

# AIR SURVEYOR



CHRISTMAS. 1957



NEWS FROM OVERSEAS.

Mobilisation for operation BURMA is about complete but Bob Embleton still has his hands very full with preliminary preparations which are likely to keep him fully occupied for some time.

Pat Cole and Jim Storrie and their respective crews arrived safely in Rangoon after a delayed start caused by extremely foggy conditions, which at one time grounded aircraft throughout much of Europe.

PERSIA.

Fairey Air Surveys' tenancy of the Darband Laboratories comes to an end shortly but it seems likely that the National Cartographic Centre will continue to use these quarters until their own are ready for occupation.

Jim Hill and David Copland are due home shortly after Christmas but are not yet certain of their movements. Pete Sharman has been home for a brief spell of leave and returned to Tehran recently. He will stay on in Persia to supervise photographic work undertaken by the Iranian trainees.

Claude King is also staying in Persia, as Senior Surveyor. He has recently been joined by Rodney Pringle and Mayne Manton. Their main preoccupation is providing control for Cities Mapping, referred to in the October "Air Surveyor".

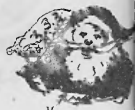
Ken Baseley and Eric Howard now also in Persia, are engaged on ground control for the mapping of the Qum Oilfields for the National Iranian Oil Co. It is proposed to use the Tellurometer on this project and perhaps Ken or Eric would be good enough to let us have some notes on this.

As previously reported, Bob Hummel undertook the photography of the Qum area and returned to U.K. on 1st November. With him were Jock Kirkwood, Keith Black (Engineer) and John Rushton. The operation was completely successful but they were held up by bad weather in Baghdad on the way out and in Athens for three or four days coming home.

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UGANDA.

Martin Lynch has completed much of the work in Uganda in spite of bad weather and is now preparing to return home via West Africa. He is bringing back the Avro XIX which may have to go to Pakistan at a later date.



The following have decided to spend Christmas out of England and much as we shall miss them, who can blame them?

1st party to TANGANYIKA in Dakota "Charlie Able". This contract, recently awarded, is for photography of about 18,000 sq.miles at 1:40,000, for the Director of Overseas Surveys.

The crews:- Mike Young and Jimmy Hazard. Michael Aldridge and Len Tarling (Ground Photographers) and Les Blundell (Air Photographer).

2nd party to SIERRA LEONE.

Jock Kirkwood (Captain), and Dick Smythe will undertake this job which consists of 1:40,000 photography of about 20,000 sq. miles. With Engineer W. Charman they will fly Dove "S S" to Freetown.

T. R. Wilson (Air Photographer) has already arrived in Freetown and B. D. Corbin and J. R. MacLellan (Ground Photographers) are leaving shortly by air line.

Both the above aircraft are scheduled to leave U.K. before the middle of December.


Details have not yet been finalised but it is likely that Bob Hummel and Paul Heimes (rest of crew not yet briefed) may make a hurried trip to Abadan to undertake some special photography.

NEWS OF SURVEYORS.

We welcome Lawrence Scott back to White Waltham after his  $3\frac{1}{2}$  year tour of Rhodesia.

Robin Fursden and 'Mac' MacLeish have been in the Cameroons since November 8th, working with the Cameroons Development Corporation.

Richard Woolhouse produced the following which is surely a masterpiece:



There are Fairys at the bottom of our garden,  
They're the most unique of showers in the land,  
There's a lofty curly-headed one, a hard 'un,  
And a shiny-headed round one in their band.

There's a dot-and-carry-one type giving orders,  
But no one pays the slightest heed to him,  
There are several little young ones trimming borders  
Who break off now and then to dial TIM.

There are those who print their exhibition entries  
When they should be bashing on with B.C.4  
And there's some who stand at look-out points as sentries  
While the rest throw darts at doubles on the door.

There's a Spanish lady crawling on the table  
Doing jig-saw puzzles to her heart's content,  
She does the very best that she is able,  
But she can't make Jaffna fit the coast of Kent.

But there's one day in the week this crazy chorus  
Settles down to be quite sensible and sane,  
For when you can hear harmonious snores sonorous  
You know that Friday afternoon is here again.

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Congratulations, Dick. More please.

NEWS FROM THE PLOTTING SECTION.

We must apologise for being so late with our first news section, but our particular "village pump" has now a spokesman, and we hope we can keep our 'Exiles' up to date with the latest.

Comings and Goings.

'Bix' Clarke to San Antonio, U.S.A.  
Ken Collins to Shoreham.



