



**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.*

**March 2023**

**Foreword**

This edition of the Right of The Line Newsletter should have reached you last Month. Unfortunately, I had to delay due to a shortage of articles to make it with, but here we are !!!

I do hope that this edition will be an interesting one and that it will, once again, cover some historical facts of the Squadron as well as the updates on what 600 Sqn is up to.

I would like to thank everybody for sending in their articles, stories, information that is the base of the Newsletter. You are all gems that make this possible. But that goes for all of you who carry 600 Sqn in your hearts, and with Easter already a memory, we now look forward to the Coronation of King Charles in May.

Enjoy the reading, enjoy this edition.



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## **Sqn Ldr Alisa Rebbeck, 600 (City of London) Squadron mobilisation Oct 22 – Mar 23**



Sqn Ldr Alisa Rebbeck was mobilised to 22 Group Directorate of Flying Training (DFT) at MOD Abbey Wood as Deputy Chief of Staff DFT from Oct 22 to Mar 23 to cover a soft gap created by the overseas deployment of a permanent member of their team.

She has covered a broad range of People Ops specific and managerial duties. However, her focus has primarily been on the organisation, preparation, facilitation and secretariat duties for 1, 2 & 3\* meetings; and the sourcing, research, collation and drafting of Governance and Assurance Documentation to safeguard clarity of process, highlight ownership and ensure safety is paramount whilst introducing a streamlined scheduling system. It is hoped that this new system and the newly created Standard Operating Procedures and Terms of Reference will avoid unnecessary duplication of effort and ensure better use of staff time whilst providing beneficial and focussed output for escalation up the Chain of Command or dissemination to key contributors and Stake Holders.

All work undertaken has been in support of the UK Military Flying Training System which provides highly trained aircrew and

Air Ops personnel from all three services to meet current and future frontline requirements.

Sqn Ldr Rebbeck says “I have enjoyed working with a new team, in a busy HQ environment and the novelty of working alongside Air Ranked Officers daily. This job has moved me out of my comfort zone on occasion but brought with it new knowledge and new experiences which I’ll be able to utilise in my career moving forward”.

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## **Life on a wartime Airfield in Italy by Richard Swale (2008)**

The most constant thing about living on an airfield in war torn Italy was the noise.

With first light came the sound of the returning Beaufighter from its pre-dawn patrol, then there was the crackle of the Merlin engined Spitfires as they warmed up ready to take the place of the returned night fighter.

Soon, the cough and spit of American bombers starting, followed by the noise of warming up and testing. Then the intermittent note as Liberators and Fortresses followed the taxi tracks towards the runway. Roar came after roar, as one by one, they took off, carrying their load of death, usually to the Ploesti oil fields well to the north.

A sort of quiet came after their passing, to be punctuated by the sharper sound of day fighters as they took off on escort and strafing duties up the line.

Later, the heavies returned, invariably fewer than when they had started out. Some visibly damaged, with pieces off wing tips and rudders, propellers feathered, and smoke issuing from engine nacelles. Screaming crash tenders and ambulances raced alongside crippled planes as they landed ready to spray foam or take away the wounded to the nearby hospital.

Then it would be our turn to add to the cacophony as we took off to test our Beaufighters and the radar they carried, ready for the night and any enemy aircraft that might enter our patch.

Daylight operations over, and as the sun dropped in the sky, waves of British bombers rumbled on their way, to carry on where the day bombers left off. Olive green and dun colours replaced the shiny aluminium of the American aircraft: but even these dark colours changed to black silhouette as they climbed into the sunset.

Once the bombers had gone, it was the turn of our night fighters to play their part in the deadly game. The dusk patrol Beaufighter would take off into the semi-darkness, the crew enjoying a second sunset, as they climbed out of the dim light into the glowing sun once more.

The readiness crews would sit in the relative quiet of the Ops. Trailer waiting for the telephone to ring. Then. 'Scramble!' The dash for our aircraft started. From nervily reading a book to all-out action took only seconds. Within a few minutes we would be airborne and climbing hard into the blackness, hoping for a 'kill', but, more often than not, finding it was one of our bombers returning with its IFF (Identification Friend or Foe) not working, and we would return, the adrenalin slowly subsiding in our systems.

Nights off duty would be spent in the Mess, or in the local town drinking. There was little else to do. The local girls were 'off limits' so life was pretty tedious at times.

There were occasions for reflection. Our Mess was an old farm house and I remember one night - there was the usual chat and laughter - and I wandered with a cigarette and a drink over to the french window which gave onto a small balcony with its typical Italian wrought iron balustrade; I gazed at a full moon hanging in a starlit sky. Behind me a radio was playing a popular tune of the time called 'I'll be Seeing You'. I thought of the girl I had left at home in England, and wondered if I would be seeing her again. Later we would return, somewhat unsteadily, to our tents, and collapse on our camp beds in the hope of sleep.

I recall lying there one night listening to the sound of cicadas on the balmy night air. All was otherwise quiet for a change until the unmistakable sound of a returning Beaufighter could be heard as it joined the circuit preparing to land. The engine note altered, and I went, mentally, through the motions as the pilot changed propeller pitch, lowered the undercarriage and flaps, before turning in towards the runway. The engines purred smoothly as the aircraft approached, then died away as the pilot levelled out to land. A squeal of tyres told me he was down, and I relaxed. Then came a loud report as a tyre burst, followed by what sounded like some giant scattering a hundred metal dustbins.

Along with the rest of the boys I was out of bed and running in the direction of the crash. What we hoped to achieve I cannot imagine. In the event all we could do was to stand helplessly by and watch as the

Beaufighter burst into flames. Soon the white and blue/green of burning aluminium and magnesium was flecked with other colours, as ammunition and Very cartridges exploded in the heat.

The crash crew arrived and white foam cascaded over the burning aircraft. The ambulance was quickly on the scene and we were relieved to see two figures dressed in flying clothing outlined against the flames. Somehow the crew had got clear and were whisked off to sickbay for a check over.

As the fire died down we spectators retired, thoughtfully, to bed, wondering if, and when, it might happen to us - in the event I didn't have long to wait.

There were many variations on the foregoing account of a day on a busy wartime airfield in Italy, but the differences were more in detail than in substance.

Reverting to the song 'I'll be Seeing You' - I have to admit it moves me still. War is a strangely mixed emotional business.

Extract from 'Beau Gen' a newspaper produced by members of 255 Beaufighter Squadron based at Foggia, Italy in 1944.

There was one exciting night at Foggia when a high flying Hun came into the area. The two aircraft in the air had run out of oxygen and were unable to tackle him. W/O Dicky Swale and F/S Mick Homes did a very smart scramble after finding one aircraft u/s, and climbed out to 17,000' in record time when his port engine 'ran away', and he had to feather the prop. Dicky making his third single engine landing found it necessary to whip up the undercarriage to prevent too much overshoot. The aircraft was written off but congratulations on a good effort and to both of them on escaping scot free.



