The background of the entire page is a photograph of a tropical sunset. The sky is a mix of orange, yellow, and purple, with scattered clouds. In the foreground, the dark silhouettes of several palm trees are visible against the bright sky. In the lower part of the image, the silhouettes of people sitting on a beach and a boat are visible. A small airplane is flying in the middle of the sky, leaving a white trail.

EASTWARD

RAF Butterworth & Penang Association

Summer 2015

Issue 42

'Eastward'



The RAF Butterworth & Penang Association was formed on the 30th August 1996 at the Casuarina Hotel, Batu Ferringhi, Penang Island.

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Sunderland Aircraft at Glugor, Penang: 5th September 1945

©IWM (ART IWM LD5492)

Chairman's Corner



As reported elsewhere in this issue, the 2015 Reunion and AGM at Stratford-on-Avon was once again a most enjoyable occasion. It was great to see a few 'new' faces, and a particular delight that we managed to get Sallie Hammond and Rosemary Fell together for the first time. Sometimes you just know when the chemistry is going to work! They have a great deal in common and their animated conversations over dinner were a delight to behold. I'm sure there will be many more contacts between them before the next reunion in 2016. My thanks go to Len Wood for all his hard work in organising this year's extravaganza!

Reunion raffle: Thank you to those at the reunion who gave prizes and then bought tickets for the raffle draw. From ticket sales, £100 is to be donated to the RAF Benevolent Fund, £50 towards a shelterbox for Nepal and the remainder (about £90) going towards the FEAF Grove Trust Fund.

Remembrance Sunday, 8th November: If any member wishes to apply for a place with other members of the association in the Cenotaph parade in London this year, please let me know as soon as possible. I have six applications from members attending the reunion and have been contacted by our sister associations to form a combined contingent under the banner of *Units of the Far East Air Force*. For those interested, I must have your details by phone or e-mail by mid-August, no later!

The FEAF Grove Trust Fund: Thank you to all members who have so far contributed to the appeal launched with the last issue of '*Eastward*' to form a fund to ensure that the FEAF Memorial is maintained for posterity. So far we have received £650 towards our target of £1000. If you would like to contribute then please send a cheque, payable to the 'FAR EAST GROVE ACCOUNT' to my home address.

Goods for sale: Don Donovan still has stocks of RAFBPA mugs, car stickers and sets of coasters for sale, in aid of the FEAF Grove Account. Also a large stock of association ties for sale in aid of our funds. Please contact him for prices.

Wreath Centres: If you intend to attend a local remembrance service and are prepared to purchase a wreath to lay at your local war memorial, then please contact Don Donovan who has a stock of self adhesive wreath centres available free of charge.

Reunion and AGM 2016: Next year will be the 20th Anniversary of the founding of the RAF Butterworth and Penang Association, and it is hoped that more members than usual will make the effort to attend. The Falcon at Stratford will be undergoing a multi-million upgrade from this September and there was some doubt whether the normal facilities would be available in May 2016.

In anticipation of this, the committee has been looking at other venues and at the AGM, for one year only at this stage, it was accepted that the 2016 Reunion/AGM will be held at the Ullesthorpe Court Hotel and Golf Centre near Lutterworth, Leicestershire on Monday and Tuesday 23rd and 24th May 2016. Details are being worked out, including pick-ups from local railheads. Those arriving on Sunday 22nd May will have the opportunity for a coach trip to the National Memorial Arboretum, partially subsidised by the association. Golfers may have other interests!

PLEASE MAKE A NOTE OF THE DATES AND BE READY TO BOOK A PLACE WHEN DETAILS ARE PUBLISHED IN THE NEXT ISSUE.

With my best wishes

Tony Parrini

From the Editor



The war in the Far East ended 70 years ago and in this issue of '*Eastward*' it is commemorated with images of the Japanese surrender and re-occupation of Penang and Butterworth by the British. In the images shown, mostly from the Imperial War Museum Air Ministry Far East Collection, the role of the RAF Regiment in routine patrols, helping keep civil peace, assisting the Straits Settlements civil police with their duties and a 'Hearts and Minds' approach to the 'Hill' residents is portrayed. The happiness (and relief) of the civil population can be seen from the picture (left) of the Royal Marines as they entered Georgetown following the Japanese Surrender.

*In 1945 the term *Mikado* (Heavenly Gate), used for *Emperor* was archaic. It was in use during the Meiji era, 1868 to 1912 and was then superseded by the term *Emperor*.

Back to the newsletter: there was a problem with sending the e-copies of the last issue (41) of '*Eastward*' due to a connectivity problem beyond my control. A temporary solution resulted in most members being sent the newsletter on April 1st but unfortunately I seemed unable to keep most members e-mail addresses secure under the BCC choice....for this my apologies but it was out of my control, or perhaps it was due to, as we used to say in the RAF, 'finger trouble'?

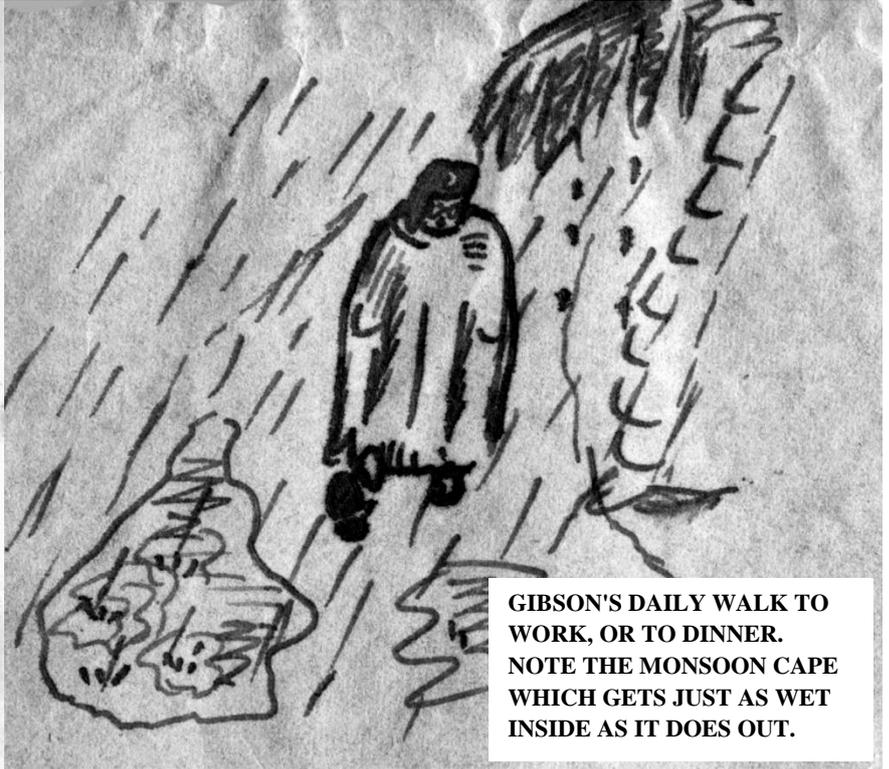
It is with sadness that I pass on the information of the death, on the 8th May, of Les Nichol, the founder member of the RAF Seletar Association who I had known from shortly after the forming of that Association. He was a quiet and gentle man of integrity who had worked single-handedly to establish the Association in those early days. He found peace in the latter years of his life and was proud of the RAFSA and its continued success. It was an honour to have known him.

I also received an e-mail from Jean McKern (Australia) to inform me that, sadly, Alan McKern had died peacefully on the 9th April 2015. Alan was the eldest son of Group Captain R. N. McKern RAF and grandson of Dr Albert McKern, both names being linked to the Elysian RAF leave centre of the 1950s. My contact with Alan in respect of the Elysian was short lived when he became ill. His brother Bill took over the role of informing of the history of family ownership of Elysian and hopefully through both Jean and Bill this will still be maintained.

