

NAVAL EIGHT 208 NEWS 2006

The Annual Newsletter of Naval Eight/208 Squadron Association



Naval Eight is Ninety Years Old

Just in case it might have escaped your notice, Number 208 is celebrating its 90th Birthday - or more correctly, its antecedent, Naval Squadron Number 8, is celebrating its 90th Birthday. Ninety years of Naval Eight/208. That is a tremendous event and one of which we should all be rightly proud.

As is mentioned elsewhere, your Editor has been doing this job for thirty years this year and the picture below was one of his first as the new Hon Secretary back in October 1976. That picture is of a tremendous achievement also, for its restoration was the undertaking of Desmond St Cyrien and here it is seen flying at RAF Honington, when we celebrated our 60th Anniversary. The pilot was the late Neil Williams, former British and European Aerobatics Champion.

This very Sopwith Pup was in the first batch of aircraft to be allocated to Naval Eight and was flown in to le Vert Galant, near Amiens by Flight Commander ER Grange, arriving there on October 26th. After a major effort to persuade Doug Arnold, owner of Blackbushe, where Desmond St Cyrien kept the aircraft, to allow us to take it to Honington, Neil decided that, after seeing it fully rigged for flight, he would fly it on Saturday 26th October, sixty years to the day after it arrived at le Vert Galant - and Rochford Grange was there at Honington to see it. Sadly, we won't see it flying again, as it now belongs to the RAF Museum collection, but 208 will hopefully fare well for another Ninety!





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N8/208 Rumblings

The President's Foreword:

This year is a special year for Naval Eight/208 Squadron as we celebrate the 90th anniversary of the formation of the squadron. During the Summer of 1916, the Admiralty agreed to reinforce the RFC, then hard pressed on the Somme, by the loan of one squadron. Each of the three existing RNAS Wings provided one flight for the new unit and on 26th October 1916 No 8 Squadron RNAS was formed at Le Vert Galant. Known as "Naval 8", it was commanded by Squadron Commander G R Bromet (later AVM Sir Geoffrey Bromet, KBE, CB, DSO, RAF) and was equipped initially with a mixture of Sopwith Pups, Nieuport Scouts and Sopwith 1 1/2 Strutters.

In order to celebrate this memorable anniversary in style there was an Open Day at RAF Valley on 2nd June 2006 and there will be a special Reunion Dinner on 28th October 2006 to be held at the RAF Club, in London. Following on from Roy Bowie, who enthralled the 2005 Reunion Dinner with tales of daring-do during the Palestine Crisis, we have invited Gp Capt (Retd) "Twinkle" Storey to recount stories of his time on 208 Squadron in the transition from the Spitfire to the Meteor. Also AVM John Ponsoby, Air Officer Commanding Training Group, will bring us right up-to-date with his perspective on what might lie ahead for 208 Squadron in the next 90 years!

There have been a few changes to the Committee, with Ron White standing down as Treasurer after 35 years of service. The Committee agreed that this service should not go unrecognised and thus Ron was offered and accepted a Life Vice-Presidency. At the same time the Committee thought it appropriate to honour another of our long standing supporters, and thus Sid Jefford was also offered a Life Vice-Presidency of the Association; he accepted only so long as he could continue as the Hurricane/Spitfire Chapter Member! Ron has been replaced by Paul Smith as Treasurer – a warm welcome to Paul. In addition, Wg Cdr Paul Comer has stood down as Hawk Chapter Member and has been replaced by Wg Cdr Neil Meadows.

I am very pleased to report that the membership of the Association is very healthy, with around 420 members – an increase of about 30 from last year. Most of the new members (43 in total) are in the Hunter Chapter, thanks to sterling work by Dave Gill, John Crank and others in the Hunter Chapter – a very warm welcome to all.

The attempt to obtain a full set of the miniatures of the AVM Sir Geoffrey Bromet medals failed as the leads given by both the Polish and Czech Embassies in London, came to naught. However, all is not lost as we hope to have replicas made so that we can complete the full collection and put them on display in time for the 90th Anniversary celebrations.

The annual Newsletter goes from strength to strength and, I think all will agree, is of excellent quality – very many thanks to David Styles for his hard work. David even managed to get the Newsletter printed for free and thus we are able to send it to members at no cost (other than postage). As long as this situation remains we will have no financial problems, but the Committee will keep a close eye on things and report to the membership if circumstances change.

Finally, I hope you enjoy this edition of the Naval 8/208 Squadron Newsletter and I look forward to seeing and meeting as many of you as possible either at the Open Day at RAF Valley on 2nd June and/or at the next Reunion Dinner on 28th October.

Ed Lines:

I'm hoping that this year, you'll have your Newsletter during the month of July and as I write this editorial note, I'm happy to say we're pretty much on target and you will see in these pages something of the celebrations held at RAF Valley on 2nd June. I'm only sorry I was unable to be there myself, but summer exams at Loughborough intruded.

This Ninetieth Anniversary Edition co-incides with a significant milestone in my Naval Eight/208 Editorial career, for this is my thirtieth edition of the Naval Eight/208 Newsletter. I remember the first one was printed by the printer who used to do work for Sir Geoffrey Bromet (and occasionally Hawker Siddeley) and in those days, we used to have printed Reunion tickets as well - all free, thanks in no small part to Ian Craig, who was my predecessor as Hon Secretary! That first newsletter was printed double sided on two sheets of A4, with a third being used to list those present and those unable to attend and to provide the booking slip, not much changed to this day. Since those days, we have gone through occasional printed issues and photocopied issues, switching fairly early in my career to folded A3 sheets. Two years ago, Training Group at RAF Innsworth, produced a magnificent new design and did the print job for us, but sadly were unable to continue. Last year, my good friend and printer of the Riley Register Bulletin (of which I am Editor), Malcolm Green of M & B Print, generously said he would print the Newsletter for us - and I am very pleased to tell you that he has printed this issue for us, too. I do all the pre-press work and design and he prints it.

The Newsletter has come a long way in these thirty years and I admit to great pride in my association with it, but it would be nothing without the contributions from you, the members - please keep them coming. Thankyou and enjoy what you see and read.



Naval Eight/208 People:

Wg Cdr Alasdair Beaton (RAuxAF) (Bucc 1983-84) – OC 603 (City of Edinburgh) Squadron has recently climbed Mount Kilimanjaro (on the eve of his 58th birthday) to raise money for Maggie's Cancer Care Centres. In his "spare" time Al is a captain with EasyJet.

Tony (Burters) Burtenshaw (Bucc 1985-88) now lives in Kent (renovating an old cottage) and flies for Monarch Airlines

Tim (TC) Couston (Bucc 1986-91) left the RAF in 2003 and lives in Devon and flies B757/B767 for Britannia Airways from Cardiff.

Wg Cdr Nigel Clifford (Hawk 2003-05) has moved to New Zealand to join the Royal New Zealand Air Force, where he is pushing paper behind a desk!

Sqn Ldr John Deane (Bucc 1977-80) is about to retire from the RAF and go and work for BAE Systems in Dhahran in Saudi Arabia.

Ted Erskine-Leggett (Meteor) has moved to a new address in Auckland, NZ – Details are available from the Membership Sec.

John (Fras) Fraser (Bucc 1991-94) flies the Airbus for My Travel, but will reconvert back to the B767 in 2006, and is based in Glasgow.

Wg Cdr Neil Meadows (Hawk 2000-03) has been to the Squadron old hunting grounds of Iraq. He was serving in Baghdad as the Chief of the Air Cell of the Coalition Military Assistance and Training Team between July 2005 and January 2006.

Rick Page (Bucc 1983-86) has moved internally in BA from B737 to B777 as a training captain. He lives in Chichester.

Desmond Penrose, (Meteor 1952-55) Meteor Chapter Representative, carried out his last display in a Tiger Moth in May 2005 for the Shuttleworth Collection at the age of 75 years old. He has been displaying the Tiger Moth for 43 years!! Whilst he no longer displays at the Shuttleworth Collection he is still displaying – 50 years not out. Beat that if you can!

