-November. There was a green line starting at January and going directly to December with the squadron's allocated flying hours as the target. The red line that wobbled around the green, showed the progress of the squadron's actual flying hours, day by day. When it became obvious at the end of the year that the hours flown would not balance the Squadron's allocated hours, there was either nothing to do or there was a mad rush to accumulate as many hours as possible before Christmas.

November 1957 was typical of the latter case. Number 269 Squadron at Ballykelly had a red line that was short by 650 hours. So eight crews had to accumulate that amount in three to four weeks. To put it simply - make each sortie a fifteen hour Navex.

There were three Coastal Command Squadrons at Ballykelly, all equipped with Avro Shackletons. Numbers 269 and 240 flew the Mk I and 204 the later Mk II. Although different in appearance the two Marks had the same internal equipment. Each Squadron had nine aircraft and it's personnel were split into two Flights. "A" Flight, of nine crews, each crew comprising two pilots, two navigators, one flight engineer and five signallers. "B" Flight consisted of all the ground crew specialists necessary for maintaining the front line operation of the Squadron.

Our main area of operations was the North Atlantic - sometimes called 'The Pond'. You could say that it is an intriguing part of the

world. It holds so much history, both apparent and hidden. Rockall for example, a solitary landmark four hundred miles Northwest of Ireland, a small rocky pinnacle sometimes sixty feet above sea level and at other times completely submerged. The Royal Navy claimed it for the United Kingdom in 1952 by landing a crewman from a Sikorsky Dragonfly to plant a flag. This was done on one of the Atlantic's quieter days, the flagstaff was still there in 1962. Within thirty miles of the lonely rock lie four U-boat aces and many of their victims. Both hunter and hunted, together for ever.

Trans Atlantic air traffic was increasing in 1957. The airline fleets consisted mainly of Super Constellations, Stratocruisers and DC 'Seven Seas'. The Comet and the Boeing 707 had commenced operations in September and October respectively and would soon change the scene. An average of 180 aircraft crossed in Mid Atlantic at 0200, 20'000 ft above us. We could listen to their chatter on VHF, whilst on the HF band, the strange sounding chords of the four harmonic tones of the SELCAL could be heard.

Many calls were to the Ocean Weather Stations. These ships were no stranger to the North Atlantic, having "served their time" protecting convoys and hunting U-Boats some 12 years earlier. They were converted corvettes providing weather reports to Europe and the British Isles. They could also provide direction finding, flare paths and Ground Controlled Approaches in an emergency. We would often exercise with them and practice ditchings to provide practice for their operators. Each year we looked forward to dropping the Christmas mail and tree to our "local" Station Ocean Weather Station Juliett.

A typical Navex would be from 0600 to 2100 or 1800 to 0900. The 0600 flight started with an early morning call at 0300. Preflight meals would be taken in the Messes and of course would normally consist of bacon, eggs, sausages and beans. Then via either coach or van to the Operations building at 0430 where each specialist would self brief before gathering in the main operations room for general briefing. Sorties could be easily planned on a triangular course, each leg lasting four hours with crew training being carried out on an opportunity basis. Cruising altitudes would vary between 500 and 1,500 ft depending on weather conditions. While the briefing was in progress, the

ground crew would have been working on the aircraft for hours. A fifteen hour flight required 3626 gallons of AVGAS, so with no fuel jettison system and a maximum takeoff weight close to 81,000 lbs this meant that once

airborne, six to seven hours were required to burn off sufficient fuel to get down to landing weight. The armourers would be loading the weapons bay which had fifteen stations, each capable of carrying 1,000 lbs except the centre station which could carry a 4,000 lbs airborne droppable lifeboat. A normal training load would be 32 practice bombs, six sonobuoys and four depth charges. The bombing practice was for pilots and navigators. Pilots dropped the depth charges from low level by eye and navigators dropped from 300 ft using the bomb-sight. Sonobuoys were carried for investigation purposes and the depth charges as part of the annual allotment for proficiency training. You could see the results of a depth charge drop which is more than could be said for the annual drop of a Homing torpedo which would

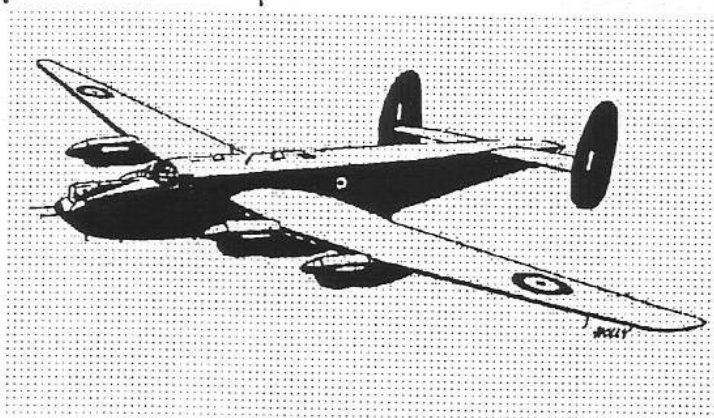
enter the water with a splash and spend the rest of the time out of view banging repeatedly against a "padded" submarine.

