

# Squadron Buzz



Fleet Air Arm Squadron  
linking former, current and future naval aviators

**Issue No 57**  
**Mar - 2011**



The Ockleton Family arrive at the Squadron BBQ in their delightful Auster

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## Airfield Quiz

This lovely Christmas shot of the airfield at Dundee was taken by one of Tayside Aviation's instructors especially for the Buzz. David Murray, a native of these parts, was first to correctly identify the home of the Beano Comic, (clue). He phoned in at 1346 on the 15th December followed by a host of Argus-eyed

airfield assayers, in order: Simon Wilson, Roger Dunn, Michael Ryan, Nigel DeCandole, Pete Pengilly, Tim Nicholas, Brian Cornes, Peter Morehead and Steve Crooks. Well done everyone who took part, stand by for another snowy one next Christmas.

After last issue's cinch this month's mystery airfield is slightly more obscure. I did land there once in the Auster for lunch on my way to Scotland only to find the place deserted. We had to fly on to Cumbernauld before the pangs of hunger could be assuaged. Opened in May 1939 by the RAF there are no naval connections that I can find except that Arthur Record almost certainly flew from here as an ATA pilot. The main runway was resurfaced in 1960 by the RAF who then promptly closed the airfield.



Buzz 57

Mystery Airfield? Answers to Ed please.

Email [morsuepj@ntlworld.com](mailto:morsuepj@ntlworld.com) or 07703162288 or 01243374681

# From Editor

Welcome to the first Buzz of 2011 which, covering the winter period where there have been no events, is slightly



slimmed down to 20 pages. What is missing in Quantity however is made up for in quality.

Page 5 has the gripping account of how Roger Dunn nursed his mighty Mooney back from Cannes via Lyon after a very expensive, (new engine & prop), repair from a wheels up landing. All went well until he tried to get the 'dunlops dangling' again for his arrival at Biggin Hill when there was a severe case of déjà vu. Just goes to show how persistent some technical gremlins can be, well done Roger for sorting things out in the end.

Roger Richardson Bunbury gives us a mouth watering review of Roy Baker-Falkner's biography by Graham Drucker on page 8. B-F, as he was known, was a true FAA hero flying the complete range of wartime aircraft including Barracudas against Tirpitz. I loved the bit where the enemies of the FAA are listed in order of nastiness the Germans only getting 4th place compared to the Weather 1st, the RAF 2nd, and the rest of the RN 3rd. As Roger says "not everything changes!".

Page 10 has part 1 of Brent Owen's story of how he learnt to fly and joined the Navy. The range of aircraft he flew before getting to Ro-borough is very impressive and must have surprised the graders in their Tiger Moths who usually dealt with ab initios.

Nigel Reilly regales us with jottings of his trip to Scotland in Peter Lovegrove's old tail dragging Cessna 150 on page 14. It reminded me of what brilliant scenery we have in this country, when it is not raining, and maybe we should programme a Scottish event for 2012, what do you think?

Page 18 has some interesting gen about MOD Waivers which is very relevant as I found to my cost trying to fly into Yeovilton last week. Thanks to the sterling efforts of The Boss we as members of the FAAS get a special privilege in this respect, saving us lots of money but, one has to stick by the rules making sure to renew your waiver when it runs out!

Talking of money, the bankers order form seems to be working ok though there have been a few failures especially from those with electronic on line banking who copied the account number off incorrectly.

Happy Landings

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Phil". The signature is stylized with a large, looped 'P' and a long, sweeping tail.

## Flight Suits for The Fleet Air Arm Squadron

By Michael Ryan

It would be a god way of letting the world know that the Squadron exists if we turned up to our Flying Programme Events in Fleet Air Arm Squadron Flight Suits suitably badged. Michael Bonham-Cozens (our Founder) and some others wear flying suits to events. However in the past this has been difficult for everyone to achieve this as suitable suits were expensive. But now you can purchase a perfectly acceptable suit for just £17. Your own personal Squadron and other badges which can be bought for a few pounds. The following photos show what is available with approximate costs.



FAA Squadron Cap only £10  
From Membership Secretary

Flight Suit only £17  
From DICKIES  
([www.dickiesstore.co.uk](http://www.dickiesstore.co.uk))  
R/HAWK COVERALL NAVY BLUE  
Part No WD4839  
(Note: Pencil Pockets, Brass Zips,  
Good Fabric, & Side Pockets)

Wings, Name Tally and Squadron Badges to your own design and choice costs range from about £4 upwards. There are Several Web Sites.

