



# NEWSLETTER

## Last chance to book for Aircrew Lunch

### August Meeting

It really was an amazing presentation from Chris Wren for those lucky enough to make our August meeting. A polished performer with an excellent Powerpoint presentation and without a script we were enthralled by the depth of knowledge and facts and figures that flowed through the presentation. It was also good to hear Chris confirm that it was not just the pilots that were involved but the engineers who got the aircraft and airfields back to operational status each night. He also praised the bomber crews who's raids took some of the German aircraft away.

The talk started with a look at the WW2 bunker at Uxbridge that many of us have visited. There were two stations there at one time, RAF Uxbridge and RAF Hillingdon, split by the River Pinn running through the site. The long term future of the Bunker has been secured and will be run by Hillingdon Council, a new Visitor's Centre has been funded by the Council and thanks to the 'Libor Scandal' a million pounds has been awarded to improve both drainage and the internal state of the bunker.

If any of you have not visited, it is well worth a trip and details can be obtained by telephoning 01895 238154 or email [lgpenquiries@btconnect.com](mailto:lgpenquiries@btconnect.com)

### Bill Hyland's Funeral

16 members attended Bill's funeral and an obituary can be found on page 6. Roger Miller took some photos, a selection of which appear below. It really was a wonderful turnout of his RAF, Air Traffic Control, ACA and family and friends, all of whom thought of Bill as a great character who would look to help everyone else before himself.



*Mourners arrive (above)*



*Bill and the 'Ejector Seat Pin' that he insisted was removed prior to his final flight! (left)*

*Photos: Roger Miller*



## Malcolm Cloutt's Story Part 7

**Ed:** *We left Malcolm heading for Saigon*

Anyway, back to my crew formation, the vital role of Navigator having been filled we could now fly together as a team that proved to be a happy one. I am still in touch with him. He wrote once:

"During my time flying I had four long-term Skippers. You were number three. All of them unflappable; they knew their business and never gave me a moment of worry. Furthermore, they encouraged my confidence: they all seemed to trust me – let me get on with my job. I count myself fortunate, and am grateful to them all." I can add a reciprocal comment.

Our missions now continued in supply and transport work. Many mountainous and jungle areas had been stripped bare of food by the Japanese forces, and it was only by air that supplies could be got to remote village them quickly. One such community lay in a small open-ended valley with mountains all around. There was insufficient room for a fully loaded aircraft, even the redoubtable Dakota, to fly out or turn around. It was, therefore, essential to offload as much as possible on the first short run, and this is where the glider-snatching practice came in helpful. My crew would be sweating in the back to get out as much as possible in about 6 seconds as I kept their despatch bell ringing, and then I had to climb rapidly on full throttle, with all rivets rattling, as close to staling speed as I dared to clear the 1000ft. ragged peaks, ready for another run in. It was an extremely close thing; indeed one aircraft lost part of a wing, though, in true "Dakota" fashion, that didn't seem to worry it!

Most flights, however, were unremarkable, often allowing at my discretion a night stop in Bangkok, Saigon, Singapore, or Penang. One trip, though, was from Bangkok to Singapore with senior Japanese war criminals for their trials. They were Lt.Gen Watari Sakon and Col. Terui Yuji both sentenced to 10 years imprisonment, plus Col. Komazano Sadayasu and Col. Yano whose sentences I cannot trace.

In those days we flew into Kallang, Airport, close to Singapore centre, now built over. The present international airport is at Changi on the Eastern tip of Singapore, formerly an RAF Station, hence the RAF Changi Association of which I am an Associate Member. As with so many things in my life that came about by a series of chance meetings, and was invaluable in providing help when I visited Singapore in February 2014.



*A mission of mercy 3rd Sept. 1945  
helping POWs on their way home*

One even happier occasion was carrying our own men, former P.O.Ws. on part of their way home to England. They were brought out of captivity in easy stages to enable their bodies to be built-up. We were requested not to feed them with our chocolate rations, as their stomachs were still delicate. Can we ever understand fully what they went through? 62 Squadron brought them from Bangkok to Mingaladon. There next stage home was by ship from Rangoon.

