

FLYING SPIRIT



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The Official National Newsletter of the SAAF Association

MESSAGE FROM THE NATIONAL PRESIDENT

It is a great honour and privilege for me to write this, my first message, as National President of our Association, for our National Newsletter, the Flying Spirit.

Firstly I would like to thank my predecessor, Maj Gen Hugh Paine (Ret), for the outstanding work he has put into the Association over the past four years as National President. During this time he has sacrificed much family and personal time to ensure that the governance of our Association was put onto a sound foundation, more specifically that we are compliant with our Non Profit Organisation (NPO) and the SA Revenue Services (SARS) requirements and obligations. These two very important aspects had been left in abeyance for a number of years prior to him taking over the reins and we ran the very risk of falling foul with both the Department of Social Development and the SA Revenue Services. Moreover, Hugh also led the way in ensuring that our Constitution and Manual of Administration (MoA) were aligned and that specifically the MoA was reviewed and updated where required. I would thus like to express my heartfelt appreciation to Hugh for his absolute dedication and his unwavering determination to do the right thing right. He has left big boots to fill and I know that I will have to rise to the challenge of ensuring that the Association continues to operate in a professional manner. I wish him and Claire a well-deserved period of rest, although he will now continue in the role of Immediate Past President with the roles and responsibilities that accompany such position.

As we all know, the SAAF Association was formed to perpetuate a tradition of comradeship, knowing no distinction of race, language, gender, or creed, which was developed over the years among members of the South African Air Force. Much of our efforts are directed at maintaining and fostering friendship, comradeship and good fellowship among all members and persons eligible for membership, to render assistance to members in need, to perpetuate the memory of those who have given their lives in the service of their country, to support the safeguarding of the Heritage of the South African Air Force and to promote interest and competence in aviation.

I can proudly state that the SAAF Association is continuing to live up to the ideals and objectives as envisioned by its forefathers and founders so many

years ago. During the year 2020, the SA Air Force will be commemorating its 100th year of existence which coincides with the 75th year of existence of the SAAF Association. As an Association we will be duty bound to celebrate in best possible spirit this auspicious occasion for both the SAAF and the SAAF Association. I have no doubt that we will do so with all splendour and gusto.

Having just returned from our annual Congress which was hosted by the Cape Town Branch and held at the Krystal Beach Hotel in Gordon's Bay, I wish to thank John Bayly-Brown and his team for putting on and managing a magnificent programme of events. From all accounts the delegates and their spouses thoroughly enjoyed themselves. At this particular Congress history was made when the first serving Chief of the Air Force, Lt Gen F.Z. Msimang, was officially appointed as a Patron of the Association, thus joining all surviving previous Chiefs of the Air Force and Hon Col Basil Hersov as Patrons. We welcome General Msimang into our midst and thank him for honouring our Association through his acceptance of this position. We certainly look forward to a mutually beneficial relationship going into the future.

I would like to thank the broader SAAF Association (in particular the Branch Chairpersons) for the well wishes and promises of support directed to me thus far. I have no doubt that I will be relying heavily on them to support me in the huge task that lies ahead. In this regard I will also be making contact with all Past Presidents and Country Vice Presidents in order to open direct channels of communication and for the occasions I know will arise when I will have to rely heavily on their institutional knowledge and wisdom.

My wish is that the Association will continue to prosper and grow in the years to come and that it will remain a centre for true camaraderie, fellowship and above all, a place of refuge for those of our comrades and their families who have fallen on hard times.

In closing, I would like to extend my heartiest congratulations to Trevor Slade of our Johannesburg Branch on his election as National Vice President. I very much look forward to working with Trevor and to establishing good working relationships with all others who will serve on the National Executive Committee.

May God bless us all.

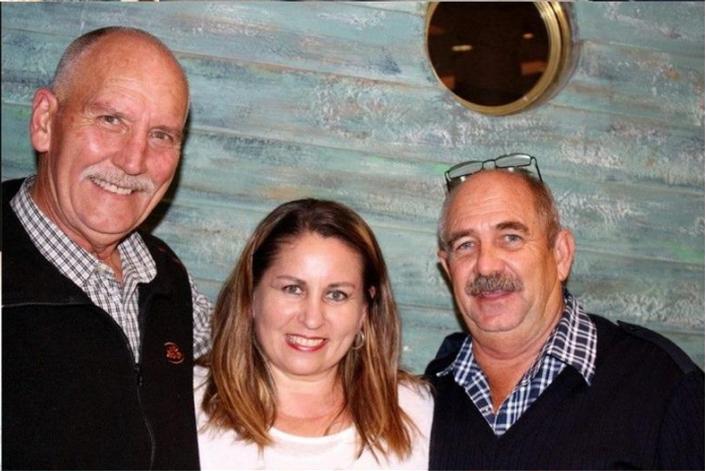
Col Mike Louw (Ret)

National President: South African Air Force Association

SAAFA CONGRESS 2018 – CAPE TOWN

The year 2018 saw the SAAFA Annual Congress being hosted by the Cape Town Branch at Krystal Beach Hotel in Gordon's Bay. John Bayly-Brown and his supporting team are to be congratulated on a well organised event that was enjoyed by all.

We congratulate the newly appointed National President of SAAFA Col Michael John Louw (ret), National Vice President Trevor Slade and National Treasurer Carol Havenga.