Welcome to Peter Cripps, Leo Lewis, Fred Loake and Mike Neighbour, all Graduates of the 'Bunny' Burrows' Academy.

Is "Iranian Cities", 'U' for "Persian Towns" ?

We understand on the very best authority that the Ghost Voices chanting the chorus from "Quo Vadis", which could be heard from the C.8 room have now been exorcised.

Proverb of the Month: The watched pot never boils.

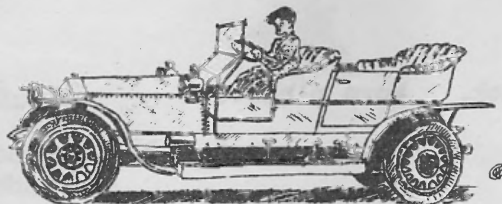
With fluent diction and a ready smile before the cameras, becoming increasingly important to operators, the Burrows Academy may well have to include Elocution and an introduction to the 'Method' in its Syllabus.

Elocution lessons, yes, but Electrocutation lessons? - not needed.

Overheard at the Pump.

We're a non-profit organization. We didn't mean to be, but we are.

Car Sickness is what I get every month when the payments are due.



Sagacity: 'Ay, hapon it is a bit heavy on petrol, but I'll mek up for it next month when I get mi stage coach.'

and from G. W. Cheffins:-

"The Zeiss Stereoplanigraph C8 has been in continuous use since its arrival at White Waltham over three years ago. An air of scepticism was felt from some quarters while the Company was making its first trials with the C8, through it being regarded crudely as a device for 'churning out' control and thereby putting somebody out of a job. A certain amount of ground information is, of course, still required for the instrument, although it is not imperative that the field surveyor should condition his points as rigidly as in former times. This means that stretches of terrain which are barely accessible can often be avoided altogether by the ground party. Further economy is afforded when an area to be mapped is photographed from two altitudes - one being at least double the other. In this instance, the field surveyor needs only to control the smaller scale pictures. These are subsequently triangulated in the Stereoplanigraph to fix the necessary network of ideally situated Minor Control Points on the larger scale photography, employed for actually plotting the map in the Kelsh or Multiplex Departments. Special tie strips of photos are often flown across main blocks of filling runs, to connect areas where trig. points are known to exist or to cover terrain most suitable for the fixing of field points.

It is clear from these remarks that the Stereoplanigraph can help to speed up the surveyor's task and perhaps make life a little easier for him; not, as feared, drive him to the kerbside selling matches.

In a decade or two, the plotting sections might be presented with automatic contouring devices that can maintain a 0.3 mm. vertical interval with tireless precision at the touch of a button. It is unlikely for such equipment to be received without apprehension although it will surely become an integral part of map-making in the future."

and from the Kelshites:-

"Members of the firm who have moved to Maidenhead from other parts will know, doubtless, the long hours spent searching for somewhere to live in or near the town and public transport.

Bearing this in mind then, imagine the sparkling, pure joy of finding a cottage of reasonable rent and suiting your needs exactly. One can almost hear wifey's ecstatic squeals as she discovers rooms which will look heavenly with blue curtains, and perhaps the little nook to be turned one day into a cosy nursery.

Hubby's dreams are of a well-stocked garden and roses 'round

the door and maybe a pipe by the fireside in the cold evenings.

It was to such elevated thoughts of bliss that Trot Heather was recently lifted when he was offered the lease of a cottage in Pinkney's Green. There were snags admittedly but this was just what they'd wanted. Of course, the boys at work must hear about this and how! Moving-in day was on Thursday. Fine! Fine!

A certain well-wishing moustachio-ed person, who's name has been lost in the mists of time, made the enquiry first; "Are you having a house-warming party?" The idea was a glorious one. Soon enquiries were pouring in - Compilation, the rest of the Plotting Section, Slotted Template, two men from the Spray Shop, a handful of women from the Canteen and the leader of the Fairey Aviation Band. Morris Motors rang up from Oxford to say they'd like to send a publicity waggon and the Television rights were soon signed up.

Alas! The best made plans of mice and men often go astray. The unsociable tenant-to-be decided, at the last minute, that the television cameras would scratch his ottoman and in any case he didn't have enough seats for all the Band. However, in the future a slightly less pretentious function is to be held in the grounds of Heather Hall - weather permitting. In the event of rain the party will be held in the back room. All applications from interested persons are now being dealt with by Mr. Heather himself at Room 11.



