



NEWSLETTER NEWSLETTER



JUNE 2010

www.olddux.org

Compiled by LARRY CROSS

Dear Members,
Here is the latest news – In Colour !

The Newsletter in colour has always been on my wish list but off the clock financially. Moreover, since a third of the membership now receive theirs by email, it seemed unfair to me that the 'others were still in black & white'. However, once again that unflagging powerhouse of an association secretary Anne Gange, who has the experience and also access to a well equipped office, volunteered to print the newsletter on a trial basis. The committee agreed to the idea especially as initial costings were less than those for out- printing in black & white.

So if all goes to plan it could be a regular feature and we, the committee feel sure that it will add to your overall enjoyment of the Newsletter.

On Saturday morning the weather was somewhat unsettled as we motored up to Duxford, yes this time I was pleased to have my co-pilot and radio operator with me.

On Sunday the 9th. May the weather was fair and the rain held off for our meeting.

An encouraging 57 members attended.

Also on that day, Anne Gange discovered that it was the birthday of a Mr M.C. Hope, Anne obtained a (large card) and secretly got the Red Lion regulars to sign it. Bob Scott then covered the meeting. The plan was to give a rousing chorus of 'Happy birthday dear Bo – ob,' but as the room was not licenced for music....music? a round of applause had to suffice.

As George & Kate had not returned from their NAAFI break a queue to pay entrance fees & subs had begun to form. Allan McRae leapt (back) into the breach and opened up shop, bringing a rare smile to his lips as the cash rolled in!

Bob opened the proceedings by thanking everyone for their cards and good wishes during his recent operation from which he is fully recovered.

Apologies from those unable to attend were then read and the minutes silence for those departed followed.

May being the anniversary of our inaugural meeting volunteers to form a new committee was asked for – nothing brings a meeting to order like asking for volunteers! Peter Gibbard, was first to put his hand up -- and proposed the present committee continued for another term, it was seconded by everyone else. Motion carried.' Mutiny!' muttered Bob.

Our secretary Anne Gange is heavily involved with special preparations for our Annual Dinner which this year will be on September 25th. In honour of the 70th. Anniversary of the Battle of Britain. Cost £30.p.p.

Anne is being very secretive about her plans and is being aided & abetted by our ex-sec Allan McRae and Ann Brinkley.

Please give the return of the Booking Forms - with cheques your best attention. Booking forms for the dinner are still available from members of the committee. The update of the membership register is ongoing and copies will be available ASAP.

Bob welcomed David Hearn, attending his first meeting, and Edward Britton who was proposed as an associate member. David was A/Fmech on 65Sqn whilst at Duxford. David later mentioned that in 1953, he and a 'gentleman' from 64sqn were selected to appear at the Queens

Coronation Parade and was seconded to Uxbridge for special drill which lasted about 4 weeks.

Before leaving David told me that amazingly the gentleman from 64Sqn was actually at the meeting and had made himself known to him. Unfortunately he didn't get his name so I would be grateful if Mr X would contact me, as I'm sure there could be a lot more mileage in this story.

Les Millgate gave an up to-date report on the Officer's mess situation. It appears to be in dire need of maintenance and restoration and with the I.W.M. in financial crisis it is a forlorn hope.

Strangely they are planning to close the Land Warfare Hall this October to save on heating & lighting, notwithstanding that most of the exhibits require a controlled environment!

The Red lion Regulars discovered the new hotel is well under way and could be completed by the end of this year. The owners have done a deal with Holiday Inns, so we will wait and see if our long term loyalty will still count for anything..the photograph shows the proximity of the new building to Whittlesford Station.



Photo by Peter Gibbard

St Dunstans as you all know do wonderful work for blind & partially blind ex-servicemen and women nationwide. Should anyone be considering a day trip to Brighton, an organised tour can be arranged through Tony Harbour who has connections with St Dunstans through the RAF Police association. Admission is free, however a small donation would be most welcome.
Ring Tony on 01273 302860

Once again the topic of the 'other' Social Event was raised, this time the ideas discussed seemed to be a little more positive. It deserves to get off the ground and should it happen it will be some time hence, as the Dinner for 2011 is programmed for May.

