

FLASHPOINT



ROYAL AIR FORCE & DEFENCE FIRE SERVICES ASSOCIATION MAGAZINE



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Front Page



This great shot of the WOT1 from the Museum of RAF Fire-Fighting and the Lancaster from BBMF was taken at RAF Scampton when the sunset ceremony for the 617 Squadron took place during May. A present day picture looking back in history.

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www.rafanddfsa.co.uk**

Flashpoint Editorial Summer 2013

Welcome to your latest edition of Flashpoint. It seems like only yesterday and in the depths of winter that Steve and I were putting the final touches to the last edition of Flashpoint and here we are not that far from the 2013 Summer Solstice preparing this edition and planning for our third and final edition of 2013. With that edition in mind November 2013 sees the retirement after 38 years service of one of the RAF Fire Service's most revered and respected tradesmen and that's WO Steve Bowden QGM. Your editorial team plan to include a tribute to Steve in the next edition so this is an ideal opportunity for those of you who have served with Steve (in any capacity) to put pen to paper and send in your tribute it don't have to be any lengthy article but something interesting maybe humorous but above all it has to reflect the nature of the great man. We know that Steve really is a modest shy and retiring guy but the least we can do is acknowledge his dedication to the trade of RAF Fire-fighter over the last three and a bit decades. For those who may not be aware Steve's father Ken Bowden was a former very well respected RAF Fireman SNCO so it couldn't have been easy following in his dad's illustrious footsteps but Steve certainly excelled in the family business (so to speak). Come on lads and lasses get those articles and photographs in to Flashpoint. As with every edition it falls to the editorial team to notify members of any bereavements and this edition is no exception see page!!!!. It is always a bit more poignant to record a bereavement when the recently deceased is a former crew mate and the death of Neville Tortice was especially sad not least because he was much younger than George and I but he was also an integral part of the RAF Stanley Fire Section when we were completing our Stanley tour. On the positive note Nev's wife Jane has written to your editorial team expressing her sincere appreciation for all those ex crew mates of Nev who attended his funeral. Special thanks also go to Nevs local area coordinator John Savage MBE who had never met Nev but at very short notice agreed to attend the funeral and represent the Association well done to John who has also provided a report on the event see page 8.

Pleased to say we have received plenty of articles for Flashpoint any forwarded and not included will be included in a future Flashpoint. Great to see one of our fairly frequent contributors Andy Gaskell has now recovered from his frozen shoulder and

back to his best as you can see by his latest articles. That reminds me Andy what do you give the Cannibal who attends late for a banquet? Answer the Cold shoulder. Also pleased to receive a great article from one of our younger tradesmen Shaun Boland. We think it a very interesting story albeit a rather tragic tale and we thank Shaun very much for sharing the tale with us. One of the advantages of keeping busy is that life can throw up some interesting surprises like the time when Steve was doing his bit at the RAF Fire Service Museum at Scampton when he met a visitor to the museum who had served in the Hull Fire Brigade with his dad during WW11 which was so well recorded in the last Flashpoint.

“Well At a recent local RAFA meeting I was pleased to find a former RAF recruiting colleague, Ken Dodds; NO! not him of Knotty Ash Jam Butty mines and Diddy men fame. This guy has an “s” on the end of his name (and he was an Accountant who paid his taxes!). Ken served for over 35 years in the RAF, initially as an accounts clerk and was later commissioned from Sergeant Rank and served in the RAF Admin Branch before retiring as a Flight Lieutenant. An interesting aside about Ken Dodd (the comedian he) lives in a old Victorian house located right next door to 1913 (Knotty Ash) Squadron Air Cadets; Ken is in fact the Squadron President and has raised quite a bit of money for the cadets.

A typical Ken Dodd joke and one especially for my old mate Taff the fire. When they installed bungee ropes in the church tower the bell ringers hit the roof. I had the great pleasure of completing the quite tortuous RAF Recruiting course in 1981 with Ken Dodds. We spent many an hour or two together rehearsing our presentations and interview techniques, testing each other out on all our required reading material before our pass or fail end of course exams. We did not have much time for small talk in those days, but during our recent chats Ken asked if I had ever come across a fireman by the name of Mick Traynor. Who I met when Mick was an instructor at Catterick as I was undergoing the Breathing Apparatus instructor's course, another gruelling course but probably not as mentally challenging as the recruiting course! It was certainly more arduous, especially crawling through Catterick Garrison sewers with a 38lb breathing apparatus on your back. Ken's memories of Mick Traynor were still quite vivid; he recalled when he was manager of the RAF Steamer Point soccer team, Mick

Traynor was one of the best «left wingers” he had ever seen. Mick was a main player in a team that was much respected in the Aden Services League. On completion of the recruiting course I was posted to St Helens and Ken went on to be office Commander at Preston and Blackpool, although he had bought a house in St Helens. On numerous occasions Ken would turn up at St Helens on a Saturday morning to give the oath of allegiance to young ladies joining the WRAF. (This was because our WRAF Officer wanted the weekends off and WRAF recruits assigned on” on a Saturday. Between us Ken and I we must have seen many hundreds of young men and women take the Queen's shilling and set off on RAF careers. Until our recent meeting I had not seen Ken since the early 1980's despite living only a couple of miles apart. It was good to meet up again. So come on Mick Traynor! I know you are out there! get in touch and let us know just how good the '61 Steamer Point soccer team and their manager really were!!”

GE (Flashpoint co.ed)

Finally a mention for the next Association reunion which will be held at the Mickleover Court Hotel Derby over the weekend of the 11-14 October 2013. Along with our usual collection of quests we have two special guests attending those being WO Steve Hollis (of recent Afghanistan fame) also attending is our Honorary President Air Marshall Sir John Sutton KCB. Its not to late to reserve a place at what should be a very interesting and enjoyable event ; if you would like an information pack please contact our Association Treasurer at trevor.hayes3@ntlworld.co tel 01923331975

George & Steve Flashpoint co editors



Aden Harbour 1960's photo courtesy of James Johnson ex Khormakser RAF Fireman. Photo taken at the time of the British withdrawal from Aden hence the large number of British warships including HMS Hermes & HMS Bulwark to name but a few

Letters to the Editor

Hello George and Steve

What a surprise when I opened the envelope containing the current issue of flashpoint, at first I thought my fortnightly issue of "Rail" magazine had come early! It was a brave decision to make to have a steam locomotive, rather than have the usual aircraft or crash line photo, and the link to it was particularly interesting. You will have gathered that I have a great interest in railways, since I was a young lad living alongside the west coast mainline (many happy hours train spotting!)

I'm not what the usual «anorak» type hanging around station platforms with a digital camera, but much prefer to have a general overview which covers rolling stock operation, signalling, infrastructure etc.! I have nothing but admiration for the effort made by Jim, and others who give their spare time in keeping the smaller stations tidy, something which was done many years ago by junior station staff with great pride!

Rainhill is of particular interest to me, because of the famous Trials, being at the very beginning of passenger carrying railways and the line that was built between the two great northern cities across Chat Moss. Stephenson's Rocket was probably the best locomotive to be trialled, but the victory was marred by the first railway fatality that occurred later that day, when councillor Huskisson was run down by the Rocket while trying to get out of the way (he had crossed the tracks to the Duke of

Wellington's carriage). Although Rocket was travelling at less than 30mph it would have been an impossibility that the loco would have been able to stop in time, as braking systems in those times were very basic and inefficient!

Getting back to Flashpoint, I think it's very innovative what you and Steve have done, and hope the majority of our memberships give it their full approval, although I expect there may be some who may not!

Sorry I have not been able to contribute recently, but I was diagnosed with a «frozen shoulder» last autumn, and it would be my right one , so its resulted in very little typing on the PC, together with relearning to use the mouse in my left hand. After attending Physiotherapy, and some rather painful arm contortions, I am beginning to get more mobility and less pain, but at my age, progress is slow!

Glad to hear you are both carrying on with the editing, now that you have somebody helping out with the book (can't wait for it to be published).

*Regards
Andy Gaskell*

Thanks for the praise and encouragement Andy, its letters like this that make it worthwhile.

George and Steve

Dear Sir in the autumn 2012 edition of Flashpoint which my younger brother buys as he is researching our fathers fire service career; an article by Gerry Schofield asks if anyone remembers the RAF Flying boat Far East Wing which I do.

At the time I was stationed at RAF Negombo Ceylon as a cook and prior to the visit of the Queen and Prince Philip to Ceylon on their world tour on HMS Vanguard, I was attached to RAF China Bay. Three Flying boats of the of the RAF FEFBW were attached there from Singapore for about a month culminating in their doing a Fly past over a ceremonial parade on Galleface Green Colombo where the Queen took the salute.

My father Reg Lisseman served during the War in the NFS AFS and the Ministry Fire Service. He worked until his death at MOFS Defford and Pershore. We are discovering through records and an ex colleague that he was at Chessel Beach during the development of the bouncing bomb. Also he was involved in the rescue of a V Bomber crew whose aircraft overshot the runway at Pershore and took down the perimeter fence. My father never spoke about these incidents they are only coming to light as a result of my brother being in contact with one of dads ex colleagues and dads service records that are now being made available and research into Fire engines that he had a part in testing in the 60's 70's and 80's. If only we had known what we are now discovering we could have made him realise how proud we are of him. He rarely spoke about .Leading Fireman Lisseman

Yours Faithfully

Philip and Ian Lisseman

Thank you Philip & Ian for your letter let's hope that one of our readers has some recollections of your dad if that's the case please forward any information to Flashpoint and we will pass on to the Lisseman family

George & Steve

Email from; Ray Wood.

Hi both, I hope you are well.

Having just read a book which Linda got from the library for me, I thought other members may be interested. The book is entitled "Great Bales of Fire" and was written by Malcolm Castle recounting some of his experiences as a local authority fireman based in Shrewsbury. I found the book to be a light read with many humorous incidents, which all firemen can relate to. Should anyone wish to avail themselves of this "read" either by purchase or by borrowing from the local library, the details are:

Title: Great Bales of Fire (Further Tales of a Country Fireman).

Author: Malcolm Castle.

Publisher: Orion Books.

ISBN: 978-1-4091-3439-8.

See you in Derby in October.

Thanks for that Ray.

Social Weekend Huddersfield March 2013

We have just returned from a most enjoyable social get together at Huddersfield. I had been grounded for 3 months after having a total knee replacement and I must admit that the prospect of a cold weekend in March away from home and the wood burner was not top of our wish list. The thought of meeting up with many old friends to have a chat and a drink encouraged me to book and as it happened we were lucky with the weather dodging all the heavy snow by one weekend.

