

Washington Times

RAF Marham

Families' Day

Programme

ROYAL
AIR FORCE

Thursday 23rd July 2009



All donations kindly
accepted
All proceeds to Station Charities

The poster features a large white bullseye target on a blue background. Several fighter jets are flying around the target, with red smoke trails forming the shape of the target. A person in a blue uniform and cap is in the bottom left corner, aiming a rifle at the target. The Royal Air Force crest is in the bottom right corner.

Newsletter

Issue 18

Summer 2009



Cover Photos

- Top** WF512 (44 Squadron) at dispersal, RAF Coningsby. (*Ernest Howlett*)
- Lower Left** Front cover to RAF Marham's Families' Day programme – venue for the 2009 Washington Reunion. (*Chris Howlett*)
- Lower Right** Tony Whatman, assistant armourer, 57 Squadron poses by the nose wheel of an unidentified Washington at RAF Waddington. (*Tony Whatman*)
- Below** Demonstrating just how hard it is to photograph a Victor at close quarters, most of the Washington reunion group gather at RAF Marham's resident Victor tanker. **Left to right:** Michael Butler, Sandra Howlett, William Howlett, Chris Howlett, Nick Howlett, Greta Pearton-Hindley, John Hamer, Nick Clifton, Brian O'Riordan, Stephen Clifton, Joyce O'Riordan, Anne Dutton, Keith Dutton, Doreen Raine, John Forster, Denise Avery, Kevin Grant, Vic Avery, Mary Laing, John Laing (front), Maurice Adamson, Sheelah Adamson (Sloane), Delma Duffield, Ross Duffield, Mike Davies, Val Davies, Paul Stancliffe, Adèle Stancliffe (*Chris Howlett*)

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Dear Chris,

Glad to see you managed to get the Spring edition together following your problems with an excess of H₂O. Thanks for sending me a copy. I hope your readers find my little contribution of some interest.

I wonder if any of them can recall some of the Watton "boffins" who made their way to Wyton, namely Basil Dennis, Eric Banham, Mike Chester, Bill Stebbing? Other ex-Watton guys that I met at the Royal Aircraft Establishment Bedford, before my own involvement with 51 Squadron at Wyton, were Geoff Harrison and George Hogg. The latter still in the RAF at Watton.

Best regards

Alan Palmer

George Chandler wrote:

Thanks for the copy of the 'Times' and the photographs. I found John Bristow's diary and John Hanby's photographs bringing back various memories. One point I would make to John Bristow is that the name of the Doris Day fanatic was Ron Pickett, not Eddie. My bed space was next to his and I was frequently dragged off to the Astra as the latest 'Do Do' film was showing.



Left: Ron Pickett and his locker door homage to Doris Day. (*John Bristow*)

2009 Reunion

The 2009 Washington Times reunion was held on July 22nd and 23rd.

The reunion meal was held in the White Horse Hotel, Blakeney, a small picturesque resort on the North Norfolk coast. The following day we all travelled the 40 miles to RAF Marham and the Families' day where some people who were unable to attend the meal also joined the party.

After driving independently most of us met in the families' day car park – some, using knowledge of RAF Marham gained 50 or so years previously, drove straight in and managed to park on the station! W/O Ron Bennett then escorted us to the station Chaplaincy for a moving memorial service given by Wing Commander Andrew Turner, senior Chaplain. Following this Ron helped us all negotiate the station's security and enter the airfield proper. Ron, who had been a magnificent help in organising the event was on hand to take group photographs first beside a Victor and then in front of a Canberra. At both locations he took possession of numerous cameras and I only regret not having a photo of him festooned like some stereo typical Japanese tourist – thank you Ron for all your help.

With the photos over, the party dispersed for the flying display and other attractions.