The Original Photograph of the final parade at Duxford 1961, kindly donated to us by Val Hodgkinson has been skilfully copied into four sections by Antony Hope.

As it links together it will enable us to display it at the meetings, the original being approx. a metre long. (40ins. to you)

For members who are collecting used postage stamps and sending them to the British Kidney *Patient* Association the address has changed

New Address. 3, The Windmills, St Mary's Close, Turk St. Alton. GU34 1EF Tel No. 01420 541424.

Final comments on the Closure of Duxford

When the airfield closed in October 1961, things soon started to go "downhill". The buildings were not looked after that well and locals came onto the field to do all sorts of things. Most popular was motorbike racing up and down the runway and then as a circuit, around the peri-track too. Bikes, cars, go-carts, everyone had a good time. The buildings were slowly vandalized and fell into disrepair. In 1967, a film company started to look for locations for the "Battle of Britain" film which was in its planning stages. Duxford fitted the bill and as we all know, the film was made here in 1968. I will not go into detail because it is so well known. A couple of years later in 1970 another film company appeared and a film called "The Runner" was made. In it, Frank Sinatra plays a spy of sorts and in one scene, is shown being chased around and through a lot of the buildings on the field, hangers and control tower included.

By 1972, the IWM was desperate for storage space and talks began with Cambridgeshire County Council and the MOD as to Duxford's future. Again, we all know the outcome. However, the original plan saw the ownership of all the building go to the IWM and the airfield to CCC. The crowd line is where ownership changes, but in 2007 the IWM bought the airfield from Cack for £1.3 million pounds So the whole site is now safe and has been classified as a National Heritage Site which means no building of houses! It is secure for ever, we hope.

Duxford Aviation Society was evolved from the East Anglian Aviation Society who originally came to DX to help the IWM with conservation on their aircraft. DAS came about because it was thought that a DX based and organized volunteer group would be better than one from Bassingbourn!!

The AMQs and the Officer's houses were used beyond 1961 by Army personnel based at Bassingbourn. But in 1975 that all came to an end as the MOD decided to sell off the whole lot. This was the first site of its type to be sold to the public. The houses were emptied and stood boarded up until 1982 when they were sold as a lot to a development company. They realigned the garden fences so that all the houses got bigger plots, made sure that all services were in good working order and then sold the freehold of each one. We bought ours in 1984 and have loved being here ever since. Now the remaining parts of MOD land have been built on, it has got a bit "crowded", but it is much better than town living. And you get to see Spitfires and all sorts nearly every day!

Airfield Focus is the first of a series and it is the history of Duxford, up until the IWM arrived. It is not sold in the Museum shop (shame) but it is available on-line and from the publisher or myself. *Andy Height*

Monday March 6th. 1961 (Local Press Report)

DUXFORD R.A.F. station, which, during the Battle of Britain was a key fighter station in the defence of East Anglia, closed down as a flying station today.

And as flying personnel began to move out the last fighter took off, piloted by Air Vice Marshal R. N. Bateson, the first man to land on the airfield's main runway, which came into operation in 1950. As he climbed into the cockpit, A.V.M. Bateson paused for a last look round. "This is a nostalgic trip" he said. "And a sad one."

A.V.M. Bateson, now the Air Officer, Commanding No. 12 Group Fighter Command, Horsham St. Faith, was officer commanding Duxford from 1950-52. He was not only the first airman to fly on the new runway — he drove one of the steamrollers that laid the runway).

The present station commander, Group Captain A. L. Winskill, also leaves the station today, to take up a new post at the Air Ministry.

More thoughts on Colours

Whilst 64 and 65 Sqn Standards were presented in 1960 they had been awarded some years previously.

The Standard of 65 Squadron was awarded by HM the Queen on 16 October 1957 and that of 64 Squadron on 30 July 1958. Standards for RAF Squadrons were first awarded by King George VI in 1943 and marked the 25th Anniversary of the RAF. They were awarded to 30 operational squadrons who met the criteria published in Air Ministry Order A.886 1943.

To qualify, a squadron had either to be of 25 years standing (including RFC or RNAS years) or to have earned the Monarch's appreciation through exceptionally outstanding operations and be operational. In the case of 64 and 65 Squadrons they met the criteria of age.

