



# NEWSLETTER

September 2015 [www.olddux.org](http://www.olddux.org) Compiled by Alan Garner



## Dear Members

What is left to report after such a wondrous start to this special 20<sup>th</sup> anniversary year? O.K. we had all the good news about that in the June newsletter plus the many comments and photos gracing our website; of which deserves a big thank you to all who contributed. If you have yet to see them, please go to the web address shown above and enjoy the many comments and photo galleries that Larry has diligently put together. And why not post a message.

## Looking Fwd..Oops!! I mean Looking Back

Who are these smart young men standing by those flying machines? Well, after 21 years, recent evidence has been unearthed that in 1994 we see Don Chappel with both Jim Garlinge and Bob Hope visiting Duxford by invitation from Steve Woolford (IWM) to record their RAF service there. It is believed that this was the occasion when the idea of forming an association of fellow service men and women who served at RAF Duxford was first mooted. From small acorns--- to the ODA.



## New Members and ties

From the recent Flying Legends Air Show we have gained Terry Holden a 1952 64 Sqn Pilot and from the earlier VE Day Air Show in May; Alan Goodchild EPAS 1951-2, Reginald Thomas 65 Sqn. 1953-55 and Brian Michael Williams No4 District Provost 1954-57.

Brian queried the availability of an ODA neck tie. Well, ties have been available in the past but as new members are becoming harder to find the demand has dwindled. However, many of us may well fancy having a new or replacement one, so here is an opportunity to make our views known. To consider obtaining ODA ties we need to create a demand to meet a minimum order number to purchase. If you want one please make it known by contacting any member of your committee by email, phone, letter or message on the website. With a suitable quantity we will be able to investigate a cost per tie and report back. We could have an answer by the autumn meeting and publish for you in the December newsletter.

## Autumn meeting

Our next meeting will be on **4<sup>th</sup> October at 1300hrs** in the AirSpace hanger, learning Space room 1. We would like to thank Kay Cooper (IWM) for her continued help in providing these facilities for us. We look forward to seeing as many as possible to attend the meeting. The procedure is as before, so **please inform Bob Hope of your Car Reg. and number of passengers A.S.A.P and No Later than Wednesday 23<sup>rd</sup> September.**

**Tel. Bob on 01554 890520 or email [sl542@hotmail.co.uk](mailto:sl542@hotmail.co.uk) (that's sl542....not s1).**

Enter through the guardroom gate and collect your pass, then turn left and drive just beyond the Bailey bridge road which is to your left and park on the grass on the left.

## Remembrance Sunday

The ceremony will be held on **Sunday 8th Nov.** starting at 1300 hours in the Conservation Hall. Members should be reminded that the public gain free entry to IWM Duxford on Remembrance Sunday, therefore because of heavy traffic it is advisable to arrive early. Lucy the Events Officer at IWM requires the number attending from us two weeks before, to arrange reserved seating therefore, members intending to be with us on Remembrance Sunday for the laying of The Old Dux Wreath please let Kerris know by 26th of Oct.

## Remembering Bill Lancaster

### Extract from a letter by David Hearn to Andy Lancaster

I am so saddened to hear of the loss of your Father. This has obviously come as a great shock to you and all your family; I still cannot fully come to terms with this. It was only a few weeks ago that we were discussing the possibility of attending the annual Duxford dinner in May, I had stated that I would only go if Bill would also be there.

We first met at Duxford in 1952. I had completed my airframe course at R.A.F St. Athan, whereby I was posted to Duxford to replace an airman that had been killed in the hanger by inadvertently ejecting the pilot's seat. I was escorted to the room that was to be my living quarters for the next 18 months; my bed was next to Bill's. After the initial introduction he made me known to all others in the billet, I believe 18 airmen.

It wasn't long before I set up a card school playing three-card brag; I was ever present with Bill being the next best attendee. We set a limit on the stake, which I seem to remember was sixpence (two and a half pence in today's money). If one was to play blind, not looking at ones cards, then that participant would only put in half the stake. Both Bill and I noticed that one member was cheating, he would just casually flick the cards giving him an advantage, other than actually accusing him, we devised a system whereby if we noticed this occurring we would tap each other's foot, and then unless we had a good hand, we would throw our cards in. This worked a treat as the person involved, who shall remain nameless, never realised this! Bill was very shrewd at cards, I am sure that this asset was to stay with him helping him to make a very successful career.

