



THE WHEEL

NZ Ex-RAF APPRENTICES ASSOCIATION

NEWSLETTER

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President Bill Cowham

Vice President Monty Firmin

Secretary Ed Austin

EDITORIAL

How time flies, another newsletter due. It has been a very busy year so far and no sign of things getting any easier. The Commemorative window project is more or less finished and by the time this newsletter is issued it will be all over bar the dedication ceremony. This will be held in conjunction with the annual Halton Remembrance day on Tuesday 16th. November. Unless one of us is prepared to travel to the UK, Wg Cdr Ian MacPherson (Air Attaché NZDLS, London) will officiate on our behalf.

About eight years ago some of the membership decided it would be a good idea to produce a brief history of NZ's association with the RAF Aircraft Apprentice Scheme. At the time, Ian Cochrane (71st) produced an excellent chapter for his entry. Sadly none of the other entries followed suit. I thought that when I gathered the statistical background for the speaker at the dedication ceremony it would be a good opportunity to fill in many of the gaps in the history. It now appears that many of you don't look upon your time at Halton as of being of any great importance in the overall scheme of your life and are not prepared to cooperate in the compilation of a history of those years. I believe that those three years that we all endured had a huge bearing on our futures. As far as I can ascertain 67 of us were selected during the 1950's to undergo the training and nearly all had a significant input into the RNZAF over the ensuing 12 to 40 years. Some of us grasped the military opportunities and lifestyle with various degrees of success while for others the termination of their initial contracts could not come soon enough. Many of the group

have passed away, two from aircraft accidents in the course of their duty, some from health problems and one possibly from a fall to produce a nominal role of all members, with any significant achievements/events that I am aware of, and will lodge it with the RNZAF Museum in due course. Your comments and input on this proposal will be welcomed.

Earlier this year Betty and I went to Australia for about a month to help our son settle into his new town house in Melbourne. I took the opportunity to take him my last Rocking Horse as excess luggage. It cost \$150 which was much less than the \$750 it cost to freight one over just before Christmas for a client. Got me to



thinking that I should do the same for my daughter and two granddaughters in Brisbane.

To give me the incentive I undertook to run workshops on horse making for the local Woodworkers Guild. We now have 11 horses under construction (3 for me). I now remember why 4 or so years ago I said "no more". At that time I had a stock in hand for the family but somehow they all seem to have been sold! Each horse takes about 150 hours to make and they are quite hard physical work. With this, plus all the other activities Betty and I are involved with life gets quite complicated at times, so please bear with me when I get

confused and appear to lose the plot!!

Gus Smart (80th)

Letters to the Editor

RAF Halton was the first Military unit to receive the Freedom of Entry to the Borough of Dacorum. The occasion was celebrated with full military honours when Halton personnel marched through the Borough on the 16 May 2010. The Initial Granting Ceremony, at which the Freedom was conferred and a Parchment Scroll presented to the Stn Cdr by the Mayor of the Borough, was followed by a Freedom of Entry Parade. The Queen's Colour for RAF Halton was paraded as Stn personnel marched with swords drawn, bayonets fixed, drums beating, bands playing and Colours flying. A salute was delivered as the parade marched past the band stand in the Marlowe's Shopping Mall and was supported by the Central Band of the RAF.

The granting of Freedom of Entry is a tradition that goes back to the Middle Ages when bodies of troops were not allowed to march through a borough without seeking the permission of the Council. The granting of permission to a formed body of armed men and women to enter a city or borough became a mark of the trust and confidence in which the body was held by the local citizens. Today, it is the highest honour that a city, borough or town can bestow on the Royal Air Force. It is the right of that freedom that RAF Halton be exercised on 16 May 2010.

Peter Cornelius. (69th)

(RAF Locking was granted the Freedom of its Borough in 1953/4 while I was there.)