36 members came along enabling old pals to meet up and giving us all time to get to know new people that we would not otherwise have had the time to speak to.

Cedar Court Hotel is a nice hotel with excellent (really hot) meal beautifully presented especially on the Saturday Gala night with a performance that should be on U tube-needs to be seen to be believed. The weekend was organised by Trevor Hayes and Shirley Winn of Isle of Wight Tours. There were no meetings and no business was discussed and there was a friendly atmosphere all weekend.

Shirley organised optional coach trips for Saturday to Holmfirth-The Last of the

Summer Wine country-and at the request of some of the ladies onto Wakefield shopping Centre for the afternoon. On Sunday a smaller coach was provided and a group of us went off to York for the day. We went to the Shambles and some went on the big wheel taking amazing pictures of The Minster. A visit to The Railway Museum was also the reason why some members came for the weekend.

After the Gala dinner we had a raffle with prizes being provided by members and Shirley-£93 was raised towards the Association funds which was brilliant considering that there were only 36 of us there. There was a special raffle which was a free room for the weekend (negotiated by Trevor and Shirley) this was split into 2 single prizes each worth £120. They were won by Olive Arnold (widow of John Arnold) and by John "Chalkie" White. I hope this raffle can be repeated again at future reunions if free rooms are available.

Olive Arnold and her friend Yvonne Blair (a widow of a Fireman who died before he became a member of the Association) have now signed up to be Associate members and will be attending future reunions.

We had entertainment by 2 wonderful singers on the Saturday night that we all enjoyed and it was nice to see people stayed to socialise rather than leaving the room.

On Monday morning we left for home having had a very enjoyable weekend and having made more friends within the Association.

Many thanks to Trevor and to Shirley for all their hard work organising the weekend it was much appreciated by all of us who attended.

Dennis McCann BEM President

Given the obvious success of the Social weekend it has been proposed by our Association Chairman Neil Slade that a further Social weekend should take place in March 2014 possible venue either Lincoln or Woodall Spa area such a trip could include a visit to the RAF Fire Service museum at RAF Scampton; interested get in touch with Neil contact details on page 2 of Flashpoint.

Colin Hall's Memories Of RAF Sutton-On-Hull

I joined the RAF in November 1957, and arrived at Sutton in January 1958, on Course 336 if I recall correctly. Other course members included John Hyde, George Brown, Bill Bailey, and Mike Amos.

I had signed on for only five years, not wanting to commit until I knew what I was in for, a remarkable decision considering I did it alone! This engagement meant a number of trades were off-limits due to the length of the training I also had no real idea of what I wanted to do, as long as it was useful. The fact that a lot of people thought along those lines was a god-send to some very cunning careers advisors who had quotas to meet in certain trade groups, so I was shown all the glamour attached to being a crash rescue fireman and spend my time being a hero and rescuing people from crashed and burning aircraft. Or so they said! I would also be taught to drive, which was a huge attraction for me, never having been in a car let alone driven one. So, in January 1958, I duly arrived at RAF Station Sutton-on -Hull, the RAF Crash

Fire Training School. It was cold; freezing cold. We got wet, all day, every day, but there was lots of humour about the RAF I discovered. The training was hard work, but we were fit, and dog-tired at the end of every day after pumping thousands of gallons of water in various drills both with fire vehicles and trailer pumps.

We gradually became a team, knowing instinctively what everyone else was doing so becoming reliant on each other. We were taught not to be afraid of fire, but to recognize what it could and couldn't do. We learned to use compressed air breathing apparatus, and to fearlessly scale ladders. We even learned the art of marshalling an aircraft by the simple but effective method of pushing an old Vampire, fortunately lightened by the lack of an engine, around while one member with the 'bats', gave directions. It wasn't all outdoor work of course, there were lots of classroom sessions on fire protection and prevention. The culmination of all this training was a full crash drill, on a real aircraft, [a Lincoln hulk], with real foam and real vehicles.

We did very well, and our instructors were pleased. We even got a smile out of our personal Course Instructor; one CPL George Mustard, who came from darkest Glasgow or somewhere, and had an accent that was barely understandable. Nice guy though! There was great anticipation when the whole course, eight of us, were assembled at the Orderly Room [a sort of general office which did everything connected with where you went and what you did] to hear our first posting to an operational RAF Station. I, along with five others of my course, was going to RAF Eastleigh, at that time the international airport for Nairobi in Kenya. I was stunned! I was going overseas, to East Africa, for two and a half years, and I was just eighteen years old!

On reflection, I think Sutton didn't turn out experienced firemen, but certainly people who, with a little polishing, would turn out to be just that! All the instructors were experienced NCOs, and the curriculum was well-proven, and it worked.

Colin Hall

'STARS' OF THE MUSEUM



Chris Evans and Steve Shirley in the WOT1

The stars of the 'Museum of RAF Fire Fighting' are the volunteers, they beaver away at museum themes and projects, scraping paint away, bashing knuckles while trying to remove that awkward bolt, re-organising space, the tasks are endless. However over a period of a few weeks in May and June the museum was involved with stars of a bombing mission, the screen and the radio.

The British public were reminded of the sacrifice that was made by the airmen of 617 Squadron 'The Dambusters' by a series of events including a special ceremony from RAF Scampton that was televised. As part of that process the museum was on the end of some renovations on the outside of the hanger, a well needed paint job courtesy of the station

The sunset ceremony and service was attended by many, among them two of the three remaining airmen of the raids pilot Les Munro, 94, and 91-year-old bomb aimer Jonny Johnson - watched as Tornados from today's 617 squadron made a noisy entrance followed by Spitfires and the Lancaster from the Battle of Britain memorial flight. When that Lancaster taxied in you could see and feel the emotion emanating from those two remaining airmen.

Leading on from that the radio presenter Chris Evans broadcast his BBC Radio Breakfast Show from Guy Gibson's office on the Friday morning and it was hoped that he would have time to look at the fire museum but his schedule was very tight but he insisted on a quick visit but couldn't fit in a full tour and duly signed the visitor's book alongside Colin McGregor ex 617 Squadron, brother of Ewan McGregor the actor. Chris did have time to have a drive in the WOT1 assisted by Steve Shirley. Chris did remark about how different it was compared to his Ferrari!!

Chris Evans did have a good weekend, as he had the ride of his life in another wartime classic the Lancaster, flying from Scampton to Biggin Hill. I think Steve Shirley was a tad jealous as he is a big Lancaster nut!!

The WOT1 has been in great demand and found its way on to the film set of 'Monuments Men' a wartime drama part of which was filmed at Duxford. The Monuments Men were a group of men and women from thirteen nations, most of whom volunteered for service in the newly created Monuments, Fine Arts, and Archives section, or MFAA. Most had expertise as museum directors, curators, art scholars and educators, artists, architects, and archivists. Their job description was simple: to save as much of the culture of Europe as they could during combat.



George Clooney with WOT1 in the background

George Clooney as well as starring in it, is also the producer and director, starring alongside him is Matt Damon and Cate Blanchett. If you manage to see the film, look out for the WOT1

The museum accepted an invitation to this year's Nottinghamshire County Show, organised by the Newark and Nottinghamshire Agricultural Society to be part of an exhibition about the Lancaster bomber and there was a raffle for the Bomber Command Memorial Fund and other local charities which raised £1,500. Attendance to the show was encouraged by Lady Helen Nall of Hoveringham Hall who is a professional artist and who discovered the remains of two Lancaster's that crashed on her land during the war. She has pieced together much of their history and the aircraft in question were JB125 and LM308.

The WOT1, the Scammell wheel barrow pump, air-raid siren and some of Steve Shirley's Lancaster memorabilia added to the exhibition. The WOT1 was low-loaded free of charge thanks to Bloom Demolition & Excavation Ltd, with Terry Shaw of Newark driving.

As mention previously there are many



Amanda (Steve's daughter) with Lady Helen centre and the Mayoress of Newark Mrs Penelope Richardson making the draw

projects on the go and events to get ready for as the museum gains in status getting more publicity as fire buffs, photographers, and military vehicle enthusiasts spread the word. So far this year there has been over 400 visitors signed the book, and although everyone is encouraged to sign not everyone does, so the numbers visiting will be higher than that. There is now a museum Facebook page and a new website launched which you will find @ www.museumofraffirefighting.com. Also our own Association website has a page about the museum thanks to our webmaster Dave Kirk.

One big occasion on the calendar was the Waddington Airshow which apart from the logistics it means a lot of work was required to get the vehicles up to scratch. Forthcoming events include an important one which is when the museum will be the venue for the Fire Heritage Network UK AGM which every major fire museum in the UK will be attending.

Museum of RAF Firefighting

RAF Scampton, Lincoln
LN1 2ST



To Visit The Museum Please Contact:
Steve Shirley MBE, GFireE
Telephone: 07912658402

Web: www.museumofraffirefighting.com
Email: museumofraffirefighting@hotmail.co.uk

CELEBRATION OF THE LIFE OF NEVILLE JOHN TORTICE

BORN ON 13.9.52 FELL ASLEEP 5.04.13

On Tuesday 23rd April, 2013 (St. George's Day) at 2 p.m. I attended the Celebration Service for Nev Tortice as Representative of the RAF and DFS Association along with other Association Members. The Service was held at St. George's Church, Saham Toney, Norfolk and was attended by approximately 150 friends and family.

The Eulogy was given by the Rector of St. George's, the Reverend Jane Atkins along with Richard Newman and Joe Gust. both members of the Landmarc Company (the M.O.D. Training Estate) where Nev worked for the last part of his life.

Following the Service, we were invited by Jane Tortice to attend Broom Hall Country Hotel for some light refreshment.

Association Members attending included Steve Harrison, Geoff Hancocks, Paul Wilkinson Sean Bolland and Dave Taylor. Ex. colleagues of Nev included RAF Fire Service members Simon Bage, Tom Kilduff, Andy Sleight and Russ Grant (all of whom later indicated their intention to join our Association).

Nev's wife, Jane, welcomed everyone saying how pleased she was to see that people had travelled great distances to share their friendship and memories of Nev with his family.

For those who are unaware, Nev died of a disabling disease, Multiple System Atrophy (MSA) but he was determined to fight this and stayed cheerful up to the very last few weeks of his illness.

I was very proud to be part of this Celebration Service and represent the Membership of our Association.

John Savage M.B.E.

Area Co-Ordinator Norfolk - Member 180.