I was fortunate to have a motorbike and as I only lived 60 miles away I was able get home at some time most weekends. Our working rota was one working weekend, two 36 hour passes and one 48. Therefore I was only staying in quarters for one Sunday in four. The Sunday morning would be getting to the mess as late as possible loading up with fried egg sandwiches then going back to spend most of the day playing cards. The one outstanding thing that I remember was your Father's appetite, he always managed twice the number of sandwiches that we had, and this also applied to our NAAFI breaks and at all other meal times. What an appetite, but he never put on weight, extraordinary!!

As I was an airframe mechanic and Bill was on engines we did not work closely together, but at the times when all aircraft were out of the hanger, either flying or waiting for instructions, we would all assemble in the hanger and play football with a tennis ball. It was always a free for all, more a case of ramming into each other, the biggest always coming out on top. Neither Bill nor I were very well padded so we both had quite a number of quite hefty hits.

The whole squadron was sent to R.A.F. Aklington in Northumberland for air firing practice in January 1953. It was terribly cold, again in our spare time we played football in the snow covered peri track, and assembling round the centre stove in our room at night. Although it was strictly against orders, we would bring as much bread and butter hidden in our tunics, then toast against the fire. Needless to say, Bill seemed to bring more in than anyone else.

We were also sent on detachment to Southminster in Essex to try and shore up the defences after the floods on the east coast in 1954. We slept on the floor of the local church before marching up to the sea front. However Bill survived this with such lack of food is a mystery!

I completed my national service in March 1954. At that particular time 65 Sqn was again posted on detachment, due to my impending demob, I was left behind leaving me in the billet by myself for a week. As this was a last minute decision I never had the opportunity to bid a farewell to the many friends that I had made, my two really great pals, Bill Lancaster and 'Sailor' Chapman. I could not have wished for two nicer people to be either side of me, we had a special relationship. At that time I never expected to see them again.

Little did I know that we were to rekindle that relationship 50 years later!! I was made aware of 'The Old Dux association' and subsequently joined in 2004, attending the annual dinner in that year. It was truly remarkable that after all that time there we were again facing one another both instantly recognising each other. What a wonderful moment. Needless to say we recalled old times and made a point of keeping in touch. This, I am delighted to say, we have done up until these last days.

May I conclude in saying, that in all my years I have not met a nicer or kinder man than your Father.

## Gone but not forgotten

### Those who have gone on their final posting are:

**Keith Bayliss.** Over 100 attended the funeral from family, friends, Metropolitan Police the Scout movement which he had served for over 50 years. ODA was represented by Derek Myson.

**Peter Knapton. Ian Agutter** 92 Sqn 1949. **Bill Amos** 65 Sqn 1958-59. **Alex Gray BEM** 19 Sqn 1940-42.

Alec Gray BEM, at 97 was our oldest member; he was a Battle of Britain airframe fitter on 19 Sqn, who was transferred to the Aircraft Gun Mounting Establishment also at Duxford where he played an active role.

His funeral was well attended, overfilling the chapel. Apart from his role in the ODA he spent 42 years with the Gas Board and was a member of the St. Johns Ambulance Brigade. He was awarded the BEM for his services to both. He was also a Freemason. He loved Duxford, visiting as often as possible; he was actually there for this year's Flying Legends display, signing books and pictures for the Aces High Company. He was a nice man, and as was said at the funeral "he left this earth in credit". The Old Dux Assn. was represented. **2**

## Ray remembers Dave Blyth

Submitted by Ray Quinn

I arrived at Duxford in January 1957 still a youth of 17 years, having passed out from RAF St Athans after 18 months boy entrant training.

My first memories of corporal armourer Dave Blyth was on detachment to RAF Nicosia, both he and my trade corporal Paddy Morrison had plenty of service-in as both had been in the 2<sup>nd</sup> world war and their experience and advice was very welcome.

