



600

Praeter Sescentos

"THE RIGHT OF THE LINE"

***The (City of London) Squadron RAuxAF & No.1 (County of Hertford) Maritime Headquarters Unit
Association Newsletter***

Patron: The Viscount Trenchard of Wolfeton

Affiliated Members; 601 & 604 Squadron Associations.

June 2020



Dear all, I thought it would be appropriate to introduce myself – I am FS Victoria Bannister and I am the new "Chair" for the City of London Association. I thought it fitting to use this picture as it also includes WO Shobha Earl. I am going to take this opportunity to say a public thanks for the great work she has done for both the Sqn, and the Association as the outgoing Chair. We are fortunate that despite stepping down as Chair Shobha will remain as part of the committee for the Association. The picture shows the Royal Courts of Justice as it was as part of the RAF 100 celebrations, post the Service of Thanksgiving held at St Clement Dane's on 1 April 2018. I have recently celebrated my 30th Anniversary of life in

RAF blue, and this picture encapsulates the great pride I feel for my Service and my role in it.

I joined what was still then the WRAF in 1990 as what was excitingly called a 'super clerk', this is not quite as glamorous as it sounds, previously when joining the RAF as a clerk, you underwent a 3 week basic administration course and then went out to work in a Station Registry for your first role; and then went back after to learn the personnel administration that makes up the majority of the trade. I was on one of the first courses to do all training in one go, an 18-week Personnel and Administration Course known as PANDA. This after having spent 6 weeks at RAF Swindon in one of the new joint training flights – courses of both male and female personnel, where previously they had been trained separately. My career started with what had been great change, indeed 1990 was the year that females were first allowed to stay in Service after pregnancy. When it came time to ask for my first posting I had no idea where I wanted to go and having grown up in Manchester I did not have a vast knowledge of RAF bases, so I asked to go to London; and by RAF standards RAF Stanbridge (just outside Leighton Buzzard, Beds) was close enough. However, I only

managed 1 day before being detached to what was then the Primary Joint Headquarters for Operation GRANBY, at what was then still RAF Strike Command at High Wycombe during the first Gulf War, it was highly educational doing an operational tour a few days out of training. After 4 months I finally made it to Stanbridge, it was a small base and a perfect first tour, and it was there that I met my husband Mark. My last role on Station was as the Movements Clerk for the Joint Service's Air Trooping Centre which disbanded on the 31 March 1994, the next day 1 April 1994 saw my Service change from the WRAF to the RAF after the WRAF and RAF were formerly merged into one Service, and 8 days later Mark and I got married so a truly momentous time in my life and career. I moved to RAF Uxbridge from Stanbridge and by strange quirks of fate, with the exceptions of operational tours and secondments, I have remained in the South East ever since.

My Service career has not been typical of my trade, I started out in a normal personnel environment working in SHQ, but my move to a Joint Service role saw exposure to how the Army and RN worked too. My first job at Uxbridge was an MOD role so whilst I was working on an RAF unit, I was not part of it, my next role was as a Stenographer (a very fancy word for typist) for the Chief of the Air Staff (CAS) Air Chief Marshal's Graydon and Johns – in the 3 years I spent in his office I learnt an awful lot about how the Service worked, planned for operations and the future and strived to look after its people. By this stage the introduction of more computers had seen typists who had previously been a normal part of service life, significantly reduced – where stations previously had typing pools, they now had a station typist – who was usually a civilian; so, a job as a typist was unusual. I followed this role as an Operations Assistant at what had by then become the Permanent Joint Headquarters at Northwood where all military operations were planned and controlled from, previously as had happened during the first Gulf War a Primary Joint Headquarters was set up in whatever Service was most appropriate – so the first Gulf War had been run from High Wycombe and the Falklands War had been run from Northwood. In the early 90s this evolved to one Permanent place and it has remained there ever since. Rather than go post to post, I will say that in my 25 years of Regular RAF Service I had completed 1 tour of Stanbridge, 2 tours of RAF Uxbridge, 3 tours of PJHQ (J3 Operations, J6 Communications and J9 Media), one tour of Joint Forces Command (which has already evolved into Strategic Command), one tour with CAS at MOD Main Building, a tour as a Course Commander of the RAF School of Administration (moving whilst there from MOD Southwick Park to Worthy Down) – both Hampshire and a tour as the Chief Clerk at the London Air Traffic Control Centre at Swanwick, Hampshire. I have completed 2 operational tours of the Falkland Islands, one in Iraq and one in Afghanistan, 1 detachment to PJHQ, 3 detachments to MOD and a detachment to RAF Kinloss. Despite having lived at RAF Uxbridge from 1994 to 2007 my first exposure to 600 Squadron was in Iraq (2003) where I worked with the then Cpl Derek Jelley a mobilised PTVR from Comms Flt (he is now Sgt Jelley and one of the Squadron permanent staff). This new-found knowledge had opened a new aspect to my life, my husband had left the Service shortly after our marriage and missed it greatly, and so by 2004 my husband was also a member of 600 Sqn Comms Flt, and living locally I was fortunate to get to know the Sqn at social events. Whilst I was working at the School of Administration there was not a dedicated training course for RAF Reservists, and so I voluntarily under took the training of new members of the Admin Flight in my free time. In 2015 I left regular Service with the intention of returning to civilian life and becoming a PTVR, but once again fate intervened, and instead I became the Squadron Adjutant. It was been nearly 5 years and I am still busy and still learning, in the 16 years I have known the Sqn I am proud to say that the 600 Sqn has never sat still, has always worked hard to serve the RAF and representing the 'light blue' at London events as the only RAF 'City of London' unit. I am also aware of the importance of the Association links with the Sqn, so, I am looking forward to being more actively involved as the Chair of the Association.

COVID-19 – The Untold Story – 600 (City of London) Sqn by Wg Cdr Steve Duddy – Officer Commanding

This year was to be a seminal one from the Sqn's perspective; key events should have included our annual trip to the Netherlands in May, to commemorate the 80th Anniversary of the raid that saw our aircrew make the ultimate sacrifice in support of Dutch Forces during WWII, the presentation of a new Standard in Jul and various events to commemorate the 80th Anniversary of the Battle of Britain and VE Day. These were all in addition to a range of busy annual training and ceremonial commitments.

What a difference a couple of months makes!

With little warning, the world was thrust into the greatest crisis in a generation and our plans and aspirations were driven asunder in a matter of a few weeks. In the circumstances, it might be easy to lament all that we have missed out on, as these incredible circumstances have revealed how fragile our way of life can be. However, they have also demonstrated the strength of the human spirit and how, when united, we can and will overcome the greatest obstacles.

