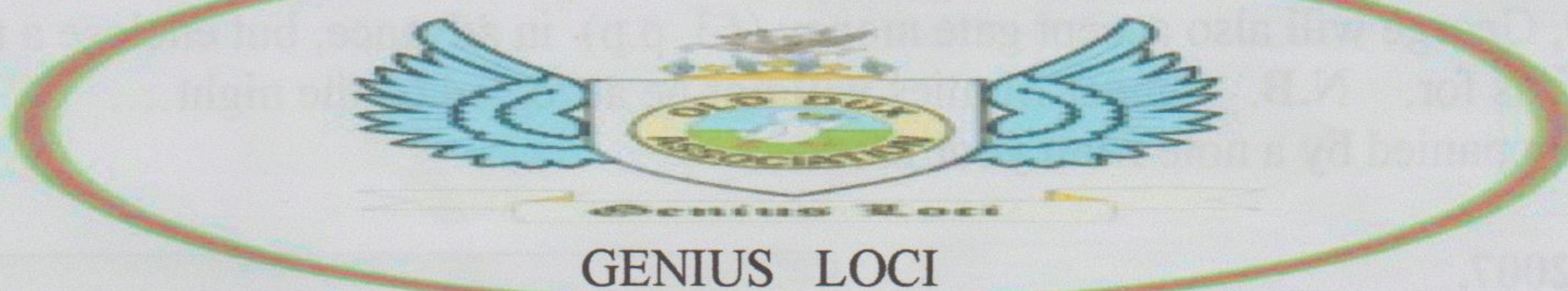


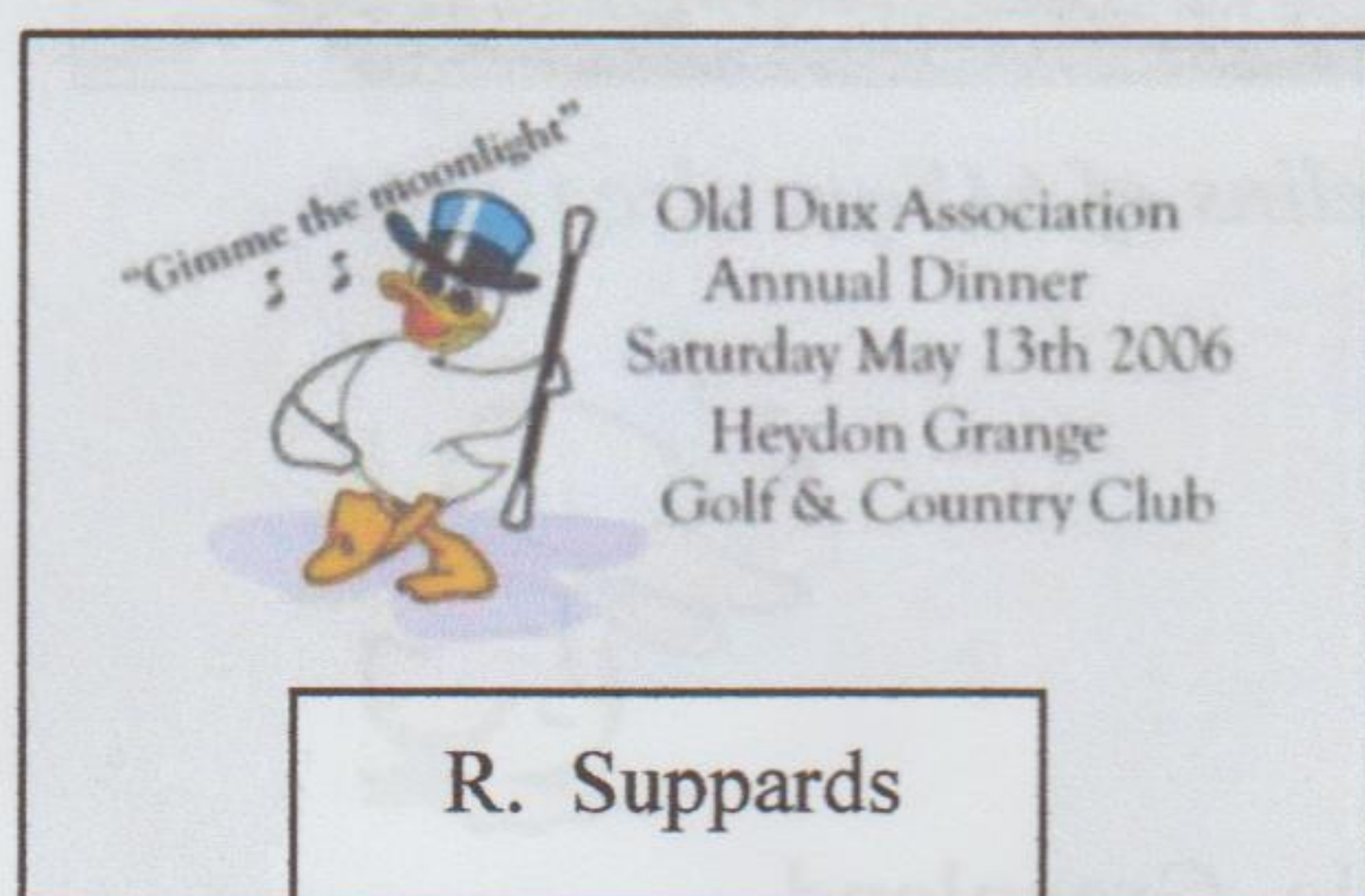
NEWSLETTER



MARCH 2007

Compiled by LARRY CROSS

Dear Members. I hope that you are all as well as you can be as we slowly emerge from what I consider to be, at this time in the year, the doldrums. I know that we are all looking forward to Spring although in some areas it has already sprung. What wacky weather! The Honeysuckle in my garden had green shoots showing long before all the old leaves had fallen. However, looking ahead we have the happy prospect of our annual dinner and meeting in May.



The Annual Dinner will be on Saturday 12th. May at the Heydon Grange Golf & Country Club.

The cost is £30:00 p.p. which includes wine and great company (you can't put a price on that!) If you don't happen to like wine ...please come and sit at my table! I believe it was Dean Martin who once said, "I feel sorry for people that don't drink, cos that's the best they are gonna feel all day !"

For all bookings, deposits, dietary requirements and seating preferences please contact our secretary **Allan Mc Rae**.

Members who are attending the dinner and require transportation from their hotel to Heydon Grange must inform **Bob Hope** in good time, also, members attending the meeting on **Sunday 13th** must submit their Car Reg. details and the number of passengers to the same, on **01554 890520**

Following the meeting Allan Mc Rae has arranged for Kevin Crook, volunteer manager of Mission Aviation Fellowship to explain what lies behind their motto :-

"Flying for Life"