My next meeting with Dave was at RAF Tengah, Singapore in 1961, we were both on 60 Sqn; just replacing Meteor NF 12 & 14's with Javelins FAW9's. Dave was well known around the Tengah area as he was a keen cyclist; no mean feat in temperatures of 28 degrees C and humidity of 90%. It was not general knowledge that Dave had been a Bren gunner when the Japanese forces invaded Malaya and Singapore.

In 1942, Dave evaded capture for a few months in the Malayan jungle, but was eventually captured. So when Dave asked a group of us to give up messing around in the bars and nightclubs in Singapore over a bank holiday long weekend and to come on a 5 day jungle canoeing trip up country we knew we were

in excellent hands. In total we were 8 airmen with Dave, from 45 and 81 Sqns both Canberra; and 60 Sqn JAV's. Dave was able to organise a 3 tonner, 4 two man canoes, jungle greens and boots and compo rations for five days. We drove into the jungle as far as we could, then took to the canoes. None of us had any jungle experience but we all gelled well together setting up bashes, camp beds and cooking areas. With Dave's know how we were never eaten by tigers or bitten by snakes; (but could not say the same about mosquitoes or leeches).

I spoke to Dave on the phone recently and it was great to know he had not lost any of his good humour and zest for life.



Dave took this photo with Ray holding the red mug

## Separated by war

From the Eastern Daily Press

They were engaged to be married within weeks of the outbreak of the Second World War. But as Ron Pountain went off to serve, he and fiancée Rose Hughes had to put off their wedding. When peace finally returned, more than five years later, they lost no time and were wed within days of victory in Europe being announced.

The country celebrated the 70th anniversary of VE Day on the 8<sup>th</sup> May, thirteen days later Ron and Rose celebrated their platinum wedding anniversary also in May earlier this year. The couple, now 95 and 94 from Roughton, near Cromer, eventually tied the knot on May 21, 1945, at St Silin's Church, in Llansilin, near Oswestry.

The couple, who have two daughters and a great-grandchild, first met around 1923 in Llansilin, where Rose Hughes grew up, when her future husband was visiting his grandparents. They were engaged in 1939 after the outbreak of war and communicated throughout the war years, mainly by letter.

Rose recalls: "He took me to the river and said, 'I will marry you'. I nearly fell in, I was so surprised". Ron was already in the RAF at the time, serving as an aircraftman second class. He had trained as an armourer and joined 64 Squadron in June 1939. He served in that Squadron throughout the Battle of Britain, servicing Spitfires as the unit moved around a number of bases, including Coltishall, in Norfolk.

He said: "I was one of the lucky ones. The aircraft I serviced and their crews always came back. We were referred to as a jammy crew. It was not a funny time. How we won the Battle of Britain, heaven only knows." Ron moved to 260 Squadron in January 1941 where he serviced Hurricanes and spent just over two years in Libya and Tunisia, later taking part in the Italian campaign. In the desert, he recalls sleeping in trenches dug into the sand and living on two pints of water a day. He finished his service with 260 Squadron in April, 1945. The war in the western desert was appalling. The shortage of water was the worst.

The only thing he remembers from VE Day was returning to Blackpool from Italy the day before. He married his wife Rose a former nurse, while he was on leave. Rose (soon to be Mrs P), who got one week off work for the ceremony and honeymoon, said: "I had to tell the matron I was getting married but she was very annoyed. I said to her, 'I have been waiting for many years for this day'. I knew Ron was coming back and I got my dress organised." Despite severe rationing, everybody contributed to the reception buffet. "We had a spread like you wouldn't believe," they said.

He was demobbed as a sergeant in 1967, when he was awarded the British Empire Medal for work on the Mark 44 torpedo at RAF Swanton Morley, near Dereham. He said: "It was a proud moment." He then worked for Plessey Marine, in Somerset, which designed sonar systems. He describes his wife as tremendous. Mrs Pountain added: "We have had a happy marriage."