Air Cdre (Retd) Graham Pitchfork (Medals Member - Bucc 1979-81) has written a new book entitled "Shot Down and in the Drink. RAF and Commonwealth aircrews saved from the sea, 1939-1945". The book recounts 40 real-life stories of survival and endurance – well worth a read. It is available from: The National Archives, Kew, Surrey, TW9 4DU. (Phone: 020 8392 5271)

Steve (Priv) Privett (Bucc 1983-86) is a training captain for Air 2000 and lives in Amersham.

David Styles (Editor and Historian) not only celebrates thirty years of editing Naval Eight/208 News this year, but last year's International Automotive Media Conference brought his total of international awards for his writings and illustrations in the automotive media world to thirty, too, with a pair of silver medals for an article he wrote and illustrated about Riley.

Terry Summers (Bucc 1980-83) lives in New Zealand and flies Saab SF340 aircraft for a regional airline called Air Nelson out of Auckland.

Wg Cdr Redvers (Red) Thompson (Bucc 1985-86) is serving on an exchange tour (a second one!!) in the US at Hurlburt Field in Florida, where he is Deputy Commander of the 505th Training Group, which is responsible for all the USAF's Command and Control training.

Wg Cdr Dave (T-R) Trembaczowski-Ryder (Bucc 1981-84 & 1988-1990) has moved jobs (300 yds down the road) to the UK Permanent Representation to the European Union (aka the UK Embassy to the EU) and has been working directly for the President before he retired from the Royal Air Force.

Ray (Bob) White (Spitfire 1945-46) still gets in to the front seat of a friend's Stearman aircraft – it has dual controls but as he was USA trained who knows who is actually flying the thing?

Wg Cdr Ron (Wildpig) Wilder (Bucc 1980-86) – another one off to the USA – this time to Norfolk, Virginia.

New/Returned Members:

A number of new/returned members have joined/rejoined the Association; they are:

R Anstead (1958-59)	Hunter
Tony Bavin (1958-59)	Hunter
P Belt	Hunter (1958-59)
J Burford	Hunter (1958-59)
Tony Burtenshaw	Bucc (1985-88)
J Camplin	Hunter (1958-59)
D Clark	Hunter (1958-59)

R Cook	Hunter (1958-59)
Tim Couston	Bucc (1986-91)
Fritz Davidson	Bucc (1975-78)
A Davis	Hunter (1958-59)
B Edson	Hunter (1958-59)
Peter Fenlon-Smith	Bucc (1983-87)
J Fotheringham	Hunter (1958-59)
D Goodwins	Hunter (1958-59)
A Gilfillan	Hunter (1958-59)
D Greer	Hunter (1958-59)
Norman Haffenden	Unknown
A Hamnet	Hunter (1958-59)
R Howland (1958-59)	Hunter
Wg Cdr Mark Jeffery	Bucc (1987-90)
E Laidler	Hunter (1958-59)
John Manley	Meteor
L McDonald	Hunter (1958-59)
A Meadows	Hunter (1958-59)
C Musselwhite	Hunter (1958-59)
John Myers	Bucc (1975-78)
R Offord	Hunter (1958-59)
C Osborne	Hunter (1958-59)
Steve Privett	Bucc (1983-86)
D Rumbleiow	Meteor
T Smart	Hunter (1958-59)
F Smith	Hunter (1958-59)
G Smith	Hunter (1958-59)
P Sweet	Hunter (1958-59)
Martin Taylor	Bucc (1977-80)
Wg Cdr Red Thompson	Bucc (1985-86)
Wg Cdr Malcolm Ward	Bucc (1980-83)
R Ward	Hunter (1958-59)
P Webb	Hunter (1958-59)
L Wedlock	Hunter (1958-59)
Air Cdre (retd) David Wilby	Bucc (1976-79)
Wg Cdr Ron Wilder	Bucc (1980-86)

Contact Has Been Re-established With:

H Larkman (1958-59)	Hunter
Mike Loosely	Bucc (1983-88)
Brian S Mahaffey	Bucc (1987-89)
B W Weskett	Meteor (1953-56)

Lost Contact:

The Association has lost contact with a number of Members, as of time of going to press (Jun 06). If you have any knowledge of their whereabouts please let the Membership Secretary know. They are:

K S Aitken	Unknown
John Allwood	Spitfire (48)
Neil Devine	Bucc (89-94)
G Elliss	Unknown
Dave Gaskin	Bucc (79-87)
G Mason	Bucc (93-94)
Kevin O'Neill	Bucc (80+81)
T Pearce	Unknown
P Thompson	Unknown
Harold Wood	Hurricane (41-43)
Dave Wigglesworth	Hawk (94-97)

Extracts from Letters/Emails to the Chairman:

Ray (Bob) White (Spitfire 1945-46) says to tell Roy Bowie that according to some info and a photo that came his way, parts from the wreckage of his Spitfire Mk 9 RK857 (one of those that was almost destroyed on the night of 25th February 1946 by Jewish Terrorists), eventually became a part of one of the Spitfire flown by the pilots of the Chel Ha'Avir during Roy's time over Israel.)

E A (Ted) Thompson (Spitfire 1944-46) tells that on the centre pages of the 2005 Newsletter there is a picture of an officer standing alongside the Spitfire Mk IX dispersal at the metal-plated airfield at Campi, near Florence. He is Flight Lieutenant Roger St. Clair Fearon DFC, who subsequently became the flight commander of "A" Flight. He was notorious in England post war in connection with missing/murdered au pair girls. Subsequently in Australia he called out the police only for the police to find him shot dead on arrival, along with a the body of a woman alongside him. Unbelievable! On the Squadron he was a real gentleman, non-drinking, non-smoking, happily married (apparently), rather straight-laced. It just shows, you never know!

Ted recalls how Titch Bullen was the shortest man on the Squadron in 1945/46. He had to raise his seat to the uppermost limit and still needed a cushion under his parachute. He was the complete opposite to Roger Fearon, who was 6 ft 7ins tall.

Peter Sanders has written with some more stories of his time on 208 in 1947/8, when the Squadron was based at Ein-Shemer in Palestine and flying the Spitfire Mark FR XVIII. He remembers Roy Bowie well, who was the guest speaker last year. Peter recalls that the Squadron still had pilots who had been one of "The Few" – such as Sqn Ldr Ambrose, as well as a Fit Lt

Hughes who had seen active service in the Battle of Malta. Even though the role of the Squadron was to intercept immigrant ships, he remembers that there was what appeared to be an element of a superior flying club about the proceedings. Flying began at 9 am for formal formation flying and general exercises, which ended at about 10.30 am. After the pilots de-briefed and had had coffee they launched again for the pilots to hone their skills – Peter suspects that they did this by doing aerobatics and low flying around Haifa Bay! The "erks" had reveille at 5.30 am and were marched down to the flight line in time to start work at 7 am. They finished their duties at 1300 hours, with the rest of the day free. They were armed with a rifle and 10 rounds that they carried everywhere. The Squadron Flight Line was far away from Station HQ, and so very rarely saw senior officers. There was no strict regime whilst working and the dress code was relaxed – KD shorts, no shirt or hat, and socks rolled down. They got their knees brown with a vengeance! Life at the time was not complicated by having any WAAFs on the station; they could concentrate on their work! Otherwise the competition for their favours would have been enormous and might have caused a dip in morale (never was so few chased by so many!).

On a trip to Zanzibar everyone was told to be on their best behaviour as they were to be inspected by the Sultan and his wives. Being full-blooded males they were anticipating his consorts to be like Dorothy Lamour. Much to their chagrin and disappointment they turned up wearing the all-enclosing black Islamic dress with only their eyes showing. As they were all 5 foot tall and just as wide the interest dissolved pretty quickly.



