



FLASHPOINT



ROYAL AIR FORCE & DEFENCE FIRE SERVICES ASSOCIATION MAGAZINE

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Cover Photo

Nimrod crash RAF St Mawgan 1987

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Flashpoint Editorial SPRING 2018

Hope this Edition finds everyone well. The first thing I must do is apologise to my good friend Trevor Hayes for not crediting him on his story about Vulcan B2 XL353 in the last issue. I had the pleasure of meeting Trevor and his lovely wife Pat for a coffee in Richmond last month. Trevor gave me a telling off, all in good humour of course. I had a conversation with the past Editor Steve Silver Fox Harrison about the museum on Sunday and am deeply shocked and saddened that there seems to be little help and support from the RAF, MOD, DRO. There seems to be more support from the local councils in finding somewhere that the Museum can get a home. They are still looking for premises to either use as a museum or for secure storage of the vehicles until a permanent base can be found. I feel we need to foster a stronger link between the Association and the museum. We have such a rich history and our history of 75 years should be shared with the public. We are part of the Royal Air Forces 100-year history



and I know we are all proud of who we are so please guys lets pull together and give as much support to WO Steve Shirley and his team as we can. I am looking forward to the AGM and Reunion on the weekend of the 21st of September. I am guilty of never been to one, so it should be an eye opener. I just hope the old Reg behaves and keeps his manners at the AGM itself. Only joking of course. I'm looking forward to seeing many old friends and in particular the great Chiefy Yates and Anne. See you there guys, I will be the one in shorts and T-Shirt. Well, as for me I have been ever busy with Help for Hero's doing new challenges and getting fitter in the gym and getting out every day either walking in the fells at home or out on my Mountain Bike up the fells and trying not to injure myself for a change. I had the honour with my H4H mates to represent the UK in the first adaptive Highland Games at Mey Castle, Jon o Groats. It was a fantastic experience. It was us against a team of veterans from the US. The US team members were great and both teams supported and encouraged each other. No winners as we were all winners. However, I have to say that in the tug of war we pulled them over, ha ha. HRH the Prince of Wales was in attendance as it



was his late Grandmother that set up the Mey Games many years ago. He took the time to speak to both teams. Obviously, I asked how his Mum, Dad, Harry, William and his Grandkids were. He asked me what events I had taken part in and what I was doing next, more interestingly he said, "Very interesting tattoos on your legs". The photo of me and my new best buddy Charles, you will notice he is pointing at me. Now most that know me know that I am Curryaholic and some have tasted my curries and ended up in A&E with burnt stomach linings. Well i think we should have a caption competition on that photo, so answers to me please. Mine would be "Hey Reg, how you doing my old mucker. I still remember that curry you made me at RAF Benson, I was on the bog for a week". Anyway, enough waffle from me, enjoy this issue and stay safe and well. Ed !!

On a Wing and a Prayer

After a short deployment at RAF Bovingdon in 1959 I was posted to RAF Aird Uig on the Isle of Lewis in the Outer Hebrides. This was a quiet comfortable Early Warning Radar Station in the Cold War days. After 2 years and towards the end of my tour, I was told that I was to be posted to RAF Church Fenton. This so happened the week the RAF Chaplain paid his annual visit. The very kind gentleman said, "anyone going to the mainland can go in my aircraft from RAF Stornoway to RAF Bovingdon and get travel warrants to travel from Hemel Hempstead onwards". Not the type to miss a chance I cleared all my stuff and paperwork in hand I joined the Chaplain at Stornoway. There was only the Chaplain and ma on the Avro Anson. As we crossed the Minch the weather turned nasty and threw the aircraft around like a rag doll. We flew to Prestwick and landed there for a while. I mentioned to him that I was once stationed at Bovingdon and told him I remembered there being

a big orchard on the far side of the airfield. He replied, "that's my garden and the big house belongs to the RAF".

During my time at RAF Bovingdon I remember a large USAF Plane landing and parking close to the Orchard. We were given strict instructions not go near the aircraft and if it caught fire to leave it to burn. It was guarded by USAF Armed Police. I mentioned this to Ron Brown, he did say he wondered what was on that plane. I still wonder to this day that if it had blown up the Chaplain would have met the big man a lot sooner.

After the flight home and hitting that bad weather, I have the greatest admiration for the Crews in Coastal Command in those Avro Ansons. You can see why they say, "On a Wing and a Prayer". Brave men all of them.

*John Woodward
Member 113*

DEMISE OF VULCAN

Mk2 XM604 RAF COTTESMORE RUTLAND 30th JANUARY 1968.

RAF COTTESMORE supported a number of VULCAN Squadrons. The QRA, (quick readiness alert element) was placed to the east of AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL (ATC) and the FIRE SECTION, on the south side of the runway. The MAINTENANCE / ENGINEERING buildings, Hangers and the domestic area were to the west of ATC south of the RUNWAY. Most of the Squadron dispersals were to the north of the runway.

The day began in sunshine with high cloud, normal activities occurring around the station. I was allocated the task of Crash 4 driver for the shift, this would entail the task of WASH DOWN of FUEL Spillage on the A/C dispersal during REFUELING amongst other tasks.

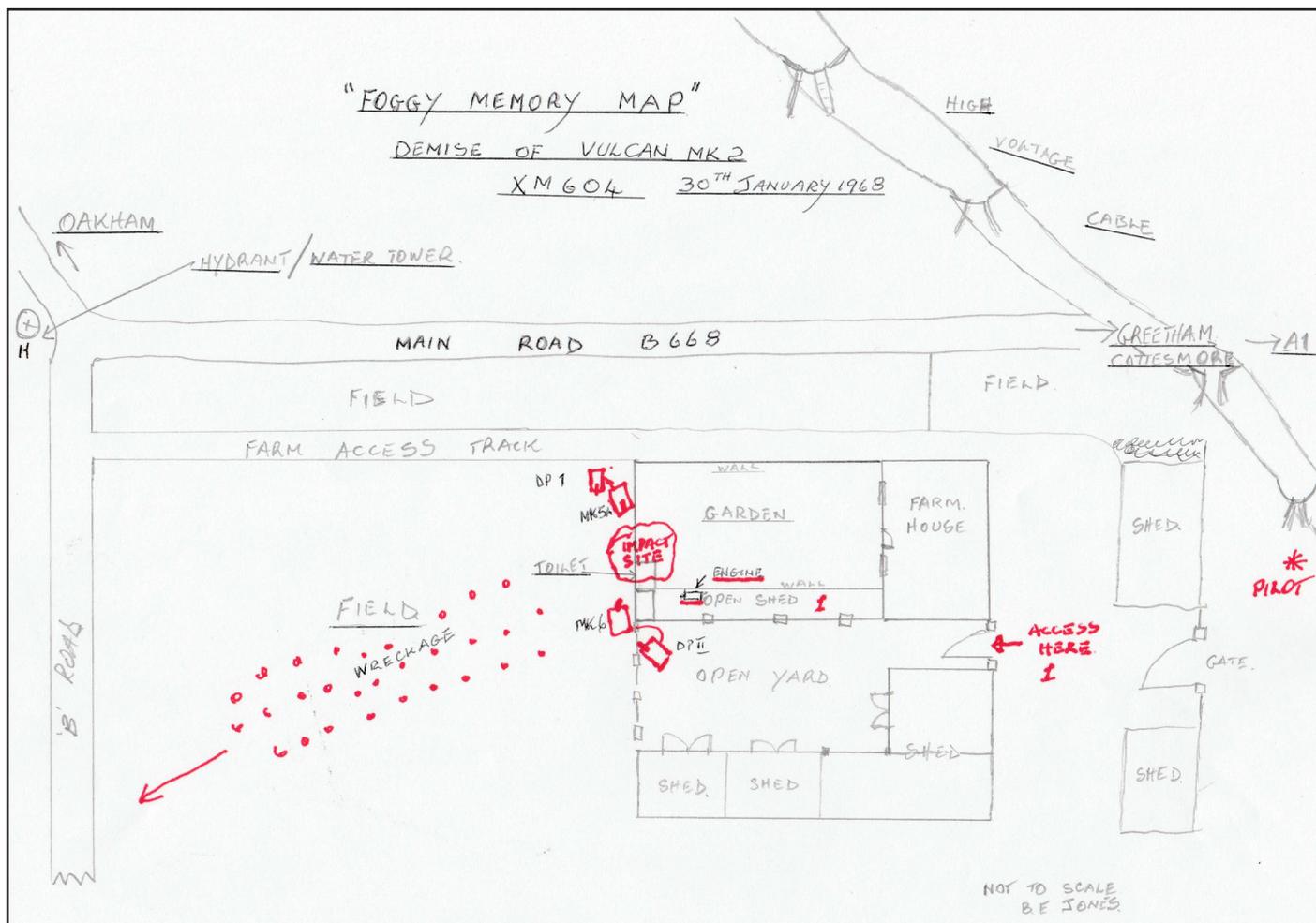
XM604 departed on its SORTIE fairly early in the morning, after about 30mins in the CREW made a (PAN) response, due to problems in the BOMB BAY, they cancelled the Sortie. Being too heavy to land decided to burn off fuel with training activities in the CIRCUIT. The FIRE

CREW were alerted to the situation from ATC via the Hadley BOX, (a direct line between both sections).