*From the ODA membership to Ron and Rose; congratulations on your Platinum Anniversary year – 2015.*



Picture by MARK BULLIMORE

## The Old Dux Recruiting Table

It is probably not generally known to all our members that, courtesy of IWM, we have a Recruiting Table in Hangar 4 at every air show. This is run by Jim Garlinge with the support of Les Millgate, along with support from our members. Even today, fifty four years after the closure of RAF Duxford, we still attract a few members every year. It is also a focal point for members visiting the show. At every show, we have the opportunity of addressing the visitors over the PA system, in an interview with one of the IWM broadcasting team who are interested in our experiences at Duxford. This also provides us with the opportunity to talk about the aims and activities of the Old Dux, and welcoming those qualified to join us, or indeed for the general public to come and have a chat. We had the pleasure of being visited by four members this time, Ed Thurygill over from Canada, John Simpson who brought some interesting historical photos, John Cossins and Mike Durrant who brought a portrait of the queen on a £10 note for the treasurer. It was as always, good to see our old comrades, they made our day.

## Flying Legends Air Show weekend



**Duxford 1956 Armourers. Those with strips are regulars, others are NS. - Can you fill in the missing names? Top L to R, Studwich, Mills, Muldoon, Naylor, Unknown. Front L to R, Unknown, Unknown, John Simpson, unknown.**

A large proportion of the crowd came from across Europe as well as South Africa, the USA and Scandinavia. We try to engage passersby; quite often a simple good morning is enough for someone to stop and start what is often an

interesting conversation, a tale perhaps or a story of their own experiences. One of our visitors, Francois Brevot, (see next page) Editor of the French magazine 'Sky-Lens Aviation' came especially to see the (65 sqn) Hunter with his lovely wife Veronique and two boys, Thomas and Nicolas (Photo). Francois had no problem interpreting for the boys until they were told that The Red Arrows were the best in the world and the cleverest because they flew nine aircraft. With a smile, he gave a Gallic shrug, and said that he could not find those words to tell his boys. We understand Francois, it is hard at times! Despite our attempt to waylay his boys, he is going to give us a plug in his next edition.



We also met several Swedish enthusiasts, a young Czech man who was trying to get more information about 310 the Czech squadron, and we were able to put him in touch with Paul Murton of IWM who no doubt will get him onto the correct links. Les had a long conversation with a charming New Zealand couple who were interested in the Meteor, and then found that they had both been airline pilots, which led to a conversation that was hugely interesting to us all. We had just got to an interesting part of a chat with a South African, when he was waylaid by a bunch of Americans, so we lost out on something we had started.

However the US of A made up for it later when we were approached by John L Sublett bearing photos of a Mustang marked up with swastikas indicating six kills, and another with the same aircraft and pilot with eight. The pilot was Captain Sublett, John's father who had flown from a base just a few miles North of Duxford. He gave the photos for The Newsletter. Later in the conversation we learned that Captain Sublett went on to work for "the Firm" a euphemism for the CIA. Interestingly, some other Americans told us that Duxford was a very good museum, they had several like it, BUT theirs' were bigger. They were asked how many of theirs had a frontline wartime history, and then we told them that ours' was still evolving. As a for instance we pointed out that the largest building on the air field, which is Airspace hadn't been there last week. They accepted with good humour that the point had been taken! We meet lots of interesting people and have a bit of fun.



In between everything else we enrolled a new member, Terry Holden, who had been a National Service pilot on 64 sqn and had heard Les Millgate talking on the PA and recognised his name. Welcome Terry.

Thanks to all the volunteers this year, as well as Les we have had Anne and Les Gange, Gil Harding, Peter Gibbard, Anthea and Alan Garner and Jan and Stan Dell. If you would like to volunteer, contact Stan who is coordinating for Jim Garlinge.

