

NEWSLETTER



NOVEMBER 2009

Compiled by

LARRY CROSS

Dear Members, the weather was good when I set off to drive up to Duxford for our meeting on the 18th. I was flying solo for the first time in eleven years, as Doreen felt she wouldn't be able to cope with the walking involved.

That surprised me somewhat, as the bar at the Red Lion isn't all that big!

A few of the regular faces were missing from the Red Lion this time, but John Twigdon and friend, who were staying up the road, joined us for drink later that evening.

Sunday 18th, soon came round (sooner than I did!) and we made it to the airfield just after twelve. There was just a little bit of a fiddle-faddle with the keys again and the meeting commenced promptly at 13.10hrs.

Bob opened by welcoming everyone (all 46 of us) and read the list of apologies from those unable to attend.

The customary Minutes Silence was observed in memory of members passed on and included A. Ballard (RAF Police) G. Horne (2007) and G/Capt H.M.Pinfold (recently)

As it was his first meeting Roger Brooks ex (65Sqn) was invited to introduce himself and recall some memories of his time at Duxford.

At an earlier committee meeting it was decided that the idea of making the May or October meeting more of a social event was unworkable under the prevailing circumstances and will not be pursued in the foreseeable future.

Subscription Arrears

The matter of subscription arrears was also raised and it was agreed that members two years in arrears would be notified and given the option to update or have their membership reluctantly terminated.

The whole idea of the association was to bring together old comrades and friends, to socialise in an informal and friendly atmosphere, however, for this to continue it requires everyone to play their part. More points on this issue will be raised in the Spring edition.

Annual Dinner 2010

The motion to move the Annual Dinner to September was raised once again. Our secretary Anne Gange explained that it would be for one year only, to enable her to make the necessary arrangements for a special dinner to celebrate the B.O.B. a vote was not taken as it was agreed that the **Annual Dinner would take place on the 25th. September 2010.** (Provisionally)

A provisional date for the May meeting was set for Sunday 9th

Anne has also now completed the Membership Directory update – no small task, believe me, and copies are now available at £3.00 to cover costs of printing & postage. Ongoing updates will be printed in the Newsletter, this of course requires members to inform the committee of changes of address, tel.no's and emails.



Email Addresses

My thanks to those members who responded by updating their email addresses. I still have room for lots more, so if you would like to try having your newsletter sent electronically let me have your email addresses.

The printing & postage for the six page newsletter (Nov 2008) was £252.21..... for Sept 2009 £163.40 - saving er...er...quite a bit !..... you know it makes sense!

Contact john_cross2@sky.com

The fate of the Officers Mess remains undecided by the powers that be. Latest reports tell us that due to lack of maintenance rain is now getting in, adding to the sad state of the building. What does it need to get a decision - one way or another....a stick of dynamite? We all know how the ODA feels about it but there's nothing we can do...is there?

The Red Lion in Whittlesford village is another development that we have an interest in, re – the new 70 bedroom hotel with various amenities that would be available to us. We spoke with the owners recently and they are tearing their hair out in frustration, fighting bureaucracy, red tape and building regs.

My parting words were, "What ever happens don't mention the Remembrance Garden!"

We welcomed a new associate member Richard Lowe, grandson of the late Eddie Lowe. Richard kindly brought along beautifully kept photograph albums and details of Eddie's service history, a copy of which was donated to the O.D.A.

Our Chairman 'Bob' Hope

Those among our membership that have access to the internet will already know that 'Bob' Hope, our genial chairman underwent surgery on the 9th. November to remove his right kidney and returned home on the 16th. The latest is, that apart from a "little discomfort in certain places" he's feeling good and eating well.

Prior to the 'event,' Bob' sent me a copy of a thank-you letter from the BKPA and enclosed this note :-

"When I started collecting old postage stamps almost 20yrs ago I never thought that I would be as involved as I am about to be with the British Kidney Patient Association. Back in the late 80's I saw a request in the RAF News by a W.O. who was collecting stamps for the BKPA. In all that time I / We collected them with every intention of sending them off but never got round to it.