During this time a fuel spill wash down was requested in Squadron Dispersal, as I completed this task XM604 made an approach and pass over the airfield. On completion I returned to the Fire Section and replenished the vehicle with Water. Job done vehicle parked up I made my way into the Control Room and saw XM604 making another approach to the airfield. As I entered the control room door I heard a Double BANG above the sound of (4) passing OLYMPUS engines with an almost simultaneous sounding of the STATION CRASH ALARM and TANOY message. CRASH. CRASH. CRASH.

The CREW manned up and my task for the day was back-up the crash 2, Mk 6 foam tender. I cannot remember who the driver was but he must have had F1 training because I had difficulty keeping up, or it could have been the slipping clutch on the DP2. Following the smoke PLUME we exited the CAMP onto the B668 towards OAKHAM, I remember being held up behind a Morris Car, difficult to drive,

sound the BELL and negotiate traffic that did not seem to recognise an emergency Fire engine. I passed the CRASH SITE and near the Large WATER TOWER turned left where I could see CRASH 2 turning into the Farm track which gave direct access to the impact area. We Passed the Mk 5a already producing foam into the large hole, approximately 40ft across and nearly 20ft deep. Proceeding around the back of the FARM buildings,(see plan), I followed Crash 2 through a gate into an open yard to the side of the House. The shed to the right was open, those to the left were mixed, some open others closed. The Crash 2 crew began producing foam in support of Crash 3 and I had to replenish the 6 via a 4" hose to maintain their output. When I went to deploy the hose I found I could not open the lockers on both vehicles as the guards above the handles were depressed and a line was showing down the side of both trucks. Having resolved the problem and water was flowing I noticed a fire running through the rafters in the open shed, Marked 1, in the MAP, I deployed the FAHR (FIRST AID HOSE REEL). Crash 2 stopped production for an assessment of the impact area, so I



completed top-up, then went to work with the FAHR on the Fire in the shed. While engaged in this task I was approached by the FIRE OFFICER and asked why the 4" was off and why I was wasting water!!! The answer was a little TECHNICAL!?!? During my small diversion in the shed I noticed a hole in the wall through to the impact site, what caught my attention was the OLYMPUS ENGINE that was laying tight against the wall, inside the shed, with its intake flush with the hole!?!? DYNAMIC's of a crash site which would make sense to the investigators but puzzle me to this day.

Having made sure CRASH 2 was full of water I made-up ready to replenish with water at the nearest HYDRANT. I turned the vehicle around and proceeded through the gate (access 1) it was now I became aware of how the PROBLEM with the lockers had occurred. The weight of the vehicles on the ground at the base of the gate post had pulled the TOPS IN, hence the line down the side of both CRASH 2 and 4. Something else I learned that day.

The technical reason for the CRASH and the loss of 4 crew members has been mentioned in various reports, books and Pamphlets, only 2 crew survived the incident the pilot, although late in leaving the A/C was saved when his part deployed CHUTE became tangled in high voltage cables. He was able to release himself and drop to the ground. 33 thousand volts can JUMP 9ft!!! WHEWH

The sights seen that day and others after were quite dramatic and remain with me to this day! No counselling was received, get on with it was the NORM' in those days.

13 DAYS after the incident I walked into the MESS for SUPPER, on the hot plate was tea time left overs in the form of HUNGARIAN GOULASH. One view of this dish, (no dishonour to the Duty CHEFF) I graced the mess floor. A trip to the medical centre ascertained that DELAYED SHOCK was the cause. After a short period of observation I was released back to the arms of our Crew Commander KEN BURT.

PDS DH WHAT THE HELL IS THAT???

*BRIAN EDWARD JONES
Membership no 791*

Memories of Gutersloh

In reply to Steve Davey's letter in the last edition of Flashpoint regarding the fire demo this incident brings back memories for me.

The dignitary in question was none other than HRH Princess Ann, the scenario was that a Harrier was to do a low pass over the revetment where it was all to take place, at the same time armourers were to set off a small charge to ignite a fire in a large drip tray the fire tender a Mk9 would then drive forward and extinguish the fire. The crew of the Mk9 was Dave Vanstone (Driver) Ron Brown (Monitor Operator) and Fred Gillespie (Safety Man)

The demo went off well but then it started to unravel. As Steve said the Fire Officer decided to show off a bit and demonstrate what the vehicle would do and ordered us to produce on the move (water only) we were upwind of the official party and knew what would happen but what could we do orders are orders so Dave put it into gear and moved forward slowly whilst I elevated the monitor to maximum elevation and just let it rip. The last sight we had was all the dignitaries disappearing at a high rate of knots round the side of the revetment, I think they caught some of the spray before finding cover. We thought this was great but the dressing down we got off WO Morrell wasn't so good. I came in for particular wrath as I was on the monitor but as I pointed out we were ordered to do it and had to obey, alright I could have aimed away from them but it was too good an opportunity to miss. Maybe that's why I never got promotion. Happy days indeed.

Ron Brown Mem. 294

Skin Cancer and War Pensions

Men and women who have served in His/Her Majesty's Armed Forces and have developed a skin cancer, may well qualify for a lump sum payment or regular pension, if it is believed that the tumour arose as a result of excessive sun exposure during their period of service.

Persons who served overseas in hot sunny climates and have been given a confirmed diagnosis of a skin cancer are advised to enquire with the Veterans Agency.

You should ensure that you give your name, address, telephone number and service number and as much detail about your service as you can remember. Also, you will need to supply your National Insurance number

Try to keep a copy of your letter for future reference.

Contact:-

The Veterans Agency, Norcross, Thornton Cleveleys, Lancs, FY5 3WP

Telephone Helpline 0800 169 2277

E mail help@veteransagency.gsi.gov.uk

Website www.veteransagency.mod.uk

Further assistance can be sought from the Welfare Officer from your local Service Association (for example RAFA, RNA, SSAFA or Regimental Association) or the Royal British Legion.

You do NOT need to be a member to get assistance from such organisations.

Grenfell et al

Reg,

Thank you for the reprise publication on my old 2004 item on Gutersloh, Falklands and Oakington cat antics. I always contributed to station magazines; my best I suppose was Zeitung 47 the Gutersloh journal. I did aspire to become deputy editor to The Centurion the RAF Catterick magazine. All mentioned to recognise what the Editor job involves and your good work in spite of your recent poor health.

Now then, although specialists as RAF Firemen we are aware of the broader fire issues. Currently a Fire Officer of the LFB is being pilloried for the reasons why the Grenfell Tower was not evacuated and why were the occupants advised to stay in the flats. I think that implies that this decision was below his pay grade and he had not received appropriate training. I wondered how the occupants were to be told on the night? While serving I did the 2-week Fire Prevention course at RAF Manston. We learned about means of escape, travel distances, units of exit width, occupation density, fire and smoke stop doors etc. As simple FP trained RAF Firemen we would never be confronted with or imagine any situation like Grenfell.

The main route for access/egress in the Grenfell flats was the central "protected" staircase which would also serve as an escape route in fire. The means of protecting this stairwell were predicted on doors being closed at every flat entrance and landing to protect its integrity from the ingress of smoke and its passage up and down the enclosed stairwell.

Ostensibly had the fire/smoke in flat 16 been contained behind a closed door the integrity of the escape route would not have been compromised but this relies on the assumption that the fire could be contained in that one flat. The fire in the fridge/freezer of flat 16 had been dealt with but the kitchen window was open allowing the fire to ignite the outside cladding and spread upwards and sideways setting fire to other flats. A scenario never envisaged.