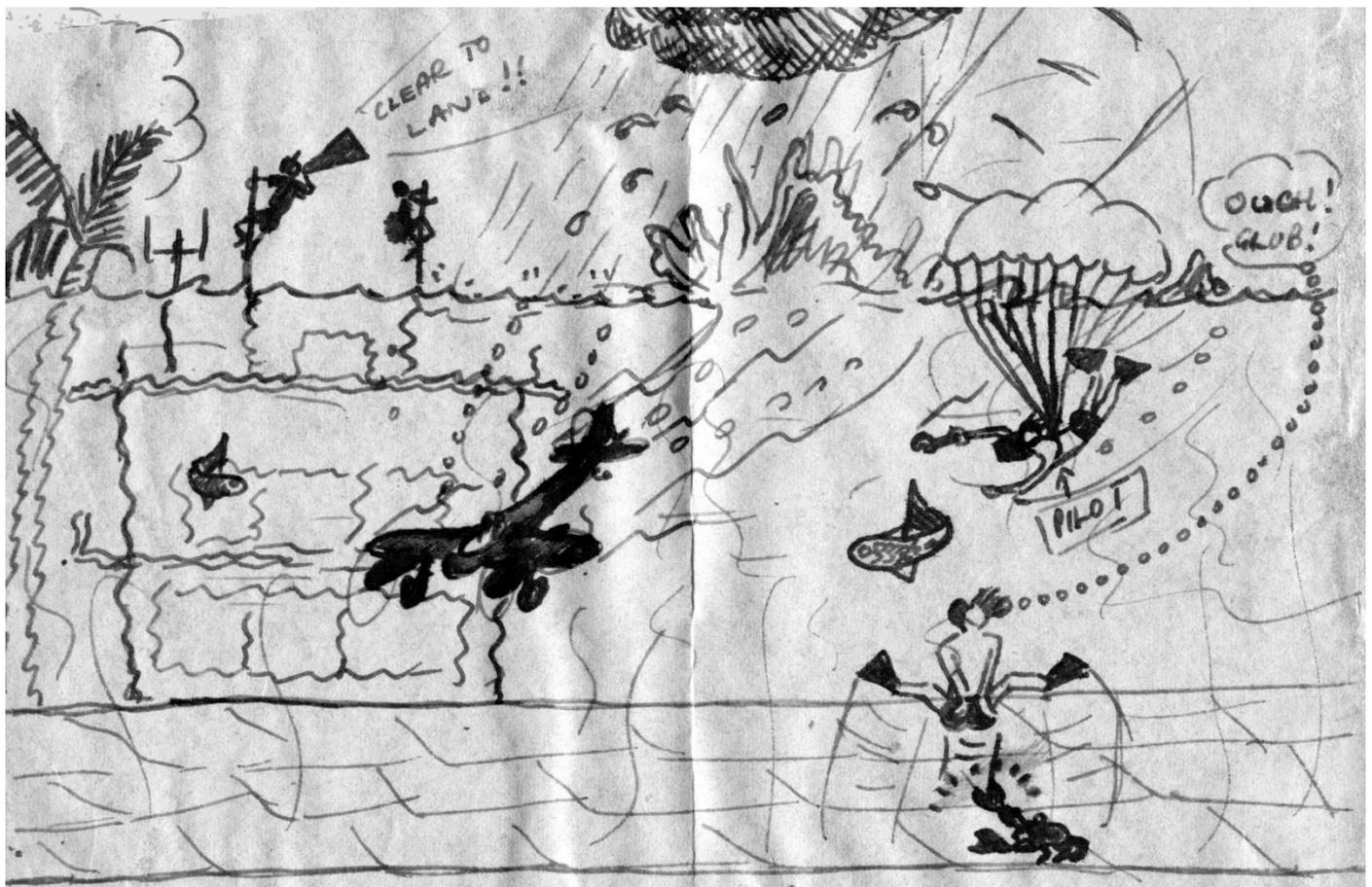
Finally, my thanks to those who have helped in anyway with the newsletter or archive materials, or both, over the past year. Your help is much appreciated.

Dave Croft

The Monsoon Season - by John Gibson ATC Butterworth



GIBSON'S DAILY WALK TO WORK, OR TO DINNER. NOTE THE MONSOON CAPE WHICH GETS JUST AS WET INSIDE AS IT DOES OUT.



OUR RUNWAY WILL SOON BE COMPLETELY FLOODED

General RAFBPA News and Short Stories

The Association extends a warm welcome to the following new members:

Chris Hill. J/T Instrument Fitter, 110 Squadron, 1962 - 1965.

Brian (Terry) Hines. Sergeant Air Signaller, 52 Squadron, May 1961- Nov. 1963 & Jan 1966 - May 1966.

Members Correspondence

From **Eric Sharpe:** 'I enjoyed Issue 40 (Christmas 2014) for several bits of interest jumped off the page. The item on the Skynotes Band by Tony Blankley being one! The clarinetist, Eric Backhouse, I met when posted to FETS at Seletar in Christmas 1953. He was one of the Armament team led by Cpl Ray Edmead. Living in the annex of H Block with Ray, always known as 'Ed', a large black mark on his upper arm became very obvious (memories do dim, I can't remember which arm!). It seems that in the previous year FETS had deployed to Butterworth for an APC (Armament Practice Camp). In arming a Hornet, suitably facing out into the Boondocks, the team were loading rockets on the rails. The team was made up of Ed, Eric Backhouse and an electrician, Cpl George Bradd, seated in the cockpit. The procedure was to check the electrical firing circuits with a lamp prior to connecting to the rocket. When given the shout, George would pull the trigger and the lamp would illuminate. At the next shout George would release the trigger and the rocket was then connected....this they did, but George did not hear the second shout! Hearing the bang and seeing the rocket pass his ear, he is reported to have jumped straight up over the windscreen and slid to the deck over the kites nose. The blast from the rocket however pitted Ed's arm with hot gas and hotter bits. Eric was more unlucky for he caught a piece of debris in the face which left a scar from his forehead down to the bridge of his nose, then curled around one cheek. All three were quite cheerful about it when I met them that Christmas, but the procedures were amended. There was a circuit safety break in the wing root, I'm not sure if it had always been there or was swift amendment, but after the incident rockets were connected with the circuit broken, after the test. The kites would then taxi to the threshold and the safety breaks connected by an armourer prior to take off.

On the next page (p9, Issue 40) there is a hazy photo of the bombing range. In fact it is the Gunnery and Rocket Range on the sand spit at Song Song Island. The dark bit on the left edge are trees and out of sight, within the trees, is a concrete block house/hut for the range staff to cower in. I was there one time with 'Ed' when he was doing a stint at Bidan and I had gone up there in my boat for leave. Anyway, we laid out canvas targets on the sand and then retired to the hut. Ed went into the hut and I stayed outside behind a tree to watch the kite come down to fire. Ed said something like "don't stand there, come inside". Possibly, in the alternative airman language, I did not see the salvo when fired, but even though they were concrete practice heads, there was one hell of a thud and bang and the island shook! As a post script to this yarn, after the kites had gone home, we would dive down in the clear water off the spit and collect gelignite scraps off the sea bed. These, packed into an old bean can with the mouth crimped shut and leaving a curly bit out as a fuse, could be lashed with wire to bits of drift wood planks roughly hacked into a boat shape. Pointed towards Alor Star, on a smooth sea, light the fuse and then standing back produced a waterborne rocket that was quite impressive'.

I endorse everything Trevor Coy had to say in his Armourers memoirs of 45 Squadron. I am sorry to say I do not have him in my memory bank, although a couple of names emit a little 'ting', Geordie Burnage for one. I wonder if he (Trevor) remembers the Armament Sergeant, Jack 'Snowy' Lenton (picture next page)? One of my memories of Snowy, was watching him and his team belting up loose 20mm rounds. Having got them into the clips in about six foot lengths they would then bash them base down on a steel bench to

straighten them. This always caused me a little consternation and I would retire (from the scene). Of course they would have swept the bench first. 'Will endeavour to write more Dave before you retire.....'

Laurie Bean sent a piece from The Singapore Free Press, dated 9 December 1950, about the MAAF in Penang. Headed *The M.A.A.F. Springs into Life in Penang*, the report is as follows: 'For the past five months at Penang's Bayan Lepas airport, a Malayan air force unit has been in the making. It is the Penang Squadron of the M.A.A.F., and so fast has been its rate of progress that already three cadets have qualified to fly solo and were recently promoted leading aircraftsmen.



The squadron, which was formed in May has big plans for 1951. A \$24,000 Link trainer will be installed in



the squadron's air conditioned room in Peel Avenue headquarters shortly after Christmas. This will be followed early in the new year by advanced Harvard trainers. The squadron will eventually receive Spitfires. Another instructor is also due to arrive from the United Kingdom. At present the Adjutant, Flt Lieut F. G. de Pass is chief flying instructor, assisted by Flying Officer Parker. A strong spirit of

comradeship binds officers and cadets. To ensure a truly Malayan composition, the trainees are recruited from seven races. The 70-man squadron will hold its first social and dance on Dec. 16.

