

THE PEREGRINE PHOTOS POST

THE ROYAL NAVAL PHOTOGRAPHERS ASSOCIATION NEWSLETTER



SEPTEMBER 2006

AUTUMN

ISSUE 14

Editor: Peter Newton, 147 Meadow Road, Worthing, West Sussex. BN11 2SA email: fawnewton@aol.com

EDITORIAL

The September Newsletter may be the last one that I shall be compiling and producing, it is getting more difficult for me to get copy, not only to provide interesting reading, but, also to let you know how things are progressing on all fronts. Besides all this, I have now been informed by my doctor that I have the 'BIG C'

We have not had any contributions from the serving members for quite some time and apart from the activity by our representative from the southeast, I have not heard from any of the reps from the other areas, it seems as though we are going through another hiatus.

There does not seem to be much interest in this year's AGM/Reunion, so I ask, what does it take to motivate members into active participation? There does not seem to be any feed back from you the members, perhaps you would have preferred this years AGM to have been held in Spain or France – perhaps you would rather not have an annual function, but would prefer it every two years and at a different time of the year. Let us have your opinions and hear your preferred activity requirements.

In conclusion, I would like to ask if there is a willing member out there who would care to take over the task of producing the RNPA newsletter? If there is, please let me know and I will do my best to give you all the help and encouragement you will need to continue with this publication.

Peter Newton



RNPA COMMITTEE

President: Lt. Cdr. Martin May-Clingo RN

Chairman: John Cunningham 02392 780806

Vice Chairman

Lt.Cdr.Stuart Antrobus, BEM. RN.

Secretary: Blondie Robertson, 33, Stanley Road, Bradford, West Yorkshire. BD2 1AS email: Valerierobertson@hbosplc.com Tel: 01274 530982

Treasurer: Lt. Richard Moss, BSc.(Hons) RN 023 8026 5212 email: richris95.m@virgin.net 12 Ouse Close, Valley Park, Chandlers Ford, Hants. SO53 4RW

Webmaster: Lt. Paul Cowpe RN

Historian: Maurice (Jan) Larcombe. jandor@which.net

Newsletter Editor/ Production Ops. Peter Newton, 01903 219996 or, Mobile 07876 292809 email: fawnewton@aol.com

AREA REPRESENTATIVES

Serving:- PO(Phot.) Flo Foord

Scotland & N. Ireland:- John Berrecloth. 01382 457601

Northern:- Brian (Blondie) Robertson 01274 530982

Midlands:- Danny Du Fue. 0116 289 8725

Southwest/Wales:- Ian Gutteridge 01326 564514

South:- John Flack.01329 235325

Southeast:- Ray. Whitehouse 01903 77090

RNPA LAPEL PINS



Order from Peter Newton
£3.50 + P&P £1.50 Cheques or P.Os with
order, payable to F.A.W.Newton

Chairman's Report

Greetings,

If you are not already aware that the AGM/Reunion is cancelled due to the lack of support, you have now been informed. I am very disappointed that only a very small number of members seemed interested, especially as 'Blondie' our Secretary, put a lot of hard work into securing the Royal Court Hotel in Coventry which is used quite frequently by ex F.A.A. personnel.

Hopefully we will not lose our enthusiasm for our Association. Our social secretary Stuart is trying to arrange visits in the autumn which will be of interest to our members. I would ask you all to try and recruit new members – old friends and colleagues are out there in abundance.

I hope to meet some of you in the future.

John Cunningham

Secretaries Report

STOP PRESS

This is not a normal sec's report. Like Cassandra I bring some bad news. The AGM for 2006 has been called off but there will be, we hope, a General Meeting in 2007. The venue will be the Royal Court Hotel Coventry, and will take place starting Fri 19th Oct 2007 and finishing Mon 22nd a.m. The cost is as follows and please pay attention as I will say this only once. There are four options and it is essential that you take great care in the selection so that you do not dip out.

Package 'A' will include 3 x nights B&B, (Friday, Saturday and Sunday) Carvery lunch on Saturday and Sunday and the Saturday night RNPA Dinner/Dance Special.