On one such occasion an engine cut on take-off, but it recovered, so I aborted the take-off to ascertain the problem, which I thought to be an air lock in the fuel supply. Incidentally, this is why main tanks were employed for the critical times of take-off and landing, because they had shorter fuel lines to the engines than the auxiliary tanks. However, in the case in question water had got into a tank from a petrol barrel that had been tipped on edge when refueling, allowing the pump to reach water in the bottom of the tank (condensation in a sealed container is normal). Japanese prisoners were responsible for this, but I doubt if there was harm intended. Had I been away overnight, before flight I would have drained some fuel from each tank from taps under the fuselage, but I had been on the ground only a couple of hours, and the engines were scarcely cold.

Amongst the former prisoners collected at Bangkok for onward transmission to Rangoon were many of the Australians who had been imprisoned right from the beginning trying to defend Singapore. By one of those amazing coincidences my Aussie Wireless Operator found his brother there! What a reunion!

There was one more worrying occasion when we failed to find a dropping zone in the Chin Hills (between Burma and China). My new just-from-Uk Navigator's dead-reckoning proved to be inaccurate. We searched

for as long as I calculated we had sufficient fuel to return to our base, which was not Rangoon, but an hour's run North at Toungoo, an airfield with which we were not familiar. That was an important factor, because we returned in failing light dangerously short of fuel, and couldn't find the airfield immediately. I confess to some alarm, for with all this wonderful aeroplane's virtues it cannot run on air!

It may be considered as bad judgement on my part that I did not dump my heavy load of rice when I discovered that we were lost, but to waste it went against the grain (accidental pun). So we set off on our return journey on a reciprocal course. Map reading in those forested hills was impossible, but one range that we crossed appeared to be the last before Toungoo, so to save fuel I throttled back and began to lose height slowly, planning to be at Toungoo at 1000ft.

But we were nowhere near our estimated position, as I discovered when another range of hills appeared ahead of us. It was in climbing over this that the first engine cut out. As usual we were running on auxiliary fuel tanks, so after a second's panic I changed over to that engine's main tank..

I got my Wireless Operator to get a bearing on the only radio beacon available, which was in Rangoon. Fifteen minutes later he took another, and this established our position fairly closely, allowing me to set a new course for Toungoo on the coast.

The other engine then cut, so at least I knew exactly how much fuel was left, and considered it just adequate.. However, there was the aforesaid difficulty finding the unlit airfield in the gathering gloom. In the remote hope that one of the Squadron was still on the ground and, moreover, listening in, I called up to enquire if any 62 Squadron were on the ground. Just one, the last to leave, was about to take off, saw us and directed me. Only pints, not gallons, of fuel were left, but I had brought the food back.

The only black mark on my experience of 62 Squadron Dakotas" is not self-deserved, for they were all past their "sell-by date", but gave us pilots some heart-dropping concern when an engine faltered. In fact, as the Squadron ran down, and aircrew were repatriated, such crews flew selected "old maids" to a scrap centre near Suez, from where we were shipped back to England. Post-war some enterprising entrepreneurs made "a killing" from buying the scrap.

My flight enabled us to circle the famous Taj Mahal at Agra, built as a memorial to a deceased lover. Our time in tents amid Suez sand storms is a time to be forgotten!

But the Dakota was a gallant lady, and another account of her versatility is my recollection of an unusual flight:

In Burma I more commonly flew at 9000 ft. and 180 knots. Once with super-charged engines it clawed up to 20,000 ft (height corrected for pressure drop) and at an indicated speed of less than 60 knots to ride over a cumulous cloud in Thailand (then Siam). Here is an amusing tale about an oxygen cylinder: Never normally flying above 10,000 ft oxygen was not needed, but there was an oxygen cylinder behind my seat. My co-Pilot thought we should use it (didn't think of the Navigator and Wireless Operator!) even though we felt no ill-effects from oxygen deficiency – it certainly hadn't affected my concentration. So we took alternate puffs from what may well have been an empty cylinder!