The building was fitted with a dry riser which was useless at the higher levels (volume and pressure) causing the Firemen to take hoses to other floors jamming open doors in the process allowing smoke through these putative barriers.

So a tragic series of unforeseen and unprepared events. As serving RAF personnel and Firemen we are continually aware of a potential serious fire in aircraft, bomb dumps, BFI's, hangars, workshops etc and because of self and corporate discipline of sentient and fit and able personnel to prevent and respond to and such potential disaster.

I don't suppose that multi ethnic and lingual occupants of public flats like Grenfell have any fire briefing in occupation? Would it have helped to decide your own action?

As FPNCO all reports from our inspections were acted upon where required. However, some of our recommendations had the wrong outcome. In RAFG circa 75 the Command Fire Officer asked FPNCO's at the various stations to make certificates for places of assembly, principally the number of occupants allowed at functions in various buildings considering the available

means of escape. It was rumoured that at RAF Laarbruch families club the Bingo was about to start when the FP Flight Sergeant who was present with wife and son halted proceedings to tell the Warrant Officer Chairman that there were 3 people too many in the club to meet the Fire Certificate. "Thank you, Flight," said the Warrant Officer. "You your wife and son can leave" Apparently at the same station the same FP man applying his basic Manston training specified a 4 hour fire door for the new RAF Regiment high value store, the story goes on to say the store burnt down but the door survived!

Tricky business this fire lark!

*Steve Davey 670
Lest ye forget or never knew. Ex WO
1953 to 1990*

Thanks for your kind words Steve. We never served together but you were at Catterick when I did my basic in 1982. Thanks again and take care, Reg Ed!!



From Chiefy Yates, Napalm the Cat Falkland Islands

Ghostly encounters or not!

I have not experienced that many unexplained incidents during my life time, and there may be perfectly reasonable explanations as to what these incidents actually were, but I will leave it up to the reader to decide

The following first two accounts may prove how certain lighting effects, objects and sounds could influence the way we perceive the world around us and in some cases affect our reasoning later on in life!

I recall as a young lad in the 1950's being brought up in a cottage in rural Lancashire, becoming totally freaked out, not by a ghost, but with a "rams head" (complete with horns!) that hung from my bedroom wall! It was a fine specimen, skillfully done by a taxidermist, with piercing glass eyes and this artifact looked directly down onto my bed space! Night time was really scary, especially when moonlight filtered through the thin curtains, and illuminated the head in a soft blue glow. The glass eyes glittered, seemingly to come to life, and as I peered over the blanket at it, the hairs on my neck would stand up! Needless to say, my mother decided that it was causing me too much distress and my father had to remove it from the bedroom wall, and give it away to some other unsuspecting person! Although this was not a supernatural encounter, it had made it feel so and to this day I do not like this kind of "trophy" displayed on walls!

Some years passed without any other creepy incidents, even when I was serving as a young fire fighter in the suburbs of Manchester. Occasionally we were asked to assist the attendant in the Borough Mortuary which was at that time adjacent to the Fire station at the side of the drill yard. This involved the manhandling of bodies on/off the examination table onto the trolley, before placing in refrigerator. This did not affect me or my crew mates, as it was just part of the job, and although the station building was old, near the ship canal, I never encountered any apparitions! However on leaving Manchester to join the RAF, things were about to change on the paranormal scene!

After basic and trade training, I was posted to RAF West Raynham in Norfolk, and soon settled into the routine duties at the fire section, which at the time was quite easy going with no aircraft operating from the airfield. One of my tasks was to do a routine check on all the fire extinguishers on the site, and many needed replacing

taking several weeks to complete, but at least I was out and about learning the topography of the station. (See "Eggshell finish" page 5 of Flashpoint –spring 2016)

At the end of one particular busy week during the summer, the SNCO called me into the office, handing over an inventory file, then instructing me to sign out a land rover from the MT flight, then drive to nearby RAF Bircham Newton to service a small number of fire extinguishers located there. Loading up the vehicle with spare extinguishers and tools, I set off through the picturesque Norfolk countryside to Bircham Newton. This airfield had played a defensive part in WW2, under Coastal command, but had closed not long after the war, and had been taken over by the Construction Industry Training Board, for the skills training of those entering the building trade. However, for some unknown reason the RAF had decided to hold onto several concrete/timber huts on the site, which had been kept in a good state of repair, and it was these that needed the fire extinguishers to be serviced. On arrival I collected the keys from security, and entered the huts, which were interconnected by covered passageways. The rooms which seemed to have been used as offices were completely empty, but in a clean state, so checking my inventory list, I commenced my task. By now it was mid morning and being a summer's day it was becoming warm and pleasant outside, but it began to feel colder in the rooms, and I had this feeling of being watched as I worked! I frequently glanced around, but there was nobody about as this was a quiet part of the site, especially on a Friday lunchtime when most of the trainees had left for the weekend. This unnatural feeling continued until the task was completed, and a final walk round discovered nothing untoward, in or outside the huts. Handing back the keys, and returning to West Raynham, I thought no more of this incident, until I came to read a book about haunted airfields some several years later, discovering that Bircham Newton was one of the most haunted in the UK.

There were many reports from trainees that they had observed a "RAF officer" watching them play squash from the court gallery above, and the sound of "marching" coming from the other side of the hangars, to just name but a few!

I wondered perhaps if I had experienced something paranormal that day, although

I did not observe anything conclusive, but could there have been a connection with the black farmyard cat that was killed, by running under the wheels of the land rover, on route to the airfield earlier in the day!

I experienced no other strange incidents while serving in Germany, or at my last posting at Strike Command HQ, before my discharge in the late 70's. Other RAF crewmates did tell me of some unusual experiences, but as I cannot determine if they are truthful or not, I shall leave it for them to make them known!

Unfortunately, I have very little to tell about my years spent working as a HGV fitter for a Dairy near Preston, and although I visited some quite remote farms along dark and creepy back lanes, nothing untoward was observed. There was a rumour going around the milk tanker drivers that some of them would not drive along a farm access track opposite Salmesbury Hall (near Preston) during the hours of near darkness. There had been sightings of a misty apparition, locally known has the "white lady" seen crossing the adjacent main road and track, causing motorists to swerve and brake harshly! I did occasionally travel along this haunted track, but never observed her, which was a disappointment as she was supposed to be very pretty!

When vehicle maintenance was contracted out at the dairy I was made redundant, but lucky to find work at a bus depot in Preston. The building was quite old, having been built in the late 1930's; with subsequent extensions as the bus fleet grew in size. With the site employing a considerable number of staff to the present day, there were quite a few interesting events that I was informed about in the following weeks after being taken on. In particular there was tragic incident in which a member of management had been discovered one early morning, having hanged himself from one of the roof beams in the main garage. It was believed that it was something to do with financial matters, but management kept a lid on it, so the truth was never revealed at the time, which occurred just after WW2. There had been a further two recent fatalities in the workshop (my place of work) involving a fitter who went missing one morning and was found dead, in one of the toilet cubicles. The other being an unfortunate labourer, who suffered a fatal heart attack while moving vehicle parts in the stores!

Although it was sad to hear about these events, I never thought for one minute that I was subsequently to experience some of the most unexplained events of my working life!

A few months into my job in the depot, a higher paid vacancy came up on shifts, so applied and was successful, starting my new Rota during a summer weekend of 1996. The evening shift ran from 1630 until midnight, and apart from the cleaning/refueling staff, it was usual to work alone in the workshop. I never had a problem with this, as sometimes I preferred the solitude with no distractions, enabling my tasks to be completed on time. However I soon noticed that the building's atmosphere changed as darkness fell, the lighting was not that brilliant but mainly localized, leaving numerous shadowy areas throughout the workshop. Although I could hear the movement of buses, and the distant voices of the cleaners in the adjacent garage, the workshop was relatively silent, with the odd creaks and groans that comes from old buildings together with hot bus engines cooling in the night air.

My tranquility however was to be brought to a sudden end one evening when I was well into my shift (2230 approx.) while working under a bus in the inspection pit, replacing a leaking brake chamber. By this time the depot was relatively peaceful, with most of the fleet cleaned, and parked in their designated lanes, with the remainder to arrive around midnight, at the end of my shift. Then I heard the access door from the garage open and close, with footsteps approaching the pit, I called out to whoever it was, but received no reply.

