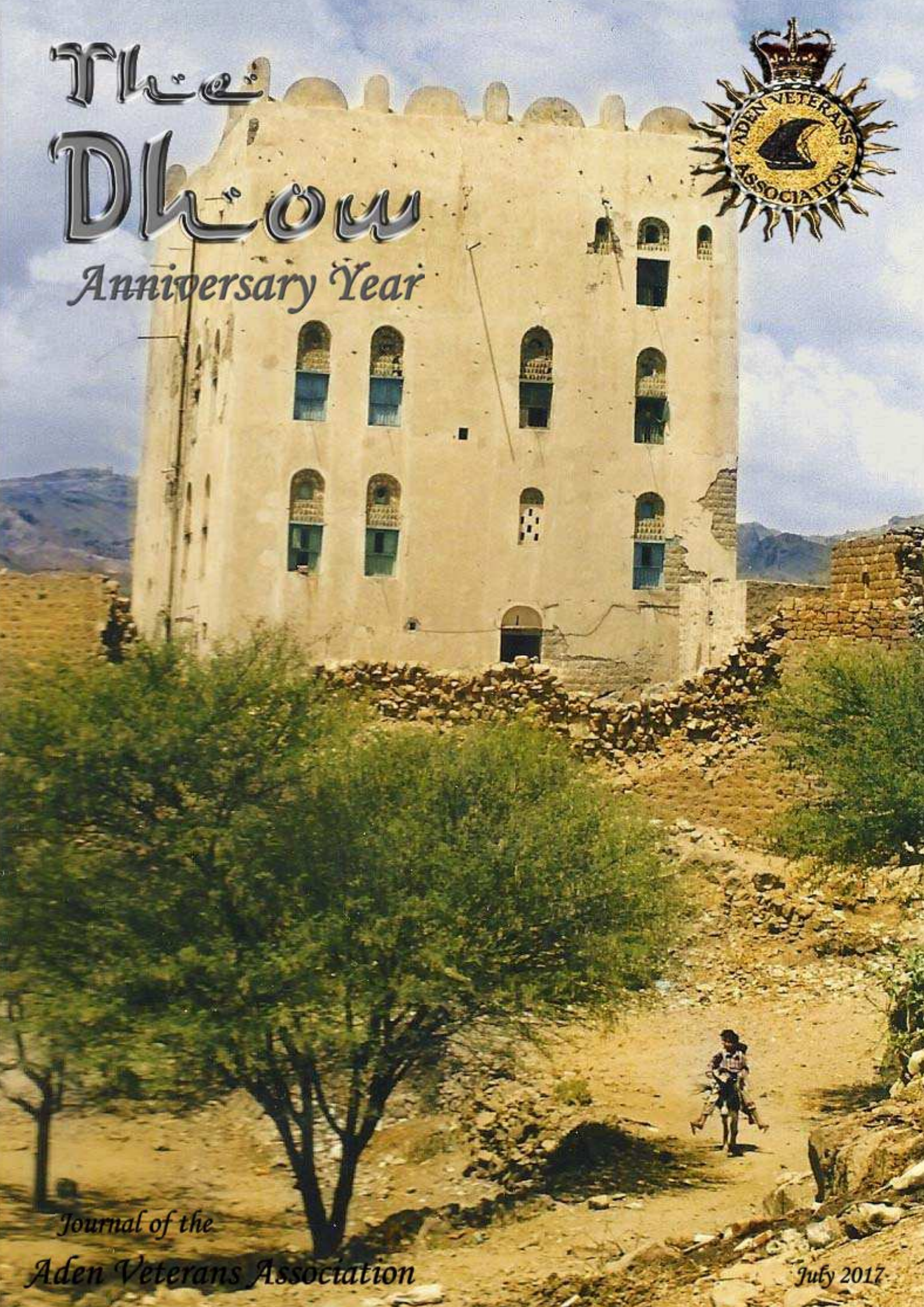


The Dhow Anniversary Year



*Journal of the
Aden Veterans Association*

July 2017

Chairman's Chat



Hello everyone. I am afraid I have to open up this time with the sad news of the death of Jim Brandon. Jim was for a short while was Vice Chairman and latterly Merchandise Officer. He will be missed especially in Kernow where he was a stalwart of the local branch of the AVA. R I P Jim.