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## **Airfields of the London Auxiliaries - No.2 Hendon – Part 3 - By Ian White**

The Years of Peace 1944 - 1958



**Douglas C-47 Skytrain in the colours of No.512 Squadron is seen here at Duxford's Flying Legends Airshow in 2008 (Wikipedia/Rror).**

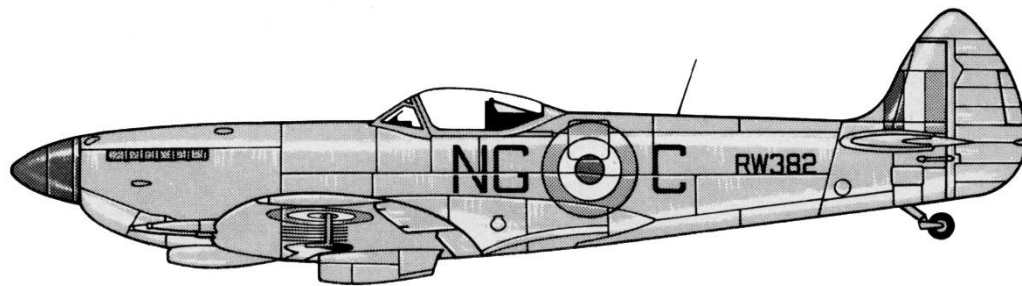
January 1944 found Hendon with four operational squadrons, Nos.512 and 575, both of which were Dakota-equipped and destined to participate in the D-Day landings and Nos.24 and 510 (Communications) Squadrons that were equipped with a variety of aircraft types. The two Dakota units were deployed to Broadwell, Oxon, in February, while 510 Squadron was renamed the Metropolitan Communications Squadron (MCS) in April, but retained its personnel and aircraft. While at Hendon the MCS was assigned the light transport, communications (comms) and liaison roles within the UK.

By the late spring and early summer of 1944, Greater London came within the range of the Fieseler Fi 103 flying bomb, otherwise known as the *Doodlebug*, or V-1, based in Northern France. Until their launch sites were overrun by Allied ground forces, these pilotless aircraft could easily reach Central London. On 30th June, a V-1 struck a wing of the Colindale Hospital, killing four airmen, while a second destroyed a brick barrack block located in the south-east corner of the airfield on 3rd August, killing nine airmen and injuring a further twenty-five.

In July 1944, No.1316 (Dutch) Comms Flight was raised from the Allied Flight of MCS and equipped with de Havilland Dominies, Dakotas and Douglas DC-2 and DC-3 airliners. At around this time Hendon's control passed from No.44 Group, Transport Command, to that of No.116 (Transport) Wing, which moved into Hendon's No.2 Mess. The Wing was established to provide a scheduled air link from the UK to India. The final unit to form at Hendon before the war ended was the C-47 Conversion Section, whose arrival and departure dates are noted as being sometime in 1944.

At the end of the war in May 1945, Hendon played host to the MCS, 24 Squadron, 1316 Flight and possibly the C-47 Conversion Section. However, by March 1946, 1316 Flight had disbanded along with a number of other lesser non-flying units that were resident on the airfield. As after the end First World War, the RAF found itself responsible for more airfields and personnel than it needed, which pointed towards a drastic reduction in both, as the nation was unable to afford large Armed Services in the post-war period.

With a large pool of former fighter pilots, ground crews and engineers, the Labour Government of Clement Attlee re-established the Auxiliary Air Force (later the Royal Auxiliary Air Force - RAuxAF) in 1946. Two of these units No.601 (County of London) and 604 (County of Middlesex) Squadrons were reformed at their old stamping ground at Hendon during May 1946, under the command of Squadron Leader The Hon Max Aitken, DSO, DFC, MP and Squadron Leader John Cunningham, DSO\*\*, DFC\*, respectively. Both squadrons were restored to flying status and equipped with Spitfire LF.Mk.16e day-fighters.



**Supermarine Spitfire LF.Mk.16e RW382/'NG-C' of No.604 (County of Middlesex) Squadron, Hendon, circa 1947. The Mk.16 was a modification of the much produced Spitfire Mk.9 that saw its 1,710-hp R-R Merlin 63/63A engine, replaced by a 1,720-hp American-built Packard Merlin 266, with clipped wings, a cut-down rear fuselage and tear drop canopy.**

Hendon's oldest resident, 24 Squadron and its aircraft, left the airfield for pastures new at Bassingbourn in February 1946, shortly before 601 and 604's stay was ended, when the urban regeneration and spread of housing around the airfield mitigated against their re-equipment with more modern jet-fighters that required longer runways. Consequently, with little room for expansion at Hendon, both squadrons were moved to North Weald on London's outskirts in March 1949 and re-equipped with de Havilland Vampire Mk.3s. The departure of the Auxiliaries left the MCS as the only flying unit on the airfield. This too underwent a change when it was retitled No.31 Squadron in July 1948 and equipped with Ansons, Proctors, Devons, Prentices and Chipmunks, to undertake light transport and comms duties on behalf the Government and the Service Ministries within the UK and on the Continent.

The RAF's independent Antarctic Flight was formed at Hendon in April 1949 and equipped with Auster Mk.6s to support British, Norwegian and Swedish scientists and observers on the Antarctic Continent. The Flight was commanded by Squadron Leader George Walford and comprised a total of two commissioned pilots and three NCO mechanics. The Austers were finished in an overall day-glow orange scheme and provided with interchangeable wheel, ski and float undercarriages. It was disbanded at Hendon in January 1951. A second Auster unit, No.1958 (Reserve Air Observation Post - AOP) Flight was formed at Hendon in July 1949 as a flight of No.661 (AOP) Squadron, RAuxAF, head-quartered at Kenley.

In August 1950 No.122 Gliding School was moved from North Weald, where it was probably getting in the way of jet flying, and relocated to Hendon, bringing with it its Cadet, Sedbergh and Primary gliders. However, its tenure only lasted until August 1953, when it was moved to Hornchurch. The United States Navy (USN) established itself at Hendon in February 1953, with the arrival of Fleet Air Squadron 76 (FASRON-76) and its Douglas R4Ds - the naval derivative of the ubiquitous C-47 Skytrain/Dakota. The Squadron was later equipped with the R5D, a close relative of the Douglas C-54 Skymaster, before being redesignated FASRON-200 sometime before or during 1954.

Having obtained a US presence at Hendon, the US Army's 32nd Anti-Aircraft Artillery (AAA) Brigade moved its light observation aircraft from Mildenhall to Hendon in October 1953, where it, FASRON-76, 31 Squadron and 1958 Flight provided the flying element, before FASRON-76/200 was moved to Blackbush in October 1956 and 1958 Flight was disbanded in March of the following year. 31 Squadron was formally disbanded at Hendon in March 1955 and renamed the MCS, with its number being reallocated to Laarbruch to form a Canberra PR.7 unit.