FLY NAVY Badge £5  
From Membership Secretary  
FAA Squadron Badge  
From Membership Secretary



## G-OJAC Flies again

**By Roger Dunn**

“Which way do we go, if the engine stops?” “The sea” replied Yanick, the chief engineer of AERAC who had just repaired my aircraft. “There is no sea ahead” I replied. “The sea is the only place”. The wind was 240/25 gusting 35kts. The short runway 22 at Cannes was the only option for the first flight after the repairs from a wheels up, (not by a Squadron member), and the fitting of the overhauled zero hours engine. The ground ahead was not inviting. It was a mixture of heavily wooded areas and rocky outcrops. I was glad that I had had a good look at the Nicholson McLaren factory and met the people who worked on my engine. They gave me confidence that it would run for the short time necessary for me to be in gliding distance of the sea. I opened the throttle and we were quickly in the air and heading towards the sea. The gear came up, under the watchful eye of Yanick. Apart from some nasty turbulence, from the rocky outcrops everything felt normal. The gear went down as requested and we were soon on the ground again. It was time to hand over the final cheque and say goodbye to the team at AERAC, whom I had got to know and like during the previous five months. I had planned the first stop at Lyon Bron. This would be a two hour flight with the headwind and would give me a chance to check for oil leaks before the final longer leg to Biggin Hill. Lycoming give clear instructions for breaking in a new engine. The first hour should be at 75% power and the second hour should be varied between 65% and 75% power. This imposes an upper height limit of 8,000ft, which was not ideal for the prevailing conditions with no de-icing equipment. At 12,000ft, I would have been in sunshine, but the engine would not be running in accordance with Lycoming’s recommendation. I took the Southerly route to Marseilles and then turned North along the Rhone Valley and the A6 airway. I was in and out of stratus, but I managed to avoid any ice until just before Lyon. Fortunately, I was able to obtain clearance to descend and escape from its clutches without leaving controlled airspace. The landing was normal, but I was running behind schedule. This would mean a night November crossing of the Channel with a new engine. I chose a comfortable hotel and an excellent meal in Lyon instead. The following day my route was barred by an active front and low freezing levels. Another day in Lyon, some Christmas shopping and another excellent meal seemed to be the sensible course. The following day conditions were much better and I had a relaxed flight to Biggin, apart from a little icing over Paris. However, I emerged from the offending cloud just after my request to descend and I managed to stay at F080 for the rest of the flight. My arrival at Biggin was normal, until I selected the gear down. The red GEAR UNSAFE light came on and remained on. The mechanical indicator said gear up!

This was not good news. How would my insurers, Global Aerospace, react to a second gear up landing? They may not be quite so civilized and reasonable as they had been for the first. What was going to happen to my lovely new engine and prop? I checked the circuit breakers and found the gear actuator breaker had popped. This meant there had been an overload. It had not been caused by over speeding. I was well below the limiting speed when I lowered the gear. There must a mechanical jam somewhere in the system. That means that the manual system may be jammed as well. All the manual system does is to turn the motor. Could there be an errant spanner in an improper place? I would not have expected it from Yanick and his team. If things jam, they can sometimes be un-jammed by turning them backwards. Perhaps I should select gear up, before I reset the breaker. This may be my only chance of avoiding another “gear up” landing. I selected gear up and pressed the breaker button. I waited anxiously. The red lights went out. The mechanical indicator still said gear up. Had anything changed? I was not sure. The test would be when I selected gear down. If the red lights came on again and stayed on, I would be almost certain to be committed to a gear up landing. I moved the lever with much anxiety. The red lights came on and after a few moments, they were replaced by green lights. The mechanical indicator had also changed from red to green. I had an extraordinary sense of well being. I also realized that I was on a very extended downwind leg and heading for Gatwick. I had not told the tower of my troubles. They would have hit the alarm bells and had the fire engines out in seconds. Did I need foam on the runway? I had three hours of fuel remaining, so there was no urgency. I managed a very gentle landing and avoided any braking that might stress the gear. On arrival at the Shipping and Airline hangar, Chris Bond, the chief engineer, came out to inspect the French handiwork. He

was somewhat startled by my account of my troubles with the gear. He agreed to put the aircraft on jacks and give the gear a thorough check, while I went off for a late lunch. Later that evening I received a call to say the gear had been cycled a large number of times and no problem could



