



# NEWSLETTER



FEBRUARY 2012

[www.olddux.org](http://www.olddux.org)

Compiled by LARRY CROSS

Dear Members

Here we are again, happy as can be all good friends and jolly good company!' That tune has been bugging me for a week now - not entirely inappropriate as I sit here with a blank screen putting together the first newsletter of 2012. Sooner rather than later I say!

The booking form for our annual dinner in May is enclosed; giving everyone ample time to decide whether or not they can manage to attend the dinner this year. The one hundred and twenty members on email received theirs in January, and we have already taken quite a few bookings

A word about the booking form:

As you will see you have the option of staying at the Red Lion or the Holiday Inn at the same price. If you state your preference the room will be booked for you by Anne using her card. If you prefer to book the room yourself, mention that you are with the Old Dux Association and the room will be secured on Anne's card. Please indicate on the form that you have booked your own accommodation to avoid double booking. ... Got it?.... good !

**THE AGM ON SUNDAY 13TH.** will be held in the AirSpace hangar, classroom 3 at 13.00hrs.

If you plan to attend, please contact Bob on 01554 890520 with your car Reg.No. and number of passengers.

**Sooner rather than later I say !**

## AIR SHOWS

Sunday May 27<sup>th</sup>. Jubilee Air Show celebrating the Queen's Jubilee in style.

Saturday June 30<sup>th</sup>. Sunday July 1<sup>st</sup>. Flying Legends the very best of classic aircraft on display.

Saturday September the 8<sup>th</sup> and Sunday 9<sup>th</sup>

The Duxford Air Show the highlight of Duxford's flying events.

Sunday 14<sup>th</sup> October Autumn Air Show bringing to a close the air show season for 2012.

Anyone wishing to come along and assist on the stand contact Jim Garlinge on 01322 274245

## NOVEMBER 11<sup>TH</sup> REMEMBRANCE SUNDAY

IWM Duxford will be holding a special service of remembrance. Admission to the museum is free to all on the day. Take this opportunity to explore IWM Duxford on the day when all those who lost their lives on active service are remembered.

Perhaps if a group of members agreed to attend we could then lay our own wreath.

## CAR STICKERS

There are a few more available to anyone who would put them to good use, they don't necessarily have to be displayed in cars !

## GREAT NEWS ABOUT SUBSCRIPTIONS

Your committee has confirmed that for the seventeenth consecutive year subs will be held at £5. However please remember that they are payable on the 1st May, regardless of the date you joined. This is the last News Letter before that date and therefore the final reminder before May 1st.

To avoid the cost of sending out reminders (£20+ last year) and to assist the memory challenged like myself, you can make your treasurer a very happy man by sending him today, a post dated cheque payable on the 1st of May. I promise that no cheque will be banked prematurely. So do what the modern RAF does with its missiles. FIRE AND FORGET !!!

Thanks to you all. Stan

Send To Stan Dell,  
3 John Hampden Way  
Prestwood  
Bucks  
HP16 9DY Tel 01494 863428

## HISTORIC DUXFORD

The above exhibition is ongoing online with the daily blogs updating information and content. Carl and his team will shortly be going out and about hoping to obtain interviews from some of our members.

Initially they are trying to keep it fairly localized and are compiling a list from a cross section of trades including aircrew. Those selected will be contacted by Carl in due course.

If you have a story or ideas to contribute please don't hesitate to contact Carl on 01223 497986 or Sarah Russell on 01223 497264

## THE NEWSLETTER

I am delighted with the recent response from various members with regards to items for publishing and will always try to ensure that the items will be published. (eventually) Mike Scrivener (4Dist) made a point when sending his item recently saying "It seem to be all about the squadrons" That might well be true, but I can only print what is sent to me. I would really like to see more contributions from other sections and trades and indeed acknowledge that the squadrons could not have functioned or indeed existed on their own.

We were a great team – and still are !

So let me have stories from all you 'others'; WRAF's Cooks, Firefighters, Clerks /Accounts/Documents/ G.D., Police, Aircrew etc; etc;..... even officers wives !