The purpose of Mission Aviation is to take physical and spiritual care to people in places of deepest human need, remote places where flying is not a luxury but a lifeline.

For over 50 years MAF planes have been serving as the air arm of the church bringing medical care, emergency food, and Christian hope to thousands of men, women, and children.

Today, world the MAF operates over 130 aircraft from bases in 30 countries enabling the work of aid & development agencies, missions, churches and other local groups.

Cessna 210

Every three minutes an MAF plane is taking off or landing some where in the world, flying across deserts, jungle, mountains, and swamps. They bring hope to far-flung communities which might take days or weeks to reach by land, where roads may be non-existent or impassable for half the year. In addition MAF also provides communications and logistical services to mission communities.



Gone but not Forgotten

Sadly, we lost two more members recently, Peter Collier a founder member ex 64 Sqn.(1960-61) and Reuben Flack ex 19 Sqn. (1939) a grand old gentleman.

Subscriptions

Our Treasurer **George Poole** is longing to hear from members whose annual subscriptions are now due. If you are not sure who you are, ring George on **01869 243887**he'll tell you ! Incidentally, George will also accept gate money (£3. p.p) in advance, but enclose a note to let him know what it is for. **N.B.** Dinner Monies **will not** be accepted on the night....

Unless accompanied by a note from your mother!

Air Shows 2007.

May Airshow Sunday 20th.