A standing joke among the cadets is the Spitfire now used as a practice dummy by the ground crew. "When we first looked at it we thought it was very easy to assemble. But it took us 30 men just to lift one wing," said a trainee.

The first cadet to fly solo, LAC Allan Leong, is a champion aero modeller. He flew solo after ten hours instructions, as did another cadet, Chong Cheng Leong. A third trainee, Tommy Toolseram is only 19. The first cross country fliers, Allan Leong and Chong Cheng Leong, recently undertook a successful flight from their Bayan Lepas base to Nebong Tebal on a Navigation exercise. Both have started on preliminary aerobatics and described it as "a real thrill to feel the plane responding to your touch." At the speed they are advancing it will not be long before these boys in RAF berets and scarlet shoulder tabs will man a full-fledged air force ready to take part in the defence of their country against any possible attack.'

Snippets

An e-mail from a non-member, **Steve Edwards**, asked if it was possible to be put in touch with Bob Simmons (Eastward, Issue 35, Easter 2013) as he is researching his grandfather's war years in the Far East and found he had served in the same places as Bob. The e-mail was forwarded to Bob who immediately replied saying he was willing to help with information.

Laurie Bean (Penang) mentioned an interesting internet link relating to the writer Han Suyin, author of *A Many Splendoured Thing* and *And The Rain My Drink*, and her husband, Leon Comber, at the time a senior officer in the Malayan Special Branch (during the Emergency). Han Suyin (Rosalie Matilda Kuanghu Chou) was a practising doctor at the Johore Bharu General Hospital and her book, *And The Rain my Drink*, was seen to be anti-British and possibly responsible for Leon Comber resigning from Special Branch. For those with a further interest and access to the internet, typing in either name should open up the story further.

Arthur C. Clarke, the author of *Glide Path* and *2001: A Space Odyssey* was, for part of WW2, stationed at RAF Stratford. Initially serving on the early warning radar system, he was commissioned in 1943 and became i/c of Ground Controlled Approach (GCA) experimental trials at RAF Honiley, followed by a move to RAF Stratford. One of his RCAF GCA trainees wrote about him 'One of the RAF Technical Officers who joined us from the Mk1 group was Flying Officer A. C. Clarke (right). We all thought he was a bit far out as in 1944 he was the secretary of the British Inter-Planetary Space Society and would amuse himself by working on 3D interplanetary navigation problems'. Did Arthur C. Clarke visit Stratford whilst stationed at the nearby RAF station, did he ever walk past the Falcon Inn, then billeting No. 9 Initial Training Wing?



Late news

Alan Dewar (RT Operator, Station Signals, Butterworth 1947). News of the death of Alan, on 5th May, has been received by the Association via a letter from his solicitors to say he has left £100 in his will to the RAFBPA. This was an unexpected legacy and his generous gift will be put towards the FEAF Memorial Fund.

Bill Bohannon (MTD Mech, Butterworth 1950-52). It is with great sadness that news of Bill's death, on 27th May, was received from member John Crooks. Bill was an enthusiastic member of the RAFBPA and attended every reunion until recently when he became ill. Although he missed the 2015 reunion, in a telephone call made just before his death, he said he was determined to be there for the 2016 Anniversary of the Association. Sadly this is not to be.



John Crooks writes: It was a sad day on the 27th May 2015 when Bill's wife, Dot, gave me the news that Bill had passed away that very morning. Bill was undoubtedly a gentleman and a friend to many. Although we only lived six miles apart I only met Bill at the first RAFBPA reunion I attended some five or six years ago. From there on we became very good friends. Bill was a MTD Mechanic at RAF Butterworth and whenever we met I would listen to his stories of his time at Butterworth and when they lived in the *basha huts*. He would say to me "We never had it cushy like you lot." He also did the convoys by road to Singapore and would be away for quite a few days at a time. His stories about those journeys were always very interesting to listen to.

Bill was really into the RAFBPA and enjoyed the reunions very much. Only a few days before he passed on he phoned me to let me know when the 2016 reunion was going to take place. As I have already mentioned, Bill was a real 'Gent' and will be sadly missed by many people.

Rest in peace Bill, I was pleased to have you as a friend.

John Crooks

Main Stories

A Journey of Nightmares by Sallie Hammond and Dave Croft

The story below follows on from the story of the escape from Singapore in 1942 (*As I Remember It by Pat Davies SRN*), featured in previous copies of '*Eastward*'. Pat Davies was Sallie's mother and Sallie Scarf, the widow of Arthur Scarf VC, was a close friend. The account that follows is from a letter written by Sallie Scarf, although at the time (1980s) she was known as Sallie Gunn.

Before the account is given a few details might be helpful? Pat Davies was married to S/Ldr Harley Boxall, 62 Squadron, Alor Star, in 1941. She was a Queen Alexandra Nursing Service nurse at Alor Star General Hospital, along with Elizabeth Norah Mary Lunn, better known as *Sallie Lunn*. Sallie Lunn married S/Ldr Arthur Scarf, also of 62 Squadron, shortly after Sallie's parents wedding.

Why the name Sallie Lunn? In the book *Devotion to a Calling - Far East Flying and Survival with 62 Squadron RAF* by Group Captain Harley Boxall and Joe Bamford, it says the reason for the name was not known but knowing the Services penchant for nicknames perhaps she was named after the famous Sally Lunn bun?

After her 1942 escape to India, Sallie Scarf married an Army officer, Stuart Gunn.

This is Sallie Scarf's story taken from her letter to Sallie Hammond's mother and is shown here with permission from Sallie. There have been some (very) minor alterations and additions to the contents for clarity but otherwise it is as sent to Sallie's mother.



'Pat Dear. Here I am at last (writing) a letter for you - I seemed doomed but determined to get down to it tonight. Something always seems to occur when I decided it was time to write to you and heigh-ho found I had run out of Air Mail, but found this which should reach you despite it looking as if it had been through the mill. Well, have read the book right through, all very depressing although admiration for some of the courage depicted. Am quite sure I wouldn't have last(ed) two minutes had I been taken as am sure I would have spat in their eye or done something drastic with the loathing I had for the little yellow devils at the time. Your version of what occurred tallies pretty well with mine - I

remember I was off-duty but when I came over Dr Peach (*RAF MO from RAF Alor Star*) was there, with Ritchie and Calder (*Sergeants Rich and Calder, other crew members of Blenheim L1134*). Had a speech with Peach, who I knew as he went to Singapore on the Viceroy of India with us. We just had a handful of RAF, the rest being Army, and he was in the next cabin to me. Often wondered what became of him and whether he survived (*he became a POW and survived the war*)? He told me about Pongo's arm. I felt very depressed when I heard it was his left one as he was left handed and once told me that flying was his whole life and I thought 'How is he going to manage if he can't fly?' Then when he was moved from the stretcher the severe wound in his back bled profusely and you put up a drip and I gave two pints of blood. What cheered me up was when I heard him saying to you "Now Pat, don't get fresh with my mammary glands" and I came to the conclusion that he died of secondary shock before they managed to do anything for him.

Everything was a bit hazy after that but thought it was the next day that Harley (*S/Ldr Boxall*) arrived and insisted we go with him. I also remember meeting up with Monica, Eireen Brown, Joan Fish and Margaret Ritchie. Also the night we spent in a bungalow with someone creeping around in the dark, then realising that I had promised in the event of Malaya being at war I would rejoin the QA's, and was fortunate in finding someone returning to Alor Star to take me to pick up my uniform.

Once in Alor Star managed to do a spot of sorting out what was left of the patients and remaining staff. The doctor was still there, did a bit of bringing (of) some of your stuff and a bit of mine, grabbed photos and a few belongings and eventually left with the doctor whose name I can't remember, whose eccentric husband was in Christmas Island as far as I remember. *The doctor was Dr Margaret Helen Gibson. Her husband was Dr Carl Alexander Gibson-Hill who arrived in Singapore, from the Cocos-Keeling Islands, shortly before the fall of Singapore. She escaped from Singapore and sailed to Liverpool, he was captured and interned at Changi and then Sime Road.* We were pretty laden up all crammed into a car and made a hazardous trek down, when eventually encountered Jimmy Fish (62 Squadron) in Taiping (didn't realise you were there as thought you had all been flown back to England) until we met again in Johore Bahru. I vaguely recall him mentioning about the daughter (who he told me was a spina bifida), and how well Joan had taken her demise.