I am already rubbing my hands at the prospect.

## OBITUARIES

Shirley Wickes November 2011 widow of the late Ron Wickes.

Dennis McCarthy December 2011  
64Sqn Elect/Section 1954 - 56

**Pete Gornall writes ....**

*I was in Air Traffic Control in 1953 at the tender age of 18 and it was the most exciting period I can remember being at the hub of the airfield surrounded by all the excitement. Having said that I have not yet seen any reference to the OC Flying W/Com Pete Wallace who had his initials painted in vivid orange on the rear (both sides) of his Meteor F8. He was a very flamboyant character who performed the most amazing aerobatics when he was returning usually late from some conference or other. He would suddenly appear over the boundary hedges and then go into a vertical climb before giving a display of aerobatics the like of which I have not seen since. His personal call sign was Mansard. On Coronation Day 2 June 1953 the Duxford wing supplied the Coronation fly-past. They all lined up with 64 squadron (Nourish) and 65 squadron (Placid) and then his very cultured voice called "Mansard wing rolling". The whole wing took off in immaculate formation. It was very momentous for me and has stuck in my mind ever since. This in itself is surprising because I had epilepsy some years ago which completely wiped out large chunks of my memory and I often wonder if I've just dreamed all this up. The factual bits such as the names of the squadrons, the OC Flying and whether Duxford provided the Coronation fly-past are easy enough to check. Whether my hero worship of W/C Pete Wallace is justified is obviously a matter of opinion.*

**A Cast-iron stomach?**

**by Les Millgate**

I don't know the date, I can't find it in my Logbook, but the memory of it is still vivid.

Sitting in the 64 Sqn. Crew Room, someone answered the phone, and called me over – "You can probably help." "I'm the Station Barber," explained the voice, "and I'm ringing to see if there's any chance of a flight." So I told him he was in luck – I was waiting to do an airtest on our two-seater Mark 7 Meteor, and if he could get to the Sqn. in 15 minutes, he could come along for the ride.

When he turned up, in reply to my questions, he told me he'd never flown before, and he would "love to do aerobatics." A bit of a quandary, this, because obviously a 'virgin' flyer might not take too well to aeros, so I explained I'd take it easy initially, and we'd see how it went. I made sure he was suitably equipped with the necessary in case it didn't go too well, dolled him up in a spare flying suit, found him a helmet, and out we went to the flightline.

Chatting away, he was a pleasant young lad, and was actually a barber in civvy life, and in a rare display of common-sense the RAF had given him this job for his National Service – and, yes, he was passionate about wanting to do aeros. At the aircraft I briefed him about the parachute (no bang seat in the 7!), a general briefing about the a/c, what we were going to do – and off we went.

He seemed quite happy, so I first tried a gentle Barrel Roll, positive G all the way round – "That was lovely, Sir, what was that called?" came from the back seat. Told him what it was called, decided he was OK with gentle aeros, so next did a loop, pulling minimum G – heard "That was lovely, Sir, what was that called?" again. Good, he was not feeling queasy, was enjoying it.

So – Slow Roll, same reaction, then a four-point Hesitation Roll, each time getting the same delighted reaction from the back. A Stall Turn to the left went well, and was received with the by now usual reaction – my passenger was thoroughly enjoying his first flight.

I knew this aircraft well: being the Sqn. Instrument Rating Examiner, I flew it frequently, annually renewing the pilots' Instrument Flying Ratings, so I knew the aircraft was somehow bent, and would not Stall Turn to the right.

Plenty of time to spare still, so I thought I would really try to get it to go to the right. Climbed up to 20,000 feet, accelerated in a shallow dive, pulled up into a vertical climb, and as the speed was dropping towards zero, hard right rudder, full throttle left engine, throttled back the right engine, and waited.

So did the aircraft.

By now we were stationary, hanging vertically in the air, nose pointing slightly right, but resolutely refusing to rotate further. The aircraft juddered, fell onto its back, and went into an inverted spin.