This "person" then proceeded to climb onto my bus, with their footsteps sounding on the gangway above and by this stage I decided to come up to find out what was going on, as I did not like cleaners anywhere near the cab, in case they inadvertently pressed the brake pedal while I had my hands around the brake chamber. It took just a few seconds to walk round to the front of the bus, and climb aboard, but to my complete surprise there was nobody to be seen, within the bus or in the vicinity! Having called out once again and met with complete silence, I went out into the depot to see if any of the cleaners had been in the workshop, to which I received a worrying negative reply! Thinking this might be an elaborate prank, I ran through

the incident in my mind, and could not come to a satisfactory conclusion that it was such. Nobody could have left that bus, getting away silently, before I came up out of the pit and with the main access doors closed to the garage, there was only one way out which was through the pedestrian access door, in full sight from the pit steps. So what occurred that night is unexplainable, but it never put me off the evening shifts, although I was to have some further chilling episodes on nights!

The feelings of being watched, and chilly temperatures in certain places, as experienced during my RAF service returned while having a brew one night in the workshop stores with the temperature suddenly plummeting, and an odd odour was noticed which did not occur at any other time! The upstairs locker room had a strange ambience too, with feelings of being closely observed, while I changed out of my work clothes before clocking off! Nobody else was ever around, as this room was solely for the use of the workshop staff, with the cleaners having their own facilities at the opposite end of the depot. Other fitters had noticed this unnerving sensation in the locker room, and my stepson who was also a shift fitter, would not use this room at all, leaving his overalls on his toolbox down in the workshop. On some evening shifts, he preferred to work up in the main garage, in the comforting company of the cleaning staff if tasks permitted, rather than being alone in the workshop!

Another unexplained "appearance" occurred while accompanied by a cleaner as I walked down the bus parking lanes back to the workshop (the main workshop doors were wide open, after driving out a bus). Approximately half way along the lanes, we observed what we assumed to be somebody in a blue boiler suit, carrying a watering can, cross the workshop in front of the doors, and pass behind some racking to where the antifreeze barrels were stored. Thinking it the shift fitter from our other depot in a neighbouring town, calling in to borrow some antifreeze, I shouted out to him. Receiving no reply, we went over to the barrels, and finding nobody there, searched the vicinity, subsequently finding no one around! On realizing this, we both freaked out a little as there was no other exit from the workshop, with the bottom main doors out of use (securely locked) and to get to the pedestrian access door, somebody would have had to pass in full

view in front of us! Needless to say the cleaner, who was a young lad, did not remain with Stagecoach, leaving not long after another incident where he thought he had spotted a "passenger" on board a parked coach one evening, again finding nobody to be seen!

My last unexplainable incident occurred again while on evening shift, but away from the depot, while driving a coach along the M6 motorway! During part way through my shift after darkness fell, I received a phone call that a returning National Express coach from Birmingham was experiencing electrical problems, and the driver had diverted into Knutsford services rather than risk continuing on to his next scheduled stop in Manchester. On further discussion with National Express operations centre staff, it was decided that the speediest remedy was for me to drive a spare coach to the services, allowing the driver and passengers to transfer, and then continue on to Manchester, with the least delay possible. So checking that the replacement coach was serviceable, I set off south down the M6 for what should have been a journey of around thirty minutes. All was going well until I reached the Thelwall viaduct, a very high bridge that spans the Manchester Ship Canal near Warrington. This part of the motorway is well illuminated by street lighting, but their wide positioning meant there are brief moments of alternating light and darkness, depending on the speed of the vehicle.

The coach saloon was not lit at the time, as I considered that with no passengers on board it wasn't necessary, so the interior was in semi darkness with some light filtering in from the lighting outside.

As the coach reached the centre of the bridge, I glanced in the interior rear view mirror, and in a brief flash of street lighting, saw what I thought to be a man sat directly behind me in a dark suit, wearing a typical northern cloth cap. Gasping somewhat, I looked again in the next brief flash of light from outside, but there was nobody there, and with racing heart, quickly switched on all the interior lighting! Luckily traffic was fairly light and the slight lane deviation I made while doing this went without incident! By the time I reached Knutsford services, I had calmed down a little, quickly checking the interior and finding nothing before handing over the coach to the waiting driver, so he could transfer his passengers aboard! The

fault on the coach was a low output from the alternator, so I drove it back steadily to Preston, trying to figure out what I had just seen on that viaduct. Some months later I mentioned this scary incident to one of our coach drivers who regularly drove that route to London, and he told me about the "phantom passenger" who has been seen several times on coaches that cross the viaduct, standing or sitting close to the entrance door!

The story relates to when motorway was first constructed in the 1960's, and one foggy winter's night, a coach returning with a working men's outing had to make a comfort stop and unfortunately the driver

did not realize that he was stopping on the hard shoulder on the viaduct's summit. All was going well with the rather inebriated passengers disembarking, to relieve themselves against what they thought was just a metal fence alongside a "field". Unfortunately one chap decided to vault over the fence and plummeted to his death, one hundred feet into the murky canal waters below! It is rumoured that the ghost of this unfortunate passenger is still attempting to make his way home and attempts to board a passing coach to be once again reunited with his family. A very sad story, which somehow I became involved in during the course of my work!

Summing up, I can honestly say that at the time of these encounters I was quite scared, but on further consideration, realize that these unexplainable happenings did not cause me harm, and no longer fear them anymore, considering them to be just part of life's experiences!

This is a truthful account, with the details as they happened to the best of my recall and knowledge.

Andy Gaskell

My Royal Air Force Journey 1953-1959

Jess Jessup

Ex-4137165Cpl-Jessup T.W. Aerodrome Fireman Driver

I joined the RAF in October 1953, on my 22-year engagement, after kitting out at RAF Cardington it was off to RAF West Kirby for 8 weeks square bashing, hut 12, Trenchard Squadron identified by a blue disc behind the cap badge. Then my life changed completely, it was hell on earth for me and thirty other sprogs until the magic day of pass-out parade when the DI's didn't seem bad blokes in the NAAFI that night with the usual booze up. Then it was off to RAF Sutton-on-Hull school of firefighting and crash rescue to train for my trade as aerodrome fireman, again there were 30 erks on course 146. When we arrived at the camp it was covered in deep snow, and after signing in at the guardroom, collecting bedding and finding our billet we were given shovels and brooms to shovel the snow and break the ice in the E.W.S. tanks, a typical core of new entrants. I enjoyed every minute at Sutton, learning all the basic rules of firefighting, wet and dry drills, trailer pump relays, the practical aircraft burn rescue where thick oil smoke and thunder flashes going off. Instructors were good and trained us well. Ask any "Sutton man" what was the scariest thing, it would be the escape tower, six storeys high where you had to climb out of the top window with the Davey Escape Harness around your arms. It worked on the principal that the heavier



Jess Jessup 1953

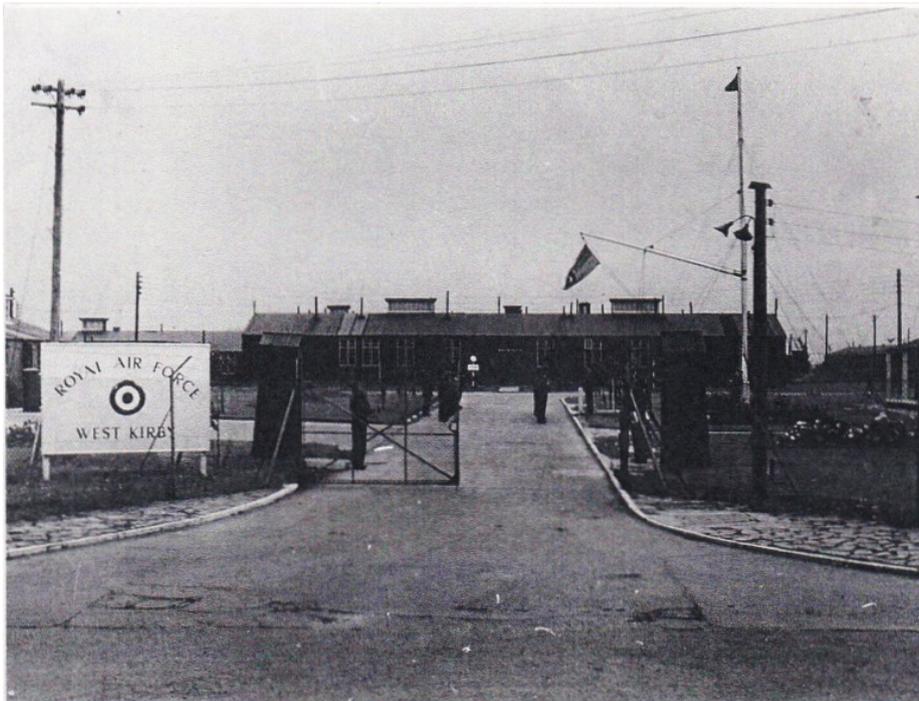
you were, the slower you went down. I was only 7 stone and went down quick.