We had stamps all over the house, so I wrote to his last posting to make contact and a couple of months ago he eventually rang me back giving me the forwarding address.

With my current status I was prodded into boxing them up and sent them off on 26/10/09 (4Kg. Freepost)

A letter of thanks duly arrived so please say a big thank-you to all the Old Dux who helped to add to what Bobbie and I and the two boys collected in that time.

As the letter states, the collection is ongoing, so O.D.A. members can collect and send direct.

Mark Packets – Freepost G I / - 2770 (Cont. over)

Dear Friends

Thank you for your used postage stamps which we are always grateful for as we sell them to a dealer and receive £2.00 per kilo for British, £10 per kilo for foreign, £20 per kilo for Commemoratives, Australian, and New Zealand. Foreign coins, trading stamps, and Air Miles vouchers only, are also very valuable to us.

The proceeds from these items will go towards our Children's Holiday Fund, with which we hope to give many more young kidney patients the chance of a break.

Each summer the BKPA sends young kidney patients to a YMCA Adventure Centre at Fairthorne Manor, Hampshire or the Lakeside Centre in Cumbria. We now send some of the older children on a week sailing holiday to the Isle of Wight. Although these holidays are expensive, costing £275 per child, they are well worthwhile. The challenging activities on offer help these special young people to realise their own capabilities and widen their horizons for the future. One week at a YMCA centre or indeed the weeks sailing can make a drastic change to their outlook and result in them returning home with enthusiasm and renewed courage to face the future, but it is Only with the help of our kind supporters that we are able to meet the ever rising costs of providing such breaks.

Due to the high cost of postage **I will not acknowledge every batch of stamps sent** but I will write at the end of the year with an update on the Association's work during the twelve months.

Yours sincerely

Mary Jordan (Mrs) Appeals Secretary

Vulcan (XJ 824) By A. A. Butler.

The Vulcan (XJ 824) had been allocated to the IWM at Duxford for its retirement and was at that time one of the aircraft that was operating under the 101 Squadron banner. I was at that time serving on the squadron as an AEO and since I had served at Duxford as an instrument Mech some thirty years before, I volunteered to be on the delivery crew for that occasion.

The date of delivery was fixed for 13th March 1982 and accordingly we got airborne mid morning in a somewhat "stripped out" aircraft for the 45 minute transit to its final resting place. The captain on that occasion was Sqn Ldr Pete Stannard, and I believe the co pilot was Flt Lt Martin Withers Who commanded XM 607 on that memorable attack on Stanley airfield in the Falkland conflict.

The transit was uneventful, though landing at Duxford on its short runway demanded a certain degree of skill by the "drivers airframe" up front !

We were met by assorted interested gentlemen and the curator of the museum - whose name I'm afraid I do not remember, and duly handed over the RAF F 700 which I sent you a picture of.

Later we were given a short conducted tour of the museum and I discovered that not only did you have "my" Vulcan there but also a Shackleton which had occupied a few of my flying hours too.

On informing the curator of this, he pointed to a small patch of grass alongside the Peri Track and said "see that ? I will personally see that it is reserved for you when you turn up your Toes !!."

All I would say is that I actually left Duxford in January 1953 following national service, but the attractions of studying accountancy did not provide me with the life style I had experienced in that brief two years, and I rejoined the RAF nine months later on aircrew duties where I remained until 1993 at age 60 - and never regretted a minute of it!



Alan Butler extreme right



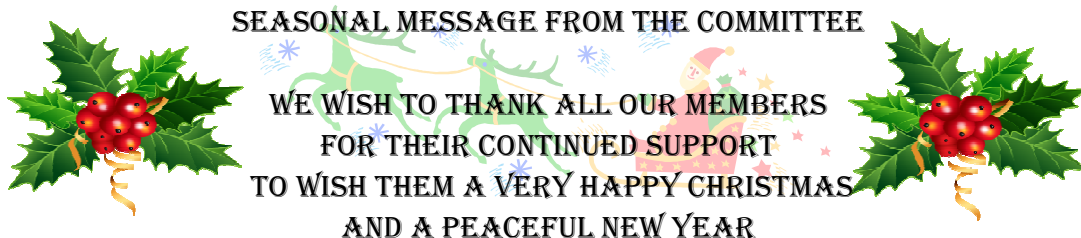
Please BEWARE! Car Washing Scam

Over the last month I became a victim of a clever 'Eastern European' scam while out shopping. Dropping into Sainsbury's for a bit of shopping has turned out to be quite traumatic and don't be naive enough to think it couldn't happen to you or your friends. ... Here's how the scam works:

Two seriously good-looking voluptuous 20-21 year-old girls come over to your car as you are packing your shopping into the boot. They both start cleaning your windscreen, their breasts almost falling out of their skimpy T-shirts. When you thank them and offer them a tip, they'll refuse and instead ask you for a lift to another local supermarket. Of course you agree and they both get in the backseat.. On route, they start undressing, and both get completely naked. If you then, pull over to remonstrate, one of them will climb over into the front seat and starts crawling all over your lap, kissing you, touching you intimately, and thrusting herself against you, while the other one steals your wallet and valuables!

I had my wallet stolen November 5th, my birthday, then on the 9th, twice on the 15th and 20th, and very likely again this coming weekend !

P.S. Aldi have wallets on sale for £1.99 each but at Lidl they are £1.75 and look better. (G. Poole)



Book for Christmas?

Précised book review by Terry Crowley

Spitfire into Battle by G / Capt. W.G.G. Dincan-Smith, DFC. DSO.

I so much enjoyed reading this autobiography. W.G.G. captured the tremendous trials that faced the R.A.F. fighter pilots throughout WWII. The previous books I have read were indeed excellent, but the author has encapsulated the speed and danger of flight combat. Additionally, W.G.G. brought into focus the household names plus the inclusion of praise for the groundcrews; so often overlooked. He was, for a period of months, C.O. of 64 Squadron and expressed his dismay when he was promoted and was required to relinquish that position. The insertion of 'Dramatis Personae' was inspired and necessary to record the names of those serving with the author.

I should mention that I borrowed the book from the local library, was available in large print and touches on 64 & 65 Sqns.

PERCY PILCHER (1866-1899) By Tod Slaughter.

During my years as a volunteer at the IWM at Duxford I have worked on many of their aircraft to a larger or lesser degree. One of the most fascinating and certainly the oldest, albeit a replica, was the "Hawk" a flying machine designed, built and flown by a gentleman by the name of Percy Sinclair Pilcher. In the annals of British aviation Percy Pilcher is not a name that springs readily to mind. I decided to find out more about this person and to my mind he turned out to be quite an unsung hero.

He was born in Bath in 1866 to a Scottish mother. He served in the Royal Navy for a short time before becoming an apprentice at the Govan ship-builders Randolph, Elder and Co. In 1891 he took up a post at the University of Glasgow as a lecturer. It was here that he proceeded to design and build gliders as he, like many of that era, was fascinated by the concept of manned flight. His first machine which he called the Bat flew successfully but it was his forth "The Hawk" that was the most successful of all. It was built, as was the replica, of bamboo, stretched linen and numerous rigging lines. To enable him to perfect his designs he travelled to Germany where he met Otto Lilienthal, the most famous glider designer of the time. In that respect Percy was the British equivalent of Otto. Percy travelled around Britain showing his prowess in giving many gliding demonstrations in the Hawk to an incredulous audience of onlookers.

Like many of his contemporaries Percy Pilcher was looking to the future of powered flight and not just a launch from a hill or a tow from a rope. It was to this end that in a rainy day in October 1899 in a park near Market Harborough that a crowd turned up to see Percy make his first test flight in a triplane glider powered by a 4hp engine weighing some forty pounds, but the weather was against him. Had the weather been better and perhaps if he had been successful who knows he may have beaten the Wright Brothers by a number of years but fate was to show her hand. The crowd was getting restless at the delay so he decided to fly his trusted Hawk. The rigging lines had been saturated by the rain and he needed to take the slack out of them. Still there was some delay and as the lines started to dry out they became dangerously tight. During the subsequent flight a guide line connected to the tail snapped and the Hawk and Percy tumbled thirty feet to the ground. Sadly he died two days later without regaining consciousness.

