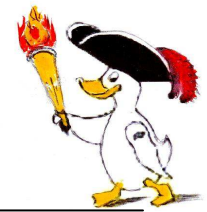




# NEWSLETTER



SEPTEMBER 2012 [www.olddux.org](http://www.olddux.org) Compiled by LARRY CROSS

Dear Members,

Hasn't it been a great year for the people of Great Britain? celebrating both the Queen's Jubilee and the 2012 Olympic Games in London.

All too soon the Olympic Games were over, Team GB did us proud, producing medal winning performances day after day. For two weeks, London became the centre of the world and didn't we do well, giving the whole nation a much needed lift, putting the Great back into Great Britain

But don't go away ! There's more: The Paralympics are now in progress These superhuman athletes are all set to do us proud with another barrow load of Gold, Silver and Bronze.

### Pre-meeting Buffet at The Red Lion

The committee will be there from 11.30 and all are welcome if only to have a wee drinkie and socialize. It would be helpful if Anne was advised that you wish to join us so that tables can be reserved.

A substantial carvery is available priced at £10.95 a six finger buffet is also available at the same price.

**Call Anne on 01844 352836**

### The October meeting will be held on Sunday 7<sup>th</sup>

In the Airspace Hangar, Learning Space1 as per usual, but this time commencing at 13.30hrs Please remember to give Bob your car Reg, No, and number of passengers if you are planning to attend. For the benefit of new members and those attending for the first time, access to the airfield is through the Guardroom Gate entrance.

**Contact Bob on 01554 890520**

### Remembrance Day Service at Duxford

It was decided at the last meeting that it would be fitting if a wreath was laid honouring the fallen on behalf of our association.

Bill Amos kindly offered to do the business, purchasing the wreath through his local Royal British Legion and will be presented at the meeting.

**Sunday November 11<sup>th</sup> is the only day in the year that admission to IWM Duxford is completely free!**

### New members

Keith Appleyard Signals Sqn, 1957 – 59  
Barrie Tams 64 Sqn 1958 - 58  
Ray Gilman 64 Sqn 1953 – 54  
Alan Garner 65 Sqn Radar Mech. 1960  
Willy Braun 43 Sqn. Elect/Mech  
Clive Davis MT Section 1954 – 57  
Donald J Wallace Gen/Mech. 1960 – 61 (Then posted to Wattisham: "Many of us would go back and stay at weekends for several months after being posted out .... until we were ordered not to".)

### Autumn Air Show

**The last one of the year will be on October 14th**

### Subscriptions

Our Treasurer Stan Dell writes:

Thanks to everyone who paid subscriptions on time, that is, by May 1st. Regrettably and inconveniently, by late July despite letters ,phone calls and emails, 38 were still outstanding. With help from committee members and a letter of final resort, we are now down to 9 non payers.

There are two aspects to this problem, every letter now costs a 50p stamp to collect £5, as well as the time taken in endlessly following up and we need the subscriptions to run the Association. One member who paid up last week joked that getting a fiver out of him was the equivalent of winning gold in the Olympics. Thanks, but it would mean more to us if we got it by May 1st!!!

The second aspect is that when we continue to get no response from old comrades, we become concerned. Have they moved away - is it through ill health - are they in care or a nursing home? How long should we wait before we reluctantly accept that perhaps they are no longer interested? This is where you the membership could help and list the following who have not as yet responded to our overtures.

Iris Emmer. Ron Gooding. Jim Keane.

Patrick Lawrence. Coila Myson. Peter Stewart.  
Keith Woodger. Denis McDonald. Sandy Mullen.

If you know or are in contact with any of the names mentioned would you kindly pass on our message and let us know the outcome because our members are important to us.

**Carl Warner** Exhibitions manager has said that the IWM would like all of the Old Dux to partake in the opening of the Historical Duxford Project in 2013; he plans to be at our October meeting to update us further.