Carl & Refilwe Moatsho

Helen Sampson - Anisje Lavis

Frieda Garzouzze

THE GRECIAN ADVENTURES OF LIEUTENANT ARTHUR GEATER DFC, SAAF¹

Compiled by Crow Stannard

Introduction



16 and 19 Squadrons SAAF operated from Biferno. Missions were mostly flown to targets in the Balkans across the Adriatic Sea.

Reginald Arthur Geater joined the SAAF in the early nineteen forties. He qualified as a twin engine pilot and served for a long period as a flying instructor. He subsequently went on to serve on 27 Squadron, flying Venturas and Dakotas.

Eventually, in mid-1944, he was sent to Italy for operational service with 19 Squadron, flying Bristol Beaufighters. The

Beaufighter was used in many different roles; receiving the nicknames Rockbeau for its use as a rocket-armed ground attack aircraft, and Torbeau in its role as a torpedo bomber against Axis shipping. In later operations, it served mainly as a maritime strike/ground attack aircraft. The 19 Squadron Beaufighters were furthermore fitted with a nose-mounted high resolution camera.

During his operational service Arthur flew sorties to targets mostly in the Balkans. His missions consisted of rocket attacks against enemy shipping, motorised transports, gun emplacements, buildings and rolling stock. His operational tour was eventful to say the least. On his very first sortie Arthur was shot down over the sea near Ithaca Island. He managed to survive the ditching and returned to the squadron after an ordeal behind enemy lines, staying with locals on the Greek Islands.

He later participated in a daring raid where a German mine layer ship was sunk and he was awarded an immediate Distinguished Flying Cross for his exceptional service.

After the war Arthur was demobilised. He then had a long and successful career in the printing industry and sadly passed away on 3 November 1992.

And then, in 2013, out of the blue (no pun intended), and quite amazingly, divers found Arthur's ditched Beaufighter wreck off a Greek island. The aircraft is still in surprisingly fair condition and many close-up photographs can be seen on the website <http://saafww2pilots.yolasite.com/arthur-geater.php>.

In this article I will attempt to turn Lieutenant Arthur Geater's personal diary, which is dedicated to his ditching, evasion, and rescue, into a story. I have taken the liberty of changing wording because of the brevity that he had used at certain times and also to lessen the abruptness that often creeps into diaries. All facts given in Arthur's diary remain unchanged and can be verified on <http://saafww2pilots.yolasite.com/arthur-geater.php>. In fact I encourage all readers to visit this site as it is a mine of information, not only on Arthur's exploits but also that of 19 Squadron, SAAF.

¹ This story is based on a vast amount of research lovingly carried out by Arthur Geater's grand-daughter, Julie Geater, and the website created by Tinus le Roux.

It might be very confusing for readers to follow Arthur Geater's adventures because of the influence of other conflicting forces that were grinding together in Greece at that time. I will therefore start the story with a *simple* explanation of the war-time situation in Greece at the time of the downing of Arthur's aircraft and hope it will clear the muddy waters a little before you read further:

Military/Political Situation.

- The Italian army invaded Greece on October 28 1940 and the invasion was a disaster. Germany had to commit forces to save the situation and her Axis power and then Bulgaria was also drawn in. The Greek and British Forces were defeated in Greece and the country was divided into occupied territories under the control of Germany, Italy and Bulgaria².
- The Italian fascist leader, Benito Mussolini, was ousted on July 25, 1943 and his replacement, Gen Pietro Badoglio, sought peace with the Allies. He reached an armistice on September 3, 1943. Italy surrendered to Allied forces and then on October 13, 1943 declared war on Nazi Germany, its onetime Axis powers partner.
- In 1944 the Nazi war machine was in serious trouble. The Allies had invaded Italy and France and the Russians were making huge advances on the Eastern Front. Germany was now fighting for her life on three different fronts.
- Inside Greece the Communist backed Resistance Movement had become more powerful and Britain and the Allies decided to back them. There were still German, Bulgarian and Italian forces in the country and everybody wanted to be the king-pin.

Inside this Greek boiling cauldron were now the Resistance Movement fighting Germans, Bulgarians and Italians. The Italians were fighting the Germans and Britain kept propping up the Greek Resistance who seemed to want to fight anybody. It is into this very well stirred pot of soup that Arthur Geater found himself as a downed airman.

The story from Arthur's Personal Diary

This is the story of Arthur Geater's adventures after ditching near Ithaca Island.

The Attack

"It was 12 September 1944 and we were sent on a mission to attack Axis shipping off the coast of Greece. I was flying a 19 Squadron Bristol Beaufighter Mk VI, Call sign V for Victor – tail number KV930/V. With me was Flying Officer Stanley Dellow.

At approximately 15.45 we were flying off Ithaca Island, to the west of Atokos Island, when we spotted a Siebel ferry³ in a bay. We went into the attack but before I had a chance to open fire my starboard engine was shot to pieces by anti-aircraft fire from the ferry. The aircraft started to yaw terribly but nevertheless I opened fire on the ferry, scoring hits on the bow, and then attempted to spray the bullets as best possible, with some success.

² The military history of Bulgaria during World War II encompasses an initial period of neutrality until 1 March 1941, a period of alliance with the Axis Powers until 9 September 1944 (on 8 September, the Red Army entered Bulgaria) and a period of alignment with the Allies in the final year of the war

³ The Siebel ferry (*Siebelfähre*) was a shallow-draft catamaran landing craft operated by Germany's Wehrmacht during World War II. It served a variety of roles (transport, flak ship, gunboat, convoy escort, minelayer) in the Mediterranean, Baltic and Black Seas as well as along the English Channel. They were originally developed for Operation Sea Lion in 1940, the abortive German invasion of England. Siebel ferries continued performing useful service even after the war's end in 1945.