Package 'B' will include 2 x nights B&B, (Friday and Saturday) Carvery lunch on Saturday and the Saturday night RNPA Dinner/Dance Special.

Package 'C' will include 2 x nights B&B, (Saturday and Sunday) the Saturday night RNPA Dinner/Dance Special and the Carvery lunch on Sunday.

Package 'D' will include 1 x night B&B, (Saturday) and the Saturday night RNPA Dinner/Dance Special.

Package 'A' = £140.00 Per Person

Package 'B' = £125.00 Per Person

Package 'C' = £125.00 Per Person

Package 'D' = £ 70.00 Per Person

As the hotel is in the middle of the country it is hoped that a visit to the school @ RAF Cosford will be possible plus there is the chance to enjoy some retail therapy in Coventry.

Once we know the number of people attending a full programme of events can be arranged.

You have almost 12 months to organise your diaries so start now.

Send your name and the number attending to **ME** along with a cheque (made payable to 'The Royal Court Hotel') for 10 pounds deposit per person.

Let me know your selection from the packages available and your room preference i.e. Double, Twin, Single.

It is vital that you let me know ASAP in order to avoid a repeat of this year.

As I have been let down before this is your last chance and if it fails then our association may start to crumble.

Do not put this on the back burner - **DO IT NOW!**

That's it for 'No longer Mr Nice Guy'

I am now off the ceiling and back to normal. Interpretations of Normal can be sent to me for inclusion in the next newsletter.

On that note, as you have already read in the Editor's column, Pete will no longer be editing the newsletter after this edition and this newsletter has been delayed by a handover of the distribution to ourselves.

I would like to thank Pete on your behalf for his tremendous work as Editor and wish him a speedy recovery.

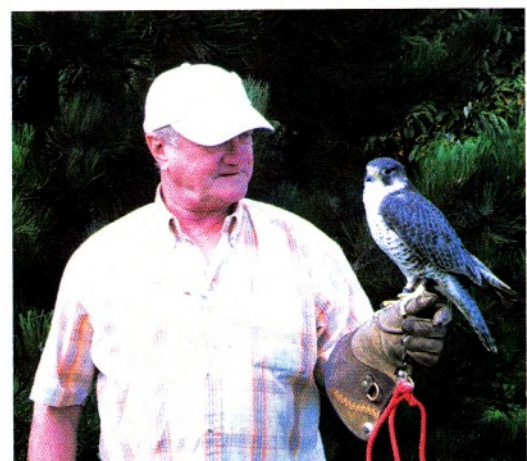
If there is anyone who would be in a position to take on the editorial duties please let us know, for the time being I would ask that you dig deep and forward any copy to us so that we can carry on producing the newsletter.

I will close with a photograph of me and a falcon, species Peregrine.

That's it for now so long from the two of us

Yours Aye

Blondie



THE PEREGRINE PHOTOS POST

THE ROYAL NAVAL PHOTOGRAPHERS ASSOCIATION NEWSLETTER

H.M.S. Peregrine Reunion

Following on from the R.N.P.A. visit to Ford Open Prison last year, I was asked by Ford's Governor, Fiona Radford, to organise another this year but this time to invite any personnel who had served at the former R. N. Air Station.

This re-union took place on Thursday 22nd June and I was delighted with the response, over a hundred guests attended, and we all enjoyed a very nostalgic day in great weather, an exhibition of old photographs, tours of the Prison and a very nice curry/buffet lunch.

Amongst the group were five ex-Photographers who trained at Ford, John Flack, Brian Robertson and myself from the fifties, and Courtney Cassewell and Peter Murray who trained at the Feltham school during the forties.

On this occasion, after a little detective work and many phone calls, I was promised access to the old RNSOP buildings in Ford Lane. At the end of the Prison programme five of us paid a visit but of course when we arrived, they had locked-up and gone home! However, after a bit of convincing chat to the company next door they kindly produced their spare keys and let us in.