His memory faded in the passing of time and most people now are unaware of his existence. He just became one of those many pioneers who lost their lives in pursuit of a dream. It is fitting therefore that when you enter the Air Space, hanger 1, there suspended high up just inside the entrance hall is "The Hawk" replica. A reminder of one brave man's sacrifice.

Footnote This item was printed in the Daily Mail 17th Nov. under Answers to Correspondents "Inventors killed by their own inventions. (I.W.M. please take note !)

Fatalities at RAF Duxford 1948 - 1961

ROLL OF HONOUR

1948 Mar 19 F/ Off Jack Belshaw:	1949 Aug 26 AC2 Roy Hacon	1952 Feb 29 F/ Off James Catchpole:
1952 Apr 21 LAC Harold Bates:	1952 28 May Flt Lt Sorensen F W.	1952 May 28 F/ Off John Vaughan:
1952 Sep 21 F/ Off Richard Craig.:	1953 15 May S/L Bourne I. D.	1953 15 May Flt/ Lt Dow A.M. :
1953 Jul 22 Plt Off Young A.:	1953 Dec 25 Plt Off Barraclough C.	1954 Aug 13 Cpl Hobbs C G.:
1955 Mar 5 Cpl Linge S.:	1955 Mar 5 Cpl Floyd M.	1955 01 May Cpl Griffin W. A.:
1956 May 25 AC1 Blair G.:	1957 Jan 4 F/Off Mantell M.:	1957 Jun 22 F/ Sgt Crewdson J.:
1959 Jun 18 SAC Wood R.G.:	1960 May 3 Flt/ Lt Thornalley G.	1960 May 06 SAC Welch S. A. :
1961 May 27 Flt/ Lt Clarke E		

More on this item to follow and if anyone would like to add anything or comment please contact me

My thanks to Wilf Hodgkinson for his valued help in compiling this list.

The Closure of Duxford (Continued)

Tony Neale kindly furnished me with a few more details leading up to the low level flyby that probably drowned out the evidence for the prosecution of the charge that G/Capt Winskill was presiding over at that time.

On 24th. March by way of a fond farewell, formations of 65Sqn Hunters carried out Flypasts over all the E. Anglian airfields, including RAF Bawdsey, the radar station on the Suffolk coast.

On April 7th. the first section of Hunters left Duxford for Chivenor an O.C.U. The last flight was made on the 21st. April by two sections of Hunters, the first led by 'Twinkle' Storey the second by Tony Neale, leaving Duxford for the last time and bringing to a close 37 years of distinguished aviation history as a Fighter Command Station.

It was previously agreed that they would not be going quietly; both sections took off twenty minutes apart to form up in fours and return to make high speed low level passes, watched by those who managed to skive off to witness this historical event.

On his return to Duxford (in the Anson) Tony was summoned to report to Twinkle's office in 'hat and gloves'. Naturally he thought that he was in trouble, on entering he was not invited to sit down, then, after an awkward few seconds silence Twinkle's face cracked into a large smile and said, "Do you think that it would have been more prudent to have let Archie Winskill in on it too!" Shortly afterwards, S/L Neville was posted to Aden and F/Lt. Tony Neale was appointed Squadron Commander! The finale was attending the ceremonial laying down of 65Squadron's Standard at the church of St Clement Danes in London.



L. C.

Val Hodgkinson Remembers

I was posted to Duxford in 1957 as Deputy Accountant Officer but, soon after my arrival, the Station Commander, Group Captain Pinfold, was replaced by Group Captain Norman Ryder and I became the Station Adjutant. When Ryder retired under the 'Golden Bowler' scheme, he was replaced by Group Captain Archie Winskill. When the decision was made to close the Station, I was posted but Archie insisted I was needed for the winding-up, whereupon the posting was cancelled. When No. 65 Sqn had been disbanded and No. 64 Sqn had been redeployed to Stradishall, Archie Winskill was replaced by Wing Commander Broughton, formerly the OC Admin Wing. All told, I served four Station Commanders.