My first thought was "Goodness me!", or words to that effect. Second thought was "We've just been told not to spin the Meteor". Third thought was "Certainly not an inverted spin." I don't know if I was uttering soothing words to my passenger – if I was saying anything at all: just working hard to stop spinning. Whatever it was I did – I still don't know – it was successful: we came out of the inverted spin, but promptly flipped into a "normal" spin, right way up.

Now it was the standard spin recovery: stick hard forward, opposite rudder from spin direction, and Lo! and behold, ended up diving away, pulling out at about 10,000 feet. I was about to ask how my passenger was, when I heard – yes – "That was lovely, Sir, what was that called?"

Don't know what I answered: I should have replied "A complete cock-up" - we just flew back to Duxford, me still sweating slightly, trembling at the knees.

On the ground my cast-iron stomached passenger was profusely grateful for his first flight – with aerobatics – and went off to do his hair-cutting. .... I had a strong coffee in the crewroom!

Les Millgate

Great story Les, did you by chance ever give flying lessons to W/Co Wallace? Ed.

*This chapter about Duxford - and my experiences there in 1960-1961 - is extracted from an amateur autobiography written solely with my family, and extended family, in mind  
I have had to provide therefore some explanations not normally required by a readers with service backgrounds. This can make for somewhat laborious reading in parts.  
Secondly, it is not an account of any historical importance or accuracy - it contains personal reminiscences with some service humour thrown in. I treat my subject selfishly from a very junior pilot's perspective at the expense of talking about our groundcrews, for example, and I don't want to diminish or undervalue the enormous and essential contribution they made to 65 Squadron's operational role and status.*

Suffice to say here that my training, and gradual introduction to the operational roles of 65 Squadron, continued over many months, and I was able to carry out practice interceptions over the North Sea, conduct cine-gun ranging and tracking exercises, navigation exercises, low-level simulated attacks, air-to-air live firing, and air-to-ground live firing on Cowden range by September of 1960. I was particularly pleased with some improved air-to-air firing results compared to my Chivenor scores: I recorded 24%, 30%, 33%, 25%, 27%, and 29% during my first intensive weeks' firing - which certainly helped to improve my standing on the squadron. Even though I was the " junior pilot ", my contribution towards the operational status of 65 Squadron was steadily increasing. All this time, my experience was growing and I was beginning to appreciate what real service life was like: people worked hard and strived for the highest possible operational standards, whilst at the same time enjoying the richness and excitement of flying, and of course the camaraderie and fun of service social life. Service humour was attractive and infectious: there was always an amusing gloss put on everyday events either in the air or on the ground, and of course " black " humour saw people through bad times and unpleasant experiences. I recall a very bad ground incident one day on 65 Squadron: the armourers were arming up one of our Hunters with a load of 30mm cannon ammunition when, despite all the safety procedures, a few rounds were accidentally fired off in the designated 'safe' direction which was, in fact, directly across the airfield. One of the armourers had a couple of fingers and part of his hand torn off in this horrific accident, since he had had his hand over a gun port at the time, and obviously had to have immediate emergency treatment. But the cannon shells that had ripped across the airfield and runway, had just missed a Javelin which was completing its landing run; as this aircraft duly taxied past our squadron lines, the pilot and navigator opened up their cockpit canopy and waved white handkerchiefs tied to ends of navigation rulers at us ! It lightened a very dark moment, and was truly apt.

My Hillman coupé proved popular, and I was often joed to transport three or four others into Cambridge on nice days, with the hood down. This was a good way to 'spot totty' and for my friends to find girl friends from amongst the university population. There were no legal " drink and drive " restrictions in those days, and I am ashamed to say that many such outings involved the driver consuming almost as much alcohol as his passengers - fortunately without serious mishaps. This continued to be the case for many years - to consume two or three pints, sometimes four, and then to drive 'home' was quite normal and considered unremarkable. Just about everybody did it. How laws and fashions change.

