



The Peregrine Photos Post

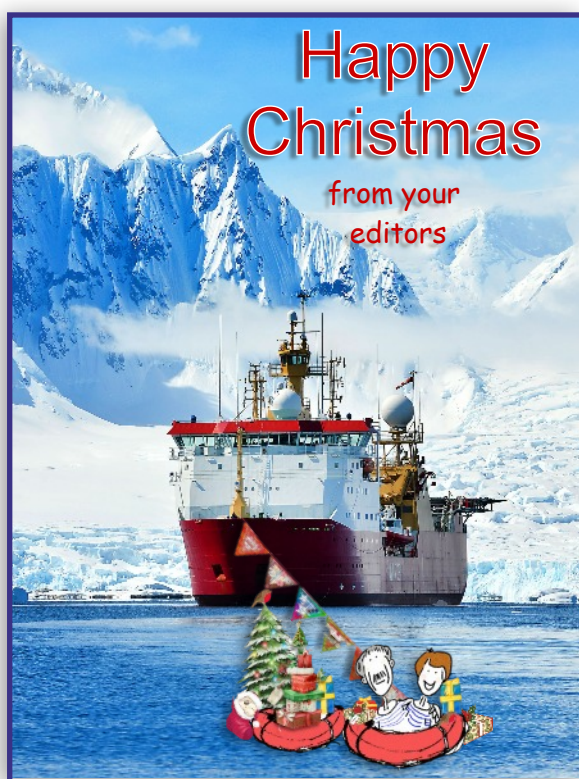


Winter
2015
Issue 44



The Royal Navy Photographers Association

Ahoy Shipmates



End of yet another year and we would like to wish every member of the RNPA & Navy Photos a peaceful and Happy New Year.

It has been fun meeting you all at the reunion and here's looking forward to 2016 in Pompey.

Keep the Photos and articles coming in I'm getting short of them for the next newsletter.

Please pay your subs see page 6 a message from Val. Thank You.

As you can see its been hard work pulling you all about so refreshment is required.

Keep smiling & a Happy New Year .



Cheers
Hilary & Steve King



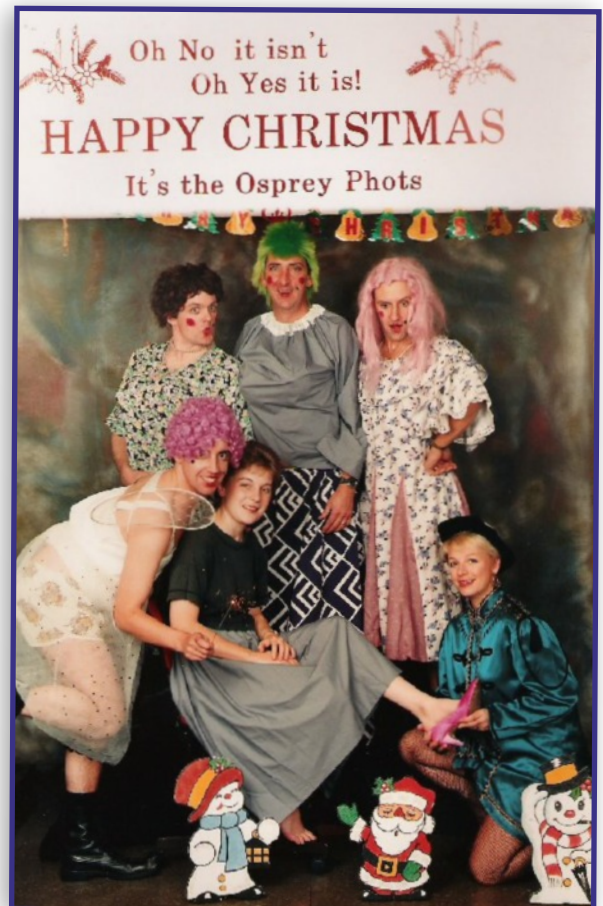
Here is a Christmas looking photo from 2014 peregrine trophy.
Taken at the Navy Ski Championships

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OH! TO BE YOUNG AGAIN.