The conditions under which the groundcrew worked never failed to amaze us. High winds, snow, rain and freezing cold; it was all the same to them. You could return with an unserviceable engine and before you started unloading the aircraft the cowlings were off and they were working on the glowing red hot engine with frozen hands.

Even overseas, they had to operate in unfriendly conditions, they would travel with us in the aircraft when we went on detachment and 269

was always proud of the close relationship that existed between the two groups.

Even in Ireland, it was cold in November and the passage of warm fronts would provide only relative and temporary relief. The flying ra-



tions were collected by the Duty NCO and taken to the aircraft. It could be quite a load as they had to provide meals for ten men over a period that covered three main meals. The only facilities on board were one hot plate with a hot cupboard above it and a hot water urn. Most crews took pride in making each main meal a three course meal. It was amazing what could be got away with under the dim aircraft lighting, creamed rice looked so much like scrambled eggs when served on toast to the navigator under his yellow lighting.

On arrival at the Squadron the crew would change into flying gear. On cold sorties most would wear a pair of flannel pyjamas under their uniform then a thick pullover, flying suit and cold weather flying jacket. A few still had the old issue sheepskin lined boots which were

not only warm but extremely comfortable. All safety equipment and the crew box, containing cooking utensils and cutlery, would then be transferred to the aircraft and preflight checks would be carried out. Pilots and the engineer would carry out the external aircraft and weapons bay against their load sheet (to make sure that what they hoped they were going to drop was what they actually dropped). Signallers would stow the gear in the aircraft as their checks could only be carried out with the engines running, the power from the trolley accumulator being too weak to drive both Radio and Radar. If time permitted, the crew would gather some distance off to have a smoke and savour the silence. The bulk of the aircraft would loom silhouetted against the lights of the station living quarters on the hill. It was a very reassuring sight. The Shackleton was the last of the Roy Chadwick designed heavies and no one could ask for a better combination than an Avro airframe with Rolls-Royce engines. The overall dependability and surfeit of power did a lot for the peace of mind.

When it was time to go, the aircraft was entered by the door on the starboard side. Turning right to go forward you would pass the two beam lookout positions and the large stores of flares, sea markers and cameras. The next area was designated as the crew rest area but the two rest bunks were always full of parachute bags and more flares as this is where the illuminating flare guns were mounted. The four banks of six barrels fired one and three quarter million candle power flares - at one second intervals. The resulting string of pearls would light up anything within 3/4 of a mile. Just ahead was the Galley and the first of the obstacles, the flap activating housing with a cover a foot square. Then over one of the main spars past the radar station and over the big main spar three feet wide and high, past the navigators and sonics positions on the left side of the fuselage before passing between the 'engineer's position and the radio position. The two pilots positions were next and, ducking into the nose, you arrived at the nose canopy with its bench seat for the bomb

aimer and observer.

The engines were started in the order of starboard inner, starboard outer, port inner and port outer. With their starting, the constant roar that would stay with us for fifteen hours commenced. Once all generators were on line and stabilised, the remaining equipment checks could be carried out. The radar scanner was in a chin blister on the nose which allowed performance checks against the hills of Eire across Lough Foyle. Its position would also engine checks while the navigators checked the allow 'reverse' GCAs onto the runways which showed up particularly well when wet - a distinct advantage at Ballykelly. Radio contact would be made by WIT on HF with Group in Scotland and the sonics operators would check the performance of the SARAH Homing equipment against a test set mounted in the control tower. While the navigators checked their GEE, LORAN and Decca the pilots ran up the engines and checked for mag drops. Because Ballykelly sits on an old sea floor and is surrounded by hills, everyone in a five mile radius was more than aware of the condition of the engines.

The preferred runway at Ballykelly was 26 and this was much more preferable than 20. On 20, the old seashore starts where the runway ends and the climb out gradient of the Shack then matches the profile of the hills. Taxying a Shackleton Mk1 in fresh winds was a test of skill and strength. There was no servo assist to any control surfaces and the tail wheel was castoring, so steering was accomplished by differential braking and variation of engine power.

After takeoff clearance was obtained, we lined up, checked full and free movement of the controls and after selecting water methanol, applied power against the brakes. Griffons at full song are very impressive and when the brakes were released the long takeoff run would commence. Once airborne, most vibrations ceased and the engine noise subsided to a roar. The prototype Shackleton had soundproofing which

was removed from the production models. No soundproofing could ever help the pilots sitting in line with the eight contra-rotating propellers. The after takeoff checks were followed by the engineer conducting a quick fumes check, after which all equipment would be switched on and normal routine commenced.