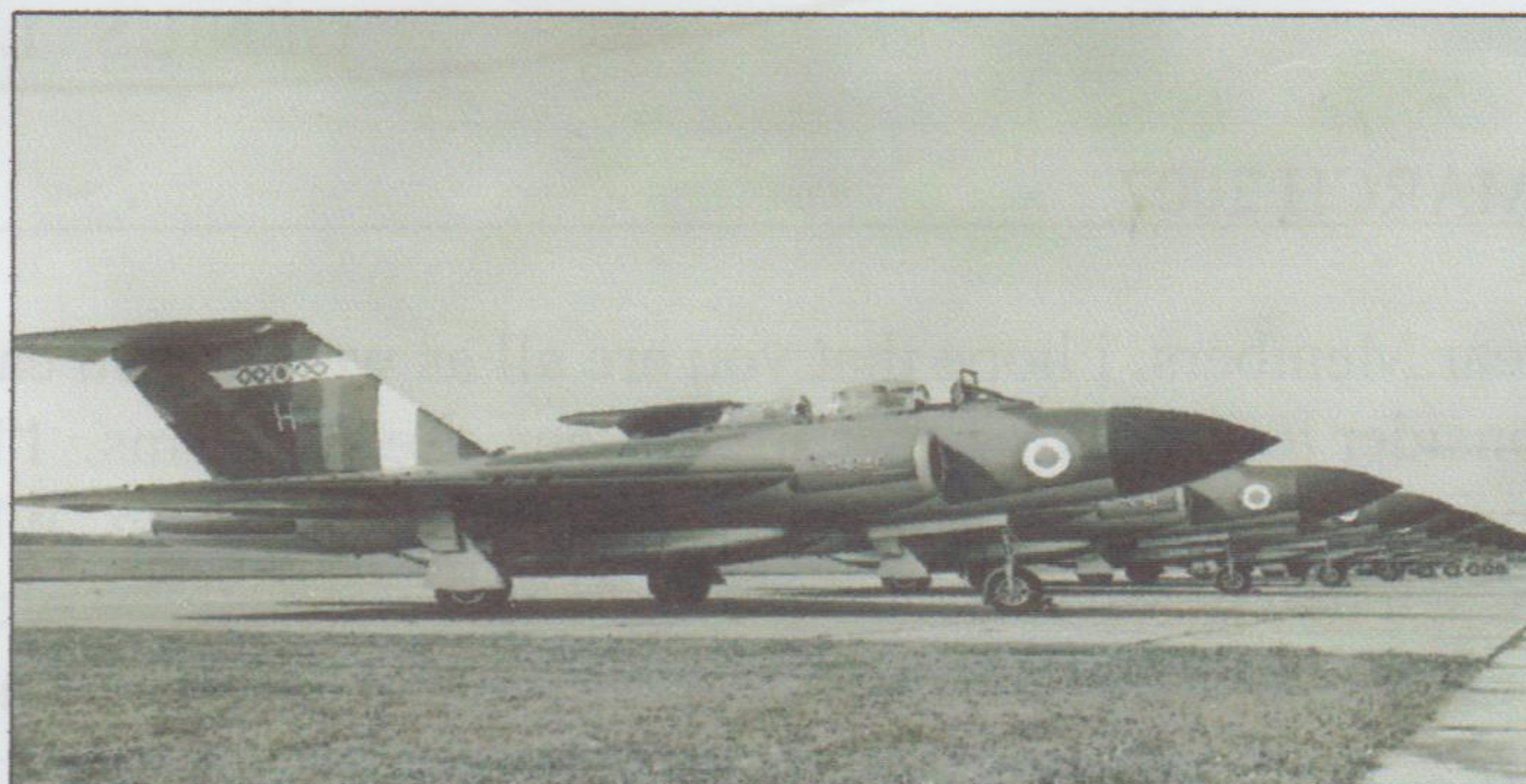
Flying Legends. Sat & Sun July 7th. & 8th.

September Airshow. Sat & Sun 8th. & 9th.

Autumn Airshow. Sunday. October 14th.

Any one interested in helping to man our recruitment stand at these events contact:-

Jim Garlinge.01322 274245



A fine line of Javelins of 64Sqn. circa 1960.



A RAF Hercules on detachment is about to leave Thule, Greenland.