Since the last Newsletter and Reunion, we regret to have to report the passing of the following Association members:-

C B Black DFC
Wg Cdr Dave Bye
Mike Castle
A Cornah
Bert Davidson
G E Field
Chris Granville-White

Unknown
Bucc (81-84)
Spitfire (45-46)
Hunter (58-59)
Spitfire (44-45)
Unknown
Hunter (63-64)

J R Hawes
Brian Lewis
T D Scott
Jimmy (J E) Shaw
H J Skane
A Sliman
Alex Tarwid

Meteor
Hunter (59-61)
Spitfire (45-46)
Spitfire/Meteor (49-51)
Unknown
Hunter (58-59)
Hunter

The Naval Eight 208 Reunion 2006

The Annual Reunion Dinner will take place on Saturday 28th October 2006 at the Royal Air Force Club, 128 Piccadilly, London W1V 0PY. Dress is lounge suits and Members may bring a guest or guests. It is important that the name of your guest(s) is on the booking slip and that you indicate your period of service with the Squadron for the seating plan. Seating will be based on the Chapters. Timing is 6.30 pm for 7.30 pm and the cost this year remains £32.50p per head.

Tickets will not be issued - but contact the Secretary (details below) for any last minute changes.

The menu for the Dinner is:

Smoked * Salmon

Rib Eye of Beef with Yorkshire Pudding

Chocolate Gateaux

Coffee and petits fours

To reserve your place, please complete the tear-off slip on Page 12

On a Bright Summer's Day.....

by the late LC Gilmour



This is the story of Lt. LC Gilmour, who accepted a commission in the Canadian Infantry and was attached to the RAF. He was posted to 208 Squadron and was captured on July 31st 1918. He recounts here the story of his capture and the aftermath. The picture is pretty poor, but it is the only one we have, so here it is....

On the morning of July 31st I had just finished a tasty breakfast consisting of Shredded Wheat, biscuits with cream, fried ham and eggs, marmalade, buttered toast and coffee when my flight commander told us to jump into our machines as there happened to be a little excitement over the lines. I had my slacks on at the time, but rather than keep the rest waiting, I pulled my long flying boots over these, put on my leather coat, climbed into my machine, and "suck in" "contact" a wave of the hand and opening of the throttle and time adjustment and we were off.

It was a beautiful sunny morning, but unfortunately no clouds, which later would have proved invaluable to me. We were over the lines at between 10,000 & 12,000 feet and had patrolled from Bethune to a distance somewhat South of Lens. We had been out about one hour and a quarter and although quite a way East so far had encountered no Huns. We were going directly South and East of Lens when the flight turned completely around to the right going then straight North. I was flying on the outside right and this complete change of direction left me a little behind. I put my nose down to regain my position, at the same time I spotted three machines flying above and across my flight commander's nose bound Southeast. At first I mistook them for Bristols and before I could decide exactly what they were, two of them turned nose on for me at the same time opening fire. I could see plainly the long swish of smoke left in the trail of the fast approaching bullets, at the same time the two machines were gaining on me. I did my best by climbing, turning in different directions to out-manoeuvre them, but unfortunately they seemed to have me at a sad disadvantage.

To make things worse the rest of my flight did not seem to realise the position I was in for the last I saw of them they were flying peacefully along due North. When I fully realised I could not escape the two machines, I turned my nose to the right intending to zoom and fire a burst, but before I had finished my turn, a burst from the enemy guns caught my petrol tank. I was immediately flooded in petrol, it even got in behind my goggles and for a few seconds I could not see. After I saw my pressure tank was gone I turned on to gravity. My engine sputtered a little, but did not pick up. The one burst had done in both my tanks.

During all this the bullets were coming like hail stones, penetrating the cockpit of my machine, but none hitting me. I saw that my only chance for escape with engine gone was to spin. I spun down 2,000 feet, came out, and my machine was hit again. I hear the ping ping as the bullets pass over my head. I immediately put my machine into another spin, coming out after another 3,000 ft to find one of the enemy machines still following me.

They were making certain, whether lame duck or not, I was not going to have a chance of escaping them. I could see the double tail-plane of my pursuer (since then I heard these machines were called Hanovarian. I must say they were quite fast for a two-seater).

By this time my one pursuer opened up on me again. It was Providence alone that saved my life, for never before had I realised what a rain of bullets was. I was dizzy from spinning and sick with fumes of petrol, but once again I put my machine into a spin, coming out only in time to land. Strange to say with the exception of making a mess of some German wireless wires and telegraph wires I made one of the best landings since I began flying.

I had barely reached the ground when my machine was surrounded by soldiers, the majority had their rifles and I expected them at any moment to open fire. They closed in on me before I could alight from my machine, so my chance of burning it was nil: besides, in my spin I had lost my lighter in the bottom of the cockpit. It takes some time to describe all this, but it all happened in a twinkling of the eye. Even when I climbed out of my machine I was still soaking in petrol. It was fortunate for me the machine did not light or I would have been burned in a second.

An under-officer and two soldiers marched me away from my machine and over into a little stone house used as an orderly room. I found out that I came down by a little village called Estevelles, about six miles East of Lens. If the enemy had not given chase to me after doing in my engine, I could, with luck, have got back over the lines. I have often thought of that and regretted it could not have been so. I was kept in this little orderly room from about noon until 3:30 PM. I was driven in some kind of a shabby cart a distance of about three or four miles. On the way there I passed within sight of my machine in the exact place I had landed. It made me sad to see it and to know that never again during the war could I realise the excitement I daily had in it.

From the second place I was taken by a sentry with revolver a distance of about five miles, which I had to walk in my flying boots. The latter were very comfortable for their specified work, but walking along uneven roads they were very hard on my feet.

After being interviewed by a divisional officer I was marched with a sentry to a place called (I think) Phelmagne. Here we took a train for Lille. This was my first experience of being paraded around like a polar bear on a chain. I was squeezed into a compartment supposed to hold about seven but, counting myself, we had fourteen besides the big pack of the German soldiers equipment. I felt relieved when at last we pulled into Lille Station. A beautiful, large depot it is, too. Lille is the fifth largest city in France and before the war, quite an important one. The platform was crowded with German soldiers. At that time, I must admit that seeing so many almost made me feel down-hearted, although I was doing my best to keep cheerful under all conditions. Marching away from the station with my guard I met quite a number of French civilians who had remained in their homes during the German advance of 1914. I got many a friendly smile in passing these people, and it helped a lot to cheer me up. I was marched from the Station to the old French Citadel. Here I was searched. It was in this room that I wrote my first card home. When it arrived at its destination, so far I do not know. During all this time I had only a cup of tea at the place of my capture and I certainly felt hungry. I was marched up an old flight of stairs inside a courtyard to my cell. It was a small room with double barred windows looking out into the courtyard. With the exception of an old table and five iron beds, there was no other furniture of any kind in the room. When my sentry closed and locked the door it was nine o'clock. I lay down on my bed and fell asleep on my first night in captivity.

My first night of being a prisoner of war will always be very vivid in my mind. Although so tired and weary I could not go to sleep. The whole night I gave myself up to thought - thinking "If I had only done this or that I might still be free". Besides my thoughts to keep me awake, there was the never ceasing tread of my armed guard outside my cell. About eight o'clock a German orderly brought me in some coffee. I will never forget my first taste of this. I believe it is made from acorns. At least I know it is a substitute for coffee and is very poor stuff. At noon I had my first bowl of soup. I did not eat it the first day, but on the second day I was not quite as particular.

For nine days and nine nights I was alone in my prison room. I spent the anniversary of the fourth day of war there, August 4th 1918, and for want of something to do, I inscribed my name on the stone ledge of the window. During the time spent at Lille the city was under the heaviest bombardment that I have yet witnessed. For three nights in succession, our machines dropped bombs near Lille, and this explosion of these combined with the noise of the "Archie" Batteries was deafening.

After nine days alone, I was put into another room with two other officers. I never realised before what it was like to have someone to speak to. One of the officers was a chap by the name of Shell. He was in the same training Squadron in England as myself. The other officer was from the Infantry and had been captured during a daylight patrol. His name was Pearson. We were together only a few days before we were sent to Germany.

Taking the train at Lille with our guards the afternoon of August 4th, I remember before getting into the train I saw a number of British Tommy prisoners who were used by the Germans for carrying baggage, etc. I told them to keep their spirits up as we were starting a big advance.

We had a very uncomfortable journey to Karlsruhe. We rode all the way third and fourth class and subjected to many insults by train officials and

German soldiers. We changed trains at a place called Saarbrücken and had to wait in a building filled with soldiers who were lying asleep all over the floor. The three of us dropped off to sleep here, and while asleep we had three loaves of bread stolen. This meant quite a bit to us as our journey was taking three days. Passing into Alsace & Lorraine we saw some very beautiful scenery. Such a contrast from Northern France which is nothing but a heap of ruins. Many a pretty little farm lay dotted along the railroad line and everything seemed so peaceful.