Peter C

I was a little confused when I received the above letter from Peter as I had never heard of the Borough of Dacorum. However a little research on the net revealed the following:

Continued next page

The Borough of Dacorum is a local government district in Hertfordshire. It includes the towns of Hemel Hempstead, Berkhamsted, Tring and Kings Langley. It has a population of 137,799 (2001). It was formed in 1974 under the Local Government Act 1972 by the amalgamation of 7 smaller local authorities. The district was granted borough status in 1984.

So now we know! Editor
Commonwealth War Memorial

During October 1953 the RNZAF members of the 68th entry were sent to Uxbridge Station for some comprehensive drill training in preparation for an exercise in remembrance.

Headquarters London had decided we would represent the airmen of our country who had fallen in the wars at the Commonwealth Memorial erected at Runnymede, home of the Magna Carta.

This period of the year was extremely cold and greatcoats were worn when we finally arrived to line the length of the walk to the entrance of the imposing building designed to appear to be a control tower.



We were not the only members of the Commonwealth present in lining the route but the event was

not one that meeting the others was possible. Dick Thomas was invited to attend a function with her Majesty Queen Elizabeth 2nd who had opened and dedicated the memorial with its massive plaques bearing the names of over 20,000 airmen. We remained lining the walkway for some time without much knowledge of the proceedings, but that is the

nature of these tasks and although my personal memory of that day in 1953 is falling dim, I still am aware of the solemnity of the occasion and the importance of our presence.

The enclosed photo shows Her Majesty inspecting the building in 1953.

R.C. Oliver (68th)

The Apprenticeship Scheme.

Hi Gus

Here is what I have written up for you regarding earlier Ex Brats from "Swift to the Sky" by Errol Martyn

Following World War One a number of serving New Zealanders remained in the R.A.F. and were joined by a steady trickle of their countrymen who made their own way to the U.K. to enter the service during the 1920's and 1930's. Most were Officers but there were other means of entry including the Halton Apprentice scheme for boys of 15 to 17 of age for 3 years of training followed by service with the R.A.F.

The first New Zealander is believed to have been Auckland Fredrick Cramp who entered Halton in Aug of 1929. He was followed by at least 16 others during the 1930's. There was a quota of 12 apprenticeships available but was never achieved because of lack of funds or inability to meet the medical or educational requirements. All were also expected to meet the cost of their own fares to England.

Also other courses were available, including Cadetships but again quotas were rarely met. Most of the dozen or so entrants not only had to pay their fares but also in some cases meet the course fees of about 450 pounds.

I believe that the Scheme where the 68th Entry started was the first to be fully sponsored by the R.N.Z.A.F. Sam West (68th)

A HALTON BRAT

16 year old Deryck Milne left Auckland in Dec. 1929 for the 3 year Apprenticeship at Halton. His brother Cecil followed him 2 years later.

Milne graduated 5th in his course of 389 and was posted to 100 Sqn. in Scotland in 1933. The Sqn. later went to Singapore with Wildebeest aircraft and here he acted as part time Air Gunner. He also served in India and briefly in Britain before being posted to serve in the R.N.Z.A.F. in Dec. 1940. After service in New Zealand and the Pacific during World War II he left the service in 1947 and became a school teacher.

I am sure there are other stories out there regarding New Zealanders who served before us including that of our Ex Patron (whose name for the moment eludes me; must be the Age, for which I apologise)

Looking at an old membership list I see that Deryck Milne was a member back in 2001 and was 21st Entry.

Sam West (68th)

I am very grateful to Sam for the above info which was very helpful in preparing the NZ Halton background for the Commemorative Window Dedication Ceremony. Ed.

Obituary

It is with great sorrow that we hear of the passing of Howard Annan. Howard had been battling leukaemia for some months, but finally succumbed on the 22nd of March. He developed pneumonia in both lungs a few days ago and although he rallied, his immune system was so weakened he did not respond to the treatment.

Ian Cochrane (71st)

The Time of the Auster

These magnificent little aircraft were the first to be used by the army in New Zealand for the purpose they were designed for, armament spotting. Developed from the Taylorcraft originally, it went through many development stages culminating in our version with the DeHavilland engine.