A German Siebel ferry

Once I had passed the Siebel ferry I feathered the starboard propeller but by that time the port engine, which had also taken hits was only producing about 2,300 revs, the oil pressure was fluctuating and then started to drop alarmingly. There was smoke everywhere so I decided to ditch the aircraft while I still had some control left.

Frankly I was not too pleased with the situation at first, but fortunately everything was in our favour and it panned out pretty well. We got ready to ditch the Beau and having set her down, I tried desperately to get out, forgetting completely about my

harness. Phew! I thought I was trapped! I really perspired, even with the inrushing water coming up to my neck.

By the time that I had exited the aircraft Stan was already seated comfortably in the dingy. I clambered aboard and settled down to enjoy a cigarette, the first for some time. V for Victor floated for approximately 20 seconds and that was plenty of time for us, even with all the blunders I had made.

The Rescue

We then set about destroying all our papers etc. and waited to be picked up by some small fishing boats that were reported to be coming to our rescue. After about an hour and a half, our rescuers arrived. They arrived in a number of fishing boats and after a lot of haggling amongst the crews of the boats, as to who was going to rescue us; we were taken aboard one of them.



An amazing photograph of Arthur's aircraft under fire from the Siebel ferry. Arthur's Beaufighter is circled. This photo was obviously taken from another Beaufighter in the formation.

The ultimate victors in gaining the privilege of rescuing us, very nearly succeeded in drowning us as well. They capsized the boat in their attempt to get us aboard, but it fortunately righted itself just in the nick of time.

On reaching the shore, we were welcomed by partisans⁴ who informed us that the Huns had left the island a week previously. Boy, did we feel relieved about that! I'll say. Immediately Stan and I proceeded to guzzle the grog some very understanding joker had brought us and then we

started to tramp to a nearby village. We arrived there as heroes amongst the multitudes, but we really didn't feel a thing as we were already a little "poegeyed!"

⁴ The Greek "National Resistance" is the blanket term for a number of armed and unarmed groups from across the political spectrum that resisted the Axis occupation of Greece in the period 1941–1944, during World War II.

They gave us dry civvies in exchange for our wet outfits. The civvies that they gave me would have fitted me decently some 12 or 14 years before! The pants incidentally were so tight they nearly ruined me! After some more grog we went on our way downtown on an expedition for something to eat. On every street, crowds cheered and clapped for us as we walked through. Hell, did I feel spare!

For supper that night we had spaghetti, a full plate of the stuff – never seen anything quite so full! Some wine, chicken and some wine, fruit and some more wine and then to finish off we had wine. Phew!

After supper news came through that the Siebel ferry was on the rocks and that the Huns were ashore about three miles up the coast, so the partisans promptly rushed us up into the hills, fearing a raid and fearing that the Huns would catch us. Anyway, nothing like that happened. The Huns themselves were so scared that they stayed in the vicinity of their



disabled boat and fired their rifles and machine guns periodically throughout the night, fearing an attack from the “boys” (what a bunch of cut-throats they were). There was very little rest that night largely owing to an invasion of mosquitoes and bedbugs.

The next day at 09.00 we were given breakfast. This consisted of brown bread and fig jam and some milk and sugar. Our hosts had been saving this for months from Red Cross parcels. Somehow the people couldn't do enough for us. They arrived from all over the area with absolute luxuries such as salt, tinned milk, sugar etc. The conditions under which these people existed were really tragic. The most pitiful of cases were those of small children, the poor little mites didn't know what is going

on. They were hungry and ill-clad. I felt an absolute heel every time I looked at them.

The morning light showed the Siebel ferry still on the rocks with the Huns burying their dead and patching up their wounded. The “boys” report that, of the 200 plus from the boat, over 20 were killed and as many wounded. The Jerries tried to get the boat off the rocks by herding everybody to the stern and then shovelling on the coal, but no go, she was as firm as the rock of Gibraltar.

I had lunch downtown with some people who had lived in South Africa for 20 years and then afterwards we went back to the hills to sleep.

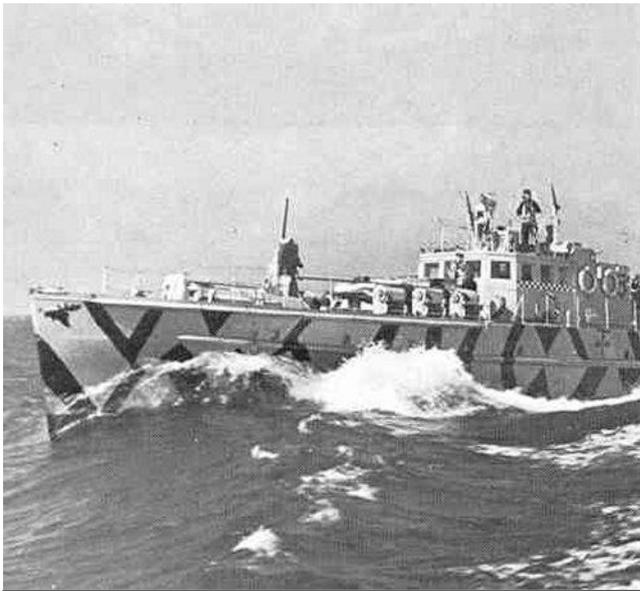
At 16.00, a tug, which had been sent from (Levras) Angios Petros to tow the Siebel ferry off the rocks, was intercepted by the “boys” and captured after a little resistance. Two of the tug's crew were wounded.