The role of Transport Command in Burma was the support of troops fighting mainly in jungle, where there was no possibility of our Dakotas landing. Supplies had to be dropped to them. But there were times when, for example, a senior officer might need to be sent in, or injured men needed to be brought out for urgent medical treatment. So how could this be achieved? Provided a small area could be cleared a light glider would be towed in and released, and then snatched out again.



*The Dakota 'Rope Trick'  
more details next month*

**Ed:** Poignant as we celebrated VJ Day in August, certainly the forgotten war!

## Guy Buckingham

### Part 8

**Ed:** *We join Guy after the war. Did he realise he was to become an early version of Jeremy Clarkson on Australian TV?*

On leaving the RAF I returned to the family business in Witney. Jewelers began to do well and there was plenty of quality repair work required. I was lucky that this repair work included items from places like Blenheim Palace and Cornbury Park, many of the clocks were priceless! I took a course and a few exams through The British Horological Society and became a craft member of The British Horological Institute (CMBH).

Soon after this my father passed away and I was left the business to run. I managed to cope but it was not my ideal role.

My car hobby started in Witney when I decided to build a small sports car. I had studied Aero engineering of all types during the war, had a lot of motorcycle experience, so had some idea how things worked. My hobby soon moved into rallying and racing. I acquired many MG's including a K3 which I used in the RAC Rally Targa Rusticana and others run by the Oxford University car club. It was a very powerful machine but with absolutely no way of stopping! I wanted to survive so I sold it for £150 and in the 1990's this very car sold in USA for £30,000!

I entered racing at Silverstone but I am afraid my first race was unspectacular as I spun off at 'Woodcote' during a practice lap, alas taking another driver with me! After this disastrous start, I competed in many 750 events at Ibsley, Castle Combe, Silverstone, Thruxton, Goodwood etc but without any great success. I did have the good fortune to be in the winning team of the 6 hour race at Silverstone for the Goodacre Trophy. As I could run quite quickly and it was a 'Le Mans' start I was given the opening drive. Despite my car leaving bits of the engine all over the course the other 2 team members in their cars took over and our team won the race.

By this time and now with son Christopher, I felt the urge to emigrate to Australia. I went ahead to buy a house and set up a business before being joined by the family. I shipped out one car which I sold to an Australian gentleman in 1956. A few years ago at a meeting at Goodwood I overheard an Australian saying he had bought a car from a 'pommie' many years ago. He then went on to describe the car and I realised what one it was. I asked him if he knew the name of the chap who sold it to him, he of course, it was Guy Buckingham, why

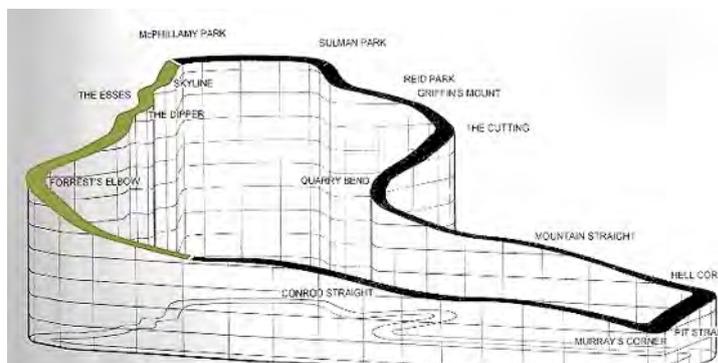
do you know him? I introduced myself and we had a long chat about the car, which was still going strong. What a small world it is!

After 6 months in Australia working in a Jewelers, the family arrived. I wanted to get into the car business so took a lease on a Shell forecourt in Paramatta in the Western suburbs of Sydney. I wanted to build cars not run a petrol station, so Shell and I parted company. Eventually after much hard work I set up the 'Nota Engineering Company', so called because of my son's difficulty in say Motor Car, he always called them 'Nota's'!

I attended race meetings at Mount Druid, Orange and Bathurst. Most of the cars were very heavy, very strong with large engines. I did not have a lot of money but wanted to build a competitive car that others would want. I built up a light tube space frame, fully stressed with all enveloped alloy body. The body was built by an ex Rolls Royce man Jack Wiffen, who had also built the body for Sir Malcolm Campbell's 'Bluebird'.

