



NEWSLETTER

March 2017

www.olddux.org

Compiled by Alan Garner



THE 22nd ANNUAL DINNER

Red Lion Whittlesford, SATURDAY 13th MAY 6.30 FOR 7.30 PM

The cost of the dinner is £29.50 pp including wine. As usual we have arranged a special rate for accommodation at £56 for a single and £66 for a double/twin room, at either the Red Lion or the Holiday Inn Express. The Holiday Inn has ground floor rooms and a lift to all floors. All rooms are en suite with complimentary tea and coffee facilities. The price includes a self-service breakfast with scrambled egg, sausages and plenty of toast, juices, tea and coffee. You are responsible for booking your own room, the telephone number is 01223 497070. Please state that it is an Old Dux Assn. booking and ask them to confirm that the rate is £56/£66 and if you are not given one, please ask for a confirmation number.

Although there are no other functions to be held at the venue on the 13th, be aware that it is an increasingly popular accommodation for weddings/functions in the area. We cannot get a block booking, so it is a first come first served situation. **Please book early**, no cash is taken until the day of your stay.

All the details of the dinner are on the Dinner Application Form at the end of this Newsletter. If you have any queries, please phone/email Stan. Contact details are on the form. You may not be aware, but organising the dinner is complex, so the earlier you book, helps Kerris and Stan to get a shape of things. We have to sort out table plans, the number of individual courses, special requirements etc. while all the time the hotel is screaming for information. There is no reason not to book early as we will not bank your cheque until 3rd May. So PLEASE book your room and send in your completed Dinner Application form NOW. The wine on the tables is paid for from the proceeds of the raffle; please can we ask you to provide the raffle prizes.

On Sunday, the 14th May the AGM will start at 1pm sharp in the usual room in the Airspace building. Don't forget to indicate on the Dinner Booking form if you are planning to attend. Remember, for the AGM, enter through the guardroom gate, turn left and drive just beyond the Bailey bridge road which is to your left and park on the grass on your left. For anyone attending Sunday only, please still use the dinner booking form where appropriate.

Annual Subscriptions

Your subs are due on May 1st, still £5. Make cheques payable to the Old Dux Association. As usual you can send me a post-dated Cheque for May 1st and get it out of the way. It will help me enormously to have as much in before May and save the usual waste of time and Old Dux funds chasing up the defaulters. A huge thanks to all those who regularly get their subs in on time, it is a great help to me. If you are attending the Annual Dinner you can send your subs with the dinner application all in one cheque. Thank you. Send to: Stan Dell 3 John Hampden Way, Prestwood, Bucks, HP16 9DY. 01494 863428 janstandell1@btinternet.com

2017 air shows Can you volunteer to Assist on Jim Garlinge's Recruitment Table on any of these days?

Duxford Air Festival – Saturday 27th and Sunday 28th May (May Bank Holiday weekend)

Flying Legends Air Show – Saturday 8th and Sunday 9th July

The Duxford Air Show – Saturday 23rd and Sunday 24th September

It is always good to have volunteers at these events, we start at 9.45am and finishing before 3pm with a few breaks between. It is not onerous and we get to see most of the show. A free ticket and designated parking are provided. Bring your own lunch or eat in one of the several on site restaurants.

Please contact Stan Dell if you can help by Tel. 01494 863428 or email janstandell1@btinternet.com.

It is worth noting, that if you require extra tickets for a companion, they can only now be obtained on line, but wait until after you receive confirmation and free ticket from Stan of your date to help us.

A Long Shot - Do You Know Him?

Researcher - Bob Hope

Anthony (Dixie) Deane, ex 64 Sqn served at RAF Tengah, Singapore. He was at the Raffles Hotel in Singapore for the 1966 celebration of the 50th anniversary of 64 Sqn. Dixie now lives in New Zealand, since moving there in 1971. If you followed the squadron to Singapore after Duxford, did you meet Dixie Deane? If so, he would very much welcome making contact with you or if not, with so much in common on Javelins, why not make a new friend and introduce yourself? His email address is: tony.deane@hotmail.com. Remember, you would have known those Javelins before he did. If you make contact let us know, your report could make it into the newsletter, and then Dixie could receive a surprise complimentary copy. What are comrades for?