Chris Bond inspects the gear at Biggin



GOJAC Jacked up at Biggin

be found. Was I sure that it had jammed? Had I been flying a little too fast when I lowered the gear and caused the breaker to pop? The conversation was rather inconclusive. The following morning I had another call

from Shipping. They had left the aircraft on jacks over night and tried to cycle the gear again. The gear had jammed completely and they could not raise or lower it electrically or with the manual system. They had removed the actuator and bench tested it and managed to simulate the jamming. They had dismantled the unit and all the parts seemed OK, but when re-assembled the jamming occasionally happened again. I contacted Dan, a friendly Mooney guru in California. It could be the motor or misalignment of the jack screw, he thought. He would overhaul it for me and replace both. Seven days and \$2,500 later I had a fully overhauled actuator and the agreement of Global to pay the bill. Dan decided that the motor was probably the cause of the trouble. According to the accident pilot's report the motor had probably been stalled for an extended period of time. This would have severely overheated and damaged the armature. The second test flight with Tony Hapgood, the engineer from Shipping and Airlines, on board was faultless. We raised and lowered the gear, many times, at the up limiting and down limiting speeds of 107kts and 132KTS. The aeroplane is now flying beautifully with its zero hours engine, new propeller and almost everything under the floor either new or refurbished. I look forward to the first Squadron meeting in the New Year.



The undercarriage jack that very nearly didn't do it for GOJAC



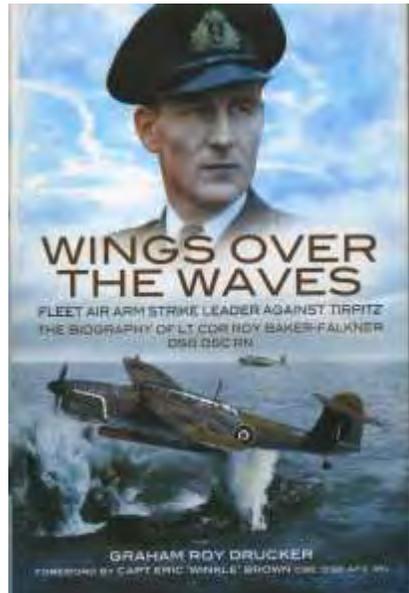
## Book Review

By Roger Richardson Bunbury

Drucker Graham Roy **WINGS OVER THE WAVES**  
Pen & Sword 1st 2010. 388pp ill. glos. ind.  
164x240. £25.

Anyone with more than a nodding acquaintance of the history of the Fleet Air Arm in World War 2 will have heard of Baker-Falkner, they may even have seen him on the silver screen in the documentary film *'Find. Fix & Strike'*. *Wings Over The Waves* is a biography of Roy Baker-Falkner. Because it has been written by an admiring nephew it may be suspected of being hagiography but it is clear from many attributed quotes in the book that 'B-F', as he was popularly known, was an above average pilot and a fine leader. The author has done an immense amount of research; it is a long book of 388 pages in small print, (those without a current medical may struggle with the index which is in even smaller print!) and the list of acknowledgements to individuals runs to more than 4 pages. If it is true as the author claims, that the FAA museum had little information about his uncle, the research undertaken is of great value in that it has captured the letters and recollections of many FAA personalities not a few of whom are now deceased. Baker-Falkner was born to a Canadian family. In 1930 at the age of 13 he was awarded a scholarship by the Royal Canadian Navy and was sent to the Royal Naval College Dartmouth. His parents subsequently moved to England and at some stage B-F transferred to the RN, when is not explained.

After sub lieutenants' courses he volunteered for pilot training and flew *Swordfish* ashore and afloat up to and after the outbreak of war, flying from shore bases on hazardous operations during the Battle of Britain. After a spell as an instructor at the Advanced Deck Landing Training School at Arbroath he was appointed to Boscombe Down to test fly naval aircraft including the *Barracuda* which then as now had a mixed reputation. Views ranged from 'awful' to 'rather a good aircraft'. Its failure to pull out of dive attacks, until the cause was discovered and remedied, and the inadequate power of its Merlin, didn't endear it to pilots but it seems to have performed well in the right hands, especially as a dive bomber, and after he left Boscombe Down B-F