Photograph of Nev taken from the front cover of Nevs funeral service programme. . The bird on Nevs arm is an Eagle Owl. Among Nevs many interests one was his love of nature and ornithology in particular

TRIBUTE TO NEV TORTICE



Nev is fourth from the left front row and your Flashpoint co editors are there in the centre of the front row.

It was so sad to hear off the passing of Nev Tortice. Nev really was a RAF Service gent I was delighted and very fortunate to have him as my number two on A Crew RAF Stanley Fire Section Nev was unflappable utterly reliable highly competent and outstanding on the airfield well liked by his crew and a fireman who all at RAF Stanley Fire Section had the utmost respect. My deepest sympathy goes out to Nevs family and friends George Edwards former A Crew Commander RAF Stanley Fire Section 1984.

The following little tale now serves as a testament to the memory of NevTortice. All who took part in this incident will agree that our efficiency and speed of action was all down to Nev I never ever seen him loose his cool he was always calm and relaxed but beneath that laid back exterior he was one highly competent and hugely capable RAF Fireman He was an inspiration and an example to us all and once again another colleague has moved on to his final posting much too early; may you rest in peace my trusty old mate I will always remember you

The 20th November 1984 the Crash Combine were deployed for an East Alpha RHAG engagement a regular occurrence for the fire crews at RAF Stanley.

However the weather gave some cause for concern. Suddenly Mount Tumbledown disappeared in a gathering storm strong northerly crosswinds gusting at 50 knots were in evidence. The combine were

deployed to rig the centre Alpha and stand by for two Geese (F4) and a Fat Albert (extended C130) recovering.

The first goose landed safely and the cable was rewound. The second Goose also landed safely and the cable was rewound to allow the Fat Albert to land.

The combine returned to normal readiness. Shortly after Wing Commander Manning (OC ops) called at the section and thanked the crew for their prompt and efficient actions. In the words of the Wing Commander I have never seen a fire crew move so quickly and professionally and

that includes my days at RAF Coningsby. I was urging you lads on from up in the tower and I was so relieved when you completed all your tasks in what must have been record time. I would like to show my appreciation for a job very well done by sharing a drink with you all.

The Wing Commander then produced a bottle of Scotch whisky and asked us to join in a toast to the wonderful men of the RAF Fire service.

As the crew chief I would like to pass on my appreciation to all members of the crew; Cpl Bowerbanks Cpl Tortice Cpl Yapp SAC Haughton SAC Hawes SAC Hollis SAC Lenegan SAC Wade SAC Walton SAC Young and our two rhaggies Cpl Thomas and Jnr tech Palmer. I hope that you can look on this incident in years to come as a task very professionally undertaken at Royal Air Force Stanley

*GG Edwards
Sergeant SNCO i/c a Crew
Fire Section RAF Stanley*

Nev served at Wyton, Cranwell, Falkland Islands, Bishops Court, West Raynham and Marham.



AOC's Inspection Nev is second to the end far right next to my mate Jim Johnson

2013 marks the 70th anniversary of the formation of the RAF School of Fire-Fighting in 1943 at RAF Sutton-On-Hull, here is a poem reproduced from the monthly magazine MARK VI in March 1958

AT MUCH SUTTON ON HULL

At Much Sutton on the Hull,
We play about and use up lots of water,
At Much Sutton on the Hull,
We do lots of things we didn't oughta,
On Thursday night we have a dance,
We bring the girls from Hull,
An Officer he grabs the lot, his rings give him a pull,
They're back on Friday morning when we've got to
do our bull,
At Much Sutton on the Hull,
C'mon the Padre,
At Much Sutton on the Hull.

At Much Sutton on the Hull
The NCO's have all got funny habits,
At Much Sutton on the Hull,
Everybody's eating Pascoe's rabbits,
There isn't very much to do,
But eat and drink and sleep,
Colour hoisting on a Friday is really very steep,
So join the blinking Fire School and roll up in a jeep,
At Much Sutton on the Hull,
You wouldn't chuckle,
At Much Sutton on the Hull.

At Much Sutton on the Hull,
A certain Flight Lieutenant got up one morning,
At Much Sutton on the Hull,
'Twas dinner time before he gave up yawning,
He strolled up to his office, and there he had a nap,
He dreamt of lovely ladies all sitting on his lap,
And when he woke up later he was smoothing down the cat,
At Much Sutton on the Hull,
Grab your rebate,
At Much Sutton on the Hull.

At Much Sutton on the Hull,
We are very very happy Station,
At much Sutton on the Hull,
We're up to date with all the information,
The airmen are a merry lot, the NCO's are too,
The Officer are the same, none of them are blue,
And if you are not a Corporal yet,
Come up and join the queue,
At Much Sutton on the Hull,
You lucky airmen,
AT MUCH 2-3-4 SUTTON ON THE HULL.

My Name is Arthur Brooks

RAF&DFSA No.1043.

The date 2013 or is it 1935?

My Wife says I don't remember things nowadays. May be she is right.

So I will tell you about what it was like some 60 years ago as an RAF Fireman.

It was in September 1952 that I joined the RAF, like many I went for training at RAF Bridgenorth, and then to RAF Sutton-on-Hull, the fire training was cold and wet; no big fire trucks only pumps hoses and ice.

On January 2nd 1953 I was posted to RAF Thorney Island. For the first week I was on day duty. On the 9th it was my 18th birthday day off. The 10th January I was put on crash crew on night crew. There was 24 hour flying five days a week back then. Six man crew, three vehicles which were a Landrover, 1945 monitor foam truck and a gas truck all by the control tower.

We were supplied with air crew flying suits to keep us warm as we had sit in vehicles for when aircraft were landing and taking off, no heaters in the vehicles in those days!

On at five, it was getting dark so as driver and I had to lay the flare path. We did this using a Bantam carrier with approximately 300 Goose necks. (For those that don't know they look like a watering can, full of paraffin with a wick coming out the spout.) Start at one end laying about 100 feet apart down one side and up the other. Good to keep fit. Then it was back to the control tower. As it was my first time on the crew I had one other job to learn!

At the rear of the control tower was a hut, in it was table, chairs and an old type cooking range, with two filling places and an oven. My job to light it and cook supper.

HOW to light the stove! Fill the stove with coke, put on 2 pints of paraffin, open the door, then go outside, leave the door open. Around the side was a ladder, put it up to the chimney, climb up, light two flare path matches (they don't go out.) Drop them down the chimney then THE JUMP CLEAR!

The flames shot up!!! 10 minutes later you could go in and put the big kettle on for brew of coco for the lad.

Had to cook supper later which was supplied by cookhouse each night eggs, bacon, beans, bread, tinned milk, lard and butter. I could cook so it went ok. A break in flying all in for a warm and supper.

Come day light it was out to pick up the flare path, then off at 8am to bed.

NOTE: NO HEALTH & SAFETY. No one was ill by my cooking!!!!!!

A nice little story Arthur, thanks for the contribution. I just love the technique of lighting the stove, priceless!!

Steve (co-ed)

Here is the first of three stories sent into Flashpoint by ex RAF Firemen who completed tours in the Falkland Islands. Although each tale is primarily about their Falkland experience each tale in its own way is a little piece of RAF Fire Service history not only that but each tale is very interesting and hugely entertaining. There are other lengthier Falkland stories held at the Flashpoint HQ but those tales have been ear marked to go in the new RAF Fire Service book along with these three wonderful Falkland stories. I you want to record your Falkland tale please do so and send to the Flashpoint editorial team

Falklands March-July 1990

I went down south long after the invasion, so we had it pretty good, up at the Mount Pleasant. Firstly, I can't remember anyone who was pleased to be selected to go!

I certainly wasn't looking forward to it but just accepted it. 8 hours on an aircraft is a long time for anyone. It was quite pleasant at first arriving in Ascension, glorious sunshine, thinking this is OK. When we arrived in Ascension we were told that everyone in the Falklands was moaning about lack of mail from home. It was found out that all the mail from the previous two days had been off loaded to accommodate some essential equipment that was required urgently. To ensure we loaded as much mail as possible, everyone on board had to be weighed, together with any hand baggage you had. I think I was 500 letters and a couple of small packages.

The ritual when you arrived at Mount Pleasant was that you were met by the person you were relieving and just about everyone had a placard stating only 122 days to do! A couple of stories I heard from a SWO from Kinloss who had been down three times. The first time was just after hostilities. Seemingly they were living in tents and ISO's, large

metal shipping containers. Of course the SWO had the biggest and best container and being a good organiser, he had loads of home comforts. The container served as his office which was curtained off midway, behind which was his sleeping area. Well one day the CO came bouncing in full of hell, complaining that he had organised a shower and toilet for his container and it had disappeared. He wanted it found and the culprit who took it punished. The SWO took copious notes regarding the description of the items and promised he would look into it as soon as possible. As soon as the CO left he opened the curtain to his sleeping area and looked down at the new toilet and shower he had just had plumbed in and said to himself "I'm looking into it Sir". A true story!

I had to investigate a fire on one of the R and R sites (rest and recuperation). I flew out on one of 'Eric's Bristow's choppers, with my slab of beers and an overnight bag. The building belonged to one of the sheep farmers and having completed the investigation, sat down and promptly drank the 24 cans of lager. It's a tough life for these people miles from anywhere with about 5000+ sheep to look after.

Being the naive person I am I said it must be difficult if the sheep have a problem and you need a vet! "A vet he said, we don't bother with vets, and if a sheep is ill we just kill it and feed it to the dogs. We kill about three sheep a week anyway to feed the dogs and ourselves. As I said, it's a tough life!

The fire I investigated started in the roof next to the chimney and had smoldered for days. They had to check the area for cracks and make good and I recommended he had the chimney swept. 'That's no problem; I will do it

tomorrow'. I said "do you have the equipment"? 'Yes', he said, I will catch an upland goose, we tie a cord around its leg, put it in the fire place (no fire of course) and it tries to escape by fling up the chimney. When it almost reaches the top, we pull it down again and the whole procedure is repeated until the chimney is clean. We then release the goose, a little black by this time, but OK.

