



NEWSLETTER



August 2025 Issue

Welcome to the August edition of the Newsletter.

It's not long now until the Portsmouth reunion so if you haven't signed up yet please do so and let's make this a successful one. Details can be found on Danny's recent circular sent by email.

Please can I ask that if you have signed up and haven't yet sent me your or your guests menu choices, that you do so at your earliest convenience.

On the Sunday of the reunion weekend we will be holding our AGM. I will be distributing the necessary papers shortly.

Tiz Jardine has recently joined the Association and has kindly offered her services to become the new membership secretary, a position that is currently vacant. The Committee have appointed her to this role in the interim, pending the approval of the members at the AGM.

Alan Ferguson has offered to take on the production of future Newsletters. This would allow me to concentrate solely on the Secretary's role. The Committee are happy with this and subject to members approval, Alan will become the new editor after the AGM.

We will be marching again at the Cenotaph this year on Remembrance Sunday. We would like to have some more members join us. If you would like too, please see Danny's item below.

I look forward to seeing many of you in Portsmouth.

Yours
Ian Hooper

Cenotaph Marching 2025

This year will be the 10th year the RNPA has marched as a platoon during the Cenotaph Ceremony, held on Remembrance Sunday each year.

We have managed to keep up numbers even though some of us have had to call on the NHS to fix things. We are hoping that all that join us this year, are so enthralled by their getting together with other Ex- Phots, that they continue to join the RNPA Marchers in the years to come. We had a few new people join us last year and they thought the day was a fantastic and emotional experience.

I would also like to call on all Ex Phots and those that have recently become members of the RNPA, to come and join us.

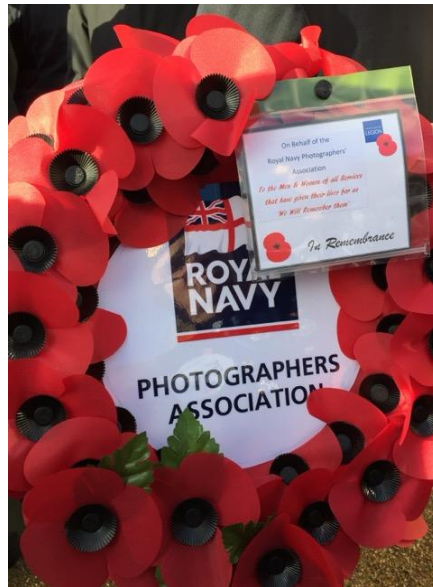
After the formal parts of the Ceremony, fellow marchers meet up at the Tom Cribb Pub in Piccadilly, which has adopted the RNPA, along with a few from Bomber Command, the Ton Class minesweepers, and HMS Ark Royal. After the Loyal Toasts there is a welcome hot buffet laid on for all. Later, entertainment by the 'Fallen Heroes' Jazz band.

Lastly, if there are any marchers who need berets, beret badges or blazer badges, please get in touch with me soonest, as I have a small stock of beret badges which includes JR's, SNR rates and Officers.

Please let me know soon, if you can join us, as I have been contacted by the RBL for numbers. I will then inform the RBL that you wish to march and they will then contact you direct for your service details. All those that send in your names should receive e-passes in late October.

I look forward to meeting up with you all on the day

Danny du Feu
Cenotaph Marching Coordinator
07711 083465



A Night to Remember

Carol and I along with Tony and Val Darbyshire were lucky enough to attend the VEDAY80 concert in Horse Guards Parade. Arriving by train in London early afternoon, Carol and I went straight to the Tower of London to see the poppy display. What we didn't know was that virtually all the display was inside the grounds and very little was visible from the outside. Unfortunately, we didn't have enough time to queue and go on a tour to see it all so left to go and book in at our hotel in Covent Garden.

After dinner, we had a pleasant walk to Trafalgar Square to meet up with Tony and Val. We had a quick photograph taken at Nelson's Column (as ex sailors do!) then down to Horse Guards.

Well, what a concert! I know most people watched it on TV but the atmosphere was absolutely amazing. Before it went out on TV, the warm-up man got us all singing and waving our union flags and the rendition of 'Sweet Caroline' by around 12,000 people was something to behold. I have seen the Battle of Britain flight Lancaster many times, but when it flew over at the start of the concert, I have never felt such emotion. The things that I will take home from the concert are firstly the atmosphere then listening to the veterans' stories which I found very humbling. I thought the King's speech was brilliant and I will never forget seeing the King and Queen waving their union flags and singing along with the rest of us at the end. When it was all over it struck me that when you saw the newsreels of the celebrations and parties and the fun, what must it have felt like to the thousands still fighting in South East Asia. They must have felt they were truly the forgotten Army and when VJ Day came and truly the end of WW11, would the celebrations have been as raucous? I don't think they were.