Filmed Interviews a brief report

Esther Blaine and Larry Cross got together early last December (no, not like that!) Because the IWM through Esther, wanted to organise filmed interviews with six of our members, with Larry as the recruiting officer. Larry immediately jumped into action and shouted out, "You, you, you, you, you and hoy-you, are all volunteering for filmed interviews and are to report to the Officers' Mess at 11.00hrs on the 19th December to answer the following questions in front Esther and Barry the camera man."

What are your memories of Duxford?

What does Duxford mean to you?

Why do you think Duxford is important for future generations?

The volunteers consisted of Les Millgate, Baz Gowling, Bob Rushmore, Peter Gipson, Stan Dell and myself.

We all sat in the officers' mess café while awaiting our turn to be interviewed and as to be expected it was roll back time to the 50s where we all remembered things long forgotten.

Each interview lasted for about 45 minutes, giving enough scope during the inevitable editing to cut-out any inappropriate language used, otherwise one would be put on a charge. Each interviewee was collected from the Officer's Mess by Esther and marched across to the Battle of Britain exhibition hangar. The only hiccup of the day was when we discovered that the four 65 guys couldn't remember a thing when positioned in front of the meteor, only when we relocated in front of our 65 Hunter, did all our memories come flooding back! A good day all round, including lunch at mid-point through the interviews, in the café, all courtesy of Esther. **Please note;** these interviews will feature on the ODA web site in the coming weeks.

The Hunter

The Hawker Hunter is one of the famous British jet fighters. This subsonic, single-seat military aircraft was intended only as a fighter to replace the Gloster Meteor, the de Havilland Venom, and the Canadair Sabre jet fighters. Later, the Hawker Hunter also played roles as a fighter-bomber and a reconnaissance aircraft in numerous conflicts around the world.

The Hawker Hunter was firstly developed in 1950s but until early 1990s, the Royal Air Force and Royal Navy had been using the two-seat variant for training purpose. The Lebanese Air Force were still operating the Hawker Hunter 50 years after the jet fighter entering production.

The Hawker Hunter was massively produced and widely exported to 21 other countries all over the world. The military of Abu Dhabi, Belgium, Chile, Denmark, Iraq, India, Jordan, Kenya, Kuwait, Lebanon, Oman, Netherlands, Peru, Qatar, Rhodesia, Saudi Arabia, Singapore, Somalia, Sweden, Switzerland, and Zimbabwe who operated this agile subsonic fighter. We know that both the Black Arrows and the Blue Diamonds, of the Royal Air Force display teams, were also the operators of the Hawker Hunter. These facts prove that the Hawker Hunter was a reliable jet fighter to be the air guardians of so many countries.

Design and development

Jet propulsion technology was under development soon after WWII. Aircraft manufacturers prepared for the new technology. One of them was the Hawker Siddeley Group. The manufacturer developed new airframe design for jet propulsion. On 7 September 1953, the Hawker Siddeley Group successfully flew the first prototype of the Hawker Hunter; even the new aircraft reached the speed of 7,171.01 km/h (727.63 mph), the fastest aircraft speed recorded at that time.

The Hunter was designed and developed based on Hawker Sea Hawk, a straight-wing carrier-based fighter. The Hawker Sea Hawk was originally offered to fulfill the need of the Royal Air Force. Unfortunately, the Royal Air Force was not interested in the proposed fighter. The manufacturer was lucky as the Fleet Air Arm of the Royal Navy then took the aircraft to operate from aircraft carrier. Later, the Hawker Company made some changes on the Hawker Sea Hawk until it became the Hawker Hunter which could meet the Royal Air Force's requirements.