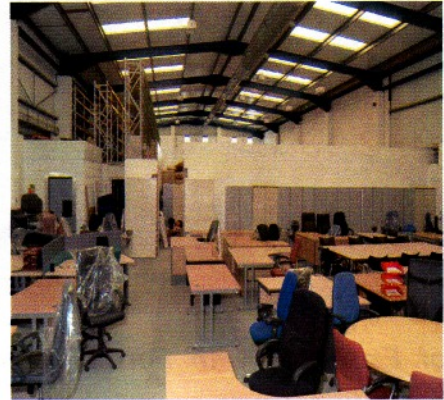
Unfortunately, not a lot of the original school buildings remain and the years that have passed since the Navy left have not been kind to the old place, it does look in a bit of a sorry state.



RNSOP – Looking down the corridor towards the original front door, classrooms which were on the left have gone.

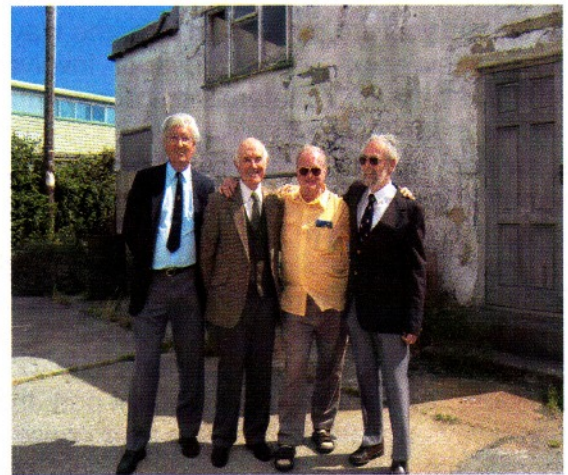
It is used as a storage warehouse for second hand office furniture purchased from bankrupt companies and is only staffed occasionally, hence the difficulty in getting access. Over the years a single roof has been built over the two buildings we remembered allowing for most of the original internal partition walls that made up the classrooms, darkrooms etc., to be removed.

Therefore, it was a little difficult to work out what had been where, but we had fun trying and the visit did generate a few funny, and not so funny, reminiscences – most I recall seemed to be about Willey Bence!



RNSOP – Site of the Copying Room, F24 film drying area, darkrooms and the Trials Section area.

Most of the old Trials Section has completely disappeared but it was possible to work out where the classrooms had been, the site of the demonstration room, the copying room, Bert Sinfield's model making workshop and the stores.



Group of Ex Phots at the rear of the old RNSOP – background is the rear entrance through the old boiler room and Bill Roadknight's (stoker & caretaker lair) did anyone ever get a cup of tea out of him? Left to Right – John Flack, Ray Whitehouse, Brian Robertson & Mac McCarthy. Overall, though we enjoyed the visit but it was very sad to see the old place in such a sorry state and so different from the highly "polished" naval establishment we remember – such is progress I suppose!

Ray Whitehouse

THE PEREGRINE PHOTOS POST

THE ROYAL NAVAL PHOTOGRAPHERS ASSOCIATION NEWSLETTER

H.M.S. Peregrine Reunion (Cont'd)



Group of Ex Phots with Ford's Governor & Deputy Governor

Left to right – Brian Robertson, Courtney Caswell, Val Robertson, Mac McCarthy, Fiona Radford (Governor), Glyn Hughes (Dep. Governor), Ray Whitehouse, John Flack and Peter Murray

I'M A DELEGATE GET ME OUT OF HERE

By
BRIAN JACKSON

Ever wondered how so many TV shows get to our screens?

Well, unless you are connected in some way with producing television programmes or involved in buying and selling TV material, the acronym M I P TV will be meaningless.

It is an easy name for Marche International des Programme de Television and, as the words might convey, it is a market for TV programmes. The word 'market' is a very misleading untypical piece of French under-statement. M I P is a huge affair, which erupts in the spring of every year in Cannes. The beautiful Napoleon supporter's city on the South Coast of France with its ancient port; there's nearly always a warship or two and a cruise liner anchored just outside the harbour, could not be more French than it already is. That is, except for the M I P bit.

Cannes is besieged several times a year by literally thousands of delegates to several other markets such as the Cannes Film Festival and the Film & TV Commercial Festival. On these occasions the price of a modest coke or coffee, like Ariane, rocket out of sight.