Radar was manned continuously by signallers, rotating through the position. Crossing coast checks ensured that the bomb bay worked correctly. We would coast out at Inistrahull Lighthouse often, and in this case, in the dark. The light of the lighthouse seen from above is a revelation as four or five beams are seen rotating like the spokes on a wheel with the angles between them determining the time intervals. Towards the rear of the aircraft the Galley would start operating on a rotating basis of relief every two hours. Coffee was served as soon as possible and after that, silence would descend on the intercom as crew members occupied themselves with their specialist tasks.

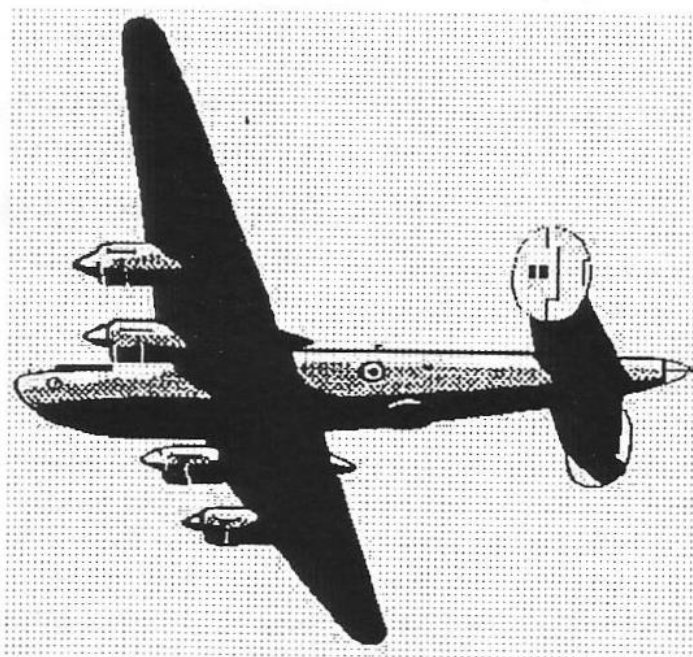
The three petrol heaters would be 'fired up' (an expression that sometimes all too literally described the process) and pockets of warmth established in the aircraft.

The radio operator maintained contact with Group using the Marconi TR 1154/1155. It was a set that was designed in the 1940s for ease of use with minimum training as its colour coded controls linked frequencies and functions. Although low powered, it had a distinctive chirp

that penetrated most static and quite long ranges could be achieved. One of the navigators would act as the en-route navigator while the other would assume the role of tactical navigator if necessary. They would be assisted in their navigation by the radio operator with HF/DF and CONSOL fixes. Drift was measured through a vertical drift sight or by the periscope mounted in the beam area below the aircraft, the latter being used mainly at night with flame floats. Navexs became very boring for those of the crew without jobs and many crews took this opportunity to change positions for training in becoming proficient in other areas.

Dawn would reveal the usual grey Atlantic with many whitecaps and large green patches where

the sun shone through the clouds on to the sea. Radar would pick up Rockall at 25 miles and a radar practice homing would take place with the operator calling the overhead position with "on top, now, now". There was always rivalry for proficiency and accuracy, errors of even 25 yards resulting in back chat among the crew. Rockall was



the turning point for the southbound leg which crossed the major shipping lanes of the North West Approaches and normally resulted in many sightings to relieve the monotony.

Radar homings were carried out on most sightings. The ASV XIII which was being used at that time was a great improvement on the previous mark VII. Most sightings would be of freighters and small liners, larger liners like the two Queens and the United States being

seen further south in the South West Approaches. Lunch would be prepared during these activities and low level manoeuvring during photo runs providing interesting exercises in balancing and dexterity while eating. The meals could consist of four courses, chicken soup followed by steak and kidney pie with potatoes, peas and carrots; finishing with mandarin oranges and cream and coffee; all from tins! The habitability of the interior of the aircraft could have been better! The matt black finish and dim lighting becomes depressive after just a few hours — but after fifteen!!! Resting crew members found it hard to relax and soundproofing and other amenities would have improved rest and ultimately efficiency.

Six hours after takeoff the engines required exercising of the propeller translation units. Each engine would be run through the range of boost and the propellers through the range of R.P.M. s. This provided a welcome variation to the normal synchronised roar. Prior to depth charge drops, the area would be checked clear and at the promulgated time the charges' would be dropped singly. Everyone would want to see the results of the drop as it was an annual highlight. The drop would be made by the bomb aimer on a sea marker and after release, a quick turn allowed all to see the effect of the explosion. There was a brief time interval after the weapon entered the sea; then a circle of white water flattened the sea with a shock wave, a tall spout reached up 60 ft before falling slowly and causing only a momentary halt to the progress of the Atlantic swells. All this happened in silence as far as we were concerned and, strangely, would have the appearance of slow motion. The remaining three weapons would be dropped and the sortie continued. It looked spectacular but in reality, the weapons had to be within 19 ft of the target to be effective. Any attack on a submerging target had to be made within 30 seconds of it disappearing. Nine hours would have passed by this time and course would be set for home. Although the leg was four hours we would complete the detail

with two hours on our local Radar buoy conducting bombing practice. The intercom would again fall silent as routine was resumed.