I have been privileged to witness the way in which 600 Sqn has conducted itself during these testing times and the manner in which our personnel have reacted when called upon. The ability of the HQ to transition seamlessly from routine working patterns to our current 'remote working' model is testament to their 'can do', flexible attitude and overall resilience. Our PTVR cadre have responded magnificently to the call for Military Aid to Civil Authorities and stand poised to deliver key outputs as part of a network of Mobile Testing Units and key strategic co-ordination roles. As the OC of a Squadron whose roots are so firmly entwined with the history of this Country, it has been my honour and privilege to witness our response and be a part of yet another important chapter in the Squadron's life. To quote Winston Churchill – *Now, this is not the end. It is not even the beginning of the end. But it is, perhaps, the end of the beginning.* So, whilst this may still be early in our global battle to beat CV19, I believe that our personnel will continue to act in the very best traditions of the Squadron.

Finally, I am keenly aware that all of you will have experienced the impact of these uncertain times to one degree or another and I extend my very best wishes for the coming weeks and months, as we continue our battle to overcome this disease once and for all.

FS Vicky Bannister – Home worker and Adjutant



COVID-19 has brought many changes to how we work as a Sqn and so since the 16 Mar I have been worked from my new office, or as is was previously known my dining room (this has actually been a real treat as I have been working away from home and been a weekend commuter for 8 years now). I had lasted one whole day before I found a second screen and a proper keyboard – laptops are great and I could not work from home without one, but when being used for more than an hour I need a proper keyboard. The two screens

might look flash, but in reality, it is just so that I can both work and monitor my emails and incoming skype messages at the same time. Where the OC or the rest of the staff and I used to drop by each other's offices to chat now we talk via skype. It took a few days to

adapt, but thanks to modern technology we are managing extremely well. Meetings take on a new dimension when instead of just looking at them you have to formally request a person's input, and protocols about switching your mic off until you need to speak and waiting your turn (otherwise you just talk over each other and no one can hear what you say anyway) were quickly established, and the benefit has so far been quicker and more efficient meetings.

The first few weeks were exceptionally busy as we had a call for mobilisation and the Sqn responded with over 50 to check. We had initially mobilised 12 and this created a flurry of paperwork and medicals and where possible as much was conducted over phones and emails to keep everyone as safe as possible, where contact had to be made strict rotation was introduced – so we could deal with people one at a time and make social distancing achievable. We had additional reporting protocols to let Command know that all of our personnel were safe, and to formally record any potential COVID illness's, with 149 personnel to track this initially created work – now it runs itself, were initially we had to push for information – now we are informed by individuals adapted to new ways of working. The first casualty of COVID was our Sqn weekends – clearly and sadly we could no longer meet up to conduct training. Great effort has been put into creating virtual Sqn weekends. We will meet up “on-line” and training will occur, and plans will be made for the future. In spite of limitations the Sqn prevails.

Sgt Derek Jelley – Home Worker and Intelligence Flt Coord

With the Covid19 outbreak plans were developing for a couple of weeks in case we had to work from home, and on Monday 22 March I was given a MOD laptop and asked to work from home via the Internet.

It is certainly a different way of working, not having to travel to work, only downstairs to switch the computer on. Remembering to switch skype on so your colleagues can see what your status is online/offline in a meeting etc. Thankfully it is only audio, as the cameras have not been enabled for the laptops. Shaving optional!

Also making sure you have the list of everybody on the Flight's personal e-mail addresses handy for when you need to send out a communication. Such as asking for volunteers for Covid19 duty. Twelve in all from the squadron, one from my flight.

For keeping in contact with my colleagues, there is a Team meeting every Tuesday at 10:30, and the OC initiates a group call on Friday afternoons to keep us up to date with what developments there have been during the week. Otherwise communications have been via Skype

Sgt Clark Edgar – Prisoner in Cell Block JB and Admin Flt Coord

Covid-19 has brought about some advantages and disadvantages to living in Jet Block (a prefabricated building used as transit accommodation where the HQ staff live) or as I prefer to call it Cell Block H.

One of the main advantages is that there is now constant hot water which enables you to have as long as a shower as you care for. With most other inmates living at home now it is certainly an advantage as is the unlimited free wi-fi that the station is providing.

Another advantage, from my perspective, is that you can leave the window open all night and with significant less traffic on the A40 it does not wake you up – although that is beginning to change now that people are returning to work.

The last advantage is that you do not hear all the banging and clanging of people and their belongings, throughout the night, as you would normally with very few people living in the block.

Now on to the disadvantages as I see them. The main one for me is that I cannot travel home with the restrictions in place across the country, and I've been in Jet Block constantly since the beginning of the crisis. It would be nice to go home to Scotland for a long period of time but unfortunately, I can't.

The other disadvantages are the lack of being able to talk to other people, as you would normally do on the way to the washing machines for example. It makes the weekends very long indeed. The other disadvantage is that the communal rooms are no longer allowed to be used and you are stuck in your cell.

Overall it has not been a bad time to be in Jet Block but it can also be a very soulless place without the normal level of people coming and going.

Sgt James Duncanson - The Watchkeeper and Communications Flt Coord

The change in working routine and conditions have been unprecedented. The office staff had to decide who was working from home and who had the capability to work from the HQ-allowing better working patterns. I live across the road from the HQ, only taking 3-4 mins to get to work, this made it a good choice for me to remain in the HQ when possible. The work still comes in and some tasks have been multiplied by COVID19 (MACA), the day to day work still has to be completed on time. The communication throughout the Sqn has changed to online and "Virtual Comms" has proved invaluable.

Rosters have also been drawn up for routine meetings with outside agencies, this has also been using "Virtual Comms". The use of new ways of working has presented the Sqn with its own hurdles as all HQ staff has to be conversant in all platforms so as not to miss out on information.

The main out of hour's effect on unit is no Gym or communal areas. This means working out at home, fitting it in between Skype calls/TEAMS meetings. The simple practices are all effected ie. Making a cup of tea, it has now become akin to CCS/IRT Mod 1 with all of the decontaminating that has to take place.

LAC Steff Morgan – PTVR from 614 (City of Cardiff) Sqn and our new Sqn Clk

18 months from my attestation, I am very new to RAuxAF.

As soon as I had finished my TAT Bs I was eagerly seeking opportunities to get a boots on the ground experience. I spotted a unicorn of opportunity at 600 Sqn, in London.... What more could a girl coming from a one-horse town (not literally- just to clarify!) in very rural wales want? I envisaged the heady city lights, streets paved with gold and the opportunity to explore a new world costing only a tube ride in to the centre of London. The squadron having a long and very interesting history, there was depth and experience that I was eager to draw from. It really was a perfect opportunity.

Then Covid-19 hit....

No heady lights, no streets paved with gold and no new world exploring. Regardless, still a huge opportunity to get some experience under my belt.

I now find myself in situ writing this, trying to summarise my experience so far. It has been everything I expected and more, I am finally consolidating my training and supporting the operation of 600 as best as I can. I feel like I am making a contribution to the wider RAF in supporting those active reservists out there in the field. In my trade (Pers Spt) I would say that's broadly the aim.

I came here with the desire to experience what was normal in a fully functioning Sqn on a fully functioning Station. Covid-19 put paid to the normal aspect of this venture as many are working from home and visits to the HQ are restricted. The fully functioning aspect seems to remain, which is down to the adaptability and resilience of the personnel and the determination to continue business as usual despite the challenges that we face. We are likely pioneering a new way of working across the service. We are on the crest of a wave where the pre Covid-19 'normal' ways of working are left in our wake as we forge forward to a new 'normal'. A very exciting time to have boots on the ground!