### Deceased

John Gaitskill A.T.C. 1956

Ivor Pearce 56Sqn Driver 1946 – 47

Ted Fifield 56Sqn 1941

John Milne 19 Sqn. 1940

John was one of the first to join the association and some may remember that he once gave a very interesting talk on the History of Duxford. His family will be arranging a memorial service, date to be decided. Please let me know if you wish to attend Tel 01903 207056

### Doppelganger

The first Newsletter in colour was published in June 2010 and subsequently since, without too much bover, however, a major glitch occurred during the print run which seems to be unfixable. Apologies for the blue horizontal banding across pages 5 and 6 and trust it will not detract from your enjoyment. No probs for those on email of course.

**Julia Tanner, daughter of the late Sqn. Leader David Tanner DFC found a link to our website whilst searching for information on the Coronation Flypast in which her father took part in 1953.**

As ever Les Millgate took up the baton, his response follows below. He gives comprehensive details of the planning: details that probably very few of the ground crew would have been aware of, 60yrs on I find them most illuminating.

My name is Les Millgate (an Old Dux member), and I was a Pilot on 64 Sqn, the other Sqn at Duxford (DX), from 1952-55, and 1956-68, and I also flew in the Coronation Day Flypast. I remember Dave, but as I was on the other Sqn, had no close contact with him, but I'd see him in the Officer's Mess at mealtimes, and in the evening, but we tended to socialize within our own Sqn.

The Flypast was planned for 168 aircraft: 144 Meteor 8s (which Dave and I were flying), and 24 Sabres of the Royal Canadian Air Force. Each Sqn's aircraft were flying in box formation (one of the attached images shows it on the blackboard), 4 a/c in a diamond-shaped box, the 3 boxes in a vee - 12 a/c in all, a Sqn. 2 Sqn's made up a wing, one Sqn behind the other. The DX wing led the Flypast, with 65 Sqn in the lead, 64 behind. One of the 64 a/c was a two-seat Meteor 7, and we had a 'Flight' magazine photographer in that a/c, hence some of these photos. The group photo shows the blackboard with the layout of a Sqn (sorry it's 64 Sqn, not 65 with Dave: we had the photographer!).

The Flypast was planned to have the 7 wings fly South to North across the Mall in line abreast, and that's how we flew it in lots of rehearsals - it must have been quite a sight. I wonder if any film of a rehearsal exists? But the weather on Coronation Day was foul: we seem to specialise in that weather for our spectacles. It rained hard, low cloud, bumpy flying (was it bumpy! made close formation flying quite interesting . . .), so the 7 wings line abreast plan was dropped:

The Flypast, which was planned for when the newly crowned Queen arrived back at the palace, about midday, was postponed for a few hours, and took place about 5pm (from memory), and now with the wings in line astern, South to North across the Mall. And I can't find any footage of that, either.

There was a Coronation Review and Flypast for the Queen at Odiham in July 1953, and that is frequently confused with the Coronation Day Flypast.

DX is now part of the Imperial War Museum: I live only a few miles away, and am an IWM volunteer, among other things a Tour Guide in the Battle of Britain Hangar - incidentally, 65 Sqn's old Hangar.

At the moment there is no specific display for 65 and 64, but there is a Meteor 8 on display in Hangar 4, Bob Hangar, (photo), and in front of that is a large photo of 65 Sqn but definition is not good, and I doubt you'll pick out Dave.

There is also a 65 Sqn Hunter (1956-61) on display. But the Museum is planning a new display on the History of RAF DX, due to open in 2013, and that will, I think, have a lot of 65 and 64 Sqn. content.

I hope that answers your questions, Julia, please contact me if there is anything else you would like to know. *Les Millgate*



**Pilots of 64 Sqn** Standing: Brian Seaman, Charlie Spooner, Phil Moore, F/L Reggie Spiers F/L Tony Young, Pete Lovell, Tony Chambers & Johnny Heard. Kneeling: Ron Dick, Les Millgate, S/L Harry Bennett, Dickie Lord & Pud Holloway

.Footnote I remember Dave Tanner being on the Sqn and also that after the a/c were airborne the ground crew were allowed to view the flypast on T.V. in the Naafi. (Ed.)