The heaters required constant attention and if one would stay on all the time and be super efficient, it was always the one in the navigators' area, bringing complaints of it being too hot. The only crew members occupied were those involved in en route tasks and off duty members passed the time as well as they could. The galley supplied coffee and sandwiches and for variation added, the odd sheet of cardboard to the sandwich filling to see the reaction of those that were busy. Others off duty found their thoughts wandering as they passed the long hours. Books or other reading materials were rarely carried and as many sightings were made in transit, a lookout was always maintained.

... after a fifteen hour sortie in a Shackleton even the oldest Morris Ten would sound just as good as any Rolls Royce.

The crew was a strange entity. New members served an apprenticeship before being accepted as capable by the rest. Although coming from all walks of life they formed a close knit group, being inseparable and looking after each other, particularly any new boy in the crew. In parts of the aircraft the cold permeated flying clothing and members moved around the aircraft to seek warm areas and find company in talking to others. This never happened on fully operational sorties when all positions were manned and everybody had a specific task.

The sun would be setting as we headed Northeast toward the coast. Radar would pick up the coastline at 45 miles confirming our tracking. The navigators would show no surprise at

this (although one or two have missed Ireland in the past). The course would steadily close the coastline until the loom of Tory Island light was sighted on the horizon. We aimed to pass to the Northwest of the Tory and set course for Inistrahull and Number Nine radar buoy.

Before commencing operations, a safety check would be made of the area and communications established with Ballykelly on VHF.

Radar homings started at 12-10 miles, the operator gave headings until five miles and then turns left or right until on top. Distances from three miles were called as often as possible, the one mile call

including the phrase 'Flares, flares' to start the illuminants. The bomb aimer took over when visual contact was made and the drop made using the bombsight. Assessment of the attack was made by the observer looking rearward through the bomb bay and was in the form of percentages under and over the target for each bomb as they represented the start and finish of a stick of depth charges. A perfect straddle was with 50-50 no line error. The result was also photographed with a rear facing camera using six photoflashes from an illuminants discharger in the roof in the beam position. Sixteen sticks of practice bombs could require 480 of the 1.75 inch projectiles to be loaded and unloaded. The proposed flare activity would have been notified to the Coastguard and Lighthouse services earlier in the day. From the buoy it was only fifteen minutes transit to base and the lights of Derry could be seen reflected off the cloud base but the flight had to be fifteen hours long so more flying was needed. On most nights, those not flying were able to relax while sitting in the Messes, watching the pretty lights of the flare displays to the northwest.

After two hours, the transit to the circuit was made. Equipment and stores were packed, washing up done and the aircraft generally tidied prior to landing. The crew brightened up as there was no need for debriefing and it would be straight to the Messes on return. Early morn-

ing shaves would have disappeared and everybody would be conscious of the fact that they had been wearing heavy clothing for almost 18 hours. Crossing coast checks included a visual inspection of the bomb bay with the Aldis light to confirm that there were no loose weapons or hang-ups. Tracking in via Magilligan Point and sliding across the northwest face of Benenevagh, the field could be clearly seen on the banks of the Foyle. Benenevagh stands guard at the mouth of the Lough and is known locally as "Ben Twitch". Between Ballykelly and the mountain, the old airfield of Limavady is close to the hill. To warn crews of its closeness a low powered radio transmitter was used. If the aircraft strayed close to the slopes the transmitter activated the abandon aircraft klaxons. The circuit was such that it was on and off all the time - hence the "Twitch". Arrival was never a simple process, with the three squadrons and other units, there was always circuit traffic. There was also a further complication that circuit lengths were sometimes affected by trains crossing the main runway before our arrival and they had priority.

After landing, a quick magneto check would be carried out before taxiing to dispersal and parking under ground crew directions. Numbers 1, 2 and 4 engines would be cut, number 3 being used to provide services power to open bomb doors and lower flaps to rest the hydraulic system. When number 3 was cut an incredible silence would descend on the aircraft although you could still 'feel' the noise. The opening of the rear door brought a gust of fresh air which accentuated the 'Shackleton smell'; that strange mixture of oxygen, leather, sweat, Tepol, hydraulic fluid, paint and electrics - and the elsan.