**Douglas R4D, possibly of FASRON-76 is seen here at Hendon in 1951. The R4D was the naval equivalent of the United States Air Force's C-47 Skytrain. Note the pierced steel planking (PSP) that forms its dispersal at Hendon. (Les Vowels).**

By the mid-1950s Hendon was fast running out of flying units and beginning its rundown towards a non-operational status. In April 1957 the 32nd AAA Brigade transferred its aircraft to Bovingdon before the last flying unit, No.617 Gliding School was formed in November 1958 and it too was transferred to Bovingdon and the MCS moved to Northolt at the same time. A station flight was maintained at Hendon, but its formation and disbandment dates are not known. Therefore, by the end of 1958 the Hendon was closed as an RAF flying station.

In the early 1963 Hendon was chosen as the site of the RAF Museum and opened to the public by Her Majesty the Queen in 1972. Covering some ten acres the Museum plays host to some 150 aircraft, of which forty are displayed in its buildings and halls.

#### Hendon Flying Units 1944 - 1958

Unit	From	To	Aircraft
24 Squadron	Jan 1944	Feb 1946	Various.
510 Squadron	Jan 1944	April 1944	Various, including Spitfire, Lysander, Tiger Moth, Proctor, Oxford, etc.
512 Squadron	Jan 1944	Feb 1944	Dakota & Hudson.
575 Squadron	Feb 1944	Feb 1944	Dakota.
Met Comms Squadron	April 1944	July 1948	Various.
1316 (Dutch) Comms Flight	July 1944	Mar 1946	Dominie, Dakota, DC-2 & DC-3.
C-47 Conversion Section	1944	Not known	C-47.
604 Squadron	May 1946	Mar 1949	Spitfire LF.16e.
601 Squadron	May 1946	Mar 1949	Spitfire LF.16e.
31 Squadron	July 1948	Mar 1955	Anson, Proctor, Devon, Prentice & Chipmunk.
Antarctic Flight	April 1949	Jan 1951	Auster Mk.6.
1958 (AOP) Flight	July 1949	Mar 1957	Auster.
122 Gliding School	Aug 1950	Aug 1953	Cadet, Sedbergh & Primary.
FASRON-76	Feb 1953	1954	R4D & R5D.

32nd AAA Brigade	Oct 1953	April 1957	L-17, L-19, L-20 & L-23.
FASRON-200	1954	Oct 1956	R4D & R5D.
Met Comms Squadron	Mar 1955	Nov 1957	Various.
617 Gliding School	Nov 1958	Not known	Cadet, Sedbergh & Prefect.
Station Flight	Not known	Not known	Not known.

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

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### **Incidental Disasters by Richard Swale (2011)**

I had just turned away from the window I had been looking out of when there came the sound of a large explosion, and the window fell out into the street.

We were billeted in requisitioned houses in a place called Cesenatico on the west coast of Italy, and close to the airstrip which was actually on the beach. This was where the noise had come from so we made our way in that direction to find out what had happened.

Apparently, an American Mitchell bomber had force=landed on one engine which was on fire. He had done a belly landing as he couldn't get his wheels down, worse still, he hadn't been able to jettison his bombs.

Before this incident we had 16 pristine Mosquitos dispersed close to the runway.

The Mitchell started to burn fiercely and then blew up.

Considerable damage was done to our Mossies = the Germans couldn't have done it better. Of the 16 only three were serviceable that night – on the other hand personnel casualties were remarkably few. One chap standing on a sand dune had his arm broken by piece of flying debris, and there were other minor injuries. The only fatality was the American driver of a crash tender. As he drove toward the crash someone yelled 'bombs' and in his haste he stalled his engine. Unfortunately it needed cranking to restart it, and it was during this procedure that the explosion took place and he was blown up against the front of his vehicle and killed.

Meanwhile, the crew of the crashed aircraft had climbed out and run for it, making their escape unharmed.

One of our chaps had a narrow escape, he had just stepped clear of the ladder he had been using to work on an engine when a wheel hub of the Mitchell crashed into the spot where he had been working.

It turned out in the end that three Mossies were write-offs, the rest were repairable but it was some time before the squadron was back to normal.

Incredibly, perhaps, about 10 days later, a Spit returned unaware that the bomb he was carrying had not released properly and was hanging from its rear mounting. Flying Control saw it and told him to turn out to sea and shake it off. As he turned away it fell off anyway landing among a squadron of light bombers parked at the other end of the runway and flown by South African crews.

Most of the aircraft were write-offs and there were several casualties among the ground crews.

So, within a couple of weeks a great deal of damage was done to our air capability, with some indirect assistance from our side!

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### **Cyclone by Richard Swale (2011)**

It had been very hot for about three weeks and one afternoon the weather became increasingly oppressive and a very dark cloud appeared to the west. My navigator and I stood outside our tent wondering what was going on. As we watched it became apparent that it wasn't just a cloud, it was whirling at a great rate with much debris being carried with it. What is more it was heading in our direction!



We were inexperienced in such matters, and a tent gives no protection. We could see sheets of corrugated iron being carried skyward, twirling as they went, decapitation was a possibility and there was nowhere to hide.

As the twister reached the airfield it started turning away taking the roof off the Officers Mess cookhouse and turning a Fortress aircraft round 360 degrees. It also riddled the CO's Hurricane with pebbles and took the canvas tops off the 3 ton lorries that were being used as workshops and contained the ground crew's tool boxes.

This turned out to be only the beginning. As the twister moved away the black cloud developed and it started to rain. It sheeted down, great big drops. Mick and I dived for our tent and hoped for the best. We turned out to be fortunate, the camp site which had been a vineyard, was on a slight slope, which now became apparent as the officers and senior NCOs were at the top with other ranks lower down. It wasn't long before water started cascading down the slope taking anything loose with it. It hadn't been noticeable before but our tent was on a slight rise and was unaffected by the flood.

Some of the lads, to give themselves more headroom, had dug about three feet down and were now in big trouble as most of their most treasured possessions were under water, to say nothing of their camp beds. The cloud slowly passed and the rain eventually stopped so the clear up could begin. Easily said. The biggest problem was the ground crews equipment, the tool boxes were now filled with water, so maintenance work had come to a halt.

Such was the chaos that the squadron was non-operational for a week, and it was a good deal longer before things were anything like normal.

As the airfield had started off as a forward airstrip things were still pretty primitive, but the deluge had made life even more difficult.