**John Rogers author of Betty's Café Scrapbook Duxford 1929 – 1978...** is asking if anyone would like a CD Copy. Viability and cost will depend on numbers requested Contact John on 01462-731506

**Memories are not only about pictures but also about words.**

**John Rogers.**

In putting together this archive I have come across many stories, memories, call them what you will. Perhaps memories would be the ideal title. These Memories come from people who were thrown together for different reasons.

The earlier ones were from people who were far from home who had come to a strange country to help the British fight a war and no doubt wondered what the outcome would be. Sadly some of these would not return to their homeland and loved ones. It was the early 1940's

The later memories are from service men and women in the late 1940's, 1950's and early 1960's who were thrown together because of what we termed "The Cold War"

In both cases these very service men and women, American, Czech, Poles, British and others required space, some not all. A place to get away from military life, discuss personal problems, find a shoulder to cry on! In one case even knit. That was what Betty was so good at, through Betty's Café and as a bonus tea; cakes and good meals were in abundance.

## RAF Duxford 1954—57 by Clive Davis

Motor Transport Section: MT Officer Fit Lt Palmer assisted by WO Simmons.

Arriving at Duxford in April 1954 via Bridgenorth and Weeton I was duly collected from Whittlesford Station and taken to my new home where I stayed for almost three years.

Duxford then had 64 and 65 Squadrons based there with Meteor T7s and F8's and a Station Flight Spitfire. RAF personnel also included some WRAF and RAF Police.

My introduction to the MT Section was fantastic. My first view was a line of eight AEC 6-wheel Mammoth Major Refuellers (civilian style). Being an AEC fan from school days, to think that I was going to get to drive one of these, was a dream come true.

Life in MT was always varied and interesting there were so many different duties to carry out. If you were out of favour you got the pig farm run. Duxford had its own pig farm then. The Fordson Major tractor with a starting handle which could give a hefty kick was hitched to a wayward trailer by a metal ring and if you could reverse this between the gateposts of the Airman's and Officer's Mess, you could pretty well reverse anything with precision.

### Other Duties — Airfield

Towing aircraft out of the hangers and lining them up on the apron and also parking the aircraft in the hangers after flying was finished (quite an art). Refuelling aircraft in the daytime with occasional night flying which wasn't easy, you weren't allowed to use headlights and there were no floodlights over the apron. It was pitch black and as the aircraft only had navigation lights on — alertness was called for at all times. More night flying was done by 64 Squadron towards the end of the Meteor era with NF12's and NF14's whose extra long nose intruded into the back of the Land Rover when towing.

Exercises took place at various times throughout the year to test the UK's air power. These were Cold War days so we could be towing aircraft out at 3am to take part in these events.

We had three types of refueller at Duxford. The AEC's were excellent but didn't have power steering so with a full toad of fuel (2500 gallons) were hard work to drive round the tight corners on base. The second type was the articulated Fordson Phoenix high-pressure refuellers with a temperamental Ford-IO petrol engine in the back to work the pumping gear. The third was the smaller Bedford QL which carried high-octane aviation fuel for the Spitfire and similar aircraft.

### Other general duties

Driving Standard Vanguard pick-ups with seats in the rear and canvas tilts was the usual vehicle for collecting people from the railway station, taking personnel to the RAF hospital at Ely or in some cases Land Rovers were used.

Taking the Bedford truck to Greenwich in London with empty oxygen cylinders and returning with full replacements.

The Bedford coach was used extensively including transporting the Station cricket or football teams to neighbouring bases on Wednesday afternoons (compulsory sports participation!).

The MT Section had to be manned 24/7 so a rota of duty drivers was in place. We had to sleep in the MT office to be available for any emergencies with two people on duty all night.

During the early part of my first year I passed all the qualifying tests to drive the coach and operate both types of refueller meaning my driving license was upgraded to MTD(H). I was also promoted to CO's driver which I continued until I left the service. This meant some long days and late nights attending various functions. There was a real sense of pride driving that car with the RAF ensign flying on the bonnet.