A Fatal Meeting with the Huns

Then at 18.00 the tug, with a victorious crew on board, arrived at port “A”⁵ where we were waiting for a boat to take us to port ‘B’. Naturally this was about the biggest thing that's happened for the past four years, the whole town turned out with much cheering and singing. The four Jerries were transferred to our boat which was a fishing boat of sorts with several

⁵ Arthur uses a number of code letters in his diary, probably for security purposes or because he had no other way to identify them. Unfortunately it is not possible to establish where these places or positions actually were. Research by Julie Geater and correspondence between her and a local in Greece, named Pavlos Lykoudis, reveals however that Port A is Kioni and Port B is Vathy, the capital of Ithaca. Ed.

red crosses painted about its hull. At about 19.00, in the company of the tug, we set sail for town "B" from where we were to catch another ship to the mainland. At 19.25 Stan gave a



A German 'R' boat

badly wounded Hun a shot of morphine. It was now getting dark and Stan still asked the time. Suddenly we were hailed by someone from another boat which I could barely see, although it was only 50 ft. away, and bugger me if it wasn't a Hun 'R' boat⁶. Damn our bloody luck!

Our engine was immediately stopped and the 'boys' began to slide silently into the water. By this time our boat had drifted to within 20 ft. of the 'R' boat and it was only then that I realised what was going on. So I was on my bicycle, slipped over the side and away I went. I was really peddling, or rather paddling! I'm convinced the glow behind me in the water wasn't phosphorus; it was me burning up the water!

Stan unfortunately remained on the boat as he was unable to swim. For some unknown reason he didn't take a Mae West⁷ along and the next thing that happened was that the tug came bearing down on me at about 10 knots⁸. It suddenly altered course to port approximately 15 degrees, and as it came between the "R" boat and us in the water the Huns let the tug have it and we got whatever missed it! The tug then started a sweeping starboard turn with the 'R' boat following and firing all the time. Again we were in the firing line but this time from the two boats. I really thought my number was up that night. Shooting at anything at night is normally not very easy or accurate and the bullets were splashing amongst the 'boys' and me in the water.

At one stage, to make matters worse, the 'R' boat came directly at us and was less than 2 ft. from me. I could have touched it! One of the partisans was actually chopped by the propeller. The tug sank at 'F' and after a spot of indiscriminate spraying in our direction the Huns sank the fishing boat at 'G', strafed some houses at 'I' and went and bombarded the

⁶ The R boats (*Räumboote* in German) were a group of small naval vessels built as minesweepers for the *Kriegsmarine* (German navy) before and during the Second World War. They were used for several purposes during the war, and were also used post-war by the German Mine Sweeping Administration for clearing naval mines.

⁷ Mary Jane "Mae" West (August 17, 1893 – November 22, 1980) was an American actress, singer, playwright, screenwriter, comedian, and sex symbol whose entertainment career spanned seven decades. During World War II, Allied aircrews called their yellow inflatable, vest-like life preserver jackets "Mae Wests" partly from rhyming slang for "breasts" and "life vest" and partly because of the resemblance to her torso.

⁸ It appears that Arthur assumed that Stan had died that dreadful night and it further appears that he never found out that Stan actually survived. After Julie Geater started researching her grandfather's exploits she managed to trace, Martin, Stan's son through the internet and the SAAF Forum. This is what Martin had to say: "*The Observer on Beaufighter KV930 was my father, Stan. Both men were fortunately uninjured during the ditching and took to the life raft, I believe the pilot managed to swim ashore, and although details are a bit sketchy I believe he made it back with help of various partisan groups and was in the air again within 2 weeks, my father, who could not swim was finally picked up by a German patrol boat after a night in the water and spent a month in solitary, a nice treat dished out to all officers towards the end of the war in the hope of gaining information about allied movements. He then spent the rest of the war in Stalag Luft 3, before being evacuated and marched, along with thousands of others in the middle of one of the harshest European winters for years, night time temperatures of -25 were not uncommon, many 100's of brave men who had managed to survive months of air combat and then incarceration in fairly squalid conditions during the last months of the war died on what became known as 'the long march from Sagan'. By the grace of god my father made it, although I have always thought his treatment took a toll on his health and my dad sadly died in 1973 aged only 51 when I was just 17. Like most of the POW survivors from this era he talked very little about what had happened to him and I really only found out by researching over the years after his death, such a shame I never got to tell him how brave I thought he was. Hope this is of help to you. Best regards, Martin Dellow*"

port 'A', making a huge hole in the wall of the house where we had eaten our supper the night before. They must have had a pretty big gun; I estimate it was about a 40mm.

Anyway, it took me 3½ hours to reach the shore and all except one partisan and I had been hit. I landed at 'D' and never before has a hunk of solid rock felt so good. I clung on for a while and was feeling pretty slapped. The mountain rose up from the sea at an angle of about 50 degrees, and because of this and the dense undergrowth and rocks; I decided to spend the night at 'E' which was not at all comfortable. In fact it was bloody uncomfortable sitting up all night in wet clothes. During the night I heard Ju 52's⁹ overhead and also the wailing of the wounded partisans, about which I could do nothing.