The golf course was something else. A group of us would travel down to Stanley each weekend. The course was horrendous but it got you off the base for the day. The trip down, over an

As ever your editorial team are always on the look out for interesting articles for Flashpoint and here's one. Despite the fact that we spent some time amongst the Emperor and King Penguin community in the Falklands we weren't aware of this practice. Did you ever wonder why there are no dead penguins on the ice in Antarctica? Where do they go? Wonder no more!!! It is a known fact that the penguin is a very ritualistic bird which lives an extremely ordered and complex life. The penguin is very committed to its family and will mate for life, as well as maintain a form of compassionate contact with its offspring throughout its life. If a penguin is found dead on the ice surface, other members of the family and social circle have been known to dig holes in the ice, using their vestigial wings and beaks, until the hole is deep enough for the dead bird to be rolled into, and buried. The male penguins then gather in a circle around the fresh grave and sing: "Freeze a jolly good fellow." "Freeze a jolly good fellow."

You really didn't believe that do you But then again what would that well know Welsh Baritone and former RAF Fireman SNCO Gerry Schofield be doing amidst a group of penguins if he wasn't singing!



hour and was always a nightmare. Death by pot holes! You just couldn't miss them there was so many. I had the privilege to play with Governor Rex Hunt (name dropper) and the Stanley bank manager. The thing is they had all the best gear, clothes, clubs, and trolleys. All top line stuff, but the course, as I said was full of bomb craters and over the fence was a mine field. Needless to say, no one looked for any balls out of bounds! Another story; all the locals were known as 'Bennies' like out of Crossroads on the telly around that time. They all would wear a ski type hat, 'Bennies'. Well, a new officer commanding arrived and did not like everyone calling the locals 'Bennies' So he issued an order stating that it had to stop. Well soon after that they were known as 'Stills'. Eventually the CO found out and enquired why "Stills". 'Well Sir', was the reply, they are still Bennies.

One last story I recall. The locals would buy anything and every so often there would be an auction sale on camp to get rid of numerous items no longer of any use to the service i.e. damaged equipment, Land rovers, lorries, anything at all.

Well the story goes that this farmer bought a large metal container. They loaded it onto his lorry and off he went. Once home he opened it up and discovered a brand new Land Rover, which he refused to return stating he had bought the container and anything in it! He got to keep it.

Mike Traynor.

WRAF Fire Fighters

Back in 1975 the RAF were looking at recruiting WRAF Fire Fighters. As part of the recruitment drive, several WRAF's spent a couple of weeks as trainee Fire Fighters at RAF Wyton. Here is a picture of SACW Molly on duty in the control room during my shift. Unfortunately, due to some chaffing problems with the string vests, the recruitment of WRAF Fire Fighters never took fruit. However I will always remember Molly and her big personality. :-



Article and photo sent to Flashpoint by Shaun Boland

Overhead Radio Conversation

Argentinean Air Defence Site
"Unknown Aircraft you are in Argentinean Airspace Identify"

Aircraft
"This is a British Aircraft I am in Falkland Airspace"

Argentinean Air Defence Site
"You are in Argentinean Airspace; if you do not depart our Airspace we will launch interceptor aircraft"

Aircraft
"This is a Royal Air Force Tornado Fighter Aircraft send them up I'll wait."

Argentinean Air Defence Site
 (total Silence)



RAFA Welfare News

At a recent RAFA Welfare Seminar Clare Winfield Director of Welfare informed all present that that over the last year RAFA Welfare Fund;

- Disbursed more than £1.2 million in welfare grants £; 145,000 of which came from RAFA funds
- Visited over 12,000 RAF Veterans in need
- Made £68,000 welfare contacts
- Completed over 2,300 Short Welfare break applications
- Raised over £63,000 to support Short Welfare breaks
- Travelled 190,000 miles to support al this.

Given the ageing population and ever increasing numbers of RAF Veterans it goes without saying that RAFA needs your support and I think we should all applaud the work undertaken by RAFA welfare Officers.

Laughter the best medicine

One Sunday morning, the priest noticed little Jim Jones standing in the foyer of the church staring up at a large plaque. It was covered with names and small flags mounted on either side of it.

The six-year old had been staring at the plaque for some time, so the priest walked up; stood beside the little boy; and said quietly, "Good morning, James."

"Good morning. Father," he replied, still focused on the plaque. "Father, what is this?"

The priest replied, "Well, son, it's a memorial to all the young men and women who died in the service."

Soberly, they just stood together, staring at the large plaque.

Finally, little James' s voice, barely audible and trembling with fear asked, which service the 8am or 9.30

When a boy becomes a man by Shaun Boland

I joined the Royal Air Force Crash Fire and Rescue Service at the end of July 1975. I had no aspirations of becoming a Fireman and in fact simply wanted to join the RAF. So I enquired about becoming a dog handler and was told that I had to wait until I turned 17 or I could look at other services that allowed entry at 16 ½ years old. My Mother had told me that I should look at a job with a trade that I could apply later in life, so I applied as an MT mechanic. In addition to sitting a basic maths and English test at the recruitment office I had to sit a written mechanical test. While awaiting my results I saw a poster of two crash Firemen standing side by side next to an ACRT (Aircraft Crash Rescue Transport). One had his crash helmet on with the visor up and the other held his under his arm. The poster struck a cord and when the recruitment officer returned saying that I had only failed the test by one point and could re-sit it I said no thank you, I want to join the Fire and rescue service. I signed up there and then!

RAF Wyton was my first posting and on 3rd of May 1977 I had been stationed there 18 months. It was just another Tuesday on the crash line; we had done our DI (Daily Inspection) vehicle run plus equipment and vehicle checks that morning and had followed this with vehicle cleaning. Our compliment of fire vehicles included a TACR 1, 2 X MK 9's and a DP 2 all dressed in military green paint with bright yellow 'go fast' stripes.

I was assigned as map reader and branch man with Cpl Dave Atkinson, on Crash 1 (TACR 2).

As it approached lunch Mick Jones and Frank Engal assisted the Crash 3 crew (Mk9) to the airman's mess to collect our food.

At 12.15pm, just as we were dishing out our food the Claxton sounded followed by the station tannoy booming, 'Crash! Crash! Crash! Those who remember the Claxton's will know that they were certainly not kind on your nerves or ears! We all sprang into action and I vividly remember Cpl Chris Houghton's lunch smashing to the floor in the frenzy and him saying 'in all my years that's the first time that has ever happened'... We manned our vehicles.

I took my position in the passenger's seat of crash one and put on my crash belt, which had my axe and quick release knife. Cpl Atkinson had gone into the control room to get the details of the shout. When he jumped into the driver's side he had an air of intensity about him and said 'There's a Canberra down, it's for real'. I grabbed the RT and contacted tower 'Tower, this is crash 1 awaiting map reference, over' their initial reply was 'Crash 1 this tower, wait'. There was a brief couple of seconds delay and then tower contacted me giving the map reference of the shout. By that time Dave Atkinson had pulled forward away from the section and onto the apron. I worked out the map co-ordinates but they didn't add up (It was discovered later that ATC had got them the wrong way round!) it didn't matter though because I could see a black pall of smoke to the West and off the airfield. 'Have you done the reference?' asked Cpl Atkinson 'No need Cpl, head for crash gate 1 the crash is over there' came my reply while pointing to the smoke. 'Bloody hell, that's not good!' came Cpl Atkinson's reply.

We approached crash gate 1 and rammed it down with the other crash vehicles following and we headed at speed with lights flashing and sirens bellowing. At this point I remember thinking to myself that this is it, this is real and all my training has prepared me for this so I have to act fast but try to keep calm.

I remember, as we approached the junction to the Hartford road which would lead us to the crash site, that the on-coming traffic wouldn't recognise us as Fire engines due to our colouring. So I put on my crash glove, as it was silver, and waved the oncoming traffic down as we approached the turn, that plus our sirens and lights had the desired effect. We then raced straight up the road with the rest of the crash team following hot on our heels.

As we approached the crash there were civilians frantically pointing to where it was, I had hoped the aircraft had crashed in a field and that the pilot and navigator had ejected however, sadly, this was not to be the case.

The Canberra PR9, piloted by Flt Lt Armitage with navigator/photographer

Pilot officer Davies on board, had been on West approach to Wyton airfield and were doing isometrics. Isometrics were an exercise where the pilot shuts down one engine and flies in on one engine. On this occasion while flying over Huntingdon, the Canberra's other engine feathered and stalled. Flt Lt Armitage struggled to control the aircraft and could not restart the engines. One eye witness later stated that the aircraft 'fell from the sky like an autumn leaf'.

The Canberra had crashed into 5 houses on the Oxmoor estate in Huntingdon.

Crash 1 was first on the scene and I remember vividly as I jumped out of the vehicle a woman running up to me screaming 'Help my kids! They're still in there!'

Cpl Atkinson told me to get a ladder up to a window and check the top bedroom; I broke the bedroom window with my axe and contained a fire with a branch until the BA team could safely take over.

I then moved to the next building to contain another bedroom fire, meanwhile foam tenders were fighting the aircraft fire on the other side of the buildings. While fighting the fire a pall of smoke overcame me but I managed to turn my hose off and slide down the ladder before collapsing to the floor.

Next thing I remember is sitting on a wall with a medic checking to see if I was okay, all this happened within 30 seconds and within 2 minutes I was back on my feet (18 year old non-smokers lungs!).

Myself and another crew member teamed up to check an adjacent empty house, I remember feeling the walls with the back of my hand and they were getting hot, I could hear the crackle of fire above me where it was taking hold in the adjoining roofs above us. After a thorough search for trapped or killed people I was called into another house to assist the civilian fire men, who were now on the scene alongside USAF Alconbury fire & rescue.

Upstairs I saw the bodies of two tiny children, a boy and a girl ages 3 & 6. The little boy was in the bedroom and the girl was on the landing. I assisted one of the civilians and helped to pick up the 6 year

old girl and passed her to the medics. One thing that always stood out when I did that was the civilian Fireman asked me if it was the first time that I had picked up a body, I replied yes and he went on to instruct me that I should cradle the head and hold her by the shoulders as he held her legs. He explained that if I just held her head it could come away from the body due to the burns – I never forgot that.

After I had done this my crew chief sent me round to the front of the houses to contain a magnesium fire.

Magnesium fires don't react too well with water as they react and release hydrogen. So my job was to keep the surrounding area cool with a light spray. While doing this I had the opportunity to look at the devastation. The aircraft was obliterated with only the tail-plane recognisable. Against the wall of the house was a figure covered by a blanket, it was the navigator. The Canberra PR9 was a photographic

reconnaissance aircraft with the pilot in the cockpit offset on top and the navigator/photographer seated inside the nose cone where the cameras were also fitted.

Upon landing after a reconnaissance flight, the navigator would open the nose cone during mid taxiing and hand the film to the ground crew so that they could expedite it for processing. It wasn't unusual for the navigator to loosen up their seat harness upon approach to enable a speedier transaction.