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### **My time with the Gentlemen in Blue by Syd Taylor**

Sixty years ago, having completed my flying training as a National Serviceman, I was posted to learn to fly Wellingtons at Swinderby. The conversion course began with 4 weeks ground school and on the last day of this I was wandering along the flight line when I was grabbed by the Flying Wing Adjutant. "Ah Taylor," he said, "You are to report to The AOC 23 Group on Monday morning. Collect a travel warrant and be there by 9am". These brief instructions filled me with trepidation, but after a little thought, I concluded that I had done nothing to warrant the wrath of the great man, and so I was intrigued by the change in routine and the free trip home for the weekend. On arrival at 23 Group HQ, I was wheeled in to see SASO as a preliminary, and during the course of the interview it became apparent that I was not the intended interviewee! However, I was in the AOC's diary, so I had to see him. We agreed that there was no point in a NS pilot learning to fly 'Heavies' and he sold me the idea of joining an Auxiliary Squadron at Biggin Hill to complete my 5 years NS reserve commitment.

On Wednesday of that week, I was posted to Middleton St George for a Meteor conversion, following which I undertook to extend my NS to complete Operational Conversion at Stradishall. So it was that on 5<sup>th</sup> June 1951, I visited Biggin Hill where I hoped to join 600 Squadron. The Auxiliaries were on stand down after their mobilisation for three months, but the Regular adjutant Flt Lt Jack Jagger asked me about my experience and training and suggested that I come back in August when 600 would resume operations. So I settled in to my job as a junior Civil Servant (at the princely salary of £340 per annum), commuting from West Wickham to Fanum House on the corner of Haymarket and Piccadilly, and Saturday 5<sup>th</sup> August saw me duly strapped into a Meteor 7 with Flt Lt Roy Lloyd- Davies DFC, 600 Sqn Training Officer, for a comprehensive dual check. After a further dual flight mainly spent low flying and finishing with a landing using only one engine, I had, apparently, established my competence and the following day I was given a Meteor 4 to play with on my own. A fortnight later I was allowed to take another Squadron member, John Miles, for a flight in the two-seater, the first time I had ever flown an aircraft with anyone other than an instructor on board, and I had joined 600 on probation.

From this time onward, I spent at least three weekends each month at Biggin Hill and flew about half as much in a year as the regular RAF pilots of 41 Squadron with whom 615 and ourselves shared the airfield. As a civil servant I was allowed one Saturday morning off each month plus the fortnight spent at Summer Camp as leave (in addition to my annual allowance) to perform my reserve service commitment. The Auxiliary pay and allowances just covered my mess bills but meant that I could take a full part in mess life! For my 21<sup>st</sup> birthday I persuaded my parents to buy me a second-hand motorcycle which was invaluable for commuting to the West End and to Biggin, saving both money and time. About this time, the CO, Jack Meadows suggested that I should get myself a best blue (there was no allowance for this on commissioning as a National Service officer) so I went off to Fishers of Woolwich, where for £30 I bought a reasonably presentable second-hand uniform.

We met at our Town Headquarters in Finsbury Barracks each Thursday for training, usually professional training, but sometimes for a Dining In Night at which we would entertain a special guest, such as Lord Trenchard (I will never forget sitting on a settee at Finsbury Barracks discussing pilot training, National Service, and being an Auxiliary with the founder of the RAF), the Editorial Staff of Punch, and many others. A tricky ride home over the tramlines and wood blocks of the roads of South London usually followed, except for those occasions when we went to a club and completed the night with a visit to the Jermyn St. Turkish Baths!

As a young single man, I was able to attend for duty as often as I liked and in common with most of the Batchelors on 600 and 615, at weekends I stayed in the mess overnight Saturday, thus earning 2 days pay - I paid very little income tax so the extra earnings did not worry me. However, most of my seniors were married and earning considerably more, so they tended to return home on Saturday evening and were paid untaxable training allowance for their daytime attendances plus motor mileage allowance for the journeys. The disruption to family life was considerable and I greatly admired their sense of duty. Even so, there would be a considerable 600 presence in the mess on Saturdays, so impromptu parties were frequent! The Squadron re-equipped with Meteor 8s in December 1951, and we were all pleased to be flying the same aircraft as the regular day fighter squadrons, although some perhaps viewed sitting on an ejection seat with mixed feelings.

At the end of January 1952 Her Majesty the Queen, our Honorary Air Commodore visited THQ to present 600 with the 'Dust Cart' badge which had at last been formally approved earlier in the year. Her Majesty's reluctance to leave the reception which followed the ceremony pleasantly surprised all of us, even though some were having difficulty dealing with an extra hour of champagne cocktails! Just one week later the 6<sup>th</sup> of February saw the untimely death of His Majesty King George 6<sup>th</sup>, and Court Mourning precluded further visits until November that year, when Her Majesty and Winston Churchill (HAC to 615 Squadron) visited their Squadrons at Biggin.

As the first National Service pilot to join 600 I was very much the junior pilot, as all of the others had wartime experience – there were four of five holders of the DFC – and all were well established in their careers, although unlike the pre-war 600 there were no stockbrokers and only one at Lloyds. With the arrival of Colin Muntz, and several ex UAS pilots who had completed their flying training prior to joining 600, I ceased to be the junior pilot (in age as well as experience) and was accepted as a permanent member of the Squadron. For the next few months, we concentrated on air combat training, live firing – both air to air and air to ground, - and instrument flying in preparation for our first Summer Camp abroad. Our target during the air-to-air firing was a banner 6ft by 30 feet towed 250 yds behind another Meteor, and flying a number of curving approaches we fired some 30 rounds from one of the Meteor's four guns using ball ammunition tipped with a coloured paint which marked the banner (if we hit it!). We took it in turns to tow the target, it was a long flog at 180kts from Biggin to the range, either off Selsey Bill or off the Essex coast near Shoebury ness. We were under radar surveillance, but the tug pilot was responsible for ensuring the sea area where the spent rounds would fall was clear of shipping.

On 31<sup>st</sup> May we set off for our first overseas Summer Camp to be held at RAF Celle, tight up against the East German border, which was to be our home for the next two weeks of intensive flying. I flew out there in a Meteor 7 with our regular adjutant Flt Lt Harry Hawker DFC, and for me the journey was marred by an

attack of the bends brought on by some serious dental work the previous day. The flight lasted only an hour and 10 minutes and as soon as we descended from 35,000ft the symptoms disappeared, never to reappear.

While at Celle we each flew an average of 3 sorties per day, as our full complement of ground crew ensured excellent serviceability, working hard into the night when needed, to guarantee the maximum number of aircraft available each day, thus ensuring that we exceeded our target of 450 hours flying in 12 flying days. This high level of activity did not preclude a hectic social activity both in the mess and in Celle town where the excellent Ratskeller had a menu that took us aback with delights hitherto only dreamed of by rationed Britons, the favourite being the Chateaubriand with pfifferlingen! Fortunately, the exchange rate in those days was very favourable!