Why Standards and not Colours. The Standard is the embodiment of the Squadron and the symbol under which it fights. The presence of the Standard on parade or at a ceremony represents that of the squadron to which it belongs. The Colours on the other hand are the senior ceremonial flag in the RAF and "fly not only for the living but for all who have died...for the King." In 1947 King George VI granted Royal Colours to the RAF in the United Kingdom, The RAF College Cranwell and No 1 School of Technical Training (RAF Halton). Further Colours were later granted to RAF Commands overseas, the Central Flying School, the RAF Regiment and the RAF Auxiliary Air Force. The latter is known as the Sovereign's Colour to mark the special relationship the Queen has as Air Commodore in Chief of the RAF Auxiliary Air Force instead of the Queen's Colour. The first Colour, that of RAFC Cranwell was presented by the King on 6 July 1949. L.C *Courtesy R.A.F. A. H. Branch.*

Submitted by Stan Dell

This article is inspired by one submitted by Chris Baughan (Newsletter September 2008) Re: Operation Grapple the Atomic Explosion 19th June 1957.

On the sponsors wall in the new Airspace Hangar at Duxford is the name JOHN TAYLOR. He served for twelve years in the Royal Air Force but never at Duxford. He was however a frequent visitor to the Airshows. He was my friend and we often reminisced about our RAF days. He had told me that he had been on Christmas Island for the A bomb tests, but not a lot more. John became seriously ill with cancer in 1999 and during one of our frequent meetings I asked him if he would like to visit the Hendon and Duxford museums. We visited Hendon the following day and spent the entire morning around the museum with John in his wheelchair. At midday it was obvious that he was getting tired so I asked him to visit one more gallery before getting some lunch. How fortuitous that was, for as we turned the corner we were confronted by a "Valiant" in anti dazzle white. John became very animated and asked me to take him to the front where he identified it as his "aircraft" the one that he serviced and the one that dropped the bomb. I left him there for a while then took him for lunch, he was no longer tired and regaled me with stories of Christmas Island.

Sadly John became too ill to go to Duxford and died a few months later. His widow Veronica Taylor loaned me this letter that John had sent to his parents on the day of the bomb, it gives a strong sense of the excitement (and potential danger) of the event. The date also indicated that it was a later bomb than that witnessed by Chris Baughan.



4177590 SAC Taylor, J.
Tent No 15
Tech. Wing. Elec. Section
RAF Christmas Island BFPO 170
28. 4. 58

Dear Mum and Ray,

I'd thought I would wait and write to you when they had exploded the H Bomb, so that I could tell you all about it. Well they exploded it at 10.15 this morning, so you probably heard about it on the news. It was a 2.5 megaton bomb (equal to 2,500,000 tons of high explosive). They dropped it 25 miles off the South East point of the island, which is about 10 miles from where we were. We got down to the "safety area" at about 6.00am but because of cloud the Valiant carrying the bomb was delayed from taking off for an hour and a half. It took off at 9.45 and it flew over the dropping area 2 times and on the third run dropped the bomb.

Meanwhile, we on the ground, were lying on our stomachs and at 10.10 we were told to cover our eyes and over the loudspeaker the chap gave us the time X-5 mins, then at 10.14 he said X-1 and so on til X-5 secs to ZERO then there was an almighty great flash which you could see with your eyes closed and covered with your hands. Then you could feel the heat wave hit you in the back then we turned and had a look at the fireball. I have never seen such a fabulous sight in all my life. It was all colours. It must have been at least 2 miles in diameter. Then the blast hit us. I thought I was going to join the fireball. Then it was gone. So had the fireball and now we had the old mushroom. It was a wonderful sight. You can't describe it, I only wish I could have taken photos to show you. But you would have to see it yourself to appreciate it.

Three cheers - I received 3 lots of papers on Saturday also one letter. So I had something to read. It was good to read the ol' local again. I'll close now - write more local news over the weekend.



All my love and God Bless etc., etc.,

Chris Baughan passed away in March 2009.

EJECTION SEAT FLYING INCIDENT, 65 SQUADRON, JANUARY 1955.

By PETER GIBBARD

I enlisted in the RAF just before my 18th. Birthday in March '52. After the usual "square bashing" I was posted to R.A.F Kirkham for Technical Training as an Armament Mechanic (Guns).