On a personal note a more positive experience I don't think I could have had anywhere, so I would like to thank all on the Sqn. I genuinely couldn't have asked for a better welcome to the reservist world outside of my own Sqn. Everyone I've met, emailed and spoken to have made me feel welcomed and involved. You have made this one-horse town girl feel very welcome! There is so much more I would love to write but feel I have already written war and peace when I was only asked to share a few words. You do the RAuxAF proud and show it at its best.

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Update from Kandahar Part Four; Home, Tea and Medals - Date - 26/06/2009

I hope this letter finds you well. This will be my last update from Kandahar as I will be returning home soon. Some of the events that I am going to tell you about in this update happened earlier in the 4 month tour but I couldn't tell you about them at the time. Now that the tour is coming to an end I am able to recount some of these experiences to you.

A Close Call

The first incident happened in March just after I got here. One night I was lying on my bed when there were a series of loud bangs, probably about 3 in number but they were too quick to count them. A split second later the rocket attack alarm went off. I thought it was pointless taking cover because I had heard the rockets land already. A few seconds later there were a few more bangs and thinking that would probably be all; I went back to reading my book.

Some of the NCO's came in to check everyone was alright and we decided to head down to the Coffee shop for a brew. No sooner had we got there than we were told to leave due to there being unexploded rockets being in the vicinity. I saw a few people get nervous at that stage but I couldn't understand why myself because it hadn't been that close, or so I thought. We went back to the block but were kicked out of there too and had to spend a couple of hours standing in an open space whilst search teams went out to look for the impact points, and any casualties.

The next morning, in the light of day, we were able to assess just how close it had been. One rocket had hit a neighbouring accommodation block about 150 yards from ours. It had gone straight through the concrete blast wall, hit the ground and partially detonated, then bounced up into the block and taken out the bathroom. One lad had just finished using it and was lucky that he wasn't hurt.

The shrapnel had bounced around inside the bathroom taking out all the porcelain, mirrors and glass. The room was completely shredded. One piece had travelled about 30 meters in the opposite direction, hit another block and gone straight through the wall and into the block. No one was hurt which was lucky so we put that one down to experience and hoped it wouldn't happen again.

I've attached some pictures from this incident. The first one shows the hole in the blast wall, the second shows the damage to the block, you can just see the impact crater in the bottom right of the second picture. Remember that this was caused by a rocket that had failed to detonate properly!



The damage to a block caused by the partial rocket warhead detonation.



A Rocket sliced straight through this blast wall.

Going On Alert

I thought that was going to be the closest we came to the war for the rest of the tour, but that was not to be the case. About the time of writing you the last update in May there was quite a prolonged incident that had a big impact on our lives for many days. One day I walked into the HQ to see the officers loading magazines and getting their weapons ready with some urgency. One of them spotted me and said "Where is your weapon?" I replied "In the armoury Sir." He said "Well, you had better go and get it." I went back to our building thinking "What the bloody hell is going on?" I called our command post and they

had no further information so I had to sit around for a while wondering what it could be. Eventually the call came down that there was a flap on and everyone had to get kitted up. I was sent to the armoury to draw weapons for our section. That felt a bit strange I can tell you as I had no experience of this sort of thing before. I walked up to the armoured box where we keep the rifles and said "I'd like four SA80's and one thousand rounds of ammo please. I'm not sure if it's in the rules but I'd like to sign for the lot myself if that's ok?" Luckily our Sergeant 'Sid' turned up just after me and changed our order to many more rifles and thousands of rounds of ammo, and he would sign for the lot which meant I got let off the hook. We got back to the unit and started loading magazines. This has serious implications because if you lose a round (bullet) they fine you £1000 so everyone gets a bit paranoid. Also I would now be walking around with enough firepower to do some serious damage. Added to that was the responsibility of being able to take another human beings life and it focused everyone's minds somewhat.

Then Sid taught me a very important lesson. He was in charge of the ammo so I had to go and see him to sign for mine. When I went and asked for it Sid said he had none left. As I stood there looking rather perplexed and wondering what the implications of what he just told me might be, he punched me on the arm and said "Only joking, I've got loads left but now is the best time if you want to wind people up as they get very serious." Point taken, no matter how serious it gets, never lose your sense of humour. Eventually we got a briefing on the situation. There was some credible intelligence that the Taliban were planning a spectacular attack on our location. They would be bloody mad to try it here as there are thousands of armed personnel but I guess they are mad. The whole base went into lock down mode and it was quite exciting but at the same time concerning. I was not too worried about what the Taliban might do but I was concerned that someone might have an accident with a weapon and I hoped I wouldn't be in the way when that happened. Added to this we had to take our combat kit with us everywhere; to the mess to eat, to the toilet which was a feat in getting undressed, I even slept with it by my side. I can tell you that with body armour, helmet, weapon and ammo in 40 degree heat it tends to get a bit hot.

It soon became apparent to me that our weapons were for self-defence only. To be completely honest throughout the whole tour I have felt there was more opportunity to get hurt by my own side than by the enemy. The heightened alert state continued for a number of days until eventually the Taliban gunmen probably decided that there was not much chance that they would actually get a chance to hurt any of us and probably wanted to save their attack for a softer target. Judging on the amount of firepower that suddenly appeared around the base, I don't blame them.

Clean Underpants Needed

The next incident happened at the start of June. I was at work in the middle of the day when there was an almighty bang that scared the \$&!%* out of me. I will admit that this was the only time during the tour that I was actually scared. I'm not sure if it was fear or just shock but I was down on the floor and putting my helmet and body armour on very quickly. After a few minutes had past we went outside to take a look at what had happened. A projectile (still don't know what it was but suspect a rocket) had landed about 100 yards from our working area. It had peppered a passing vehicle causing 2 casualties who, luckily, were not in a life-threatening condition. The funny thing was a person who was walking on the other side of the road had been so scared he had an involuntary bowel movement. This added a bit of humour to what was I suppose quite a serious situation. I can't blame him as I also \$&!%* myself but not quite literally.

One piece of shrapnel had landed in our Command post. That was the second time it had been hit so I stopped hanging round in there as I didn't want to be on the receiving end of a third. Another chunk of shrapnel had made a 4 inch by 1 inch hole in the roof of our building. Imagine our building as a half-of-a 'tin can' shape with door on the end. If you know what a Nissan Hut is from World War Two, well this is a more modern version of it. As we were checking the hole, I saw something unusual on the ground and realised that I had found the piece of shrapnel that had made it. It was about 6 inches long by about 2 inches wide and very gagged and sharp. I

I took some photos which are attached and also of the shell crater which wasn't more than the size of a dinner plate. One of the more experienced guys explained that was because anti-personnel weapons are designed to detonate on the surface to cause maximum fragmentation. That way they don't expend their explosive power into the ground.