Outside, the fresh Westerly felt marvellous and everyone would soon be changed and into cars for the quick run to the Mess. Driving off, one would experience the major effect of a fifteen hour sortie in a Shackleton; even the oldest Morris Ten would sound just as good as any Rolls-Royce.

Federation of RAF Apprentices and Boy Entrants Associations Meeting.

by Charles Hart

The Chairman and Secretary attended the Associations Meeting at RAF Henlow on 15 Jul 97. Various ventures were discussed involving individual associations and, in particular, we were interested to hear of the progress toward the laying of the apprentice and boy entrant commemoration stone that is to be set in the pavement outside St Clement Danes in the Strand.

The date for the unveiling has now been agreed and each association has been allotted a number of seats in the Church. Ours is likely to be around seventy. The date for diaries is Sunday 19 April 1998. The timing of the Service is not yet agreed but likely to be 11am. Members and families are most welcome to attend and we would like an early indication of how many will be applying for seats hence the proforma invitation which should be returned to the Membership Secretary.

The Stone itself will be quite a simple affair; the engraving will simply say :

To Commemorate Royal Air Force Apprentices and Boy Entrants 1922 - 1993 and will be surmounted by the RAF badge. The dates will be either side of an apprentice wheel at the bottom. We will endeavour to make it a weekend affair involving a mini reunion and look forward to your support.

Another unveiling will also occur soon at RAF Halton when a sculpture is to be dedicated to all RAF Halton Apprentices. It is a replica of their initial workshop job which required them to file a block of cast iron to precise dimensions. A 1 inch square hole was then cut in its centre and a brass cube was filed to precisely fit the hole; sounds rather familiar.

The date of this event is the 31 Oct 1997 and our President and Chairman are likely to receive an invitation to the event. The unveiling is to be carried out by a VIP but at this time no announcement has been made as to who it is to be. However, we do know that the 3rd Lord Trenchard will be there; who else?

Project Proposal

John Hollowood (102nd), who is the Deputy Secretary General of the Royal Airforces Association (RAFA) has written to the secretary reporting that the Association has purchased a former hotel/residence in Weston-super-Mare close to the sea front which it will refurbish and modify as a short stay refuge for RAFA members, much like the British Legion Convalescent Home in town. The home will be known as Flowerdown House.

In his letter John has suggested that we could use one of the wings, public rooms or even one of the bedrooms as a vehicle to further the Association's objectives by naming it after the RAFLAA and using some of our archive photographs, suitably mounted, to decorate the interior.

As we learned at the AGM, RAF Locking are now focusing their charity fund raising on the same project.

At the August committee meeting of the RAFLAA it was agreed that Flowerdown House was a worthwhile project to be involved with, and the Secretary was actioned to write to the RAFA to discuss what could be achieved to meet the needs of both Associations. In particular, from our own point of view it would provide a suitable memorial to the training of apprentices at RAF Locking. It would also enable us to erect our own bronze plaque in a long term home associated with the Service.

The committee are seeking your ideas and comments on this project — so please write in to the news letter with your suggestions.

The Incas 1961 - 64

by Bob Finlayson 99th.

The Incas were born in November 1961 when 4 members of the Apprentice Band got together and decided that over the Christmas break they would ask their respective families for financial support to purchase some musical instruments. On returning from that break, Tony Beaumont (95), Joe Jordan (99) and a 97th lad had their guitars and I turned up with my red sparkling drum kit. (It's still in one piece in the loft).

Shortly after we had our first practice, we were just awful - but not for long soon we could belt out the Shadows, Beatles and many other hits of the time. We practised whenever we could but what we really needed was a singer. Dave Clegg (99) stepped into the limelight and he was quite a hit with the ladies.

We appeared at many different venues, The Caveman (Cheddar), The Four Roses, The Danesbury, Winter Gardens and The Paradise but perhaps the band will be best be remembered for the many ' gigs' we played in the basement at the Beach Club. All the amp's ran from one 5 Amp round pin plug (no Health and Safety in those days).

The lad from the 97th (sorry for not recalling his name) left the group after about 9 months and our replacement bass player was Pete Boyd (98). We kept an active diary of appearances most weekends and occasionally midweek dances, but it was murder getting up for "Tech" the following morning.

Towards the end of 62 we extended the group taking on Ron, a "civvy" guitarist, who just happened to have an older brother, John, who played saxophone in the "Western Band". So now we had a 7 piece band on the road and added well known tunes by "Johnny and the Hurricanes" to our repertoire. Tony Beaumont left the group just prior to his entry passing out and he was replaced by Andy "Tich" Andrews (99). The main highlight of this period was

appearing with Gene Vincent at the 95th Charity Dance.