Finally I caught up with Robbie somewhere, how he used to make me laugh, you would never think he was a doctor. I used to call him "Silly Billy", but he was a dear really, and engaged to a girl in South Africa - was sorry he never made it. I spent quite some time with him and he used to drive on a motor bike to see me at Changi when I was nursing there and getting my gold watch repaired before I left. Oh, how I wish I had those thousands of notes I made on the ambulance train in India!

Am not too sure what day it was that we left, but we were all being moved to Singapore because they were constantly bombing Changi - and reading the book, methinks it may have been the 6th Feb (although I thought it was later). Our cases had gone on ahead to Singapore Hospital, should say Alexandra Hospital, Singapore (*at the time, called the British Military Hospital*). I hadn't much and the Asst. Matron who was on the Viceroy of India with us asked for volunteers to go on the hospital ships, where we were getting more casualties from the sea than (from) on the land, and nobody seemed keen to go. She remembered me and said I had said I would go anywhere so I was taken down to the docks with two others who (then) changed their minds. I sent word down to Margot, my friend in Singapore, to join us and bring my case (with photos). We were only on the Wusee (can't remember how it was spelt) for a very short time when the engines started, as did the other boats around us. (*The Wusee was the MV Wusueh, a requisitioned vessel of the China Navigation Company converted to a hospital ship in Singapore in 1941*).

The Japs had made a smoke screen for the bombers to come and bomb that area, so we were all off. I didn't even notice what happened to the other boats as we were so overcrowded on this river steamer, with quite a few old buddies amongst the patients. One thing that does stand out is that I was taking the maggots out of a colonel's wound and he refused to be blindfolded (maybe this is what was recommended when taking out maggots from wounds), so I told him to look the other way and tell me what was going on. I remember him saying "They have just bombed the oil", and finally when I looked back the lovely green island that was Singapore was enveloped in clouds of smoke.'

'When we arrived in Java, worn (out) and hungry, the existing patients were immediately taken off and put on a waiting ship - fully staffed, and we were just left! All ships leaving next day methinks. Heard Singapore had gone and I was put on the EMPIRE STAR going to Australia - 5000 Aussies on board. I refused to go as I was no longer a QA (Queen Alexandra's Nursing Corps) with Singapore finished and spent the night on a little navel boat as the command (ship).

Fortunately the next Dutch boat returned and I was able to board her when I met Peggy Sale. Norman was also aboard (Norman Irving - but I don't know). and a DOG who nobody claimed. I said it was mine (a bull terrier NOT usually my favourite breed) and he turned out to be a great asset as I was able to get the leavings from the Dutch doctor's table as I told the Javanese servants that he would become ferocious if he did not eat meat! So was able to help out without having to queue for that awful Dutch bread given out. Incidentally the EMPIRE STAR went down four days later, sunk by the Japs (was this the BANKA ISLAND incident?).

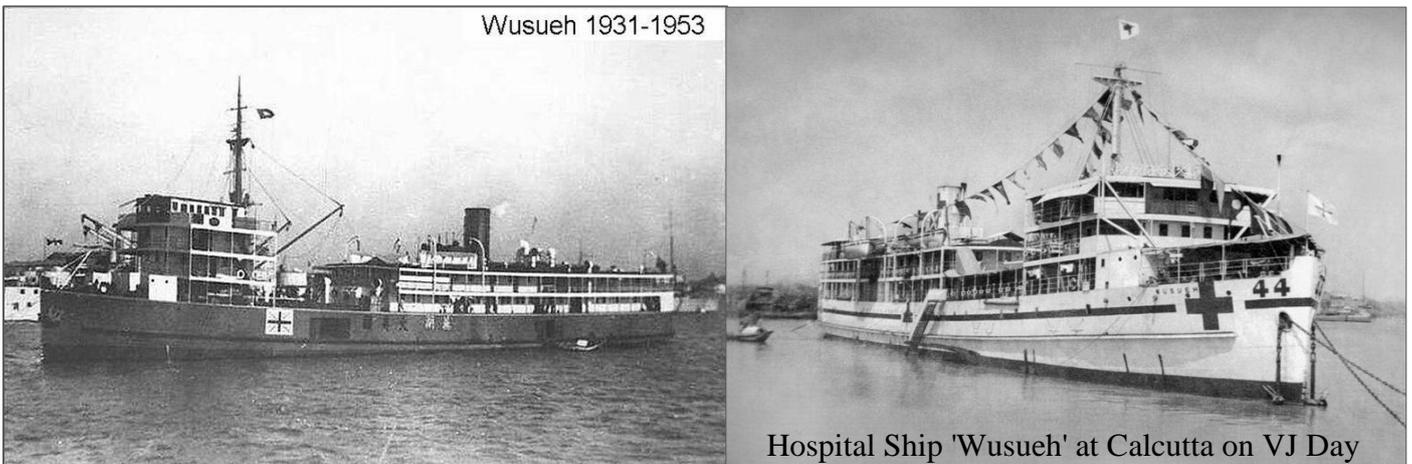
Note: the Empire Star was damaged by Japanese aircraft on 12th February 1942 in the Durian Strait. Repairs were carried out when the ship reached Australia.

I still had nightmares after I was married to Stuart (Stuart Gunn) and one night I cried my heart out as I suddenly remembered the two infant TB spines (tuberculosis) we had in Alor Star which I had especially forgotten in all the turmoil. Oh I wonder what happened to the dear helpless wee mites? I remember asking Pongo if we couldn't adopt them when the war was over? But there were so many tragedies. I remember meeting many nationalities on my way down from Alor Star - on their way to blow up bridges etc. Told them the Japs were on our heels, but no one took any notice, they just obeyed orders.'

(Sorry about this but find I'm out of
Airgrafts but found this one that the
Grandchildren had a Go at!)

*Have to dear, Take good care of thyself
Good Bless
Dal.*

Note: This letter was written in the mid-1980s and in the typed sentence above the word *Airgraft* is used. An unfamiliar word and by chance the answer was given on a programme over Christmas 2013 in that it was used for the wartime air mail letters being sent by Qantas Catalinas from Ceylon to Australia (and the other way round) on the Double Sunrise flights (see '*Eastward*', Issue 31, Christmas 2011). The letter contents were photographed and reduced in size by using small negative film which was then flown by Catalinas to the destinations, At the destination the 'microfiche' film was printed off to a full page size and then sent on the addressee. Clever stuff.....



From the newspapers: On June 21st. 1946 it was officially announced that the Victoria Cross had been awarded posthumously to Squadron Leader A. S. K. Scarf of the Royal Air Force in recognition of his action against the enemy on December 9th, 1941. His next of kin at the time was Mrs Elizabeth Gunn, of Grange Road, Olton, Birmingham, his widow who has since remarried. Both his parents are dead and Mrs Gunn was expected to attend the investiture to receive the award from the King at Buckingham Palace.

Recently Sallie e-mailed to add to the above that her father (Harley Boxall) had mentioned that Sallie (Scarf/Gunn) was always the life and soul of 62 Squadron reunions held at the Falcon, Stratford. The 62 Squadron plaque can be seen mounted (in the same vertical column as the RAF Butterworth/Penang plaques), on the wall opposite to the staircase in the hotel.

'Boom, boom. war finished, we friends now' (Japanese guard to British POW's following the dropping of two A-bombs on the Japanese mainland).

September 2nd 2015 is the 70th anniversary of the signing of the surrender of the Japanese in Penang and Butterworth. Some photographs (from the IWM collection) of the time around the surrender are shown in memory of the end of what was a very 'harsh' occupation of Malaya.