Escape to the Mountains

I dozed off just before dawn and awoke on the 14th at 05.45 and then started to climb the mountain. I was working on the assumption that there must be a road of sorts running from north to south on the island. I then noticed rowing boats come from port 'B' to pick up the 'boys' but I lay low thinking that the Huns were still somewhere around and, that being the case, the mountains were the best place for me. I had had my fill of boats for conveyance anyway! After a climb lasting nearly 3 hours I found the road and at this stage I was very near exhaustion. At about 07.30 I saw two Siebel ferries going in an east south-east direction towards the mainland.

At 10.00 I came across some shepherds, who, by shouting to one another informed the people of a mountain village that I was on my way in; they in turn, came out to meet me with all sorts of things to eat and drink. Being very thirsty I took a swig at what I thought was lemon-squash but it turned out to be pure undiluted locally-made gin with a hell-of-a-kick. I was then taken to a house and after eating at least 2 lbs of grapes, 3 pears, 4 plums and drinking large quantities of wine; I was brought some breakfast! This consisted of three eggs and tomatoes, a separate plate of chips and some bread. I was then ready to lie down and sleep, which I did in a house that apparently belonged to an Australian woman.

There is definitely no rest for the wicked though because within an hour I was on my way again, this time to the monastery where the captain of the 'boys' was lying fatally wounded.

Since my ditching I have witnessed an attack by 3 Wellingtons on two enemy ships at 'K', described later by the Greeks as torpedo ships or something. The 'Wimps'¹⁰ got direct hits on the boats, one of which blew up, split in two and sank, the other was damaged.

I spent that night at the monastery and was treated like a lord by the Monks.

The next morning at 06.00 I was given some coffee and water and I then set out in the company of some of the 'boys' for port 'B', where we arrived at 09.00. This was just in time to see a formation of about 84 Liberators pass over in an S.S.E direction. I also met some locals of whom a good percentage could speak English. One greeted me with "*Wragtie ou swaer*" and another said: "Hi jah, I hoid about your ship coming down, where's your buddy?"

At lunch time I had some grub and then I nearly puked my heart out! They had given me eggs fried in olive oil, I ask you?¹¹ In the afternoon my host and I strolled around the town. I



⁹ The Ju 52s, in a military role, flew with the *Luftwaffe* as a troop and cargo transport and briefly as a medium bomber.

¹⁰ 'Wimpy' was a slang/nickname for a Wellington bomber.

¹¹ Although popular in Mediterranean countries, in 1944 olive oil had not yet reached the hearts of South Africans.

was apparently the first Englishman on the Island since the war started, or so I was told, so everyone wanted to see me.

At about 23.00 I had supper and then turned in for some rest.

Another day has gone past and I have sat about doing nothing all day, just waiting. The 'boys' I believe are going to see if the coast is clear before they attempt to get me off the island. I had been told that once before; and they slipped up badly, so enough said on that matter!

In the afternoon the people reported that there were aircraft flying low over the sea. I think they were Beaufighters. The guy I am staying with has quite a decent sister-in-law but I am making no headway there on account of the language barrier. Confound it!

Now the old boy had been worrying me all day to go downtown with him again but I had had enough of that racket. I wasn't a movie-star! I had only been there for four days but I am known from one end of the island to the other.

On the 17th, at about 11.00, I was told to mount a horse, and with a guide on a donkey (what a donkey!) we left for a small village on the west coast. The journey took us four hours instead of the estimated three hours due to the donkey letting us down so often when he was tired. The village turned out to be extremely pretty and lay in a beautiful setting.

I stayed there with a Greek Intelligence chap who was staying with another family with two very reasonable young things. They must have thought that I was a god or something! Boy, did it feel good. I thought I'd stay here indefinitely.



A typical Greek caique

I had now met the chief woman-partisan of the Island. My first inclination was to duck when I saw her paw come out to shake hands! It was a hand that enveloped mine with a bit to spare. She was definitely no peanut!

At last I had a good night's rest for a change and hoped for the best the next day.

Day dawned and we left Ithaca by boat for Cephalonia¹². I was pleased to see flying fish at a distance of about 40 ft. away. I then journeyed up the mountain in a Fiat. There, we had tea, bread and jam at a village in the hills and met some para troops. I was then taken by a Ford 4¹³ to Cryostolion¹⁴ accompanied by the troopers. That is one trip that I never want to cover again. I was nipping straws as we raced over that

escarpment!

At 15.00 I had a message sent back to home base. I was now in quite a good spot; it was nice, warm and cosy! Apparently there had been a furious battle here between the Huns and Ities¹⁵ some 12 days before. The Ities actually beat the Germans but for all that, there was only 800 Ities left and there was big trouble between them and the partisans who wanted the Italians weapons. The partisans also wanted the scalps of the dozen or so Hun prisoners. What a job these Greek boys have on their hands. After looking the town over, I came to the conclusion that the Hun is an absolute bastard.

¹² Cephalonia or Kefalonia, formerly also known as Kefallinia or Kephallenia, is the largest of the Ionian Islands in western Greece. It is also a separate regional unit of the Ionian Islands region, and the only municipality of the regional unit.

¹³ A Ford 4 during WW II was a basic Army Jeep.