The impact crater which was the size of a large dinner plate.



The shrapnel that hit our building.



Me with the shrapnel that hit our roof.

The Repatriation of Pte Robert McLaren

At the start of June I attended the repatriation ceremony for Private Robert McLaren of the Black Watch who was killed during a fire fight at Kandahar City, not far from our base. It was a very sombre occasion. Pte McLaren was only 20 years old and I felt sorry for him that his life ended so young.

Up Close and Personal with a Harrier Jump Jet

We had a chance to visit the harrier Jump Jet detachment for a photo call. We went there to get our picture taken in front of a jet but it was also a chance to look at the business end of the operation. Although individual personnel rotate on a roster, the Harrier force has been out here for 5 years straight now. We caught them during their last two weeks before they handed over to the Tornados, so they were quite relaxed and chatty. We had a good look over the aircraft which were armed and ready on a 5 minute alert status. We were told that if the siren sounded we had to get out of the way as they don't hang about when they are scrambled. I was fascinated by the bombs and couldn't help but think how close I was standing to something that could cause so much damage. One of our SAC's stood in front of the rocket pods. The ground crew told them that wasn't a good idea as they don't have many built in safety mechanisms and could go off accidentally. A fuel tanker was parked in front of the Harrier refuelling it. It probably had a few thousand gallons of aviation fuel on board and was right in the line of the rocket pods. I thought that was slightly amusing and at the same time a little bit worrying.



A 500lb bomb and rocket pod on a harrier. Apparently they stopped using the 1000lb and 2000lb bombs as they cause too much damage!



Our lot in front of a Harrier. I'm the handsome skinny one 2nd on the right.

The Bug in the System

I was taking apart one of the laptops to fit a new keyboard when I spotted what I thought was a twig. I got a pair of tweezers and dislodge the object and then realised that I was looking at something altogether different. It would appear that a small lizard had crawled into the laptop through the PCMCIA slot and then couldn't get out. He looked a little bit hungry and thirsty if you ask me. At least I found the bug in that system. Ok, no more puns please.



Weather

The highs of 40 degrees Celsius last month settled down to a consistent 35 throughout most of June. It has been quite pleasant and not as bad as I feared. I'm slightly disappointed that I will not get to experience 45 – 50 degrees but at the same time it's probably best if I don't. I feel a bit sorry for some of the guys who are leaving a month after me as I think it will start to get much hotter soon.

Conclusion and thoughts on going home

Going home is a favourite topic of conversation amongst the troops and it's very exciting to think I will be doing it soon. It's been a life defining experience for me coming out here. I have redefined my understanding of effort, tenacity and dedication. I don't know if it has changed me or not. I can't be sure of that until I get home but I hope that if it has it will be for the better. I know one thing though, I have definitely realised how lucky we are by coming out here and I can't wait to get back to my life. Maybe I will now do some of those things that I thought I perhaps didn't have the time or energy for. I definitely feel a lot older and wiser. I believe it is a state of mind that everyone attains at some point in their life; it's just a question of when. By coming out here my experience level has taken an enormous boost.

I am proud to have had the opportunity to serve our country. I have been humbled by some of the acts of courage, kindness and dedication I have witnessed. You should be proud of the achievements of your armed forces because they are making a difference out here. We are standing up to bigotry, injustice and dictatorship. The price of making a stand is high but I believe it is worth it. The consequence of not making a stand would be to renounce the values that we all hold dear, those being democracy, freedom of speech and the rule of law. Some people would like to mobilise their masses against us by telling them that there is a religious element to this war. From what I have seen this is not true. We are not trying to tell the Afghans how to think or what they should believe. We are trying to help them build a safe, free and prosperous society, one that doesn't threaten or attack other nations. This is something that the majority of Afghans want. The only people who have something to fear from this are the bigots themselves.

Finally I'd like to make a comment on what we have done over here. It was hard work, stressful and sometimes uncomfortable. I don't think however I have done anything particularly brave, or anything that most other people could not do when faced with similar circumstances. Throughout the tour I have been drawing comparisons with my Grandfather and his time in the 8th Army during the 2nd World War. They would get a pint of water per day. They could either drink it or have a wash, it was their choice. Dinner was Bully Beef and that was on the menu every day he was out in the desert. He was called up in 1939 and demobilised in 1945. By comparison my war has been fought from relative luxury and for a relatively short space of time. The entire effort in Afghanistan would not equal a quiet morning on the Somme. The contrasting difference is the technology of the modern battlefield. I've seen men who will need counselling for witnessing on their computer screen events that were taking place hundreds of miles away. I think it is important to draw these comparisons and not forget the lessons paid for by previous generations.

SAC Saxby ***“over and out.”***

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Airfields of the London Auxiliaries - No.1 Northolt – Part 3 by Ian White

The War Years 1939 - 1941



Supermarine Spitfire Mk.Is of No.65 Squadron carrying their 'FZ' squadron codes.

On the outbreak of war on 3rd September 1939, Northolt played host to three front line fighter squadrons, No.25 with Blenheim Ifs under Squadron Leader J.R.Hallings-Pott, DSO, No.111 with Hurricane Mk.Is, under Squadron Leader H.Broadhurst, AFC, (later Air Chief Marshal, GCB, KBE, DSO*, DFC*, AFC) and No.600 Squadron under Squadron Leader J.Wells. The training aircraft of the London University Air Squadron (UAS) were removed when the Squadron was disbanded on 5th September, while the Station Flight and its aircraft were retained. Northolt thus became a front Line flying station located within Fighter Command's No.11 Group.

On 2nd October 600 Squadron left Northolt for a swap with No.65 Squadron's more potent Spitfire Mk.Is from the Essex station, forming an establishment that was to last until 16th January 1940, when No.604 Squadron's Blenheim fighters flew over from North Weald to take up residence for a short period. That same month Group Captain (later Air Vice Marshal) S.F.Vincent, AFC, assumed command of the station and was to remain 'at the helm' throughout the forthcoming Battle of Britain. By RAF standards Group Captain Vincent was an old man at forty-three, however, he had considerable experience having seen service on the Western Front during the First World War. That same month Northolt assumed command of Heston Aerodrome as a satellite airfield and acquired a dummy airfield, complete with its plywood Hurricanes and a dummy flarepath that was built on the golf course at nearby Barnet.

During the early part of 1940, the station was visited by a team of camouflage experts who set about the task of painting the hangers and buildings an attractive shade of green, black and brown, much to the chagrin of Group Captain Vincent, who politely pointed out that in an area surrounded by the residential districts of Ruislip, Northolt, Harrow and Uxbridge, the airfield would stick out like the proverbial sore thumb. The 'experts' were persuaded of Vincent's views and each hanger was painted to look like rows of houses with gardens running in between, while large black blobs representing trees and bushes were painted on the perimeter tracks and the runways, with the final touch being a stream down each runway and 'pond' where they intersected. 'Hedges' comprising lines of tar were 'laid' along the edges of the grassed areas. This work was undertaken with some skill and

proved very effective, as the station blended in with the surrounding areas and was to suffer little damage during air attacks.