was closely involved in building the confidence of aircrew in its use in squadron service. Appointed CO of a *Barracuda* squadron (827) B-F moved on to become a wing leader at the early age of 27 and in this capacity he led two strikes against the *Tirpitz*. The first (*Tungsten*) was successful but the second (*Mascot*) was abortive; the target being obscured by smoke laid by the enemy. When returning from *Mascot* the Fleet received intelligence that there was a threat of interception by U-boats. Despite near unflyable weather the command decided to launch anti-submarine patrols for which B-F put himself forward; most of his aircrew being exhausted and unfit to fly. With solid cloud from almost sea level to 10,000 ft little could be seen by the two patrols sent out. One returned safely but B-F's *Barracuda* became lost, ran out of fuel and disappeared without trace. An anti-climactic end to a brilliant career; his loss was greeted in the FAA by sorrow and anger; he was well-known and much liked and respected and it was widely believed that his life had been thrown away needlessly. His end was particularly tragic in that in two weeks he was due to take up a test flying appointment at Boscombe Down. A court of enquiry and subsequent court martials exonerated all involved except *Formidable's* Fighter Direction Officer who appears to have been made an innocent scapegoat. *Wings Over The Waves* covers B-F's career in great detail, from childhood to his early and close marriage, his two children, his career in the navy, and his relations with fellow officers and ratings, many of whom have contributed to the book. In addition to tracing the career of B-F there is much additional information of interest about air stations and ships, and contemporary attitudes. For example there is a description of early days at Machrihanish, known locally as 'Mr McGichie's field' later known more irreverently as 'Machrijesus'; and the then enemies of the FAA are listed in order of precedence: the Germans rate only fourth, after the weather, the RAF and the rest of the RN, (not everything changes!) but it is impossible in a review of acceptable length to do justice to the wealth of material. The text suffers from the now seemingly inevitable typos (I have been told by a publisher that their margins are now so tight that proof readers are no longer affordable) and the occasional repetition of the same text on different pages. There are also infelicities in phraseology and errors of detail which the author would not have perpetrated if he had served in the Andrew but these do not seriously detract from what is a valuable addition to the history of the FAA in World War 2.



## Austering Part 1

By Brent Owen

I can't remember not being fascinated by flying. Not just flying but flight in general, Birds, clouds steam and smoke ..... Why do it do it I wondered.....go up I mean. Although I have lived in the United States for the past 42 years, I was born at a very early age in Coventry. This wasn't a particularly good choice of place to be born at the time. Nor was it a particularly good choice at the time, since the Germans started to be naughty in Poland nine months later, and spent the best part of the next five years or so trying to drop bombs on my tender pink self. It all certainly made me aware of the excitement of flight though. There was a song some years back about being better to be the hammer than the nail. That seemed to

be about right to me even as a very young child. I started flying at Baginton in 1957 or so at the Armstrong Siddeley Flying Club. We had a Topsy B Trainer appropriately, (well almost) registered as G-AFSC. It was a very pretty little thing and is still flying. 25 shillings an hour, (1:25 for you children) It was a very pretty little

Armstrong Siddeley FC Topsy B Trainer  
1958



thing and is still flying. We then, the club that is, decided to get a Taylorcraft Plus D, G-AHCG. I developed my first affection for the Auster breed from that, and over the next couple of years flew it as often as I could afford, and had some good long cross country flights in it. I don't remember any particular problems with it, except an un-



ASFC Taylorcraft Plus D 1959

deserved reputation for floating during landing. A parallel step in my aviation development was to get a part time job with the Coventry Aeroplane Club. They had two Tiger Moths, G-APJR and G-ALUC and an Auster G-AGYH. GYH was a J.1.N and is still registered. We also had G-ANSV a

J.5 F. Aiglet. I loved them both, but the Aiglet had the advantage of being capable of being flipped and flopped all over the sky. We used to watch Ranald Porteus the well know Auster test pilot performing his aerobatic routine. At the time I



1958 CAC's Tiger

didn't realise how good he must have been at energy management, to maintain altitude in a relatively



CAC's Auster J1N 1958

heavy and moderately powered aircraft. Baginton in those days was a beautiful grass airfield with no radio...well at least our aircraft had no radios which I suppose comes to much the same thing. At those odd times when we had a body in the

control tower we used light signals which seemed to work well enough. I sometimes think perhaps if we reverted to light signals Heathrow might well become a lot more efficient, but regardless of that, we all kept our eyes out of the cockpit and sometimes actually looked for other traffic. Rather than the method of today, which seems to depend greatly on some individual on the ground telling one when to turn finals and so on. Looking out of the window wasn't a bad idea either as the Coventry Gliding Club also operated from there, with both a winch or two and aero tows. We all got along well with the minimum fuss, and had a hard core of enthusiasts who appeared every weekend regardless of the weather. The Gliding Club was good to me, and invited me to tow them and their gliders in a Tiger Moth. I flew many happy hours doing that. Some of the take offs were a bit iffy on the occasional hot day with the heavy T21 training gliders that they operated. but it was all good fun. One of the other tow pilots picked up a winch cable in his tailskid unwinding the cable from the winch at high speed, causing all manner commotion as he trailed a length of wire around the surrounding countryside. Folks were flailing at the wire with an axe as it left



