

DRAFT FOR THE D.G.ENG BUGLE

Ted Woodgate and his extensive editorial staff congratulate all of you on making it into the 21st Millennium which, we are advised, commenced 1st January 2001. This historic occasion must surely call for a special celebration and we are looking toward a bumper gathering in March of all you DGENgites.

To mark this special year, the main contribution to the Bugle is an historic resume of the RB199 management development programme written with consummate expertise by the one and only. Jim Blewett. I am confident that you will all find enjoyment and not a little recognition with some of the management concepts/escapades. Here we go:



James Blewett - RB199 DAYS

My involvement in the RB199 programme started in Autumn 1969, when the competition between Rolls-Royce & partners and Pratt & Whitney was approaching the final decision, i.e. a fight that Rolls-Royce could not be allowed to lose. (NOTE: Turbo Union only came into existence on 1 October 1969 after the RB199 had been selected). The bids for all the multitudinous bits of the aeroplane were being assessed by IMO (NATO Interim Management Office, later NAMMA) and national delegates, our man being Colin Hockenull.

Colin had an impending domestic problem which might require his return to the UK at short notice, so I, then a miserable Assistant EPO on the BS360 (Gem engine) was requested by D Eng2 (Geoff Ainley) to stand by to take over temporarily. So, I went out to glorious Munich and, lo and behold, Colin was immediately recalled and I found myself chairing the first of the specification negotiations, based on a

background of near zero, with meetings mustering up to 50 assorted contractors and national representatives.

On the first day I was approached by the MBB representative asking me to close the days proceedings at 4 pm as they were hosting us all at the Oktoberfest and we would lose our seats if we weren't in place by 5 o'clock. Well, how could I refuse and the rest of the evening was spent in a welter of beer and noise. After a short, broken night, I fired up the meeting promptly at 9 the next morning but found the greatest difficulty in remaining conscious until mid-morning. However, every one else was in a similar state so my problems were not particularly noticeable.

After 3 weeks Colin came back and so it was back to the boring BS360! (*Oh come on Jim, at least it also had 3 shafts to make you feel important*).

THE RB199 ENGINE MONITORING GROUP (EMG).

In Autumn 1971 the NAMMO BOD decided to remove the management of RB199 development to a tri-national group based in St Giles Ct: the reasons for this were never wholly explained, at least to me, but were not unassociated with the political aftermath of the Rolls-Royce bankruptcy in February 1971. The EMG comprised a Head (Geoff Ainley) a deputy Head (George Munns, who by then had become AD/EngD2) me, by then the RB199 EPO and a PSO having been 'Fultonised' from C.Exp.O, with Ted Hartley plus two Germans (Gerd Mulhausen and Wolfgang Wieczorek) and an Italian (Tony Galletta). NAMMA remained the contracting and production authority and all EMG decisions had to be unanimous. This defied all commonsense rules of efficient management but worked well mainly because our foreigners were content to leave most of the work to the Brits, their job being primarily as rapporteurs to their national bosses.

The most memorable events in EMG history were the parties in Room 162. Gerd and Wolfgang in particular, had access to their Embassy entertainment budget, so booze was available by the bucketload and on occasions outside caterers brought in trays of goodies. Favoured outsiders were also invited. To put it mildly, they were lively affairs (for further details refer to Val Eastwood; if she can remember). It could never happen now.

In April 1976 I was promoted as SPSO to AD/EngD6, vice Reggie Reid, to look after the Geriatric Ward but not for long as the RB199 could not do without me, or (more truthfully) to replace George who had disappeared in a cloud of secrecy to RAE to sort out the Chevaline programme, if you know what that is (sticking multiple re-entry warheads in Polaris is the answer). Then in due course Geoff went off to drive tanks at FVRDE Chobham and I became Temp. Act. Unpaid Head of EMG until a decision was taken to

revert engine development to NAMMA and I was reverted with it

NAMMA

I took up post as SLSE3 (i.e. Section Leader, Systems Engineering) on 1 December 1978. To achieve this I had to step down to NATO Grade A5 (Principal equivalent) (Boo!) but was paid as an A6 (Hooray!) which had a dramatic effect on my wages, namely about £24K p.a. TAX FREE. By comparison my salary as a top of the scale Grade6(PSPO) in 1985 was about £24K NOT TAX FREE. Plus the not negligible bonus of working and living in magical Munich. (Italy a 2 hour drive, Salzburg 1 1/2 hours, the Alps 45 minutes, need I go on? However it was not total bliss. **Our hearts bleed for you at this stage Jim - or something).**