Arriving at Metz, we were taken into a lunch room adjoining the Station. I sold my flying gloves for five marks and bought us each some sausage and boiled string beans. This was the first thing resembling a meal I had had since my capture. We had changed trains at Metz and this had necessitated a delay of about three hours, which we spent in a little room off the main waiting room. During our short stay at Metz we were enabled to note the considerable damage done in the vicinity of the Depot by our bombing machines, and all along the line we observed numerous places that had been visited by our night flyers.

After a very tiresome journey we reached Karlsruhe on Sunday afternoon at 3PM. Leaving the Station we noticed where one wall had nearly collapsed by an explosion of one of our bombs dropped the night before. We were marched from the Station a distance of about one mile to an out of date Hotel used for an officer's prison. On entering this we were put in separate rooms and for three days were all alone, living on a small ration of German black bread and soup. On the third day I was taken before an Intelligence officer who tried his best to obtain information from me. I can here state that he learned little for his trouble.

On the morning of the fourth day I received news that at 2pm I would be taken with the other officers to a camp within the city limits of Karlsruhe. At 2pm we were duly marched to our new camp and on entering it our spirits rose on account of seeing so many more British officers. Here we were all searched, our flying coat, boots, goggles, etc. were taken away from us. In return I got a miserable, ill-fitting pair of second hand boots three sizes too large. After the searching was over we were shown to our rooms. These were cheaply fitted up, eight officers in a hut. When this was finished we were allowed to explore our new camp. I met quite a few people I knew before and was invited out to tea. How delighted I was once again to drink real English tea, the first for nearly three weeks. The taste still lingers. The officers at this camp were quite comfortable. The huts were not very clean, but the grounds were very comfortable. Long rows of trees and oceans of fresh air. What a contrast from being caged up like a bird.

The following day I drew emergency rations from the British Help Committee. These consisted of a little cheese, tea, bully beef dripping and biscuits. I never appreciated food before as I did then, or since.

In this camp, besides a library, we were fortunate in having two billiard tables as well as a little theatre and church on Sunday. It was through this camp that all British officers passed before proceeding to a permanent camp. During my stay here I met quite a number of friends, besides making new ones. The German rations were insufficient to feed one, but with the emergency rations from the Red Cross we were able to exist quite comfortably. I used to save my potatoes and carrots when I got them and mix

them up with Bully Beef, make a pie crust of crumbled biscuits and send it to the cook house. In this way I usually had three meat pies a week.

We had two roll calls, one at 11am and one at 9pm. During the day we had lots of time at our disposal. About half the camp consisted of about 150 British officers. The rest were French and Italian. While at Karlsruhe I met a French officer who was kind enough to give me lessons in his language. Each day we put in an hour together. I was getting on quite well when the time came for me to be moving on to another camp.

On many different occasions while I was there, Karlsruhe was visited by our machines. Long before they reached us, the sirens gave the warning of the air raid. You could here the people in the streets running for shelter and shouting "Flieger come, flieger come". Then for about an hour all would be quiet. Trams and all traffic would be stopped. One afternoon we counted nine machines right over our heads at a height of about 12,000 feet. We also saw German machines going after them, but they always managed to stay a safe distance from them. During raids the German officers always made us go inside. It was not for our safety, but for fear of our cheering, which we did at every opportunity.

I remained at Karlsruhe from August 16th until Sept 17th when thirty flying officers, including myself, were marched to the Station under an armed escort, taking the train for Landshut in Bavaria. During the trip I was fortunate enough to travel in a second class carriage, the first time since my capture. We had an uneventful trip, but the morning of the 18th, while still en-route, we were at one point able to see quite clearly the peaks of the Alps in Switzerland. The distance we did not know, but we all felt that given the least chance for escape, we would do our best to get to Switzerland and freedom.

At about 3pm we pulled into Munich, the capital of Bavaria. Here we left the train and had some refreshment, consisting of the usual Hun stuff, although it was a little better than we usually got. We left Munich about 5pm arriving at Landshut about nine o'clock. Here we were formed in fours, counted at least ten times, and marched off to the camp. During our journey we were led to believe we were going to a permanent camp. Imagine our disappointment when we arrived there to find nothing but a collection of small huts. Surrounded by barbed wire with sentries on every side with fixed bayonets and loaded rifles. We were all huddled into one of these huts like so many sheep and every one of us tired out. We had to sleep all night on straw ticks, but were even glad of these. In the morning we were searched in turn, all our clothes, uniform, underwear, in fact every stitch of our own was taken away from us. In return, we were given underwear nearly in rags made of cotton, also a blue suit with stripes up the back like a convict. We were a sorry looking crowd when we were all equipped. We were taken to another hut with thirty beds in it. We were here allotted each a bed. After leaving Karlsruhe we felt this change very much. The food was bad and very little of it. Meat once a week if we were lucky. We were in this part of the camp for a week and during this time we were inoculated five times and vaccinated once. One thing I will admit, the German doctor was very good, but the rest of the German officials were very mean. The Commandant was a Prussian and of the caste-in-the-dye breed. Since the Armistice I have heard he was put under arrest.....



Long-Lost Friends

by Reg Porritt





For sixty years I did not know what had happened to two of my best friends on the squadron who were shot down in 1945, just three weeks before VE Day.

The mystery was solved in May 2005 whilst on a short visit to Italy. They had been brought back to Florence, where we had been based at the time, and laid to rest in the English War Graves cemetery, four miles east of the city, alongside the River Arno.

John Hanes had been detailed to perform a "Recon" in the La Spezia sector, which was 90% 4,000 metre mountains, overgrown with a thick

covering of trees. Bob English was his "Weaver" or in US 5th Army terms, to whom we were seconded, known as his "Wingman".

The squadron mounted several missions over the area in an endeavour to locate the crash site, without success. On the 14th April, we were ordered forward to Bologna before any further news could be obtained.

It is just possible to see the two blue pennants covered in plastic on small bamboo canes which were done on site, giving a few personal details and our squadron number.



A Flight to Remember

about Sid Jefford



The photograph on the left is of long-standing Committee Member, Hurricane/Spitfire Chapter Representative Sid Jefford, walking back from the flight line at RAF Valley with Wing Commander Nigel Clifford after taking to the air in a Hawk.

Sid had long nursed the ambition to go up in a Hawk and, having been made a Life Vice-President of the Association, Nigel helped him fulfil that ambition.

Sid served with 208 Squadron for one of the longest periods of service with a single squadron. He saw service in the Western Desert and Greece - and back to the Western Desert. He worked in the Squadron Workshops, with Lysanders when he first came to 208. The Lysander went to Greece and the whole Squadron was destroyed there, leaving most personnel with the task of finding their own way back, via Crete, to Egypt.

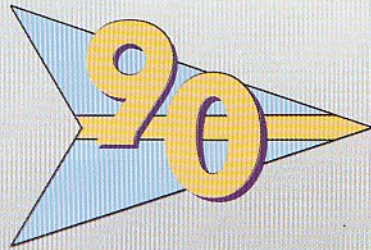
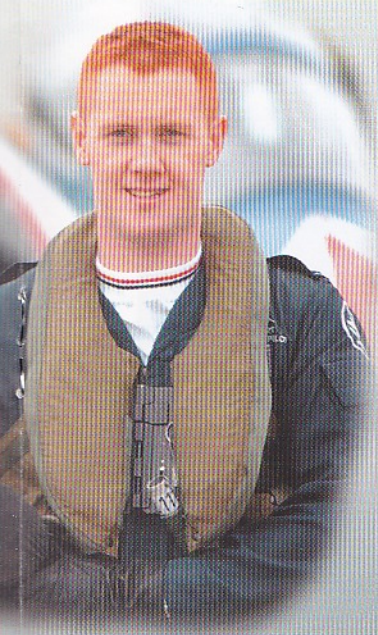
The next aircraft type in Sid's experience was the Hurricane, then the Tomahawk ("Though thankfully not for long", he said) and finally, the Spitfire in its varying and bewildering range of Marks (V, IX, LFIXe, XVI). Asked if he'd do the Hawk flight again, Sid said "Certainly would!" - and he's over eighty! That's the spirit of 208.