I entered races and on many occasions won, against opposition of MG's, Healey's and TR's much to the disgust of the Australians! The building programme continued steadily and interest in Nota cars increased. Much of this was due to a Saturday morning TV show 'Westin-house World of Sport'. I talked about various bits of motor cars, head working, carbs, manifolds and space frame design. Through this programme we were able to build up even more interest. I started a Formula Junior movement, we built a few cars for this and ran two as a team.

One important event was the annual Bathurst Speed Week. My first race here on this mountain circuit was terryfying. I was driving an FJ 1100cc, hanging on for grim death down 'con rod straight' when I was passed by Jack Brabham followed by Graham Hill, both doing about 190mph! I did win the FJ race.



Bathurst Raceway

cont'd on Page 5

For some years I had yearned to have our own racing circuit. The father of our works driver agreed to loan us £1,000. So the tight little club circuit The Oran Park Raceway was born. The raceway closed in 2010 for hous

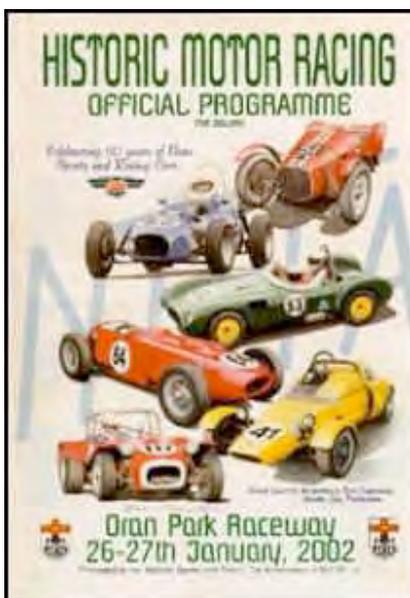


Oran Park Raceway 1965 - 2010

-ing development but there are plans afoot to secure a nearby site to continue the racing tradition. For my contribution to this and to Australian Motor Sports I was made a life-member of the 'Confederation of Australian Motor Sports'.

The company went from strength to strength both Formula Junior and Clubman cars were produced in number and we produced rear engined cars for Clubman and Formula Ford.

By now I had built a bungalow, with a view of the Blue Mountains, from the profits of playing in orchestras with stars such as Tom Jones and Shirley Bassey touring Australia. I returned to UK at Christmas 1971 leaving the expanding company to my son Chris (who still runs it today). I went back for the 50th Anniversary celebrations in 2002.



**On a charge on your first day?**

We marched in a somewhat ragged bunch from Scarborough Station to St Nicholas Square. Here we were divided up between The Manor Hotel and The Grand opposite. Led upstairs by a RAF Corporal we were allocated rooms – 72 square feet – a single room; 75 square feet – a double. Each had a bed, a hard chair and a chest of drawers.

'Leave your stuff; downstairs for tea.' Our introduction to 'cheesy mashed potato' (obviously too many spuds at midday) on toast – a favourite RAF meal!

After tea and a talk about future plans, we collected blankets and then left to ourselves. We chatted to neighbours, gathered in the larger rooms, sitting on beds, chairs and one chap sat in the quite deep window recess over the washbasin. Some of us – ex ATC – had ideas about our fate – some no knowledge at all.

Too soon it was time to return to our own rooms and make up our beds for the night. Last man out was the guy from the window recess but he caught his belt on the taps. There was a crash – he landed on the floor while the washbasin, supported by three lead pipes, hung at 45o from the wall!

Imagine his horror – imagine all our horror – and it wasn't his room either! There was not exactly panic, but certainly a flap. We envisaged half a dozen of us being on a 'Fizzer' next day for damaging RAF property.

Smithy, an older lad took over – the type who probably went far in the RAF. 'Scour the hotel, lads, see if there is anything you can find that might help.' The net result was an old broom handle and not much else. We found that if we cut the broom handle in half, it would prop up the basin until it was almost level. This was managed with various semi-sharp penknives – the old varnish scraped off. The waste pipe was not damaged fortunately. Broken plaster was mixed with soap and toothpaste and stuffed around the basin and tiles on the windowsill. Someone sacrificed a towel to wash and clean the floor.