During the pilot's preflight check, he discovers that the latrine holding tank is still full from the last flight, so a message is sent to the base and an off duty airman was called out to take care of it. The young airman finally gets to the air base and makes his way to the aircraft, only to find that the latrine pump truck has been left outdoors and is frozen solid, so he must find another one in the hangar, which takes even more time. He returns to the aircraft and is less than enthusiastic about what he has to do. Nevertheless, he goes about the pumping job deliberately and carefully (and slowly) so as not leave any evidence and risk criticism later. As he's leaving the plane, the pilot stops him and says: "Son, your attitude and performance has caused this flight to be late and I'm going to personally see to it that you are not just reprimanded, but punished." Shivering in the cold, his task finished, he takes a deep breath, stands up tall and says: "Sir, with all due respect, I am not your son; I am an Airman in the RAF. I've been in Thule, Greenland, for 11 months without leave, I have no stripes, it's two-thirty in the morning, the temperature is 40 below zero, and my job here is to pump crap out of an airplane. Now just exactly what form of punishment did you have in mind.....Sir?"

Contributed by Roy Wickes

As the test pilot climbed out of the experimental aircraft, having torn off the wings and tail in the crash landing, the crash truck arrived. The rescuer saw the shaken pilot and asked "What the hell happened?"... The pilot replied "I don't know, I just got here myself!"

You know that your landing gear is up and locked, when it takes full power to taxi to the terminal. **When** one engine fails on a twin-engine airplane you always have enough power left to get you to the scene of the crash.

Progress in airline flying: Now a flight attendant can get a pilot pregnant."

Airspeed, Altitude and Brains. Two are always needed to successfully complete the flight.

Remember ..when sex was safe and flying was dangerous.?

Mankind has a perfect record in aviation; we never left one up there!

Anon

DUXFORD : 65 Sqn. 1957-1961 **by John Quarterman.**

The Squadron was one of the last 2 operational Meteor F8 Sqn's in Fighter Command, the other being 19 Sqn at Leconfield. Both squadrons received second-hand Hunter F6s in late 1956 and early 1957. These aircraft had originally been issued to other squadrons, but during the initial turbulence of modification programmes, always attendant upon a re-equipment programme, they had been withdrawn as updated aircraft became available and then, in due course, re-allocated. At that time, the 2 most significant modifications were the addition of 'saw-tooth' leading edge and the fitting of blast deflectors on the gun ports. 65 Sqn collected the blast deflectors, but had to wait until 1958/59 for the saw-tooth. When I arrived on the Squadron in 1958, there were still 16 a/c and 22 pilots to each Fighter Command squadron. 65 Sqn's aircraft (see block)

A-XF207
B-XE644
C-XF386
D-XE617
E-XF443
H-XF447
M-XF385
N-XE649
O-XG158
P-XE593
Q-XF382
R-XE656
S-XG128
T-XE627
U-XE552
V-XF383

After the Suez crisis of 1956, Hunters were rotated on detachment to RAF Nicosia, Cyprus, and 65 Sqn was allocated a 3-month period of duty commencing in October 1958. The masters at HQ-11 Grp. took advantage of this deployment to authorize a runway re-surfacing programme at RAF Duxford, but unfortunately plans were changed and after a mere 10 days at Nicosia, 65 Sqn was sent home - to a runway clutter'd with contractors' plant! For the winter of 1958/9, the Sqn. took up temporary quarters at neighbouring RAF Waterbeach - home of UK Air Defence's 'Vigilant' standby aircraft which were ready to defend the realm at a moment's notice.

1958 was also a notable year at Farnborough. In September, the Fighter Command Formation Aerobatics Team, 'The Black Arrows' of 111 Sqn, decided to upstage the Pakistan Air Force's loop of 16 F-86's by looping 22 Hunters in close formation.