Since this book is fundamentally about anecdotes and humour, I must recount some of the tales concerning Flying Officer Lyn Hadley, who was an attractively and very astute member of the WRAF, and a prominent member of the Mess community. Lyn worked in the Administration Department of Station Headquarters, whose ultimate boss was the 'Wing Commander Administration'. Lyn got on OK with him, it appears, but had a very tortuous and friction-filled relationship with his wife - who used to pester Lyn with petty and often time-consuming tasks by telephone from her Married Quarter - which Lyn resented. One day, in the " Cambridge Evening News ", Lyn spotted an advertisement for the vacant post of " Level Crossing Gate Keeper " for British Rail at Fen Ditton, just to the north of Cambridge, and with a mischievous glint in her eye applied for this post in the name of Mrs Wing Commander Admin., giving a full and fictitious history of level-crossing gate-keeping experience up and down the land. It was with great amusement for us to learn the following week that the rather pompous Mrs Wing Commander Admin. had received a letter offering her the post " in view of her outstanding experience ", that " the interview would be a formality only " and would she " kindly attend the offices at the Main Line Station in Cambridge for this interview and uniform fitting " ! Mrs Wing Commander strongly suspected who lay behind this entire saga, but could never prove it.

The Officer Commanding Flying Wing was a diminutive man called Wing Commander " Twinkle " Storey, whom everybody loved and respected. He and his wife were at the big reunion mentioned above, but I believe he died only a short while ago - possibly in 2010. He was a real character and a natural leader: he had that tremendous knack of being able to reprimand people when necessary in a manner which made them feel that they had let him down, and not make them feel angry about being called to book. I first made his acquaintance in the squadron coffee bar one morning shortly after arrival; there was a huge, violent explosion from outside the building which almost threw me to the ground, but which was largely ignored by the others around me at the time. Thinking there must have been some sort of gas leak and explosion, I volunteered this explanation but was puzzled by everybody else's indifference to what had caused this huge noise. It was Alan Love who explained that it was " just Twinkle Storey announcing his arrival in the squadron for a chat and a cup of coffee ". Apparently the wing commander had a large stock of great big " Thunderflashes " - very large fireworks used on Army training exercises - which he loved throwing around to startle people or when he wanted to make a dramatic entrance. Grinning from ear to ear, he came into the coffee bar and introduced himself to me, obviously pleased that he had frightened the living daylight out of 65's junior pilot ! A lovely man in every respect, and in my opinion, an excellent OC Flying.

In October 1960, 65 Squadron deployed to RAF Nicosia in Cyprus for two months, returning just before Christmas. This was only four years since the Suez Crisis of 1956, and the Near East was still smouldering from the abortive Anglo-French and Israeli attempts to seize back the Suez Canal from President Nasser. There were intense political and military repercussions in the area, and the Soviet Union was not slow to get involved and stoke up the situation as part of the Cold War.

The British Government had decided there was a need to have a strong military presence in Cyprus, and fighter squadrons were permanently deployed to the island to deter any aggression; the squadrons based in the UK took it in turns to deploy out there for two months at a stretch. As far as I recall, only the Hunter day-fighters were based at RAF Nicosia, and the all-weather Javelins, and later on Lightnings, were based under similar arrangements at RAF Akrotiri in the south, thus providing the 24-hour cover required. I flew out to Cyprus in the transport aircraft taking out all our groundcrew and stores, along with the other pilots unlucky enough not to be flying out in Hunters. I did return in the T7 with Dinger Bell, however, at the end of this, my first overseas deployment.