Signing the Surrender Documents

Captain Hidaka

**Rear Admiral Uzuni,
Commander of Japanese
Forces on Penang**

**Lt General Shinohara Seiichiro,
Lieutenant Governor of Penang**



Glugor

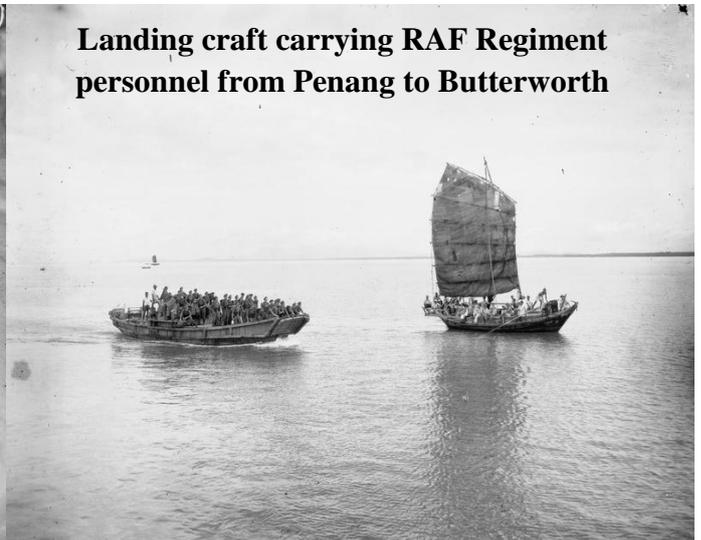


The RAF Regiment in Penang

In a previous issue of 'Eastward', the immediate postwar role of a detachment of one officer and some 30 men of the RAF Regiment, based on the 'hill' was described by one (now deceased) who was a member of the detachment. The following photographs (IWM collection) show the various roles undertaken by others of the RAF Regiment based on the island:



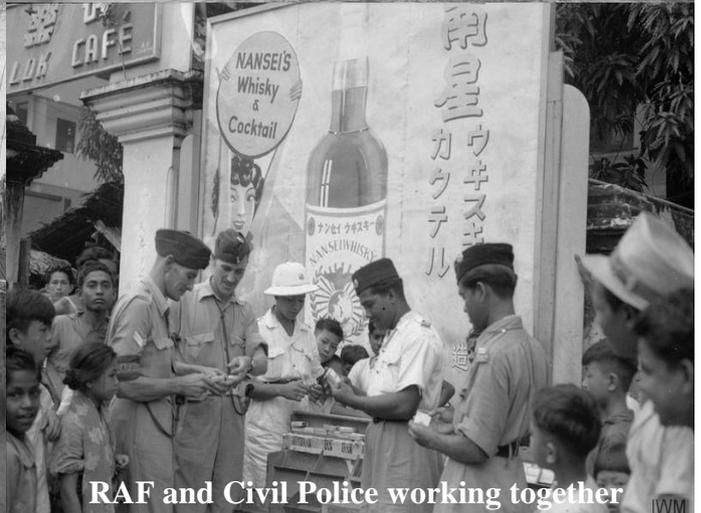
RAF Regiment personnel shipped into Penang



Landing craft carrying RAF Regiment personnel from Penang to Butterworth



Glugor - former Japanese Navy patrol boat in use by the RAF Regiment



RAF and Civil Police working together



Daily rations arrive at the 'Hill'



RAF Regiment foot patrol in Georgetown



RAF issue of clothing and cigarettes to released Indian POWs at Hutchings School, Penang.



RAF Medical Orderly taking a clinic for Chinese, Indian and Malay residents of Penang Hill.



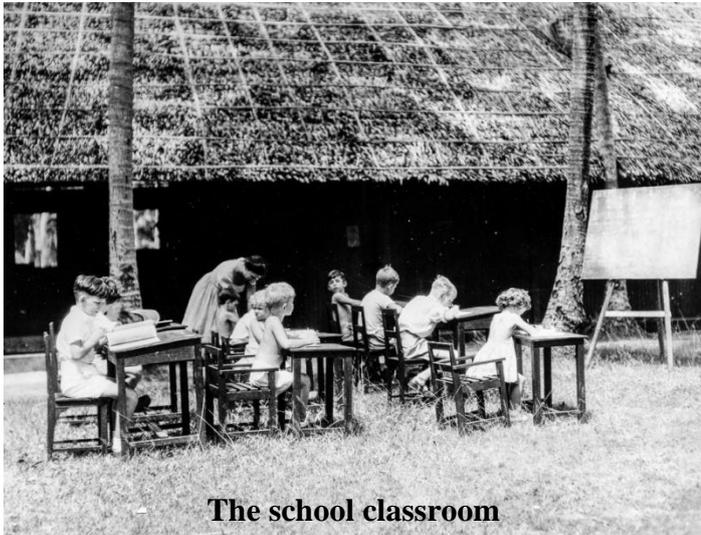
China Street, looking towards Pitt Street with the Kuan Yin Temple in the background (from Laurie Bean)

'The whole world celebrates world peace'

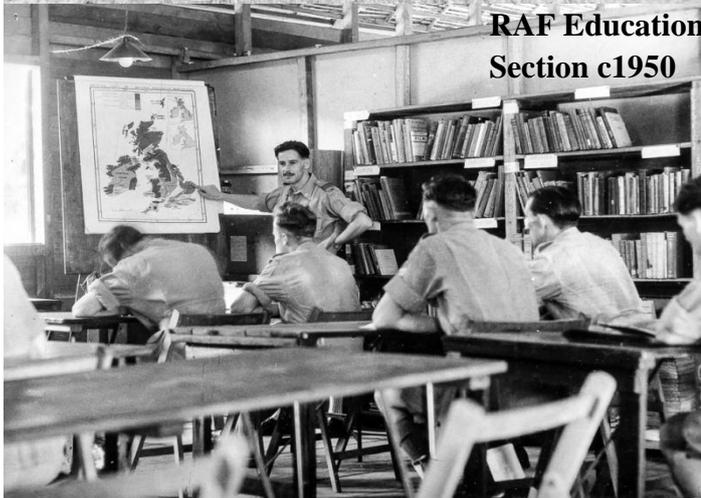
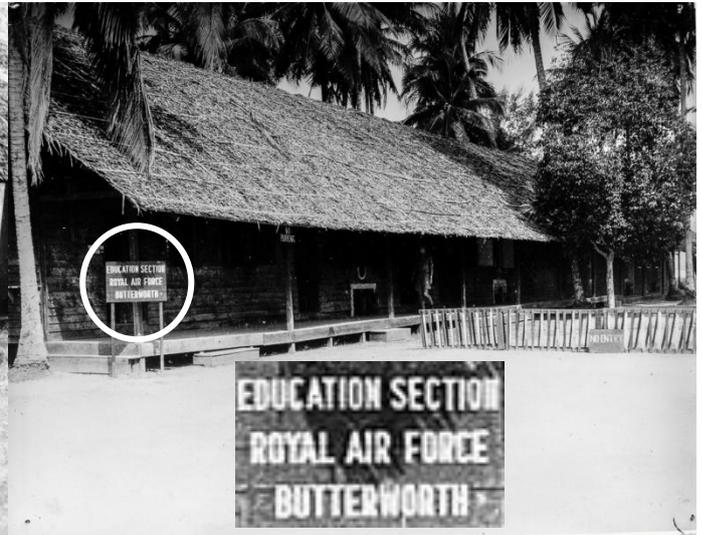
Members of the RAF Regiment on foot patrol in Georgetown. The Chinese banner shown in the photograph celebrates the victory over Japan with the above message.

Education at RAF Butterworth in 1950 by Bob Margolis (1947 - 52)

Bob recently discovered family photographs of Butterworth taken when his parents were on a five year tour of the station. As a child at the time, he accompanied them and went to a village school at first but then to the RAF school on camp at the start of the Emergency.



The school classroom



RAF Education Section c1950



After class



Relaxing



Modeller at work

RAF Tengah October 1966 to May 1968 by Bron Worsnip

In Issue 41 Bron wrote of his time at RAAF Butterworth with 60 Squadron (Javelins). In this issue he continues his story with his time spent at RAF Tengah following his stay at Butterworth: 'Our billets at Tengah were on the top floor of a two storey block with a balcony running its length. There was a centre stair well with the ablutions central at the back serving both floors. The airman's rooms held six beds and cupboards, the door and the windows had adjustable louvres. We had a TV in our room but there were few programmes that interested me.

Shortly after moving to Tengah I gained my promotion to Corporal and I moved into a single room. There were two at each end of the floors. On the landing at the top of the stairs was a drinks machine that dispatched Coke and Seven Up. These invariably came out frozen except for the essence in the Cokes. In addition the balcony faced the airfield and my room, being at the end, had a grandstand view.

When we arrived at Tengah a new hangar was being built to accommodate 74 Squadron who were to fly out when the new hangar was completed. During the building of the hangar the structure developed a 'lean' and we saw the local contractors attaching a hawser to one side and the structure being pulled straight. 74 Squadron was equipped with the English Electric Lightning Mk 6, and the whole station turned out to see them arrive. The Lightning was designed to climb quickly to intercept enemy aircraft and fire its missiles. These Lightnings were unusual as they had over wing auxiliary fuel tanks, giving a unique appearance. I understood that the Lightning is/was the only aircraft that had a thrust to weight ratio of 1 to 1 on take-off, (that was always with re-heat) and it could stand on its tail and go straight up. As you could imagine it made a great deal of noise; the air would crackle and it was so intrusive on occasions that I would come on to the balcony and shout at the aircraft as I felt so irritated with it.