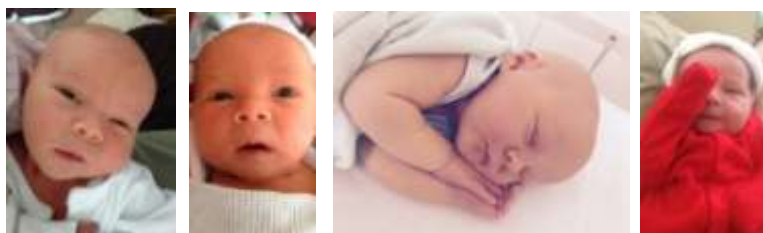
**Francois Brevot**, Editor of the French magazine 'Sky-Lens Aviation' sent us these photographs. Showing his business card for those who would like to view his web site for some great photos.

**The members of the Old Dux Association do admire these six handsome flyers, especially the one second from the left.**



### New addition from Car Warner

Talking about photos, what about these!!! Our newest supporter a new baby boy. Wow, to Alex and Carl.



We made Carl an honorary member on 5<sup>th</sup> Oct 2014; then 'exactly 9 months later' he made us proud when they produced William John Horatio Murphy, born 0623 hrs on 2<sup>nd</sup> July 2015, weighing in at 7lbs 7ozs.

My, you certainly celebrated your honorary membership that night, Carl. Glad we could help! Many congratulations.

### My Encounter with a rogue Vulcan

When I was stationed at No.2 Police District during the sixties, two or three of us were detached to RAF Finningly to stand guard over a bombed up Vulcan. The aircraft stood on a remote dispersal area with a trailer parked alongside. The trailer had been driven over the grass on what I knew as lazy runway (strips of metal with holes in). Also known as Pressed Steel Plate (PSP) runway.

I arrived on site with a revolver with six rounds in; to guard goodness only knows what cost of Vulcan and bomb, (typical of the time). Half way through my shift a crew bus arrived in a great hurry. The lads all dashed to the aircraft and scrambled aboard; the engines were started and they taxied onto the peritrack and turned right to pass in front of me and then sharp left onto the end of the runway.

At this point the pilot piled on full throttle; the noise was horrendous and the lazy runway was suddenly flying through the air. I managed to dive behind the crew bus, which was then transfixed by one of the lengths of PSP metal sheets.

One of those periods of high excitement that punctuates long periods of complete boredom with which we were all familiar.

### Submitted by Mike Scrivener



### RAF Duxford Mug

This was picked up at RAF Hemswell antique centre a couple of years ago by a good friend of mine; we were both Vulcan Crew Chiefs on 35 Sqn at Scampton. It's about 4" tall and off white in colour. In 1928 Benedictine monks from Caldey Island, South Wales founded an abbey at Prinknash, near Cranham.

In 1942, while digging foundations for a new building, they found a bed of clay and began making and selling pottery to support their community. Both monks and lay people worked in the pottery. It was housed in wooden huts until 1974, when a purpose-built pottery was erected. In 1997 the pottery sold to The Welsh Pottery Company and later closed down. I have found a Prinknash Pottery website but cannot find any details of the production of RAF Station crested wares. Maybe one of our members has more information?

### Submitted by Derek Parks



## Sgt Herbert Stanley 'Bub' Hayward

The IIWW lasted from 1939 to 1945 and cost massive loss of life. The responsibility to defend our freedom was thrust upon a single generation of men and women from all walks of life. When the threat came they must have said 'We know we must defend ourselves if we have to, but it is not our first choice.'

By 1944 German bombers had already mercilessly devastated the City of Coventry plus bombing many other cities, and had taken no pity on the London population by ruthlessly bombing them for 57 consecutive nights, forcing women, children and the elderly to sleep on underground railway platforms. And it was certainly not the time for false sentimentality about dropping bombs on Nazi Germany. It is against this background that the following story begins, covering one Rear Gunner, one Lancaster Squadron one crew, covering three missions.

Sgt Stanley 'Bub' Hayward was posted to 514 Sqn RAF Waterbeach, Cambridgeshire, having re-mustered from armourer to Air Crew/Rear Gunner. He was one of five brothers and four sisters and before the war he was just an ordinary fellow employed by The Prudential Assurance Company. His Lancaster crew was typical of so many by the fact of their youth.