It is my guess that the navigator on this day had done this and was unable to eject, So upon impact he was automatically ejected into the wall... it would have been instant.

The pilot's body wasn't too far either and this was also covered with a standard issue blanket.

I don't really remember the journey back to camp other than the older Firemen being very quiet.

We all got back and after refuelling and topping up the foam and water we were stood down.

I went to the airmen's mess for late supper, I was so hungry. After that I went back to my room and caught the News at 10 and the crash was the main story. It was then that I started to cry, I never knew why really, maybe just a release of stress, maybe because there was nothing we could do as everyone was already dead by the time we received the call.

The pilot and navigator, along with 3 children (one was only 4 months old) perished that day. We all received the AOC's commendation for our services, but it doesn't bring anyone back or heal the scars of those who lost loved ones.

I stayed in the RAF Crash and rescue service for another 12 years and I never once told that story to my fellow Fireman, this is the first time I have told it in full... It was the day when a boy became a man.

Bomber Command Fire Fighting Trophy



A little bit of RAF Fire Service History. This presentation was for the winners of the Bomber Command Fire Fighting Trophy (Non Flying Stations) 1961. RAF Hemswell won the Trophy 3 Years running. 1961-3. The completion was between the 4 Thor Missile Stations, RAF Feltwell, RAF Driffield, RAF North Luffenham & RAF Hemswell.

Many of the young men pictured are no doubt still with us so if you recognise yourself or some other on the photo please forward names to Flashpoint editorial team.

“Snowdrops” in summer?

Since my story on “life with the Regiment”, (Flashpoint- Autumn 2012) I did promise to write something about my experiences at the time when we left trade group 22, and teamed up with the RAF police in trade group 8 (security).

I recall that the changeover occurred around August in 1976, while serving at Strike HQ (RAF High Wycombe), my final posting before leaving the RAF in late 1977.

After the busy operational airfield at Bruggen, life at Strike HQ was much quieter, with only domestic fire duty, and the occasional helicopter movement on the helipad nearby. The Section was quite small (with a Sergeant i/c.), having only one appliance bay (containing a Bedford TK domestic) situated within the HQ site, but also covering RAF High Wycombe which was nearby. There was 24 hour fire cover, so we were split into crews of 3 (Cpl i/c., 2 SAC's or an LAC) and a Fire Piquet who came along after normal working hours. The main fire risk was the underground bunker, and since the disaster at RAF Neatishead, new procedures were implemented which included the extra training in breathing apparatus and the use of “McCaddy” reels which had been placed in strategic points along the underground corridors.

For those of you unfamiliar with this equipment, the reel could be run out in smoke laden incidents, and by feeling “markers” secured to the line, BA wearer's would know which direction the exit was. A “personal” line could be connected to the reel, so that a room could be entered, and a safe return made to the corridor.

I could honestly say that when the “great day” came along and we happily removed the Regiment “mudguards” there was any frenzied celebrating, we just carried on as normal with our duties, apart from some moans about the tell-tale marks left behind on our uniforms that no amount of ironing would remove. However, not long afterwards, changes were afoot when the RAF Police Flight moved into a spare office and spacious lecture room within our building. Obviously, command of our newly formed partnership changed, and the

CO of the Police flight became our new boss and fire officer. Some concern was voiced, as he was Flight Lieutenant who had come up from the ranks, so no wool would be pulled over his eyes! However he turned out to be ok, and did not show any apparent favouritism, ruling his new kingdom with firm, but complete fairness.

Making comparisons to our time with the “rocks”, I don't ever think there was instance of the “snowdrops” interfering with anything in regard to our procedures or duties. They just got along with what they had to do, and so would we, apart from when there was an incident, then we combined together to sort it, much like our civilian counterparts.

As I stated previously, life at Strike HQ was fairly quiet and straight forward, and we attended various small incidents, interspaced with the occasional VIP helicopter flight (one which caused some concern, when HRH the Duke of Edinburgh piloted in a Queen's Flight Wessex). I particularly enjoyed setting out the landing light “T” for night time movements, which came in the form of a portable kit and had to be set out precisely, as it included a guidance system that gave the pilot a clear glide slope, avoiding trees etc. Aligning the lights on the playing field (and helipad), could be tricky at night, even with the fire truck's head lights and searchlight on full, until our crew corporal came up with the bright idea of having some metal spikes made up, ends painted bright yellow, and left permanently flush to the ground in the predetermined light positions. We could now complete the task in record time, even when a short notice aircraft movement notification was received.

There was an incident which at first was very serious, with a quite amusing ending, but certainly not so for one individual! It occurred on a Friday teatime, when the site was emptying out for the weekend and a call was received that a suspicious holdall had been observed outside the main entrance to the Sergeant's Mess. This was at the time of the IRA troubles, and the Bader –Meinoff terrorist group, so it was taken very seriously with us turning out with the “blues & twos”. On arrival we were met by the Duty officer, and RAF

police, who were quite agitated by what they had discovered left on the floor, just outside the main doors.

We went over to have a look, noting that it was a plain black holdall with the zipper part open and clear plastic bags (containing a white substance) together with multi coloured strands of electrical cable protruding! We withdrew and after a short discussion it was decided to evacuate the Mess, cordoning off a safe area around the building, with an urgent call put out for the Army Bomb disposal unit to attend. With it being teatime, a considerable number of SNCO's were ordered out while in the middle of their meal, and quite a bit of grumbling was going on, to no avail. The duty medic also rolled up in the meat wagon, and took up station with us, after we had parked up some distance away, to await the EOD team's arrival. Word soon got back that they would be at least an hour getting to us as they were coming out from Central London, and traffic was very congested. The Duty Officer was on the ball, and arranged for a bod to collect an urn of tea together with sandwiches from the airmen's mess, so we sat back and waited for the arrival of the specialists. After a lengthy wait, the EOD team arrived, and on inspection of the suspicious holdall, decided that they would carefully move it to the nearby sports field and carry out a controlled explosion. On hearing this, we naturally assumed that we had a real IED on our hands, and the tension mounted! The EOD team placed the bag into a special container and we followed them to the field, then running out the hose reel in case it was needed. The charge was set and detonated; however there was no huge explosion, just a puff of smoke, and the scattering of the bag's contents. The EOD SNCO went over to inspect the strewn items, and came back holding a big tangle of cable, and the remains of one of the plastic bags. Shaking his head in disbelief, he told us the tangled cable was just that, with no apparent circuit or detonator, and the bags had contained granulated sugar. On hearing this, the Duty officer decided to close the incident and re-open the Sergeants Mess, leaving the RAF police making inquiries to locate the bag's owner!. Later on the following week, we heard that the culprit was a SNCO who

on loading his car to return home for the weekend had inadvertently left the holdall behind. He also subsequently admitted to pilfering the cable from the workshops and the sugar from the Mess kitchens, resulting in him being put on a charge for theft. Not a good situation for him to be in, as he had also caused his mates so much inconvenience that evening!

In my remaining year of RAF service, we were suddenly involved with the national firemen's strike, when a small fleet of "green Goddesses", arrived at Strike HQ, accompanied by a contingent of Irish rangers, who were to be trained in their operation. My SNCO i/c. knew about my time as an AFS instructor in Civvy Street, so I was immediately "volunteered" to train these soldiers in basic fire fighting. Finding a quiet part of the domestic site

to convert into a temporary drill yard, I soon had them running out a hose line and clambering the extension ladder, together with other familiarisation drills, hurriedly condensed into the short time made available. I had my reservations that being Irish, they may be a bit slow in absorbing the skills needed, but I was pleasantly surprised how quickly they learned, especially those tasked as driver/ pump operators. At least the "Green Goddess" had been based on the Bedford RL 4x4 chassis, which was quite numerous in the military at that time! Training was soon completed and they deployed throughout the UK, to where there was a need, and shortly afterwards, some of us were detached as specialist BA teams. I ended up in a TA Drill Hall (Manchester suburbs), coincidentally teaming up with a crew of

Irish Rangers who I had trained previously. We were called out to numerous routine incidents, and thankfully there was no loss of life while the strike continued, and we did have the helpful assistance of locally based civilian fire officers. After my stint, I returned to Strike HQ to prepare for my forthcoming demob, and was pleased to receive a good "write up" from my CO (i/c Police & Fire Section) and it was then onward for an intensive Government funded resettlement course in HGV maintenance & repair!

Summing up I can say that the changeover, and time alongside the RAF Police, went smoothly with no complaints or gripes whatsoever, wonder if anybody else has anything to add, good or bad?

Andy Gaskell (328)

"Contract for Liberty" by Henry Gaervell

For a change I am writing about my youngest son William, who has just published his first military fiction novel.

It is titled "**Contract for Liberty**", written under his penname of Henry Gaervell, and 20% of the sales are being donated to the Combat Stress charity.



Will Arriving In Karbul

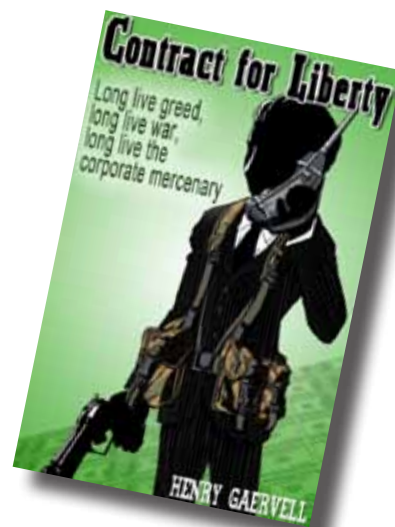
Intelligence Corps (TA), completing a tour of duty in Kabul and Camp Bastion in 2006.

He hopes to continue writing further militaristic novels in the future.

His novel at present is in "Kindle" format only, available online from Amazon (price £2.01 inc. vat). However he hopes to

release it on other formats soon!

Andy Gaskell 328



The story is based in the near future and tells of the upsurge of private military armies and the consequent reduction in Government armed forces worldwide. Private security companies offer their services to governments with purely profit in mind, with total disregard to moral ethics. The two principal characters are British ex-servicemen, and former comrades, who now work for different security organisations. Throughout the book they frequently cross paths with the inevitable conclusion, now that they are on opposing sides!

A thought provoking novel, with some aspects that are very close to the current situation we face in the Middle East!

My son, joined the Civil Service, after gaining a University degree in Politics & Economics, and served with the Army

OBITUARIES

Peter Low passed away December 19th 2012 after a long battle with lung cancer. Peter served from 1955 to 1963 and was stationed at Henlow, Katonayake-Ceylon, Thorney Island and Old Sarum.