There were mismusters, slop chits, tot time and pay
 There's rising and shining and hitting the hay
 There's thickers and strongers and neaters as well
 There's DQ's and chokey and the tiller flat cell
 There's aft and there's for'ard, abeam and abaft
 To civvies this cackle seems awfully daft
 But to those in the Andrew it doesn't seem strange
 Like the draft chits the Jossman can always arrange
 We're always being seen off and getting green rubs
 And chasing up rubbers and looking for subs
 And going ashore like a great herd of cattle
 And getting filled in and put in the rattle
 There's runs out to Honkers that to Jack are just fine
 There's times when we say, "Roll on my time."
 And when time comes and we're out on the dole
 In old civvy street, where we don't know a soul
 We think of the good times and wish we were back
 In bells, silk and lanyard... A real tiddy Jack!



Can you name them ?



Jan Larcoombe on his travels found
 this new sign for the park and ride
 and what's this above it?
 Yes the old sign for FPU Tipner

Safari Group sent in by Ray Whitehouse



L - R: Cliff Barnes, Ray Whitehouse, Roy Wilmot, Chippy Smith, Freddie Freemantle Florie Ford.

Duxford Air show 2015 - Photos Roy Penny



Portsmouth Naval Base Dockyard

£100 Million Improvements.

Portsmouth Naval Base has been granted a £100 million to improve the dockyard, because the harbour is too shallow to receive our latest Carriers. It involves deepening the Harbour and its entrance by 5ft dredging has already started. A barge-mounted crane called Strekker is already undertaking the removal of underwater debris, so far it haul has included concrete blocks, discarded cables chains and several rusting anchors some over a a hundred years old.



Recently an unexploded bomb was found & the Royal Navy bomb disposal experts have destroyed a 1,500lb (680kg) German mine discovered yesterday (26/11) on the seabed in The Solent.

The Second World War GD ground mine was found by a crane barge 1.5km off Southsea while removing debris from a site being dredged next month in preparation for the arrival of the Navy's new aircraft carriers. The bomb disposal team – also fully-qualified clearance divers - towed the air-dropped device overnight to open waters about 1.5km off Bembridge, Isle of Wight, where they carried out a controlled explosion at 1045 am this morning.

Over the next seven months Taller than Nelson's Column and over one and a half times the length of the Spinnaker Tower laid on its side, the QEC Carriers will displace up to 65,000 tonnes of water. To accommodate their vast size and bow design, over three million cubic metres of clay sand and gravel will be

removed from over two miles of Portsmouth Harbour, covering an area the size of over 200 football pitches. Major work will also be carried out reinforcing the jetty with 3.300 tons of steel, installing bespoke navigational lights and enlarging gangways.

In June, the DIO awarded a contract worth £31 million to Fareham-based Boskalis Westminster Ltd for work to ready the harbour for the ships.

While in Portsmouth, the Defence Secretary Michael Fallon announced a new £13.5million contract with BAE Systems for 60 new PACIFIC 24 Rigid Hulled Inflatable Boats. Though dwarfed in size by the Carriers, the P24 form a vital part of the Royal Navy fleet, not only acting as ship-to-ship and ship-to-shore transfer, but rapid response craft in fast rescue, anti-piracy and counter-narcotics missions

These 60 new RIBs provide a vital capability to the Royal Navy and are a clear benefit of the £178 billion this government is investing in new military equipment. Built in Portsmouth dockyard this contract is not only good news for the Navy, but also for BAE Systems whose innovation has provided a modern design that will allow our armed forces to carry out operations ranging from armed boarding including anti-piracy and counter-narcotics missions to providing emergency rescue. New and innovative suspension seating in the P24 will also better protect against shocks experienced in high speed boat operations and exposure to vibration over longer periods. Neal Lawson, Director Ships Support at the MOD's Defence Equipment and Support organisation, said: The signing of this contract is not only good news for the Royal Navy and BAE Systems in Portsmouth but also for the Queen Elizabeth Carrier programme as these small boats will provide vital support on operations.



The answer to the teaser from last newsletter:-

Ng Muk Kah BEM “Jenny” - by Ray Whitehouse

Generations of Royal Navy sailors who visited Hong Kong will remember Jenny; she was a much loved living legend who, for all the colony's constant and dramatic changes, remained the same incomparable institution for well over half a century.

Much of Jenny's life was an enigma; however it is generally accepted that she was born in a sampan in Causeway Bay in 1917. Her mother, known as Jenny One, according to a surviving Certificate of Service, (which was copied in 1946 from an older, much battered and largely illegible document), provided serviceable sampans for the general use of the Royal Navy, obtained sand and was useful for changing money.