After four months I "passed out" with a Certificate of Merit for displaying "Outstanding Ability".

In September '52 was posted to RAF. Duxford where I joined 65 Squadron.

The armoury section consisted of about 6 chaps under Sgt. Pountain. We were all proud to be part of a Fighter Squadron and I soon learned the specifics of working on Meteors, harmonizing guns to the gunsights, replacing "time expired" cartridges in the Martin Baker Ejection Seats and of course cleaning the guns by "rodding" with 4x2 (this is where we got the nickname of "Plumbers"). During air-firing there were the quick "Re Arms", loading heavy cases of 20-mill ammo tipped with coloured paint. (Each Pilot fired a different colour at a towed Drogue, the object was to keep score but Squadron Leader "Red" Evans always won, (it was alleged that he fired much closer than anyone else). As time went by I rose from A.C.1. To L.A.C then to S.A.C.

The next step came as a surprise - A.N. Other and myself were promoted to Corporal. The reason for this was due to typical service logic. There had been several accidents involving the removing of Ejection Seats during aircraft servicing, as a result this work could only be done outside. (This would prevent any further damage to hangar roofs).

There then followed an edict that seats could only be removed and serviced by someone of the rank of corporal or above consequently, we were promoted! In our case of course, the same people were doing the work (without any additional training) but because they were now corporals it was assumed that all would be well.

During Christmas 1954 I married Muriel a W.A.A.F. Bat-Woman (Off. Mess) at Duxford. (Although we were both only 20 we are still together 46 years later). We rented a cottage in the village until I was due to be demobbed in February 1955.

In January disaster struck.

THE ACCIDENT.

In January 1955 we were required to carry out a modification to all the aircraft on the squadron.

The modification involved removal of the Ejection Seat and it was decided to do the work on a particular day when flying was prevented due to the weather. The rest of the ground crew spent the day pushing aircraft in and out of the hangar for us to do the work. (I confess that my thoughts were more concerned with my recent marriage and imminent demob). At the end of the day we each signed a pile of aircraft F700's, attesting that the work was done and that the aircraft were once again "serviceable".

The next flying day we heard that an aircraft (and it's pilot) were in trouble. It appeared that the Ejection Seat had not been secured in the 'locked down' position. When the aircraft dived, the seat rose on it's rails causing the Drogue Gun to fire - as a result, a solid metal rod smashed through the cockpit canopy and was thrashing about on the end of it's nylon cord knocking holes in the airframe and wing. (I don't know if the altitude at the time caused any decompression problems) Each time the pilot imposed any negative "G" the seat started to ride up the rails with the danger of firing the Ejection Seat. I believe I remember hearing that another pilot led the aircraft back to make a very shallow approach and landing.

I was sent to meet the aircraft at the end of the runway, I climbed up and made the seat safe by inserting the "safety pin".the pilot climbed out and I got in to take the controls whilst it was towed back to the hangar.

I found that the seat was not locked down, the catch at the top with it's red "telltale" line could clearly be seen. I did try to push the seat down but there must have been something (probably an item of safety equipment) trapped under it. Returning to the Flight Office I found that the aircraft's F700 had already been impounded and was told that my signature was in it and that I would be held responsible.

From then on everything became a nightmare; I was put under open arrest while there was a "Summary of Evidence" for a Court-Martial. I was put on a "technical charge" which included the words "endangering a Pilot's life" and "causing £30,000 of damage to an aircraft".

During the days of waiting for the A.O.C. to make a decision I was co-opted into "stocktaking" in the Officer's Mess.

A mind numbing exercise, counting beds, cupboards etc. it all seemed so irrelevant and unimportant, eventually and word came through. Flight Sergeant Fleming came for me and told me the C.O. was to "deal summarily" with me and explained that this would mean no Court-Martial.

You can imagine my relief, I had to go before the C.O. for a "severe reprimand" but I knew that as soon as I came out I could collect my demob papers. G/Capt Rankin certainly put me through the wringer, even while he was telling me off! I was thinking, it's not my fault I'm too young for this responsibility (I was a very immature 20-year-old). Finally it was all over and within a day or two I was out. I now realize that the trauma of getting married, the new responsibilities of having to find a home and a job, probably diverted my attention from the job in hand. I believe that I must have subconsciously blocked these memories out of my mind; it is only recently, since being recruited into the "Old Dux" that I have thought about it. I feel so guilty about not even apologizing to the pilot concerned. I cannot even remember his name. I was; 4094569 Corporal P.A.GIBBARD.