One day we had a phone call from Air Traffic Control to say a Canberra bomber from Bassingbourn had made an emergency landing and run off the end of our runway onto the grass. I was given the job of towing the aircraft back on the runway. The David Brown tractor normally used for heavy towing was out of action so I arrived with towing arm and Land Rover. The pilot shouted down "You won't tow *this* with that!" Undaunted I connected the tow bar and the Land Rover dug in. I understood the pilot's concern — you had to be careful not to pull the nose wheel off. On my third attempt and with much clutch smoke, I gradually got the plane back onto the concrete. Bassingbourn had to send a refueller as our fuel wasn't suitable.

One beautiful summer's morning, about 5am, the whole camp was woken up by the scream of high-speed jets at roof top height, beating the airfield up. We thought WWII had started! It transpired that RAF Waterbeach had just re-equipped with the troublesome Supermarine Swift and wanted to show Duxford what a modern jet was all about. I'm sure the locals weren't impressed, I know our CO wasn't.

### Duxford's Open Day

I believe this was a rare event for Duxford but one took place during my time there. It involved a terrific amount of work to put on an event like this. On the day in question the crowds flocked in and most personnel were on duty. During the flying programme we had a call from the tower to say the Hunter had finished his display and needed refuelling to return to his home base. This task was allocated to me. We had never refuelled a Hunter before and this was a job for the high-pressure Phoenix. Fighting my way from the MT Section through the crowds wasn't easy but I duly got through the barriers and alongside the aircraft.

Compared to our Meteors the Hunter looked modern and fast, a beautiful aircraft. Pulling out the hose reels and making the connections to the aircraft I opened the pumps and watched the meter spin round. Being a few yards from the crowd, I was embarrassingly centre stage for a while. When the aircraft was full of fuel it automatically switched the pumps off. To my great relief it all went well.

### Sten Gun

MT drivers were issued with a Sten Gun when operating in hostile territories so we were trained to use one. It is a very primitive weapon being not much more than a piece of exhaust pipe with a firing mechanism. Thankfully, I never had to use one in self-defence. I tried to obtain my Marksman Badge whilst at Duxford. I got some good scores on the rifle and Bren Gun so I was sent to Bisley for the day to try for the badge. The outcome was, I missed by one point, quite a disappointment. ( Cont. over )

M.T. Section





## Visiting Refueller

One summer evening whilst on duty driver a refueller came into the MT Section, it was a Leyland Hippo six-wheeler, the RAF's latest refueller. The driver asked could he park up for the night so I pointed out a suitable place and asked him to leave me the keys. He hadn't parked in quite the right place so I just had to move it slightly (round the block!) This was a beauty to drive, power steering, superb engine and for a few moments my allegiance to AEC wavered slightly.



## **RAF Band**

On two occasions I had to collect in the coach, the band from Uxbridge to play at the Officer's Mess for the AOC's Inspection Day. Musicians just seem to love to play and we weren't long out of Uxbridge before the trumpets, trombones and saxophones came out and I was treated to a fantastic jam session all the way back to Duxford. On the return journey, way past midnight, the band having had some liquid refreshment, began playing again — somewhat noisier and more high-spirited than before. This happened on both occasions.

There were occasions when we had some long distance trips. I was given the task of collecting a Fordson Fire Tender from a Maintenance Unit near Kidderminster Worcs. On arrival and having been given the paperwork, I walked outside to be confronted by a 1930's 6-wheeled Fire Tender! There was no enclosed cab just a canvas roof attached by wires to the front wings, two mini windscreens and no side protection from the weather. (It should have been destined for a museum not Duxford). At the time the weather was fine, but after travelling a short distance it poured with rain and did so all the way back to camp. After several hours of a nightmare journey I drove into

the MT yard to present the vehicle to the MT Officer who stood open-mouthed unable to believe his eyes. Needless to say the vehicle was sent pronto to Ruddington, Notts for disposal.

Another time I went to an RAF MU at Fradley near Litchfield to collect a new Staff car. This proved to be an old black Austin 16 which had seen better days. After a short time, this also finished up at Ruddington.