Coventry Gliding Club's  
Tiger Moth  
1961

the winch, finally successfully, but he still had a long piece of wire trailing behind. There was another very enthusiastic Club there at the time, The Armstrong Whitworth Flying Club. Their Chief Flying instructor was Norman Slater, John Hill's close friend another very fine man. They had a Tiger Moth G-ALWW .....Weary Willy. I flew anything that I could get my



hands on, and looking through my early log-books this evening noted a Whitney Straight Special, (still flying) a Procter 5, Turbulent, Magister G-AKAT and so on it went. As did many young men of the time, I dreamed of a military career, preferably as a fighter pilot of

course, but would have happily joined the Veterinary Corps if they had aeroplanes. It seemed to be an impossible dream since there were not too many openings in the late fifties, but I was lucky in my mentors! It was a wonderful introduction to the world of aviation for a young lad such as me. All the instructors were ex-Royal Air Force instructors and were without exception excellent. The two most noteworthy were John Hill and his close friend Norman Slater. I flew mostly with John who was a superb instructor. Many years later when I was an instructor myself with the airlines and in general aviation, I shamelessly plagiarized some of his techniques. When not flying, he and Norman spent hours coaching me attempting to prepare me for the interviews, when it became apparent that the only way for me to become a fighter pilot was probably to join the military somehow. They must have done a reasonably good job, because after catching their Lords of the Admiralty at a weak moment, probably after their lunchtime gin when their resistance was at a low ebb, I was invited to join the Royal Navy. I suppose a certain amount of grovelling and pleading must have helped as well. My introduction to the Navy was at the Britannia Royal Naval College, Dartmouth. It really was a great place to be even in January, when in their sense of fun their Lordships invited me to join them. It was





a little damp and drizzly, but to compensate for that, was also bitterly cold on the hill when the wind did its thing. Not too warm on or sometimes in the river Dart either come to think of it. The difficulty with Dartmouth was that there was a constant fear failure. Even though the selection process was rigorous, about 30% of all accepted were failed during that initial training period. Just a few miles away was a wonderful airfield near to Plymouth, Roborough. All grass and very relaxed. The college had about six Tiger Moths there which members of the College Flying Club could use to their hearts content. The manager was a wonderful fellow, and let me use his Auster as well, G-APIK. We were once invited to take all the Tiger Moths to visit the Tiger Club one weekend. They allowed us to fly their aircraft with very minimal caveats..... the tank is full, come back while there is still a bit of fuel left in it was my briefing for one of their Turbulents. Nice folks.

Plymouth

Roborough



## Flying Visit to Scotland

### By Nigel Reilly

In May 2009 Peter Lovegrove kindly invited me to fly his delightful tail-wheel Cessna 150D GAWAX. Since then, my wife Nicola and I, have made many local flights. However, last summer we decided to venture north of the border and take a holiday in Scotland. On August 16<sup>th</sup> we took off from Bournemouth into a bright blue sky, climbing to 3000 feet



and heading for Sherburn in Elmet, Yorkshire. Although in full agreement with John Ford, as stated in his recent article, that obtaining a “Basic” or “Traffic Service” from ATC has limited value, I nevertheless always try to get on someone’s radar screen, but at the same time keeping a sharp lookout! Passing from Boscombe Down, to Brize Radar, Cottesmore, East Midlands, Waddington and Doncaster Radar, and suffering a stiff headwind, we landed at about 5pm after a flight of 2hrs 36 mins. Sherburn is a very friendly airfield. We

were refuelled quickly, and because the café had closed, one of the flying instructors made us cups of tea! After a B&B nightstop, we took off for the Army Air Corps base at Dishforth (having obtained the appropriate clearance). Our son in law, Pete, an Army Lynx pilot, had just returned from Afghanistan. It was great to see him, and our daughter, Beth, and our wonderful grandsons, Samuel age 4 and Joshua 18 months. The next leg was up to Fife Airport at Glenrothes to visit our son, Christopher. We called Leeming, Durham, and Newcastle Radar, and across the Southern Uplands contacted Edinburgh Radar. We were vectored through the zone, and across the Firth of Forth, landing at 4pm after a flight of less than two hours. We flew most of this leg at 4,500 feet occasionally on top of patches of low status, and enjoying beautiful views and good weather. Fife is also a friendly airport. We were refuelled promptly by Shauna who also took our landing fee which together with overnight hangarage came to £35. This compared to £136 plus a £200 hangarage fee quoted at Edinburgh Airport! Christopher drove out from Edinburgh, and we had an excellent evening meal together at the Flying Club restaurant. A careful check on the internet at Chris’s flat showed good weather for our crossing of the Cairngorms planned for the next day. Taking off from Fife Airport we climbed comfortably above safety altitude to 6,500 feet, which put us above a layer of scattered cloud on a direct track to Inverness VOR. We checked in with Leuchars, Scottish Mil and Inverness Radar for this route.