We soldiered on with the group breaking up just prior to our lot (99th) taking their finals. The other positive thing the group did was to make an EP record at a Bristol recording studio with most of the sales going to fellow apps. I lost my copy but a chance remark at one of our reunion dinner/dances put me back in touch with Pete Boyd who made me a copy from his record. One final piece of the jigsaw I would like to put right, the "Fender Stratocaster" was owned by Joe Jordan, it was "Fender Pink" and the love of his life, he could make it sing and to see him play "Hava Nigela" with the Fender behind his head (just like his hero, Joe Brown) was a sight to behold. Those days with the group were some of the most enjoyable I can recall and certainly made the 3 years at Locking pass quickly. I wonder if we could have a group reunion at the Annual reunion and play again for the "Apps"

Follow them Bums!

The editor reminisces

Whilst participating in a Henlow Fitting Party at, I think Gaydon, in the sixties, we somehow managed to find ourselves making up numbers on their AOC's parade.

The Chief in charge of us was getting increasingly exasperated by the tortuous and unpredictable progress of flight in front.

Their direction of travel seemed to be completely random, they had a tendency to stop for no good reason and they couldn't stop talking. The generously filled uniforms in front of us belonged to the station WRAF Flight.

Eventually our leader gave up and ordered:

"Sod it. Follow them bums!"

“... not that bloody Mine again?”

Yes folks, it's more news of the Mine!

(First, from an unidentified contributor)

Summer camp at the Army training base at Penhale, 1961. Several members of the 91st entry borrowed, I believe is the correct term, a Landrover from the Camp Commander. On the beach was “The Mine” painted red and used by the RNLI as a collection box for donations. It was decided, by persons unknown that this mine would look infinitely better in the Botanical Gardens of Newquay painted in blue with their entry number painted on it.

It came to pass, and initially that is where it ended up. There was even a write up of the event in the local newspaper, but whether it made the Nationals I can not remember. After breakfast the following morning, the whole entry was paraded by the OC. “Joke over lads, Good laugh, etc. etc.” “Those who took part, one pace forward march”.

“Each flight commander about – faced, and each flight took one pace forward, much to the bewilderment of most of the entry. We were half- heartedly ‘Dressed Down’ for such a silly prank etc.etc. and it was only at this time that those not involved understand what all the fuss was about. The D.I.s were called out and they had to march the whole entry into Newquay at the Attention to retrieve the MINE. Off we all went with the O’C’s comments that as we had all owned up to, he couldn’t have us all Court Marshalled with the resulting gap in the continuity of the Wing. Needless to say, a mile or so out of camp the rules were relaxed and we were singing as we went. After a few miles some one took it into their head to send out 3-tonners to pick us up. A detail was taken into Newquay to retrieve the mine and return it to it’s rightful place on Penhale beach.

No doubt our Officers thought “thank god for that”, and that was the end of the tale. Wrong!!

The inter squadron boxing championships was

about to take place. Everyone was asked to donate 2/6d. to hire a Landrover to bring the mine up from Penhale. One sports afternoon two or three of the entry set off to bring it home, but unfortunately they couldn’t get it into the vehicle. Another whip- round was organised and the following sport’s afternoon off they went again with a bigger truck, and managed this time to smuggle it back onto camp. The object was hidden away and repainted ready for the evening of the boxing.

The Master of Ceremonies for the evening just happened to be the same Squadron Leader who was O.C at Penhale. As The MINE was marched into 3T block, there came over the tannoy “not that bloody Mine again”.

As Gordon Shores said in the last issue, it spent most of our remaining days down on skid row. We even had a miniature water course built for it.

(By the time I received this, all there was, a single sheet of paper without covering letter, but thanks for helping to clarify (?) the story!)

Now Charlie Tyler's (91st) version

The mine was found on the sand dunes at Penhale in Cornwall by the 91st. Entry during their summer camp in 1960. It was rescued from being a litter bin in the sand dunes and adopted as an entry mascot for the camp. It was duly christened with 91st. Entry, Aircraft Apprentices.

Late one evening the mine was transported in a ‘borrowed’ MT Land Rover to Newquay and deposited on a green near the centre. As you can imagine next day all hell broke loose, the mine had made the local papers - unexploded would you believe!

The entry was instructed to fall in and the guilty parties, who had 'borrowed' the Land Rover, dumped the mine etc. asked to take one step forward. Like all good Apps. we moved forward as one.

As a result the whole entry was frog-marched to Newquay (if I remember rightly a distance of about 10 miles) to retrieve the mine. We were told that we would have to carry I drag the mine back to the sand dunes at Penhale. Unfortunately when we arrived at the green there waiting was a 3 ton lorry - I have never seen so many sad faces as the mine was taken back to Penhale in the lorry. The entry started its march back and guess what ... it started to rain. It had no effect on our spirits however as we were all in very good voice all the way back..