Naval Eight / 208 in Pictures



The year 2006 is the 90th Birthday year of Naval Eight - that - the background picture is of a 208th Hawk, which co-incidentally marks the 75th anniversary between 208 and 4FTS goes back a long way. Heliopolis, 208's home base then, to train pilot squadrons. The pilot of this year's Solo Hawk is pictured directly above. To the left of Martin is the first aircraft to join Naval Eight, Sopwith Pup. The 60th Anniversary celebrations at Honington featured a Sopwith Triplane of 1917, marked in Naval Eight's 90th Anniversary Hawk and 75th 4FTS Hawk. A Buccaneer shot taken by the Editor in 1980.



of Naval Eight and this montage illustrates
08 Hawk dressed up as the Solo Aerobatic
75th Anniversary of Number 4FTS. The link
long time, too, as 4FTS was formed at
ain pilots locally for the Middle East based
Hawk is 208 Squadron's Flt Lt Martin Pert,
artin is a picture by the Editor of one of the
Pup N5182, caught by the camera at 208's
ington in 1976. Below that is a reproduction
aval 8's colours. To the right below are the
Hawk at the top of a loop, while top right is
in 1978 with Philip Pinney in the front seat.

2005 Guest of Honour - Roy Bowie

I joined 208 with Tim McElhaw in February 1947 when it was based at Ein Shemer on the coast of Palestine some 20 miles south of Haifa. At the time the squadron was filling up with post war trained pilots mostly on short service commissions. Apart from the CO and Flight Commanders we were all first tourists with an average age of 21, so FR experience was very limited but enthusiasm was high as most were looking for a PC and a career in the RAF. Before arriving we had been briefed that the security situation was a bit fraught and we were ordered to be armed at all times. The night before we arrived the airfield had been subjected to an ineffectual mortar attack but it did emphasise that there was a serious threat. As a result we never left the camp at night and during the day only on duty, to go swimming at the guarded beach or to play sport at another unit. We normally travelled in convoy of at least two vehicles—a bit like present day Basra with the same threat of roadside bombs—We had Arab batmen and mess staff but contact with the Jewish population was practically nil. You might think morale would have suffered living under these restrictions, but it didn't – we had plenty to keep ourselves busy. Flying from 7am to 1pm, sports /swimming in the afternoon and quite a lively mess life in the evening, as you would expect from 2 Fighter Squadrons, a Lancaster Squadron and a Regiment Armoured Car Squadron.

We were equipped initially with Mark IXs a bit of a come down as we had flown Mark XIVs at OTU' but by April 1947 that had been rectified and we were given brand new Mark XVIII's. We carried out normal FR training plus bombing, gunnery and fighter affiliation but we did have two tasks which allowed us unlimited low flying. The first was a pipeline patrol from the Haifa almost to the Iraqi border, and the second to recce the entire length of the Palestine coast from Egypt to Lebanon, looking for any illegal immigrant ships which had eluded the Lancaster and Naval patrols – I think only one or two did!!

In August 1947 we were given an early Christmas present in the shape of an invitation to tour East Africa in September on a goodwill mission. We just could not believe our luck—a country untouched by war, no rationing, no security problems and a friendly hospitable population. There was also the prospect of some challenging cross-country flying over a variety of terrain. It was obvious that our route from Fayid to Wadi Halfa, Khartoum, Juba and Kisumu could not be flown on internals so we had to carry 90 gallon overload tanks which gave us over three hours endurance. We visited Nairobi, Nakuru, Entebbe where we opened the new airfield (interesting to note that in Idi Amin's time another group flew down from Israel to close it!!) Mombasa, Tanga, Daar es Salaam and Zanzibar where we met the Sultan. We had been told that both air and ground crews were to be issued with white overalls for the tour and were looking forward to getting those flashy pre-war flying overalls. What we got were naval stokers boiler suits- an overnight tailoring job at Fayid saw collars, shoulder straps, belts and map pockets added so at 5 yards they did not look to bad. In Zanzibar at the Residents reception at his beach house two elderly ladies were enthusing about our smart white overalls and one added "and they have all got white swimming trunks". Fortunately she was short sighted as our ground crew were indulging in some skinny dipping further up the beach

We returned to Ein Shemer having enjoyed the most tremendous hospitality and friendship wherever we landed and confident that we had upheld the good name of the RAF

The security situation continued to deteriorate as the end of the Mandate approached, and the British Forces started to pull back into the Haifa Enclave, which was to be the final port of embarkation. As soon as we pulled out the Arabs and the Jews tried to move in and take over, resulting in fighting.



We left Ein Shemer and went to Ramat David - taking the bar stocks with us !! - and sent half of 208 and 32 to Nicosia while the remainder of us stayed to cover the final stages of the withdrawal to Haifa. We had four aircraft on standby every afternoon but were only called out on one occasion when trouble broke out between the Jews in Tel Aviv and the Arabs in Jaffa .The brief was to pick the biggest building between the two and strafe it. It turned out to be the Bat Yam Brewery!! Apparently we stopped the fighting - and the beer production!!

We were due to leave Ramat David for Cyprus on 22 May and had arranged to carry out a final recce of all the trouble spots before we left . We awoke to hear aircraft engines and Tim McElhaw got up and looked out of the door ,came back in rather fast and said we were being bombed !! Seconds later the first of them went off in the aircraft park and we all started running to the aircraft . As the attackers came back we all started looking for shelter but there was precious little!! We got two aircraft airborne from the few that were undamaged but the attackers were long gone and we didn't know who they were or where they had come from. ...Two of us got airborne and set up a patrol line south of the airfield. We suddenly got a call from the tower telling us they were under attack so we raced back and picked up two Egyptian Spitfires over the airfield. We told the tower and the CO came on the RT and told us to shoot them down which we did !! As we landed back another three Spitfires appeared ,one of whom got a direct hit on one of our Dakotas . Our airfield patrol soon engaged them and Tim McElhaw accounted for two of them. The third was engaged by a Regiment gunner with a Bren gun and was seen leaving a stream of Glycol behind and crashed some distance south. We had to delay our departure for a day but made it to Cyprus without further alarms.

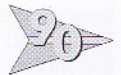
We stayed in Cyprus to complete an APC and were then

sent to Fayid. The reason became apparent when in December a group of Egyptian aircraft suddenly threw themselves on our airfield saying that the Israelis were coming. Much later that evening we had a signal ordering us to trail four Egyptian Spitfires who were going out at dawn to attack the Israelis. The Foreign Office wanted to know if the Israelis had crossed the frontier as we had a defence agreement with Egypt. After a couple of delays we finally met up with them and set off over the Sinai. They dropped their bombs did a bit of ground strafing and cleared off. We went down had a look and found nothing, so we carried on towards Beersheba and followed the road up to El Arish where we found the entire Israeli Army getting round behind the Egyptians. We got back with some great pictures but they were of little value as both sides were using the same vehicles and there were no markings visible and the desert was devoid of identifiable landscape. It took us several more recces to find an ambulance with the Star of David on it driving past an identifiable crossroads. We carried on keeping an eye on the action and on one occasion found a captured Egyptian Spitfire being towed behind a lorry on its way to Israel. On 7th January our four did not come back so we mounted a search. We asked the Tempest Wing at Deversoir to give us some top cover but they said it would be difficult as they had stood down for the weekend! They managed to gather sufficient air and ground crew to get eight aircraft from each squadron and we set off with our top cover towards El Arish. As we approached we ran into some light flak and then saw one of our escort come down in flames. They had been bounced by Spitfires and gave us a

hard time until we convinced them we were friendly. We found nothing but hoped we would be set loose on the Israelis. Instead we were forbidden to fly east of the Canal and had our tails painted white to distinguish us from the Israeli Spitfires.