We had weekly tests and practical exams until the final week when things got serious, with oral, written and practical examinations with the threat of either being back squaded or put in the General

Duties Trade if you failed, everyone swatted like mad, AP957 part 1 and 2 were our bibles, everyone in the billet seemed to be tying quick release knots, sheep shanks or bowline being tied and tied again, blokes were being carried in fireman's lifts and were being dragged along the floor as if in a smoke filled room.

On the final day we received our exam reports and everyone on "146" had passed and we were know proper Aerodrome Fireman AC1.W we also received our postings, I got RAF Wartling in Sussex, no one had heard of it, only that it was in Fighter Command 11 Group, but on checking the Blue Book in the Orderly Room it was a Radar Station. I was a bit disappointed as I wanted a flying station, but it did turn out that the camp did have a small landing strip from which the C.O. flew an Auster aircraft.

After a weeks leave I reported to the Guardroom at RAF Wartling after walking 5 miles from the local station, Cooden Beach in full marching order i.e. Kit-bag small and big packs of Ammo pouches to be told by the duty SP I should have rang for transport "thank you very much", I was then directed to the Fire Station which was on top of a hill where I could see an old K2 Domestic Fire Tender parked outside the section. Going into the section



RAF West Kirby Main Gate 1953

which consisted of a single storey building with a vehicle bay attached, inside I found sleeping accommodation, toilets, shower, small office, sitting in the office I found Sac Broughten. His first words were "I'm glad you're here I'm off to the NAAFI, you're in charge, if the Fire Bell rings come and find me". I think I lived in terror for 2 hours in case the blooming bell rung. In the accommodation I found 4 airmen who were on Fire Picket duties for a week who had no interest as they were National Service Radar Operators. The section I found out later was run by a Sergeant Mason and Sac Broughten and of course me as a trained new Fireman. Our Fire Tender was a wartime AustinK2 with a 15" ladder towing a Coventry Climax Trailer Pump which were both bulled to hell. Apart from the Domestic Site we had 4 other Radar sites on Pevensey Marshes, the personnel consisted of a mix of WAAF's and Airmen Radar Operators/Fighter Plotters, mainly National Servicemen. Being the new erk my main duties were checking Fire Extinguishers, checking Hydrants, Hose Cart Trolleys and painting Fire Extinguishers and Fire Buckets. I did spend a number of weeks posted to outer sites on a weekly basis, also Sgt Mason taught me to drive whilst going to these places and arranged with the MT Officer for a test in Eastbourne which gave the MT section an extra driver in emergencies, so

I was able to drive not only the Austin K2 Fire Tender but also the troop carriers for swimming parties at Pevensey Bay.

I know held 3 driving licenses, a civilian red, an RAF Permit to drive mechanical vehicles, cars and trucks up to 10 ton, any specialist fire tender and an airfield driving permit to drive on airfields. Also, an Airfield Driving Permit which evolved knowing any rights of way, not bad for an eighteen-year-old erk. ----- I still have my RAF permits.

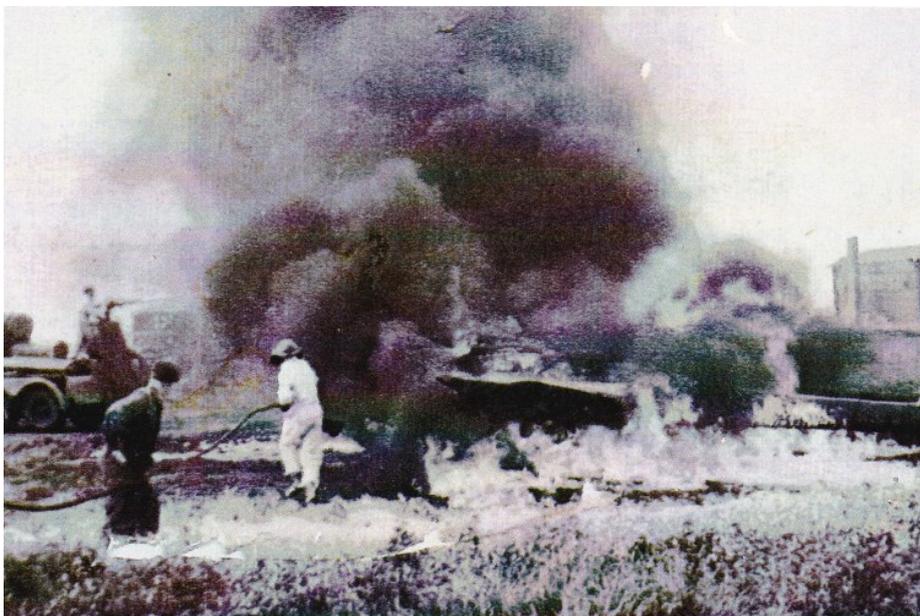
According to my F543(record of service), I was promoted to Lac on the 1st of July 1954 and quickly sewed on my props suitably dirtied to match my working blue, I was still anew boy and hadn't any fires to my credit but now opportunities arose for detachment to other stations. The first was to RAF Biggin Hill for the annual Battle of Britain Day where several firemen were posted in from 11 Group, I ended up in the wilds of Kent on a 45 Monitor Foam Tender and Crash Rescue Jeep. We were parked next to a G.P.O. telephone box which was our only communication with the airfield, no vehicle radios in them days, the local residents kept us in tea and sandwiches till we were finally stood down at 2000 hours then it was back to RAF Wartling. The 2nd was to RAF Rye another ch Radar Station, there were two sites, one operational and the other a small

domestic site consisting of 10 wooden huts built during the war. I was the only Fireman as the Cpl i/c had been posted away. My Fire Section was an office at the end of one of the billets consisting of a bed, a locker, a chair, a telephone and the usual "fire occurrence book" and copies of the AP 957. The rest of the billet was occupied by RAF Police, MT, MT Mechanics. Various other trades, camp running staff, Radar Operators/Plotters, WAAF's were in separate billets, about 30-50 airmen in total. My equipment consisted of 2 Hydrants, a Hose Cart with box containing standpipe, turnkey and 3 brass nozzles, with the usual Fire Extinguishers, Fire Buckets and not forgetting my "Bike, RAF, Airman for the use of" painted red of course. There was a brass Fire Bell at the entrance to the camp situated in the centre of the C.O.s small garden which had bulled which had to be bulled daily.

I had no detailed duties, so I kept a low profile, that was until the MT Sergeant found out I had an R.A.F. and Civilian driving license and asked me if could help out in emergencies and I said "Great yes I would as long as it was cleared by the C.O. which it was. So I was now driving the Standard Vanguard car and Bedford QL Lorry, at least I could ditch the bike. It started with short runs to and from the operational site about 5 miles away carrying Officers in the Vanguard and Airmen/WAAF's in the QL. I also did educational trips according to the R.A.F. Form 658(vehicle use form), i.e. trips to Pevensey Bay for swimming parties and a cinema in Rye, also collecting rations from the local farm for the cookhouse and Sergeants Mess. Fresh eggs, milk, bacon, various meats to supplement our supplies which came from RAF West Malling. What other camp would one be asked by the Duty WAAF Cook "what do you want for breakfast, dinner and tea". Discipline was there, beds were made up daily, Ensign raising in the morning and lowering at sunset, Wednesday was bull night but no parade or kit inspection, but I knew I was only on loan. Then on a fateful day I was told to report to the guardroom and there I found an Airman in best blue with kit bag and packs, the duty S.P. said "he's your replacement Jess" and all I could think of was "oh shit", there is also

a signal he said, you've to return to R.A.F. Wartling after handover, it turned out that my replacement was a National Service 'Station Fireman' trained at a Fire Station on basic Fire Fighting to release trained Aerodrome Firemen to Flying Stations. The last thing I did after signing out was to hand him the Red Bike as he couldn't drive, I said my goodbyes and got a lift back to R.A.F. Wartling. I later returned to R.A.F. Rye in 2006 and found it to be a craft centre and my old billet was storing cattle feed, nobody that I spoke to realised that it had been an R.A.F. Camp.