There was always great excitement about such detachments - this was as close to Operations as most pilots would come, and there was always the possibility of being actively engaged in hostilities. This was not something we feared; on the contrary, the squadron commander, flight commanders and pilots were always hoping that we would be engaged operationally: that was the Squadron's role and what we spent every day training for, and it would make a welcome change from routine training exercises over the North Sea. RAF Nicosia was a huge and beautifully laid out RAF station, but with rather primitive corrugated steel roofs to most buildings, which were rather hot inside as a result. The Mess was really nice, with flowers and trellises in abundance, and good food and facilities. We had to sleep in two or four-person rooms adjacent to the Mess and use the WCs - known as "thunderboxes" - located in separate blocks near to our quarters. It was fashionable and great fun to lob a large stone onto the roof of the thunderboxes when you spied a fellow pilot entering for his morning constitutional, though we drew the line when it was the squadron commander or the flight commanders! I ended up sharing a room with Jamie Adams, the RAF Duxford medical officer, who had been deployed with us for the detachment, though he proved less than useful when it came to hangover cures.

The detachment was a complete eye-opener for me, and a truly great experience. On the one hand there was the excitement of flying from a new base in the eastern Mediterranean, seeing how two fully-armed aircraft were permanently manned on a rota from dawn to dusk at the end of the runway - ready for a scramble in 30 seconds, and learning how the Radar Controllers on Mount Olympus in the Troodos Mountains coordinated our flying; and on the other, exploring the island at weekends when off duty in either Landrovers or hire cars, water-skiing at the beautiful Kyrenia Harbour on the north of the island, and eating out in the evenings in Nicosia occasionally as a change from the Mess.

We "worked hard and played hard" as the expression goes, and I found all aspects of life on a fighter squadron incredibly enjoyable and exciting. I was glad I had chosen this way of earning a living.

To be continued

**Ted Cawley's** newsletter has been returned to me, all the way from Oz. and was looking decidedly jet lagged, however I did hear that he had decided to 'come home' has anyone else heard anything?

**Anne Gange** tells me that more than 20 have already booked for the dinner, (no mention of her covert ongoing preparations).. it's looking good so don't be disappointed, get your order in.

Sooner rather than later I say!

### **Mike Scrivener ex 4District Remembers;**

*At Duxford in the 1950's there were two police sections, Station Police operating the guardroom and general security of the station, and 4 District Police Headquarters who were responsible for special criminal investigations through S.I.B. Section. There was a WRAF Police section operating town patrols and a Provost section carrying out town patrols over eastern England from Epping to Letchworth, Baldock, Peterborough, Kings Lynn, Norwich, Ipswich, Felixstowe, where we helped with the east coast floods of 1953, to Saffron Walden and Cambridge.*

*At that time service personnel travelled by train or overseas by ship. We checked railway stations, dance halls, cinemas and public houses at closing time. I personally served a detachment at Harwich docks with the Military Police. During that time also the accoutrements of war were being dismantled and I, along with other members of 4 District, escorted convoys from stations in our area, both English and American, carrying bombs and aircraft fuselages etc. 4 District had a detachment to Uxbridge to carry out duties in London for the Queen's Coronation. I personally carried out town patrols of Soho, a vastly different place to now, and some traffic direction.*

*We also carried out duties on Coronation day and I was on duty in Hyde Park which was then a Military encampment.*

*We as a district participated in a number of escape and evasion exercises. Air crew members would be deposited in a strange area and attempt to make their way back home. We had to stop them and it had to be as realistic as possible as though they had bailed out over foreign territory.*

*I, with some other members of 4 district, was also on duty the day Princess Margaret presented the colours to the apprentices at RAF Halton.*

### **Notices from around the world**

*Doctor's office in Rome .....Specialist in women and other diseases.*

*Nairobi restaurant.....Customers who find our waitresses rude ought to see the Manager.*

*Tokyo Bar .....Special Cocktails for ladies with nuts.*

*Cocktail Bar, Norway .....Ladies are requested not to have children in the bar.*

*Dry cleaners Bangkok ..... Drop your trousers here for the best results.*

*Lobby in Moscow hotel ..... You are welcome to visit the cemetery where famous Russian and Soviet Composers, Artists, and Writers are buried Daily except Thursday.*

## **MY CONFRONTATION WITH DOCTOR TANK**

by Barry (Biff) Haves

*There sadly aren't so many Old Dux members left now who had personal experience of the Service during the war, and many of us were children at the time. But even as children we could have known of the hostilities, during air-raids for instance, and a lot of us were evacuated when war broke out, which in itself could be a traumatic experience.*