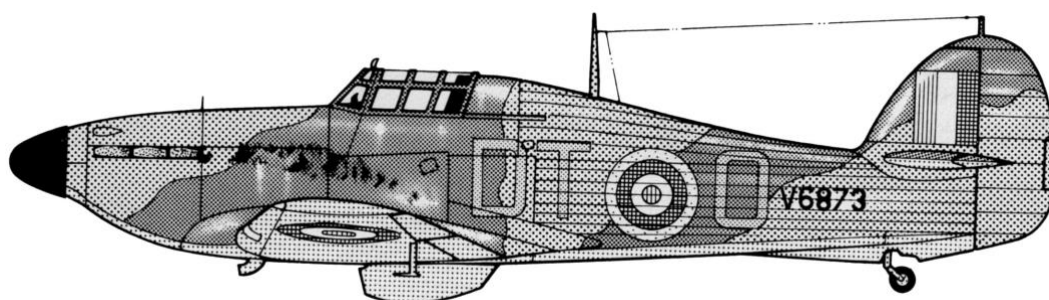
While the camouflage teams were busy painting the station, a number of improvements were being enacted, comprising a new section of perimeter track which looped away from the west side of the airfield to provide access to a number of new dispersals. A total of thirteen twin dispersals were built around the airfield, complete with huts for the maintenance and aircrews. Bofors guns for anti-aircraft (AA) defence were positioned at various points around the airfield, along with air raid trenches to protect personnel and a detachment from the 2nd Battalion, London Scottish, took up residence for guarding duties.

Following the end of the Phoney War that culminated in the invasion of France and the Low Countries, the *Luftwaffe's* bomber force and its accompanying fighters were firmly ensconced on the airfields of France, Belgium and Holland and within easy reach of London and the south-east of England. By the time of the opening phase of what became the 'Battle of Britain' on 10th July 1940, Northolt's order of battle (ORBAT) comprised the Hurricanes of No.257 Squadron and No.303 (Polish) Squadron, a detachment of No.43 Squadron, also with Hurricanes, and the Air Fighting Development Unit (AFDU), that was forming on the station. Hereafter the moves and changes at Northolt through the Battle are difficult to follow and are better explained in tabular form:

Northolt Flying Units 10th July 1940 to 30th October 1940

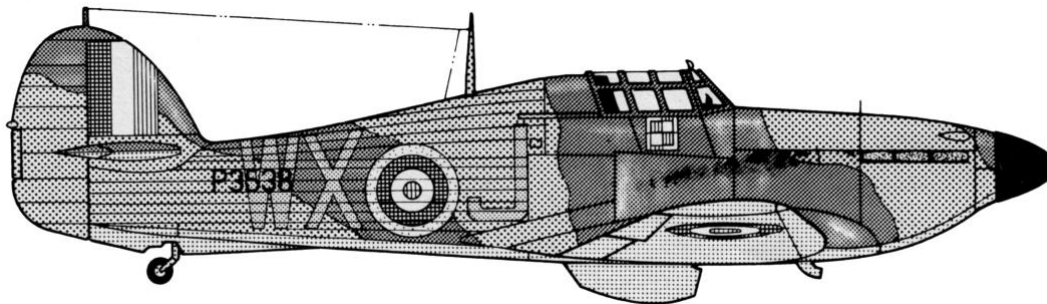
Unit	From	To	Aircraft	Remarks
No.257 Squadron	4 July 1940	15 Aug 1940	Hurricane Mk.I	To Debden.
No.303 (Polish) Sqn	22 July 1940	11 Oct 1940	Hurricane Mk.I	To Leconfield.
ADFU	July 1940	16 Dec 1940	Various	To Duxford.
No.1 Squadron	1 Aug 1940	9 Sept 1940	Hurricane Mk.I	To Wittering.
Det No.609 Sqn	13 Aug 1940	3 Nov 1940	Spitfire Mk.I	To Warmwell.
No.1 Sqn (RCAF)*	11 Aug 1940	10 Oct 1940	Hurricane Mk.I	To Prestwick.
No.229 Squadron	9 Sept 1940	15 Dec 1940	Hurricane Mk.I	To Wittering.
Det No.264 Sqn	12 Sept 1940	Not known	Defiant Mk.I	To Rochford.
No.615 Squadron	10 Oct 1940	17 Dec 1940	Hurricane Mk.I	To Kenley.
No.302 (Polish) Sqn	11 Oct 1940	23 Nov 1940	Hurricane Mk.I	To Westhampnett.

* Re-numbered No.401 (Canadian) Squadron on 1st March 1941.



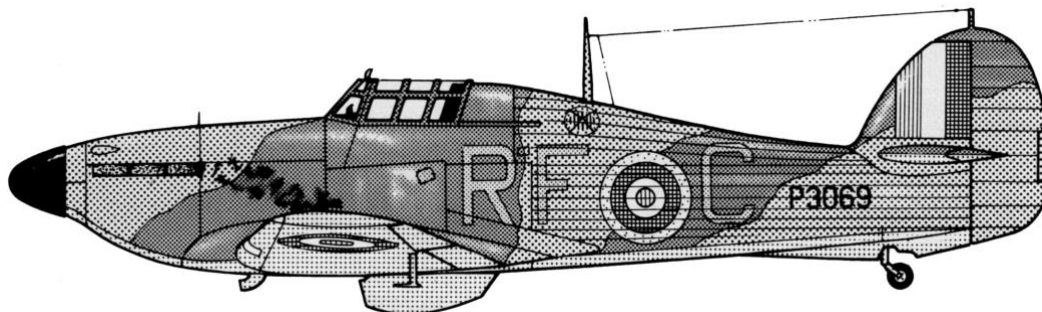
Hawker Hurricane Mk.I V6873/'DT-O' of No.257 Squadron during the Battle of Britain period (the late Mike Keep).

257 Squadron was declared operational on 1st July and claimed its first enemy aircraft, a Dornier Do 17Z, on the 19th. With its operational area over the English Channel, 257 fought in a large battle over the Isle of Wight on 8th August, losing three pilots, in exchange for two enemy aircraft destroyed and two claimed as 'damaged'. 303 Squadron was the second Free Polish RAF squadron to form, with Squadron Leader R.G.Kellet assuming command of a bunch of Poles who were eager to get at the enemy. This was accomplished inadvertently during a training flight on 30th August, when 'B' Flight met a large formation of Dornier Do 17Zs, with one of them falling to Flying Officer Paszkiewicz's Hurricane. 1 Squadron, Royal Canadian Air Force (RCAF) was one of Canada's regular peacetime units, before being transferred to the UK at Middle Wallop on 21st June 1940, along with its Hurricanes with it. These were not up to RAF standards and consequently the Squadron was non-operational until a number of modifications were completed. Bolstered by a number of British-built Hurricanes, 1 (RCAF) began its training at Northolt in August with crews from 111 Squadron. It was while flying with 111 that the commanding officer (CO), Squadron Leader A.E.McNab, DFC, destroyed a Do 17Z around the middle of the month.