Back at R.A.F. Wartling Sergeant Mason and Tony Broughten were still there but with two extra bods, the new Station Firemen. Life went on as usual but with more drills with the K2 Fire Tender and Trailer Pump. The new C.O. was now using his aircraft twice a week so now we had to lay hoses from the trailer pump to the top field where we had our Foam Making Knap-Sack Tank and Branch. This was due to the fact that there had been a few minor incidents and the only fire cover was a couple of CO2 Fire Extinguishers. There were also flights by Senior Officers on inspection visits to the new underground Radar 'rota site'. We the Fire Section were also responsible for the windsock and signal square and the laying of the Goose Neck Flares in bad weather or take off and landings at dusk, this was accomplished by Sergeant Mason, me and two Station Firemen.



RAF Sutton Hull, practice Crash. Looks like a 45 monitor on the left

Just before Christmas 1954 I was informed that I was being posted to 2nd T.A.F. Germany that was confirmed by the SRO's/PRO's, so it was a quick blue clearance job visiting every section on the camp, leaving pay section and travel warrants till the end. Germany was a two and a half year tour for a regular but I did three due to the handover of my camp to the new German Luftwaffe and a shortage of trained Fireman Drivers in Germany. Germany was classed as a home posting with the advantage of duty free. I then went on a weeks leave.

Again according to my F543 I arrived at R.A.F. Buckerburg on the 6th of December 1954 by the usual way of Liverpool Street, Harwich, the Hook of Holland where our money was changed into "BASFS2", then on by Military Train to R.A.F. Goch, the Transit/Posting Centre for 2nd T.A.F. In the NAAFI that night I used my cigarette coupon to buy 200 cigarettes, it was 1 shilling for 20 king size Woodbines, in fact my usual smoke up to now was a packet of A1 Tobacco and a packet of green papers. The next day I was off to R.A.F Buckerburg on the Military Train for ventures new.

Jess Jessup 133

Jess was kind enough to send copies of his MT and Airfield driving permits which I will be on the rear cover of this issue. He also included a set of Precis from Sutton on Hull and a list of BEM's

RAF Binbrook

During my tenure at RAF Binbrook in the early 60's our only transport to either Grimsby or Louth was either taxi or bus so we were delighted when one of our new lads had car (Standard Vanguard).

After pestering him for some time he finally relented (more fool him!) so one Saturday evening off we went crumpet hunting to the Winter Gardens in Cleethorpes and after much drinking and merriment it was time to head for home, as our driver George Allen (Mk 6 driver) was legless he had to be helped into the car but we finally got going and started to weave our way back to base so as we approached the hill down to Binbrook village our intrepid driver missed the corner and went straight through hedge to someone's back garden and out the other side trailing a washing line someone in the backseat screamed "I don't want to die" (current member who shall be nameless).

However we got back to camp without further incident. In the morning and in the cold light of day we saw that the washing line was still attached with a pair of white knickers and a tyre mark along the whole part of the crutch (try explaining that to your Hubby!) funny enough we were never allowed to borrow the car again, what a spoilsport!

THIS IS A TRUE STORY ALL NAMES WITHHELD TO AVOID EMBARRASSMENT

Brian Jones mem 181

El Adem Picture Memories

Fred Bickham member 523 has sent in a collection of never before seen photographs so this page is dedicated to Fred and all he worked with him at RAF El Adem, thanks for your service and for the photos Fred, Ed



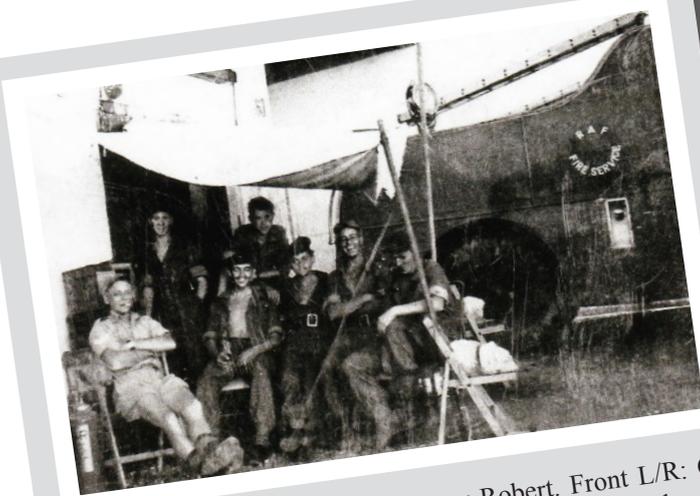
After training I did nearly 3 years at RAF Topcliffe, Yorkshire When it was Coastal Command. When the Neptune's went back to the USA it became Flying Training. I then put in for an overseas posting and got RAF El Adem and what a posting that was, sun, sea and sand.



Stan Readmen and Fred Bickham on a Bomb Trolley behind Crash 1. We took a load of rubbish out in the Dessert for a practice fire. When we went back it was gone so no fire.

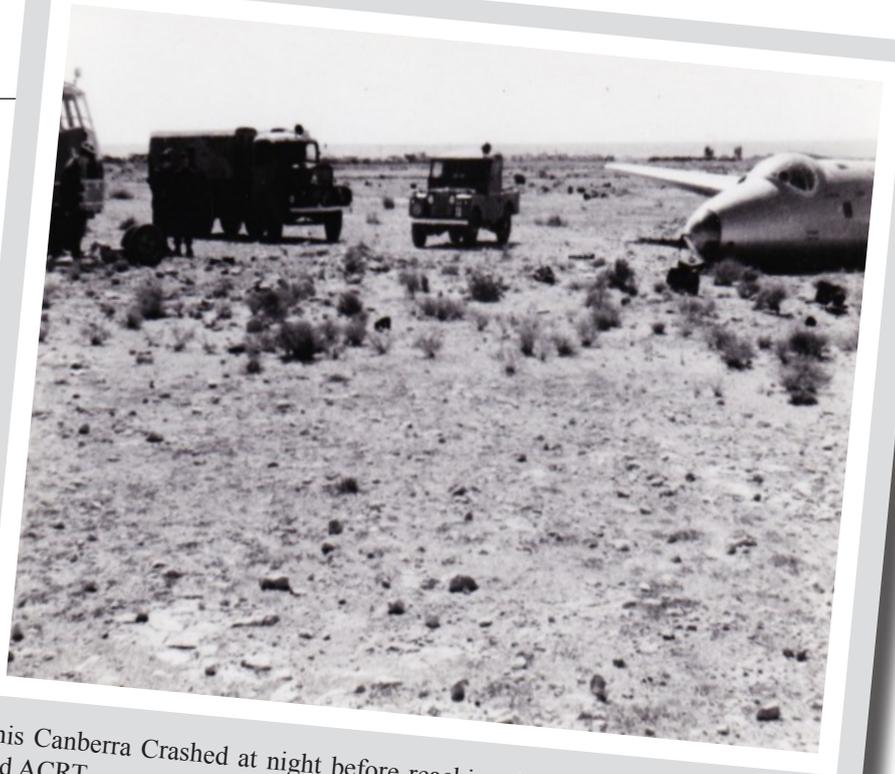


Ray Wright and Mooney Briers as The Donkey Drivers before we got the Mk5.



Back L/R: Malcolm Speed, Chopper Robert. Front L/R: Cpl Lancaster, Fred Bickham, Charlie Wratten, Roy Blackmore, Stan Readman. Would you ever fly again with this lot on Duty Crew (Ed)

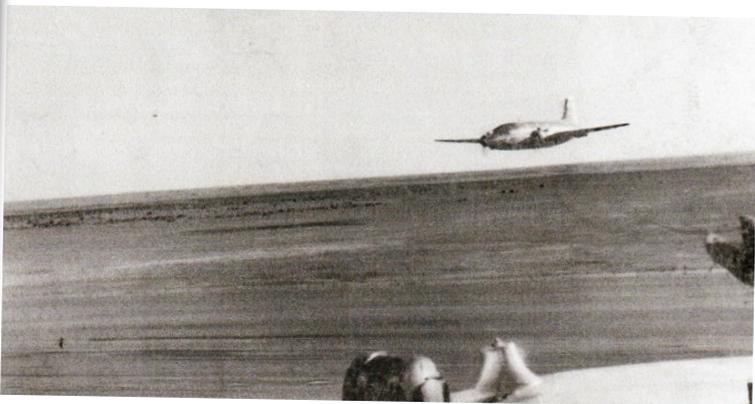
When landing



This Canberra Crashed at night before reaching the runway. Mk5, Gas Truck and ACRT.