Ian Hooper.



Royal Navy Polo

I served for 24 years in the Royal Navy and in all that time I was unaware of the existence of a RN Polo team! In May of 2024, I discovered the RN Polo team were based at Tedworth Park, Tidworth, a 20 minute drive from my home in Andover.

The sport is very exciting, being fast, furious, and for much of the game, quite physical. Polo is open to both male and female players. A game consists of two teams of four riders, playing four chukkas of seven minutes per chukka with a break between chukkas. The rules are quite complicated but matches are controlled by one or two umpires who generally wear a black and white striped top.

The main rule in polo is that the player on the line of the ball, or the imaginary line along which the ball travels, has the right of way and may only be challenged by being ridden off, or having his mallet hooked. The idea is to use your mallet to hit the ball between two multi-coloured goal posts. After each goal is scored the teams change ends.

The highlight of the Services polo year is the annual Rundle Cup, a match between the Army and the Royal Navy. For the past eight years the Army has been victorious. In 2024 the Royal Navy won the trophy!

An ideal photograph depicts the player on a pony with all four hooves clear of the ground, showing speed, with both the mallet and ball featuring in the image. Having introduced myself to the team I was soon adopted as their official photographer.

Usually there are matches involving the RN team on Saturday and Sunday which gives me hours of practice, hoping to capture 'that' image. Unlike many sports rain does not stop play so you have to be an all-weather photographer. With the new season beginning in May I look forward to many enjoyable hours taking photographs of my new sport.

Brian (Ben) Cartwright



Time to honour the Aviation pioneers of the Royal Navy Air Service

A fund raising campaign is underway to have a memorial to honour the Royal Naval Air Service, the forerunner of the Fleet Air Arm. These pioneers laid the foundation for almost every aspect of aerial combat and operating aircraft at sea.

The early days of aviation are remembered with displays and exhibitions at the Fleet Air Arm Museum and memorial church in Yeovilton, where the names of 897 personnel, mostly aircrew, who lost their lives between 1914-1918 are recorded.

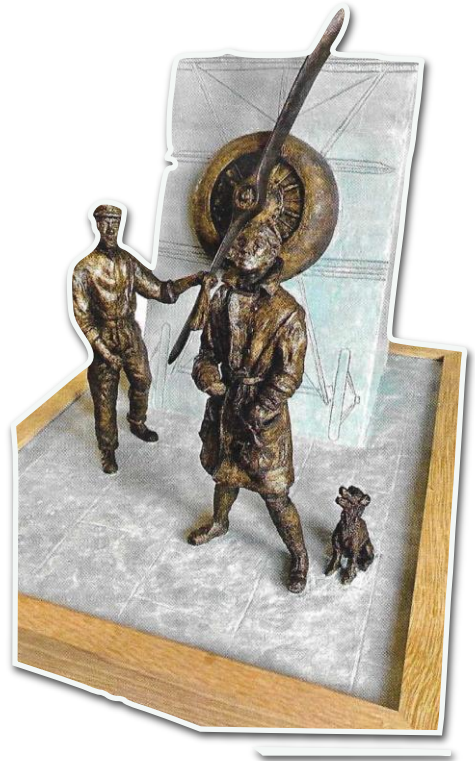
Less than 1,000 men strong at the outbreak of war in 1914 with fewer than 100 aircraft and airships, by the time it merged with the Royal Flying Corps to form the RAF in 1918, the RNAS had grown into a formidable air power with around 55,000 personnel and 3,000 aircraft and airships.

Under the banner of the RNAS, the very first carrier strikes and strategic bombing missions were carried out. The Naval Pilot John Warneford earned one of the first aerial VCs of the war by destroying a Zeppelin airship in the air and subsequently escaping from 'No Man's land' under fire after a crashed landing. Naval Pilot Edwin Dunning made history by making the first deck landing on a moving aircraft carrier at sea.

Pilots hunted U boats, served in support of ground forces on the western front, scouted for rogue German ships in Africa, reconnoitred for the battleships off Gallipoli and defended the home country from air attack.