It was Broughton who charged me with organising both the 'closing-down' parade and a 'closing down' photograph. As regards the latter, he instructed me to put it in the hands of the Command Photographic Branch. However, in my office was a framed photograph of the parade marking the official opening in 1918. The photograph - taken on an ancient wide - angle camera - was embossed with the name and crest of a London company and featured two squadrons, each of two flights, and showed a cart used for collecting rubbish on the extreme right. Whilst most of the barrack block doors and windows were shut, some had been left ajar.

Keen to get a photograph exactly like that of the opening ceremony, I discovered that the company was still in business. I phoned them and asked if they still had the original camera and, if so, would they take the closing-down photograph. Astonishingly, they said that not only would they be delighted to help but they would waive their time/travel costs. When the photo was taken, the same windows/doors were left ajar and the 1950's refuse vehicle was parked in the same position as the cart.

Unfortunately, the 1961 photograph - which I will give to the O.D.A. in due course - turned out to be slightly wider than the original: as a result, to get the photograph to fit into the same size frame, the refuse vehicle section ended up on the cutting room floor. As in the 1930s photo, there are two squadrons, each of two flights, on parade. The Squadron Leader on the right of the photograph is Sqn Ldr P Carr (OC Station Services); the officer i/c the WRAF flight was, I believe, a former British swimming champion but I can't remember her name. The second flight from the right was Admin Wing. As far as I can recall, the second flight from the left was a mixture of Tech/Flying Wings, and the flight on the extreme left was Tech Wing but I have no doubt *Old Dux* members will put me right on these matters. The Station Commander is centre stage; I am the usual two steps behind and two steps to his right.

The highlight of my time at the station was the *Daily Mail Air Race*. How and why Duxford became involved is, as they say, another story, as is the tale of the former airman who *'lived and ate for free'* on the *'Secret Air Base'* (ie Duxford) which led to front page headlines in the national Press.

On a completely different tack, in December 1960, following a police investigation, Archie Winskill gave two airmen either 14 or 21 days detention - I can't remember which, and I cannot remember what for. To cut the story short, Archie agreed a request from the SNCO i/c Station Police to allow the prisoner to go home for Xmas so as to allow the maximum number of Station Policemen to enjoy Christmas at home. Apparently, Archie's decision upset those at 4District who had put the case together. Footnote. the airmen concerned were A/C Thompson and SAC Clayton released on 22nd. Dec and both returned on 28th. 12.00 hrs !

I would like to hear from anyone who can recall anything about "the former airman who lived and ate for free at the secret airbase "..... L.C.

Footnote: Val generously donated his copy of the photograph to the O.D.A. (which is 40" x 9 1/2" in old money) and will be on display at the next meeting. (Somehow)

Subject: His Living Will

Last night, my husband and I were sitting in the living room and he said to me. ... "I never want to live in a vegetative state, dependent on some machine and fluids from a bottle. If that ever happens just pull the plug."

So I got up, unplugged the computer, and threw out his wine !

It's what he would have wanted.



So the summer went on and the never ending round of flying and fixing. Then the odd exercise when we used to have a couple of Hunters on the ORP at a time on immediate call, another boring task just sitting and waiting for them to go, a call from the Group Controller via the telecamble lead. All of a sudden a quick call and before you can leave the caravan the engines are winding up and they are away the telecamble leads pulled out before being blown around in the blast.

Another two aircraft are brought down from the line and set up, pilots arrive, we strap them in and wait while checks are carried out, then back to the sitting and waiting.

Soon the Summer is drawing to its end and early October arrives, a rush of activity to prepare the 10 single seaters for their long range ferry to RAF Nicosia in Cyprus. Outer pylons are fitted, extra drop tanks built up, fitted and tested. All the tools, spares and equipment required are prepared and packed. So the departure date approached.

The Britannia that was to take us to Nicosia landed on runway 24 and taxied round to park, I shall always remember its number XM496, the rest of the day was spent loading all the equipment as we were to leave early in the morning.