Behind Jenny's perpetual gold-toothed grin she always complained; *“I velly chocker, all time work in sampan, NO learn to lead or lite.”* But what she lacked in education she made up more than a hundredfold with her immense and impressive experience in ships husbandry and her unfailing thoroughness and apparently inexhaustible energy. Jenny was unquestionably loyal to the Royal Navy and her integrity, infectious enthusiasm and her innate cheerfulness always made everyone that she came in contact with feel that little bit better.

Officially Jenny's “Date of Volunteering” was recorded as 1928; from then until 1997, when the colony became a Special Administrative Region of China and the Royal Navy moved out, she and her team of tireless girls, who at one time numbering nearly three dozen, unofficially served the Royal and Commonwealth Navies by cleaning and painting their ships, attending their buoy jumpers and, dressed in their best clothes, waited with grace and charm upon the Navy's guests at cocktail parties.

Captains and Executive Officers would find fresh flowers in their cabins and newspapers delivered daily and many a departing commanding officer received a generous gift as a memento from Jenny. For all of this she steadfastly refused ever to take any payment; instead Jenny and her Side Party earned their keep selling soft drinks to the ships' companies and accepting any item of scrap which could be found on board.

Jenny's huge collection of photographs - too big she said to be put into books – she stored in one large envelope. The photographs, courtesy of countless navy photographers (including me on several occasions) dated back to the mid 20th century and often showed her in the ships she so faithfully served together with Buffers and their side parties, “Jimmy the Ones” and Commanding Officers many of whom went on to become distinguished admirals.

Jenny also kept two thick albums containing her letters of reference; all without exception filled with praise and affection for her. One was a commendation by the Duke of Edinburgh for her work in the Royal Yacht during the ship's visit to Hong Kong in 1959. She was awarded a Long Service and Good Conduct Medal presented to her in 1938 by the captain of HMS DEVONSHIRE, and an engraved 'HMS LEANDER 1975' medal. However, most treasured of all Jenny's awards was the British Empire Medal awarded to her in the Hong Kong Civilian List of the Queen's Birthday Honours 1980. In which she is formally named as Mrs. Ng Muk Kah BEM. The presentation was made by the then Governor of Hong Kong, Sir Murray MacLehose.

Sadly during the latter part of her life Hong Kong was no longer visited by the great fleets of Royal Navy battleships, carriers and cruisers which had given Jenny and her Side Party their livelihood and she found it increasingly difficult to make ends meet. Yet she stayed fit and was always willing to undertake any work available. To the end of the Royal Navy's presence in Hong Kong there could always be seen in the shadow of the towering Prince of Wales building, a small round figure in traditional baggy black trousers and high-collared smock, sporting a long pigtail and eternal smile who, regardless of time remained on duty, it seemed forever...
Just Jenny.

Jenny died peacefully in Hong Kong on Wednesday 18th February 2009, she was 92 years old....
Ng Muk Kah BEM of Jenny's Side Party may she Rest in Peace.

Ray Whitehouse 2015



Please check your payment details for RNPA Membership

Following some technical difficulties with our bank account (*not financial I hasten to add!*) we now have some amended account details. **PLEASE** check your standing orders/direct debits and make sure they are made out to the following:

Account name - **RNPA** (*n.b. no spaces or full stops*)

Account number - **545244803**

Sort code - **09 01 55**

Thank you - Val Darbyshire - Treasurer

An Experience To Recall.....

As sent to us by our Aussie friends - John & Jean sister of the late Tony Wilson.

This 1967 true story is of an experience by a young 12 year old lad in Kingston, Ontario, Canada. It is about the vivid memory of a privately rebuilt P-51 from WWII and its famous owner/pilot.

In the morning sun, I could not believe my eyes. There, in our little airport, sat a majestic P-51. They said it had flown in during the night from some U.S. Airport, on its way to an air show. The pilot had been tired, so he just happened to choose Kingston for his stop over. It was to take to the air very soon. I marvelled at the size of the plane, dwarfing the Pipers and Canucks tied down by her. It was much larger than in the movies. She glistened in the sun like a bulwark of security from days gone by.