The Hawker Hunter was a common all-metal monoplane equipped with a retractable tricycle landing gear. In the cockpit, the Hawker Hunter used a Martin-Baker 2H or 3H ejector seat and for the two-seat trainer version the aircraft used Mk 4H ejection seats. By using monocoque construction for its fuselage and a removable rear section for making engine maintenance easier, the aircraft took air in through triangular air intakes in the wing roots and with a single jet pipe in the rear of the fuselage.

For armament, the single-seater fighter version of the Hunter was armed with four 30 mm (1.18 in) ADEN cannons, with 150 rounds of ammunition per gun. The cannon and ammunition boxes were contained in a single pack that could be removed from the aircraft for rapid re-arming and maintenance.

The Hawker Hunter in actions

The Hawker Hunter had been showing its ability in various conflicts around the world. Some notable actions were during the Suez Crisis in Egypt, Borneo Revolt in Brunei, Sino-Indian War in 1972 between India and China where the Indian's Hawker Hunters met the Chinese's MiGs, the Indo-Pakistani War of 1971 where the Indian's Hawker Hunters were pitted against Pakistan's F-86 Sabres together with other conflicts in Africa, Middle East and other regions, the Hawker Hunter proved to be a great dogfighter in those days. **2**

My time in the RAF

It was in 1953 at the time of National Service when all 18 year olds were enlisted for a period of two years. You had the choice of the Army or the RAF. Not a choice always granted. I had some background to help because my Father had been in Bomber Command on Lancasters during the war. My oldest brother had also been in the RAF but that was after the war.

My application was successful. You were also given the opportunity to express a preference for the type of work during your National Service. I asked to be recruited into the photographic section but was told there was only one or two on each station. As I paused, the interviewer said I might like to be placed with Air Traffic Control and he explained what was involved. It seemed pretty exciting (as it proved to be). The first two months of National Service was spent inducing military discipline which was mostly square bashing and being constantly bombarded with insults with every opportunity to embarrass the recruits by the supervising NCO's. No matter how short was your haircut, they would stand behind you and yell into your ear "am I standing on your hair airman? Get it cut." The insults were mainly stupid but still upset the more timid.

After square bashing, you were allocated to a unit and I was sent to Duxford. To my shame, I did not know it was one of the most famous airfields with others like Biggin Hill and Tangmere. There were three parts of the airfield in which ATC worked. The control tower of course; the ops room where all flights were recorded to show all the aircraft flying together with take-off and landing times together with the purpose or destination of the flight. The third placing was in the Caravan. This was a vehicle stationed at the landing end of the runway checking the aircraft on their final approach as a final check before landing to ensure things like having the undercarriage wheels down and locked and enduring the runway was clear of other aircraft or land vehicles going about their maintenance duties.

My preference was in the order of Control Tower, Caravan and lastly the ops room. This was the only place where you were separated from the aircraft and the flying. The Control Tower had a senior officer in charge with two other officers dealing with the various controls of movement and operating the CRDF (cathode ray direction finder). That gave aircraft a bearing back to base. The lower ranks attended to phones and land communications and on occasion were allowed to control the aircraft when the pilot called up requesting permission to join the circuit. They were given instructions as to which runway was in use - 25 or 07 - the QNH (barometric pressure) wind speed with an instruction to call

By Peter Gornall

downwind. Once downwind they called again and were given permission to finals - the final approach and permission to land. The pilot always called when he had cleared the runway.

Before the flying, aircraft had to seek permission to taxi, join the runway, and take off. We mostly worked during daylight flying hours but some airfields were involved in Operation Fabulous. Duxford was one of the airfields taking part, which was done on a rota system. This was during the period of the Cold War and two fully armed aircraft were on standby with pilots already strapped in and ready to go at a moment's notice. At nightfall, there was a seamless transfer to night fighter aircraft at other stations.

This was a top-secret operation but the press caused a stir when a unit of four aircraft from Duxford were giving an aerobatic display and one of the papers referred to them as "The Fabulous Four". The Air Ministry were furious thinking the existence of the Fabulous Operation had been leaked, but it was a simple description of the amazing aerobatic display and a very apt turn of phrase.