One year both squadrons went on detachment to RAF Acklington Northumberland for three weeks whilst work was carried out at Duxford. Ground crew and regulars were dispatched for the journey to the North East. Civilian drivers operated the regulars most of the time, but one of them didn't want to go, so I asked if I could go in his place but because of other duties I was turned down. (I was very disappointed that the opportunity to drive the AEC on the open road had eluded me.)



CLIVE

On another occasion 65 Squadron was sent on detachment to RAF Wymeswold, Leics for a few weeks and I took some ground crew there in the Bedford coach. The runway there slopes slightly downhill and the aircraft flew straight over the top of what looked like a stately home. (I hope the Air Ministry had paid for some good sound proofing). (Nice introduction Clive - Ed.)

## **My Introduction to Gliding by Don Chappel**

It was a warm summer evening at Duxford in 1957 and I had been told by one of my colleagues that there was a gliding club on the airfield every Wednesday evening for those interested. I was very interested, so my colleague and I went across to the airfield to find out more.

As we arrived gliders were taking off and landing at short intervals, they were towed up to the required height by a motorised winch, parked on the ground at the other end of the airfield. This looked like great fun to me and wondered if I would have a chance to get a flight. Within a short while a pilot agreed to take me up, he briefed me about what would happen. We would take off; gain the necessary height, then release the towing hook.

The glider was tandem seated, where the student sat in the front, it was silver in colour with RAF roundels and assumed it was used for training. I was then strapped in and the pilot sat behind said he was a squadron pilot and was doing this in his spare time for fun.

Two other people lifted the wing tips up off the ground and the signal light from the ground winch indicated take up the slack on the tow line, the signal then flashed go.

We rumbled along the grass gathering speed, suddenly it was up, up and away at a very steep angle, and the rush of the wind beneath the glider was very noisy. The pilot then shouted to me to say that when he reached the required height he would drop the nose and release the towing hook. This would result in a bang beneath my seat and I was not to be concerned.

Unfortunately the full release height was not achieved because the tow cable suddenly snapped. The glider then started to fall backwards very quickly and I grabbed at anything I could, thinking this was it! Miraculously the pilot eventually got back control and we landed back safely. When the glider came to rest the pilot asked if I was ok and said that it was a nasty experience for me as well as him. He then said that he couldn't let this incident spoil my experience and suggested that we stayed strapped in whilst the cable was repaired and try again; but only if I felt up to it.

With the pilot's assurance that the next flight would be fine I hesitatingly agreed. The tow cable was repaired and off we went again for the second flight.

This time it was marvellous, just hanging on the air, feeling the rush of air and the creaking of the wings. The sun was now starting to go down and the pilot shouted to me that this would be the last flight of the evening and that he would be carrying out a hangar landing on the concrete apron where 65 squadron park during the day.

This was a wonderful experience as we approached the concrete very low and quick and when we touched down the nose wheel rumbled noisily under my seat. Then the pilot pushed the control column forward and large sparks flew up from the metal skid beneath the nose lighting up the surrounding area which was now getting close to dusk. We then came to rest and there was total silence. This was my introduction to gliding and it was an experience which I will never forget.

## Recollections from John Belcher

I have just read through my May issue of the Old Dux Newsletter which I look forward to with interest each ¼ and with some astonishment that the months go by so quickly.

The articles and memories written by John Lobley bring back many memories of my two visits on detachment on air firing to Cyprus, one for a few weeks, the second for 3 months, that being before I was posted to Aden To 233 squadron on Hercules "Pigs" after Avons in the Hunter.

His recollections highlight the separation of ground and aircrew activities during those days as that is what it was like at that time, and there does not seem as a consequence, to be much in the way of what went on with the lads on the ground.

We were all billeted in tents at 131 MU, I suspect generously donated by the brown jobs, and had to be ferried down to our dispersal by a 3 tonner each morning to maintain 24h "battle flights" for the standbys referred to by John.

There must be some who remember those days sharing a tent with four or six and in off time, the trips to Nicosia to get relatively plastered in a particular bar whose name I don't remember, the trips by taxi back to base? The trips to Larnica, Kyrenia for swimming, John Farrington taught me to swim!, the trip up Kyrenia mountain in a 3 tonner, armed, which was turned back for a reason I don't remember.