### COMPILATION NOTES

A B.B.C. man enquiring into the complexities of Compilation Department prior to making a recorded broadcast asked a series of questions to obtain background sufficient to enable him to ask some intelligent questions whilst recording. For the information of others in the Company who might be similarly mystified by the diversity of the Department's activities, we recorded the following:-

B.B.C. - "And what is this?"

E.H. - "This is a trace."

B.B.C. - "Can you explain to listeners more fully?"

E.H. - "Well, a trace, as the name implies, is something you can see through. It should not be confused with a window."

B.B.C. - "Thankyou. Now I see you have some red triangles and



some blue circles. What is the difference?"

- E.H. - "Well, er, now, a triangle has five sides and a circle has only two."
- B.B.C. - "A triangle has five sides?"
- E.H. - "That is correct. Left, right, bottom, inside and outside."
- B.B.C. - "My geometry must be at fault. What about the circles?"
- E.H. - "Circles have an inside and an outside and, of course, are drawn in a different colour."
- B.B.C. - "Can I offer you a job writing material for the Archers?"
- E.H. - "No thanks. I come from Cornwall."
- B.B.C. - "Corn? Well how about writing for Ted Ray?"

Ken Pinkney's language has subsided under the impact of Helen Ducker's arrival. He even calls the capital of Holland, AMSTERDOM now!

Is it true that Jack Briggs told the B.B.C. that the Drawing Office's favourite programme was "Lift up your Darts"?

Rumours that the Company are moving to Egham have now been discounted by Compilation. Fuller investigation of the story has revealed that the person who overheard the telephone conversation in which Egham was mentioned did not get his facts straight. Seems Bob Embleton was asking Mr. Smith out to lunch but on being told the latter had sandwiches that day, Bob enquired as to their content and the reply (overheard out of context) led to the erroneous rumour being spread.

The proprietors of the Stork Margarine firm might be interested to learn that 26 out of the 26 people who buy bread and BUTTER from Mrs. Cook's establishment are not fooled.

Since our last issue two new members have joined our rapidly expanding band.. They are Ann Titchener and Ray Crump. To both we extend our felicitations and wishes for a long and happy stay.

Ann, as the proud holder of 40, repeat 40, Premium Bonds has been offered a Directorship in the Comp. Premium Bond Group (Ltd.) but she prefers canoes! Excitement has now reached fever pitch as the December draw approaches and the first Bonds become eligible for inclusion in Ernie's Draw.



From Frank Drummond comes a new song for the Compilation Choir (leader Bob Riley) under its Chorus-Master, Tony Furneaux. It should be sung in plaintive voice to the tune of "Clementine" and goes as follows:



Oh Essindine, Oh Essindine,  
Your up road slow and down main line  
Look an 'orrible mess in the pouring rine,  
Farewell, Farewell; Oh Essindine.

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Jobs in hand at the moment on Multiplex are Bubu River at 1:12,500, British Railways 1:1250 and Mazanderan Plain at 1:20,000 For reduction to 1:40,000 on Kelsh we have Spanish Town, Jamaica at 1:1250, Kenya 3/56 at 1:5000 and have just started on the first Persian Town, Malayer, 1:2500.

The whole Plotting Section is whetting their lips at the prospect of seeing Albert off in the traditional manner at the C. & H. We have enjoyed having him here and wish him the best of luck when he goes to America next year. His colloquial English has improved considerably under the able tutorage of Cross and Sage.

Sage's latest acquisition is a 1932 Aston Martin complete with chromium plated dynamo and steering column. The rest of his fleet has now been disposed of to make way for this latest masterpiece.

Our learned colleague, Robin Fursden, will shortly be relinquishing the Tracing Table for the Theodolite in the British Cameroons so there is a Sit.Vac. once more on the Machines.

Room 12 has changed ownership once more and has now been discreetly curtained. Will visitors please knock twice and ask for Fangio?

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Once again we have to thank Les Blundell for his excellent cover designs and sketches.

Bunny Burrows reports that Jimmy Cheffins and a new recruit - Jack Kannegieter - (whose home is in Delft) are his latest trainees on the Multiplex and Gillian Waring is still paddling in the Bubu River.

FROM RON WALKER :

"I had never toured France, though I had seen enough to whet my appetite. The field party was due to return home, I had a bicycle with me, we would be stopping at Nice. Would it be possible to leave the aircraft there and cycle home? With M. Bloch anything is possible. I was whisked through Customs and found myself out in the street, my money changed, my passport stamped - no turning back now! I seemed to have rather a lot of francs but more of that later. Out on the road with 750 miles of France ahead - perhaps they were right - I am mad !