Daedalus, the memorial in London's Whitehall, honours the Fleet Air Arm which came into being on the 1st April 1924 and is at present the only memorial to naval aviation, so it is only fitting that these RNAS pioneers should have a memorial in their own right. The proposed memorial will be entitled, '*In the teeth of the wind*' (see accompanying illustration), and if all goes to plan will be installed at the National Memorial Arboretum.

Ian Hooper



A maquette of the proposed memorial

Thanks to Ben Cartwright for sending on the following photos



Fond Farewells

Stuart 'Slinger' Wood

It's a sad occasion as we are gathered together to remember Stuart. However, with all the fun he brought to life let us remember Slinger and all the good times!

All of us in the Royal Navy have nicknames, some good, some not so!

Slinger Wood comes from when Slingers, who used to collect spilt wood and cargo from ashore, would bring it back onboard. But the other nicknames that four of us acquired over the years were quite different.

Paul Wellings: our man from C&A.

Bob Stanyard: Mr Perfect, say no more.

Me: Shonky, I've no idea why!

and finally,

Slinger, Wingnut, H(ear) H(ear)!

Slinger's career in the RN was momentous. joining at the age of 15 at HMS Ganges as a Junior Naval Airman, and due to his noted agility, became the Button Boy during Mast Manning at Ganges. His service career saw many memorable drafts at sea and ashore, always leaving his mark, beautifully.



Summed up when he grounded the whole Squadron of 809 Buccaneers on Ark Royal by ignoring tool control when changing cameras in the bomb bay of the phot aircraft. He was eventually found in the mess during film night with the missing tool, a torch, in his pocket - his ears definitely went red!

I first met Slinger at HMS Sembawang, Singapore in 1969. I'd joined 42 CDO RM and when we weren't in the Malayan Ulu it was back to Singers which was like the "Wild West" then, Neesoon Virgins, Street, No-Nose Annie, Boogie Kyties, and at 18, I was having the time of my life. Fortunately, Slinger and Jan, Bob and Celia, made sure that I survived by providing a much needed break from revelry, and ensured that I had a place of calm and sensibility, also great scan.

When Slinger finally left the mob and joined the Omani Navy on contract as a Wakil he arrived at HMS Nelson, Pompey, for discharge. The UPO Writer gave him his discharge papers and docs and asked "Would he like to see the Commodore of Nelson before leaving", Slinger's response,

"I don't know him, he doesn't know me so what's the point." Slinger then took a look at his Naval Record and noticed an error.

The docs stated: CPO(A) Meteorologist S.C. Wood, not as it should be, CPO(A) Photographer S.C. Wood.

The Writer was totally embarrassed, as were all the other office staff, and muttered that he would get it changed immediately. However, in true Slinger style, Slinger said no.

This just about sums it all up, I've been doing the wrong job for the last 20 odd years." With that he left the UPO laughing!

There have been many great run ashores over the years in many places and venues and true to matelot form many have sailed close to the edge.

Slinger was always up for a party.

One, a fancy dress party, when he turned up as "Annie Oakley", guns, Stetson, make-up. All was good until the morning when he was duty RPO at Osprey. He arrived onboard in the nick of time in his best naval rig, however his predecessor was totally gobsmacked as Slinger had forgotten to take off the make-up, including beauty spot, from the night before.

The gateau throwing incident at the Cat's Whiskers, you had to be there!

Midnight sailing to the Channel Islands with the boisterous card game!

Wearing a wig to an RN Phot bash in Pompey where nobody recognised him and thought he was a porn film star from Sweden.

Successfully negotiating with the Provost when I'd been charged with impersonating an officer, thanks mate!

On the talent front - HMS Osprey theatre production, acting in habeus corpus with Jules.

Playing his guitar, even when the music got wet!

As our families had grown up together, we were always interested in how they were doing and obviously it was with great pride that we expounded on the kids, grandkids, great grandkids. This certainly involved immense "Black Catting!" but I do know how proud he was of all his family and their achievements.

None more so than when we attended the Remembrance Parade at the Cenotaph in Weymouth and were joined by Harvey, resplendent on parade in his green beret as a Royal Marine Commando. True to form though, as Slinger was in his "off-roader" mobility cart it was never going to be plain sailing. He hadn't quite mastered reverse gear so with some trepidation we stood back, just as well, a sudden lurch as Slinger propelled forward and nearly wrote off half of the gathered veterans! However, he then sped off down the esplanade to the cheers and claps of the assembled crowd.