It was the year of the Coronation Fly-Past in which both 64 and 65 squadrons took part. I was in the Control Tower that day and 12 aircraft from each squadron line up in formation on the runway with the OC Flying Wing Commander Pete Wallace leading at the front. His personal call sign was Mansard. His very cultured voice came over the radio "Mansard Wing rolling" and 25 aircraft moved in formation for an amazing take off. Pete Wallace was a very flamboyant character and had his tailplane painted a very bright orange with his initials PW painted on the side of the fuselage - both sides. He could not resist announcing his arrival when he had been away at a conference. Flying for the day had finished and we were patiently waiting for his return. He did not follow the usual routine of asking permission to join the circuit. We knew the direction from which he was expected and as we were looking to the skies, he had his own ideas. He screamed on just above the hedges and then put his meteor into a vertical climb and followed with an amazing solo aerobatic display.

Unfortunately, for me the 'powers that be' moved personnel around from time to time and after a year at Duxford, I was transferred to Colerne in Wiltshire. The aircraft were very, very, different. Propeller aircraft, which lumbered about the sky. Although my duties were the same the excitement of RAF Duxford had gone and I looked forward eagerly to my demob in January 1955.

The day I joined the Royal Air Force

Ed.

Jimmy and I had known each other since we were eight years old and were best friends. Our families had move into the new block of flats in Islington, London in 1947. I passed Jimmy's door on the first floor as I climbed the stairs to the fourth (top) floor every day; there was no lift in our block.

We had both been members of 9F (Islington) Sqn. Air Training Corps (ATC) and were very proud of our training. We had attended three annual camps at different RAF stations. For myself, I had enjoyed seven flying experiences in Chipmunks and Ansons, plus a gliding course flying a T21 Sedbergh. I was a side drummer in the Sqn. band as was Jimmy, plus finishing up as an advanced cadet with the rank of sergeant. All this, of course was recorded in my R.A.F Form 3822 of which I was very proud, we both were. The picture shows the visiting Air Commodore addressing me with Jimmy to my left. We were both 16 years old.

Jimmy and I were the same age, even sharing birthdays within the month of January. In 1956 at the age of seventeen, knowing that we would be called up for conscription into the armed forces, we decided to join up earlier. On a rather wet early September day we took the bus to Holborn and found the RAF recruitment office at Air Ministry in Kingsway. We proudly presented ourselves before the recruitment sergeant and put



both 3822s' (our 34 page ATC Record of Service describing our achievements in the Air Training Corp) before the sergeant. He was completely dismissive of our 3822s' record of service and handed them back to us without even taking a look inside. Jimmy and I immediately turned around to show our displeasure and left the room and the building, saying, 'It's their loss not ours.' Of course, being so young we had not yet learned the valuable lesson that sometimes, pride can be a foolish thing.



Out in the wet London street we decided, hell with the RAF and set our hearts on joining the merchant navy. It was now still mid-morning. We headed off towards dockland to find the office of

recruitment for boy entrant into the merchant navy. Finally, we joined one of many long queues of men and eventually found ourselves at the front, only to be told that we were in the queue for seamen looking to get signed on to a ship. We were kindly redirected to the Merchant Navy's offices for boy entrants in the City of London at Fenchurch Street. On our arrival, we found no queues, just Jimmy and me, both wet and quite cold, standing on bare floorboards in a large empty room except for one huge desk setup high on a raised platform. We stood before a very stern and imposing officer answering his many questions and being told that the boy-entrant training was going to be very hard. His final question, as he filled in the paperwork, was our exact ages. We both replied "seventeen and eight months", at which he angrily threw us out stating that seventeen and a half was the limiting age for boy entrance and we had been wasting his time.