Cannes came first. The famous Yacht Basin must be seen to be believed. A word of warning to budding yachtsmen. Nothing smaller than a converted Aircraft Carrier here. I chose the coast road rather than the main route. 'Fantastic' is the word to describe it! If I had any qualms about my journey at first, this was enough to put me in good heart.

Of course on an unplanned trip I had no hotels booked and the only map I had was a Swiss one of France printed in English. Ah well! After six vague laps of Frejus trying to find the way out it may well have been a Chinese map of Maidenhead printed in Zulu.

The miles soon sped by, Aix, Arles, Avignon. It was in Avignon that I was mistaken for a Frenchman, but I could n't understand her Roedean English, but that's another story.

France was made for cyclists, but don't think it's a cheap way of touring. My fuel consumption is rather uneconomical when calculated on a 'miles per steak' basis. French breakfasts are by our standards, far too small to start a hard day on. I soon hit on the bright idea of having a pre-breakfast in my room. On one occasion it consisted of a tin of Apricots. There was a mouth-watering picture of them on the tin and as I struggled to open them with my knife I drooled at the thought of starting the day on those luscious fruits. Alas, it was not to be! What's the French for Jam?

Paris, as delightful as ever, but for the first time I was stuck for a room. Always in situations as this, choose the best hotel available. Yes, they had a room but no garage. I could use the store at the back of the building. I had great pleasure in wheeling my bicycle through the restaurant followed by a very uffish porter bearing my saddlebag.



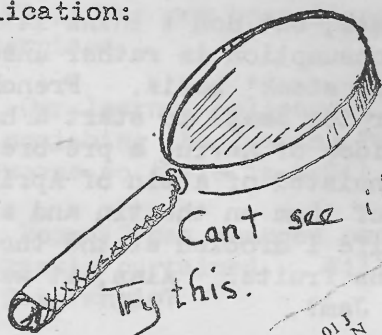
Summing up, it was a wonderful experience. To tell you all about it would fill a book. France is a charming and friendly country. The language need not worry you. If you go you can manage as I did on a very limited vocabulary. Makes life interesting if you don't know what you are talking about. For instance, you will be amazed at what you can get by asking for a beer. It could be butter or a sticky liquor - the list is endless.

My story ended happily at White Waltham with a bill for £5. Seems I did have too many francs at Nice after all."



Most interesting and amusing, Ron. Many thanks, but you may be giving the others ideas and the next time a returning crew land at Nice they will all do the same, leaving the Dak there. The only chap left at White Waltham being Ted Pickett, we shall have to send him out to bring the aircraft back and while he is away, the Stores may as well close down.

On August 13th, it was announced in Paris that Customs duties have been re-imposed on certain goods. So if you're thinking of following in Ron Walker's footsteps, pay heed to the following and don't try and get any of the under-mentioned through the Customs without declaring it. Unfortunately, there aren't enough letters on the typewriter to copy the details so here is an actual reproduction from the Board of Trade publication:



Can't see it?

12-01 J  
12-01 N


29-02 A f

29-02 B c

22 B a

Mowra and mafura  
Halogenated derivatives of hydrocarbons:  
carbons:  
Halogenated derivatives of saturated acyclic hydro-  
carbons:  
Polychlorides:  
Dichloromethane  
Halogenated derivatives of unsaturated acyclic hydro-  
carbons:  
Vinylidene chloride, monomer  
Amine-function compounds:  
Acyclic polyamines, their halogenated, sulphenated,  
nitrated and nitrosated derivatives and their salts:  
Single or complex oxygen-function amino-compounds:  
Cyclic amino-aldehydes, cyclic amino-ones and amino-  
quinones their halogenated, sulphenated, nitrated and  
nitrosated derivatives, their salts and esters  
Dialo-azo- and azoxy-compounds

Jock Cameron, Margaret Russell, Frank Drummond and Mike Burry are all somewhere in the wilds of England. Jock and Margaret are at present in Tuxford and Frank and Mike are in the Sleaford area. They are busily engaged on ground checks of the 1:480 and 1:1250 Railway Surveys.



Memory Man Eric Freeman tells us what goes on in the Photographic Department but, as usual, he is reticent about his own activities. He says:

"At last 'Burma Bill' & Co. have arrived in Rangoon, via Blackbushe, Paris, Blackbushe, Nice etc. They did not know whether they were coming or going, but all's well that ends well. A Happy Christmas and a Bright New Year to you all.