Nevil Tortice Passed away 5th April 2013 aged 60 after a battle with MSA. He served at Wyton, Cranwell, Falkland Islands, Bishops Court, West Raynham and Marham.

Norman Weavers Passed away 6th June 2013 after a long fight with cancer. He served for 22 years.

Bill Rodgers Passed away 10th June 2013

Merrick Roberts passed away in July 2003

Keeping The Memory Alive



My dad Gary (left) Jordan and Terry Wright

It was a sunny afternoon somewhere in Leicestershire during one of the long hot school summer holidays of the late 1970's and a shout from inside the house sent me running inside to be met by my dad and a bunch of firemen from his engine which stood shining red and silver outside in the road. My mum already had the kettle on ready for the brews to be made. They had been out painting hydrants and stopped by for a breather as had happened many times before when they were in the area. I was promptly taken out to the fire engine and allowed to sit in and look around. The best was yet to come, and as the firemen boarded the engine to carry on their duties I was allowed a quick ride down the road and back before they finally left. A day to remember and a boy hood dream coming true.

So what does this memory have to do with the RAF Fire Service and me? My father was called upon to carry out national service in the 1950's; he had chosen the RAF and enlisted on the 29 January 1952 as an Aerodrome Assistant. Although I was not even a twinkle in those days and he left the RAF before my time those pull up a sand bag stories were told time after time of his service life normally accompanied with photo albums to me in the late 1970's and early 80's. My dad's service history is a little sketchy and I am seeking to get hold of his file to find out more, what I do know is that he became an Aero Fireman Driver shortly after joining and completed fire training as an RAF Fireman. He served at various Stations, RAF Halfpenny Green, RAF Manston (as a member of the F.I.D.O. crew), amongst others and the Station I heard most about RAF Luqa in Malta.

He left The RAF in January 1957 after five years exemplary Service.

It is the Malta tour that I have the most visual reference to what he got up too and I own many pictures of that time. Arriving in Malta in the autumn of 1953 he soon got to grips driving the many fire engines on the crash line, Land Rover, Austin C02, Bedford water bowser, 45 Monitor, various domestic trucks, and the new Thornycroft Mk 5. The Mk 5 appears in a lot of the pictures I own and I have many others from the time showing personnel, incidents and views around Malta. Little did I know the relationship with the Mk 5 was to continue into my life!

Keen to follow in the footsteps of my role model, I too joined the RAF in 1990 at the young age of 17. I had wanted to be a fireman as well, but unfortunately missed out on a math test by just 2%. I had the choice to come back in six months to try again or straight in as an MT Driver. It was the latter path I chose, and in some respects it was the better choice as I got to see more of the world than any of my fireman friends ever did, and I got to drive fire engines on a regular basis too! Mk 9's, 11's TACR 2's and the odd Goddess. At heart though I still had the Fire service in mind, but being too old after my 22 years of service, and injury curtailing anything too strenuous this was not to be.

At RAF Coningsby's families day in 2012 I noticed a small collection of old fire

engines on show at the back of the Fire section and went over to have a look. I ran into Steve Shirley the owner of said vehicles, now I have known Steve for quite some time as an acquaintance delivering a forward control Landrover to Manston back in 1995 and chatting now and again when our paths crossed. I had looked at helping with Steve's collection in the past but due to personal circumstance I was unable to do this. However that episode of my life was now firmly behind us and Steve invited us to pay the museum a visit. I was hooked and went about the new hobby with enthusiasm. I now manage the vehicle hangar and the basic daily maintenance of the fleet of appliances he owns.

Sitting in a dark corner of the vehicle hangar, there were two appliances that kept attracting my interest. A pair of Mk 5's! I approached Steve to look at the possibility of getting at least one roadworthy as a project.

It was agreed and I set about assessing the Vehicles for restoration. As fortune would have it both were in a good state of preservation as they had been in storage with the RAF for some time. One stood out more than the other as it was covered all over in a wax preservative and this was the chosen vehicle.

Due to the vehicle being in very good condition it was hoped that not a lot would be needed to get her back into a running



Mk5 and crash crew; Malta



Mk 5 in the hangar at Museum of RAF Fire-Fighting

order, with life being not that simple it was found that although the bodywork was sound the engine was not looking as good and it had seized. As we looked at the problem we discovered that quite possibly this could have been caused by ingress of water. Towing the vehicle outside we were able to engage gear and after a very short period un-seize the engine, great! On turning the crank handle though it was clear something was not quite right. This is now where working on such an old vehicle things become harder. It was decided to strip the cylinder head off the engine to investigate further. This is no mean feat on an engine that has not run for 30+ years, especially working on it in situ.

The head was removed to reveal our suspicions were correct. Ingress of water was the problem, but dating back to the time it was last run. As you can imagine the build-up of corrosion was severe but only in a certain area. The engine was to be stripped down further to remove the valves as the front two were the ones affected. This revealed that the head gasket had been blowing for some time and caused an un-repairable hole in the cylinder head. All is not yet lost though, the valves were removed and will be usable once again, a

new cylinder head is being sourced and the radiator removed and cleaned. In the meantime cosmetic work is being carried out and it is hoped the vehicle will be ready by the summer of 2014.

We are indeed keeping the RAF memory alive, the Mk 5 being the ultimate result. I have great pride of my father's service history and his time in the Leicestershire Fire Service after. Unfortunately he is not around to see this and passed away when I was just 10 years old. His funeral was a major event in the small village I lived in and was talked about for weeks after. With

over 150 firemen present he was sent off with full Fire Service honours. He can be seen on the association web site in some of the pictures posted by others.

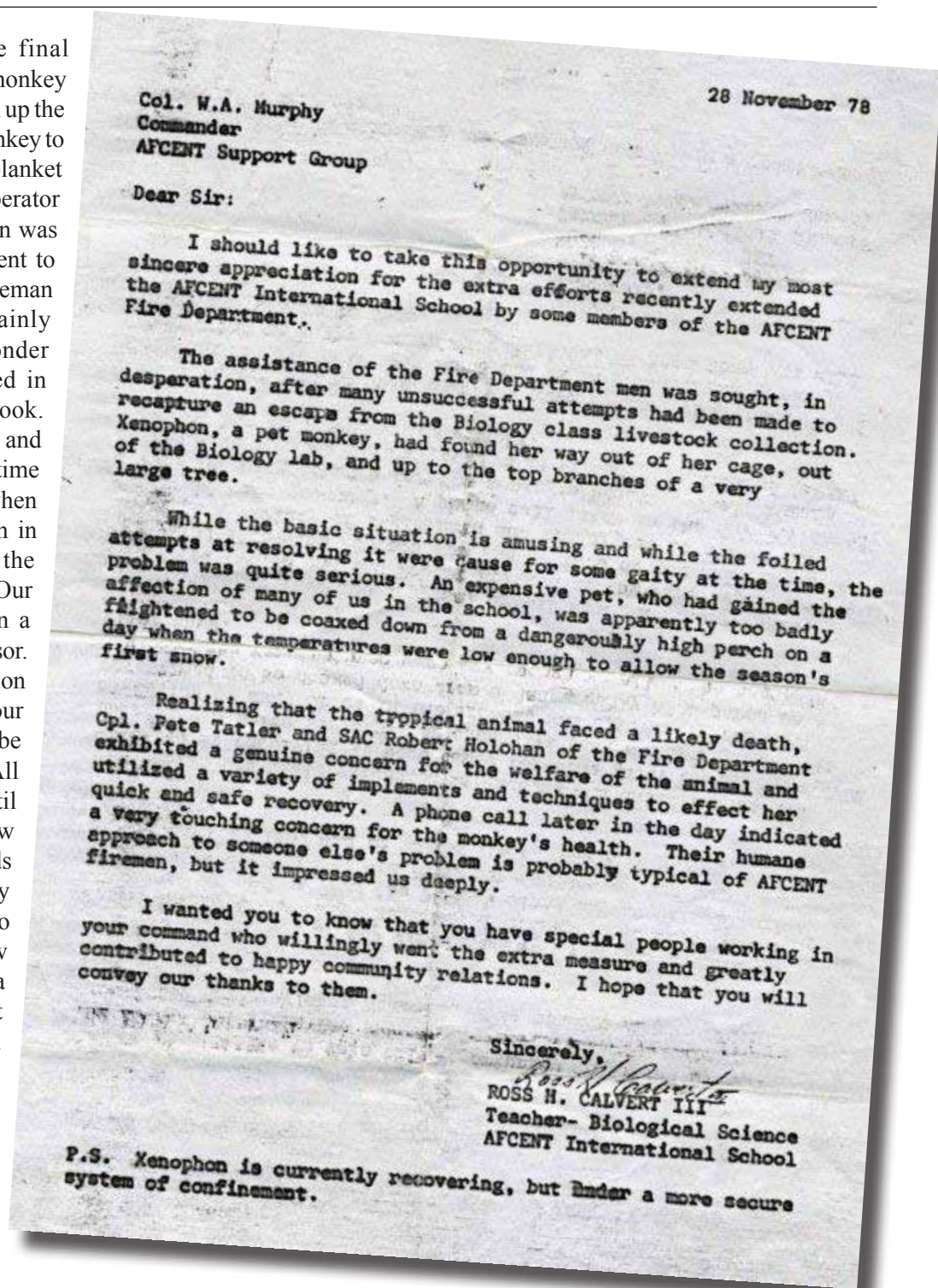
His name was Gary Jordan and reached the rank of SAC back in the day when you had to work for it. If anyone who knew him, or have pictures and information on the Mk 5 would like to get in touch with me please do so, I would be eternally grateful. I can be contacted through the editorial staff. In the meantime the restoration of the Mk 5 goes on, to be continued.....



My dad atop of a 5

MONKEY BUSINESS

From the attached letter, the final technique used to remove the monkey from the tree was a 1 inch branch up the rear; this encouraged the said monkey to leap into a strategically placed blanket held by two teachers. Pump operator was myself and the, branch man was Cpl Pete Tatler. Story kindly sent to Flashpoint by ex RAF Flt Sgt fireman Bob Holiman. This was certainly something different and I wonder how the incident was recorded in the Fire Section occurrence book. However the tale raised a smile and brought back memories of my time at RAF Marham in the 60's when we were undergoing instruction in bird identification and use of the Sappho bird deterrent system. Our instructor was none other than a University of East Anglia Professor. We had been warned by the Section Warrant Officer Ben Skie and our crew commander Bob Burns to be on our best behaviour or else. All was going reasonably well until Ray Stiff asked the question how do you manage to get the birds to give out a distress call deathly silence until Ray decided to answer his own question I know he said catch a bird then stick a pencil up its arse. That was it uncontrollable laughter ensued and the session finished early. Rumour had it that when Ray Stiff arrived at Marham Fire Section he marched in to Mr Skie's office and introduced himself; Morning Sir I'm Stiff to which Mr Skie replied so am I it must be the weather.