A good flap area and the power available could lift pilot, passenger and a heavy radio off the ground quickly and although the height it could achieve wasn't enormous the speed of 130K made long trips fairly quick. No 42 Squadron had four of these and the army pilots really gave them a good workout.



Easy to fly, having a wide view, through a big screen, flights were like the old Tiger moth, except you could see more, without a blast of wind in your face.

My Squadron commander decided that I had the aptitude to be a sole servicing accompaniment, so loaded with a miniscule toolkit, sparkplugs, and a can of dope wrapped tightly around with brush and fabric I set forth as passenger for Major Pearce, to attend the army's exercise in the wilds of Rotorua. Four other army pilots joined us, in two other aircraft, and this was to be an exercise involving both the Engi-

neers and the Gunners.

Our aircraft struggled between Mt Ruapehu and the surrounding hills, at one time being so close to the ground I could see deer racing away through the scrub. In time we arrived at our destination, a farmer's paddock that at some time had been capable of use as an airfield. Wheel cleaning was going to be a part of the exercise and the pilots did not leave it all to me. The field boasted a control tower, made from some ancient truck that had become grounded and extended with a glass pagoda. The army technicians installed a radio system so that aircraft whereabouts could be accurately determined and I found that I was not to be billeted in an army tent but had my own bedroll in this tower.

Arrival of all aircraft meant that a flattop trailer with drums was our pumping station. Fortunately these aircraft were easy to refuel and didn't take much. The arrival time was close to mealtime and up on the plateau a camp had been laid out. It didn't take a lot of brain to figure out where the mess tent was.

My soldier messmates seemed to be very tired so conversation wasn't enlightening but the walk in the evening air soon had me yawning. The captain, who became chief of staff for the army eventually was very helpful and carefully explained the programme. Apparently the engineers were attempting to force a road through to this area, and the sappers were taking this opportunity to blow up things, followed by the Gunners who were going to shoot at various items, when guided by the spotters. It was going to be a very early start in the morning and I was exhorted to get breakfast before daybreak.

I had removed the moustache that had been my trademark for years, in order to make shaving in cold water less of a painful exercise but I still wasn't prepared for the mad panic that seemed to explode at around 5 a.m. All the aircraft wanted to get airborne at the same time and I was priming and prop swinging and loading starter cartridges like a one armed paperhanger. Eventually they all left me in peace, and I could chew my cold toast and whatever. One thing about the Control tower was that it had power with a transformer for radio, and the local farmer had offered an electric kettle. The mess tent took pity on me and supplied tea, coffee and sugar with the normal tin pannikin. We were supposed to be roughing it of course, but the pilots expected me to keep them happy after touch-down.

I wasn't sure where the milk came from, but it might have been direct from the source. The packed lunches, allowed me to listen to the army destroying something in the distance from my vantage point in the tower, and the radio also gabbed away with information but the aircraft were soon returning for fuel. One had sustained some damage probably flying too close to one of the explosions, but a bit of fabric and dope soon had it fixed. My additional duty was to chase the farmer's cattle off the field as he had forgotten that cows and aircraft don't mix. The strip was also pockmarked by rabbit holes and I had to use the Farmer's tractor and trailer to shovel dirt in the big ones. His ancient Fergie was a really good starter and I had the run of the shed to clean plugs, pump up tyres, and charge batteries. The aircraft generator was unable to keep up with the radio use, so batteries were constantly being rotated.

The facilities in this typical implement shed were really appreciated and I could also get one Auster at a time inside for plug changes in the morning's chilly air doing checkouts and bookwork in comfort.

Toilet and other things became a bit of a strain but the army pilots didn't seem too bothered, so I tried to make do as best as I could with my meagre air force training. Meals were not the most exciting but the tummy got filled and it wasn't meant to be a picnic.