All good things must come to an end, and on the return journey bad weather at Biggin forced us to divert to RAF Tangmere where we were met by the very experienced resident Customs Officers who knew of all the places in a Meteor where items could be hidden to avoid paying duty, instead of the Port of London officers who knew nothing about aircraft who would have checked us over if we had landed at our home base,

Flying in the UK at that time was a joy. Apart from small areas around major airports there was no controlled airspace over the UK, and we could fly where we wished above 200ft above ground level. While our flights always formed part of our operational training, we would normally make a mock attack on any other aircraft we encountered, and the fact that the film taken by the camera gun was added to each pilots library reel of film to be critically viewed by the other pilots was an incentive to make these attacks as good as possible. A waggle of the wings by the target aircraft signified that its pilot was aware of the attack but was unable to play, so the manoeuvre was broken off at once. In addition to Meteors and Vampires of other fighter squadrons, targets included Lincolns, B29s and B50s, B36s and on its sole flight over the UK an XC99, the prototype cargo version of the B36, which some other lucky members encountered. The B29s and B50s looked pretty big, but as can be seen the B36 was enormous, so big that even with the maximum wingspan setting possible on our gunsights that was only the tailspan of the B36.



*(A B36a in comparison with a B50)*

Sometimes our formations would encounter the USAF F86 Sabres based at Manston and despite their superior performance, we would dive in at them. We could out-turn them and had an advantage if they tried to dog-fight with us, but they could easily outrun us if they chose. Just one problem arose here, and that was the effect of the onset of the sound barrier as it was called in those days. At heights above 30,000 feet, the Meteor could fly at 82% of the speed of sound (Mach .82) in a dive, but as soon as a serious turn was begun the aircraft would go completely out of control and there was little that the pilot could do other than throttle back, extend the air brakes and hold onto the stick (which otherwise thrashed around uncontrollably) until the aircraft had descended into thicker air. At some point control would be regained, one would be all alone in the sky so would sheepishly return to base or try to rendezvous with the others! (Toward the end of 1953 we flew some affiliation with Canberras as the targets, a futile activity as their performance so greatly exceeded that of the Meteor.)

In October 1952 the UK Air Defence exercise Ardent took place, and 600 was involved in defensive patrols of RN convoys, high level patrols with the rest of the Biggin Hill Wing, plus low-level Rat and Terrier sorties. We flew from before dawn until just after dusk, so we were pretty fully stretched and our sleep was broken on the first night by a bombing attack on Biggin in which the enemy aircraft dropped photoflashes which made a pretty big bang when they went off.

On New Years Eve 1952 at the Biggin Hill Officers Mess party I proposed to my then girl friend (Kay) and was accepted, so during 1953 the need to find more gainful employment became a priority, especially as the pay scale I was on at work lasted for 12 years at the end of which I would have been earning little over twice my starting pay, and in addition I worked in the Ministry of Food which at that time was being wound up. I was due my annual Auxiliary bounty, then £30, about this time, which solved the problem of paying for the ring (a better investment than the best blue!).

The New Year was to be an eventful one for me. We knew we were to receive the first Squadron Standard to be awarded to an Auxiliary Squadron and the second to be awarded to any Air Force unit (No1 Squadron RAF was to be the first RAF squadron to get its standard a few weeks earlier) and Flying Officer Colin Muntz was to receive the Standard from the Queen Mother at Buckingham Palace on May 16<sup>th</sup>.

However, on 25<sup>th</sup> April Colin was detailed to be my No 2 in a Metropolitan Sector Rat and Terrier exercise in which we would seek and intercept low flying targets under broadcast control (the controller would broadcast details of the position and direction of flight of the intruders and we the interceptors, would use this information to work out how to catch them). When scrambled we flew to our topline near Redhill. The high fuel consumption of the Meteor dictated that we flew as economically as possible while waiting to be allocated a target, so we climbed to 5000ft and flew a loose pattern at endurance speed which was about 170kts. As soon as we were told of our targets we went to full power and descended to 250 ft accelerating as quickly as possible to about 360kts while heading toward the eastern end of the London Docks where we expected our target to be. We kept radio silence as the controller was also talking to other aircraft, and I was unaware that following the descent, Colin's cockpit canopy had become detached from the aircraft. The turbulent airflow pulled the ejection seat operating blind from its stowage causing the ejection seat to fire and Colin to be ejected. At the time we were using the Mk1 Martin Baker seat, the earliest version to enter service, on which the pilot had to release his harness, roll forward out of the seat, and pull his ripcord following the ejection (the minimum height for voluntary ejection with this equipment was 1000ft). In the confusion resulting from the involuntary ejection Colin had insufficient time to complete these actions at the height we were flying before hitting the ground and, sadly, did not survive.

The following Thursday, Jack Meadows asked me to become the Standard bearer, and with just over two weeks to the ceremony I had to attend RAF Uxbridge for some concentrated training. The sword drill was completely new to me, as none was given in basic training at that time, as indeed was banner handling, and I was allowed to take home the 71 (Eagle) Squadron items then used for practice. (71 Squadron had been one of three wartime RAF squadrons formed to accommodate American fighter pilots who had volunteered to fly with the RAF, but which no longer existed and in true American fashion had equipped



themselves with a Standard). At this distance I cannot recall Squadron training for the event, but I vaguely recollect it taking place at Finsbury Barracks during the two Thursdays preceeding the parade. May 16<sup>th</sup> dawned dull and damp, and we assembled at Wellington Barracks. While we were waiting to fall in a Guards officer asked me if I would like a kneeler, but I opted to dispense with this as we were parading on grass. We fell in and proudly marched to the lawns at the rear of the Palace where the parade took place watched by our nearest and dearest from the terrace. The photographs of the actual presentation show HM the Queen Mother having to reach across the unused kneeler thoughtfully provided! I must have looked pretty scared as HM told me to keep still as she had done this before! This apart, the ceremony went off without a hitch, the Standard was duly paraded for all of the Squadron to see, and we proudly marched off and out of the front of the Palace to return to the Barracks in front of a considerable crowd of the public which always gathers outside the Palace. (A rather clipped version of the event can be seen at ([www.britishpathe.com/record.php?id=53981](http://www.britishpathe.com/record.php?id=53981) and 53982). Later in the year the standard was paraded for a visit to the City by HRH the Princess Margaret and for the Lord Mayor's Show.

With that successfully accomplished our next big event was the Royal Auxiliary Air Force Coronation Ball at the Savoy. For this I had to hire evening dress (a dinner jacket, which I had already would not do) and Kay and I were kindly offered a lift to and fro by Flt Lt Maurice Maxwell our Administrative Officer and head of the Maxwell legal publishing company, in his Rolls Royce which ensured a more dignified arrival than a BSA350! Each of the Squadrons attending had a table and of course the Queen Mother was at the head of ours. The dinner menu was luxurious in those times of food rationing, and as the evening went on and spirits rose a competition ensued to place the squadron badge that graced each table as high as possible in the room as a token of the superiority of one's squadron, which ultimately involved climbing up the stucco decoration of the walls as various attempts to form pyramids on the tables proved unsatisfactory. As might be expected the climbers were egged on by their various HACs including our own.