Top L/R: Cpl Gallagher, Fred Bickham. Front L/R: Yorkie Senior, Shadow Girt, Pixie Pearson, R Clements and Charlie Wratten. Waiting for the NAAFI Wagon to come, the highlight of our day.



When this Viking of Eagle Airways took off from Bengazi it had a problem with its undercarriage. It still came to us and did a wheel's up landing on the Sand strip without catching fire. In the second picture you can see a DP1 and one of the lads putting his gloves on.

RAF Laarbruch Canberra Crash



Dennis McCann (who is my dad) asked me to do an article for Flashpoint. I was scratching my head wondering what I could contribute and I was reminded of a heated discussion over my garden fence a couple of years ago with my neighbour, who was telling me that an ejection seat cannot work on the ground, I said it could. Wanting to try and prove myself right, I got onto the internet, and one thing led to another, links to RAF aircraft crashes, then RAF aircraft crashes in Germany. I wondered if the Canberra crash dad told me about many years ago would be mentioned. So, with the help of the internet, BFBS TV, my memory from what dad told me back in the 70s and dads memory recently, I was able to put this true story together..

It was the 5th October 1971, when two Canberras from 16 Squadron took off from RAF Laarbruch in Germany on route to a routine practice bombing run at the German Nordhorn bombing range.

Just before 11am, when the aircraft were 13 miles from Laarbruch, Air traffic control at Laarbruch lost radar contact with one of the aircraft, number WT 366. ATC asked the accompanying Canberra for a situation report, that aircraft circled back and the crew could see a large plume of black smoke on the ground, at the village of Luttingen which is on the outskirts of Xanten town, beside the river Rhein.

On the ground the local primary and infants school children were enjoying outdoor playtime and villagers were going about their normal business. They could hear the Canberra approaching, loud and low level, many of them looked up to see the aircraft hurtling towards the school, just skimming over the top of houses. At what appeared to be the last moment, the aircraft flipped over upside down, thus

avoiding the schools, the crew now being unable to escape. Several German eye witnesses said they were sure the pilot did this on purpose in order to avoid hitting the school. The aircraft crashed in a field a few yards behind the school, exploding and disintegrating on impact.

At Laarbruch, ATC pressed the crash alarm and communicated the aircraft details and map reference to the fire section. Firemen were rapidly manning up their respective tenders, doors banging, engines bursting into life, station tannoy in the background informing the station of the incident. The information was passed to the crews, Crash ONE crew were already studying the map. The Crash Combine was immediately deployed. Crash One- a Landrover, Crash Two - a Mk 7 and Crash 3 - a DP2. Leaving behind another DP2 and Angus domestic to remain at Laarbruch.

Typical at the time on front line RAF NATO stations, fire tenders were painted dull green with a narrow yellow stripe around the vehicle body. The tenders set off, out of the main gate and onto the German roads, with not very effective two tone klaxtons sounding and even less effective faded blue lights in the centre of the roofs. What the German motorists must have thought of these strange looking and

strange coloured vehicles we shall never know, but on they sped. Dad was a Flt/Sgt at the time, he had been in his office when the alarm bell sounded and had jumped on the Mk7 which was driven by a German fireman. The convoy approached the very busy and fast B9 which had to be crossed. The German driver was quite happy to just charge across it, until he was told to take it easy for fear of causing a major vehicle pile up. On they sped. Some way behind them were two RAF Medical centre landrover ambulances which had also been scrambled and were rushing to the scene. Not knowing if a rescue would have to be performed and what condition the aircraft was in, the crash combine approached the scene which was blocked by several German cars, the drivers of which had abandoned them and were viewing the crash scene some distance away. The Crash ONE landrover could squeeze through but not the Mk7 and DP2. The gravity of the situation required all tenders to arrive at the crash site, so it was decided to risk a diplomatic incident and use the crash bar on the MK 7 to "gently" barge past the obstructing cars. Several became quite badly damaged. The German press were later critical but not a single car owner complained for fear of getting an obstruction fine from the German police.

The crash combine arrived at the scene. The Canberra had exploded on impact and wreckage was over a large area with some parts buried in the field. The German fire brigade were already on scene along with the German police, and the resulting fire was effectively out, with just random areas smoldering. A scene of devastation. After liaising with the German authorities, the crash crews assisted the medical centre staff in body recovery. Pilot F/O Keith "Sonny" Holmes and Navigator Flt./Lt.



Christopher W. King being killed. The scene was then handed over to the RAF police for security and scene preservation. The later RAF enquiry established engine failure as the cause of the crash followed by the aircraft stalling.

The villagers to this day have never forgotten this incident and they say the school children owe their lives to the brave aircrew who sacrificed themselves in order to save their schools. In October 2011, the villagers erected a memorial in honour of the aircrew near the site of the crash. This has a plaque on it, in German and English explaining the incident and the gratitude of the village. The ceremony was attended by many villagers, German police, a German band, and 16 Squadron RAF flag party. It

was broadcast on British forces TV.

In 2013, the pilot's sister, who lives in Canada, was doing her own research on the crash which killed her brother, and came across information of this memorial. She contacted the memorial organiser who still lives in the village and was a 6 year old at the school at the time of the crash. In 2015 she travelled from Canada to meet him at Luttingen (along with the two sisters of the navigator whom she had also traced). They visited the RAF museum at the now closed RAF Laarbruch and then went onto the memorial site, where a picture of the pilot and navigator were placed on the memorial. She said "The RAF never told us any details, apart from the aircraft had crashed and "Sonny" my brother, had been

killed, that's all we ever knew. We never realised he had saved the village school, it's a shame our parents have died and never knew this about my brother, they would have been so proud of him. I knew he would never have ejected and abandoned Chris (the navigator)".

Whilst researching this, I came across some black and white photographs of the crash scene, taken at the time and then, amazingly, I came across an 8MM cine film of the crash site, still smoldering, and as the camera panned round, there was the Landrover, Mk7, DP2 and the two green RAF ambulances. Just like dad had told me all those years ago.

Mystery Photo sent by Brian Jones

Any ideas send me an email



3" PHOSPHURE BRONZE SPLIT PIN.

What would make such an innocuous object so important!!!

A posting to Gibraltar 1977-79 for a Fireman started my association with this simple yet very important item.

Military exercises in the Mediterranean Area, often during April/May, involved RAF/ NAVY and NATO Aircraft.

The airfield in Gibraltar played a roll for all aircraft deployed as either a base or maintenance/repair. In the event of an emergency i.e. shortage of fuel, damage, no DECK landing available, the short Runway, was provided with an emergency STOP facility.

On board ship a cable is attached across the deck for the fast jet hook to engage, The Arrester wire.

Most land bases have RHAG, Rotary Hydraulic Arrester Gear, this has a tank of liquid on either side of the runway and a drum holding a long strop with a number of paddles attached to the connecting shaft, and a cable connects the two. When extended at speed the paddles spin and the inertia generated slows the engaged aircraft. Brief description of action.

The runway at Gibraltar is mostly on

reclaimed land from the sea, to sink any metal required for RHAG would lead to rapid failure, RUST.

The alternative has been 60ton of heavy link anchor chain arranged on either side of the Runway, 30 ton per side, commencing with single strand then increased to double. Connecting the link strands is a cable fixed with THE 3" PHOSPHOR BRONZE SPLIT PIN.

The weather now plays an important part in this activity as to which END has to be RIGGED. Often changing ends many times a day or even an hour. The man power required for the process was 4 with a tractor. Much of the TEAM staff were VOLUNTEERS from the Navy, ship born staff that were available during a ship docked for maintenance. These were often delivered by NAVY transport with pins that were unsure if sea legs or the local high % liquid was having an influence!!! it seemed to dull the sensory activities and induce sleep.