So back in the drizzling rain we had to hatch a new plan. "Let's join the Royal Marines" Jimmy said. How we found our way to the right place, I cannot exactly remember but searching the telephone directory in a red telephone box was probably how. Sitting before a smart Royal Marine resplendent in his uniform, we began to discuss the length of service requirement to become a Royal Marine. We suggested 3 years, he said "no," we then said "4 years" he said it had to be 9 years at least. This we could not agree to, so we left. As we descended the wide stairway we kept repeating '9 years, 9 years, 9 bloody years' we knew we wanted adventure, but 9 years! It sounded like a prison sentence.

It was now gone noon and we had got nowhere, so last resort, it will have to be the army. Finding a red telephone box and taking notes, we were on our way again in the rain. It was a bus ride or two to some-where to find the British Army recruitment building. Surely this can't possibly fail. We sat before two old soldiers, dressed in dark blue uniforms with a red strip down each trouser. It was like having a nice friendly chat with our Grand Fathers. We were taken to a typical school class room and were given 30 minutes to complete a simple test paper. Jimmy and I were the only ones' present and we finished the test paper in about half the time and were told to go over the questions again to make full use of the time allowed. This was followed by a 5-minute medical with an army doctor, then back again to meet the two old soldiers to complete our recruitment papers.

Again, length of service was up for discussion. The first old soldier said "21 years" we said "3 years". The other old soldier said "21 years with the option of coming out after any 3rd Year." This we agreed to. The two old soldiers turned the signup papers around in front of us for our signatures, handed us pens and pointed to the sunken inkwells in the desk. We dipped our pens into the inkwell and were about to sign, when suddenly they shouted "STOP" and remembered that there was one more thing needed, we each had to provide **4**

two references. We both said "what! References to join the army, you must be joking." "No," they said, "this is a very serious matter." We each provided our ATC commanding officer along with a neighbour.

Well, for two young lads, having come through the blitz of London and wanting to do our bit for Queen and country, got soaked all day in the rain, had our hope dashed by the RAF, balled out by the merchant navy, almost tempted by the Royal Marines, but finished up subject to 'references required' with the army, whom we thought took anybody with a pulse. It had been quite a day.

Within a week there came a knock on our front door, my Father opened the door to find a uniformed RAF officer, F/L Jennings from 9F Sqn. Air Training Corp requesting to see me. He had already visited Jimmy. My Father, being an ex-military man himself (warrant officer 2, army) stood to attention and invited him in.

Of course, he was quizzed as to why I wanted to join the army. I told the Flight Lieutenant the whole story, as had Jimmy earlier, two floors below. F/L Jennings made clear to both Jimmy and me to do nothing until he has made urgent enquires. He then left with a mission, as he took the training of young cadets very seriously.

About a week or two later, both Jimmy and I received a telegram from the RAF requesting us to return to Air Ministry HQ, Kingsway. When we arrived, we were given the red-carpet treatment by the officer in charge of recruitment (he was a navigator as I recall) and was well versed in our story already. We were led through to his office passing the same sergeant sitting in the main recruitment area. We were first asked if we could identify the person who had mistreated us; Jimmy and I looked at each other and said we were not too sure and could not remember. Even though we had clocked him on the way through.

We were taken through the whole recruitment process and along with many other new recruits were given a much more comprehensive educational test comprising many pages of questions from which we were all graded as to trades we could select from. I must have done well as I was offered any trade from the whole list, but was encouraged to select from the top four. The enlistment period had an impact on trade choices due to the investment in training. My first choice was engines but that required a 5-year sign on period, so I settled for radar with 4 years' service. Perhaps this varies due to the current requirements.

Some days later came the medical. You may not believe this, but just having a pulse was not the criteria. Jimmy and I arrived at the medical venue on yet another rainy day. It was now around mid-October 1956 and there were scores of chaps arriving at this very prestigious building in London. We were ushered into a large hall with a high vaulted ceiling where around the perimeter were temporary erected cubicles with open fronts each occupied by a doctor. By the way they were dressed in smart pin striped suits and some with tailed coats; they could have been all from Harley Street under coercion, fulfilling an annual chore of duty. They were certainly grumpy enough. Also, in the centre of the hall was an enclosed sound proofed cubicle made completely of glass including the door. This was where our hearing was to be tested.