In 1953 our Summer Camp was again in Germany, this time at Oldenburg, somewhat further away from the border as Celle was now too close to the Iron Curtain. This time I was entrusted with a Meteor 8 for the journey, a more comfortable flight than the previous year as I would have the benefit of pressurisation. However, after take-off when I selected pressure on vapourised fuel began to flow into the cockpit through the air outlets, this was not unusual and might only happen for a few seconds if it did occur, but soon liquid fuel started squirting out and I had to switch the pressurisation off. As we needed to get the aircraft to Oldenburg to be fixed, it was decided that I should fly low level to Schipol unpressurised, refuel there and fly on to Oldenburg. The flight across Holland and Germany at 250ft provided an opportunity to contemplate on similar wartime operations made by those who had gone before. The camp itself was even more intensive than the previous year despite some early morning fog and some pretty big thunderstorms later in the day, so the R&R in the evenings and at the weekend was welcome! This time our return home was uneventful, and confirmed our opinion that the City Customsmen were favourably inclined!

After the month off which followed the annual camp, August was very busy. We started with an intensive air firing programme for the first two weeks and finished the month flying on Exercise Ardent, the annual UK Air Defence exercise. At the end of the month our much-loved CO, Jack Meadows left us on promotion to Wing Commander to become one of the Metropolitan Sector Controllers, so we sometimes heard his dulcet tones when flying under sector control. His place was taken by John Cormack whose AFC we had celebrated the previous year and who had been my flight commander for some time, an equally popular promotion, as Johnny was most welcoming and friendly when I joined. Indeed, all my RauxAF colleagues were completely charming and friendly and made me feel comfortable and at home in these new surroundings truly 'gentlemen in blue', and I remember them all with affection.

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**'Charlie' Cooper, Sergeant in waiting by Brendan Greaney**



*Pic – Charlie Cooper*

In the spring 2010 edition of the Battle of Britain's Historical Society's publication "Scramble", an on-going campaign was highlighted to rightly upgrade AC2 Charlie Cooper, who was killed in October 1940, to his correct rank of Sergeant. Despite letters to the MOD however, their response was rather indifferent to the situation and thus everything remains very much unchanged. However, recent research has revealed further details of the tragic deaths of Charlie Cooper and the crew that were with him that tragic night of the 3<sup>rd</sup> October 1940.

Charles Frederick Cooper was born in Wolverhampton in March 1920, known affectionately by his family as 'Charlie', he joined the Royal Air Force Volunteer Reserve in June 1940 as an Aircraft Hand. However, following a short radar course, he was immediately posted to 600 Squadron based at Redhill in Surrey on the 26 September 1940. The 600 (City of London) Squadron was initially based at Manston, but after a series of movements, was eventually based at Redhill. By the time the Squadron had moved there it had become a night fighter unit and a number of senior RAF Officers visited the Squadron to stress the vitally important role that the night fighters were expected to play in defending the country. Because of the rather slow cumbersome speed, the Blenheim's were no match for German Messerschmitts during daytime; therefore their benefits during night time against German bombing raids became far more effective. 600 Squadron was one of the first Squadrons to be equipped with an early version of airborne radar but unfortunately this was not terribly efficient at the time.



*Pic – Tony Hobson*

In the early hours of 03 October 1940, AC3 Charlie Cooper took off from Redhill. The aircraft he flew in was Bristol Blenheim 1F (BQ-M) L4905, virtually identical to the Blenheim Mk1F (pictured below).



*The above picture shows L8679 BQ-Q of 600 Squadron at Redhill in 1940, a sister aircraft of L4905 BQ-M in which Tony Hobson, Charlie Cooper & David Hughes were lost.*

Also part of the aircrew that night was Sgt David Ernest Hughes, the air gunner, who was a New Zealander.

The weather was extremely bad that night with heavy rain. Not long after take-off P/O Hobson reported to base that one of his engines was running badly, but that he intended to continue his patrol. However, at 03:45hrs, he reported that his engine was unserviceable and was returning to base immediately. Tragically, approximately 10 minutes later, the Blenheim crashed into trees on high ground at a height of 700 feet at Broadstone Warren, Forest Row, all on board were killed. Charlie was just 20, Tony Hobson 21 and Sgt David Hughes, 28.

Following the accident, the then OC 600 Squadron, Sqn Ldr H.L. Maxwell DSO, issued an order that aircraft must not fly below 2000 feet until in sight of the airfield.



*Far left: The faded stone of AC2 Charlie Cooper, buried in Heath Town, Wolverhampton, and right, that of P/O Colin Hobson buried in All Saints Church, Banstead, Surrey.*



*The stone of Sgt D.E. Hughes, St Luke Churchyard, Whyteleafe, Surrey, Plot: Row G. Grave 32.*

**HOBSON, Colin Anthony** - ( Shown as B A Hobson on the Banstead War Memorial).  
**Pilot Officer 42566**  
**Royal Air Force**  
**Died 3-October-1940 aged 21**  
**Son of George Colin and May Victoria Hobson nee Shuter, of Monxton, Hampshire.**  
**Brother to Olive and Guy Hobson.**

*Tony Hobson, as he was always known, was educated at Eastbourne College, 1932-1935, and on leaving school worked in a City accountant's office and subsequently as a clerk in a City stockbrokers' office until 1939. He always enjoyed sports activities especially rugby, rowing and squash.*

*The family had lived at Laleham, Furze Hill, Kingswood, since 1925. However, the parents moved to Monxton near Andover, Hants, early in the war years. The Commonwealth War Graves Commission Memorial record for Tony, shows Monxton as the family address.*



*The Hobsons had been Cutlers for several generations but neither Tony nor his brother entered the family business.*

*Whilst still at work, Tony joined the Territorial Army, enlisting as a Gunner in the Royal Horse Artillery, but was discharged in 1939 when he joined the RAF. On the 10th May 1939 an RAF Medical Board classified Tony as fit to become a pilot and he was posted to the Civilian Flying School at Redhill in June 1939 for his initial training.*

*In September that year he moved to No.14 Flying Training School at Kinloss, Scotland for training on more advanced aircraft, including the twin-engined Airspeed Oxford. By the 3rd November he had gained his 'wings'. His course, which he passed with a score of 72%, ended in January 1940 and his final report rated his flying ability 'average'. He had no outstanding faults and "he will make a good Officer with experience"*

*Tony was then posted to No. 12 Group Pool, at Aston Down, Glos to complete an Operational Training Course. This is where he would have undertaken conversion to the Bristol Blenheim - the aircraft he was to fly once qualified.*

*Following that course, he joined No. 600 "City of London" Squadron on May 3rd at Manston.*