Geoff Cooper had been picked up by the Egyptians and was returned to us within 24 hours. McElhew and Close were picked by the Israelis and held for three weeks but sadly Sayers had been killed. Geoff was able to give us a full account of what had happened. Both he and Close had been hit by ground fire and Close's aircraft had caught fire and he bailed out. The others turned to watch him go down and were attacked by two Israeli Spitfires. Mac and Sayers were probably hit before they realised that their attacker wasn't Geoff. Geoff had a climbing battle with the second attacker but found that his engine was overheating badly and at 15000 feet ran out of power and was hit again and had to bail out. The "Israeli" pilots involved were Sqn Ldr RH McElroy DFC ex RCAF, Chalmers "Slick" Goodlin ex RCAF and US Navy and Bill Schroeder exUSAF.

So ended 208's involvement with Palestine which was not exactly a happy ending. Most of us were coming up to tour ex and looking forward to a cruise to the UK courtesy Union Castle. For a peacetime tour in a warm climate it had certainly been memorable and warm in more ways than one., but. I will always be grateful for the start 208 gave to my flying career – I could not have asked for a better one.



New Boss for the Squadron's 90th Year

On 20th December, the Squadron said "Goodbye" to Wing Commander Nigel Clifford (the Association said its Goodbyes at the last Reunion), as he left 208 Squadron and the Royal Air Force for pastures new - in fact, on the other side of the world, to join the Royal New Zealand Air Force. Replacing Nigel at the helm of 208 is Wing Commander Gary Kelly BSc RAF.

Gary Kelly was a member of Manchester and Salford University Air Squadron prior to joining the Royal Air Force in 1983, having gained a BSc (Hons) in Management Science. After flying training he was posted to RAF Scampton on CFS where he was trained as a QFI.

His first tour was at RAF Church Fenton teaching on the Jet Provost. In 1988 he underwent tactical weapons training before being posted to 12 (B) Sqn at RAF Lossiemouth, flying Buccaneer S2B and Hunter aircraft. During this tour he was detached to RAF Muharraq and flew several operational missions during Operation Granby. Having converted to the Tornado GR1 he joined IX (B) Sqn based at RAF Bruggen, specialising in the SEAD role; during the tour he flew over 100 missions into Iraq. In 1997 he was posted as an instructor at the Tornado OCU, based at RAF Cottesmore.

Promoted to Squadron Leader in 1998 he took command of the University of Birmingham Air Squadron. In March 2000 he took a staff appointment at the Flying Training Development Wing, investigating current and future training systems including Typhoon and Joint Combat Aircraft programmes.

In 2002, he was promoted to Wing Commander and appointed SO1 J3 Air in the UK Joint Force HQ, PJHQ. During the tour he was lead of numerous Operational Liaison and Reconnaissance Teams taking part in operations in Africa and the Indian sub-continent. During OP TELIC, he was the senior J3/5 Air advisor to the UK National Contingent Commander in the UK National Contingent HQ, Qatar, throughout the build-up to and conduct of operations.

Wing Commander Kelly attended Advanced Command and Staff College in Canberra, Australia, during 2004. In February 2005 he was posted to Al Udeid, Qatar, where he was Chief of Combat Operations in the CAOC, leading a predominantly US-manned team conducting operations in Iraq, Afghanistan and the Horn of Africa. He assumed command of 208 Sqn, RAF Valley on 20 Dec 2005.

Wing Commander Kelly enjoys hill walking, shooting and cooking. He is married to Nicola, a lecturer in horticulture, and they have 2 children.

(Many of you will have met Gary at the 2005 Reunion Dinner, which he attended as a guest of the Squadron - Ed)



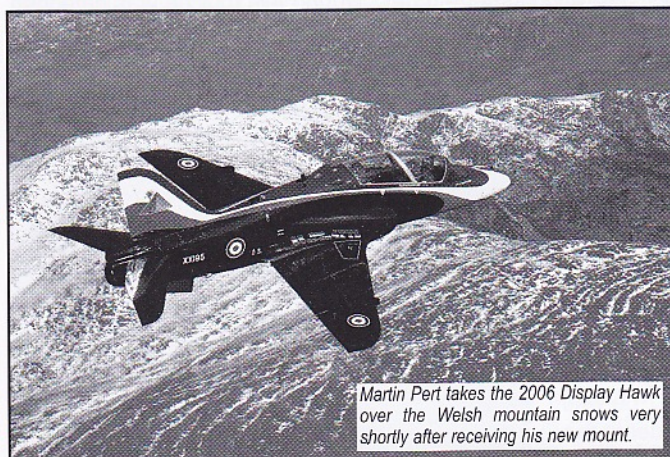
Letter From the Squadron

Having taken command over 3 months ago this is the first of my news updates from the Squadron. Clearly it is my intention to build on the foundations that have been laid over the years by the excellent and dedicated squadron commanders that precede me; hard acts to follow from my perspective. I am very fortunate to inherit a squadron that is in good shape. We have a first-class organisation, staff and students are keen and focused on the job in hand and they work (and play) very hard. Additionally, our engineering team impresses me; their high quality work, often carried out under considerable pressure, and a can-do attitude is just the ticket. They are very much a part of the Squadron. Finally, I must thank the C Flight team for making my Hawk conversion painless, and Nigel Clifford for a trouble-free handover. The first few months have flown by but I am now settled, both in the Boss' chair and the cockpit.

To begin I offer some statistics which will show the scale of operations that the busiest fast jet flying squadron in the RAF undertakes. In the 8 months between July 2005 and February 2006 the Squadron flew 5,791 sorties - a total of 6,153 flying hours. We have trained 78 pilots; of these 35 were Royal Air Force and Royal Navy ab initio students, and 18 members of the Indian Air Force. Additionally, 25 other pilots converted to the Hawk, from backgrounds ranging from basic QFI, the RAFAT conversion and Senior Officers on work-up training prior to taking command.

July saw us well into the Display Season. Flight Lieutenant 'Joey' Diacon flew 50 displays during the 2005 year, at various locations around Europe. Approximately 3 million people watched the display and the Squadron received countless letters, telephone calls and emails congratulating him. It was, without doubt, the most successful season that 208 Squadron to date. Not only was Joey awarded the Geoffrey Bromet Trophy, he was also commended by the Commander-in-Chief in the New Year Honours List for his splendid work as the 208 Squadron 2005 Display Pilot.

Flight Lieutenant Martin (Perty) Pert began his work up as the 2006 Hawk Display Pilot on 01 Feb. At 25, he is believed to be the youngest pilot to ever display the aircraft.



Martin Pert takes the 2006 Display Hawk over the Welsh mountain snows very shortly after receiving his new mount.

The Squadron received many requests to take part in flypasts during the year. Having flown a 7-ship 'V' over Cardiff to celebrate the end of World War II, we were in demand again and invited to conduct the flypast in honour of the opening of the Welsh National Assembly Building (the Senedd). Members of The Royal Family present, including HRH The Queen and HRH Prince Charles, passed very favourable comments on the timeliness (to the second) and the positions of the formation. The Squadron also flew over Llandudno and Holyhead to support local events, Amlwch and Llandudno in support of the RAF Valley Freedom Parades, Torquay to commemorate the

inauguration of a Royal Observer Corps Memorial, a Graduation Ceremony at RAF College Cranwell and, closer to home, we over flew the funeral of an RAF Valley based fireman.

The Squadron also had a busy visits programme over the year. The Valley Aviation Society organised their annual photo shoot in the summer and several aircraft flew to Valley to act as static displays. We provided our display aircraft, which was very well received. Several high-ranking visitors, both Service and civilian, came to the Squadron. Notable personnel included the British High Commissioner to India, Sarah Bobet, and Air Marshal Bhairnani of the Indian Air Force. The Squadron continued its bi-lateral exchange with the Argentinian Air Force and Captain Alfie Ambrogi spent some time with us. Flight Lieutenant Mostyn Payne reciprocated the visit later in the year when he visited Argentina. Personnel from the Squadron were involved in visits to the Belgian Air Force Base at Beuvechain for the Alphajet European Trainers Meet. Flight Lieutenant Cawthorn was dispatched to India to increase our understanding of Indian Air Force flying training, which has proved invaluable. Staff and students also flew to French Air Force Salon to undertake Exercise GARLIC LEMON (low flying in the French mountains). C (Central Flying School) Flight took 4 aircraft to Aalborg in Denmark and, on another occasion, to Lechfeld in Germany. We continued our friendship ties with the Metropolitan Police, who organised motorcycle training for several of our staff (it pays to be in with the Met).