We all stood single file in a large circular column and were ordered to strip naked and place our clothes on the floor. This came as a complete surprise, especially as any heating was non-existent. One by one we moved from cubicle to cubicle being prodded and poked, told to stand on one leg with our eyes closed and bring our index finger tips together. The final cubicle was the glass box wherein the doctor only spoke in whispers, which was very disconcerting. Obviously, each cubicle had a specialist in residence that had to perform his inspection on an assembly line principle, which they were not too pleased about to say the least. Finally, we were loudly ordered by an NCO to find our pile of clothes and get properly dressed.

So, having come in from the rain, shouted at, told to strip down to our birthday suits, humiliated by a whole lot of grumpy old men, I wondered if I was doing the right thing. Well, I guess we all benefited from such an amazing medical, performed by probably some of the best specialists in their fields that not much escaped their attention, and being all young men in our prime of youth most came through with flying colours as I did, but not my best pal Jimmy. He was discovered to be suffering from tuberculosis. That was the sad thing that terminated our close relationship, I went off into the RAF and Jimmy went off to hospital for surgery.

The day came for me to leave on my RAF adventure, my Mother walked with me to Kings Cross having told me that I needed nothing but the clothes I stood up in as everything I required would be given to me, except for one thing. She said "I know you don't shave yet but you will be shaving whether you need to or not" and she went into Boots the chemist to purchase a shaving brush, safety razor and soap. She handed me the brown paper bag, and without any kiss or cuddle, just a warning to behave myself, she took her bus to work and I took my bus along with my brown paper bag into the future and never looked back.

It was to be three years later on arriving home on leave from the Far East Air Force (FEAF) that I was to see my pal Jimmy get married, we spoke at length about the day I joined the Royal Air Force and he couldn't. He and his new wife went off to married life in Sidcup and I was posted to RAF Duxford, - 57 years ago. **5**

We all can remember the day we joined the RAF, so why not think back, recollect those thoughts, put them down on paper and tell your story. You will be surprised with what comes to mind by writing it all down. And when you read your own story you may want see it in these pages for others to enjoy. Ed.

Sea Hawk's Difficult Landing

Ed.

The large accommodation block known as G Block at RAF Seletar, Singapore, was located close to the runway and gave superb views from its upper floors. The north end of the runway terminated at the water's edge of the Johor Straits, a waterway, located north of Singapore, dividing mainland Peninsula Malaysia and Singapore.

One morning we awoke to a commotion going on outside over the runway concerning a Hawker Sea Hawk that had some control system failure. The Sea Hawk had notified the control tower by wagging its wing during a low pass over the runway. After flying some circuits and waiting for a response from the tower, which came after much activity in checking the two arrestor wires across the runway. These wires were attached to huge heavy chains running down both sides of the landing strip, which were designed to provide enough drag to stop the aircraft during practise landings using their arrestor hook.

The Sea Hawk could not drive down its landing gear properly. The main wheels appeared to lower O.K. but the nose wheel just swung forward and backward like a pendulum against the slipstream. The pilot tried various manoeuvres by throwing the aircraft up and down trying to lock the nose wheel but to no avail. With two arrestor wires spaced some yards apart fixed between the two chains and the fire engine and other vehicles at the ready, the tower fired its flare into the sky.



The pilot made his approach and in true carrier-landing technique, hit the runway hard with his nose high, in a last-ditch attempt to lock the nose wheel. His hook was down and it hit the tarmac and bounced over the first wire then hit the ground again and bounced over the second wire. The pilot then put the nose down which folded the offending wheel-gear up, sending him careering down the runway on two wheels and the nose with the fire engine and others following in hot pursuit. It took the whole length of the runway to stop before going into the drink. Thankfully there was no fire or explosion and no injuries to the brave pilot. Everyone was well, so all gave a cheer and went for breakfast....Just another day in paradise!!