NAMMA was a very bureaucratic organisation (the German influence). For a start only Divisional Leaders (A6) & above could sign outgoing mail and any such mail which touched on other divisions' responsibilities had first to be co-ordinated with them formally. This stemmed from the long ago action of an enthusiastic junior who issued a letter that could have caused a massive bust up in NATO, never mind WW3. This was irksome in the extreme: my DL was Brian Ramsdale (ironically also an SPSO in real life) an absolutely first class man and a workaholic who was not a delegator by nature and did not object to the rule. It would have all ended in tears, but happily for me and my short fuse, Brian's tour soon expired and he was replaced by Martin Peters, another star with a much more relaxed approach who did not allow rules to bother him too much.

My section at that time comprised three engineers and a secretary. After a few months David Lee was replaced by Nick Barnett. One of the pleasures of being a boss is to dump all the lousy jobs onto one's slaves: as an example throughout my D G Eng career I have managed to keep Mods, and the procedures thereof, at arm's length and the laborious NAMMA Mods procedure was a suitable punishment to grind down Nick's exuberant character (that's a polite way of saying it). To do the man justice, he did it well, albeit not without a lot of blubbing and whining and, judging by his later career advancement, he emerged a chastened and finer man.

Two of the better ceremonies at NAMMA were the occasional Division lunches when, in summer, we would be organised by Elke Rauter, Martin's fierce secretary, to go off mob-handed to one of the local beer gardens, always on a Friday when knocking off time was 1535 in any case. Once a year there was the NAMMA outing, a day's hols, when coaches were laid on and we all goofed off to some jolly spot, which eventuated in a prolonged P.U. I have a photograph of my revered DL Mr Peters, later Grade2/Under Secretary at RAE, tipping back his first litre of amber nectar, but emphatically not his last, at about 10.30 am.

My wife and I were very lucky to find a ground floor flat (very, very difficult) in Solln, a splendid village on the southern edge of Munich. Expensive, but large, with its own private garden and sun terrace, facing south, plus communal sauna and indoor swimming pool. Agreeable German neighbours, a 10 min. drive to the Munich - Garmisch autobahn which was also very convenient for skiers (not me).

The drive to the office was not for the faint hearted, involving the Mittlerring (ring-road) at rush hour which makes stock car racing very mild stuff, but as it suited my mode of driving, merely served to pump up the adrenalin to face another days work. And if anyone tries to tell you how efficient the Germans are in clearing snow - forget it.

If my 3 year tour had ended as planned, I would in all probability have taken Bill Moschini's job, on his retirement. **WHAT?!! MODS?. SPECS??. PROCEDURES???** . Never, so by more whining and wheeling I got a year's extension, which enabled me to replace Alvan Stoate for my final 21/2 years in the good old Geriatric Ward, to be cosseted by John Lang, Sid White and Jim French and to enjoy the occasional jaunt to Paris, Biarritz, San Diego and Athens. As I always say, its better to be smart than clever.



Some more of the RB199 mob

Other news includes the retirement of Fred Tufnell in December after 44 years service and the award of an MBE by the Queen. Many congratulations Fred and we shall remember that there is only one eff in Tufnell. Good wishes are also extended to Maxine on her recent wedding in Jamaica and to Sue Jaques on her promotion and new job in Main Building.

More and more of you are joining the e-mail brigade and perhaps you would consider passing your addresses to Ted for future correspondence, thus easing copying and postal costs?. Your views appreciated here!. There is just enough space to wish you well in 2001 and we look forward to seeing you on the 15th

DGEng BUGLE No 4

MARCH 2000