Slinger, a life well lived!

From us all - "Smooth Sea's and Following Winds."

Roger Forbes



Terry Charles Gill

A former Royal Navy Photographer who was equally adept at capturing his subject with camera or paintbrush has died in his adopted Morayshire home after a long battle with cancer, but not before he showed remarkable resilience in reaching his Golden Wedding anniversary with his devoted wife Sue, on Friday, April 4.

Ex-Chief Petty Officer Terry Gill, 87, was a city boy, born and brought up in the central London borough of Hammersmith. He spent most of the Second World War in the city where the ruined buildings and craters caused by the blitz became his playground, where he searched for spent bullets, shrapnel and other 'treasures'.



One wartime incident he later recounted saw him running for shelter when he heard the distinctive sound of a German V1 'doodlebug' rocket flying low overhead. Then Terry remembered that they only became lethal when the engine cut out, so he turned round and headed in the opposite direction as fast as he could.

In later life, however, he was to be seduced by the charms of Speyside, with its landscape of hidden glens, sparkling rivers and small towns that produce its world-renowned whiskies, and went on to spend over 60 years in this quiet corner of North East Scotland.

Terence Charles Gill had prepared for a career in the Navy when, at the tender age of 13, he joined the Naval Training Ship Arethusa berthed near Rochester on the River Medway. It was a tough regime for a young boy but he thrived on it, and in 1956, after three years there, he applied to join the Royal Navy.

Training in basic seamanship and airmanship took place at HMS Gamecock, the Royal Naval Air Station (RNAS) at Bramcote near Nuneaton in Warwickshire, at the end of which he was selected to train as a photographer. Successfully completing the intensive six-month programme at the RN School of Photography located at HMS Peregrine, RNAS Ford near Arundel in Sussex, Terry picked up a plum draft to HMS Tamar in April 1955, taking photographs in an unfamiliar environment whilst enjoying the delights of Hong Kong.

On returning to the UK he spent short periods at HMS Daedalus, RNAS Lee-On-Solent and HMS Blackcap, RNAS Stretton near Warrington, before being drafted to the busy photographic section at HMS Fulmar, RNAS Lossiemouth. Among his shipmates and fellow photographers, some of who became life-long friends, were Petty Officer Tony Spring; Leading Airmen Bill Huggett; 'Bogey' Knight and Pete Ramsden, Naval Airmen Paul Yockney, 'Geordie' Skelton', Alfie Tubb, AJ Smith and Brian 'Benny' Lowe. Running the section under genial Photographic Officer Steve Locke was the legendary Phot Branch's Chief Petty Officer Stan 'Mush' Fairhurst.

He then joined HMS Ark Royal for a commission and spent time at Lossiemouth again before a spell on the submarine depot ship HMS Maidstone at Faslane on the Gareloch. A draft to the Fleet Photographic Unit at Fraser Guntery Range at Eastney took him south before returning to Lossiemouth for 16 months followed by short drafts to DPRN London and Yeovilton before heading back to the RN School of Photography at Lossiemouth where he joined the staff as an instructor, passing on the wealth of his knowledge and experience to grateful trainees.

With the closure of RNAS Lossiemouth in 1972, he moved south to join the staff of the new Joint School of Photography (JSOP) at RAF Cosford near Wolverhampton, which was providing training for Photos from all three branches of the armed services. Drafts to HMS Neptune at Faslane, HMS Heron at Yeovil and the aircraft carrier HMS Hermes featured on draft-chits as he completed a 22-year career in the branch. He was rated Leading Airman in September 1960, passed his First-class Photographic Course in April 1963, was made PO in June 1965 and became CPO in August 1970.

Believing age could be an obstacle to securing a job in civvy street, Terry decided against signing on for another five years and joined HM Customs and Excise working in various distilleries around Speyside before moving back into photography with a large studio in Aberdeen. The commute up and down the A96 was hard going and Terry was faced with the prospect of buying a house closer to the city just as the oil and gas industry was fuelling a surge in property prices.

His problem was solved when a call from the Northern Scot weekly newspaper produced in Elgin brought the offer of a job in the graphics department as a photographer, and he remained with the popular journal for 24 years until he retired in 2002.