The Apocryphal Game

64 Sqn and 65 Sqn decided to have a special football match. Special, because each team could have one professional footballer in their side. So, the call went out to invite two professionals to join the teams.

On the day of the match the first professional to arrive at the guardroom was met by a Sergeant from 64 squadron, who after introducing himself took the footballer to one side and said, "Wayne, we would like you to play for 64 squadron. You see, 65 squadron are completely rubbish at the game and they're all totally thick. So, come with me and I'll introduce you to the lads of 64 squadron who are all waiting in the hangar.

All the lads were sitting around waiting as Wayne and the Sergeant arrived, then they all gave a big cheer. The Sergeant said to Wayne that the lads on the squadron would like him to be captain for the day and Wayne happily agreed. The Sergeant then said, "So that the lads can gain even more respect for you as captain, we would like to ask you a few questions, do you mind?" Again, Wayne readily agreed.

The Sergeant said, "What is the sum of 20 + 20? Wayne thought for a while and then he said, "30." The Sergeant slowly shook his head and offered Wayne another question. "What is the sum of 15 + 15?" This time Wayne thought very hard for quite a while before announcing – "20!!" The Sergeant's eyes looked up to the hangar roof in disbelief, then staring into Wayne's eyes he said, "I'm going to give you just one more chance, do you understand? Just one more chance, and you don't have to raise your hand up any more before you can answer the question."

At this point you could've heard a pin drop. Sarge took a deep breath and slowly said, "What is the sum of 2 + 2? Wayne's eyes opened wide as he remembered 4-4-2, 4-2-4 and suchlike but this was all new to him, then with a sudden burst of insight he answered loudly – "Four." The hangar went wild, all the lads jumped up throwing their hats in the air and cried out, "Sarge, Sarge, give him another chance, please give him another chance Sarge, please!!!" Those were the days.



OLD DUX ASSOCIATION ANNUAL DINNER BOOKING FORM
 To be held at The Red Lion, Whittlesford on Saturday 13th May 2017 at 6.30pm for 7.30pm.

From.....Telephone No..... E-mail.....

The price of the dinner is £29.50p per person including wine.

As there is a choice of two dishes from each course, you are requested to make a selection from the following: -

- Starter** A: Chicken Liver and Port Parfait served with Sourdough Bread and Red Onion Jam
 B: King Prawn and Crayfish Cocktail served with Marie Rose Sauce and shredded Iceberg Lettuce
- Main** C: Corn fed Chicken Supreme, Tenderstem Broccoli, peppered Potato Cake and a rich Tomato Sauce
 D: Herb and Lemon crusted Scottish Salmon served with crushed black pepper New Potatoes and Sauce Vierge
- Dessert** E: Cambridge Burnt Cream, fresh Raspberries and served with a Vanilla Shortbread
 F: Duo of Pana cotta - Rum and Vanilla, and Milk Chocolate

Please show your selection for example: -

	A	C	F
NAME 1.....	.	.	.
NAME 2.....	.	.	.
NAME 3.....	.	.	.
NAME 4.....	.	.	.

* Please indicate any essential dietary requirements.....

* With whom would you wish to share a table?.....

* If you are attending the AGM on Sunday 14th May at 13.00 hrs.

We require your Car Registration Number.....

And names of passengers.....

Please return this form NO LATER THAN FRIDAY 17th APRIL together with full remittance
 No cheques will be banked until 3rd May, so please help us with our planning by booking as early as possible.
 Your cheque can also include subs £5 please, and £3 per person gate money for Sunday's AGM.

Send to:
 The Treasurer
 Old Dux Association
 Stan Dell
 3, John Hampden Way
 Prestwood
 Great Missenden
 Bucks. HP16 9DY

Telephone Number: - 01494 863428
 E-mail: - janstandell1@btinternet.com

It is regretted that cancellations after the 4th May cannot be refunded.