I would like to express my gratitude to RAF Marham and especially S/Ldr Mandy Middleton for her assistance in granting the Washington Reunion people access and also a big thank you to all who were involved organising the families' day. It must have been a huge undertaking but it went off flawlessly and provided an exhilarating day for all. The following pages of photographs try to convey a flavour of the event

RAF Marham Flying Display Programme
(Subject to changing weather conditions on the day)

| | |
|---------------|--|
| 12:30 - 12:45 | Tornado GR4s Display & Land |
| 12:46 - 12:53 | Tutor Display & Land |
| 13:00 - 13:25 | Red Arrows Display & Depart |
| 13:27 - 13:36 | Venom Display & Depart |
| 13:36 - 13:42 | Hunter Display & Land |
| 13:44 - 13:55 | F16 Display & Land |
| 14:00 - 14:15 | Battle of Britain Memorial Flight Display & Depart |
| 14:20 - 14:29 | Lynx Display & Land |
| 14:30 - 14:37 | Kingair Display & Land |
| 14:40 - 14:45 | KC135 Fly through & Depart |
| 14:49 - 14:58 | Meteor Display & Land |
| 15:05 - 15:13 | Vulcan Display & Depart |
| 15:15 - 15:40 | The Falcons Parachute Display from a Chinook |
| 15:45 - 16:00 | Blades Display & Land |

Arena Programme of Events

| | |
|---------------|--|
| 12:00 - 12:30 | Band |
| 12:30 - 13:00 | Acrobats |
| 13:00 - 13:30 | Dark Ages Theatrical Group |
| 13:30 - 14:00 | Stunt Bike |
| 14:00 - 14:30 | Acrobats |
| 14:30 - 15:00 | Dark Ages Theatrical Group |
| 15:00 - 15:30 | Stunt Bike |
| 15:30 - 16:00 | Acrobats |
| 16:00 - 16:30 | Band |
| 12:30 - 16:30 | Station History Room in Ops Wg HQ open all day |
| 16:00 - 17:00 | CSS Deployed Families Brief in Ops Wg HQ |

Post Event Parties on the Rugby Pitch:

| | |
|---------------|--|
| 16:30 - 18:00 | Children's Entertainment, Bar & Food |
| 18:30 - 21:00 | Adults Battle of the Bands, Bar & Food |
| 21:00 - 22:30 | Live Band, Music, Disco, Bar & Food |

All the proceeds of this free event will be donated to our nominated charities, which this year include:
The RAF Benevolent Fund, RAF Marham First Response, St Johns Ambulance (Swaffham) and Sue Ryder Care

Please give generously!

Produced by RAF Marham Graphics - MarGCD-026-016201 (26/07/08)

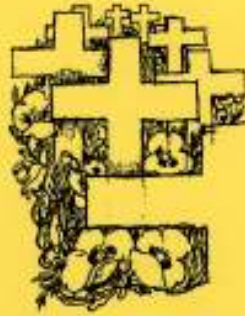
Reunion



Left, below and bottom: Reunion dinner; White Horse Hotel, Blakeney, 22 July 2009.
(*Chris Howlett*)



Previous page: Flying Display Programme for RAF Marham's Families' Day.
Subsequent two pages: Order of service for the Service of Commemoration for those lost in the three B-29s that crashed while operating from RAF Marham.
Bottom: The altar and wreath laid during the service.
(*Paul Stancliffe*)



St Margaret's Church Royal Air Force Marham

A Service of Commemoration
RAF B-29 Washington re-union

*Conducted by the Senior Chaplain
Reverend (Wing Commander) Andrew Turner*

1050

23rd July 2009

ORDER OF SERVICE

Psalm: Let us praise God for life
and the opportunity to share in this reunion.

Let us remember before God those whose lives were lost
and especially those whose memories are treasured
by this congregation

¹ O ruler of the earth and sky,
be with our airmen when they fly;
And keep them in thy loving care
amid the perils of the air.
O let our cry come unto thee
for those who fly o'er land and sea.

² Strong Son of Man, save those who fly
through cloud and sunshine 'cross the sky;
Each anxious hour and lonely flight
Severely challenged, day and night.
O'er land and ocean safely hear
All those in peril in the air.

³ O Lord of life and heaven above
Keep safe our fallen in your love;
They fought the fight, now rest in peace
From earthly cares and toil released;
Through thee our thanks for duty rise
Inspire each moment of our lives.