Part of his work involved photographing members of the royal family visiting the area, and Terry was covering the annual visit by the Queen Mother to Ballindalloch Castle near Granton-on-Spey when she stumbled while walking. Fortunately Terry was close and quick enough to offer a steadying hand. On subsequent visits she always acknowledged him with an extra-warm smile.

Ex-navy Phot Alfie Tubb also received a helping hand to find a job with the newspaper when it was looking for a cameraman to replace one who was leaving. Although the two men had not met since being together in the Navy, Terry knew Alfie lived in the area but not that he had recently been made redundant as a site clerk in the fabrication yard of Ardersier. With an offer of a job as a film processor with BBC Aberdeen open and being considered, Alfie happily accepted the opportunity to get back into photography with the Northern Scot.

During his first draft to Lossiemouth Terry met and courted a local girl Anna Simpson and they married in August 1959. The couple had three sons – Martin, Graham and Christopher – but then tragedy hit the young family hard when Anna died while being treated for pneumonia.

A compassionate draft back to HMS Fulmar and with members of both families pitching in, Terry was able to remain in the Navy knowing his boys were being well looked after.

He was CPO in charge of the Phot Section at Faslane when his fortunes changed dramatically after he was introduced to Wren Range Assessor Sue Barker. “We got on really well socially and became the very best of friends before it later turned into a romance,” recalled Sue, who sacrificed her own career when she married Terry in Helensburgh in April 1975, because as a mother to three young boys she was breaking current Navy regulations. Terry and Sue’s daughter Fiona was born in 1976.

A keen artist who drew and painted for most of his life, Terry was a long-standing member of Portgordon Art Group, taking over as chairman until his health began to fail.

A celebration of Terry’s life took place at the premises of Graham J Rattray, Shore Street, Lossiemouth on Friday, May 9, and was conducted by Janet Donnelly, an authorised celebrant of the Humanist Society Scotland.

Terry’s ashes, together with those of his golden retriever Mabel, who died 20 years ago, are to be scattered into the River Spey, along whose banks the pair took regular daily walks, at a later date.

Terry, who lost his left leg to diabetes in 2016, is survived by wife Sue, their three sons and daughter, six grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

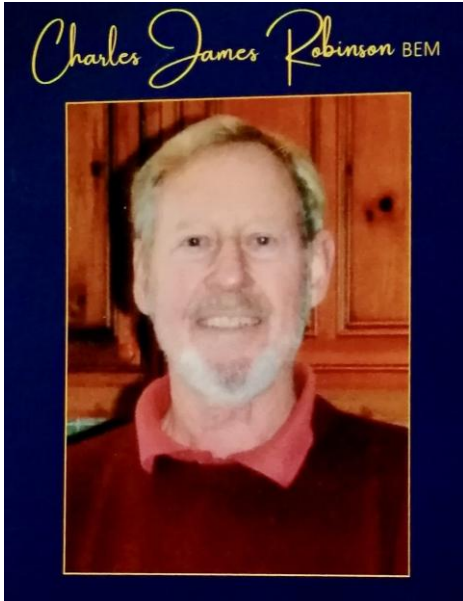
Alfie Tubb and his wife Shona, who attended the get-together to mark Terry’s passing said: “Terry was a gentleman, a good friend and a great guy to work and spend time with.”

By Ray Pogson – who worked with Terry at HMS Fulmar and FPU Portsmouth



A bare-headed Terry is pictured second right, along with other members of the HS 300 Trials team on HMS Hermes, including Ray Pogson, left, Harry Graham, camera fixer 'Topsy' Turner, Wilf Bridges, kneeling, and Photographic Officer Lt Jacobs. The broken magazine was struck by the deck hook of an AEW Gannet during night-flying.

Charles James Robinson



As many of our members are aware, Charles passed away peacefully in February of this year. His funeral was held at Penmount Crematorium on the 13th of February 2025.

We are grateful to Bernie Pettersen, who kindly attended the service, and Jan Morgan, who attended the wake, on behalf of the Royal Naval Photographers Association (RNPA).

Allow me to begin with a few personal reflections on Charles. I had the privilege of serving alongside him at HMS Simbang and HMS Terror in Singapore at the beginning of 1970, during a married accompanied draft with my wife Val.

It was a memorable time, and our section included many familiar names: John Troth, Mike Kordowski, Roy 'Dusty' Miller, Alec Jamieson, Pete Bunting, Vic Hunt, Stuart 'Slinger' Wood, Bob Stanyard, Bob 'Mitch' Mitchell, and Brian 'Ben' Cartwright.