I have today received the resignation of Bob Johnson as our events Officer. Unfortunately ill health has caused this decision. We thank Bob for all his hard work over the years especially the organisation of our Blackpool weekends. He will be a hard act to follow.

I was very honoured to be asked to lay a wreath at the Weymouth Veterans weekend. In our special year the Aden Veterans will be leading the Parade.

I hope you have all booked your tickets for York. Everything is going to plan as Clive is working very hard on your behalf behind the scenes. I hope to see as many Branch Standards on parade as possible. We are still awaiting confirmation from Buckingham Palace that the Duke of York will or will not be attendance.

We changed the date of Branch delegates attending the National Committee meeting from March to June to see if better weather would mean more people would make the meetings. It seems to have worked as seven attended the June meeting.

All enjoy the summer weather, looking forward to seeing you all in Blackpool.



Judith

REMEMBRANCE SUNDAY 2017

Would Members who are wishing to attend the Remembrance Day Parade in November please contact the National Secretary Stephen Weall for Parade tickets ASAP. Contacts are as follows:-

Tel: 01453 827844 e-mail secretary@adenveterans.org.uk

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Front Page: The deserted Emir's palace Dhala (note the shell and bullet holes on the walls). apparently now occupied by squatters since the Civil War. Picture Courtesy of *Shaun Leavey OBE*

Letters

Dear Brian

I was shocked to see the name of John Furley in the obituary page of the Dhow. John was known as "Butch", we served together as apprentices at the Army Apprentices School, Chepstow between 1956-59. We came together again in the L.A.D of the QDGs at Wolfenbothel in Germany 1961.

In 1964 our paths crossed again in Aden when I was with the FRA and butch was stationed with the R.E.M.E workshops. In 1972 we met again, this time at Bordon in Hampshire where he was on his artificers course.

The next time we bumped into one another was in Oman where butch was running the L.A.D of one of the Sultan of Oman's infantry battalions while I was the chief D&M instructor with the Sultans Armoured Regiment.

When I left the Army in 1988 I made contact with John through the Beachley Old Boys Association. We corresponded on an irregular basis but always at Christmas, exchanging news and Christmas cards. When I received nothing at Christmas 2016 I thought he may be at his winter home in Spain, now I know why.

He hadn't enjoyed very good health for the past three years, being more concerned about his wife Gill. He was a good family man and friend who I had known over a period of sixty years,

God Bless You John

Yours Sincerely

Leon R Jones

Ex REME & 16/5L

P.S. The Dhow is fine. If people can't say who they are when complaining they are not worth bothering about. Forget it Brian, you're doing a fine job

A NOTE FROM THE EDITOR

Just to say a big thank you to all who took the time to write, phone, and e-mail over the anonymous comment that was made about my first Dhow edition. Its good to know that the special bond that we all share (well the majority) still exists. Once again many thanks

Brian W

Hello Brian

I read with some dismay about the way in which a member of the Association complained about your editing. Whoever is responsible for this very inappropriate way shows a personality trait that, fortunately, only a few of us have. It would not have got anywhere in military circles ie: not going up the chain.

I am probably naïve to think that all of those of us who served all those years ago in an active war zone had honourable intentions. It is particularly spiteful in the way in which it was done. Considering we are all in advanced years now, that complaint is not representative of the respect that should be held for any veteran.

The reason I write this is that you kindly printed my own submitted article in the November 2016 issue of the Dhow. My submission "123SU Steamer Point Aden" A SIGINTER's tour, Geoff Prout, ex RAF Jnr Tech' was printed in its entirety, covering four pages. You kept my article, including the underlying photo, and all the other photographs and text exactly as I had hoped.