Don't pull the flush in the only flush lavatory available to us, in the Naafi; otherwise it was thunder boxes, in case it was sabotaged supposedly.

The careful removal of jet pipe and intake covers, though I never found one to be booby trapped, evidently!. Driving a six wheeled "Hippo" bowser to refuel returning a/c on turn round if the drivers were "too busy" and doing our own refuel highly illegally, fiddling the 700 when on turn round an auxiliary gearbox was found with the plug out and empty of oil to prevent a serious charge. Someone must remember all our drop tanks being plastered with 208 sqn. logo's one night and subsequently theirs with ours! I don't quite know who did it.

Guard duties, armed, and Brian Draper discharging his .303 into his foot!

Less exciting than the activities of the aircrew but none the less interesting to those of us in the lower echelons that had to be there to keep them flying!

The trip out and back in the Beverly via Orange, Tripoli, Malta and Cyprus and the time allegedly that the Beverly engine caught fire out of Malta and we had to return for another dreadful night in the depths of unmentionable areas of Valletta.

W/o Herring, a great guy if only I had realised it at the time, Sgt. Hollingsworth, Dinger Bell, Bob Hogan, "change your socks every day", he had some time in, Scouse Dulligan, a few names I remember now but there were many more. I should get the photos out and try to remember others who there.

Grand times for a lad still wet behind the ears who earned the name "ploughboy" on his arrival from Weeton, "fully trained" as an engine mech, to serve in ASF and then 65Sqn mainly on the flight line. Hey-Ho

I wonder if the pilot, strapped in, remembers when he exited the cockpit in double quick time at Duxford one day after the Avpin starter on his Hunter caught fire behind him, and left me to it on my own to cope? I got 3 days from Squadron Leader Maughan for putting it out.

Why? Because I stuffed my beret into the exhaust and held it there with sufficient presence of mind to put it out and prevent the a/c burning out, but in so doing I wilfully destroyed the Queens uniform. Now there's military justice?

Big learning curve when entering the wide world of militarism from a sleepy village in Hampshire!!

*Good story John, I remember Sgt. Hollingsworth being on the squadron 1952 – 55 (Ed.)*

## Memories from Gordon Marsh

I was posted to Duxford late 1957 as a Cpl./Gen Mech. I had just remustered from the trade of Cpl./Carpenter and was based in Ground Equipment I can't remember any names except one Cpl. Smith, a Scot and I knew the Sgt. i/c was also a Scot and was a member of Ecurie Ecosse Motoring club.

As you may know our job was to service all the ground equipment that was used to keep the aircraft flying, lifting jacks and slings etc. an all weather fighter but when it was raining they were grounded.

Sport was a big part of my life, I played football, cricket and also competed at athletics. It was through that I met Cpl. Swindale who coached me in Shot Putting and Discus. We used to compete together in Command Athletic Competitions, I wasn't very good but never finished in last position.

It was while I was playing in goal for the Station Soccer Team that I went down to make a save and hit my shoulder in the goal post which put me out of action for about six months.

I remember the London to Paris air race taking place whilst I was there and believe it was won by Sqn. Leader Maughan of 65Sqn.

When we went out we used to drink in the Red Lion Whittlesford, which reminds me of a funny incident.

My friend and I were friendly with two girls from the village, one of whom was the landlord's daughter. One afternoon she invited us to tea, boiled eggs and toast.

It turned out to be a disaster, she couldn't even boil water; we all know it is usually 3 minutes for an egg, she put 4 eggs in a pan for how long? ... 12 minutes! One can picture what they were like when they came out of the pan.

She even burnt the toast, obviously there were no more tea parties.

Apart from that little episode it was just work and play until I was posted to Aden in 1960.