⁴ O Trinity of love and grace,
True guide of all who fly through space;
In peace or war, mid friend or foe,
Be with us wheresoe'er we go.
So shall our praise with heaven blend
And joyful hearts to thee ascend.

The Act of Remembrance

Psalm: Let us remember before God, and commend to His sure keeping:
Those who have died for their country in war,
And those who have died in the practice of their skills;
Those whom we knew and whose memories we treasure,
And especially today for the crews who lost their lives
in the B-29 Washingtons
that departed, never to return
And all who have lived and died in the service of others.

The Psalm asks for the wreath to be laid

The Laying of the Wreath before the altar

In friendship and in service one to another,
we are pledged to keep alive
the memory of those of all nations
who died in the Royal Air Force
and in the Air Forces of the Commonwealth.

In their name we give ourselves to this noble cause.
Proudly and thankfully we will remember them.

All respond: We will remember them

All remain standing for

The Silence

The silence is ended with the singing of the National Anthem

I vow to thee, my country, all earthly things above,
 Entire and whole and perfect, the service of my love;
 The love that asks no question, the love that stands the test,
 That lays upon the altar the dearest and the best;
 The love that never falters, the love that pays the price,
 The love that makes undaunted the final sacrifice.

And there's another country, I've heard of long ago,
 Most dear to them that love her, most great to them that know;
 We may not count her armies, we may not see her King;
 Her fortress is a faithful heart, her pride is suffering;
 And soul by soul and silently her shining bounds increase,
 And her ways are ways of gentleness and all her paths are peace.

| | | | | |
|--------------------------------------|--------------|----------|-----------------|-------------------------|
| WF570 35 Sqn RAF Marham | 14.12.52 | Flt Lt | M.J. Creighton | (1 st Pilot) |
| | | Plt Off | D.P. Ballard | (2 nd Pilot) |
| | | Sgt | W.O. Hanna | (Nav) |
| | | Sgt | J. P. Crowe | (Sig) |
| WF502 90 Sqn RAF Marham | 8.1.53 | Sqn Ldr | W.R. Sloane | (1 st Pilot) |
| | | Plt Off | C.B. Speller | (2 nd Pilot) |
| | | Plt Off | M.J. Lightowler | (Nav) |
| | | Sgt | E.D. Pearson | (Nav) |
| | | Sgt | A.G. Martin | (Eng) |
| | | Sgt | R. Anderson | (Sig) |
| | | Sgt | K.A. Renkes | (Gunner) |
| | | Sgt | M.J. Clifton | (Gunner) |
| | | Sgt | E.F. Wheeler | (Gunner) |
| Sgt | R.G. Hughson | (Gunner) | | |
| WF495 35 Sqn RAF Marham | 27.1.54 | Flt Lt | R.N. Williams | (1 st Pilot) |
| | | Wg Cdr | A.K. Passmore | (2 nd Pilot) |
| | | Flt Lt | R.A. Kirkland | (Nav) |
| | | Sgt | M.J. Kennell | (Nav) |
| | | Flt Sgt | B.W. Noble | (Eng) |
| | | Flt Sgt | G.W. Clamp | (Sig) |
| | | Sgt | G. Johnston | (Gunner) |



Alex Hughson made the following speech during the memorial service:

“As a representative of those here today who have lost a family member in a Washington crash, I must say it’s wonderful to be in the company of airmen who quite likely would have known, and interacted with the crew of OUR Washington, WF502 of 90 Squadron.

Knowing the heartache of hearing the news that your loved one is never coming home again leads me to wonder what you chaps, and all those associated with the Washington era, must have felt when it was your fellow airmen who were gone forever.

Seems likely that the number of times you guys heard bad news about your buddies, and had to endure those losses, was greater for each of you than for any single family.

But, with little alternative, you battled on in the spirit of what has come to be known, with good reason, as “the greatest generation”.

In doing so, all of you, those with us today and those who lost their lives in accidents or have passed on, made life for my generation and those that followed so much easier and bountiful.

I’m pretty sure that I speak for the families of the WF502 crew here today when I say that it is a great honour, indeed a privilege, to be in the company of some of the comrades of our loved ones.