¹⁴ Cryostolion = Argostolion. (The capital of Kefalonia)

¹⁵ A slang word for Italians.

Yet another day dawned. Hell, if something didn't happen soon I was going to go crazy. The Ities had been ordered to defend themselves against the Guerrillas who were intent on getting arms to fight Communism. The Itie Captain refused to fire on Guerrillas so all calmed down again. I've never been so scared in my life! What a hell of a mess things were in now. Greek people were scared stiff of the Guerrillas and it looked as if there was going to be a hell of a revolt in the very near future if the British continued to make blunders and let the Communist party get any more powerful.

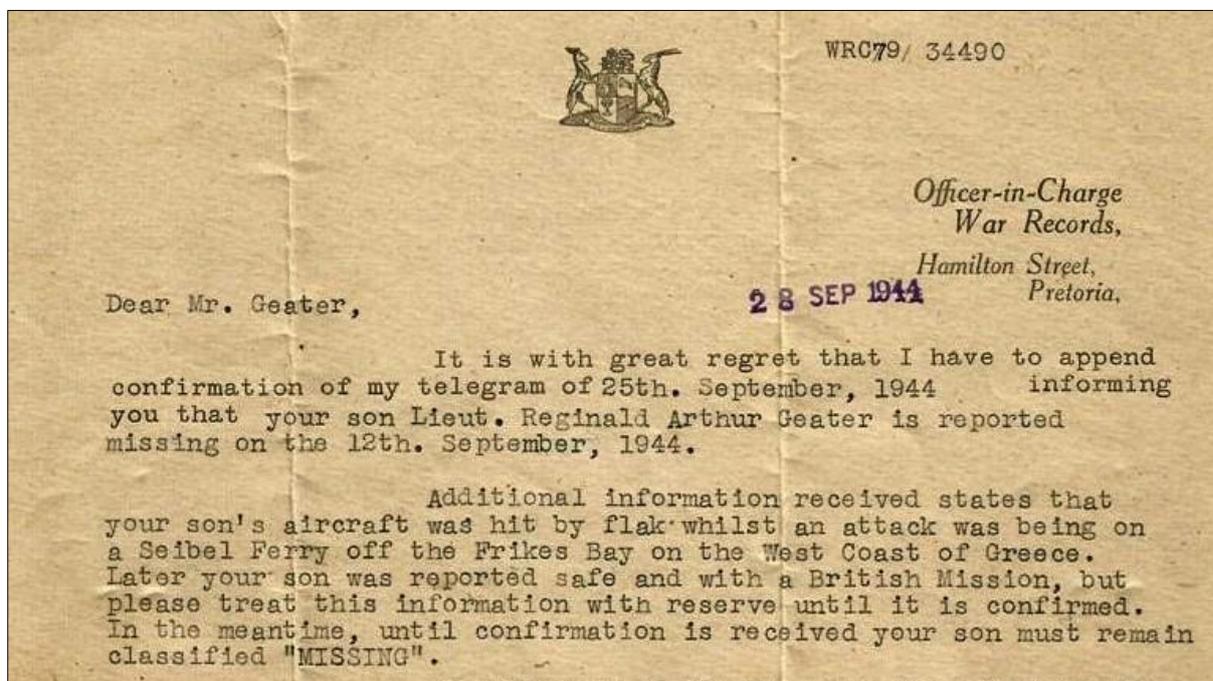
The Ities have now decided to surrender their arms to the communists.

It was the 21st and I was still in the same place – the sooner I could get out of there the better!

Ah! I got good news at last, the British are sending over a few reps. The ELAS¹⁶ will stop at nothing to achieve their goal. The Guerrillas have been ordered to return the arms to the Ities. This was like a circus! I decided to go for a spin around the coast and saw what remained of the Hun's defences. Everything had been destroyed including five 105mm naval guns and three 88mm guns. There were bags of ammunition lying around and a few booby traps I expected.

That day I also met a very charming Rhodesian born woman who spoke perfect English.

Two days went by and there was still no news of a ship and the 'boys' were showing signs of being worried again because the Guerrillas had begun a bit of a purge of the area, starting by arresting policemen. The missionary chaps were not too popular with the Guerrillas either so they had a feeling that they were going to be next – hence my anxiety. But I decided to stay with them anyway. There was definitely going to be serious trouble if the British authorities didn't get their bloody fingers out – they just sat back in Cairo and sent stupid messages all day long.



¹⁶ The Greek People's Liberation Army or ELAS, often mistakenly called the National People's Liberation Army, was the military arm of the extreme left-wing National Liberation Front (EAM) during the period of the Greek Resistance until February 1945, and then during the Greek Civil War.

An Attempt by Caique¹⁷

Dawn came early and I was awakened that morning and told of two British ships at the entrance of the harbour, but by 09.00 they had left without anyone coming ashore. At 12.45 four Mustangs fitted with long range fuel tanks flew over and then at 19.00 we left for the northern end of the island to catch a caique for Italy. On arriving there we found that the [crew was not] ready. This was just as well because we then found out that those bloody bastards were Germans.

It was now the 25th. I mooned around on my motor-bike all day and have been informed we'll be leaving at 23.00 that night by caique for Italy. I can think of dozens of things I'd much rather be doing than sailing the seas in a caique with those other ships blundering around. Well, I'm buggered all the way to the north end again, only to find that nothing is prepared and the chaps we were supposed to be going with are still in bed.