Crossing the Cairngorms



The views on this leg were magnificent, particularly when crossing the Spey valley at Aviemore, but Loch Ness was completely obscured by cloud. Our destination was Knockbain, a 650 metre grass airstrip fourteen miles west of Inverness. The Farmer, David Lockett, had given me a good briefing on the phone, and actually spared the time to come and meet us at the airstrip. He

refused to take any payment for landing or parking fees. We stayed the night with our good friends Roger and Jess at Culbokie nearby. The next morning we took off for our refuelling stop at Wick using Lossiemouth, and Scottish Mil Radar. We flew between 1500 and 2000 feet keeping below cloud most of the way with excellent views of the coast. The friendly Far North Aviation staff quickly refuelled the plane, and after a further check on the weather we were off on the 35 min flight to Papa Westray benefiting from a tailwind. On passing John O' Groats we were into a clear blue sky with spectacular views of the Orkney Isles! We passed by South Ronaldsay and Flotta, overhead Kirkwall, and between Rousay and Eday. The weather was so bright and sunny that it reminded me of my days flying to the Caribbean with B.A. ! Could The Orkneys be a future destination for a Squadron deployment? The airfield at Papa Westray has to be treated with some caution as the main runway is only 467 metres long but is made of smoothly rolled gravel having the appearance of tarmac. Loganair fly in daily with an Islander. Prior permission is obtained by phoning Orkney Islands council in Kirkwall. It is only a short walk to Beltane Guest House, one of the very few places to stay on the Island. We stayed two nights and visited the North Hill Bird Reserve on the first day, where we saw many interesting birds including great skua, black guillemot, eider duck, and a gannet. The next day we took the "Saturday Tour" which took in The Knap of How-

Pappa Westray on the nose



ar, a very ancient settlement with the remains of a stone built crofter's home said to date from 3000 BC. The ancient St. Boniface Kirk was next, which has been restored in recent years and is still used for special services at various times of the year. We then went back to the Bird reserve and had a fascinating guided tour by the RSPB Warden. On Sunday morning we flew into Kirkwall and attended morning service at St. Magnus Cathedral, built in 1137 by Earl Rognvald-Kali and architecturally superb. We walked around the town, had lunch, and then went back to the airport. We were again treated to



Low cloud over Loch Ness

magnificent views of the islands as we headed south back to Knockbain to stay with our friends for another night. On Monday morning we flew into Inverness for fuel. The weather that day dictated that we had to fly at low level along The Great Glen on our next leg to The Isle of Mull. We set out at 1,500 feet but had to descend to 700 feet in rain over Loch Ness to keep below cloud. Nevertheless we had

some lovely views as we flew on down over Loch Lochy and Loch Linnhe. The Glenforsa airfield has a well maintained 730 metre grass airstrip, looked after by Mr. David Howitt who gave me a good briefing on the phone. We checked into the Glenforsa Hotel right on the edge of the airfield, and then caught the bus into Tobermory, as by this time it was raining hard, which stopped us from taking a walk in the hills. The next day we flew into Oban Airport for fuel, and on to the Island of Colonsay. Argyll Air services require you to sign indemnity papers valid for a year, and pay a fee of £35 to use Oban, Colonsay and Coll airfields. We had excellent weather with beautiful views of the Inner Hebridean Islands during this short flight, and kept in touch with Scottish Info. The Colonsay Hotel, is the only hotel on the island, and we were fortu-