*What, you will be wondering, has the eminent German aircraft designer Doctor Kurt Tank, a man of similar status to our own great Reginald Mitchell, to do with me - and especially, what was this confrontation?*

*The story begins on Sunday June 2nd 1940 when I, at the age of six, together with nearly fifty-thousand other children, was evacuated to the safety of the 'sticks' in one of 97 special trains - quite some operation. My home town, Great Yarmouth, was thought to be a likely target for attack and invasion, along with many other towns on the east and south coasts, as well as the prime target, London.*

*I have limited memory of the actual journey, which began, I remember, with an assembly in the school playground, and I also remember being taken by car to my final destination, in tears, but I cannot recall anything of the train journey in between. We have all seen those newsreels of children being evacuated, with their names on labels, carrying their gas-masks and clutching treasured teddy-bears; well I remember the gas-mask in its cardboard box but I didn't have a teddy-bear then, my favourite toy was a white dog which I called Rajah, the name of our family dog who was also white. But I couldn't have taken Rajah with me as I found him at home, together with my Rupert books, when we returned there in late 1942. But I did have a set of 'Dinky Toys' aircraft: Gloster Gladiators in their beautiful pre-war silver livery, which mum bought specially for me. Ironically at about that time the real Gloster Gladiators, in their wartime camouflage, were being shot out of the sky by the Luftwaffe ME 109s in Norway, another of the many examples of the Services not being given the right equipment by the politicians, which sadly continues to this day. (The PM recently assured the people of the Falklands that we would stand by them...after he'd got rid of the only means by which we could do that!)*

*My dad rejoined the army in December 1939, he'd been a regular soldier as a young man and did his nine years plus three on the reserve in the 1920s and early 1930s, and I remember him coming home in his No. 1 dress with bright buttons and the Britannia cap and collar badges of the Royal Norfolk Regiment before I was evacuated (I was proud to wear the Britannia cap-badge as an Army Cadet years later before I joined the RAF, but the politicians have destroyed so many of those fine old Regiments since then). But such symbols are frowned upon now we are 'Europeans', I understand, so Gordon Brown has got rid of Britannia on the coinage, and there has been no sign of Cameron wanting to replace her. Perhaps he would prefer to have Angela Merkel on the coinage instead!*

*According to my mother when that first air-raid alarm sounded, at 02.45hrs on September 4th, the day after the war started - a false alarm or practice as it turned out - my mother woke dad up with the cry of "They're here!" and he jumped out of bed still half asleep shouting: "Where are they?", ready to take on the full might of the Wehrmacht in his pyjamas. My mother, being of a nervous disposition, was permanently apprehensive, to put it mildly.*

*I had a happy time while evacuated, I lived with a family in a village near Newark, and as I was an only child it was great to have the two children to play with. However, it turned out I was there for less than a year. My dad, being an old soldier, was given training and admin duties and was initially posted to a military hospital in Leeds as Admin Sergeant.*

*Meanwhile the Germans had started bombing Yarmouth and other towns and my mother, being of a nervous disposition, was permanently apprehensive, to put it mildly. As also was poor Rajah, the dog (not my toy Rajah obviously) who was terrified of the noise of the bombing and anti-aircraft guns and had to be 'put to sleep', though I wasn't told at the time. So Dad rented 'digs' in Leeds, which had a relatively quiet war, and mother joined him, bringing me with her.*

*Subsequently dad had several postings, and we joined him in digs at Norwich, Gloucester and Slough - while he was at the Regimental Depot, Britannia Barracks, Norwich, they were raising another battalion to go out to Singapore, but he was posted to Records Office, Gloucester, instead. Many of those who went to Singapore didn't survive the years of captivity on the notorious Burma railway, so I was lucky in not losing my dad as many others did. But I did lose my dear uncle Victor, who was killed at sea serving in the Royal Naval Patrol Service, twenty-five years to the month after his father, my maternal grandfather, also named Victor, was killed in Flanders - and also wearing that Britannia cap badge. I never knew my paternal grandfather either, he died of wounds in 1919.*