Footnote

I would be pleased to hear from anyone who remembers the incident and can add any more details, especially the name of the pilot. I have since learned that he may have been an N.C.O.

Terry Chapman writes

On 14 January there was an item in the Daily Telegraph's 'Lives remembered' section (and a photo) about Group Captain Bertie Mann who died on 30 December 2009 aged 90. There was a brief summary of his career, but no mention of his stay at Duxford. I'm sure he was the Wg Cdr Admin when I was at Duxford in 1957/8. He was not the most popular of people and that's putting it mildly, but one shouldn't speak ill of the dead! Does anyone else remember him being at Duxford ?

Gordon the Rooster

Trevor, was in the fertilised egg business. He had several hundred young 'pullets' and eight or ten roosters, to fertilise the pullets' eggs. Trevor kept records and any rooster that didn't perform went into the soup pot and was replaced. That took an awful lot of his time so he bought a set of tiny bells and attached them to his roosters.

Each bell had a different tone so eventually Trevor could tell from a distance, which rooster was performing. Now he could sit on the porch and fill out an efficiency report simply by listening to the bells.

His favourite rooster was Gordon, and a very fine specimen he was too, but on this particular morning Trevor noticed Gordon's bell hadn't rung at all ! On investigation, he saw the other roosters were chasing pullets, bells-a-ringing. The pullets, hearing the roosters coming, would run for cover but to Trevor's amazement, Gordon had his bell in his beak, so it couldn't ring, he'd sneak up on a pullet, do the job and look for the next one.

Trevor was so proud of Gordon, he entered him into a London Exhibition and Gordon became an overnight sensation among the judges.

The Result

The judges not only awarded Gordon the No Bell Piece Prize but also the Pulletsurprise as well.

Clearly Gordon was a politician in the making: Who else but a politician could figure out how to win two of the most highly coveted awards on our planet by being the best at sneaking up on the populace and screwing them when they weren't paying attention.



Do you know of Pullitician called Gordon?

No wonder there's so much Crap going on in the Middle East!

Idle Thoughts from a Duxford Meteor Pilot in the 1950s

Rat and Terrier Exercises

We lucky pilots in the 1950s era, having been strapped into the cockpit and seen off, perhaps by one of our future Old Dux comrades, were sometimes destined to do "Rat and Terrier" training. I wonder how many of you loyal "strappers-in" knew quite what we were going to be doing during the hour or so that we were airborne - and away from your tender care?

Most of our flying was great fun, but "Rat and Terrier" exercises provided one of the very best ways to enjoy an hour of one's life! ("Now ,now, Bloggs, I **know** that there **are** better ways of spending an hour, but we must not digress!!") We usually were going off as "pairs" in these exercises, where we were low flying all over East Anglia (the so-called "Uxbridge One" low flying area) and we were simulating receiving guidance from the Royal Observer Corps as to where "hostile" aircraft were, allowing us to plot this information on our maps and position ourselves so as to achieve an interception of the "Enemy"!

One of the pair would act as the "Rat" and, after splitting from his colleague (the "Terrier") and achieving some separation before the interception commenced, he would start broadcasting on a pre-arranged frequency to allow the "Terrier" to intercept him. (Very often the "split" was pre-briefed - "you go north-east, I'll go south-east for about 5 minutes" sort of thing.) To complicate matters, "Rats" used to broadcast where they had been about 45 seconds previously, with an indication of which direction they were headed at that same time 45 seconds ago. Further broadcasts were made by the "Rat" every couple of minutes or so, using the same rules. We thus were simulating the receipt of the information on hostile aircraft which took about 45 seconds to get through the ROC reporting system before being broadcast for us by a ground controller.