The mine remained on Penhale sands until the annual inter wing boxing tournament of 1961. An airman and his van was enlisted to drive to Penhale. The airman along with three 91st. Apps. left Locking one evening and drove to Penhale to collect the mine. The mine travelled back to Locking overnight. During the drive back the van was stopped by the police as it looked very suspicious being out on the road in the wee hours of the morning. It was quite a shock to the police officer finding a mine in the back. After some explanation the van was allowed to continued and made it to Locking. It made its next appearance when members of the entry dressed up and made a 'carnival type' entrance into number 2 hangar for the inter wing boxing tournament.

Following this the mine was positioned outside 'A' Sqdn. huts as a mascot and that's where it was when the best entry ever - 91st. - graduated in December 1961.

I expect you will receive many letters on the history of the mine. About two years ago I gave Charles Hart some photographs of the mine taken at Penhale along with some other entry memorabilia. I'm assuming that these are now in Neil Castle's collection.

There's more on page 9 ...

Amendment to Constitution

The following amendment to the constitution was accepted by the AGM and, as it is not intended to issue new copies of the Constitution, members are recommended to make their own amendment by deleting, in toto, paragraph 15 (Data Protection Act) and substituting the following paragraph."

Data Protection Act

Acceptance of the Constitution of the Association shall be implicit in acceptance of membership. It shall also be implicitly accepted that the membership list may be held on computer file. All details that are held shall be accessible as privileged information only to Committee Members and those holding Honorary appointments made by the Chairman. However, it shall also be implicitly accepted that address details may be passed in writing only to other members of the Association. Under the terms of the Data Protection Act, members shall be provided, on request, with

New members will receive a copy when they have been reprinted.

ODE TO A WORD PROCESSOR

I have a spelling chequer,
It came with my P.C.
It plainly marks four my revue
Miss stakes I cannot sea.

I've run this poem threw it.
I'm sure your pleased to no,
Its letter perfect in its weight.
My chequer told me sew.

Scams

by Mike (Bernie) Furness

As a member of the 93rd, and always up to mischief with my Welsh friend, Taff Owen (685901) – who I have not seen or heard from since my wedding in June '67 – any carefully thought out and interesting scams remain as clear in my mind today as if they had happened yesterday.

I was class leader of 93 GC.2, for all but our final term – when some stupid 92nd C.A. asked why my class were not marching between lessons and I answered “because they much preferred to walk.” For many years after I was able to remember all of my class mates names and numbers, only their names remain now.

Taff and I were at the bottom of most of the 93rd scams.

They range from Taff's more simple ideas – remember, those of us who spent all Saturday afternoon getting ready for the evening dance in W.S.M, when Taff used to cover all the billet door knobs with marshmallow at the most appropriate times? – to the more complex. These included the three wheeled wheelchair that used to roar through the camp late at night with no exhaust pipe, many adventures with the ‘bog pans’ when the green huts were being demolished, planting a two ton oak tree trunk outside of the Squadron Office with a dummy labelled ‘Entry Spirit’ hanging from it, moving all of the signs from every building and putting them on our Squadron Office, organising the occasional ‘war’ against the Teddy boys when they dared to attack a uniformed ‘Sprog’. The simplest one of all was when the new Wing Commander, (Elkington?) annoyed us so much that we lowered the yard arm of the flagpole pulling the rope end through the pulley at the top, so that he had to take the Wing Parade with the yard arm sharing the saluting base with him.

I can remember many more ‘scams’, including some when we all met at RAF Newton, Nottingham, on a Bloodhound P.G course. The

stone lions in Slab Square, really would roar if ever a virgin stood between them, I assure you! (*Can any one explain that please?? – Ed*)

To return to the ‘mine’ which I think was the cleverest scam ever pulled off, even if it was undertaken by the 91st, a somewhat insular shower I seem to remember!

My story, which is now set in folklore, is as true as I can remember. If I have got it wrong, then would one of the 91st put me right?

The story, begins with the Summer Camp that we all had to endure - some more wisely than others (we hired a coach for *our* route march but that's another story).

Apparently, during their pilgrimage, the 91st took a shine to an inanimate object (as we all did from time to time). After the camp or perhaps during it, they made certain highly illegal arrangements with the army transport department, which included extended loan of a three tonner (I am not sure whether this included the private co-operation of the M.T Corporal, for a small gift of silver, or if it was entirely illegal) anyway, the three tonner duly made it's pilgrimage to the West country and was returned without anyone knowing about it.

The following morning, sitting out on the mud at W.S.M was a large rusty seaweed covered mine. The army bomb disposal team viewed it through binoculars and decided that it was one of the large, more dangerous varieties and ordered the evacuation of the sea front hotels, restaurants and private houses.