**The crew** - Lancaster aircraft had a crew of seven men.

Flying Officer Maurice Linden Morgan-Owen aged 20, pilot.

Flight Sergeant Alan William Green aged 23, navigator.

Flying Officer George Alexander Jacobson aged 27, bomb aimer.

Sergeant Ernest 'Sunny' Gledhill aged 22, wireless operator/air gunner.

Sergeant Alfred Douglas Tetley aged 23, mid upper gunner.

Sergeant Herbert Stanley 'Bub' Hayward aged 27, rear gunner.

Sergeant Henry Leo Sadler aged 25, flight engineer.



Sergeant 'Bub' Hayward was to discover that 514 Squadron had joined Bomber Command's mounting campaign to fight back from November 1943 when they bombed Dusseldorf and subsequently Berlin, Kiel, Frankfurt and over 40 other targets in which he later was to take an active part. It has never been fully admitted by some observers that when all allied troops had been thrown out of France, RAF Bomber Command had taken over the role of being the 'Front-Line' in providing any serious hope of freeing Europe from Nazi aggression and occupation.

Due to an accident, Sergeant F Barrett who was the original wireless operator with this crew, found himself in Ely hospital with a broken leg and had been replaced by Sergeant Ernest 'Sunny' Gledhill. A comment by Sgt Barrett recorded in a comforting letter sent from his hospital bed to Mr. and Mrs. Hayward in early May 1944, revealed the character of Rear Gunner 'Bub' Hayward which read as follows: *'On one occasion his prompt action in dealing with an enemy aircraft gave everyone of us enough confidence in him to know that if ever called upon he would stand up to the most rigid test.'* This would have been Bub's very first mission; probably late March/early April 1944 when Sgt Bennett had been a member of the crew.

The raid on the night of 29/30 March 1944 saw four Lancasters from 514 Sqn shot down by night fighters while a further two crash landed on their return. The night was the bloodiest of Bomber Command's entire war, as well as 514 Sqn's worst raid. It was not revealed in Sgt Barrett's letter whether Bub's first mission was involved in this devastating raid. However, we do know that Bub and his crew just 19 days later on 18<sup>th</sup> April boarded Lancaster DS882 to Rouen; all 7 crew came home safely, Bub's second mission also successful.

On Saturday 22<sup>nd</sup> April 1944 F/O Morgan-Owen and crew boarded Lancaster DS682 JI-N for Dusseldorf as part of 596 aircraft – 323 Lancasters, 254 Halifaxes, and 19 Mosquitoes from all groups in Bomber Command accept 5 Group. 29 aircraft did not return - 16 Halifaxes and 13 Lancasters. Bub's Lancaster was due to return to RAF Waterbeach at 0300hrs. An SOS message was received from DS682 JI-N at 0256hrs giving position 5236N 0351E over the sea about 70 miles west of the Dutch coast. Then nothing more was heard.

Bub's niece recalls that she remembers as a child hearing the family talk about Uncle Bub and how her grandmother was not told of his disappearance because she had been extremely ill, near death in fact. One night she dreamed she saw her son Bub in the water, with his dark hair floating all around him. The next morning, she said she knew that Bub had been trying to tell her that something had happened and insisted on being told the truth. At the time this occurred, Bub's mother did not know that anything had happened to him; least of all that he had come down in the Sea....

Two of the crew were washed ashore in the East Frisian Islands, off the northern coast of Germany. They were Sergeant Sadler, and Sergeant Tetley. They are now both buried in the Sage War Graves Cemetery in Germany. The rest of the crew were never found but are commemorated on the Runnymede Memorial.

On 22<sup>nd</sup> August 1945, the Operations Record Book (ORB) simply noted '514 Squadron disbanded.'

Records show that 426 aircrew and 9 ground crew lost their lives and 66 Lancasters were lost on operations. The written record suggests no fanfare or fuss to mark the end of the two-year heroic life of the Squadron. There was a Farewell Dinner in the Officers' Mess and on that note 514 Squadron passed into history.

Ordinary men can do extraordinary things even when it is not their first choice. They bought our freedom with their courage and their lives, and our gratitude is why we remember them.