The author Albert Pine said “What we do for ourselves dies **with** us. What we do for others and the world **remains** and is immortal”

The memories we cherish here today are not just for those departed but for **all** those who served in Washingtons, who did their duty, and made a difference.

What achievement in life could **possibly** be better than that?

Our grateful thanks to all who served in Washingtons.”

Greta Pearton-Hindley also spoke of her father-in-law:

"I am standing here today because of the diligent research carried out by Ross Duffield and Daryl Jones and I wish to extend my thanks to them.

I have learnt so much about my father-in-law through them and also a new contact Owen Parnell who had been Edward’s close friend. They sailed together to South Africa for final training and had both learnt to fly before learning to drive a car.

My dear late husband David who was only 10 months old at the time of the crash and Edward’s only child never knew about his father until late in life and it was then that he resumed the Pearton surname.

Edward’s widow, my late mother-in-law, Winifred never spoke of him or his life and my husband respected his mother’s wishes and never questioned her.

But I feel they both would be so very grateful to know that Edward and his colleagues have been recognised and remembered.

Edward too I feel would have been humbled to have been honoured in this way.

He was doing what he loved best and did his duty.

I thank him and pay my respects to him and the other crew members, may they all be at peace."



Washington Reunion 2009

Left to Right: John Laing, Kevin Grant, Mary Laing, Chris Howlett, Brian O’Riordan, Joyce O’Riordan, Greta Pearton-Hindley, John Forster, Doreen Raine, Tamar Hughson, Alex Hughson, Sheelah Adamson, Lynn Hughson, Ross Duffield, Delma Duffield, Ann Dutton, Val Davies, Denise Avery, Maurice Adamson, Adèle Stancliffe, Vic Avery, John Hamer, Nick Howlett, Sandra Howlett, Keith Dutton, William Howlett, Nick Clifton, Stephen Clifton, Michael Butler.



Left: Opening the flying programme, four Panavia Tornado GR4s based at RAF Marham fly a neat diamond formation along the crowd line.
(Chris Howlett)

Having opened with a sedate formation flyby, the four Tornados returned to attack the airfield with a series of impressively high speed, low level runs. Each of the four planes approached from a different direction and, sometimes, altitude.

Below: With flagrant disregard for the engines so carefully produced by WO Ron Bennett and his team - and leaving a smoky trail – one of the Tornados runs in while (**Bottom**) with vortices flowing from the wing tips a second Tornado flashes past.
(Chris Howlett)



The Reds

Right: One of the opposition pair turns hard towards the display line in preparation for another high speed cross over.

Below: With air brakes extended and 'smoke on' the opposition pair cross in front of the crowd.

Bottom: The finale. Seven of the nine Red Arrows break away at the end of their display. *(All photos Chris Howlett)*

Middle Right: The Red Arrows maintain a flawless 'Swan Formation' as they pull up for a loop into a near cloudless sky. *(Sheelah Sloane)*





Above: A welcome and energetic entrant in the flying display was a beautifully painted Hawker Hunter. *(Chris Howlett)*



Above Right: The DeHaviland Venom, a contemporary of the Washington in RAF service, put on a spirited display from the days when aircraft relied more on grace and style than brute force. Having said that, the diminutive Venom was able to put on a goodly turn of speed if it wanted to! *(Chris Howlett)*

Right: Tucked away near the hangars the ‘Arena’ provided a fine venue for some exhilarating and somewhat scary motorcycle stunt riding. The gentleman on the ground who seems to be praying is a volunteer from the crowd - rather him than me!! *(Chris Howlett)*



Below: ‘My names Bond, James Bond.’ Just along from the arena was a long line of classic cars. The Aston Martin was in beautiful condition – I wonder if it has the hidden machine guns and ejector seat! *(Chris Howlett)*



Above The resident Tornado squadrons had various aircraft on display with an assortment of weapons. This particular plane is from 617 ‘Dambusters’ Squadron. *(Chris Howlett)*