The pilot arrived by cab, paid the driver, and then stepped into the pilot's lounge. He was an older man; his wavy hair was grey and tossed. It looked like it might have been combed, say, around the turn of the century. His flight jacket was checked, creased and worn - it smelled old and genuine. Old Glory was prominently sewn to its shoulders. He projected a quiet air of proficiency and pride devoid of arrogance. He filed a quick flight plan to Montreal ("Expo-67 Air Show") then walked across the tarmac.

After taking several minutes to perform his walk-around check, the tall, lanky man returned to the flight lounge to ask if anyone would be available to stand by with fire extinguishers while he "flashed the old bird up, just to be safe." Though only 12 at the time I was allowed to stand by with an extinguisher after brief instruction on its use -- "If you see a fire, point, then pull this lever!", he said. (I later became a firefighter, but that's another story.) The air around the exhaust manifolds shimmered like a mirror from fuel fumes as the huge prop started to rotate. One manifold, then another, and yet another barked -- I stepped back with the others. In moments the Packard-built Merlin engine came to life with a thunderous roar. Blue flames knifed from her manifolds with an arrogant snarl. I looked at the others' faces; there was no concern. I lowered the bell of my extinguisher.

One of the guys signalled to walk back to the lounge. We did & several minutes later we could hear the pilot doing his pre-flight run-up. He'd taxied to the end of runway 19, out of sight. All went quiet for several seconds. We ran to the second story deck to see if we could catch a glimpse of the P-51 as she started down the runway. We could not. There we stood, eyes fixed to a spot half way down 19. Then a roar ripped across the field, much louder than before. Like a furious hell spawn set loose -- something mighty this way was coming. "Listen to that thing!" said the controller.

In seconds the Mustang burst into our line of sight. It's tail was already off the runway and it was moving faster than anything I'd ever seen by that point on 19. Two-thirds the way down 19 the Mustang was airborne with her gear going up, the prop tips were supersonic. We clasped our ears as the Mustang climbed hellishly fast into the circuit to be eaten up by the dog-day haze. We stood for a few moments, in stunned silence, trying to digest what we'd just seen.

The radio controller rushed by me to the radio. "Kingston tower calling Mustang?" He looked back to us as he waited for an acknowledgment. The radio crackled, "Go ahead, Kingston."

"Roger, Mustang. Kingston tower would like to advise the circuit is clear for a low level pass." I stood in shock because the controller had just, more or less, asked the pilot to return for an impromptu air show! The controller looked at us. "Well, What?" He asked.

"I can't let that guy go without asking. I couldn't forgive myself!"

The radio crackled once again, "Kingston, do I have permission for a low level pass, east to west, across the field?" "Roger, Mustang, the circuit is clear for an east to west pass." "Roger, Kingston, I'm coming out of 3,000 feet, stand by."

We rushed back onto the second-story deck, eyes fixed toward the eastern haze. The sound was subtle at first, a high-pitched whine, a muffled screech, a distant scream. Moments later the P-51 burst through the haze. Her airframe straining against positive G's and gravity. Her wing tips spilling contrails of condensed air, prop-tips again supersonic. The burnished bird blasted across the eastern margin of the field shredding and tearing the air. At about 500 mph and 150 yards from where we stood she passed with the old American pilot saluting. Imagine.

A salute! I felt like laughing; I felt like crying; she glistened; she screamed; the building shook; my heart pounded. Then the old pilot pulled her up and rolled, and rolled, and rolled out of sight into the broken clouds and indelible into my memory.

I've never wanted to be an American more than on that day! It was a time when many nations in the world looked to America as their big brother. A steady and even-handed beacon of security who navigated difficult political water with grace and style; not unlike the old American pilot who'd just flown into my memory. He was proud, not arrogant, humble, not a braggart, old and honest, projecting an aura of America at its best.

That America will return one day! I know it will! Until that time, I'll just send off this story. Call it a loving reciprocal salute to a Country, and especially to that old American pilot: the late - JIMMY STEWART (1908-1997), Actor, real WWII Hero (Commander of a US Army Air Force Bomber Wing stationed in England), and a USAF Reserves Brigadier General, who wove a wonderfully fantastic memory for a young Canadian boy that's lasted a life time.



This story was written by Frank Haley who later became a Fire Fighter.

Left Jimmy Stewart actor and Commander of a US Army Air Force Bomber Wing stationed in England during during in the war.