I am here, on the beautiful South Coast of France or, Cote d'Azur, which sounds posh and expensive, and is.

M I P also happens to be a competitive TV Festival with prizes to be won. For some, it is a freeloader's junket.

For others, it is hard work, especially for the buyers and sellers of what may be available for worldwide telly.

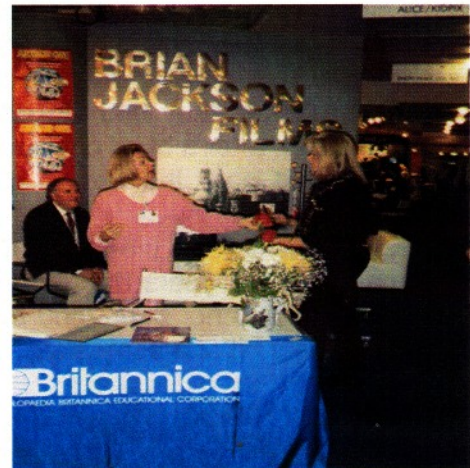
It is nothing like the Cannes Film Festival.

M I P is a frantic four, sometimes five-day scrummage of almost mayhem as seen on stock exchange trading floors but without the waving arms bit.

Name a TV programme and it will almost certainly have been traded at M I P. If it hasn't, then it probably will be.

The worldwide appetite for TV product spawned M I P. It is voracious. Its hunger pains groan and its stomach rumbles increasingly as it grows. Year in year out there is the desperate attempt to fill time slots on the ever-increasing cable and satellite stations of the myriad 24-hour TV channels.

If you want to buy or sell a TV programme, you go to M I P,



This was one of my stands at MIP TV. At the same time as I was conducting my business, I was the European Film & TV Production Consultant for Encyclopedia Britannica Education Corporation. The lady on the right became a senior VP for Warner TV. The lady in the pink dress is my talented and multi-lingual PA. The man seated is Lionel Strutt, an expert in the craft of Additional Dialogue Replacement. He has credits in several movies.

The hub of the urgent mammoth dealings is an expanding elastic sided building officially called the Palais des Festival. Early in its life, the good citizens of Cannes dubbed it Le Bunker.

The obvious explanation for the name is - it looks like a bunker. It bears a strong resemblance to those lost and lonely concrete pillboxes still to be found scattered in odd places around our coastlines and in unexpected corners of the English countryside. The difference being,

Le Bunker is big. Very big. It is also very ugly. It is not at all French.

THE PEREGRINE PHOTOS POST

THE ROYAL NAVAL PHOTOGRAPHERS ASSOCIATION NEWSLETTER

Inside the Bunker you'll find, give or take the odd hundred, approximately 1,500 stands or booths, as the Americans call them.

On any market day by mid-morning there is a steady roar of, well just noise. It is the voice of the universal ulcer. It is the sound of speling and dealing, spinning one-upmanship and hard-luck stories.

You catch abbreviated sentences like- 'I have an 11 o'clock already meaning, 'You're not important enough'; or the big lie- 'I'll get my people on to it.' The hopeful- 'I can do breakfast' is an old favourite.' And the sad one- 'Sorry! I know the promo' is lousy, but the show is actually much better than it looks!' The witty one- "I have to cancel, my boss is walking on water ...again!"

Over the years I've heard most of all there is to hear at this mad marvellous market. One of the best image breaking comments I heard was- 'Those jerks at Disney are really tough bastards.' What would Walt have said had he known how his name has fallen so far out of the candy box?

Inside Le Palais there are row upon row, aisle after aisle of different sized stands spread over an area the size of a large football field. It also has six other floors of similar frenetic hustle and bustle.

The sight instantly amazes. Almost overwhelms. It is all carnival. Colours to catch you.

Pretty Gallic hostesses ply to catch the eye of the more important looking buyers. They offer tempting tit-bits with their smiles. I'm sure they've all straight out of suntan lotion adverts.

Food to fondle as you watch snatches of some strange documentary, obviously meaningful, but incomprehensible in Urdu.

You are quickly mesmerised by a psychedelic frenzy, which bursts with energy into a fairyland that razzles and dazzles the senses.