The first Hunters having already left to stage out via Oranga, Malta, El Adam and Crete before arriving at Nicosia. The rest would follow us out using the same route.

So we left in the whistling giant and flying over France down to Italy and along the Mediterranean, finally landing after about 6hrs 30mins at RAF Nicosia, right in the centre of the island at that time a joint RAF and Civil Airport. Eventually after what appeared a long time we found ourselves dumped outside a long stone built building with a corrugated iron roof. What a change from Duxford and its accommodation. Bunk beds and the barest essentials a bit of a shock but never mind, down to the mess for something to eat, well the RAF menu hardly ever changes always plenty of chips and beans with the usual assortment of fried food, still it was better than nothing and we were quite hungry even after the so called meal on the "Brit"

The evening was spent finding ones way round the NAAFI and the usual places such as the Cinema.

Here at Nicosia we were mixed with the RAF Regiment, Royal Signals, and quite a few others that the RAF based there in the form of 70 Squadron who were flying Hastings at that time. Also out thereon detachment were 25 Squadron with their Javelins just finishing and going to hand over to us in a week after we had got established. That night we all decided to try the local brew - 'Keo Beer' so down to the NAAFI bar there to find each of the resident units with their own little corner and a cluster of tables covered in bottles and cans, Tennants of course. 70 Squadron in one corner, RAF Regiment in the next, Royal Signals in another one, so 65 Squadron had to find its self a space and set up residence for its period of stay. Not very impressed with 'Keo Beer' after a few so try Tennants. Before long the Bar was shut and it was time to find our way back to the billet for hopefully a good nights sleep for tomorrow would be busy.

So started the last detachment for 65 Squadron, days went by flying increased and all types of sorties flown, guns fired and the armourers inspecting the barrels after each shoot giving the pilots 2/6 for every shot on the target and they gave the armourers a penny for every one missed they never seemed to loose out as each round had special paint on the tip and this left a coloured mark as they passed through the banner. Off came the outer pylons and on went the rocket rails and up came the Rocket all hands helping to load them, down the end of the runway the armourers would connect them up. 25 Squadron had left and handed over all their living and technical accommodation to us so we had moved from the Store buildings into small metal 'L' tents which were actually octagonal buildings about 10 feet across, and with 4 of us living in each and sleeping on bunk beds it was a bit better than the other buildings. We also moved our line office from the tent into a wooden building, installed a fridge and filled it with 'Coke' and bottles of the local soft drink brew, it was still very warm out there compared with back home.

The days started before dawn with the early shift getting up at 4:30 having the first pair of aircraft on stand by for dawn which was about 5am. These were good times rushing down the roads in the back of the Landrover or the 3 ton truck trying to wake up all the others, if we were up and at work why not them. We would work as required taking it in rotation to have the early start or the late finish. Time off was often spent down at the pool enjoying the sunshine and the warm water. Visits to Nicosia to shop, look at the sights, to see where the reputed Murder Mile was and all the problem areas that had been part of the EOKA campaign. Sundays were often spent out in the hills North of Nicosia climbing up them to St Halorian Castle or visiting Belarpois Abbey and down to the little port of Kyrenia to sit by the harbour to have a beer or kebab and swim in the warm blue sea, a very nice relaxation before back to the working routine of Mondays. Not all weekends were off, the duty crew was always at work during daylight hours at weekends just in case we had to fly, as apart from the training we were also on call to check for unidentified aircraft so we got the odd hurried sortie.

Time went by quite quickly, we all got the taste for Cyprus oranges and grapes, and drinking the varieties of wine and eating the local dishes of kebabs and mezzes not forgetting the brandy sours that were made from the local Keo brandy, fresh lemon juice and lemonade, a very nice drink, but also very potent.

Soon the time for returning home was drawing near and it did not seem like 8 weeks since we had arrived out here, so the start of packing began, the outer pylons and tanks were refitted and test flown to check the transfer. The ballast was put back into the gun packs and all the remaining live ammunition returned to the bomb dump. Tools and equipment were packed and all the final servicing carried out before the aircraft were dispatched on the long trip back home.