*Pilot Officer Colin Anthony Hobson is shown on the Battle of Britain Roll of Honour at the RAF Museum at Hendon and was one of ('The Few') 2353 young men from Great Britain and 574 from overseas, pilots and other aircrew, who are officially recognised as having taken part in the Battle of Britain. Each flew at least one authorised operational sortie with an eligible unit of the Royal Air Force or Fleet Air Arm during the period 10 July to 31 October 1940.*

*544 men including P/O C A Hobson lost their lives during the period of the Battle. A further 791 were killed in action or died in the course of their duties before the war ended.*

*Since Tony would have known the Banstead area well, for most of his short life, it seems entirely fitting that he should have been laid to rest in All Saints churchyard, Banstead.*

***[http://www.bansteadhistory.com/Memorial/2\\_H.html](http://www.bansteadhistory.com/Memorial/2_H.html)***

***Source : Commonwealth War Graves Commission.***

***Roll Of Honour information from : RAF Battle of Britain.***

***Crash details from 'The Battle of Britain Then & Now' - Edited by Winston G Ramsay***

***Various notes from the Banstead British Legion.***

***Photograph of Pilot Officer Hobson supplied by John Renyard.(John is the son of Olive, Tony's sister)***

***Family research by Christine Kent***

***Personal details and service history supplied by Mike Osborn and his wife, Jennifer, who was Tony's cousin.***

***Photograph of 600 Sqn Blenheim from Camouflage & Markings 2 - For the Battle of Britain (RAF) - by Paul Lucas - Guideline Publications, Luton, Beds.***

***Wrote to Nat West Bank re the possibility of Mr Hobson Senior working at Banstead Branch - 15 March 2010***

**This article is kindly reproduced from The Summer 2011 edition of the Battle of Britain Historical Society's publication "Scramble" by kind permission of Bill Bond MBE, the Society's General Manager and Editor of "Scramble".**

### A Clearer Eye on June 1<sup>st</sup> 1940 by James Ivers

In the 601 Squadron Line Book is pasted a two page letter written by a pre-war and Battle of Britain 601 Squadron pilot "Mouse" Cleaver comparing his memory to an extract that he found in a book called "Assignment to Catastrophe" Volume II "The Fall of France." by Major-General Sir Edward Spears.



*(Gordon "Mouse" Cleaver – Centre)*

### PARIS, Saturday, June 1<sup>st</sup> 1940 – Major-General Spears Account

On the aerodrome I saw a picture and received an impression of beauty unequalled in my life. The nine fighter planes were drawn up in a wide semicircle round the Prime Minister's Flamingo. Very slight they seemed on their undercarriages, high and slender as mosquitoes. Churchill walked towards the machines, grinning, waving his stick, saying a word or two to each pilot as he went from one to the other, and, as I watched their faces light up and smile in answer to his, I thought they looked like the angels of my childhood.

As far back as I can remember I have been enthralled by the pictures of angels; Michael Angelo's, Giotto's, Botticelli's attempts to depict these divine beings have given me great pleasure, though if the truth be told none of these great artists ever evoked the awe and love conjured up by the wide-winged angles of the prints in my nursery, to whom we children lent such serene and protective powers. Here they were, as they had been so long ago, beautiful and smiling. It was wonderful to see. These young men may have been naturally handsome, but that morning they were far more than that, creatures of an essence that was of our world: their expressions of happy confidence as they got ready to ascend into their element, the sky, left me inspired, awed and earthbound.

### The same morning as seen by one of the escort pilots.

We were on ordinary readiness at Tangmere, and got a signal to go to Warmwell and pick up an escort job, which duly appeared, and we found ourselves a while later in Paris, when we discovered that it was Churchill. We were later told he was staying the night and we could go into town, take off next day 8 o'clock. Archie (Hope) managed to borrow quite a lot of money from a pal in the Embassy, and we set out for "Lust and Laughter."

The Next day there assembled at Villacoublay just about as hungover a crew of dirty, smelly, unshaven, unwashed fighter pilots as I doubt have ever been seen. Willie (Rhodes Moorhouse) if I remember right was being sick behind his aeroplane, when the Great Man arrived, and expressed a desire to meet the escort. We must have appeared vaguely human at least, as he seemed to accept our appearance without comment, and we took off for England. These are the facts as I saw them, and to the best of my knowledge are accurate. However General Spears is also no doubt an observant man, so perhaps after all his report is the more accurate, he almost certainly had a clearer eye that morning.

Perhaps the Squadron might like to be known as "St, Michael's Own" or some such in future.

Yours,

Mouse (Clever).

Churchill was in Paris with Clement Attlee and Generals Dill and Ismay meeting with the French Supreme War Council to discuss the deteriorating military situation. The Dunkirk evacuations were the main topic with the French complaining that out of 200,000 British troops, 150,000 had been evacuated where as out of 220,000 French troops only 15,000 had been evacuated. Italy entering into the war seemed imminent and Churchill proposed the RAF bombing northern Italy from the south of France, however the French seemed hesitant out of fear of Italian retaliation. Churchill was trying to gauge if the French would stick it out and fight. He was passionate that both England and France to fight on or "they would be reduced to the status of slaves for ever." The French officials were more interested in talking about the possibility of a separate surrender. Churchill declared that Britain would continue to fight what ever happened. If France surrendered this would provoke a blockade of France by Britain and bombardment of all French ports in German hands.

The nine 601 Squadron pilots who escorted Churchill that morning back to England were: F/O Robinson, F/O Rowley, F/Lt Hope, F/O Clyde, P/O McGrath, F/O C. Riddle, F/O Cleaver, F/O Hubbard and F/O Moorhouse.

Gordon "Mouse" Cleaver before the war was an Olympic Skier for Britain and is the only British Skier to ever win the Hahnenkammrennen Race (in 2006 the organizers of this event named a cup the Cleaver-Cup in his honor for the highest placed Britain in the race). Mouse joined 601 in 1937 and on August 15<sup>th</sup> 1940 he was shot down over Winchester. The Perspex canopy of his Hurricane was shattered and the fragments went into his face and both eyes and he bailed out. Mouse was completely blinded in his right eye and his vision was seriously reduced in his left which ended his flying career with seven confirmed victories. After his accident Mouse went to Moorfields Eye Hospital where he was operated on by Sir Harold Ridley. Mouse had 18 operations to his eyes and face and during his treatment Ridley noticed that the Perspex itself caused no inflammation in the eye. Ridley did research and it resulted in the development of the intraocular lens transplant surgery for cataract patients. Later in life Mouse suffered from cataracts in his remaining good eye and he had the cataract removed and received an artificial implant. His sight was restored with an implant based on the Perspex which had caused his blindness. I once asked one of the 601 Squadron pilots who flew with Clever how he got the nickname "Mouse." He thought it was because he had a scrunched up face which made him look like a mouse. He also said that Mouse was a good friend both before and after the war, and that he never knew his first name really Gordon.