*An event connected to the death of my uncle Victor had a profound effect on me for some time. Mother and I were living in the digs at Leeds, dad had been posted to Liverpool, and on one day a religious zealot came to our door and preached his gospel; I was too young to understand what he was saying and mother was too polite to tell him to get lost, but after he eventually went we both had a good laugh about him. It was then, in my memory the same day but I can't be sure if it was that exact day, that we received the telegram telling of Victor's death. In my juvenile mind I became convinced that God was punishing us for our disrespect to his emissary, and it was a long time before I realized that God doesn't work in that way, his ways are much too mysterious for us mere mortals to understand.*

To be continued.

## Are you a chocaholic ? .... No wonder !

Mr Cadbury met Miss Rowntree on a Double Decker.  
It was just After Eight.  
They got off at Quality Street.  
He asked her name. 'Polo, I'm the one with the hole'  
she said with a Wispa.  
'I'm Marathon , the one with the nuts' he replied.  
He touched her Cream Eggs, which was a Kinder Surprise for her.  
Then he slipped his hand into her Snickers, which made her Ripple. He fondled her Jelly Babies and she rubbed his Tic Tacs.  
Soon they were Heart Throbs.  
It was a Fab moment as she screamed in Turkish Delight.  
But, 3 days later, his Sherbet Dip started to itch..  
Turns out Miss Rowntree had been with Bertie Bassett and he had Allsorts

Contributed by Eileen Holloway  
via Mike Scrivener

## How Sad !

The day after his wife disappeared in a kayaking accident the man answered his door to find two grim-faced policemen "We're sorry Sir, but we have some information about your wife said one. "Tell me! Did you find her?" Cried the husband. The policemen looked at each other. One said, "We have some bad news, some good news, and some really great news. Fearing the worst, the ashen husband said, "Give me the bad news first." The policeman said, "I'm sorry to tell you, sir, but this morning we found your wife's body in the bay." Oh my God!" exclaimed the husband. Swallowing hard, then asked, "What's the good news?" He continued, "When we pulled her up, she had 12 twenty- five pound crabs and 6 good-size lobsters clinging to her." Stunned, the husband demanded, "If that's the good news, what's the great news?"

The policemen chorused, "We're going to pull her up again tomorrow."

Dear Madam,

Thank you for your recent order from our sex toys website.

You requested the large red vibrator as featured on our wall display. Kindly select another item, that happens to be our Fire Extinguisher.

Sincerely .....

## Annual dementia quiz,

Q1: You are a participant in a race. You overtake the second person. What position are you in?

.....Did you say the first ?

Wrong! ... if you overtake the second person and take their place, you are in second place!

Q 2: If you overtake the last person in the race, then you are.....?

answer: if you answered that you are second to last, then you are wrong again

` Tell me sunshine, how can you overtake the last person??

Q 3 :this involves some rather tricky arithmetic note: this must be done in your head only.

Take 1000 and add 40 to it. now add another 1000 now add 30. add another 1000. now add 20 .. add another 1000. now add 10. what is the total?

Did you get 5000? Check it with a calculator! the correct answer is actually 4100. not your day, is it?

Maybe you'll get the last question right . . . maybe

Q 4: Mary's father has five daughters: 1. Nana, 2. Nene, 3. Nini, 4. Nono, and 5. ??? What's the name of the fifth daughter?..... did you answer Nunu? Her name is Mary! read the question again!

A Chance to redeem yourself:

A mute person goes into a shop and wants to buy a toothbrush, by imitating the action of brushing his teeth he successfully expresses himself to the shopkeeper and the purchase is done.

Next, a blind man comes into the shop who wants to buy a pair of sunglasses; how does he indicate what he wants?

It's really very simple. ....He and asks for it

Submitted by Ian Swindale.