Room inspection next day took place while we were elsewhere. We half expected to be summoned to appear – nothing happened! The room passed every inspection during the six weeks we were at Scarborough, and who knows, The Manor Hotel was not the most sophisticated hotel, certainly not after RAF occupation for several years. Maybe the broom handle supports are still there!

60512  
Steady Aim  
aka Chiltern ACA No 229

**Flt Lt John 'Bill' Hyland GD/N**  
13 March 1935 - 21 July 2015



*Bill (middle row on right) with Meteor NF11's of 68*

Sixteen ACA members joined family and friends at Bill's Thanksgiving Service at RAF Halton; we were all reminded by the Padre Reverend (Flt Lt) Nick Hanover, that wherever and however we knew Bill, the chances were that we would learn something new about him this day. Never a truer word was spoken!

Bill was born in Southampton but his mother died when he was two, his father was a Merchant Seaman and thus Bill or John as he was known then became a Barnado boy. He was later placed with foster parents in Little Horwood between Bletchley and Buckingham.

Bill progressed well at school and always had an interest in engineering. He would help out at the village garage, who already had three John's working, so John Hyland became Bill Hyland and the name stuck!

After a short time working in a Jam Factory he joined the Royal Air Force as a Navigator, training in Canada on C45 Expediter's and C47 Dakota's. Back to UK he was to fly jets and was posted to No 68 Sqn on Meteors at Cologne/Wahn. Night fighter aircraft were to be his forte and on returning from Germany in 1959 he was posted to the Javelin for the first time. He flew Javelins with 29 Sqn Leuchars 1959-1961, also Javelin's at Stradishall before a year with 85 Sqn on Canberra's in the 'target towing' role before moving to the Far East for his final tour with 60 Sqn in Tengah/Singapore from 1964-66 back on Javelin's.

After 12 years Bill left the RAF but this was not to be the end of his aviation career. He joined the Civil Aviation Authority as an Air Traffic Controller and after trainings at Bournemouth/Hurn and a short spell in the tower at Birmingham, he spent some thirty years at the London Air Traffic Control Centre (LATCC), West Drayton. His radar training in the RAF stood him in good stead, as radar became more and more important in the control of aircraft. He was noted as an excellent trainer and subsequently became a watch manager. His watch was always one that was 'happy', in no small way, due to Bill's wonderful rapport with all those around him.

After his retirement Bill devoted much of his time to his No 1 love, his family. An ardent DIY expert, he kept his home and those of his children in order. He taught his children and grand children to drive, again with much skill and good humour.

He ran the 68 Sqn reunions for many years, as well, of course, being an excellent Welfare Officer for the Chiltern ACA.

He was married to Ann for 57 years and travelled widely in retirement but the RAF was never far from his mind. A regular visitor to the RAF Club and a regular attendee at St Clement Danes for the RAF Benevolent Fund Carol Concert.

He leaves a loving family, many friends from the RAF, Air Traffic Control and the local area. His parting gift was a request for his grandson who works with Martin Baker, to remove the safety pin placed on all ejection seats from his photograph and be passed to Ann, as he left us for the final time - you could almost see the smile on his face. He would have loved the service and the 'bun fight' that followed at Aces High, in Wendover - **it was all so Bill!**

Our thoughts are with Ann, Sue, Carolyn and Mark

**GL**

**The 30th Annual International Moth Rally  
at Woburn Abbey 15-16 August 2015**

*Graham Laurie reports:*

Celebrating the 90th birthday of the DH 60 Moth, the 40th anniversary of the formation of 'The de Havilland Moth Club' and the 30th International Moth Rally at Woburn. Why Woburn? Well in the early 1930's, Mary, Duchess of Bedford, learned to fly in a Moth and was sent off on her first solo flight from a small airfield near Dunstable. Later she bought her own Gipsy Moth followed by a Moth Major and then a cabin mono-plane, the Puss Moth, all of which she operated from the grounds of Woburn Abbey. No wonder she was named 'The Flying Duchess'.