At the end of the exercise we all commandeered some jeeps and rushed off to the hot springs for a good scrub, enjoying a town meal sponsored by our Captain. The morning routine was broken as the mess people had gone in the night, but the pilots all pitched in assisting me to refuel, and my aircraft was last to depart back to Ohakea, groaning under all the extra weight. Luckily it was all downhill.

I will always remember this part of my service with a strange feeling.

The online encyclopaedia, Wikipedia, makes no mention of the RNZAF Austers and I have no information as to where ours came from or where they finished up.

Roly Oliver (68th)

The Spell of the Islands

During my service time a small part was taken in Fiji at Lauthala Bay during the end period of Sunderland operations. While Bill Cowham and George Holmstead will have memories that might form stories I have chosen to offer one on the Gilbert and Ellice Islands or the Kiribati republic as it is known today. We know from the news that this group is threatened with inundation although some experts claim this will not happen.

While these graceful flying boats were almost at retirement, they provided a vital service for disaster relief and a means of emergency travel to all the dependencies of the Pacific.

The longest trip I endured was to the islands of Betio, Tarawa, and Bonriki as mentioned. A long flight to the equator could only be enlivened by the sight of so many tiny coral circles in the sea below. It tends to be amazing that so many bits of dirt stick up in this ocean, either a circular atoll or as volcanic cones.

Sunderlands chugged along at a masterly 120 -130 Knots and at a height where you could almost reach out and scoop up the sand below. My particular flight was part of a task to check out the Air force buildings after a cyclone had committed major devastation. Three aircraft had planned to make the trip carrying essential medical and other supplies. This meant that crews were lying on top of things and I decided to use the forward turret to take pictures. This trip memories are reinforced by those colour pictures and I can only show a few in this article.



Northern Islets



Betio docks



RNZAF Station Tarawa

Take-off as usual was a struggle, Sunderlands were notoriously underpowered, and sometimes a barge had to break water to unstick the hull. With three planes it was a better deal, but one of the travellers had engine trouble (Nothing new) and returned inside half an hour. In a straight line the distance was around 1500 miles and took us about 12 hours. Arrival, late in the day, landing in the massive lagoon of placid water was a picture itself. No peace for the wicked, all hands went to the only barge loaded with drums and refuelling began, hand pumped, it being essential to make the aircraft ready for take-off in view of it being cyclone season.

Finally back on land it was time to see our quarters which had been prepared for us by local people. The picture shows the buildings and the board reads RNZAF Station Tarawa. Meals arranged in the nearby "club" were very much appreciated, and the after drinks went down well too. Early next morning the sun was a good alarm clock, and we were offered the chance to cross between islets at high tide on the tray of the only transport, eventually reaching Bonriki which is now Bonriki International Airport. The edge of this field was strewn with aircraft junk, much of which the local entrepreneurs had converted to household uses. Returning to beat the tide, allowed a time of relaxation. The aircraft had been unloaded for us and it was necessary to pump out the bilges with the venerable ABC bilge APU, being careful as these engines were not reliable and we did not have our Fiji boys to help as they did, back on base.



The tour bus



Going between islets



Bonriki (international?) Airport

Servicing also was taken carefully, we only had the minimum of tools strung around our neck, and falling off the wing meant a fairly deep dive. The weather was magnificent; wind just a breath, so shorts and sandals were the standard wear. Hats and sunglasses became essential; the glare from the lagoon was potent.

Next day the barge had to return the empties to Betio and again all were eager to view how the mainland had survived the cyclone. First views were awe inspiring. While the jetty installation had survived, every palm on that side of the island had been flattened, destroying the Copra crop one of the main industries. The "sand" surface was still mud and even the normal heat of the sun had done little to dry the island. Walking across to the outer coast of Betio allowed us to view the devastation wrought on the Japanese gun posts, and see the massive rusty steel anti landing structures across all of the beaches. Raking one's hand through the sand would bring up bullets, small shells and brass bits of all sorts. It was all intimidating and the understanding of the losses of both US and Japanese in the invasion was made much clearer.