The senses? They are charmed through the looking glasses of thousands of television screens. They are everywhere. Each stand screams out a different programme.

'Names' abound here. They're almost commonplace.

'Wasn't that the girl from Friends?'
Probably.

And, 'Is that Michael Buerk really talking with Prince what's his name?'

Yes. Why not? You'll get used to it.

The rich list shows off its- 'Latest, the Greatest, Gripping, Most Thrilling and, wouldn't you know it, Tender Television Epic of all Time'. The infectious superlatives are infectious. This bubble gum is Fantastic.

The Bunker is always hot. I need a drink. I try to segue the aisles.

The areas around two of the many available bars bulge with obesity.

["The (a)isles are full of noises, sounds and sweet airs

That seem to give delight and hurt not." The Tempest. Sorry!]

Every television station in the world attends M I P. The bars act as offices for most representatives without stands. They are buying or selling, sometimes both.

The larger television stations have both buying and selling divisions. The mega the company, the bigger its stand; the bigger the stand, the larger is the company's happy expense account 'Lets do dinner' brigade.

Everybody eats or offers dining out but only if you're wearing the right suit.

'Oh look! Isn't that the new Doctor Dimples Diet DVD?'

'What are those sailors doing here? They look like English uniforms.' They are in fact very good looking French models, male and female, smiling at everyone and are promoting a British TV Drama serial about the RN which, not unexpectedly, waved goodbye after only three UK transmissions of the several episodes actually filmed and was quickly torpedoed out of sight without a ripple.

The noise increases as each seller pitches his story at a possible buyer. The fear seems to be, if you don't shout, your potential TV buyer's attention may wander to someone else who is shouting even louder.

Nobody seems to be listening to anyone. It is mandatory for everybody to keep a weather watch eye open at all times in case a more important buyer hoves into sight.

Mrs Shuteriqui, the sole representative of Albanian television, sans stand with her meagre budget looks troubled. She has only \$50 per hour purchasing power for top billing shows such as the Tele Tubbies and The Sopranos. Mrs S. is a very nice lady but is something of a desperate housewife herself trying to make shoestring deals. Her string will not stretch far, particularly as her offer will include the cost of shipping programme tapes one way only. Will the transit cans ever make it back from Tirana?

The Yanks think Tirana sounds, 'Kind a' foreign' and too close to the word tyranny. She doesn't get far with them.

Alongside Mrs Albanian TV walk two smart executives. They do not seem to notice her.

As they walk the two men are obviously putting in their best work at the much-practised primeval dance- 'The Bargaining Attitude'. It is an expensive dance.

They are, until the next palace boardroom revolution, comfortable with themselves with their tummies suitably garbed.

THE PEREGRINE PHOTOS POST

THE ROYAL NAVAL PHOTOGRAPHERS ASSOCIATION NEWSLETTER

They smile their modest top dog smiles on their way out of the Bunker.

An early lunch in the sunshine at the Hotel Majestic's wonderful and desirable beach restaurant is regulation itinerary stuff for these men. Only the freshest of fresh seafood will do here.

One executive wants first option on all BBC programmes- a tall order. The BBC exec' wants reciprocal treatment on the equally tall order of all Ted Turner International products.

Mrs Albanian TV is nowhere in sight.

At the other regal tables the lesser royalty give sidelong glances and show brave faces to their respective clients, each party wishing they also could ask for or get top nuggets.

Messrs Kenya and South African TV wave hopefully to the prime time execs' who do not notice the friendly gestures and munch on, polite. The Masai Mara Lions come to mind.

Take away half-a-million M I P delegates from Le Palais, open it to children and this Aladdin's cave would be pauperised.

Some stands are elaborate works of graphic high-tech. Others, simple and very basic with hand tacked posters and leaflets haphazardly stuck on the partitioning. Some of the smaller stands measure only two or three square metres.

Don't be amazed by M I P.

On one American distributor's stand there is a Sherman tank. Yes! It is bursting through a wall. The tank looks as though it has smashed through that very minute. Look again. It is real as are the bricks.

A passing French Minister for Raised Eyebrows raises his bushiness to a higher plain. As he passes the shattered wall he mutters...something. Could it be about Iraq?