There were several notable events that must be recorded. HRH Prince William visited RAF Valley from 4-16 December 2005 to gain experience of Mountain Rescue Services, and the role of the Royal Air Force. He flew in a Squadron Hawk and spent a week with 208 Squadron. He was treated as a student and 'mucked in' very well, enjoying the flying and socialising. He left with kind words and high praise for the Squadron.

Squadron Leader Tony Little left for a ground tour at the end of 2005, after 17 years at RAF Valley and 11 on 208 Squadron; his experience will be missed, although he does come back annually to perform the Annual Staff Visit.

The Commander-in-Chief commended Flight Lieutenant "Giz" Taylor in the New Year Honours List for his work as the Air Cadet Liaison Officer at RAF Valley. He also presented Squadron Leader Mark Sharp, OC B Flight, with a Flight Safety Award.

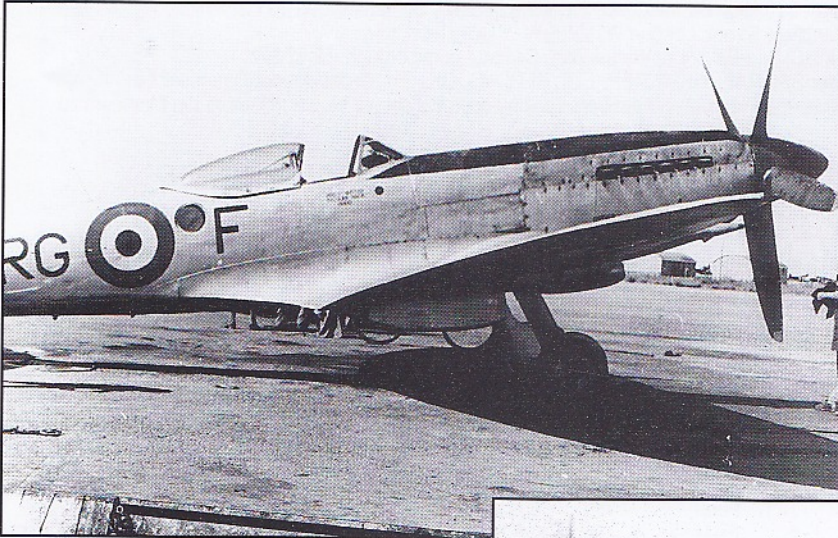
The Squadron's charity work continues. The main charity event for 208 Squadron was an organised airfield "track day" where participants were able to pay for the privilege of driving their cars or riding their motorcycles around a purpose designed circuit marshalled by members of the Royal Air Force Motorsports Association. The event supported the main Station charity for 2005, Anglesey First Response. The day, organised by Flight Lieutenant Payne, was a huge success attracting a generous attendance and special guest MotoGP rider James Ellison. The day raised approximately £5000 of which £3000 went to the Anglesey First Response Unit. We plan on repeating the event this year.

The 2005/06 year has been a busy but successful one for 208 Squadron. The Squadron has graduated many students to Tactical Weapons Training on 19(R) Squadron or NATO Flying Training Canada. It has undertaken the training of Indian Air Force Fast Jet students, planned to continue into 2008, and it has raised an impressive amount of money for Station charities.

The Squadron now looks forward to celebrating its 90th anniversary throughout the coming year. I hope to see you at some point, either at the 90th Anniversary Graduation Day on 2 June, or the Dinner on 28 October.



Odds 'n'



A fascinating pair from the past. The aircraft on the left is, of course a Spitfire, but where and when? We think it might be some time in 1949, as the machine is in bare metal finish, though still retaining codes on the fuselage sides. There was also a hint that it might be on an Armament Practice Camp at Nicosia in Cyprus, but there was nothing written on the back of the picture, so if anybody out there can help, then do please drop the Editor a line.

On the right is a rare picture of a Tomahawk, not long into the Middle East, as it still has its factory-painted white panel just ahead of the fin and it is also finished in European camouflage scheme. But what are the stains down the side of the fuselage, just behind the canopy? The picture actually came via Sid Jefford and the Editor recalls him mentioning that one aircraft blew its oil tank shortly after take-off. Is this the one? Interestingly, there were more Tomahawks/Kittyhawks/Warhawks built during World War 2 than any other Allied fighter aircraft - and in many theatres of war, it performed very well, particularly in China, beginning with the AVG, who actually assembled their first Tomahawks from the crates!



Keeping in Touch

The Association is always trying to update its records of former members of 208 Squadron, as many people leave the Squadron without making contact with the Association as they move on. For this reason, if you know of anyone who served with the Squadron and is not in touch with the Association, please let us know. It would help if you take a moment to enter details below. We'll do the rest:-

I BELIEVE THE FOLLOWING INDIVIDUAL SERVED WITH No 208 SQUADRON IN: _____

AT RAF: _____ THE SQUADRON WAS FLYING: _____

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

CHAPTER REPRESENTATIVES' NAMES AND ADDRESSES NAVAL EIGHT/208 SQUADRON ASSOCIATION

HURRICANE/SPITFIRE METEOR HUNTER BUCCANEER HON SEC HAWK GROUNDCREW HISTORIAN/EDITOR MEMBERSHIP SEC	SE Jefford BSc, JD Penrose, TM Webb AFC AW Cope MBE AFC, MW Brown, Wg Cdr N Meadows MA BSc MRAS, P Steele Esq, Dr DG Styles MBA PhD FMIB FInstSMM FIMI, Wg Cdr D J Trembaczowski-Ryder BSc RAF, (Information on potential new members and existing members seeking contacts should be addressed to the Membership Secretary)
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2005 NAVAL EIGHT/208 SQUADRON ASSOCIATION REUNION DINNER RESPONSES FROM MEMBERS

The following Members and their Guests were present at the 2004 Reunion Dinner:

FLT LT P BEILBY	R G DAVIS	MRS H LAITE	MRS M SELLERS	DR DG STYLES
R BOWIE	MRS E DAVIS	FLT LT C LYNDON-SMITH	E SHARP	MRS A STYLES
MISS S BOWIE	D DRAKE	D MEE	MRS C SHARP	WG CDR D T-RYDER
M W BROWN	FLT LT J EGGING	MRS J MEE	S SMALL	MISS A WALLACE
MRS H F BROWN	D HALL	FLT LT J NORRIS	P SMITH	WG CDR M M WARD
R BRUMMITT	MRS P A HALL	R PAGE	K SMITH	MRS L WARD
MRS A BRUMMITT	FLT LT J HOURSTON	MRS R PAGE	MRS E SMITH	K M WHILEY
M CHAMBERS	P JAMES	J I PARKER	ACM SIR MICHAEL STEAR	RJ WHITE
MRS V CHAMBERS	S E JEFFORD	J PASCOE-WATSON	LADY E STEAR	AM SIR ROBERT WRIGHT
FLT LT M CHILD	WG CDR G S KELLY	J D PENROSE	P STEELE	LADY M WRIGHT
WG CDR N CLIFFORD	M KEMP	G R PITCHFORK	MRS M STEELE	
MRS R CLIFFORD	FLT LT A KINSELLA	J K T PUGH	G J STOREY	
FLT LT D DAVIES	B C LAITE	B SELLERS	R STOREY	

The following Members sent their greetings to the 2005 Reunion, as they were unable to attend:

K ALLEN	R CALVERT	J FRASER	G C W JONES	AVM L W PHIPPS	T THORNTON
Hammy ARMSTRONG	N CHAMPNESS	E GARLAND	K J LAMBDEN	P PINNEY	I D C TITE
H W BARBER	A J CHAPLIN	F GIBBS	P LARGE	W F PLUMPTON	G E TOWNSEND
A BEATON	J Ross CLARK	G GOODMAN	D S B MARR	J PRATT	K L TROW
E BEEDHAM	W COPE	GB GRAY	J M MASON	G REEKIE	R TURNER
P BIDDLESCOMBE	M J CORDER	J GREGG	J D McCONNACHIE	R B SALMON	PE TURVILLE
P G BOTTERILL	J CRANK	W GRIFFITHS	N MEADOWS	P SANDERS	PD TYLER
P BOWKER	R DENNETT	D L GROOM	P MILLARD	J E SHAW	P J VICKARY
LF BOYCE	J DENT	R J HARDIMAN	M MILLER	A SMITH	R WALSH
M BRADLEY	C DENTON	RA HARPER	I N MORRISON	AG SMITH	T M WEBB
G BRADSHAW	AB DICKEN	J HEXT	J MYALL	TA SMITH	RB WHITE
EA BRENTNALL	CM DRAPER	K G HODSON	T F NEIL	D SPONG	
WG BROOKS	E ERSKINE	CB HOLROYD	P O'DONOHUE	J SWEETMAN	
F BROWN		R HOWARD	K OLIVER	H TAPNER	
J W (Monty) BURTON	LEGGETT	N M HUCKINS	B E PARFITT	G THOMPSON	
C K BUSHE	J FORDHAM	R JOHNSON	R PHILLIPS	A R THOMPSON	

Naval Eight/208 Squadron Association- Reunion Booking Slip - 2006

From (Name)..... Chapter/Period with 208.....

Full Address..... 2007 same? or.....

I will/will not be attending the 2006 Reunion Dinner on Saturday 28th October and require.....places at £32.50per head.

I enclose my cheque/postal order* for Reunion Dinner (£32.50 each) £.....

Total for Reunion Dinners £.....

Name(s) of Guest(s).....

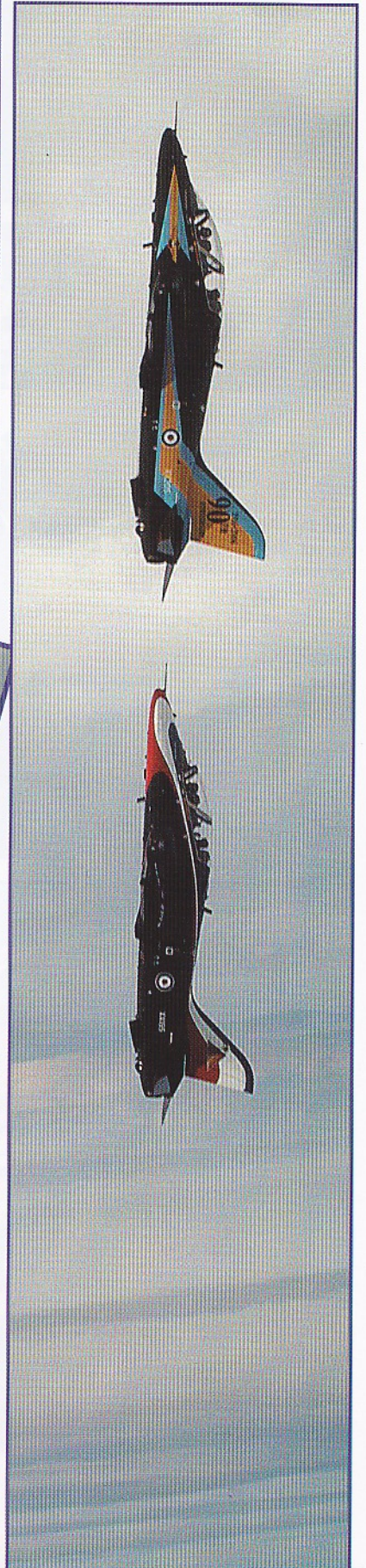
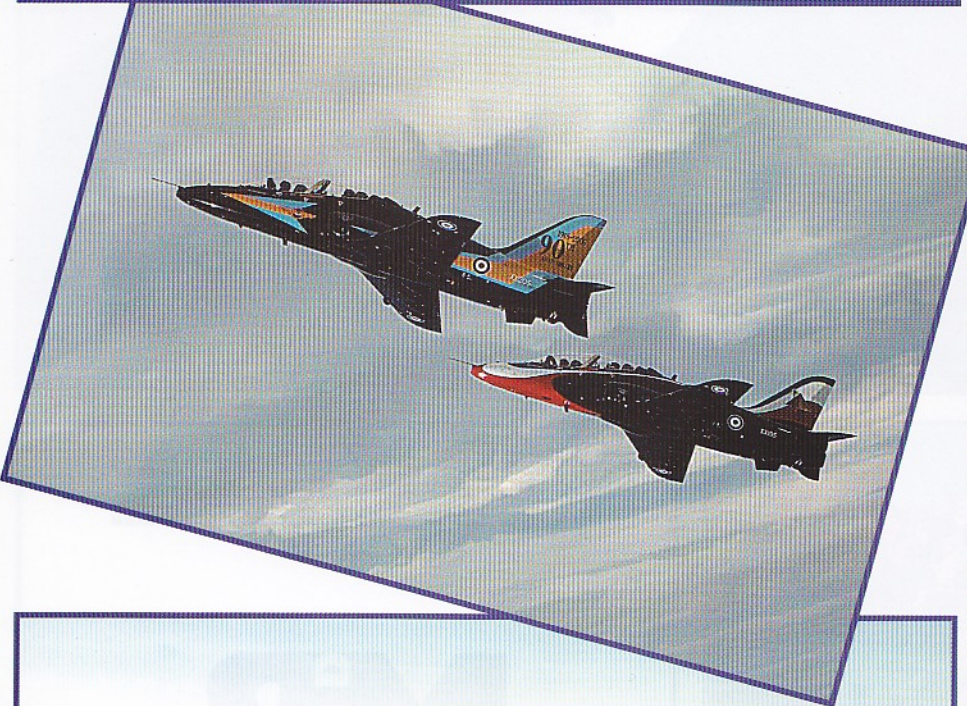
I also wish to make a donation to the Squadron Association Funds £.....

Total cheque/postal order/money order value £.....

*Please delete as necessary.

Please make cheques payable to: 208 Squadron Association

Pictures From No 208 Squadron



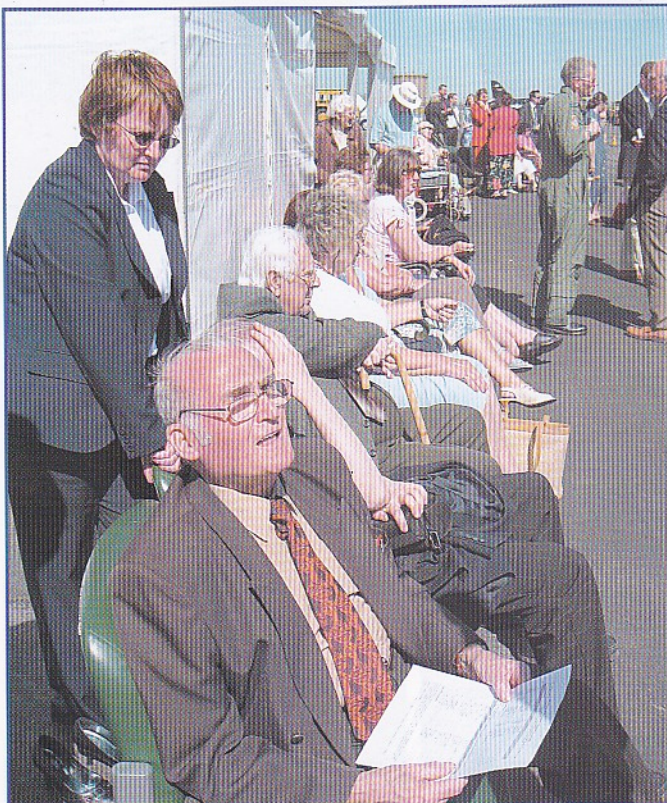
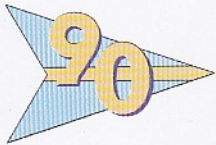
RAF Valley Open Day



Pictures from the Families Day - here: "What's it like to sit in a Hawk, Dad?" So the whole family checks it out.

Left: The "Old Sweats" compare the Valley flight line with their memories of a desert flight line - two fundamentally different worlds!

Below left: Enjoying the sunshine - and the atmosphere of 208 Squadron again.



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