Life is a little bit hectic in the Photographic Division here at White Waltham these days, with so many of our staff either abroad already, or preparing to be despatched to various parts of the East during the next few weeks. One soon to be on his way, is Dave Shute, who, having been given the job of 'reclaiming' Room 21 (Developing Room), slapping paint all over the place and generally enjoying himself, has now been Banished to Burma.

John Rushton has just returned from a short course at Wild's factory in Switzerland, and called in to the Zeiss works in Germany before returning home. John now knows a bit more about the R.M.K. and RC5 cameras, but has not one here at present to play with. Never mind John, there wasn't much more for you to learn about the RC5a was there?

Stan Vickers and Barbara Blackall are still plodding steadily along with the Jaffna Peninsula mosaic.

Len Tarling is the latest addition to our Photographic Staff. He was with the "Opposition" for some considerable time, but is now a reformed character. Len will be a member of the Tanganyika Tribe, who are due to depart during the first half of December. The rest of the crew will be Mike Young, Jim Hazard, Mervyn Hulland, Les Blundell and Mike Aldridge. Happy landings!

Les has come out of hibernation to go on this trip, and during his temporary absence from White Waltham, will leave the Diap. Dept. in the tender care of Dick Woolhouse.

Peter Sharman has just returned to Persia, having spent about one month on leave in this country. He expects to be away for about another year, working for the N.C.C. Peter's holiday was slightly marred by having to spend some days in bed with a spell of Asian 'Flu, but what else could he expect, returning to this country in November, after a couple of years in the Persian climate. Hard luck, Peter, but it was nice to see you again."



No one in the organization will need to be told who these two chaps are but for the benefit of others, they can be identified as PETER BROWN (left) and TOM DUNCAN (right) who are always ready to drive you anywhere in one of Fairey Air Surveys' high-powered vehicles. They also help Cyril Blundell in his multifarious duties in the Stores.

#### HOW VITAL CAN STATISTICS GET?

The following exciting news item of some "tariff changes" which ought to brighten somebody's Christmas, is extracted from a recent announcement by the Board of Trade:

Special import licences, under the heading "PRIMAGE Duties" can now be obtained by traditional importers. Amongst the things for which you can obtain the coveted "special licence" are the following:-

Fish in tins	Mangles
Peanut kernels	Scripture cards
Differential meters	Antiques (not less than
Bleached flannelette	100 years old)
Porous insulating blocks	Cotton carpets
Fish hooks	Glass lamp chimneys
Human hair clipping machines	COIR fenders (whatever they are!)

and believe it or not - Brushes for brush work (except hog hair).

Had we known of this epoch-making decision in time, it would have been announced in the last edition of the "Air Surveyor", under the heading... "Xmas gifts. Last minute suggestions".

The following is a donation from an anonymous reader in answer to Mr. Brind's contribution to the last issue:

"What is an Executive?" - Extract from an address by Mr. G. Cheliotti.

"Executives are a fortunate lot, for as everyone knows, an executive has nothing to do; that is, except:

To decide what is to be done; to tell somebody to do it; to listen to reasons why it should not be done, why it should be done by somebody else, or why it should be done in a different way; and to prepare arguments in rebuttal that shall be convincing and conclusive.

To follow up to see if the thing has been done; to discover that it has not been done; to enquire why it has not been done; to listen to excuses from the person who did not do it; and to think up arguments to overcome the excuses.

To follow up a second time to see if the thing has been done; to discover that it has been done incorrectly; to point out how it shall be done; to conclude that as long as it has been done it might as well be left as it is; to wonder if it were not the time to get rid of the person who cannot do a thing correctly; to reflect that in all probability any successor would be just as bad or worse.

To consider how much more simply and better the thing would have been done had he done it himself in the first place; to reflect satisfactorily that if he had done it himself he would have been able to do it right in twenty minutes and that as things turned out, he, himself, spent two days trying to find out why it is that it had taken somebody else three weeks to do it wrong and to realize that such an idea would have a very demoralizing effect on the organization, because it would strike at the very fountain of the belief of all employees that an executive has nothing to do."

For Pete's sake, who sent it in? Ed.



And I hope Caro Christiency, Editor of the "Fairchild Flyer" won't mind my using the following, which he printed in his November edition.

"People who complain about the boss's being dumb never realize that if he was any smarter they'd be out of a job."