There were one or two typo errors in the printed article but I had no need to complain as you kept the basic tenet of my write-up. I had many compliments from ex-college SIGINTER's with whom I shared the rigours of Aden.

So please I have no complaints about the way you have treated my work

Sadly some people are habitual moaners and it is impossible to please them : they sit at the back in the dark recesses and don't get involved. Those people are not prepared to take ownership of positions like yours as Editor, because they would be found out.

I hope that in the next issue you make a comment about the support you have been given by members, as I am sure I cannot be the only one.

My very best wishes

Geoff Prout

Letters con't

Anyone remember the Sultan?

I was stationed in Steamer Point Aden from 1955-1957. During my tour I was selected couple of times to play soccer for Aden Command. Our first game was played on the pitch at the Crescent in Steamer Point. Our opponents were a team selected by a Sultan, he arrived in a Rolls Royce and we (the players) were presented with a small trophy in the shape of an FA Cup, which I have to this day. I only remember one of our team a West Ham United player called Ron Brett. But I would love to know the domain of the Sultan, Sheik Othman comes to mind, but maybe some of your readers could shed a light.

Also my best friend out there Chris Burns who I speak to regularly, and I would love to hear from a WAAF, Rosemary Brown or any of her friends. Thanks a lot

Bill Cannon 07775842847 Chris Burns 01904 709 487

Dear Editor

Your recent edition of the Dhow brought back many memories of my time attached 16 Coy RASC Air Dispatch Unit. For three years I was billeted in Khormaksar and flew in almost all of the aircraft which you published in the magazine. Enclosed is a photo of an aircraft, which I remember two Hunter jets escorting onto the pan in 1963/4 to the RAF Khormaksar Airfield. Can anyone enlighten me what this aircraft is please and which Air Force it belongs to.

Another trip up country was in a Beverley to bring back injured Bedouins and take supplies. We landed safely when out of nowhere, we were surrounded by Bedouin Tribesmen all smiling and I remember one man stood out from the others. He was much taller than the others tribesmen and had a lighter brown skin and huge muscles. As he started to move towards our Beverly it was noticeable to us all he had a bad limp, and the left leg was dragging along the ground. Apparently, he had been caught stealing in his youth and the elders of his tribe had broken his leg to stop him running away and a reminder not to do it again. He helped us unload our cargo before taking off with our injured tribesmen and those hitching a lift to Aden. He slipped a coin into my pouch which was a Marie Theresa coin of 1741, which I believe was the currency we paid to our allies during our conflict in Yemen.

George if you check out page 16 you will find your answer

Brian W

My Time in Aden by Jim Robinson

I arrived in Aden on November 23rd 1964 with 'B' Platoon of 16 Coy RASC (AD). On Arrival we were allocated two billets on the luxurious Sedaseer Lines. Originally where 'B' platoon were based in Kenya, but after it became independent, were transferred to Aden, to join up with 'A' platoon. When I arrived there, I had twelve months to do to finish my original three year tour.



Jim back then on the left

While in Aden, 16 Coy were rebadged, and became 16 (AD) Sqn, RCT. In January '65' a section of us were detached to Bahrain for six weeks, only to find when we returned, everybody else had moved over to the airfield at Khormaksar without telling us. As well as Bahrain, I also did two one month detachments to Habilayn and Dhala, where we were shot at on a couple of nights, luckily nobody was hurt.