With familiarity being gained of the low flying area, and the various vertical landmarks, allowing you to keep track of your route, it was not too difficult an exercise to decide an interception course to "cut off" the hostile raider and make an interception. Once you had spotted him on the skyline, you kept extra low yourself, in an effort not to be observed, before "gunsight/camera On" to obtain proof of your interception! (Apart from looking after his navigation, the "Rat" would always keep a sharp lookout all around - just as he would in a hostile environment!)



A quick call: "interception complete, I'll go south as "Rat" and start broadcasting in five", and the whole thing was repeated; possibly about four chases would be achieved in a sortie - with the last one deliberately back in the general direction of the base area - before a final join-up for the Run-in and Break over the runway. And you good trusting people back at base thought that we had been working for our living!!

"Stockholm"

I wonder how many of you realized that, during our training sorties, we often went to Stockholm? I can imagine some head-scratching here by you intelligent people - "Surely they wouldn't go all the way to Stockholm and back in one hour or so?" But we did! The clue here is that "our" Stockholm was a specified point in the air to where we marshalled ourselves in preparation for the let-down to base, guided by our worthy air traffic controllers.

This point was at 20,000 feet over the disused airfield at Knettishall, a few miles east of Thetford. This location is in a direct line back from the Duxford south-westerly runway and was at a convenient height and distance away to allow for a "straight-in" controlled descent and approach to land. This form of letdown was often used in marginal weather conditions when, perhaps, a stream of aircraft were returning (maybe as a result of a "weather recall") - it also saved time and fuel by avoiding the need to "home" to overhead the airfield before starting one's final letdown. (If we were, for example, involved in Rat and Terrier training or other low altitude activities, however, we would not climb to "Stockholm" but would return to be "fitted-in" by the ATC for our final approach to the airfield.) Similar systems, using different callsigns, were used at other fighter airfields. Soon after my arrival on the squadron we deployed to Coltishall, where separation from conflicting traffic into Horsham St Faith was achieved by using a "Colt North" marshalling point for returning Coltishall aircraft.

Those of you who were Acklington stalwarts ("Of Immortal Memory!") may recall that there was a small island off Amble, called Coquet Island - hence the "Coquet Let-down" used by controllers of returning Acklington aircraft at that time.

Smoke Rings Over Duxford

Who remembers seeing perfectly-formed smoke rings rising gently over Duxford in the 1950s - if so, what was the explanation for them?

I shall let you into the secret. It was your pilots "at play"! In the 65 pilots' crew room there was a large stove to keep the place warm and - like the similar ones in Nissen huts that most of you will be familiar with - it was possible to get this stove very hot, "with a good glow on!" Someone in the pilot fraternity had discovered that a half gallon or so of AVTAG, sealed in several layers of heavy duty plastic bags, when placed quickly into the top of this hot stove (heavy stove lid back on **very** rapidly!) would literally explode with a tremendous "thump" before firing up the long chimney the most exquisitely-formed large smoke ring, that rose slowly into the air for all observers to see - until it finally dissipated, often some minutes later in still wind conditions! And all this was going on while you trusting souls thought that we pilots were studying our cine films or preparing our next night-navigation sortie!!

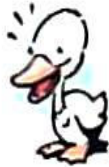
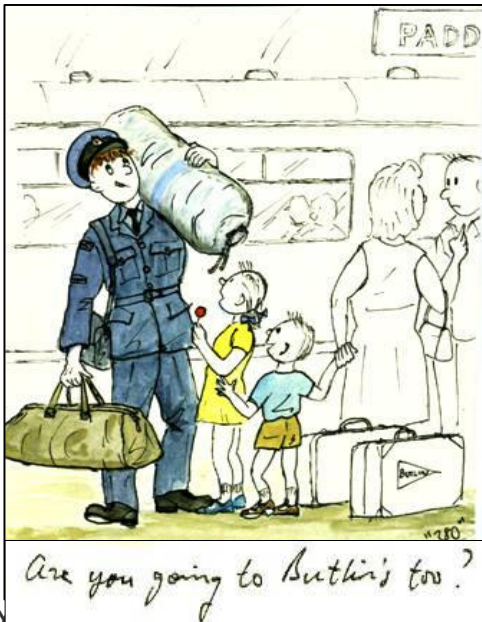
Mystery aircraft - sighted years before its time!