Soon after 74 Squadron arrived I was sought out by David Steggles who was a friend of my brother who knew him from the Station Hotel at St Andrews. David, as I got to know him, turned out to be rather a loner. He obtained permission to use a shotgun and would go round the airfield to shoot birds. I went out with him on only one occasion. He often went into Singapore on his own and he told me about scapes he had when he went into the 'wrong' areas. I understood from him that his role on 74 Squadron was installing the 'brake parachute' after each sortie. Dave and I would go into Singapore occasionally on a Saturday evening to visit Bugis Street, which was full of stalls selling local dishes and was a well known tourist attraction. We would get there late in the evening, talk and have some beers, staying there until the sun came up before returning to camp. I think we did this because we could!

During my time at RAF Tengah the majority of my weekends and free time when I was on leave was spent at the Tengah Sailing Club. There would be a programme of dinghy races every weekend and I crewed most of the time, but had a *Snipe* dinghy for a few months before my tour ended.

The highlight of the year for the sailing clubs around Singapore Island was the Regatta season. This began with the 'Round the Island Race' that started from the west side of the Causeway that connected Singapore Island to Malaysia and ended at the nearest sailing club on the east side. I understand that this was/is the longest dinghy race in the world? All the dinghies were 'handicapped' and my helm and I received an engraved pot for coming third. After this race, each sailing club held their own individual regattas with all the dinghies racing back round the island on their way to their respective clubs.

The most exciting class of dinghy I crewed was the *Osprey*. My helm was Phil Day, and on this dinghy you had to 'hang out' on a trapeze to keep the boat as level as possible. On a *reach*, the fastest point of sail, we could rise up on a *plane* where we really flew! When you were *reaching* with the wind coming from the side, and beating, sailing against the wind I would be continually in and out of the boat on my harness, doing my best to keep as level as possible. On a reach, or running before the wind, I could raise a spinnaker to try

to keep it full of wind. In a race a dinghy could come up and take your wind, causing your spinnaker to collapse, and we could end up capsized. Phil would be shouting instructions and berating me to be quicker and if I got things in a muddle there would be a cry of "You buffoon, you buffoon". It could be hard work, but also exciting and exhilarating.

My hairiest incident was when I was crewing an Albacore after the *Round the Island Race* when we were racing the RAF Seletar Sailing Club. We were right out in the middle of the Johore Strait when we capsized on a *reach*. This put us both in the water. I helped my helm right the Albacore and get back aboard, but before I could get in the wind caught the sail and off she went, leaving me a long way from land. I remember thinking that there was a lot of water underneath me and wondering what might be in the water? I did not try to swim, just floated until the safety boat came and picked me up. There was no Health and Safety in 1967, no one wore a life jacket, there were none available!

When other clubs held their Regatta Day there would be food and entertainment, part of which would be the prize giving for the races of that day. Most memorable when we were at Seletar was dancing and doing the *limbo* to a Calypso steel band.

Sailing past the naval Base we met two submarines on their way out to sea. The channel was not very wide and the water displaced by the submarines caused an enormous wake that made us all toss about causing us to lose control of our boats. It was a frightening experience and I think we were lucky there was no one injured.

The sailing club was run by a committee. I volunteered to be the Entertainments Member and this entailed arranging regular dances at the club. 'Jinks' Jenkins, a lad on 60 Squadron was a member of a group, *The Assassins*, on the camp who provided the music for the dances I arranged. I would make advertisements to



publicise the events and put them up around the camp - we had some great evenings! The picture on the left is of me at one of the dances; the man in the background in a Maori grass skirt is Chief Tech Pentland, who was serving on 64 Squadron. The lady sitting by the bar is a school teacher, one of a number that came to the yacht club. In the picture (above right) of the prize giving at the yacht club, the person behind the large silver tray is an airman serving with the RNZAF. *Diwi*, so called because he was part Danish and part Maori, during the regatta season, was having a drink with a group of us at the bar on the Royal Naval Base when he

passed out on his feet and fell his full length, something I had never seen before (*both images: Bron Worsnip*).

The yacht club was a few miles from Tengah camp and to get there required a taxi or a car. Rick Weaves and I bought a car between us from a sergeant going home - a Standard Vanguard Eastate. This enabled us to go to the sailing club and get out and about around the island.

Obtaining the car gave us an unusual experience when we went to obtain the Singapore driving licence. We found the right office all right, but when we went in we found a seething crowd filling the room; there was no queing, it was every man for himself. We joined the crowd, I think we were the only Europeans there. Within a few minutes we were approached by a local man who offered to help us obtain our licences, for a price! Of course we accepted his offer and were taken to another room where within quarter of an hour we had our licences.

Driving in Singapore was all right as they drive on the left and the road signs were in English. I did have a scrape after I had been to a party. I went with Rick, but left before him and took the car. I hadn't drunk too much, but it was dark and I managed to get lost! I found I was in Chinatown (*right*) and to get on the right road I needed to turn round. Of course, there were monsoon drains on both sides of the road and I noticed a bridge made of wood, no sides, just large planks like railway sleepers that looked wide enough to reverse onto. I started to reverse but was not lined



up and my back left wheel dropped into the drain. At first there was no one around but some men soon appeared and offered to help. I paid them 20 dollars and they lifted the back up while I drove back onto the road. I found my way back to camp without any further incident. We had been advised that the locals in the village on the road to the sailing club were 'not friendly', and if we had an accident going through the village we should not stop but report the accident when we got back to camp.

Other outings included a visit one evening to an opium den in Chinatown. We were shown into a room that was very gloomy and full of smoke. Around the walls were tiers of wooden bunks, three high, with men lying on them and smoking pipes. It was a very depressing scene. Rick Weaves and I also had a day out visiting the Tiger Balm Gardens. Tiger Balm was advertised all over as a general 'cure' for all maladies. The gardens had groups of figures representing stories from local mythology; it was very colourful and interesting.

During my time at RAF Tengah we carried out detachments to RAAF Butterworth and RAF Kai Tak, Hong Kong. My memories are hazy about how often these took place, or how often I was involved, but I visited these stations on detachments.

I was involved in a sad incident when at Butterworth. A married friend from the squadron (whose family were back in Singapore) was with me at Butterworth on detachment when he became a concern to me as he went off the rails, drinking a great deal and getting little sleep. It ended when him having a break down; he was found in one of Butterworth's churches shouting and behaving erratically, I was interviewed by the Service Police and explained as much as I could about how he had been behaving. Unfortunately he did not return to the squadron and I never met him again.'

(To be continued)

WE'RE AT WAR ! REMEMBER?

This is the heading taken from dispatches, sent from Singapore in 1957, by Dennis Holman that appeared in the Reville newspaper, these copies courtesy of RAFBPA member **Don Brereton**. The story, as first mentioned in the Easter 2015 newsletter, started with the disappearance of the pre-war anthropologist, Richard Noone in the jungles of Malaya, but a change in direction of reporting led to covering the Emergency instead.

Wednesday June 27th 1957: 'I have just come out of the Malayan jungle, from one of the strangest and most exciting experiences of my life. I went to gather material for a book I am writing about a young Englishman, Pat Noone, who disappeared in the jungle 14 years ago. There were curious loose ends attached to the mystery, and his brother, Richard Noone, who had obtained some new evidence, asked me to help him clear it up. So I went to look for one lost Briton.

WE FORGOT THE FORGOTTEN ARMY

Instead I found many thousands and rediscovered the Forgotten Army in Malaya, fighting the toughest, the most unpleasant and frustrating, the most complex and costly small war in history. It's the only war British forces are fighting to-day. Yet this war in which tens of thousands of young Britons have taken part in the past nine years is not mentioned at home any longer. A young sergeant from Wandsworth (London), who recently returned to Malaya put it to me in a telling phrase: **"If the army in Burma was the Forgotten Army - well it seemed to me while I was home that we are the Forgotten, Forgotten Army."** The welfare and the well-being of the troops isn't forgotten; It's good, very good. *What's forgotten is that thousands of British boys are still at war, in battle daily against a cunning, tough enemy.*

Malaya is to get its independence in August. Perhaps some people think it indecent to remind the world that our boys are still fighting and dying to make democracy possible for five million Malays.

WELL, IF THAT'S INDECENT, I'LL BE INDECENT.