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## **Memory of warmer days – 604 Squadron Summer Camp, Takali 1953 by Michael Allen**

As the winter weather sets in 604 Squadron members may like to remember warmer days on Summer Camp at Takali in Malta. The picture below reflects the buzz of activity as planes came back from shooting practice and required refuelling and rearming.



Whilst the plane is being refuelled, the armourers have the panels off the gun compartments, the photographer is replacing the camera gun and the oxygen levels are being checked. A huge amount of work carried out by the ground crew to allow the pilots to practice their shooting. The soot from the gun ports bears witness to number of rounds already fired by this plane.

Hard work but happy days!

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## **Royal Auxiliary Air Force Foundation**

### **Roll of Honour**

#### **Tennant Jacqueline 1 MHU / 600 - Sergeant Jacqueline Tennant**

Jacqui Tennant was attested into the Royal Auxiliary Air Force on 11th April 1985. She served as a Tele Communications Officer initially with No 1 Maritime Headquarters Unit, and later No 600 (City of London) Squadron.

She volunteered at every opportunity, be it an exercise, a parade or indeed adventure training – she embraced every aspect of Service life.

She was promoted to Cpl in March 1995, Sgt in February 2001 and mobilised in support of Op Telic April-October 2003. One of the highlights of her career was being presented to HRH The Queen Mother in 2000 who, no doubt, was just as excited to meet Jacqui as Jacqui was to meet The Queen Mother!



Guidance and support of her colleagues was her forte – here she never faltered and provided her very own brand of encouragement – which always included a huge smile.

A career change as she turned 40 lead her to her other passion – travel. Her first adventure was supporting the Commonwealth Games in Melbourne, Australia in 2006. A 12-month career break from the Squadron allowed her to continue her journey working her way across the Far East and Europe until she reached Mallorca where she taught swimming to children on holiday.

Jacqui re-joined the Squadron briefly in September 2007 for a field training exercise and it was like she had never been away. She threw herself into every activity that weekend with seemingly renewed vigor!

She returned to Mallorca to complete the summer season but, on the 7th October she went for a walk in the hills above Alcudia and failed to return. A tireless search by her sister, Monique, proved fruitless but then, in August 2015, remains were found by a walker who had been following an old mountain path and become lost.

Jacqui was laid to rest on 28th November 2017 – 10 years after she disappeared. She would have been pleased to be surrounded by so many friends and family. There were tears but shared memories and countless stories brought great comfort.

Sgt Jacqui Tennant served the Royal Air Force for 22 years. She will be remembered for her enduring spirit, determination, laughter and sense of fun. Today's dedication is our gift to give thanks for her life, her Service and her friendship.

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As ever, your contributions, photographs, letters, emails etc. are invaluable to us and always very much appreciated, as are your kind donations that are our lifeblood.

I would very much welcome hearing from members about the sort of articles you would like to see more of, as I am ever conscious our membership is constantly changing with now sadly ever fewer pre 1957 members.

I remain a war-time geek, so still big into Bristol Blenheim's and Beaufighter's and as usual would be grateful for any relevant material that we can use? 😊

Any material please can be sent by email to; [andyandjulie.cameron@btopenworld.com](mailto:andyandjulie.cameron@btopenworld.com) or by snail mail to;

Andy Cameron  
53 Telford Crescent  
Woodley  
Reading  
Berkshire  
RG5 4QT

Many thanks, and hope you enjoy the Newsletter.

Andy

<p align="center"><b>The Association of the City of London Squadron</b></p> <p align="center"><b>Forthcoming Events 2023</b></p>	
1 APRIL	Annual General Meeting – Zoom meeting details and forms will be sent to all members.
6 MAY	H. M. King Charles III Coronation
14 MAY ARRIVE 10.00	St Bart's – Lady Chapel - 600 Sqn Service of Homage is at 1015 and mattins at 1045 followed by Procession and Solemn Eucharist until 1200
SEPTEMBER	<p align="center">June-July TBC, Picnic in the Park For members to meet up in the summer for a picnic</p> <p align="center">-----</p> <p align="center">Battle of Britain Service at Westminster Abbey. Announced in the Daily Telegraph first week in June. Apply for tickets via RAF Ceremonial Office, RAF Northolt, West End Road, Ruislip, Middx, HA4 6NG.</p>
FRIDAY 13 OCT	600 Squadron's Annual All Ranks 'Butchers' Dinner – further details will be promulgated closer to the time. T.B.C
FRIDAY 10 NOV  1400 HRS TBC	<p align="center">A Dutch Service of Remembrance Mill Hill Cemetery - Our friends from the Netherlands, Wapenbroeders, veterans, friends, and family attend. The Service commences at 1400 followed by the laying of wreaths. Refreshments may be provided for those who are able to stay and chat with the visitors.</p> <p align="center">Volunteers Required for Association Standard and wreath to be laid.</p>
SATURDAY 11 NOV 1100 HRS	The Lord Mayors Parade takes place in the city and 600 Sqn will march in the parade. The Association Standard may be on parade. Anyone welcome to attend, but it will be on a self-help basis for Association members. Members may congregate at St Clement Danes prior to the parade start time of 1100 (once security barriers in place 1000-1030 access may be denied), Volunteer Association Standard Bearer maybe required TBC.
SUNDAY 12 NOV ARRIVE 0945	Remembrance Service at St Paul's Cathedral - Service starts at 1015 hours, march to Royal Exchange for wreath laying and a parade / march to Mansion House. This is a ticketed event for members who are expected to participate in the march to the Royal Exchange and onto lunch at the Mansion House. Association Standard Bearer volunteer required+ 2 volunteer escorts and 1 assistant to Standard Party – all required for a rehearsal at 0915. Please advise the Events Co-ordinator if you wish to volunteer /attend.
SATURDAY 02 DECEMBER	<p align="center">Christmas Lunch RAF Club London</p> <p align="center">Details to follow expressions of interest to the Events Co-ordinator</p>

Association members who wish to attend any of the events are requested to complete personal contact information and return either via post to:

The Events Co-Ordinator – Peter Harris,

2 Viscount Way, Bletchley, Milton Keynes MK2 2QF

Mobile: 07591 924812

Or email to the Association of the City of London Squadron

[600sqnassociation@gmail.com](mailto:600sqnassociation@gmail.com)

From:

Full Name:

I am interested in attending and request further information on:

1.

2.

3.

Date:

Signed:

Contact Tel No:

Email:

## Donation Slip – One-off Payment

To help us please print off a copy of this form then complete and return it, along with your donation (in pounds sterling only) to the address below. Please note we do not recommend sending cash through the post and would advise the safer option of a cheque, postal order or Bankers Order. Unfortunately, we cannot accept credit card donations. **Cheques payable please to; the City of London Squadron Association.**

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