A large crowd has gathered at the booth of another well-known television company. The attraction is a full-size wrestling ring complete with teams of fearsome wrestlers and animated referees. They perform every half-hour! White tonged bronzed beauties with busts and red red lips framing their white teeth pass through the throng offering popcorn and publicity which proudly proclaims we are witnessing, 'TEXAS ALL STAR WRESTLING.' M I P at its best.

I make my way out of the concrete monster with the general flow of faces from the United Nations. They are all elated, animated with the business of their television day.

At times it is a frustrating business, but dull, it isn't. Leaving Le Bunker, I am surprised, as others are, to find it is almost dark. Where has the day gone?

The big guns just offshore are reception dressed with tenders already busy tending.

But wait! The show is not over. The fat lady has yet to sing.



This is NOT one of the cast members of WAVES I'm bravely rescuing. It is the type of hype you see everywhere at MIP TV.

A huge carousel is Whirling round and round in the last of the fading Mediterranean daylight. The bright flashing lights swirl to the music of Moulin Rouge. The hobbyhorse rides are free, courtesy of French Television.

I think they won.

© Copyright Brian Jackson 2006

Contributions from Ian (Guts) Gutteridge **40s, 50s, 60, 70s CHILDREN**

According to today's regulators and bureaucrats, those of us who were kids in the 40s, 50s 60s, & 70s probably shouldn't have survived, because:-

Our baby cots were covered with brightly coloured lead-based paint, which was promptly chewed and licked.

We had no childproof lids on medicine bottles, latches on doors, or cabinets, and it was fine to play with pans.

When we rode our bikes, we wore no helmets, just flip flops and fluorescent 'clackers on our wheels.

As children we would ride in cars with no seat belts or air bags. Riding in the passenger seat was a treat. We drank water from the garden hose, and not from a bottle – tasted the same!

We ate dripping sandwiches, bread and butter pudding, and drank fizzy pop with sugar in it, but we were never overweight because we were always outside playing.

We shared one drink with four friends, from one bottle or can, and no-one actually died from this.

We would spend hours building go-karts out of scraps, and then went top speed down the hill, only to find out we forgot the brakes. After running into stinging nettles a few times, we learned to solve the problem.

THE PEREGRINE PHOTOS POST

THE ROYAL NAVAL PHOTOGRAPHERS ASSOCIATION NEWSLETTER

40s, 50s, 60, 70s CHILDREN (Cont'd)

We would leave home in the morning, and play all day, as long as we were back before it got dark. No-one was able to reach us all day, and no-one minded

We did not have play stations or X-Boxes, no video games at all. No 99 channels on TV, no video movies, no surround sound, no mobile phones, no personal computers, no internet chat rooms. We had friends – we went outside and found them.

We played elastics and street rounders, and sometimes that ball really hurt.

We fell out of trees, got cut, and broke bones and teeth, and there were no lawsuits. They were accidents. We learned not to do the same thing again.

We had fights, punched each other hard and got black and blue. We learned to get over it.

We walked to friend's homes.

We made up games with sticks and tennis balls, and ate live stuff, and although we were told it would happen, we did not have very many eyes out. Nor did the stuff inside us live forever.

We rode our bikes in packs of six or seven, and wore our coats by only the hood.

Our actions were our own. Consequences were expected.

The idea of a parent bailing us out if we broke the law was unheard of. They actually sided with the law. Imagine that!!!

This generation has produced some of the best risk-takers and problem solvers and inventors ever. The past 50/60 years have been an explosion of innovation and new ideas. We had freedom, failure, success, and responsibility, and we learned how to deal with it all.

And you're one of them. Congratulations!

Pass this on to others who have had the luck to grow up as real kids, before lawyers, and government regulated our lives for our own good.

(If you aren't old enough, thought you might like to read about us)

MODERN DAY TRAFALGAR

Nelson : Order the signal Hardy

Hardy : Aye, aye, sir.

Nelson: Hold on, that's not what I dictated to the signals officer. What's the meaning of this?

Hardy : Sorry sir!

Nelson : (Reading aloud) England expects every person to do his duty, regardless of race, gender, sexual orientation, religious persuasion or disability. What gobbledygook is this?