I'll tell you about the bombing strikes to terrorize the terrorists in their jungle camps, about our parachutists who have mastered the techniques of jumping on to trees, about geese helicoptered into jungle forts as watchdogs. (I recall Roy Follows mentioning geese 'watchdogs' in his book, *The Jungle Beat*, where he found them to be a 'noisy' nuisance and had them caged until Christmas!...DC) I'll tell you about the campaign to win over the aborigines, the primitive stone age denizens of the jungle with their strange marriage customs, their magic and the frenzy of their young girls when they dance themselves into a trance-like state.

Singapore is where I started my quest. I didn't like Singapore. I found it rather a "state of mind", where the Emergency is barely an echo. Its citizens are rich, and growing richer. Many live in safety, in luxury flats, They drive plush cars. They maintain expensive mistresses. The nearest they get to fighting is the beach at Johore Bharu. You won't see many soldiers or airmen in Singapore city, unless you look in the NAAFI. Despite liberal allowances to offset the inflated cost of living, our boys just can't afford the pace. Perhaps (just) as well, because its night life makes Singapore vice centre number one of the Far East.

Richard Noone met me in Singapore and we drove in his grey Jaguar northwards into the Federation. **Here the war that has dragged on for nine years has never been the forgotten war, for the whole country is the front line and death may lurk round any corner.**

Acts of heroism are commonplace. The day I arrived a young infantry lieutenant was scrambling up a rock face in pursuit of two terrorists, a man and a woman, who had dropped their guns as they fled. When the lieutenant reached a ledge below them, the man lobbed a grenade that fell and lodged less than a yard from

the officer as he clung to a bush. *But the grenade failed to go off, and he went on after the terrorists, not knowing whether they had any more grenades in store for him.* He finally shot the man and captured the woman.

When I arrived in the Federation a new campaign had just begun. Relentless pressure was being stepped up on the terrorists everywhere. We passed convoys of infantry - young National Servicemen bare to the waist, signalling thumbs up from their armoured coffin-shaped vehicles, ambush proof but as hot as ovens. They were moving up into positions where they would tighten the vice-grip on the country, for every town and village is enclosed by barbed wire, and most of the cars and people leaving them are searched. If you are caught carrying any food, even a sandwich, you are liable to severe penalties. In many towns the inhabitants cannot buy rice, unless it is first cooked in the central kitchen. They have to eat it immediately before it goes bad, They cannot store it for terrorist friends.

We drove to Malacca, then up to Kuala Lumpur, through lush green country with lines of rubber trees all the way, reaching for miles to blue mountains. A charming pleasant scene, with good roads over which my host's car frequently touched ninety.

THERE WERE NO VISIBLE BATTLE SCARS. THE BLOOD WAS WASHED OFF THE ROADS WHERE SO MANY OF OUR LADS WERE KILLED IN AMBUSH.

The burnt huts have been quickly rebuilt, the murdered parents and children are now memories. The people are forgetting the Europeans, Malays, Chinese, Indians, Indonesians, Siamese and aborigines, butchered in a wave of indiscriminate terrorism to create wide spread panic.

People are forgetting the grenadethrown into a roadside circus tent, when five people, including a pregnant woman and her two-years old child were killed; the gun fired into a crowded cinema when five people were killed; the massacred aborigine men and the rape of women.

Current Communist policy is not to attack Asians. Only European civilians and servicemen are being shot at now. When we give the country independence in August the terrorists are going to say they made us do it. That's one of the reasons we are turning on the heat and giving them the roughest and most unpleasant time they've ever had since the Emergency began.

Flight Lieutenant Peter Peckowski, RAF ace helicopter pilot, took me flying over mountains covered with jungle. Rivers coiled and writhed between folds of trackless mountain. Occasionally an aborigine clearing broke the endless pattern of this primordial cauliflowe patch covering four-fifths of Malaya, where 2,000 terrorists are still holding on doggedly.

The campaign now consists of ferreting them out in ones and twos. One of our most effective weapons is psychological. Lau Fatt, the leader of the Communist Fifth Independent Platoon has given himself up. This how we are exploiting the surrender - A RAF Dakota flies dangerously slowly over the area in which the platoon is operating, and broadcasts the following message through a bank of four large loudspeakers. "Hello Fifth Independent Platoon. Your operational commander Lau Fatt has surrendered. Lau Fatt knew the armed struggle is useless. He chose wisely. Members of Fifth Independent Platoon, you followed your leader in battle. Now follow him to a new life."

NEARLY 2,000 TERRORISTS HAVE SURRENDERED. ONE SECTION BROUGHT OUT THEIR LEADER'S HEAD, AS HE HIMSELF SEEMED OPPOSED TO THEIR IDEA OF SURRENDER.

Another weapon is starvation. At one time the terrorists, who are almost all Chinese, depended for their food supplies, their medicines, their clothing, shelter and occasional home comforts, on the squatters. There were over half a million Chinese squatters, most of them war immigrants, who were living primitively in the clearings on the edge of the jungle, on the outskirts of towns, near tin mines and rubber estates. They lived by market gardening and by doing casual jobs in the mines and estates. Under persuasion, threat or blackmail they were supporting the Communists.

To deny the squatters to the terrorists the Government resettled them, all 500,000 in 547 new villages, behind barbed wire, with police to prevent terrorists from getting in, and squatters from taking food out. **Food became the greatest problem of the terrorists. Captured Communist dispatches indicated that only their serious food shortage forced them to limit their effort to small scale attacks and ambushes.**

We were hunting them relentlessly, and since they hadn't a hope of winning, their leader, Ching Peng, withdrew most of the fighting men into the remote upper reaches of rivers in the mountains of Perak, Kelantan and Pahang. Here they quickly dominated the aborigines, who were made to supply food as the squatters had done, and to warn terrorists of the approach of Security Forces patrols. In this way the terrorists were safe in their mountain hideouts in impenetrable jungle. They intended holding on in the hope that eventually the Government would come to terms rather than continue indefinitely waging a war. To General Sir Gerald Templar, then High Commissioner and Director of Operations , the deep jungle situation presented a serious long - term threat. Security of the country lay in the destruction of every Communist in the deep jungle, and for this he fashioned a new weapon - a regiment of the Special Air Service.

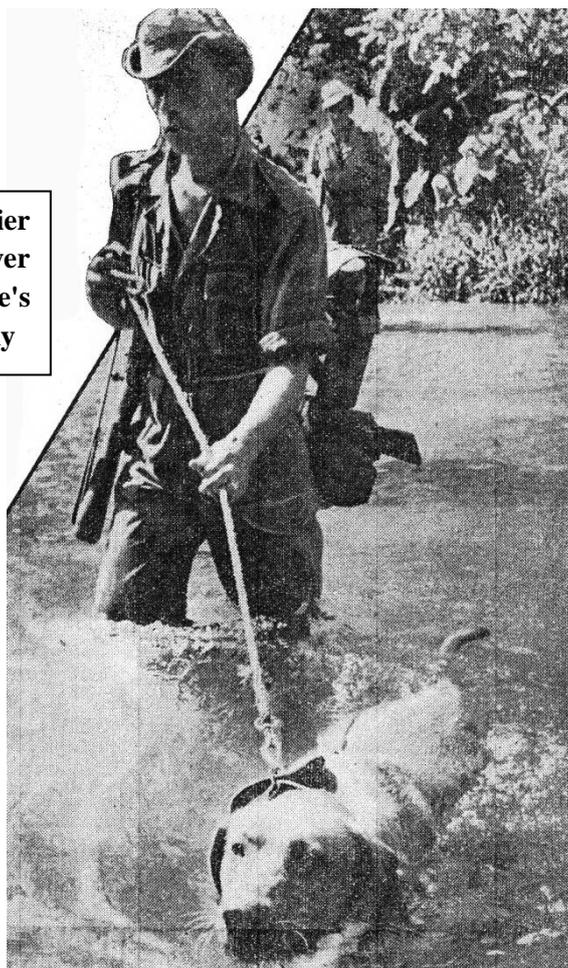
TEMPLAR'S WHOLE PLAN WAS BASED ON HIS BELIEF IN THE FIGHTING QUALITIES OF THE BRITISH SOLDIER IN ANY TERRAIN.

His faith was justified. In three years our boys have become the greatest deep jungle fighters in the world.'

NEXT WEEK:

Jungle dare-devils

A young British soldier leads a dog through a river in the Malayan jungle. He's one of our Forgotten Army



(To be continued)

Reflections of RAF Butterworth by Ben Williams

I am over 80 years of age and perhaps my memory is fading a little! I was interested in the article by Bron Worsnip who was 'stationed' at RAAF Butterworth on the **north east coast** of Malaysia, The RAF Butterworth at which I was stationed was on the **west coast** of Malaya! (The error was purely editorial).