Unfortunately, 'Treble One' could only muster 16 a/c, so 65 Sqn helped them out and close scrutiny of the photographs reveals XE656(R) and XE627(T) as members of that epic loop. Following this event, the Squadrons operating from East Anglian bases (Duxford, Waterbeach, Stradishall, , Horsham St. Faith and Wattisham) staged an inter-Sqn punt race in Cambridge. The results have been lost in a mist of alcoholic haze, but memory of the occasion is cherished! Early in 1959, the runway at Duxford was declared fully serviceable, so the Sqn was able to give up its winter quarters at Waterbeach and return home — but only for a few weeks. Cyprus was still a trouble spot, thanks to General Grivas and his EOKA terrorists, and at the end of February 1959, 65 Sqn departed for a 2-month spell of duty at RAF Nicosia. By this time, however, the size of Fighter Command squadrons had been reduced to 12 UE aircraft and 16 pilots. The 4 aircraft lost were N, D, S and U, but we had also lost Q during an incident at RAF Horsham St. Faith the previous October; Don Oakden had to get the a/c down on a nosewheel and one main wheel in the middle of an exercise Scramble, so he was given a short, cross-wind alternative runway to keep him out of the way. Such was the priority given to the exercise that Don was left to trudge back to the Sqn on foot, drawing deeply on a nervous cigarette. Enough to give the Sqn Cdr heart failure.

The subsequent change of C.O. was followed a few months later by the Daily Mail Arc de Triomphe Marble Arch air race. A bar conversation one summer evening led eventually to a 65 Sqn. team comprising the Station Commander Gp. Captain Norman Ryder, the boss, Sqn Ldr Charles Maughan, Flt.Lt Maurice Williams and Cranwell cadet John Volkers. The race involved some very clever tricks with motor bikes, helicopters, maximum deceleration Hunter T7 landings, ramps, winches, hoists, and, most dangerous of all, competition with Paris taxis. On behalf of Fighter Command, we won. We also won the* Dacre Trophy that year, so operational performance was by no means neglected.

In the spring of 1960, the Sqn visited Skrydstrup for a goodwill exchange visits to the Danes of 724 Sqn, also flying Hunters in those days. The flying was good, but even better was the food, and the Copenhagen weekend kindly arranged for us by our hosts. In the autumn we were back in Cyprus for another 2 months, but by this time, tension had eased and we were able to explore the island more fully than on previous visits. From early 1959 on, we had the benefit of a two-seater, XL600, which enable us to do proper dual checks and IRTs, and to have a high-speed Sqn transport aircraft. The old T.11 Vampire had never been quite the same! Charles Maughan handed over to Chris Neville, and rumours of disbandment were confirmed.

The Sqn had participated in Queen's Birthday, Battle of Britain, and Hello Prince Andrew fly pasts. The 1960 B of B (20th Anniversary) was

a major affair with a Spitfire & Hurricane leading and a large Hunter formation closing up behind them for the run down the Mall and over Buckingham Palace. Some minutes away, with the Hunters heading south past Alexandra Palace, a voice was clearly heard over the RT



'T' Tommy now in the museum often flown by John.
 "Tulip two, I think I've got engine failure." 32 Hunter pilots twitched, but sweatily held their close formation while expecting to see, out of the corners of their eyes, a Hunter pilot zoom up out of the formation prior to ejecting... Silence prevailed. Again the voice came "Tulip two, I've got engine failure - I'll have to put it down." 'Twinkle' Storey, leading the Hunters, said "Tulip formation, which a/c has engine failure?" Back came the reply "Tulip lead from Red 16, its the Spitfire which has engine failure." And 32 very relieved Hunter pilots flew past Buckingham Palace while a rather senior Spitfire pilot, having used the wrong callsign, placed his machine on the wicket of OXO's cricket ground at Bromley. Fortunately the cricketers had observed that very English custom of breaking for tea, and were treated to the spectacle of their stumps being extensively damaged by an unusually silent Spitfire. The stumps are preserved at RAF Bentley Priory as a memento of the occasion, but thereafter it was deemed safer for the population of the metropolis to exclude historic aircraft from flypasts.