Hawker Hurricane Mk.I P3538/'WX-J' of No.302 (Polish) Squadron during the Battle of Britain period (the late Mike Keep).

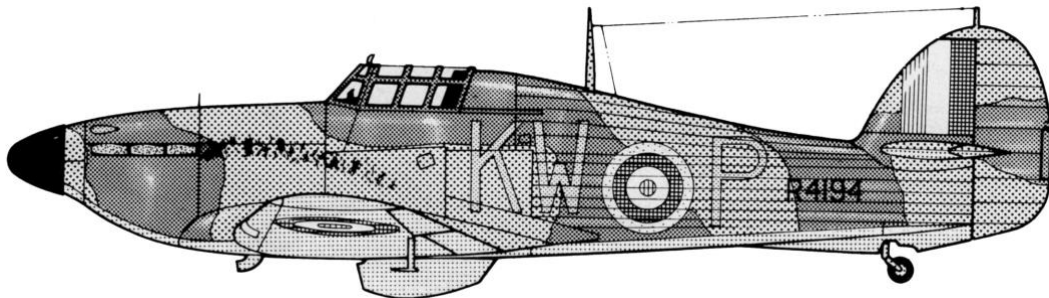
At the end of the Battle of Britain a number of squadrons were withdrawn from the front line to rest and re-equip, while the *Luftwaffe* reoriented its units towards night operations in preparation for a bombing campaign that would become known as the 'Winter Blitz'. Northolt's ORBAT in early November 1940 comprised 229, 302 and 615 Squadrons, all equipped with the Hurricane. 302 Squadron was withdrawn from Northolt on 23rd November, followed by 229 and 615 Squadrons in mid-December. Their places were filled by No.1 Squadron from Wittering and No.601 Squadron from Exeter, both of which were equipped with the Hurricane Mk.I.



Hawker Hurricane Mk.I P3069/'RF-C' of No.303 (Polish) Squadron, Northolt, September 1940 (the late Mike Keep).

With the New Year (1941) came a change in tactics, with Fighter Command being ordered onto the offensive by its new Air Officer Commander-in-Chief (AOC-in-C), Air Marshal Sir William Sholto Douglas, GCB, MC, DFC. Northolt was designated as one of the stations to support this strategy and accordingly was re-allocated 303 (Polish) Squadron from

Leconfield, which by 3rd January 1941, was transitioning from the Hurricane to the Spitfire Mk.I. The same month 1 Squadron was moved to Kenley, leaving Northolt with just two operational day-fighter squadrons. The offensive operations comprised fighter sweeps across the Channel into occupied territory, followed a month later by escort for light bombers (mainly Blenheims) trying to draw the *Luftwaffe's* fighters into battle - otherwise known as *Circus* operations. Spring brought an increased in activity with the arrival of a second Polish Squadron, No.306, to Northolt from Ternhill, in April, flying the Hurricane Mk.IIa and the departure of 601 Squadron to Manston on 1st May. After flying a small number of night patrols, 306 Squadron was allocated a Polish CO, Squadron Leader T.H.Rolski, who took command in February and led the Squadron on its first offensive sorties during April. However, this was short lived as the Squadron returned to night patrols in May, with Flying Officer Nowak claiming it's first confirmed 'kill', a Heinkel He 111 at night on the 10th and a Junkers Ju 88 damaged.



Hawker Hurricane Mk.I R4194/ 'KW-P' of No.615 (County of Surrey) Squadron, is seen here shortly before the Squadron moved to Northolt in October 1940 (the late Mike Keep).

306 returned to bomber escort duties in June, claiming three Messerschmitt Bf 109s destroyed and another damaged on the 17th. Around this time the Squadron began a conversion to the Spitfire Mk.IIb, while conducting daylight sweeps and *Ramrods* (operations similar to a *Circus*, but with the destruction of the target as the primary aim). In the meanwhile 303 Squadron took the opportunity of bad weather to fly fighter-bomber sweeps over France, attacking targets of opportunity (otherwise known as *Rhubarbs*) and undertake *Circus* sorties. In July 303 was moved to Speke as a part of the Mersey air defence, with its place being taken by No.308 (Polish) Squadron who moved their Spitfire Mk.IIbs to Northolt from Chilbolton on 24th June. Northolt was now known as the home of Poland's fighter squadrons, in which guise it would continue unabated until April 1944. Like the previous Northolt units, 308 Squadron flew its share of offensive fighter sweeps and low-level attacks on enemy airfields. During one such sweep on 2nd July, the Squadron claimed five enemy aircraft destroyed and two probables.

A third fighter Squadron, No.315 (Polish) was moved to Northolt from Speke on 16th July, along with its Spitfire Mk.IIbs. The Squadron began operations with a number of *Rodeos* (fighter sweeps over enemy territory) from 9th August, claiming two Bf 109s destroyed, three probables and three damaged, for the loss of two pilots. And so began an intensive period for 315 of *Rodeos*, *Ramrods* and *Rhubarbs* as the weather and the opportunity arose. Again when conditions were favourable, the Squadron participated in single and paired, low-level *Rhubarbs* and wing sweeps (*Balbos*). However, this was not without losses. On 23rd November the Squadron lost five Spitfires and their pilots to *flak* over Dunkirk.

Having been on operations for quite some time, 306 Squadron was withdrawn to Speke on 7th October, followed by 308 Squadron on 12th December, with their places being taken by 303 Squadron during October and 316 (Polish) Squadron on 12th December. Both units were equipped with the more powerful Spitfire Mk.Vb.

Northolt Flying Units November 1940 to December 1941

Unit	From	To	Aircraft	Remarks
No.1 Squadron	15 Dec 1940	5 Jan 1941	Hurricane Mk.I	To Kenley.
No.601 Squadron	17 Dec 1940	1 May 1941	Hurricane Mk.I	To Manston.
No.303 (Polish) Sqn	3 Jan 1941	16 July 1941	Hurricane Mk.I/ Spitfire Mk.I/IIa/ IIb	To Speke.
Det No.8 AACU*	Jan 1941	May 1941	Various	To Cardiff.
No.306 (Polish) Sqn	3 April 1941	7 Oct 1941	Hurricane Mk.I/ IIa/Spitfire Mk.IIb/Vb	To Speke.
No.308 (Polish) Sqn	24 June 1941	12 Dec 1941	Spitfire Mk.IIa/ Vb.	To Woodvale.
No.315 (Polish) Sqn	16 July 1941	1 April 1942	Spitfire Mk.IIa/ IIb/Vb.	To Woodvale.
No.303 (Polish) Sqn	7 Oct 1941	16 June 1942	Spitfire Mk.Vb	To Kirton-in- Lindsay
No.316 (Polish) Sqn	12 Dec 1941	22 April 1942	Spitfire Mk.Vb	To Heston.

* Anti-Aircraft Co-operation Unit.

Note - The deployment of the aircraft and squadrons at Northolt are taken from Air Britain's CD-ROM of RAF Airfields.