And so it was time to leave pack up, hand in the bedding etc and report to the terminal building. Back on the 'BRIT' for the trip home, some duty free cigarettes and a bottle of spirit plus the presents that we had bought. Soon it would be back to the cold at Duxford as it was still quite warm in Cyprus. Back along the Mediterranean up Italy and across France finally down we went and again landing on 24 back to where we started from only to be met by our own Flight Sergeant Prior with the remark,....

"WELL YOU'RE BACK FROM YOUR HOLIDAY NOW YOU CAN START BACK TO WORK"

We might be back but in the last couple of weeks out in Cyprus we had heard that the Squadron was to disband at the end of March and that Duxford would be closed not long after. This had rather cut short a good detachment as we hoped to be back next year, not so it seems.

Over the next few days the Hunters returned and we were all back in one piece apart from some of the freight, that had come back via a Hastings that went into Bovingdon where the customs had a field day opened it all only to find a few tins of Players etc which we all disowned. Soon it was Christmas and we closed down for the holidays. It was off home, with presents and tales of our visit and life in Cyprus

To be continued.

How we all arrived at Duxford.

Josie Warwick Remembers

(No not the birds and the bees) and for all you youngsters out there it was in 1951 not 1953! because I haven't read anything mentioned in past newsletters before that date!

My first recollection was waking up and outside the WRAF block window at Linton-On-Ouse was quite a sight as all around the edge of the parade ground (that area still being sacrosanct) were the Queen Marys loaded with all the goods and chattels and a large proportion of our Kit stowed among the Trolley acc's etc. from there it was our turn to move. I haven't very many memories of that journey, who has when they were 21? (Put your calculators away) The first thing was walking down the Platform and the RTO saying he hadn't been told there was a lady on board (promotion at last) which I thought was nice as I was a member of the 64th Pursuit not the only WRAF travelling. I was sorry to leave York, a beautiful city; I've been back many times over the years. My next memory was that we were shunted onto a siding for quite a while but with a beautiful view, I think it must have been Ely Cathedral.

When we were all sorted we couldn't use the hangar I think the Peri track was not complete, so every morning we were driven out to the Flower Pot end of the runway which wasn't too muddy as the old p.s.p. was still lying there. We were fed and watered there too, the boys thought they had a built in maid for clearing up (bad idea, they soon had their horoscopes read.) They were a good lot and behaved like gentlemen when some naughty airframe bloke didn't do his job properly and left a screw unscrewed and sliding down the engine nacelle did my trousers no favours, thank the lord the passion killers held (well it was draughty up on the end of the runway) and a 3 tonner was provided to cover my embarrassment. Good times, good mates and a wonderful husband, Cpl Leslie Warwick (Eng Fitter). Some sad times too, the king's death, and the one on 65 Sqn when the safety pin was left out of the ejector seat, the Meteor was in the hangar and he was in the seat. I was posted to Station Flight after I was married and when on Scrambles with the very polite W/C Wallace, it was always, "good morning Miss Smith" as he handed me his hat.

We eventually got Married Qtrs at Duxford so know Duxford pretty well, but that might well be another story.

Josie Warwick (nee Smith) Elec Mech /air 64Sdn



Technical or What?

A German guy approaches a lady of the night.

'I wish to buy sex viz you.' "OK, It's £50 an hour" says the girl, "Ist goot, but I must varn you, I am a little kinky".

"No problem," she replies cautiously, "I can do a little kinky.."

So off they go to the girl's flat, where he produces four large bedsprings and a duck caller.

"I want zat you tie ze springs to each of your hans und knees." The girl finds this most odd, but complies, fastening the springs as requested. "You will get on your hans und knees please." This she does, balancing precariously on the springs. "You will please to blow zis kwacker as I make love to you.

"She thinks it all a little weird, but figures it's harmless (and he's paying)..... She finds the sex is fantastic, as she is bounced all over the room by the energetic German, all the time honking on the duck caller. (Can you imagine?)

The climax is the absolutely sensational, the best she has ever experienced and it is several minutes before she has enough breath to say,

"That was totally amazing, so what do you call that position?"