The Island of Colonsay

nate to book the last room, not wanting to book until we were sure of the weather. We enjoyed a walk, and had a truly excellent dinner at the hotel. We were informed that the tide was just right for a walk across “The Strand” to the island of Oronsay, so the next morning, with packed lunches supplied by the hotel we set off. On reaching The Strand at the recommended time we found that the tide was a bit tardy at going out, so there was nothing for it but to take off our boots and socks and wade across! We had our picnic by the ruins of the old Priory, which dates from 1353, founded by John of Islay, Lord of The Isles. That evening we took off in beautifully clear weather, landing at the 720 metre grass airstrip on the island of Gigha to stay at “Drumallan” B&B. The next morning we visited the beautiful Achamore Gardens before taking off for Carlisle, on Prestwick Radar most of the way via Turnberry VOR, and climbing to 5,500 feet. We had a headwind at this altitude but some marvellous views. We refuelled, had lunch at the airport café, and had a chat with some RAF Chinook pilots who were passing through on a training exercise. Departing from Carlisle we used Warton Radar for the flight down to Manchester Barton at 3,500 feet with beautiful views of The Lake District. We stayed the night at a local hotel, and next morning took off routing over Warrington, and down the low level VFR route to Ashcroft, squawking the required Manchester Zone code. We then climbed to 5,500 feet to take advantage of a tailwind, and finding Shawbury closed down, got a radar service from London Mil, who passed us on to Lyneham and then Boscombe Down.



Aloha Xray & Me at Colonsay Picture by Nicola

We landed back at Bournemouth just before noon having had a wonderful trip. We had been very fortunate with the

weather, and had enjoyed the truly beautiful scenery. My stoic co-pilot, Nicola, enjoyed all but the first leg to Yorkshire which was unusually bumpy, and did a sterling job with all the numerous transponder code changes! If you are planning a trip to Scotland, please do contact me with any questions. Phone; 01202 840115 or mobile: 0777 196 3228. Email: [nreilly@tiscali.co.uk](mailto:nreilly@tiscali.co.uk)

## MOD Insurance Waivers

By Michael Ryan

After a year or so of negotiation The Fleet Air Arm Squadron is now seen as a recognised military Flying Club. As such its members become entitled to fly into MOD airfields without landing fees or other charges but of course must have the approval of the unit for a visit. This year we can expect to visit Yeovilton (Standards Weekend and Summer Garden Party, even Air Day) and Chivenor. Others destinations may come up eg Culdrose for Air Day. It will therefore be essential that all Squadron Members who wish to fly into any MOD airfield get a WAIVER CERTIFICATE. Here is the drill:

**IF NO WAIVER** - If you do not hold a current Waiver Certificate send (by email please) to me a copy of your current Aircraft Insurance with MOD Crown Indemnity £7.5 Million cover. I will then send this to June Akehurst at Strike Command High Wycombe with confirmation that you are a paid up member of the Fleet Air Arm Squadron. Depending on current security alerts you may have to fill in a form or two. That done she will send you (copy to me) your Waiver Certificate.

**IF YOU HOLD OR HAVE HELD A WAIVER** - If you have held or hold a current Waiver Certificate it is up to you to send your current Insurance Certificate to June Akehurst and she will renew the waiver up to the expiry date of the insurance. Make sure I have a copy as I have to send a list with Waiver Numbers to the host for our MOD airfield visits. Contact Details: Air Cmd Sec CS-ACT, Wider Markets, RAF High Wycombe, HP14 4UE. June Akehurst, 01494494350 or [june.akehurst241@mod.uk](mailto:june.akehurst241@mod.uk)

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### “Dark in Here”

A wife takes a lover home during the day while her husband is at work. Her nine year old son comes home early, sees them, and hides in the bedroom closet to watch. Unexpectedly, the woman's husband also comes home. She puts her lover in the closet, not realizing that the little boy is already in there. The little boy says, "Dark in here." The man says, "Yes, it is." Boy: "I have a baseball." Man: "That's nice." Boy: "Want to buy it?" Man: "No, thanks." Boy: "My Dad's outside." Man: "OK, how much?" Boy: "\$250." Weeks later, it happens that the boy and the lover find themselves in the closet again. Boy: "Dark in here." Man: "Yes, it is" Boy: "I have a baseball glove" The lover, remembering the last time, asks the boy, "How much?" Boy: "\$750." Man: "Sold." A few days later, the Dad says to the boy, "Grab your glove, let's go outside and have a game of catch." Boy: "I can't, I sold my baseball and my glove." Dad: "How much did you sell them for?" Boy: "\$1,000." Dad: "That's terrible to rip off your friends like that... that is way more than those two things cost. I'm taking you to church, to confession". In church, the Dad makes sure the boy goes in to the .the confessional and closes the door. The boy says, "Dark in here." The priest says, "Don't start that crap again you're in my closet now!"