Waiting for the Navy

It's was now decided to abandon the idea of going by caique and to wait for a submarine or something. Those bloody Greeks were the worst organisers ever. I knew if I had anymore of that and I'd be a raving lunatic, especially if I had to get into a motor-car with one of them again. There was more trouble brewing with the authorities – they'd now imprisoned all the police etc. and taken over the town completely.

That morning I went for my daily spin on my bike and got soaked through. There was good news at last though. The navy was sending a ship within the next few days to pick up Ities and they had instructions to take me along as well. I was hoping that it was not another false alarm. I couldn't take this indecision anymore.

It was 12.50 on the 30th and I thought I heard a sea-plane but it turned out to be a Lysander¹⁸. I'd like to have known what it was doing over there. Roll on that bloody ship.

Nothing much happened between 1 and 4 October, though I had heard that the ship should be there on Thursday morning, with a bit of luck. The authorities were arresting people left, right and centre, including British agents so, if that ship didn't not roll up soon, I'd had it.

Rescue

It was 4 October and at last! Two British LLI arrived and half the population of the Island turned out to welcome them.

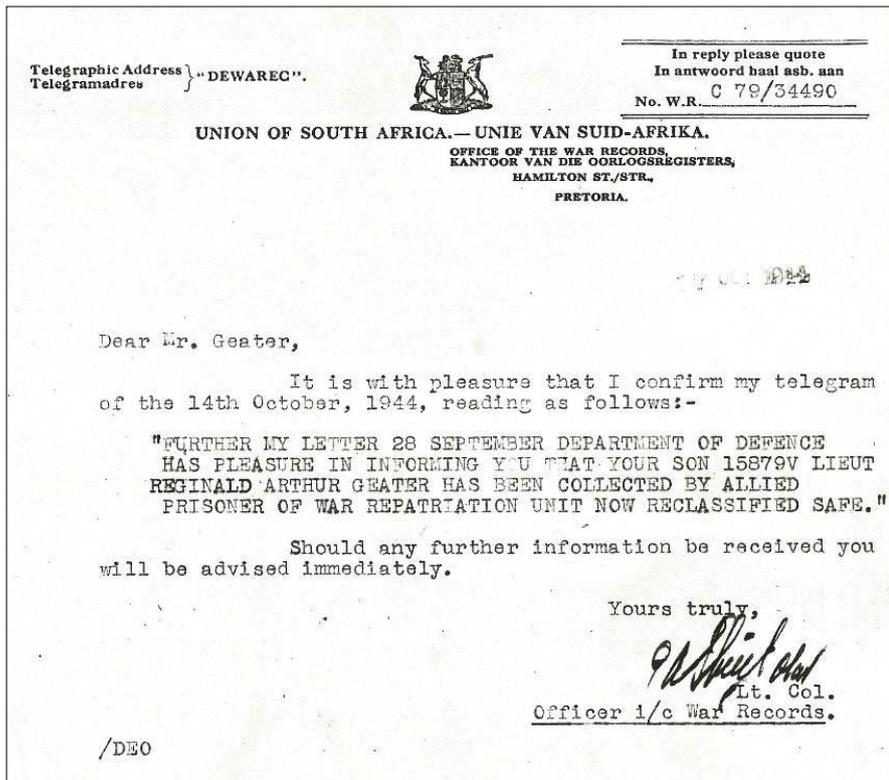
I played for the Navy on 5 October against the local team. We lost 2-0.

We left Captolonia for Italy on 6 October 1944.”

And thus ended the Grecian adventures of Arthur Geater but the story itself does not end there.

¹⁷ A caique (pronounced ka 'ik) is the term for a traditional fishing boat usually found among the waters of the Ionian or Aegean Sea, and also a light skiff used on the Bosphorus. It is traditionally a small wooden trading vessel, brightly painted and rigged for sail.

¹⁸ The Westland Lysander (nickname the 'Lizzie') is a British army co-operation and liaison aircraft produced by Westland Aircraft and was used immediately before and during the Second World War. The aircraft's exceptional short-field performance enabled clandestine missions using small, improvised airstrips behind enemy lines to place or recover agents



KV930/V RE-VISITED

Early in the 21st Century the 'Aviation Archaeology in Greece' organisation showed interest in locating Arthur's downed Bristol Beaufighter. Research into locating the Beaufighter was started by the Aquatic Diving Team headed by Maki Soteropoulos after receiving information from George Karela and residents of Ithaca Island.

The tracking survey lasted three years because possible locations covered a vast area. Eventually, with the help of sophisticated Side Scan Sonar the north eastern side of Ithaca was covered which eventually resulted in the location of the aircraft in September 2013.



Beaufighter KV930/V was traced to a depth of 100 metres and in very good condition. The starboard engine showed a lot of physical damage but the only piece detached from the fuselage was from the tail of the aircraft.

DIE 12,000 UUR - C130 HERCULES MAN

AO1 J H (Henk) van Rooyen het op 7 Januarie 1974 by STO aangemeld om by die SALM aan te sluit. Na basiese opleiding, het hy Februarie tot April 1975 C-130B aanpassings kursus voltooi waarna hy na 28 Esk, LMB Waterkloof verplaas is as vakleerling onder leiding van die welbekende AO1 J P Meyer. Die eskader bevelvoerder was toe Kol J G (Jimmy) Groenewald. Henk is toe terug na STO verplaas om die C-130B omsetting kursus te doen waarna hy op 1 Julie 1976 terug 28 Esk toe verplaas is en bevorder tot Kpl. Op 10 Sept 1976 het Henk gekwalifiseer as vliegtuigmonteur ambagsman.