It is rumoured, at this stage, that whilst trying to drive out to the mine in a council muck cart, to investigate it, the vehicle had to stay inominiously there and suffer a tide mark around the cab roof, as did another vehicle that they tried to tow the first one out with, much like the rhyme of ‘swallowing a spider to catch the fly.’ Eventually, the Army crawled over the mud and round to the far side of the ‘mine’ where they discovered a slot for putting pennies in for the RNLI.

During that night, when they had all retired in confusion to decide how they could remove the object without leaving their vehicles as stepping stones, the 'mine' disappeared and miraculously reappeared outside of the 91 st's entry billet.

It is rumoured that the police had some vague idea formulating in their heads about APPRENTICES but the C.O., an ex-wartime chap, refused them entry to the camp.

As the 'mine' could have been a very special and coveted prize in the inter-entry raids, the 91st consolidated their prize by very quickly building a concrete base and chaining the 'mine' permanently to it.

(The plot thickens! The whole idea of asking about the mine was to clarify things, but that seems a little way off yet. Any more contributions? Where was it's final resting place?)

Responding to suggestions.

by Charles Hart

A suggestion book was provided at the AGM, when it was hoped that some constructive suggestions for furthering the activities of the Association might be forthcoming. It has to be said that the response was a little disappointing, there being only three entries and one of those was written by Charles to get the ball rolling!

However, undaunted, he has furnished the following replies:

1. Why don't we tick off the names of those arriving at the AGM so that we can see who is here?

A. Obviously we did know who was due to arrive at the AGM because we had their application forms. What we did not do was display the list for all to see because we did not have a spare one. So next year we will put that right and all attendees will be able to see who is due to arrive. Some suitable arrangement will be made to ensure that those actually arriving

are noted.

2. Is there any possibility of getting Association ties in silk?

A. Unfortunately this not viable since the minimum order required by suppliers of club ties would mean that excessive funds would be tied up (pun also intended) in stock. Of course if there was sufficient demand for silk ties a purchase could be made, but it has to be said that even the current model does not retail very readily. If anyone would be interested let us know so that we can gauge whether it is worth setting a process up.

3. Open the bar earlier!

A. The Bar could have been opened earlier if members had been keen to drink warm lager! The cooler takes a reasonable time to get to temperature, and because it wasn't possible this year to open the Station Theatre earlier to set up the bar. However we will try harder next year!

The committee still need your need suggestions and fresh ideas to keep the Association vibrant, and it has been suggested that we run a suggestions section in the news letter. Over to you

Attention Entry Reps!

Cliff Blake, the Cranwell OM1/55th Entry Rep has sent the following E-mail and asked for it to be published:

To all Entry Reps:

May I draw your attention to my Web Site

[HTTP:// kliff.demon.co.uk/](http://kliff.demon.co.uk/)

whereon I have added 5500 words of text under the heading

Guide for Entry Reps

Hopefully you may get the odd idea from it, or maybe you can point out an aspect that I have not covered. If you can provide more information I would be pleased to receive it.

Help Jet Heritage Take Off ...

from Richard Edwards, 88th

Jet Heritage has a collection of immaculate vintage jet fighters Bournemouth International Airport, restored to full flying condition.

It has airworthy Hunters, a Vampire and a Meteor. Awaiting restoration are other Hunters and Vampires, a Gnat and a Supermarine Swift. Most are owned by groups of military or civil pilots and flown by them in their spare time. More aircraft will be added to the collection soon.

Jet Heritage is a registered charity funded by benefactors, revenue from providing aircraft for air shows and restoration work for other organisations. Soon we will be open to the public. For a modest entrance fee you will then have the rare opportunity of experiencing the exciting sights, sounds and even the smells of an operating jet base. We will also be providing items to interest young people and those who are less aviation-minded.

You can help Jet Heritage take off by visiting us and telling your friends, family and colleagues about us. Stand by for take off

For further details contact Richard at:

Jet Heritage

Hanger 600,

Bournemouth International Airport,

Dorset BH23 6DQ

Tel: 01202 581676 Fax: 01202 581675

Important Notice

History of RAF Locking Anecdotes

For those who intend to write something down for posterity for submission to the 'History' of RAF Locking, you have but a short time in which to do it.

The booklet is to be published and printed by the New Year. This means that the deadline for submission is **31 October 1997**. Stories may be sent to Secretary in any medium - orally if you have no time to write it down, preferably on disc if you can.

Alternatively you can send the stories to:

RAF Locking,

Weston-super-Mare,

BS24 7AA

Marked for the attention of Squadron Leader R Tillbrook who can be contacted on:

(Tel) 01934 822131 ext 7202

(Fax) 01934 822131 ext 7409

(Email) elegance@btinternet.com.uk.

Remember,

the deadline is 31 Oct 97

Charity begins at Home!

Deadline for copy for the next Issue is 20 November 1997
I need your contribution!

Please send contributions to:

Chris Horn, 464 Locking Road, Weston-super-Mare, North Somerset. BS22 8QX