..... **Ramblings of an Ageing Armourer by Geoff Monahan**

I arrived at North Weald, appropriately, on 1st April 1952, accompanied by an extrovert Yorkshireman, Alec Dick, from Leeds and a taciturn Yorkshireman, Geoff Dyson, from Huddersfield. We had all been on the same Armourers course at Kirkham, in Lancashire (it is now a prison like several other ex RAF stations; are they trying to tell us something?)

We arrived at The Weald late afternoon no one seemed to have considered where we were assigned. We were given a meal in the Mess and lodged in 601 Squadron's barrack block.

Next day we were seen by, Flt/Lt. Clive Mason of 601 Squadron, who told us we were destined for 72 Squadron. Their dispersal was situated on the far side of the airfield, close to North Weald church. It is no longer on the airfield.

The three of us duly walked down to the site to be met by a Flt/Sgt who said "you have just spent three months learning to be Armourers, you have now got one week to learn how we do it!" We were also greeted by passing Airmen who asked if we were the new plumbers. In our ignorance we replied "No we are the Armourers" wondering why they went on their way laughing!

The Aircraft we would be working on were D.H.Vampire's V's (originally going to be called 'Spider Crabs'). It was not a type over friendly to Armourers.

The Vampire was armed with four 20mm Hispano cannons located in a bay in the belly of the aircraft. To work on them you had to work on your back on a trolley. First job was to lower or remove the gun doors. To do this you unlatched levers on their centre line and, supporting them on your knees, remove them. According to 'the book' this was a two man task. Not on 72!

Ammunition tanks were situated on either side of the fuselage, behind the cockpit and above the Air Intakes. One Armourer would load ammunition into the tanks and feed them down chutes so the chap below could join them to ammunition pre-loaded in the Belt Feed Mechanism (BFM). I seem to remember there were about 20 pre-loaded rounds. Prior to this we would check the cannons were functioning. One of you would lie under the nose wheel bay and depress the safety switch. Your colleague would then press the firing button on the control column to check the Breech Block functioned.

I always felt wary under the Wheel Bay with the two cannon muzzles each side of my head. It really was perfectly safe, the nose safety switch would normally be activated by the retraction of the Nose Wheel on take-off.

Another 'risk' was that you might be working "down below" when a deluge of cold soapy water came down on you! One day I got really soaked, propelled myself out on my trolley and let rip at the chap washing down the aircraft. I suddenly realized it was our new C.O., the now Sqdn/Ldr Clive Mason. Luckily he just laughed and apologised. Sqdn/Ldr Mason later retired as a Wing Commander and became a leading light in Canadian T.V; did he produce Soaps?

Replacing Cannon on the Vampire was quite tricky, working on your back underneath the fuselage. The cannon weighed about 100wt each and had to be man handled in and out of their cradles. The really difficult bit was refitting the Blast Tubes to take the business end of the guns.

72 Squadron Armourers were not attached to flights as such. We would be allocated our aircraft to look after each day. The cry would go up "G is coming in" and G's Armourers would meet it in its bay. (We would be allocated more than one aircraft to look after).

One thing that was easy on the Vampire, was entering the cockpit to check the gun sight. It was very close to the ground. After a few months, the Vampires were replaced by Gloster Meteor Mk 8's. From an Armourers point of view they were somewhat easier to work on. We could stand upright although climbing ability was an asset. The four 20mm cannon were placed in pairs either side of the cockpit, with one covering panel each side with quick release screws. On removing these you could get to the cannon for rearming or removal (for the latter you also had to remove panels in the nose).

We had a small Flatbed Bedford truck and for removals we would drive to the pen with the four new weapons, remove the current armament and fit the replacements. Usually two Armourers would be employed but we could, and did, carry them short distances single handed (there was a knack). The tricky part was the refitting of the Blast Tubes, as with the Vampire.

Ammunition was carried in four tanks located behind the cockpit, under the canopy. To deal with these meant releasing the canopy by switch in the cockpit, then climbing up astride the fuselage, feeding ammunition into the tanks then down a chute to be connected to the BFM's already placed on the guns. I seem to remember each gun carried a total of 20 rounds. The canopy would then be lowered and reattached securely, usually a straight forward task. It was quite a stiff climb into the cockpit with two miniscule foot holds to assist you (one a pullout step).

Two of the tasks in the cockpit were to check the gunsight was operating and to give the ejector seat the once over, always making sure the safety pin was in place!(only removed prior to take off).

On one occasion I had to accompany the squadron Armament Officer, W/O Churchill, to a crash site at Great Totham in Essex. The job was to check an ejector seat that had ended up by a villager's back door complete, unfortunately, with pilot. We had to determine

whether the seat had been activated or just fallen when the aircraft broke up. The mechanism to fire the seat was intact so it had just free fallen.

Of the two aircraft the Vampire was a 'Dinky toy' and the Meteor was the present day 'Corgi'.

I should perhaps mention that Ammunitions would be delivered to a siding at North Weald Station. We would take our Flat Bed truck there and transfer the metal Ammo boxes (60lbs a piece I believe) to it, often forming a short train and throwing the boxes from one another to the truck!

I spent about four years on Meteor's. I often think Sir Tony Robinson ought to carry out a 'time team' project on the green humps and bumps that are now all that remains of 72 Squadron dispersal.

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Further Ramblings Of An Ageing Armourer by Geoff Monahan

Armament Practice Camps (APC's) were the highlight of an Armourers year. A whole month for Regular Squadrons, a fortnight for the Auxillarys, devoted to Air Firing Sorties. Pilots vied with each other to obtain good scores either on ground targets or on a drogue towed by another aircraft, flown by Pilots with a strong nerve!

I was fortunate enough to experience four APC's. The first with 72 Squadron at Acklington, north of Newcastle on Tyne and three with 601 Squadron; two to Malta and one to Wunstorf in Germany. 72 Squadron spent April 1953 at the Acklington APC (yet another old base now a Prison!).

A small advance party travelled by road a day or two before the rest of us. They overnighed at Oakington. The remainder of us flew up by Valetta Aircraft (a military version of the Vickers Viking). We were also flown back to North Weald at the camps conclusion.

I remember four things in particular about Acklington:

1. The cold. I do not think I have ever felt colder. There was an emergency water tank in front of the Armoury hut. It was frozen solid the whole time. Some of the lads would slide around on duckboards. We wore rubberized kerosene suits the whole time, not that they gave much protection against the cold. New perimeter lights were being installed. A line of them edged our flight line and we sheltered in the holes, between sorties, covering ourselves with Engine covers. After servicing a machine, your hands were 'dead'-what must frostbite be like we thought.
2. Fog. On April 17th there was the quickest manifestation of fog I have ever experienced. Several aircraft had taken off and two more were taxiing out when the airfield suddenly disappeared. The aircraft were heard flying over, one, somehow, managed to land. The other did not and was lost on Radar as it crossed the coast, close to the airfield. Little trace was found if this aircraft and the pilot, P/O Gordon Livingston was never found. I believe the other aircraft airborne were diverted to other airfields in the North. (There were a few more in those days).