"Ah!" says the German . . ."zat is ze.... Four -Sprung – Duck - Technique!"

Submitted by Bob Scott

This comes from 2 maths teachers with a combined total of 70 yrs experience.

What makes up 100% in life? What does it mean to give MORE than 100%?

We have all heard of someone wants you to give over 100%.

How is this achieved? - Ever wonder about those people who say they are giving 103%?

Here's a little mathematical formula that might help to answer these questions:

If: A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z is represented as: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26.

Then: H-A-R-D-W-O-R-K - 8+1+18+4+23+15+18+11 = 98% and K-N-O-W-L-E-D-G-E -11+14+15+23+12+5+4+7+5 = 96%

Therefore: A-T-T-I-T-U-D-E - 1+20+20+9+20+21+4+5 = 100% and B-U-L-L-S-H-I-T - 2+21+12+12+19+8+9+20 = 103%

AND, look how far ass kissing will take you. A-S-S-K-I-S-S-I-N-G 1+19+19+11+9+19+19+9+14+7 = 118%

So, one can conclude with mathematical certainty, that while Hard work and Knowledge will get you close, and Attitude will get you there, it's the Bullshit and Ass kissing that will get you to the top.

Imperial War Museum Photograph Archive – RAF-T Collection

The Imperial War Museum recently acquired an important collection of nearly 10,000 superb colour photographs depicting the Royal Air Force at work during the 1950s and 1960s. These images are mostly uncaptioned and the Museum would welcome assistance from the RAF community and veterans who may be able to help with the task of identification.

The Museum has published an initial selection of 1,000 images from the collection in its Collections Online database. These cover a wide range of subjects including operations, day-to-day duties, accommodation, training and leisure activities: "What makes this collection special is that it shows life in the Royal Air Force at the height of the Cold War" says Ian Proctor, the curator responsible for cataloguing the collection.

The Imperial War Museum Photograph Archive is appealing for veterans who served during this period to assist them in gaining further information about what the photographs depict. Mr Proctor explains: "With the help of veterans, we can add context to the photographs and enhance their significance to younger audiences. As well as identifying locations and units, we hope that these photographs of day-to-day tasks and activities will spark recollections of the veterans' own service days. This type of information is invaluable and cannot be obtained by books alone". The Museum hopes to host a seminar later in the year at which invited veterans could view and discuss further photographs from the collection.

The initial selection of images can be viewed on the internet by entering the reference **RAF-T** in the reference number box of the IWM Photograph Archive's online database at:

<http://www.iwmcollections.org.uk/qryPhotoImg.php>

If you would like to assist the IWM Photograph Archive with its project, please contact Ian Proctor by email or letter with details of your service (including dates, stations and branch) as follows:

Ian Proctor

Curator, Photograph Archive

Imperial War Museum

Lambeth Road

London

SE1 6HZ

IProctor@iwm.org.uk

The I.W.M. via Duxford has asked for our support and participation in the above scheme, and feel that we should respond in recognition of their past help and support. Thank you.

(Just for the silver surfers !)

THE STORY OF EVERY MAN!

When I was 14, I hoped that one day I would have a girlfriend.

When I was 16, I got a girlfriend, but there was no passion, so I decided I needed a passionate girl with a zest for life. In college, I dated a passionate girl, but she was too emotional. Everything was an emergency; she was a drama queen, cried all the time and threatened suicide.

So I decided I needed a girl with stability. When I was 25, I found a very stable girl, but she was boring.

She was totally predictable and never got excited about anything. Life became so dull that I decided I needed a girl with some excitement. When I was 28, I found an exciting girl, but I couldn't keep up with

her. She rushed from one thing to another, never settling on anything. She did mad, impetuous things and made me miserable as often as happy.. She was great fun initially and very energetic, but directionless. So I decided to find a girl with some real ambition.

When I turned 31, I found a smart, ambitious girl with her feet planted firmly on the ground and married her. She was so ambitious, that she divorced me and took everything I owned.

I am older and wiser now and am looking for a girl with big tits !



"Wake up. The cat's got your teeth."