

THE D.G.ENG BUGLE

Welcome to 2002 and the fifth *D.G. Eng BUGLE* newsletter. I trust that everyone has recovered sufficiently from the Christmas and the New Year festivities for another get-together at the HERCULES PILLARS. It was particularly pleasing last time to see so many 'old boys' travelling long distances and I trust that the new timing arrangements reflect the increased numbers but more importantly that we see you all again this year. You will have received the March 2001 news-sheet detailing the success of last January's session and Ted is hoping for a really bumper number of attendees for this year's bash. Please make the effort, I'm sure you can spare just a couple of hours from your busy year to see some old faces! Think about it!

I am so pleased to offer yet another 'slant' to the D.G.Eng story by printing Roger Jones's contribution which provides an enlightened insight into working with the 'nuts and bolts' of the Directorate during those halcyon years. Before anyone says anything, this photograph was taken at last year's do when an unprepared Roger was caught buying several drinks at the bar. Notice the grim smile!. Joking apart, does this man never age?



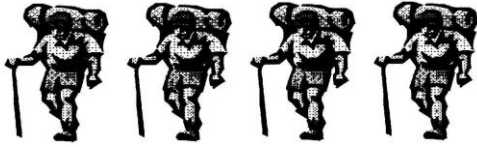
D.G.Eng. A Production Overview

Have you seen what they've done to the R.A.E.? On a drive past recently I saw that the demolition of the old main site was well underway. Here I spent my formative years as a student apprentice, 1957 onwards. My association with the site ended with my return in 1991 to the main office block as a Grade 4 with Martin Peters as Director. This was pre-Chisholm and we had little or no knowledge of the trauma to come!! I should never have left D.G.Eng. - the source of a very enjoyable and rewarding career, no more so than when I formed part of Mike Neale's all conquering division 1984-1987.

However I get ahead of myself. I'm not going to give you a detailed expose of my life in the engine world- but a few high lights- written for a captive audience. I joined D.Eng.P. in 1969 as a brand new Eng.II when it was still part of D.G.A.P. to find myself surrounded by Engineers and Technical Grades and some lovely characters - Tommy Handford and Chris Buck to name

but two. D.G.Eng. on the other hand, with Technology and Development Directorates was staffed almost entirely by scientists and a few odd ball experimental officer grades! To this day I'm not sure that I consciously avoided the career competition that the scientists would provide, certainly by becoming a production man I was in safe territory - who wanted to be in production? I however, found it quite stimulating and moved around the Directorate. 1972 took me to R.A.F. Staff College and uncharted territory. As an engineer the system presumably felt I needed the rough corners knocked off and I spent a year focusing on joined-up writing, public presentation and social drinking. I qualified in two out of three, although some people would say a few rough edges remain ! I returned to D.Eng.P briefly then was off to Munich and NAMMA and production release on the RB.199. A frustrating but rewarding time, those of you who spent time there know that to be true and if you didn't you've probably heard the stories of a good time being had by all! Back to D.Eng.P in 1976 when Steven Bentall was in charge and by then part of D.G.Eng under Ivor Davidson. This new post, amongst other things, was notable for trips to France with Trevor Shatwell on helicopter engines and very demanding they were too (good job I'd passed social drinking with honours at Staff College!!) Thereafter I moved within D.G.Eng. a spell in D.Eng.T (after Bill Moschini got the A.D.Eng.P.2 job ahead of me - can you believe that!) Back to D.Eng.P on promotion and a brief period in D.Eng.D before getting to be the very last D.Eng.P with Mike Neale well established as D.G.Eng. Mike as I'm sure you realise was never happier than when taking on the Centre and winning. His commitment to creating a fully integrated Engine Division led to the team I was proud to be a part of. In 1984 with the retirement of Eric Lewis and Alan Jeffs and the untimely and very sad death of Tony Piercey, a new set of Directors was put in place with Austin Seed, Alan Morris, and Roger Jones joined by David Faddy heading up some impressive teams. An abrupt end came to this very satisfying period in 1987, coincident with my move to Pyestock (another good career move!) A move both Mike Neale and I resisted, but it was a 'no win situation' so I went, and the D.Eng.3 position was left vacant. Within a few months the D.G.Eng post was abolished for reasons I've never tried to understand and effectively the Division was demolished leaving only Alan Morris as the surviving Engine Director. Austin Seed ended up as D.NUC.P and ironically I replaced him in 1994, how did two of Mike Neale's shining lights end up in the Nuclear backwater? - you may well ask.

I thoroughly enjoyed my time in MoD, and DGENg, in particular, and wouldn't have changed a thing, good or bad. The latter day 'reconstruction' that has altered the nature of the job within MoD is beyond recognition to someone like me, a dyed-in-the-wool product of the old system and has made me more than happy to take advantage of a very contented and happy early retirement.