Hardy : Admiralty policy, I'm afraid, sir. We're an equal opportunities employer now. We had the devil's own job getting "England" past the censors, lest it be considered racist.

Nelson : Gadzooks, Hardy. Hand me my pipe and tobacco.

Hardy : Sorry sir. All Naval vessels have been designated smoke-free working environments.

Nelson : In that case, break open the rum ration. Let us splice the main brace, to steel the men before battle.

Hardy : The rum ration has been abolished, Admiral. It's part of the Government's policy on binge drinking.

Nelson : Good heavens, Hardy. I suppose we'd better get on with it...full speed ahead.

Hardy : I think you'll find there's a four knot speed limit on this stretch of water, sir.

Nelson : Damn it man! We are on the eve of the greatest sea battle in history. We must advance with all dispatch. Report from the crows nest, please.

Hardy : That won't be possible, sir.

Nelson : What?

Hardy : Health and safety have closed the crows nest, sir. No harness. And they said the rope ladder doesn't meet regulations. They won't let anyone up there until a proper scaffolding can be erected.

Nelson : Then get me the ship's carpenter without delay, Hardy.

Hardy : He's busy knocking up a wheelchair access to the fo'c'sle Admiral.

Nelson.: Wheelchair access? I've never heard anything so absurd.

Hardy. : Health and safety again, sir. We have to provide a barrier free environment for the differently abled.

Nelson. : Differently abled? I've only one arm and one eye, and I refuse even to hear mention of the word. I didn't rise to the rank of admiral by playing the disability card.

Hardy. : Actually, sir, you did. The Royal Navy is under-represented in the areas of visual impairment and limb deficiency.

Nelson. : Whatever next? Give me full sail. The salt spray beckons.

Hardy : A couple of problems there too, sir. Health and safety won't let the crew up the rigging without hard hats. And they don't want anyone breathing in too much salt – haven't you seen the adverts?

Nelson : I've never heard such infamy. Break out the cannon and tell the men to stand by to engage the enemy.

Hardy : The men are a bit worried about shooting at anyone, Admiral.

THE PEREGRINE PHOTOS POST

THE ROYAL NAVAL PHOTOGRAPHERS ASSOCIATION NEWSLETTER

MODERN DAY TRAFALGAR(Cont'd)

Nelson : What? This is mutiny.

Hardy : It's not that, sir. It's just they're afraid of being charged with murder if they actually kill anyone. There's a couple of legal – aid lawyers on board, watching everyone like hawks.

Nelson: Then how are we to sink the Frenchies and the Spanish?

Hardy : Actually, sir, we're not.

Nelson: We're not?

Hardy : No, sir. The Frenchies and the Spanish are our European partners now. According to the Common Fisheries Policy, we shouldn't even be in this stretch of water. We could get hit with a claim for compensation.

Nelson : But you must hate a Frenchman as you hate the devil.

Hardy : I wouldn't let the ship's diversity coordinator hear you saying that, sir. You could be up on a disciplinary.

Nelson : You must consider every man an enemy, who speaks ill of your King.

Hardy : Not any more, sir. We must be inclusive in this multicultural age. Now, put on your Kevlar vest; it's the rules. It could save your life.

Nelson : Don't tell me – health and safety. Whatever happened to rum, sodomy and the lash?

Hardy : As I explained, sir, rum is off the menu! And there's a ban on corporal punishment.

Nelson : What about sodomy?

Hardy : I believe that is now legal, sir

Nelson : In that case.....kiss me, Hardy.

Norman Grantham sent this piece to fill in space .
Thanks Norman, you always come to my rescue

Dear Peter, might fill a space Norman



RON BOWEY

JOINED ROYAL MARINES AS
A PTI IN 1938
BECAME CORPS PHOTOGRAPHER +
CAMERAMAN (COMBAT CAMERA TEAM)
SERVED FAR EAST - INJURED
TWICE - PARACHUTE JUMP AND
ENEMY FIRE
END WWII TRANSFERRED TO R.N.
FILMED PRINCE PHILIP'S WORLD
TOUR 1956 ON HMY BRITANNIA