As usual the programme and event was masterminded by the McKay family. The Event Manager was Stuart, Accommodation Officer and Crew Reception Miranda and Trade Stand Co-ordinator and Website Manager Melissa, plus the Ticket Office and the magnificent Programme again Melissa under the guise of 'Bleriot Productions'. This team plus the many many Club volunteers made a magnificent weekend with over 80 aircraft on the ground.

I visited on Saturday which was 'practice day' but also included the 'Tiger 9' departing for the annual memorial flypast for Alan Butler at Studham. They also did a display practice on return along with a further practice from 'Captain Neville's Flying Circus'. These events were also topped and tailed by some interesting arrivals including the DH84 Dragon of Aer Lingus. The Sunday flying programme was packed with wonderful vintage 'stuff' and if that was not enough there were some fabulous vintage cars to look at. What more could you want but of course the 31st in 2016.

Keep up the fantastic work Stuart



*DH84 Dragon EI-ABI*



*Stuart McKay prepares to fly with 'Tiger 9'*



*A fine line up of DH82A Tiger Moths*



*DH60 Moth - G-AAHY*



*Tiger 9 + 1 (Photo ship)*

**Programme 2015**

Events at 1030 for 1100 at Greenacres unless (\*)

- 16 Sep **The History of Royal Flying**  
Graham Laurie
- 25 Sep Aircrew Lunch, Abingdon\*
- 21 Oct Flying Canberra's - Danny Bonwit
- 18 Nov Raid on St Nazaire - Nick Beattie
- 16 Dec Christmas Lunch\*

**Your Committee**

**Chairman:** Geoff Hulett

11 Pearsewood Gardens, Stanmore, Middx  
HA7 1NU. Tel: 0208 952 4092

Email: [banghulett@btinternet.com](mailto:banghulett@btinternet.com)

**Newsletter Editor/Secretary:**

Graham Laurie

19 High St, Prestwood, Gt Missenden, Bucks  
HP16 9EE

Tel: 01494 863492

Email: [graham@kitty4.co.uk](mailto:graham@kitty4.co.uk)

**Membership Sec:** Gerry Sealy-Bell

31, Hempstead Rd, Kings Langley, Herts,  
WD4 8BR Tel: 01923 262707

**Treasurer:** Rod Finn

67 Hayfield, Chells Manor Village, Stevenage  
SG2 7JR Tel: 01438 350115

Email: [rodfinn@btinternet.com](mailto:rodfinn@btinternet.com)

**Welfare:** David Bray

23a Aylesbury Road Wing, Leighton Buzzard, Beds  
LU7 0PD Tel: 01296 688425

Email: [adbbray@aol.com](mailto:adbbray@aol.com)

**Programme Secretary:** Bill George

Blossom Cottage, 54, Green End Street, Aston  
Clinton, Bucks,

HP22 5EX Tel: 01296 630998

Email: [bill.bbgi@btinternet.com](mailto:bill.bbgi@btinternet.com)

**Welfare**

Glad to report that upon ringing round a few of our boys nothing major to report and all appeared to have been in good spirits. I did manage a quick word with **Ann Hyland** who asked me to say how touched she was to see so many of the Chiltern ACA at the Thanksgiving Service. She has promised to join us in the future for a lunch. Just heard that **Guy Buckingham** has had a fall but is back from hospital. We all wish him a speedy recovery

**David**

**Membership Secretary**

Sorry to have missed you all at the last meeting but I hope to see you in September.

Cheerio

**Gerry**

**Secretary/Editor**

This is your last opportunity to book for The Aircrew Lunch, so please do so promptly.

As we go to press please spare a thought for all those affected by the tragic accident at Shoreham last week. The show raises wonderful sums for RAFA but nobody wanted that outcome. We think, I am sure, of not only the bereaved families but all those others affected in so many ways.

**Graham**

**Programme Secretary**

We have now filled the programme for this year as you will see on the top of the page. I am working on next year, so please if you have any ideas do let me know.

**Bill**

**Remember 16th September 2015**

**“The History of Royal Flying”**

**Graham Laurie**

**Greenacres 10.30 for 11.00am**