It was in 1960 that 65 Sqn. suffered its only fatal accident with Hunters. Gerry Thornalley had joined the Sqn earlier in the year after fighting his way back to flying from TB and lung surgery. Medical opinion was far from unanimous about Gerry's ability to cope with the demands of air combat, and sadly, it was during an air combat training sortie that Gerry plummeted in from 20,000 feet. on a beautiful clear bright May morning. The aircraft was 'A' XF507. The final chapter of 65 Sqn's Hunter period is uneventful. Aircraft 'P' had been re-lettered 'K' in a search for better performance, but it finally exploded after a door-closed AVPIN start, and was towed off to the boneyard. The Sqn acquired XE433 (which replaced a much earlier 'G' XE654) after some restoration work following a Suffolk ploughing competition on 263 Sqn. The airframe remained twisted, however, and from time to time a mainwheel would stick 'up'. The remedy was to invert the a/c, apply -3g and select u/c down, but unfortunately this tip was not passed on to Chivenor, which inherited 65's Hunters in 1961, and a student finally demolished the a/c during a 2-wheel landing. The most exciting part of the pre-disbandment days was the East Anglian flying circus when 'Treble One' were waiting for Lightnings. 65 and 111 would each authorize large battle formation sorties, and somehow the formations would become intertwined! Discretion rules... OK.

* **The Dacre Trophy** Mrs Dacre's son, Flt Lt Kenneth Fraser-Dacre was killed in 1943. In his memory, Elizabeth Dacre presented the RAF with the bronze Dacre Trophy, which is awarded annually to the most proficient fighter squadron. Mrs Dacre died aged 93, in February 1995.

MY FIRST JET FLIGHT

(and other experiences)

by Barry Haves

When I arrived at Duxford in January 1954, as a newly qualified J/T, I had only flown twice, both times in rather ancient aircraft. The first time was in 1951, from the North Aerodrome at Cranwell, on what was called an Air Experience flight, and the aircraft was an Airspeed Oxford. I was the unlucky one who didn't have a seat and had to sit on the mainspar (which ran across the fuselage behind the aircrew's seats) during takeoff and landing. There was no 'Health and Safety at Work Act' then, and there wasn't years later when I sat on my spares pack-up in the hold of an Argosy flying from Honington on detachment to Lossiemouth. Those old 90 Squadron 'Haystacks' in which we spent interminable hours flying to places like Sharjah weren't much better. My second flight was in 1953 in an Avro Anson from Weston airport on a Radar Experience flight in which we were shown how Rebecca 4, one of the equipments we'd been trained on, worked in the air in conjunction with the Eureka ground beacon. The training on Rebecca 4 had been rather a waste of time as when I arrived at Duxford the first thing F/O Rowson, the Signals Officer, asked was: "Were you trained on Rebecca 7?" the equipment in the Meteor 8, known as DME to the aircrew. Not only was I not trained on Rebecca 7, I'd never even heard of DME, which I eventually found out stood for Distance Measuring Equipment, not a very apt name as the Rebecca system gave bearing as well as range information.

I never came across Rebecca 4 again until I'd completely forgotten about it, some eight years later, on the B 16 Canberra in Cyprus. This was after I'd been an instructor at Cosford teaching Rebecca 8 and other radar equipment that I also hadn't been trained on. On-the-job training must have been invented for the RAF; in my experience you rarely did a course on new equipment before you were thrown in the deep end to work on it. If you got a course it would be months later when you'd picked up most of what you needed to know anyway. When I was eventually put on good old 64 Squadron ("Firm in Purpose") I was lucky that Dizzie Walton, a WRAF radar corporal, was posted in also. She'd done courses on Al 21 and Gee 3, as fitted to the Meteor 12 and 14; I'd been trained on Al 10 and Gee 2. I did actually get one course whilst at Duxford: Radar Ranging, but as I never worked on Hunters, which were later delivered to another squadron at Duxford (which shall be nameless), this was of little practical value except that years later I took it as a primary radar equipment on the Chief Tech exam.

Anyway, back to 1954. After a few months in the Radio Servicing Flight I was promoted to corporal and sent to ASF. In those days all you had to do in the radio trades to get promoted was to be breathing and, ideally, keep awake. I was conscious, and both inhaling and exhaling, but was also naïve and shy, and two fellow corporals in ASF had great fun pulling my leg: electricians Martin and Daws. It was some time before I realised that some of the things they told me were just in fun, at my expense of course. I understand that Alan Daws is no longer with us; looking back I remember the laughs we used to have in the 'ancillaries' section at ASF — Alan and Les Martin used to do a good impression of going down on the Titanic, whilst singing 'Abide With Me'. One day at lunch I found a large brass nut in my mashed spuds, from the mixing machine, and Alan jubilantly took it to the corporal cook to complain (she happened to be his fiancée Doris).