Later that year, several of us attended the wedding of our Divisional Officer, Pete Grigsby, who married Mavis in November 1970. A treasured photo from that day includes many of our group, as well as Ray Whitehouse (then a serving PO attached to DPRN and working in Singapore at the time), 'George' Wickremasinghe, Eric 'Thomo' Thompson (serving on HMS Fearless), and Alan 'Chick' Fowler, whom I think was on one of our aircraft carriers, HMS Albion, and was docked in Singapore, and also invited.

After returning to the UK at the end of 1971, I undertook my Phot 1s course, where Charles, by then a Fleet Chief Petty Officer, served as my course instructor at the Royal Naval School of Photography, RNAS Lossiemouth. He was an excellent teacher: supportive, constructive in his feedback, and always fair. I learned a great deal from him, both professionally and personally.

The remainder of this obituary is drawn from the moving eulogy delivered at Charles' funeral by his stepdaughter, Joanna:

Charles was born on 31st October 1931 in Kent. His mother, Rose, was a cheerful woman, and there was a large extended family of aunts, uncles, and cousins nearby. Charles had one older brother, Ron.

When war broke out, the family home in Sidcup was too close to London to be safe, so Charles and his brother were evacuated, first to Ebbw Vale in South Wales, which he hated, and then to Wells in Somerset, which he loved.

At 16, Charles left school and began an apprenticeship with a London tailor—one of the old-fashioned kind, where you sat cross-legged on the floor. This taught him lifelong skills: he could hand-sew, hem, and turn collars with great precision. While serving in the Navy, he earned pocket money sewing on badges and making repairs. Years later, he sewed the large name panels for boats and upholstered many of them himself. We still have his old Navy sewing kit—his "Housewife".

At the age of 18, in 1949, Charles joined the Royal Navy and trained as a photographer. He eventually became a Warrant Officer Photographer in the Fleet Air Arm. In 1965, he was among the first to win the prestigious Peregrine Trophy, awarded to the Navy's top photographer. He served on two warships and an aircraft carrier, and spent six months aboard the Royal Yacht Britannia, where he photographed the young Prince Charles and Princess Anne playing on deck. The Navy took Charles around the world, though, as he liked to say, he never saw a shot fired in anger."

Charles had a natural flair for dinghy sailing, particularly in competitions. He was so good that the Navy flew him to race against other Armed Forces sailing teams. In 1970, he won the top prize—the Island Shield—in the Round Singapore Island Race, a 24-hour non-stop competition. It was so warm that Charles and his crew famously sailed in their pyjamas!

He later qualified as a Royal Yachting Association Senior Yachting Instructor.

While in the Navy, Charles married his first wife, Sally, a Wren. They later separated, but together they had a son, Andrew.

After 27 years of service, Charles left the Navy and joined the Falmouth Coastguard in 1976, where he met Christine, an Auxiliary Coastguard. They married in 1981, and with that, Charles also acquired a stepdaughter, me, Joanna.

Charles was involved in some major incidents during his time with the Coastguard. In December 1978, the trawler Ben Asdale was wrecked in blizzard conditions off Maenporth Beach. Visibility was nearly zero, and the rescue helicopter was unable to land safely. Charles volunteered to "talk in" the Culdrose helicopter, a job that took nearly two hours in freezing sleet. Eight men were saved, but Charles's eyes were so badly stung by the weather that he needed hospital treatment afterward.

In August 1983, Charles and a friend were walking along Falmouth seafront when they heard the screams of a distraught woman. Her daughter had entered the sea, intending to take her own life. Charles, a strong swimmer, stripped off and swam out into the dark to find her. He spotted her white dress, gave her mouth-to-mouth resuscitation in the water, and brought her back to shore. He arrived home dripping wet and without shoes, calm as ever, while his friend was so shaken he needed a stiff drink.

For these acts of bravery, Charles was awarded the British Empire Medal in 1984.

After leaving the Coastguard, Charles spent three years working with the Probation Service, supervising young people completing community service. He was firm but fair, never judgmental, and left a lasting impression, many left their placements with a renewed sense of confidence.

Later, Charles went into house-building with a business partner, managing projects, accounts, and logistics. He found it so fulfilling that he eventually designed and built his own home in Mylor Bridge in 1997.

Charles had many hidden talents. Having lived in the Navy, he was highly domesticated, it was Charles who taught me how to iron a shirt. He had signature dishes like boeuf bourguignon and, thanks to time overseas, made a mean curry.