I believe sufficient years have now passed for me to tell you about the time that I and another pilot "came across" a strange aircraft over the fields of East Anglia. My logbook gives no clue as to the precise date - I believe it was in late-1955 or early-1956. As we were returning to base from the north-east, we spotted a strange-looking aircraft some way below; by the time we had got somewhere close to it, the aircraft was about to enter cloud. What we could say about it was that it was: a type we had not seen before; it seemed to be flying very slowly; was probably single-engined; we saw no markings on it - and it appeared to be flying towards the Lakenheath/Mildenhall complex! We didn't see that aircraft again, but we were concerned that it may have been a foreigner on some illicit mission! Accordingly, we put in a report of our sighting once we had returned to base. At Met Briefing on the next day, we were advised that the "mystery" aircraft was a "new aircraft operating from a USAF base that was being used to collect specialist meteorological information; the Wing Commander went on to say that we should give it a wide berth as it was very sensitive to turbulence; no further reports of sightings were required, and we should not speak about this aircraft to others."

It eventually became obvious to me that what happened that day was the random interception of an aircraft that was to become involved in World news some years afterwards: it was an early sighting of the then top secret U2 specialist reconnaissance aircraft!

"Vi et Armis"

A Hidden Talent was discovered at the May meeting. The cartoons by '380' will be a new feature in the Newsletter.



Know your Drill!

A Jamaican fireman came home one day and was explaining to his wife the new system that had been introduced at the fire station.

"When Bell One rings we puts on de jackets - on Bell Two we slides down de pole, on Bell Tree we jumps on the fire engine and we're away."

"So Honey, . I'm tinkin...when I get home at night we ought to give it a try .. eh! " like this.....

"When I rings de Bell you strips naked, on Bell Two you lies on de bed, and on Bell Tree we make love all night long."

The following evening he arrives home and says to his wife "O K honey, Bell One!.. so she dutifully strips off. " Bell Two!" and she lies on the bed. "Bell Tree!" he shrieks and dives off the wardrobe!..... After a few minutes his wife cries, "Bell Four, "Bell Four?" the husband yelled, "What de 'ells Bell Four

"More hose! - more hose! ..."Honey ,yo aint nowhere near de fire !"

Rye Bread

Two old guys, one 80 and one 87, were sitting on their usual park bench one morning.

The 87 year old had just finished his morning jog and wasn't even short of breath. The 80 year old was amazed at his friend's stamina and asked him what he did to have so much energy. The 87 year old said, 'Well, I eat rye bread every day. It keeps your energy level high and you'll have great stamina with the ladies.'

On the way home, the 80 year old stops at the bakery. As he was looking around, the lady asked if he needed any help. He asked, 'Do you have any rye bread?', 'Yes, she said, 'there's a whole shelf of it, what would you like?'

'I want 5 loaves.' She smiled, 'My goodness, 5 loaves... by the time you get to the 5th loaf, it'll be hard.'

'I can't believe it', he said, 'everybody in the world knows about this rubbish but me !

Submitted by Bob Hope

Progress

"When I were a lad, me mother would send me down t' corner shop wi' a shilling, and I'd come back wi' five pounds o' potatoes, two loaves o' bread, three pints o' milk, a pound o' cheese, a packet o' tea, an' 'alf a dozen eggs.

Yer can't do that nowadays..... too many bloody security cameras."

NO JOKE

A 75 Year Old Lady rings her local hospital and this conversation follows:...

'Hello I'd like some information on a patient, Mrs Tiptree. She was admitted last week with chest pains and I just want to know if her condition has deteriorated, stabilised or improved?'

'Do you know which ward she is in?'

'Yes, ward P bed 4b' 'I'll put you through. 'Hello, ward P, how can I help?' 'I would just like some information on a patient, Mrs Tiptree, I was wondering if her condition had deteriorated, stabilised or improved?'

'I'll just check her notes.... I'm pleased to say that Mrs Tiptree's conditioned has improved. She has regained her appetite, her temperature has steadied and after some routine checks tonight, she should be well enough to go home tomorrow.'

'Oh that's wonderful news, I'm so happy, thank you ever so much!'

'You seem very relieved, are you a close friend or relative?'

'No,..... I'm Mrs Tiptree in bed 4b. Nobody tells you sod - all in this place!'

submitted by Ian Swindale