Top left: An impressively painted Royal Netherlands Air Force F-16 showed off its amazing agility with a high energy display. Despite being nearly 35 years old the F-16 is still an impressive airplane to watch. (*Chris Howlett*)

Top Right: With re-heat well alight the F-16 turns away from the crowd with a chest vibrating roar. (*Chris Howlett*)

Above: A KC-135 tanker of the Mildenhall based 100 ARG performs a flypast. The 100 ARG can trace its history back to the 100 Bomb Group during WWII that flew Boeing B-17 from RAF Thorpe Abbotts. The unit marking was a black square containing the letter D and, in memory of their predecessors, this has been retained by the current unit. (*Charles Parker*)

Right: Another contemporary of the Washington was a Meteor that performed a graceful display despite being allocated a time which coincided with a spell of cloudy weather! (*Chris Howlett*)





The mighty Vulcan flies.

The highlight of the excellent airshow (for me at least) was the appearance of the Avro Vulcan, XH558 (G-VLCN).
(Chris Howlett)





Above: Representing the RAF's aerial tanker force, a VC-10 of No 10 Squadron, RAF Brize Norton was on static display. (*Charles Parker*).

Right: Although not taking part in the flying display, a Typhoon that had been in the static display made a spectacular departure. (*Chris Howlett*)

Below: Elegant and as poignant as ever, the Battle of Britain Memorial Flight's Spitfire, Lancaster and Hurricane. (*Chris Howlett*)





Above: As the show came to an end the static aircraft began to depart. Here the Harrier pilot waves his goodbyes.
(Sheelah Sloane)

Right: The Falcons parachute display team descend with characteristic precision.
(Chris Howlett)

Below: A resident Tornado resplendent in commemorative paintwork for the 90th anniversary of 31 Squadron the “Goldstars”
(Charles Parker)





Above and Left: After the flying had stopped W/O Ron Bennett showed some of the party around the Tornado Engine maintenance building that he runs.

The fascinating tour took in the entire building where Tornado engines are dismantled almost to their component parts then re-built from scratch before being stored in protective containers 'Pods' prior to use on the various squadrons.

Below: A set of compressor blades from a Turbo-union RB199 turbofan engine awaiting fitting to a reconditioned engine. Interestingly, the compressor blades operate at temperatures above their melting point and are only kept from melting by having cool air forced down tiny holes in each blade! (*All photos Chris Howlett*)





The day after the airshow a few members took to the sea off Blakeney for a seal and wildlife viewing boat trip.

Top: Another boat follows ours. Because of the tides, all the seal boat trips leave at approximately the same time making it a busy bit of sea near the sand banks where the seals rest. The banks only become exposed at low tide – the seals moving from bank to bank so as to remain near to but not in the sea. When the banks cover the seals swim off to hunt for fish.

Above: Not only seals inhabit the exposed sand banks. Many terns were wading along the shore looking for food.

Upper Left and Left: The seals, resting on the sand banks have seen the trips many times before and treat the invasion of humans with disdain!

Lower left: Not a flood but high tide at Blakeney Quay. During spring tides the sea overtops the quay wall and is renowned for leaving unwary holiday makers cut off from their car until it recedes. (*All photos Chris Howlett*)

Photo Offer

During the RAF Marham air show, Michael Butler gave me several copies that he had had printed of a 207 Sqdn Washington in flight. The photos are A4 in size and printed on matt paper. I managed to distribute a copy to most people who attended the air show. However, if you did not get a copy at the air show or did not attend the air show and would like a copy then please let me know and I will post one to you.

The photo is Michael's favourite photo of a Washington and I can easily see why since the composition is superb. An example of the photo is provided below.

Orders will be dispatched on a first come first served basis and numbers are limited so, if you want one be quick!

Thank you Michael for this kind gesture.



Left: Washington B Mk1 WF568 of 207 Squadron. WF568 was built by Boeing at their Renton factory as B-29A 44-62265. Accepted by the USAF on 26 September 1945 she was placed in storage at Davis Monthan AFB under care of the resident 4105 Base Unit where she remained until reactivated for use by the RAF in May 1951.