CALLING ALL NORFOLK MEMBERS OF THE ASSOCIATION

As the Norfolk Co-Ordinator for The R.A.F. & Defence Fire Service Association, I would like to organise a meeting of all Members living in Norfolk.

The meeting would be an informal get-together of like minded people in order to build relationships and exchange ideas on how we can help move the Association forward. This would also help us keep in contact without the formality of an A.G.M.

I live in Hunstanton; any Norfolk Members interested please would you contact me so that I may arrange a mutually convenient place and time.

My contact number is: 01485 532353 or
my e.mail address is jjofrosewood@aol.com

John Savage M.B.E

Member No.180

LIFE AS A RAF FIREMANS SON (Yet another son's perspective)

It's a curious thing that, at the age of seven, I used to gauge my height and its progress by using a Mark 9 wheel. Not every kid gets that kind of opportunity. Don't underestimate the power a fire engine can have on a seven year old boy! More of that in a moment. It's a curious thing too, that when others recall their memories your own rush back to you, imbued with sentiment and the seemingly golden light of childhood. Therefore it was with distinct pleasure that I read the article 'Life as an RAF Fireman's Son' by David McCann in the autumn issue of *Flashpoint*. He succeeded in evoking so many memories, either directly, as I nodded in agreement, 'yep, I used to do that too' or by way of deeper reflection (I'll try not to get too philosophical!).

The RAF certainly had a huge impact on my early life. From artistic efforts; I won a prize for a painting and everybody was kind enough to ignore the fact that the refuelling Tornados were in fact in front of the Victor. So to the Scouting movement, no cub scout was ever more prepared. Well, not with the cast off kit that we had, although I remember the idea that tinned cheese seemed like an alien impossibility. Unsurprisingly, I still adhere to that. I remember that I echoed my father in his appearance. While I am blessed with the Harrison conk I mean to say that I shined my shoes for Church parade 'Dad style', that my 'Necker' was a 'Necker' that Baden Powell himself would have approved off and that a duty to others was central to being a decent fellow. Besides, I'll never forget my cub leaders face when I gave him a spot-on six figure map reference at my first meeting. Thanks, Dad! But most kudos was acquired by my ability to start a rip roaring fire in no time. It helps to know some firemen who'll tell you exactly how the triangle works! Oddly it's always my brother Justin and I who light the fire when we're up in the mountains with friends. We've been trained by the best!

I've never been a huge fan of birthday parties, perhaps because mines in January, but easily the best as a child was



A young Cub scouting Lloyd the 'Fire Section Party'. This is how I started to gauge my height by way of a Mark 9 tyre! The enormity of the vehicle to a seven year old is profound. It's also a great deal of fun, especially getting to use the first-aid reel along with my friends or a trip down the taxi or runway. I know my friends and I had a great deal of fun and enjoyed being in the section. Christmas parties were great too, although I remember spotting one familiar face playing the part of Santa Claus and saying 'that's John, Dad!' Still did Santa ever look better than in fire boots?

I think it's safe to say that when a



A grown up Lloyd with brother Justin and dad Steve

Serviceman has a family, well, they are all in RAF. When I was very young I honestly thought that it was the Queen who told us where we had to move! Later, I loved the idea of moving, the excitement of the new. It stays with you, that feeling. It's resonated through my life; in fact I'm writing this near Lake Como where I've (cushily) posted myself as a teacher at an English school. I remember family meetings where Dad would show us on the map where we were moving to. We were included. We trusted everything, it was okay, and the RAF would make sure the family were safe.

We didn't always get to go along of course. I recall dad's sojourn to the Falklands (I'd probably choose a different word if I'd had to sleep in a coastel for months). It wasn't easy we all really missed Dad. Chins firmly up (following orders!) we looked forward to the distinctive penguin stamped letters that sometimes contained now grainy seeming photos of a newly moustachioed Dad next to wrecked 'Argie' jets shot out of the sky just a year before. Cool but sobering. Nightly, tucked up in our bunks my brother and I would talk and conclude that he'd be alright, definitely, how could anything happen with his friends and the whole RAF behind him? Now I'm a long way from home and those that I love and I know full well that it's the love and cherished support from home that means so much, that plays a vital role in giving you the will to carry on and do the job when being in the arms of your family would be the finest thing in the world. Gentlemen I'm sure you'll be the first to say that your wives served with you (and your sons got the cool mess tins).

It would be stretching it a bit too far to liken the RAF to a loving mother, but I'm in no doubt that having lived among it, on hearing the stories, reading your magazine and talking to my dear Dad that you are certainly members of an extended family, rich in heritage, bravery and dedication of you which you may be justly proud and neither time nor tide can ever take that away.

Lloyd Harrison

Reginald Charles Lisseman

Reginald Charles Lisseman (1903 - 1967)

AFS/NFS/MOD Fire Services from 1938 - 1967



Reginald Charles Lisseman

He was working for Great Malvern Council, Worcestershire, in 1938 when Councils were ordered to set up AFS units. He joined at that time, and was then transferred over into NFS when the blitz started. He attended at Coventry, Bristol, Birmingham and we believe went to Liverpool, plus all the local events of the wartime. He went to Training Courses at Birmingham and London HQ near Lambeth Bridge. Here he was trained on "fireboat" duty and returned to Worcester where a "launch" was used on the river and canal system - I've tried to find information on this fireboat without any real information coming forward. My elder sister and brother visited the launch but only have vague memories about it - The Lady Francis? They believe.

During the early 50's he suffered a thrombosis from which he recovered. He switched to being a Gate Guard at, the then, TRE (Telecommunication Research Establishment) in Malvern. This operation set up a "Flying Unit" at RAF Defford (Worcestershire) my father transferred there as a fire fighter under the Ministry of Aircraft Production. One of my first memories is of going in a coach, with my younger brother, to Christmas Parties at Defford, hundreds of children with big LABELS pinned on our chests!!

Around 1953 (I was 9 years old) we moved house to the Ministry Housing Estate in Pershore, Worcestershire, as the Flying Unit had left Defford, it was too small!

and moved into RAF Pershore. Now to become Royal Radar Establishment. At this time dad always said he was an MOD Firemen? During his time at Pershore he went to Farnborough on a number of occasions for the Airshow and training (Farnborough I understand had the first none RAF MK6 Crash Tender issued. He also attended with a team at Chesil Bank in Dorset where they gave fire protection to a Westland Whirlwind Helicopter testing what appears to be early SONAR.

The MK6 arrived at Pershore early 60's? "RAF Pershore Fire Crew" with dad standing on the far right. He was Leading Firemen/Instructor by now. He was involved at the crash on take-off of Valiant WP200 on 22/04/1961. Entering the aircraft and extracting the crew and civilian "Boffin" There was an Open Day on 18th May 1963 which I attended (me 18 yrs old and without a camera on dad's advice - only "official" photography allowed!) Saw MK6 in demonstration and sat in the cab later (first "love affair" with a vehicle!) Dad in full "silver suit" walking into the blaze -Mother not very happy about that!! Lightning taking-off vertical nearly gave her a heart attack!

Sadly dad died at RAF Pershore on July 11th 1967, "training" on the badminton court! He received a Full Fire Service Funeral at Pershore Abbey, I was doing well until we turned into the front of the Abbey and there was a full Guard of Honour with Helmets on and Axes raised, don't remember much more about it. Mum had to move out of MOD house pretty quick and went near our sister in Malvern, the lads from Pershore kept in touch with her; I was contacted later by the Pershore Fire CO and found out a lot about dad from him.



Chesil bank Westland Whirlwind

Dad was very reserved about his War and MOD Service - When at school the other kids asked THAT question "What did your dad do in the War?" I used to say "He was only a fireman"!!! I've learned better over the last few years - I'm now 68 yrs old, older than he was when he died -it seems more important now!

Ian Lisseman

With thanks also to Mr Eric Carnell of Worcester who supplied some of the images.

Lately there have been a few articles related to childhood memories of ex fire fighters and of son and daughters tracing their dad's service history. We have David McCann's memories last autumn. In this edition we have Ian's story above also contributions from my own son memories, and in turn my own father in WWII in the spring edition Gareth Jordon finding information about his dad and restoring a Mark 5 in his memory.

I find it comforting that this is going on and that these memories are been recorded I hope that we have a few more stories in the future. (Steve co-ed)



RAF Pershore MOD Fire Crew

Royal Air Force Katunayake

In Ian and Phillip Lisseman's letter (page 4) they mention RAF Negombo which is now Katunayake Airport and part military airfield in Sri Lanka formally Ceylon. Also they mention flying boat of the , the 'Far East Flying Boat Wing' George did some research into these couple of subjects and below are some facts from those 'Empire Days' and the days of 'Flying Boats'!

RAF Katunayake formerly known as RAF Negombo was built by the British in the mid 1940's to replace their lost airfields in Pakistan and India. Kat was conveniently situated twixt Aden and Singapore to serve the continuing need of supplying its vast Empire particularly so in the Far East and was used as a staging post to rest crews and passengers of aircraft in transit. Kat was built among a plantation of 40000 coconut trees and lays some 20 plus miles north of the capital city Colombo and less than a handful of miles east of Negombo. The village just outside the camp gates at that time was Kurana. The airfield was used via 3 organisations, primarily it was a Royal Air Force Base, although the Royal Ceylon Air Force was formed in the late forties they expanded their air force by establishing their headquarters at Kat. The major civilian airlines used Kat as their northern mid Indian Ocean base as a refuelling stopover where crews were 'slipped', passengers were able to take a break and the aircraft could be replenished for the next leg of their journey.



Photo of the RAF Sgt's Mess at RAF Negombo

Flying Boat Visitor Centre

The Flying Boat Visitor Centre in Pembroke Dock, which is unique to the UK, opened its doors on 27th June 2009 and has been visited by many thousands of visitors since. These have come from all over the UK and many overseas countries.



Pembroke Dock had a thirty year link with the glorious era of flying boat operations and our centre tells some of the stories from this very important period of the 20th century. We tell in particular the story of our unique wartime survivor, Sunderland serial number T9044 which sank in a gale in November 1940.