3. A second tragedy occurred when we received news that Flight Sergeant Henry Stally, due for demob and on a ground course for BEA in London and therefore left behind, had been killed in a tube train crash at Stratford, East London.
4. 72 Squadron became 'roped in' a ground experience in the North, although we had been told we would not be. Units of the RAF regiment were at large in the North, mounting surprise attacks on airfields and installations. Our first involvement was going to our vehicles to drive to dispersal and finding placards hung on them saying "Do not drive, sugar in petrol tank". At the behest of our Flight Sergeant we ripped them off, threw them away and drove to dispersal. Later in the day we were told attacks by the 'Regiment' were expected that night and we would be part of the defensive screen on the airfield. The 'Regiment' duly attacked, it was dark, we had no rifles, no blanks, and no thunder flashes. The 'Regiment' had the lot. A party of them came yelling towards us, firing blanks, throwing thunder flashes. We lay in our dip and shouted "Bang". Some brave (or silly) souls grabbed the thunder flashes and threw them back. One section was taken 'prisoner', including I believe some '72' members and herded into a hangar by Regiment Gunners. They left one man as guard, so the 'prisoners' walked out! My section was commanded by Major Brown, U.S.M.C., an exchange pilot on '72'. He had fought in the Korean War. After a short while he said ".....blow this for a game of soldiers" (or something similar!) "Let's go back to the Mess". So we did.

Being so close to the North Sea coast we could sometimes see aircraft firing at targets in the sea.

The second APC I attended was with 601 Squadron. We assembled at North Weald on Friday 11 th June 1954 and the following day flew out to Luqa, in an Avro York aircraft, then by truck to Ta'Qali, our base for two weeks. The York was I believe, operated by a private company "Airwork". It took 6 ½ hours. Today the trip is about half that time!

Before we left North Weald we had been issued with Tropical kit and advised that we qualified for overseas allowance on top of our pay. Auxillaries were paid the rate for their rank when on duty, in my case 13/- (65p) per day, plus 10/- (50p) for travel expenses at weekends.

Our Dispersal at Ta'Qali was close to the famous Mosta Dome, then the third biggest unsupported dome in the world. Because of the heat we started work early in the morning, flew sorties until around lunchtime and then returned in the late afternoon to spend an hour or so preparing for the next day.

A messy job for Armourers was daubing the tip of the cannon ammunition with a special paint; different colours for each sortie to be flown. If the Pilot hit the Droque, 'hits' could be assigned to the correct Pilot. I reckon there were more misses than hits!

The Armourers were quite often asked by a Pilot to reharmonise his guns, as it must be the cause of his poor results. This meant raising the aircraft on jacks, removing gun panels and using a 'scope', inserted in the gun's breach to line them up with a marked board ahead of the aircraft. I can honestly say we never found a cannon set that needed realigning. Usually though, the Pilots would thank us for doing the job, allowing them to improve their score!

During this camp I tended to take the opportunity to go swimming at Delimara point. Visits were made to the top of Mosta Dome and to the various delights of Valleta. 601 Squadron were always welcome in the Bars/Restaurants of M'Dina (Rabat). M'Dina overlooked Ta' Qali and the residents remembered the Squadron from the wartime siege. We had at least two 'lads' who been on 601 at that time.

The Maltese were (are) strong on religious festivals, always magnificent parades and fireworks.

The following year APC was at Wunstorf, starting on the 3rd July 1955. The flight out was from Stansted in an RAF York. We flew back in a Valetta to North Weald. Routines were the same as at the 1954 APC, except we worked normal hours. Wunstorf was a pre-war Luftwaffe Base, in later year's home to night fighter Squadrons. It was well equipped, with all buildings hidden in woodland. It was now home to two Squadrons of D.H. Venoms (updated Vampire). The weather could have been better, but we kept busy rearming the Aircraft. I remember one Pilot coming back with cannon shell damage to his main plane. He had flown too low to the ground, firing target shells had ricocheted and caused the damage! The C.O. was not happy!

One of the home based Squadron's lost a Venom. The Pilot had a flameout some distance away, he was, we were told, ordered to bale out; Venoms' had ejector seats. Although unable to restart, he reckoned he could make it back. He almost did, but stalled on final approach crashing at the start of the runway.

It was interesting to visit Hanover and Hamburg; which was a bustling City despite having been devastated only 10 years earlier. The Reaperbaum was in full flow or so we were told.

The last APC was at Ta' Qali, Malta, again flying out by Hastings aircraft on the 23rd June 1956. The routines were much the same as in 1954. I took the opportunity to visit the sister Island of Gozo and have a tour of the carrier HMS Eagle in Grand Harbour (in those days full of NATO warships). In the evenings Rabat had the pleasure of our company. Dinner at the Point De'Veue Hotel was a pleasure. During the war it had been the Officers Mess for Ta'Qali.

On the 8th July we flew back to North Weald, again by Hasting. On the take-off from Luqa, the Port outer engine overheated (cooling gills would not open).

After dumping fuel (over the Blue Grotto, now a tourism must) made a safe landing back at Luqa. Four hours later we were on our way home again.



At North Weald (and no, I
had not put a ruler up my sleeve!)



Ready for Action!



'In safe hands' 601 Armourers on a 'Jolly'
near Wunstorf.



Mosta Dome-we climbed to the top



Our accommodation at Ta'Qali



View from 'York' on arrival at Luga

Editors Footnote

A reminder. This is YOUR newsletter, and I hope you will both enjoy reading it, and find the content interesting. I would of course welcome your feedback.

The newsletter depends largely on YOUR contributions. Please forward any & all contributions to me (no matter how small). Photographs, articles, memories, funny stories etc. – all welcome and appreciated, especially from our older members who may like to share memories, thoughts records, pictures etc. that they may wish to share with our younger members of perhaps your War time experiences?

I will endeavour to use all material provided albeit I reserve the right to edit as required. Please also note that I may not use your material in the current newsletter period but may hold it back for a later issue.

If anyone ever spots an innocent faux-pas or technical inaccuracy, please do let me know so I can correct it.

Please send your material via the contact information below. If you require any originals returned, copies and will be taken and sent back, although please ensure you provide your name & address. If you wish to kindly donate any material to the archive, please do specify this and it will of course be very gratefully received!

If at all possible, electronic copies are preferred either by email or disc. Please where possible save your file to word format as it makes it quicker and easier for me to simply format and insert.

Hand written or typed are fine too!

And one final reminder – can I please ask that those of you who have e-mail drop me a quick contact message with your name so that I can keep our records up to date.

Remember all members on email will be sent an electronic copy of the Newsletters now instead of a paper copy – unless specifically request otherwise! ☺ The objective is for you to receive the newsletter faster and at the same time save the Association money in printing, paper, envelopes and postage.

And finally, if anyone has any photos or records specific to the Bristol's Blenheim & Beaufighter, I would be very grateful for a copy. The records would be primarily for the archive, but also for my own personal interest.

Andy

Newsletter contact;



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