Betio memorial



Dead Guns



Betio dock area

A memorial is placed in this area to record the deaths of civilians and states; "In memory of twentyfive British subjects murdered by the Japanese on Betio on the 15th October 1942. Standing unarmed to their posts they met brutality with gallantry and death with fortitude." It was all very moving. Not much was available for souvenirs, a few shells perhaps, but a very vivid set of memories that still stay with me along with my pictures. If you have an interest I can supply many pictures.



Destruction

Roly Oliver 68th

Reminds me of the week long detachment I took part in to the Gilbert and Ellice Islands in 1961. A particularly memorable incident was crossing the Equator....a very rough crossing. I recall making a three point contact with the ward room ceiling and seeing many loose items of flight deck equipment floating past me. The 'Framies' carried out a very detailed visual inspection of the aircraft after we landed!

Editor

The New Zealand Commemorative Window

As advised in the Editorial the window is in the UK and installed. I have prepared a five or six minute speech which I will send to our NZDLS representative in London and hopefully he will be free to participate at the Dedication Ceremony being held in conjunction with the Halton Annual Remembrance Service on Tuesday the 16th November. I approached RNZAF Headquarters, Wellington, asking them if they wished to have any input to the dedication and have had no reply so it looks like they are happy to leave it in London's hands.

The window is already displayed on the 'oldhaltonians' web site so can be seen there if you are interested. Costs to date have been \$1558.12 for the design and construction and I expect that installation and associated costs in the UK will not exceed \$1000 so we should have a surplus of funds to go towards the secretary's expenses.

I hope to get some feedback from London and Halton on the dedication and will cover it in the next newsletter. Thank you to all who contributed to the funds and provided feedback and encouragement to me.

Gus. 80th

New Plymouth Reunion March 2011

See page 8 for details

Register now. Sam has arranged an interesting itinerary.

See you there!

The 33rd Entry

Background for the following article was provided by Roly Oliver (as told by Ann Holmstead) and I found it quite timely, as a few years ago (must have been pre 1993 before I retired) I copied an article from the RAF magazine "THE FLYPAST" on the 33rd entry. It was written by Philip Sherwood who was one of their members. When I started thinking about what to put in this issue it seemed to me that it could be the basis of an interesting article so it all fell together quite well.

George Holmstead 33rd Entry

I was pleased to have an afternoon with George and his daughter Ann in Wellington where the family now resides after many years in Blenheim. Although Ernest George now resides at Te Hopai Home and is confined to a wheelchair, he isn't restricted in ability or mental activity. While memories do fade, Ann has provided a dossier of his life and even stories from the age of two, vividly and humorously recording his activities. It is not possible to compress all this to one article but for us brats he does recall the throwing of mattresses out of second story windows followed by bodies. Like all of us he entered Halton at the age of 17. Because of the large numbers in his entry it was broken into three batches with George in the first batch. His group entered on the 14th January 1936 and swore allegiance to George V. The remaining two batches swore allegiance to Edward VIII and before the entry passed out George VI had become the Monarch. The 33rd wore the choker collars and were the last to have this dress. Amongst its many distinctions this entry also was the last to witness a public flogging in the square.

His time in the RAF, starting in 1939, moved him to Honnington (where he was involved in loading aircraft with biological weapons for testing) then to Aldergrove in Ulster. In 1942 he was one of two Armourers seconded to the Royal Navy for 6 months as Armament Instructors to teach them to service 20mm guns. His request to return to the RAF after 6 months was denied and instead was sent to HMS Owl (Scotland) from where he went to South Africa in 1943. He returned to England, Portsmouth in 1945 and was then sent to Matching to join his Navy Unit but as the Unit had moved he ended up at RAF Wethersfield and returned to the RAF. A note on his P/F at this time reads:

2nd Feb 1946-to F/Sgt Holmstead E C, ORTU, Matching. "On the occasion of your return to the Royal Air Force, I wish to express my appreciation of the services performed by you on your tour of duty with the Royal Navy, and hope you will retain some pleasant memories of the time you spent with it ashore and afloat"....signed Denis W Boyd, Vice Admiral.