The Flying Boat Centre displays a Pegasus engine and many other items already recovered from the site of T9044, which is close to the Pembroke Dock waterfront. These parts are being conserved by many members of our volunteer team.

Over fifty volunteers are now involved in this project. They run the centre on behalf of the Sunderland Trust and are also enthusiastically involved in all the other areas of the project. These include Education, Archiving/Conservation, Outreach and organising special events which promote the project and reflect the remarkable military history of the Pembroke Dock community and local area.

Visit us to see the many displays, photos, uniforms and medals, models, artefacts, memorabilia and interactive items for small (and big!) children.

- Disabled Access
- Disabled Parking
- Gift Shop
- Toilet Facilities

The centre is an all year round attraction, and is open from Tuesday-Saturday 10am - 4pm (closed for 2 weeks over Christmas and New Year). Other visit times can be arranged by appointment for group and educational visits – please telephone Pembroke Dock Sunderland Trust on 01646 684220.

Below some facts and figures about the Sunderland



The Short S.25 Sunderland was a British flying boat patrol bomber developed for the Royal Air Force by Short Brothers. It took its service name from the town and port of Sunderland in northeast England.

- Top speed: 338 km/h
- Wingspan: 34 m
- Length: 26 m
- First flight: October 16, 1937
- Introduced: 1938
- Retired: 1967

Here is a section of a recently received story for the proposed new book kindly sent to the Flashpoint HQ by Jim Guy the complete story is an excellent tale and we look forward to seeing it included in its full form in the new book

I joined the RAF on Monday 31st December 1951, and signed for a period of five years full time service and four years reserve. I was only seventeen and a half years young at that time, and had no idea of how I would be employed during that five years.

My parents were not too happy about my signing on, as some years earlier they had adopted a boy whose parents had died at a young age, and after leaving school had signed for him to join the RAF as a boy entrant. He chose a career in flying, and completed the course at Cranwell College. After passing out, he was posted to RAF Hemswell, in Lincolnshire, where he was doing regular flights on Blenheims. In the winter of 1939 he was on a routine flight over Norfolk, when the heavy snow and ice brought the aircraft down, and both the crew were killed. Dad never forgave himself for signing his papers; hence my fathers doubts about me joining up. As I explained that I was keeping my feet on terra firma, he reluctantly agreed.

I was sent off to Cardington to be kitted out and sworn in with the Kings shilling, and given my trade as RAF fireman. I really wanted to become an MT fitter, but was told that would be OK if I signed for twelve years! NO WAY - I was a bit doubtful about five years at that tender age, and it seemed an eternity. I was told if I did the fire-fighting course I might have a chance to become a driver later. That was good enough for me, I was on my way!

On completing the week at Cardington, we were transferred to West Kirby by special train to do our square bashing. You all know the routine! Aboard the train a Corporal was taking names of anyone interested in sport, music or other pastimes. As I had played in a colliery band for several years, and had piano lessons from an early age, I duly volunteered. The barrack room lawyers invariably had lots of advice to offer on such matters, and one such individual sat opposite me, berating me for having volunteered, told me his brother had just completed National Service and had advised him never to volunteer for anything in this mob!

However, this was to prove a godsend for me, because after about three weeks of square bashing I was sent for, and enrolled in the station band, with all the privileges that this offered. One of the advantages of playing with the band was that each and every Friday became a passing out parade, including my own at the end of training. Two duties, however, that I could not be excused, were the assault course and firing range, much importance being attributed to these two activities.

Next was trade training at Sutton-on-Hull. No band there, so it was all graft for the whole of the course! No need to elaborate on this course, as you all know full well what it entailed. I have purposely left out names of personnel in my writing, in order to protect the innocent and guilty alike, but mainly because fifty-four years have passed, and I have forgotten most of them!

Five Years First Permanent Posting

We had put our square bashing, and now our fire-service trade training behind us. I was still unsure that signing for five years, instead of National Service, had been the right decision. After all, at the age of eighteen, five years had seemed forever. The prospect of buying oneself out was not even a consideration. However, life at Sutton-on-Hull had proved more bearable than square bashing, so maybe this permanent posting could be even better. As I stood in the ranks waiting to hear my name called, along with the name of my new station, my mind was working overtime - could I be the lucky one, and end up in Yorkshire, somewhere near my home town of Doncaster? I recognised lots of the place names called, and thought "why was that not for me?" at last, my name, and the place, with some letters A & I E U, Martlesham Heath, Woodbridge. Never heard of it I thought, wondering if it was an RAF station, and what was A & I E U, other chaps didn't have letters before their postings. I could barely remember the name, when, just before the last names were called, out it came again. At least I was not alone, and would have a travelling companion.

After being dismissed, the two of us liased, and on receiving our paperwork, learned that we were being posted to the county of Suffolk.

After an uneventful steam train journey, with several changes, we finally arrived at our destination, Woodbridge, in the late afternoon. What a quaint little town, with the railway station alongside the picturesque river, with yachts and a working tide mill. The local country accent appeared strange, after our strong North-country brogue. But this was a place so interesting that we could hardly wait to go and explore. In fact, we agreed to return the following evening.

We found the local bus service, and pressed on to Martlesham Heath, some 3 or 4 miles away. The male "clippie" had promised to drop us at our destination, and he did exactly that, because here we were right outside a huge hangar, with Lincoln and Lancaster bombers outside, being serviced, and airman mechanics climbing all over them. At this stage, I was wondering at what point we had passed through the camp gates.

We were directed to the fire section, which of course was next to the guardroom, as was often the case. After meeting our new fire section Sergeant, he promptly told us we needed to obtain a certificate from the orderly room, to sign in at various sites on the camp.

By the time we had obtained our documents, it was nearly teatime, so we were ushered to temporary accommodation, and told to report back to the section at 08.00 hours. Now having some spare time, I perused the certificate during the evening, and noted more strange letters, among departments like bedding store, equipment sect stn workshops, SHQ, which were fairly obvious. But others like BLEU, BBU A & I sect, were just as mysterious as our A & I E U in the name of the station.

After making a few enquiries with the lads we were billeted with, we soon learned that this was an armament and instrumental experimental unit, the BLEU was the blind landing experimental unit, the BBU was the bomb ballistics unit, and A & I was just the armament and instrumental section. Problem solved!

RAFDFSA Shop

Those of you unable to attend reunions should be aware that we have a range of RAFDFSA and CRASH goods for sale, which are also available by mail order via us and the Association website shown at the bottom of each page. We look forward to meeting as many of you as possible at the reunions.

Regards and best wishes Allan and Marilyn

Contact details: - Allan and Marilyn Brooke
20 Chestnut Grove, Farndon, Newark, Nottinghamshire NG24 3TW
Tel: 01636 688 680

No personal callers please.

Email: allana.brooke@ntlworld.com or marilyn.brooke@ntlworld.com

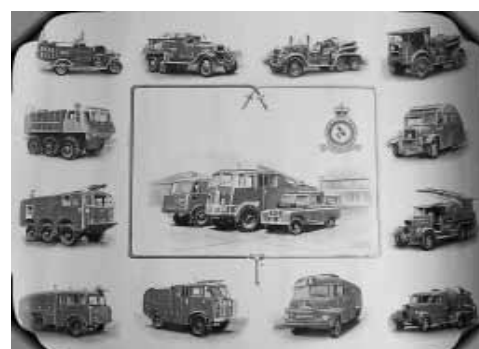
Note:- For Mail Order - All items will be subject to postage and packaging, which will be calculated per individual order. A customer will be informed of the cost and, when payment is received, the order will be despatched.

Cheques & Postal Orders made payable to RAF&DFSA Shop Account.

AMENDMENTS FOR AUTUMN 2012 FLASHPOINT

RAF & DFSA SHOP PRICE LIST 1.10.12

BASE BALL CAP	£10.00
KNITTED HAT	£10.00
KNITTED HAT (LG BADGE)	£10.00
FLEECE HAT	£10.00
RUGBY SHIRT	£21.00
SHORT SLEEVE POLO SHIRT	£14.50
LONG SLEEVE POLO SHIRT	£17.50
SHORT SLEEVE T SHIRT	£6.50
SHORT SLEEVE T SHIRT (EMBROIDERED BADGE)	£11.50
LONG SLEEVE T SHIRT	£10.50
LONG SLEEVE T SHIRT (EMBROIDERED BADGE)	£13.00
WHITE SHORT SLEEVE SHIRT	£15.00
SWEATSHIRT	£16.50
HOODED SWEATSHIRT	£17.50
FLEECE JACKET	£23.00
FLEECE BODY WARMER	£21.00
ASSOCIATION TIE	£9.00
ASSOCIATION SHIELD	£29.50
BLAZER BADGE	£13.00
PATCH BADGE	£3.50
CAP BADGE	£8.00
LAPEL BADGE – ALL TYPES	£3.00
FIREMAN KEYRING	£3.50
CLOTH KEYRING	£3.50
RED ARROW FRIDGE MAGNET	£3.00
LEATHER BOOK MARK	£1.00
PRESENTATION PEN	£3.50
PRESENTATION PAPER KNIFE	£2.50
CUFF LINKS	£5.50
ASSOCIATION CAR STICKER (INSIDE WINDOW)	£1.00
ASSOCIATION CAR STICKER (OUTSIDE WINDOW)	£1.00
FIRE SCHOOL STICKER (OUTSIDE WINDOW)	£0.50
JUTE BAG WITH EMBROIDERED LOGO	£7.50
DOCUMENT BAG	£8.50
NYLON BAG	£6.50
SPORTS BAG	£17.50
WASH BAG	£11.50
HAND TOWEL WITH LOGO	£10.00
BUTCHER'S APRON WITH EMBROIDERED LOGO	£14.00
RIPPER WALLET	£8.50
ASSOCIATION MUG	£4.00
FIRE ENGINE COASTER	£1.50
RAF FIRE CARDS	£2.00
FIRE ENGINE PRINT SERIES ONE	£5.00
FIRE ENGINE PRINT SERIES TWO	£5.00
FIREMAN PRINT	£3.50
NOVELTY TOYS PIN BADGES AND WHITE METAL MODELS AS PRICED	
ASSOCIATION SHIELDS AS PRICED	



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CRASH FIRE TENDER



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BUILT ON SPECIAL THORNYCROFT "NUBIAN"
CROSS-COUNTRY CHASSIS TO M.O.S.
SPECIFICATION