## A question from the career placement test given applicants was:

*"Rearrange the letters P N E S I to spell out an important part of human body that is more useful when erect!"*

**Those who spelled spine became doctors, the rest of us went to the Police Academy.**

Submitted by *Richard Fry*



## Recollections from a new member Alan Garner

My time at Duxford (1960) was the last year of my four year service as radar/mech, I went in at age 17 and was out at 21. After 6 months training (Wilmslow then Yatesbury) I was posted to 390 MU (FEAF) RAF Seletar, Singapore.

I am told that Seletar was the best posting in the RAF, some will disagree but paradise is hard to beat even with the existing emergency situation.

During the glorious summer of 1960 at Duxford we had an exchange visit with a Danish Hunter Squadron (Hunter Mk.4s' I think). They were showing off as they landed two as a time on our runway. Then during their stay with us they experienced a much superior regime of safety at Duxford.

I remember the annoyance of the Danish pilots who after strapping in ready for take-off were refused to go by us ground crew because of the state of their tyres.

As I had a camp driving licence I remember many trips carrying main wheels to the tyre bay for repair. Not just for the Danes of course. At least on their return to Denmark their aircraft were in better condition especially the tyres.

On the subject of driving I used to enjoy towing our Hunters into the hanger after night flying, and would turn them round and reverse them into such tight parking positions (reversing was not allowed of course) but those in charge turned a blind eye.

Well, with a chap on each wing tip and one on the brakes what could possibly go wrong???

As you know many chaps were posted on from Duxford to other camps, but for me, I was demobbed from Duxford. I remember reluctantly walking through the gate for the last time leaving behind a wonderful 4 years of my life. But not before my demob party a day or two earlier at the Black Bull, Sawston (Indian cuisine now). The tradition was beer, beer and more beer. Many of the guys were there from 65 Sqd. including some officers. They lined up a row of irregular shaped tables with two rows of assorted chairs where every one sat with their pint.

Then from the word go the end two sank down their pint then put the empty glass upside down on their heads to signal their next team member to do the same and so on down the line in a frantic race to the end. As it was my farewell do I was well supplied with every kind of drink you can imagine and did not get to see the end of the evening.

I was at the urinals feeling terrible and some kind soul suggested I should bring it all up to feel better and re-join the celebrations, I said "it was difficult to do" he said "greasy bacon" and it instantly worked. Other sturdy chaps somehow conveyed me back to camp and into bed although I can't remember that bit.

Those were the days!

## British Humour from John Porter

These are classified ads, which were actually placed in U.K. Newspapers:

FOR SALE :

Complete set of Encyclopaedia Britannica, 45 volumes. Excellent condition, £200 or best offer.

Recently married, wife knows everything.

FREE YORKSHIRE TERRIER.

8 years old, Hateful little bastard. Bites!

FREE PUPPIES

1/2 Cocker Spaniel, 1/2 sneaky neighbour's dog.

FREE PUPPIES.

Mother a Kennel Club registered German Shepherd.

Father is a Super Dog, able to leap tall fences in a single bound.

COWS, CALVES: NEVER BRED.

Also 1 gay bull for sale.

JOINING NUDIST COLONY!

Must sell washer and dryer £100.

WEDDING DRESS FOR SALE.

Worn once by mistake. Call Stephanie.

I was interested to read in The Daily Telegraph, that a single snowdrop was recently auctioned for £700-00;

I shall, in future, treat our comrades in Four District RAF Police with due deference and no little respect.

*Ian Swindale*

A new Middle East crisis erupted last night as Dubai Television was refused permission to broadcast 'The Flintstones'. A spokesman for the channel said

... 'A claim was made that people in Dubai would not understand the humour, but we know for a fact that people in Abu Dhabi Do.'



## Celebrity Quotes

I had a rose named after me and I was very flattered. But I was not pleased to read the description in the catalogue: - 'No good in a bed, but fine against a wall.' - Eleanor Roosevelt

I don't feel old.... I don't feel anything until noon. Then it's time for my nap. - Bob Hope

I have never hated a man enough to give his diamonds back. - Zsa Zsa Gabor

Maybe it's true that life begins at fifty.. But everything else starts to wear out, fall out, or spread out.. - Phyllis Diller

**(Statement of the Century)** Due to current economic conditions the light at the end of the tunnel has been turned off