The article by Trevor Coy stated that detachments of Canberras came to RAF Buterworth for a few weeks, and mentioned 9, 617 and 101 Squadrons. I was on detachment from RAF Binbrook (Lincolnshire) from where the above squadrons were based, but I flew to Butterworth with No. 12 Squadron and was there from November 1955 to April 1956, some 20 weeks!

617 Squadron had some problems and returned to Binbrook early, 12 Squadron went out rather hurriedly to cover for 617 and also do their own tour.

I had served an apprenticeship, prior to National Service, in the large Trafford Park Industrial Estate, Manchester. After training at Melksham I was posted to RAF Binbrook as an Air Electrician, then sent to English Electric at Samlesbury in Lancs to do a specialised course on Canberras. This suited me as it was near my birth town of Preston and where I could meet up with relatives.

On the first day of the course the civilian instructor, when checking who was in the class, read my name out and when I answered stuck his hand out and said "Hello cousin." I hadn't seen him for years!

Whilst at Butterworth I had a number of opportunities to fly in Canberras after I had serviced them and was able to take a lot of photos. Probably to decline the opportunity to fly in an aircraft you had serviced could have resulted in a charge on the grounds that you were not confident in your own workmanship.

In October 2007, my wife, Jean, and I went to Malaya on holiday. We stayed at Kuala Lumpur, Penang and Singapore. Apart from Penang I hadn't had the opportunity to visit the other two places previously. Whilst at Penang we went on the old ferry to the mainland and then by bus up to Butterworth camp. After consulting the duty sergeant the guard said "No you can't (come in). We had your lot here a few weeks ago." Perhaps your lot was the Association? However Jean and I continued to enjoy our holiday, especially Singapore which is a wonderful place.

Note: in 1957 RAF Butterworth became RAAF Butterworth. In 1988 the RAAF handed Butterworth over to the RMAF but the Australian Defence Force continued to maintain a presence at RMAF Butterworth.



RAF Butterworth & Penang Association 2015 Reunion.

The 2015 reunion was held at the Falcon Hotel, Stratford upon Avon from the 17th to the 19th May. The Association Dinner was held in the evening of Monday 19th May and the AGM on the morning of the 20th, followed by an excellent lunch. As with any event with a good number of attendees, there were some hitches but overall it appeared most, if not all, had a fairly enjoyable time. One thing concerning my stay at the Falcon that I would like to share with members is that my room had a seriously cracked washbasin, which immediately brought to mind the newspaper cutting given to me last year by John Rutland. Headed as *Frozen pilots and hotel sink dramas* it is the story of an aircrew trainee billeted the Falcon Hotel during WW2 (Eastward, Issue 39, Summer 2014). In the newspaper cutting, the writer explains how, through a series of mishaps he damaged the bathroom fixtures, including the washbasin which was left in two halves. At the time I thought the washbasin in my room was the same one that had probably been stuck together all those years ago and kept in service (I was in the old part of the hotel)...but I was wrong, the wartime washbasin was a marble one and the one in my room was not! Not to be outdone in this respect Peter Schmul's four poster bed (in the hotel) suffered from bits falling off and the room also had a very insecure toilet roll holder. His experience with the bed, when explained as only Peter could, caused many smiles among his audience.

Following the formal dinner, our Chairman invited a few members to give a very short account of a notable event, or events, from their time at Butterworth. This was a new venture and went down very well with members, especially where a bit of humour was involved. Such stories are also ideal for the newsletter and members at the AGM were asked to consider forwarding their short (incident) stories for inclusion in the newsletters. The same is requested of members who were not at the reunion/AGM.



Member **Rosemary Fell** informed members at the AGM of the Malayan Volunteers Group VJ Day Service and Gathering at the Millennium Chapel (National Memorial Arboretum) on Saturday August 15 2015 at midday (1200 hrs). RAFBPA members are welcome to attend the service but are requested to inform Rosemary if they intend to go. Rosemary can be contacted at: Millbrook House, Stoney Lane, Axminster, Devon, EX13 5EE or tel: 01297 33045 or e-mail: rosemaryfell11@gmail.com



Also on August 15, at 2pm (1400 hrs) at Lichfield Cathedral. there is a Children of the Far East Prisoner of War (COFEPOW) Service of Thanksgiving to commemorate the 70th Anniversary of VJ Day.



David Bloomfield presented a FEAF plaque (left) to the Association which is now in the archives and will be displayed at future reunions. The plaque was made by David during his time with FEAF (Butterworth and Seletar) and shows both skill and patience in producing such a fine piece of artwork.

Advance notice: The 2016 Reunion is planned for Monday 23rd and Tuesday 24th May.

Members **Rex Baldwin** and **Charlie Tagg** brought their photograph albums to the reunion and passed them on to the Association archives.

Charlies' album dates from 1953 and covers 33 Squadron, visiting aircraft from the Royal Thai Air Force and a DH Beaver of the Federation Air Service! The album also contains photographs of Butterworth town, Penang and views from Penang Hill. A letter was received from Charlie after the reunion giving very interesting notes about some of the photographs. These, with pictures of the aircraft mentioned, will appear in the next newsletter.

Rex 'returned' his two albums borrowed last year - the larger of the two covers his voyage by sea via Malta, the Suez Canal, Aden and Colombo as well as scenes of Malaya and Singapore. The smaller album contains a series of photographs of the Duke of Edinburgh's Tour of the Federation, the photographs taken at RAF Butterworth on 31/10/56.

Both albums will be a very useful contribution to the Association archives and my thanks to both. Whilst at the reunion Rex popped across to the bookshop opposite the Falcon and purchased *The Forgotten Highlander* for the Association. It is the story of survival of Gordon Highlander Alistair Urquhart, captured by the Japanese at the fall of Singapore. The book is available for loan to members and if anyone wishes to borrow the copy please contact me. Thanks again to Rex.

A set of prints from member **Brian Johnson**, Airframe Mech, 33/45 Squadron, RAF Butterworth 1954-56) was handed over at the reunion (by Len Wood) for the archives. The aircraft featured in the photographs is also featured in the artwork of the Warpaint Series book de *Havilland Hornet*, showing the colour scheme in use at the time.

Last year **Don Walton** took charge of the Association model boat so he could re-rig it. It is a complex job and not completed at the time of this year's reunion. Don handed over a set of pictures of the progress made so far and it is looking good.

Colin and **Jenny Bates** rose to the occasion when Tony Parrini asked for volunteers to clean up the FEAF Memorial at the National Memorial Arboretum. This was much appreciated by members at the meeting.

Please be aware the above notes covering the reunion and AGM are only a general record of the proceedings and not an official account.

Dave Croft

Following the reunion/AGM, **Bob Margolis** has made a start on developing a website devoted (mainly) to the archives and history of Butterworth and Malaya. This website is separate to the one run by George Gault on behalf of the Association and George is fully supportive of the development'

A note from our Chairman 'For consideration in planning the 2017 reunion, are there any members who have experience of good reunion venues? If so, please let **Len Wood** have details before April 2016 so that ideas can be discussed and recommendations made at the 2016 Reunion.'

An e-mail received at the end of May from a gentleman called Ray Chandlers reads: " About Flight Sergeant Harry Capp - he is the pilot in one of your [newsletter photographs - Easter 2011, Issue 29, page 7]. Harry was RAF to the core and had flown virtually everything the RAF had by the time he retired. We met through our love of sailing, meeting up with him and his wife, Joan, at Saint Vaast la Hougue annually. After Harry had to give up sailing we lost touch shortly afterwards. I have now found out that Harry died in November 2010 - he was a Flt Lt, having been made up from Flt Sgt. But it would be nice to contact his wife Joan again. If anyone knowing Joan could pass her our details then it would be appreciated, whether she chooses to contact us or not."

If anyone is able to help please contact Dave Croft who will pass on Ray's contact details to be forwarded on, if possible.

Reunion Photographs (1) by Tony Parrini



Reunion Photographs (2) by Bob Margolis



Bob Margolis



Bob Margolis



Bob Margolis



Bob Margolis



Bob Margolis



Bob Margolis



Bob Margolis



Bob Margolis



Bob Margolis



Bob Margolis



Bob Margolis



Bob Margolis



Bob Margolis



Bob Margolis



RAF Butterworth and Penang Association Annual Reunion 2015



Bob Margolis