He was an active steward at Falmouth Methodist Church and drove the church van to collect people for services. He also appeared as a pantomime dame, once in a big orange dress, beard and all, a sight no one forgot! He had a love for music, especially classical and brass bands, and could play the banjo-ukulele. In the right mood, he delivered a fantastic rendition of Fanlight Fanny the Frowsy Nightclub Queen.

Charles was famously tidy, one of the cleanest and most organised people you could meet. He could spot a speck of dust at 100 paces, and if something could be hung up, it was. I remember one day Mum and I came home to find he'd reorganised the entire kitchen because he'd come up with a better system." We couldn't find anything for weeks!

He had always dreamed of learning to fly. After retiring, Charles took flying lessons in Spain and proudly earned his pilot's licence at the age of 70. Practical as ever, he built his own hangar to store his microlight and spent three happy years flying over the Cornish countryside.

A lifelong lover of the outdoors, Charles enjoyed many sports over the years, hockey, tennis, squash, golf, and, following Christine's lead, he took up bowls, even playing in county matches. He played until about 85, when his balance began to fail.

Charles loved living in Mylor. He enjoyed walks, church, and his bowls club, and was surrounded by good friends and kind neighbours. He fought bravely against chronic lung disease in his later years, always grateful for the care provided by the Acute Care at Home Team, some of whom are here with us today.

In his final years, Charles found deep peace in the place he had come to call home. He often said how fortunate he felt to have lived in such a beautiful village for nearly 30 years. Charles lived a life of service, adventure, courage, and kindness. He was a man of principle and humour, with many gifts and much love to give.

We will miss him deeply, but his spirit lives on in the memories we share, the lives he touched, and the many stories we will keep telling.

RIP Charles Robinson

Submitted by Tony Darbyshire



Additional contribution by Bernie Pettersen who attended the service:

A very fitting funeral for a person of such distinction.

Well attended with over 100 peoples present and one very well behave family dog (Dachshund).

As per order of service, warming memories for many with lashings of reference to Charles' Naval and Coastguard career inclusive of his clifftop role in verbal communications with the Culdrose rescue helicopter during the night rescue of 8 crew from the Scottish Trawler 'Ben Asdale' struck aground at Maenporth. His time of studying in USA, at the age of 70, to get a Private Pilot's licence and hours spent in his microlight. His most recent time with the Mylor Bowling Club; time under sail in yachts including a 24 hour round Singapore race, wearing pyjamas, due to temperatures. His time severed on HMY Britannia, (many

discussions of this at the reception, along with admiration of his skill by those viewing a small selection of his RN B&W 10x8's) and a tribute to his well-deserved recognition in the heroic actions leading to his receipt of the British Empire Medal (BEM).

A band, Sernata, was played by way of a recording of The Black Dyke Mills Band.

This followed with a very personal proud and emotional tribute to Charles as father, sailor and nautical sailing coach, further emotions shown with reference to the repatriation of father and son after many years of family separation.

Charles coffin was sent on its final farewell, draped with the White Ensign and floral tribute of Lillies, to the 1970's popular sailors' messdeck sing-along tune, made famous by the TV Series Ark Royal, 'We are sailing', played by the chapel organist.

Chris Dalby's 80th Birthday Celebrations

Danny & Tina du Feu and Mike Beard surprised Chris when they arrived at his birthday celebrations near Derby. Unfortunately Chris won't be able to attend the 2025 Reunion in Portsmouth due to mobility issues.

Happy belated birthday wishes, Chris.



Getting into the spirit for the Portsmouth Reunion in October. LOL

Danny du Feu joins forces with the Tregabillies Folk Group practising for their forthcoming Village Show in the village of Tregajorran near Camborne, Cornwall.

He thinks everyone should learn to play an instrument, just like him as shown here in the rear centre LOL

Both articles submitted by Danny de Feu



Black Tot Day

In recognition of the stopping of the daily rum ration (the daily tot) on the 31 July 1970, I have included this photograph of myself being issued a Tot while at RM Poole on the 31 July 1980.



Cheers everyone!
Alan Ferguson



Useful Links:

RNPA Website: www.rnpa.org.uk

Royal Navy Photographers: [Royal Navy Photographers | Facebook](#)

Ex RN Phots Camera Club: [Ex RN Phots Camera Club | Facebook](#)