After a period at Wethersfield he went to Malaysia as member of a 4 man search team looking for crashed aircraft. He returned to Southampton in 1948 where he volunteered for research into the common cold. This did not prove exciting so he joined the Metropolitan Police, recalling that both his father and his uncle had been policemen. Emigration, later in that year was to Wellington NZ to enlist in the RNZAF on the 10th January 1950. Wigram was his first station, followed by Taieri, serving on the Docks during the 1951 Waterfront Strike. After a short stay at Woodbourne he was posted to Malaya in 1953 where he was one of two RNZAF personnel to be attached to the Far East Flying Boat Wing of the RAF. This time was served with RAF squadrons 88, 205 and 209. George also served with 5 squadron, initially on Catalinas, and then on to the Sunderland for a period at Lauthala Bay from where, in 1954, he had a 6 month trip back home to the UK. He was posted to Woodbourne in 1955 where he worked in the repair depot with the Bristol Freighter until retirement in 1964 as a Warrant Officer.

George appears to have been a particularly lucky person when it came to travelling on service aircraft. In 1950 he was tasked to travel to Tauranga to advise on training. As he was about to board his Devon transport he was told that he had been replaced. The Devon crashed. On his return from Korea (from time with RAF Far East Flying Boat Wing) he was to fly from Wellington to Woodbourne on a Bristol Freighter. He was off loaded and the aircraft crashed upon arrival at Woodbourne.



George and his Family, Anzac Day 2010

Reading between the lines of the above shows a very unusual career path for an RAF tradesman, particularly for the war years and up until 1955 when he was posted to Woodbourne. Well done George, you certainly led a varied service career and even found time to get married and raise a family. I am sure that they must be very proud of you. Ex Brats can do anything!!

Editor

Some more on the 33rd

The 33rd Entry shuffled into Air Force history just fifty years ago, a motley collection of school boys gathered on Baker Street station and were shepherded on to a special train by a Warrant Officer. At Halton, authority made its first mistake, it mustered the new arrivals as 4 Wing into the somewhat isolated Maitland Barracks, and left them without a senior entry to 'learn em'. So writes ex 33rd entry member Philip Sherwood in 1986 for the RAF 'FlyPast'.

The 33rd was a unique entry in many ways. It was an 'expansion entry', the RAF was expanding desperately in an attempt to reach parity with the *Luftwaffe* and emphasis was placed on quantity rather than quality. The entry web site records that over 700 boys arrived at Halton over three weeks in January 1936 but the highest and lowest service numbers for the entry recorded in Paul Tunbridge's 'History of Royal Air Force HALTON' indicate that the roll could have been as high as 851. Although the entry had a chequered time at Halton and was constantly at odds with the 'Authorities' those that completed their training went on to make very valuable contributions to the RAF in WW II.

Following the end of the war the 33rd continued to add to the laurels of their Entry. One member acted as RAF representative at the War Crimes trial of Japanese prisoners who had tortured and executed the crew of a crashed Liberator. The Concorde design team included three design leaders from the Entry. Bill McAllister retired as Servicing Manager of the American Flying Tigers Airline and Norman Pash continued to fly as a civil airline pilot and was subsequently Flight Manager of Channel Express (Air Services) Limited. In 1950 Ron Everson was posted to command the Blind Landing Experimental Unit (BLEU) Flight at Martlesham Heath engaged in the development of automatic blind approach and landing. The system developed by BLEU's boffins was proved in practice in the air whenever fog occurred during the winters of 1950-53. Automatic approach and landing is now commonplace in Service and Civil aviation. Ron was awarded an AFC and Mike Burgan, his boffin observer, an MBE. In later years Ron was seconded to the Ghana Air Force and commanded their Air Force Station at Takoradi. The entry achieved another notable first with the appointments of the first two Air Attaches from the Technical Branch. In 1952, 'Jock' Hunter was appointed Technical Air Attache to the British Embassies at Stockholm, Helsinki and Copenhagen. 'Jock' held the post for some four years until, upon relinquishing the appointment in 1956, he handed over to none other than the Entry's own John Ramsden. And Jack Dymond earned his place in Air Force history by being involved with the creation and development of the RAF Museum at Hendon. The late William 'Bill' Sykes, OBE, retired in the rank of Air Vice-Marshal, believed to be the only ex-apprentice to have reached that rank in the technical branch. And the Entry has its own live Earl, Vivian, Group Captain, the Earl of Ilchester, the ninth of that line and a worthy descendent of those Fox-Strangways who valiantly defended their ancestral Abbotsbury home against Cromwell's troopers.