Other electricians in that little section alongside ASF hanger that I remember were Al Chubb and 'Scouse' (who I can picture in my mind but whose name has gone from my memory — was it Drury?). The radio people who worked with me were mostly National Service, but two WRAFs joined us, Ricky (her other name has escaped me) and Jenny Adams, known to all Old Dux members as Jenny McRae. I vaguely remember a corporal armourer, named Cotton I think, who had an old banger with a cracked engine block that he was trying to get fixed. Those were the days.

As the radio corporal in ASF I was responsible for Station Flight radio servicing. Does anyone remember the name of the sergeant in charge of Station Flight at that time? Sometimes he forgot about getting the radio B/Fs done until the crew were due to sign for the aircraft and he would come rushing

to ASF and ask me for 'a quick B/F on . . .'. I even remember being asked for a 'quick Primary'. We all have slip-ups like that, I once had to put the IFF box up in the back hatch of a Meteor as it was being towed out for air-test. It's very difficult to lift up a heavy box into its tray whilst you're in the back hatch running to keep up!

My eponymous first jet flight was in the Station Flight Meteor T7, on an air-test to try to locate a radio fault that never occurred on the ground. The pilot was the Wing Commander Flying, and my confidence was not bolstered when he said off-handedly as I was getting strapped into the rear seat: "If we have to get out, dive down or you'll hit the tailplane." I wished then that the T7 had ejector seats. Luckily we did not have to get out that way, and we flew around for a while trying to provoke the fault into showing itself, but of course it skulked in the wiring looms and never appeared. It was just like when you take your new car back to the garage with a fault which doesn't show itself when the garage mechanics drive it. Eventually we made our way back to base and my confidence in navigation was not fortified when I saw that we were following the railway line from Cambridge to Whittlesford. The T7 did not have Rebecca, or DME as the pilot would have called it, so it was basically navigation by dead-reckoning, seat-of-the-pants. I don't remember the pilot calling for RTDF bearings, but it would have been a very useful facility in bad weather or at night.

I rather liked Dot Ollerton while I was at Duxford, but being shy I never even spoke to her, though I saw her on most Sundays while I was cleaning my motorbike outside the barrack block, which was adjacent to the Catholic Church that she regularly attended. I spoke to her recently and she told me that her name was actually Doris, but for some reason the other girls named her Dot, and it stuck. I had imagined that her name was actually Dolores, or something equally exotic, not that there is anything wrong with the name Doris, it is from the Greek, meaning 'bountiful', and I had been a Doris Day fan in my early teens.

I lost much of my shyness when I was posted from Duxford to West Mailing, where I had a girlfriend who was a sister in a nearby mental hospital. I use the term 'girlfriend' rather loosely as it had been a long time since she was a girl, being fourteen years older than I, but she was still in very good condition, and her experience in handling the patients probably helped. The term was not current then, but I was probably what came to be known as a 'toyboy'. She was a good sport and used to ride pillion on my motorbike until I bought my first car and sold the bike - motorbikes are not a very romantic mode of transport on cold winter's nights. The bike was a P&M Panther, a make that has been defunct for about forty-five years, it would be worth a bomb now as Panthers were as rare as the proverbial rocking-horse manure even then. I've just realised a startling statistic: Mary must be at least eighty-seven years old now, unless she has already gone to that big nurses-home in the sky! Makes you feel ancient, doesn't it, and lets face it, most of you are probably older than me and didn't benefit from the guidance of a qualified mental nursing sister in your formative years. But we are all only twenty-eight inside, aren't we?

In Reality.....

Everything hurts!

What doesn't hurt, doesn't work.

The gleam in your eye, is the sun shining on your bi-focals.

You feel like the morning after, but you haven't been anywhere.

A dripping tap causes an uncontrollable urge.

You have all the answers but nobody asks you the questions.

You look forward to a dull evening.

You turn down the lights.... for economy .

Your knees buckle but your belt won't.

Your back goes out more than you do.