Henk wou meer ervaring opdoen, en het aansoek gedoen om 'n Alouette III Vliegengeneurs kursus te doen en in Januarie is hy terug ou tuiste STO toe verplaas. Die einde Maart 1977 is Henk na 87 GVS te LMB Ysterplaat verplaas waar hy Vliegingenieur Fase 2 gedoen het onder leiding van AO2 Thomas met instruksie van Sersante Lange Pretorius en Salies van Rensburg. Die kursus behêls onder andere basiese landing en kommunikasie met die vlieënier. Henk het sy eerste vlug met Kapt C Bent van 1 uur op 28 April gedoen.

Henk is toe na 16 Esk 'B' Vlug verplaas vir Fase 3 opleiding onder leiding van V/Sers Botes. Hier het Henk geleer hoe om uit 'n Chopper te skiet; 20mm/151 kanon, 12.7mm twin Browning en .303 single Browning masjien gewere. Henk is toe na 17 Esk, LMB Swartkop verplaas vir finale opleiding en het op 20 September 1977 gekwalifiseer as volwaardige Alo III Vliegingenieur en word bevorder tot Sersant. Henk het ook toe die eerste lyn onderhoud en skiet van die 'Binocular System', Alo III in samewerking met die WNNR gedoen.



Henk van Rooyen tydens 'n 'Thirstday' Die 12,000 uur Man in sy C-130 byeenkoms met Hugh Paine en Philip Weyers

Na 2½ jaar en 705 ure op Alo III's (baie gevlieg destyds!) het Henk begin verlang en is aanvaar vir die C-130 Vliegengeneurs kursus en 28 Esk toe verplaas waar hy gekwalifiseer het as 'n Laaimeester en 'n jaar daarna in Mei 1980 met sy Vliegingenieur kursus wat hy suksesvol met 'n toetsvlug op 12 Februarie 1982 geslaag het. Onder andere, het Henk gekwalifiseer in HAHO en HALO, 'Lapes' instrukteur, PLEDS, 'Puribat' sisteem, 'V airdrop sisteem' en CDG Dask4A. Inderdaad 'n deskundige! Interessant dat Henk se eerste Loadie vlug asook sy eerste Vliegingenieur vlug was saam die legendariese Kmdt 'Tinky' Jones

gevlieg, met instrukteur AO1 Piet Power wie ons goed onthou.

Henk se besondere rekord op C-130's is opmerkbaar:

129 'X' lugvoorsiening vlugte.

5 vlugte Marion Eiland toe.

Al die SALM 75 C-130 vlugte gedoen.

Mei 1994 die Rooivalk na Middel Wallop, Engeland, gevlieg.

Maart 1997 Tucson, Arizona toe om 'n C-130F te toets en Suid Afrika toe te vlieg, 41:15 ure

Oktober 1999, Spesmagte Frankryk toe gevlieg vir gesamentlike oefening, 57:6 ure

Op 21 November 2017 het Henk die 12,000 uur mylpaal op C-130 vliegtuie bereik, voorwaar 'n besondere, moontlik unieke, prestasie. Henk is 'n lid van SALMV Pretoria Tak, en ons wens ons vriend en kollega baie geluk met sy trotse SALM loopbaan!

TAIL PIECE

PILOTS

Pilots are people who drive airplanes for other people who can't fly. Passengers are people who say they fly, but really just ride.

Fighter Pilots are steely eyed, weapons systems managers who kill bad people and break things. However, they can also be very charming and personable. The average fighter pilot, despite sometimes having a swaggering exterior, is very much capable of such feelings as love, affection, intimacy and caring. (However, these feelings don't involve anyone else.)

Flying is a hard way to earn an easy living.

Both optimists and pessimists contribute to society. The optimist invents the airplane; the pessimist, the parachute.

Death is just nature's way of telling you to watch your airspeed.

As a pilot only two bad things can happen to you (and one of them will):

One day you will walk out to the aircraft, knowing it is your last flight.

One day you will walk out to the aircraft, not knowing it is your last flight.

There are rules and there are laws:

The rules are made by men who think that they know how to fly your airplane better than you. The laws (of physics) were ordained by God. You can and sometimes should suspend the rules, but you can never suspend the laws.

About Rules:

The rules are a good place to hide if you don't have a better idea and the talent to execute it.

If you deviate from a rule, it must be a flawless performance (e.g., if you fly under a bridge, don't hit the bridge.)

Before each flight, make sure that your bladder is empty and your fuel tanks are full.

He who demands everything that his aircraft can give him is a pilot; he who demands more is a fool.

There are certain aircraft sounds that can only be heard at night and over the ocean. Most of them are scary.

"If the Wright brothers were alive today, Wilbur would have to fire Orville to reduce costs."
Quote: *President, DELTA Airlines.*

In the Alaskan bush, I'd rather have a two-hour bladder and three hours of gas than vice versa.

An old pilot is one who can remember when flying was dangerous and sex was safe.

Airlines have really changed; now a flight attendant can get a pilot pregnant.

I've flown in both pilot seats. Can someone tell me why the other one is always occupied by an idiot?

You have to make up your mind about growing up and becoming a pilot. You can't do both!

Please send any contributions to the Editor:

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