33rd Entry Commemorative Window in St Georges Chapel

Across the top a Harp representing the largest Apprentice Band with 110 musicians; the orange hat band of No 4 Wing upon which a Coronet is shown for their Earl; the rings for Air Vice-Marshal (William 'Bill' Sykes). Across the bottom is shown ammunition for the Armourers; the chequered hat band for No 3 Wing; a crown on a black square for the last Entry to witness a Drumming Out and Public Flogging Ceremony.

Each side of the window are beech leaves and primroses recalling the cross-country runs. The central panel depicts beneath the Apprentice Wheel an opaque white barrack square as the 33rd was the only Entry whose Passing Out Parade was cancelled because of snow. Beneath are shown figures depicting the last Entry to wear Pantaloons and dog collar tunics.

This is just but a sample of the 33rd Entry's exploits. There is much more info accessible from the oldhaltonians web site. Not a bad effort from an expansion entry where emphasis was placed on quantity rather than quality!!

Editor

NZRAFAAA New Plymouth REUNION March 2011

The Reunion is set for March 25th - 27th 2011 Mark your Diary!!!

The arrangements for the Reunion are progressing well. Accommodation bookings are good so if you haven't already booked in, it would be wise to do so soon. At present we have about 32 who have confirmed their intentions to attend.

There will be some changes to venues for the Friday night and the Dinner on Saturday. The NPRSA are moving their location. While I am changing the Dinner venue for a more varied Menu at a cheaper price. I will have transport available for both functions if needed.

For the Reunion Rooms are reserved at the

Auto Lodge Motor Inn 393 Devon Road East New Plymouth

Room Rates are:	Standard Rooms	Single	\$107:00	+ GST
		Double	\$125:00	+GST
	Executive Rooms	Single	\$117:00	+GST
		Double	\$135:00	+GST
	Superior Rooms	Single	\$128:00	+GST
		Double	\$146:00	+GST

These rates include Breakfast in the Restaurant with full Continental and cooked selections. Please Book Direct to Auto Lodge quoting "Aircraft Apprentice Reunion"

Phone 0800-800 896 or E-mail to reservations@autolodge.co.nz

For Saturday A coach trip is planned to visit the Tawhiti Museum, which is seen on TV1, the Elvis Presley Room in Hawera, and Wine Tasting at a Vineyard on the return.

The coach will cost approx. \$15 pp while the costs at the Tawhiti Museum are:

Museum	\$10
Traders and Whalers	\$10
Bush Railway	\$5

A cafe is on the site For More info. See tawhitimuseum.co.nz

We visit the Elvis Presley Room and a Vineyard on the return to New Plymouth.

NZRAFAAA New Plymouth Reunion March 25th -27th 2011

Name Address

Telephone E-mail

Accommodation:

I will be staying at the Auto Lodge Motor Inn _____ No _____

I will be attending the Saturday Night Dinner _____ No _____

I am interested in the Coach Trip _____ No _____

Please return the slip to Sam West 11 Gardenia Ave., Bell Block, New Plymouth 4312

Or E-mail sam.west@infogen.net.nz