Although I enjoyed my time in Aden, it was completely different from my two years in Kenya, it was a lot harder. I'd never done so many guard duties and duty crews, it was a lot harder after the rather 'cushy' life we'd had in Kenya, more like real soldiering. I served with a great bunch of lads in 16 (AD) Sqn, RCT and I'll never forget any of them

Jim Robinson

R.A.P.C. Adventure in Aden (Pt 3)

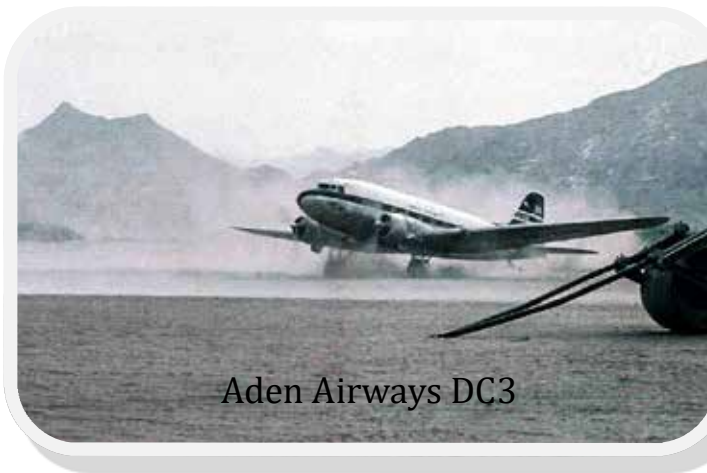
By the Rev James Hamilton, National Serviceman

Just before you read this article I would like to explain that the first two parts to this story appeared in the MARCH & JULY editions. Unfortunately the next journal which should have contained Pt 3 was overlooked by myself and Alex Taylor. Even though I spent a weekend with Alex you can't cover everything, something or other will be missed. I hope this hasn't spoiled your reading. Thank you *Brian W*

When all the excitement was over and everyone's leave stories told, it was pointed out with just four months left to serve, I should consider how to use up my remaining leave entitlement. Here, Peter came to the rescue. In my absence, one of the missionary doctors, Harry Robertson had suggested that Peter and I pick up some netting Harry had ordered, and spend a week with him as he might have a job for us.

Peter said I had seven days left for which we applied, but before the privilege could be granted, we were dispatched by a worried looking chief clerk to be interviewed by two officers in "X" Branch, Garrison H.Q. (or was it A or G or I or one the other alphabetical branches of the military tree?). These two we found seated in a small office furnished with two chairs on which they sat, at a desk quite bare of any artefacts, pencil and paper and in a corner one filing cabinet, locked. These two wanted to know why we wished to visit Beihan. We told them; answered every question. Ominously similar to the two Redcaps who gave me a lift on the Ma'alla Strait, they exchanged significant looks. Then, patiently, as with small children, they explained that we proposed taking leave in an active service area. Now it was our turn to exchange glances, and nods. We would trust the view of the doctor on the spot.

We travelled up with Aden Airways, in a DC3. It was a full passenger load, no cabin staff just two pilots on the other side of the curtain. The passengers were mostly hill men



Aden Airways DC3

(my term) with at least one dog. As there were no inflight snacks or refreshments, one enterprising passenger squatted in the aisle with a small portable spirit stove, to warm up his packet pre-cooked meal. It smelt appetising, and when the smell penetrated the cockpit curtain the only reaction was the co-pilots quick glance to make sure all was OK. The aisle was uncarpeted so no fire risk.

Beihan was an experience beyond Steamer point or even Sheik Othman.

The only other time I had breathed hot crackly dry air was in Northern Alberta, under a wintry Artic high with temperatures well below freezing.

There was very little street life no bazaars no women shopping, but there were plenty of men hanging about, strolling and gossiping, most of whom carried the traditional weaponry and bandoliers. Some, clearly locals, also sported the belt of the "Beihani Chair". We ourselves wandered about, photographing, doing the tourist thing, assuring various enquiries that we were not "Hakim" and were unqualified to heal their diseases. We also accompanied the real doctors when he combined a rural clinic trip with an excursion to the old ruins at Timna on the road to Nuqub, (You'll all understand what that "road"



Beihan Tribesmen

Note the sash

looked like.) To do this trip Harry took along the APL's MO who understandably, was increasing his tropical medicine know-how at Harry's expense. The APL's gharry and driver were also taken along,

**This is just
a sample.**

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