The Last Of The Summer Wine or Walking With DGEng Dinosaurs

Getting Alan Spreadbury to organise a day's walking usually results in an interesting day out but is rarely simple since either his e-mail isn't up and running or he's out in his taxi earning even more money than the expense claims he used to get me to sign. However, when eventually I do 'pin him down', the resulting 'stroll' is always highly enjoyable.

Since retiring, and as we live respectively north and south of London, Alan and I have arranged walks alternatively around the Sevenoaks and Tring areas. We've e-mailed other PE 'types' but since making it known we intend to cover fairly respectable distances and couldn't actually guarantee being able to find a pub that sold 'Old Peculiar', all communications seem to have been met with the cyber space equivalent of a 'resounding silence'.

Last winter however, Alan planned an interesting walk around West London, and since Malcolm Hurry thought such an outing would ensure we would never be far from a 'watering hole', he joined us. Alan had certainly 'done his homework' and guided us around ancient palaces, historic lanes, red light areas (Well! Shepherd Market and Mandy Rice-Davis's mews cottage) and simply bloody miles of canals.

He did allow us a short break in the Orangery in Kensington Palace's garden but then, by some circuitous route (involving even more canals) led us to the top of Primrose Hill just as the 'heavens opened'. Luckily, Malcolm's unfailing inbuilt radar detected a pub through the murk, where we arrived only slightly soaked through! What remained of that afternoon is little more than a blur to me but I do remember lots more walking and ending up that evening in an Italian restaurant in Soho where we all had a pleasant meal before catching trains home.

Summer hols. over, Alan phoned to say that he had researched a very interesting walk around the City. Malcolm couldn't resist such a tempting offer and in addition Jack Cattle joined us. With Alan in the lead at a slow gallop (he certainly doesn't hang about), and clutching a wad of copious notes we followed rather like a school 'crocodile'; in and out of wonderfully preserved lanes, financial institutions ancient and modern and an amazing number of beautifully maintained Wren churches. On this occasion, 'we' insisted on stopping for a pub lunch only to find ourselves in the only part of the City which was the equivalent of an alcoholic desert. We even had to resort to asking a motorcycle courier for directions to the nearest hostelry which turned out to be best part of half a mile away. What a 'jewel' it turned out to be.

Called 'Simpsons', it was one of the older pubs/eating houses. Since we didn't look like 'pukka' city types, we were directed to a tiny bar in the basement where amazingly we were allowed to put all the food and drinks on a 'tab' (very trusting in this day and age). Alan had once again put together a remarkably pleasant and interesting day, but it was by no means restricted to 'sightseeing'. There was the inevitable 'D.Eng' nostalgia; mostly between Malcolm and Jack. I'm sure you can imagine the sort of conversation Alan and I had to endure for almost the entire trip! 'Do you remember when Napier's tried to fit the 'such & such' engine into a Gannet?'

"Oh yes! – but wasn't the company's designerOh! you know, the chap with the Bull nose Morris" "No! No! – that was a 'Rolls' contract engineer" "Oh! What was his surname – Ray something wasn't it" Yes! Didn't he marry And so it went on, and on, and on for almost seven hours. A bit like the D.End Christmas party really!!!!!! Look forward to seeing you all on the 14th March. Contribution; **Andy Bystra**

I am pleased to report that for everyone who have been asking after Glynn Golesworthy, we managed to grab him during a rare sighting in the UK .In mid December I joined Bill Moshini (a newly promoted octogenarian by the way) and Glynn in London for a lunchtime wine tasting. On very top form, an extremely fit looking Glynn gave a glowing report on life in France and the joys of driving, eating and socialising with some very agreeable people. Clearly, his hard work over the past few years shows what RB199 and Oly 593 engine management experience can achieve when directed at a French country farmhouse. Absolutely superb! (I had hoped to include a picture here but my scanner did not take kindly to an already scanned photo) Glynn will try and make the 14th March venue to see you all and will, I am sure, show you the layout at first hand.

On a final sadder note, it is with much regret that we learned in October of the demise of John Hughes (him of the fuels and oils fraternity). I had spoken to John and corresponded with him during the year and he seemed to be in the best of health, so the news was very unwelcome. On a general point here, I know that some of our colleagues have been unfortunate enough to lose their partners and I believe that perhaps in a very small way our yearly throngs do a little something to chivvy those people along. Even more reason perhaps why we should all make the effort.

The Editor, together with Ted, send very best wishes to everyone and repeat the call for more contributions as the 'cupboard is bare again'. Lastly, thank you to today's contributors for their time and patience in providing more 'food for thought'.

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