One method I used to alert the team for an impending activity was to deploy the ACTIVE bird scaring unit, in the shape of a GAS OPERATED GUN, quite loud close too!!!! The result of which could generate a rapid response to ARMS or

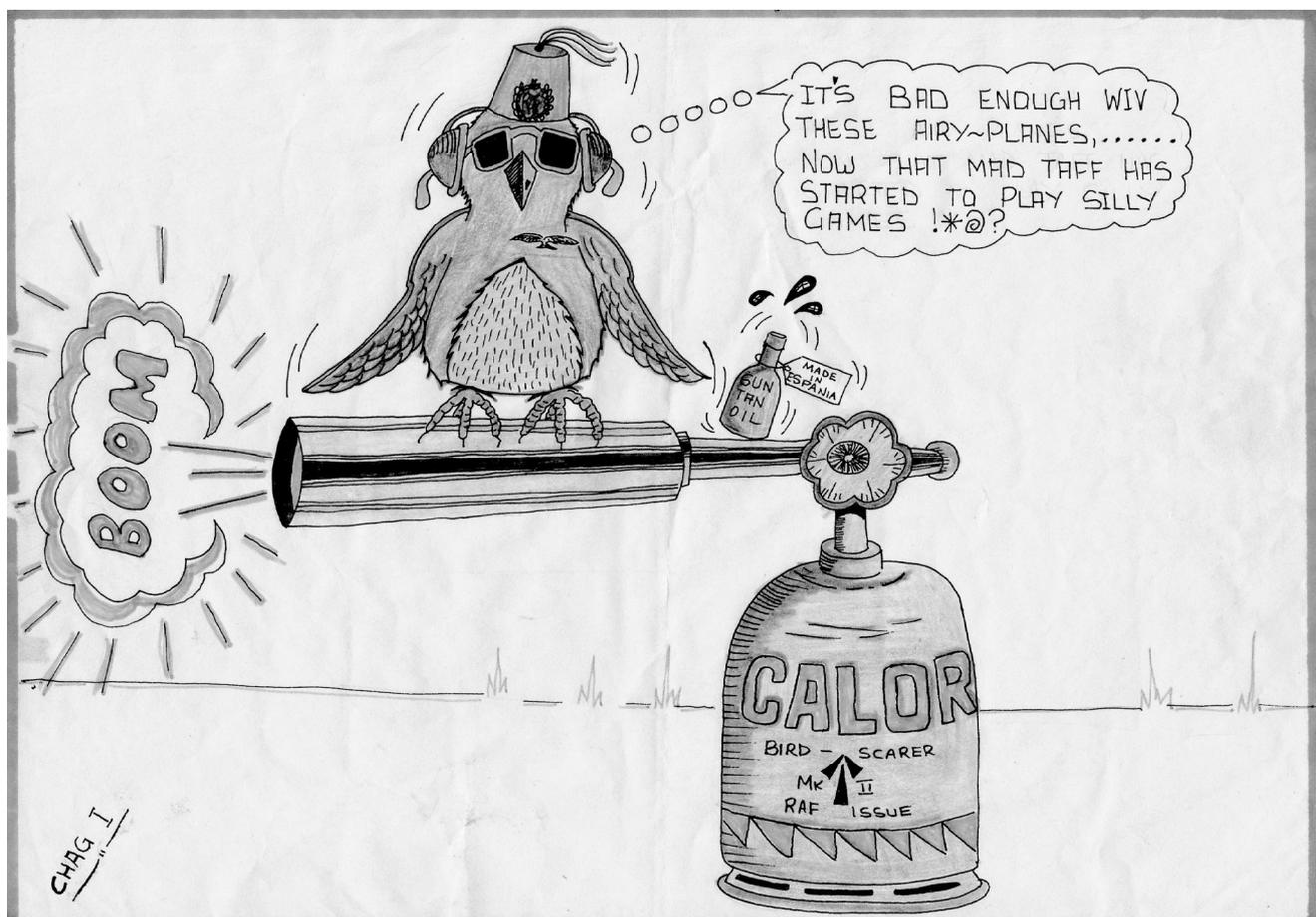
MURDEROUS intent on the operator! With mostly generous amounts of humour.

A team needed to gain knowledge quickly as the RIGG of ends was requested or CHANGE ends. Ratchets were used to take up the Slack in the CABLE and if too much pressure was placed on the SOFT PHOSPHOR BRONZE PIN at the crucial time it would break and re rig was needed, a loss of valuable time, for the safety of AIRCREW and AIRCRAFT. It often rained, the addition of water to the metal grease combo often resulted in bumps and bruises, with a rapid change to the language problem!

Maintaining a good repartee with the ADHOC teams was imperative, as in most service environments the Gas Gun proved a winner. Other methods were often engaging /sharing jokes about each other letting them taste the terrible food produced by the CRAB FATS.

To all the TEAMS I worked with and the guys off HM SUBMARINE CHURCHILL I extend my warmest regards, thanks for the CARTOON.

BRIAN E JONES
Membership Number 791



CONGRATULATIONS ON REACHING DAY 2 OF RAF BASIC TRAINING. RIGHT - YOU'VE HAD YOUR UNIFORM ISSUED AND IT'S APPROACHING 11AM, SO IT'S BEEN A LONG DAY ALREADY. BACK TO THE BARRACKS WITH YOU. THE CLEANERS SHOULD BE GONE BY NOW AND THE ICE CREAM MACHINES ARE FULL. AFTER THAT, COMPULSORY NAP TIME AND I'LL SEE YOU ALL AT 0900HRS IN THE MORNING. STAY STRONG.



Facebook: Military Humour, Nostalgia and Wit.

(70)

ROYAL AIR FORCE

AIRFIELD DRIVING PERMIT

No. 41742 Rank. CPL

Name. W. Jessup

Date of issue 23 4 58

Certified that I have been briefed and understand the points listed overleaf.

Signed. W Jessup

Signed. Ashead
Officer i/c Section

R.A.F. Form 1629
Revised January, 1954

ROYAL AIR FORCE
DRIVING PERMIT
AND
IDENTIFICATION CARD
FOR
DRIVERS OF
MECHANICAL TRANSPORT

Issued in accordance with
A.P. 3090 (Third Edition) Sect. 2, Chap. 8.

The Holder:— No. 41742 Rank CPL *Trade WAGON
Name W Jessup *Form 2185 *R.A.F. Form 1250 No. 976459
being employed on Royal Air Force service is hereby authorized by the Secretary of State for Air to drive R.A.F. M.T. vehicles as herein listed on Government Duty.

This form is not valid for driving upon the public highway unless the holder in possession of a current civilian driving licence.

J. H. Barnes
Permanent Under-Secretary of State for Air.

Signature of Holder. W Jessup

Available from 15-6-58
*Delete as necessary.

†Insert here in red ink the words:—
"Not to be employed on airfield duties" for perception standards stated in A.P. 3090 (Third Edition)

DRIVING AUTHORIZATION R.A.F. Form 1629A
(to be inserted on right-hand inner page of F. 1629)

CERTIFIED THAT:—
Number 41742 Rank CPL
Name JESSUP *Branch WAGON
*Trade

*** A ** Class driver is hereby authorized to drive under instruction
*** B ** only the following R.A.F. M.T. vehicles:—
* (a) Motor Cycles *solo* combination * (b) Vans up to 15 cwt.
* (c) Passenger Cars * (d) Trucks up to 30 cwt. load capacity
* (e) Trucks up to 3 tons load capacity * (f) Trucks up to 10 tons load capacity
†* (g) Trucks 10 tons load capacity and over * (h) Trucks/Refuellers under 2,000 gal. capacity
†* (i) Trucks/Refueller 2,000 gal. capacity and over * (k) Trucks/Freighter
* (l) Tractors (light) †* (m) Articulated vehicles
†* (n) Trucks snow-clearance (rotary plough-type) †* (o) Coaches
†* (p) Cranes

Category Four Vehicles
NOTE.—To be approved only after special training on the type:—
* (q) Tractors (4X4) Heavy Aircraft * (r) Armoured Fighting Vehicles
* (s) Airfield Construction Plant * (t) Trucks Fork Lift
(i) Track Laying vehicles * (u) Truck Fire Crash (4X4)
(ii) Road rollers MK 4
(iii) Rubber-tyred plant MK 4
† and that an appropriate driving test has been passed by him (see A.P. 3090 (Third Edition), para. 172) to establish his competence to drive these vehicles.

Certifying Officer's Signature W Jessup
Rank and Appointment Wagon
Date 23 4 58
Delete as necessary
Category Two vehicles (A.P. 3090 (Third Edition) para. 228)

RAF and Airfield Driving Permits from Jess Jessup