## **Email from Michael Bonham Cozens to John Marriot, Sept 2010 in response to Johns article in the last Buzz on National Service**

I have been absolutely delighted to read your piece on your brief time in the Navy. I am so glad that you have put pen to paper. I had no idea that my career therein so closely shadowed your own. I also served in HMS Implacable in a similar manner. A little difference is that I qualified professionally as a Chartered Surveyor and as a Chartered Auctioneer and Estate Agent by deferring National Service and hence immediately went into the august rank of temporary acting sub lieutenant! I was appointed to Syerston on the 2<sup>nd</sup> November 1954 and to Valley on the 7<sup>th</sup> June 1955 with the Passing Out Parade of number 47 Royal Naval course on Friday 16<sup>th</sup> December 1955. At the Passing Out Parade there were just only 8 of us, all lieutenants (except one sub lieutenant) RN and I was the only remaining RNVR within that 8. After Valley our routine departed somewhat is that on 5<sup>th</sup> January 1956 I was appointed to HMS Seahawk, Culdrose where I flew Firefly T2's and Firefly T7's. I was attached to Channel Air Division in May 1956 and did two weeks training at Culdrose in the same November only to be disbanded in the early months of the following year. I can't believe you had Lieutenant Cornuche, of the French Navy, as your instructor at Valley. He was also my instructor and we had the most difficult time together and nearly came to blows! I must tell you sometime in full the story about being in the locker room (inevitably the locker doors never closed and hung open) when Lieutenant Cornuche demonstrated that I had to fly a jet 'treating it gently like a woman' and with the same care as if I were making love to her' and not like ..... as he went round the locker room slamming each door at each utterance of a word. It was pretty dramatic stuff. he remained my instructor but was diluted by my having Fl. Lt. Thornton as well. You refer at Valley to the high altitude mach run and the disintegration of a Vampire 5. I remember this incident very well and it has haunted my mind since it happened. I remember the pilot as Brian Massie (I cannot be certain about the spelling) who was a midshipman and I recollect vividly his playing the piano beautifully in the ward room during the evening before he went night flying for that mach run. The tannoy went in the Nissan hut cabins at about 0330 calling out the mountain rescue team but nothing was found. You will see that I have copied this to Michael and Phil. By the way I had similar thoughts to you about going for a short service or regular commission and this may well have been my route had I not qualified beforehand as I have described. I think that somewhat like you I had worked out that the prospect of my gainful occupation after an 8 year short service commission (or something like that) would have diminished. In those days one really did have to start on the bottom rung of a ladder to progress up that ladder – and usually with the same organisation throughout. How things have changed in the fifty years or so.

Yours nostalgically from what you have written Michael

## Diary of Events 2011

- March Sat 26th**                      **Winters End at Cotswold (Kemble)**  
(Simon Wilson 07779288864)
- May Sat 7th & Sun 8th**            **Yeovilton Flying Standards**  
(Michael Ryan 07785294108 & Dave MacKay)
- May Wed 25th**                      **Royal Marines Chivenor \***  
( Nigel DeCandole 07238999262)
- June Sat 18th—25th**              **French, Belgium & Dutch Deployment \***  
(Phil Moore 07703162288)
- July Wed 27th**                      **Duxford \***  
(Doc & Hellen Holliday 07894455869)
- September Sat 3rd**                **Summer Party with Aviation**  
(Michael Ryan 07785294108 & Sue Moorehead 01749672791)
- September Fri 16th**               **Ireland Long Weekend \***  
(Denis Woodhams ? 01789763347)
- October Sat 8th**                   **Shobden Rally \***  
(Andrew Eames 07768514399)
- November Sat 26th**               **Annual Dinner at HMS Collingwood**  
(Michael Ryan 07785294108 & Sue Moorehead 01749672791)

\* Members of the FAAOA living in the area will be invited by the Squadron to join in the asterixed events above

### **Provisional Dates for Powered Flying Support**

Lee on Solent:	April 19th & 20th	August 23rd & 24th
Yeovilton	April 12th & 13th	August 16th & 17th
Culdrose:	August 9th & 10th	August 16th & 17th

**The Squadron Buzz** is the quarterly "Newsletter" of the Fleet Air Arm Squadron. The editor invites contributions including photographs from all members (e.g. Reports, Letters, News, Anecdotes, Flying Information etc.). Please submit for Buzz No 58 by the deadline date of Friday 20 May 2011 to :

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**6 Warblington Road, Emsworth, Hampshire, PO10 7HQ**  
**Tel/Fax : 01243374681    Mobile 07703162288**  
**Email : morsuepj@ntlworld.com**