Below: A view of some of the many hundreds of B-29s stored at Davis Monthan in the late 40s and early 50s. (*Jeff Brown*)



Geoff Fielding supplied me with a copy of two articles that appeared in Flight magazine back in 1953. These cover exercise Jungle King (March 1953) and follow the exploits of one of the Washingtons that took part. The aircraft followed was WF569 of 207 Squadron operating from RAF Marham. Geoff was normally a part of WF569's crew but, on the occasion of the visit by the Flight reporter was on leave....

R.A.F. exercise 'Jungle King'



DOWNHAM: FLY 800 MILES IN RAID ON AIRFIELD: SHOT DOWN

TO the Norfolk layman, accustomed as he is to the coming and going of many aircraft every day, Royal Air Force exercises have little special significance, but in the service they are treated very seriously, and a high degree of realism is achieved in the fulfilment of the sort of missions that the flying service is called upon to carry out in an exercise like "Jungle King" this week.

Where do all these bombers go that we see flying overhead as evening shadows lengthen? How is it that in exercises they can register successful bombing and how can some be "shot down" by the enemy?

To take something of the realism of a large-scale exercise of this kind, "Lynn News and Advertiser" reporter Mr. P. J. Dawson and photographer Mr. P. Clarke spent a day with some of the crews at the R.A.F. Bomber Command Station at Marham and flew with them on a raid to Germany in Washington bombers on Wednesday night—as part of the biggest post-war air manoeuvres to take place over Western Europe.

Reporter Dawson too had the experience of having the aircraft in which he flew "shot down" by a night fighter over Germany.

HEADING HOME

Of this incident he writes: "The run to target has been a success, the target has been located and officially straddled; against the brightness of a few days' old moon we turn and head for home. It is peaceful, the dull monotonous throb of the engines disturbed only by the radar instructions over the intercom.

"Then suddenly it happens. The black shape of the enemy night fighter looms up beneath the starboard wing and opens its attack from 150 yards. A sitting target we lay silhouetted against the moon like a lonely duck on a pond.

"But this is an attack with a difference. The enemy fighter was part of the Second Tactical Air-Force, and it was not guns but coloured lights that were fired—just another phase in operation 'Jungle King'."

STERNER GAME

The pilot responded to the coloured light where in the ~~sterner game~~ of war there would have been evasive action, cannon fire and tracer tearing through the air-frame, retaliatory fire, too, and headed on for base, officially "failing to return" as the war report might have described it.

Target for the bomber

CONTINUED ON
PAGE FIVE

On a 'Jungle King' raid

CONTINUED FROM
PAGE ONE

force our staff men joined was the air-field of Wunstorf near Hanover. Enemy ground forces of a supposed Eastern Power, code-name "Magenta," had, after a prolonged offensive established their front-line on the Rhine. The R.A.F. object was to deprive the enemy of air support and to add the "coup de grace" to their base which had been badly bombed the night before.

"Over an hour before take-off we gathered in the main briefing room," Reporter Dawson continues. "Men of all sorts and sizes, with flying equipment, mascots and all sorts of paraphernalia.

"Posters, much like a road safety campaign, politely inform us that gulls and gannets learned to fly a long time before we did anyway.

"The Intelligence Officer gives his report: details of height to fly; method of attack; general war position at the moment. In his calm, quiet way the Met. Officer or 'weather man' tells us visibility over Germany will be good but expect fog on the way back.

"On the trucks, ready to take the men out to the distant planes, tinned foods, chocolate, chewing gum, and the all-important flasks of coffee, are loaded. The light is beginning to fade. We smoke a last cigarette; line up for the final inspection and climb aboard.

MADE IN U.S.A.

"As part of the American 'help thy neighbour' policy it is a United States-built aircraft we are flying; furnished, to a certain degree, in the typical Trans-Atlantic mode of comfort.

The engines burst into life. Flying Officer Ben Thomas, of South Wales, taxis up the run-way. One minute—three seconds, two, one, zero and we begin to roll. Away from Marham: through the fog. Somewhere over the North Sea we level out above the clouds.

"Like the armada of old we head for the fray. Not for us the cold grey sea, but at several thousand feet sunshine and the warmth of a pressurised cabin.

"We are flying blind under

the guiding hand of the radar man, Flying Officer Gordon Mitchell, who comes from London. One hour out we turn and head low for the Dutch coast to outwit radar defences.

"Guns are tested. They are loaded with live ammunition in case of real emergency. The lights of towns shine up from below.

DOG-LEGGING

"A few minutes ahead of time," reports Navigator John Moore and we deviate our course slightly—dog-legging as R.A.F. slang describes it. We are in the operation area over Germany now, and in the main bombing stream ready for the attack.

"Somewhere along the route we have been joined by R.A.F. Lincolns. All around us are aircraft but we are alone with only the sight of exhaust flames to remind us that we are in company.

"Enemy intruders are in the vicinity too. Gunners are on the alert. Commands bark out over the radio; the bomb-aimer takes up his position.

"So many degrees to the left comes the radar instruction. And there right ahead lies Wunstorf. Four hundred miles of flying behind us and five seconds gained in time we are bang on the target and moving in.

"Steady," says the bomb-aimer. "Now a little to the right; now to left."

"Steady, steady, steady," comes the message. "Bombs away," yells the bomb-aimer. We have scored a direct hit.

"A steep turn and Hanover fades away to port; over in the distance shine the lights of Bremen. We begin the homeward run."

Then came the meeting with the night fighters, but instead of thoughts of baling out there were more cheery thoughts of coffee, biscuits and sweets.

GROUND CONTROL

"Lower and lower we approach the airfield alone in a world of mist," Reporter Dawson winds up his experience. "Marham ground control approach take over. In a nice, pleasant voice someone tells us: 'You are now ten miles away... visibility 3,000 yards... cloud base 900 feet. We begin the turn and start the approach with undercarriage down.

"You are doing very nicely,—still that encouraging voice—then 'reduce height.'

"And there as bright as Piccadilly Circus are the runway lights. We have landed.

"Now it is cigarette time again, as much tea as you can drink, and a promise of a good supper to come.

"The crews 'de-brief.' Another successful mission is over."

Jungle Lessons

Last week saw Bomber Command engaged on its most important exercise since the war, It was code-named "Jungle King" said the A.O.C.-in-C, Air Chief Marshal Sir Hugh P. Lloyd, because the Lion was king of the jungle and today we live in pretty much of a jungle. At some other time *Flight* would like to take up the aptness of this simile with Sir Hugh, because we have yet to hear of any but mythical lions which have grown wings, and we also believe that, because elephants have been known to triumph over lions through sheer strength and weight, the two have come to an understanding not to "mix it." However, here our purpose is to record first impressions of an R.A.F. exercise which from every point of view seems to be the most valuable of its kind to date.

As is always the case, a full assessment of results will entail many weeks of analysis, but it is not too soon to appreciate that "Jungle King" has been the most realistic of exercises. The widespread bomber raids over Europe, and the employment of new methods and tactics, sets it apart from previous air manoeuvres, just as the increasing employment of Canberra bombers is making the retention of dated operational practices impossible. As to the attention to detail, *Flight's* representatives who visited squadrons and flew with Canberra and Washington crews were greatly impressed with the "operational" atmosphere and the seriousness with which every man tackled his work. The exercise was clearly a realistic dress-rehearsal for all ranks.

From all the indications we received, defence exercise "Ardent," staged for Fighter Command last October, brought out two points clearly: the first that the Command was shaping well, and had been greatly strengthened; and, secondly, that it was a long way from being effective against Canberras and jet bombers of similar or even better performance. Interception of fast, low-level intruders also continued to pose real problems.

By day there are now some Allied fighters which can make a pass at Canberras operating without height and speed restriction. By night these 40,000ft-plus bombers are still likely to flash on unmolested. Moreover, specially selected crews are understood to have been trained to carry out simulated atomic attacks by individual aircraft. This is something new, which lays stresses on the need for delivery of more Canberras and for the later "V-bombers" without a day's unnecessary delay. It also suggests that the time has come to discard the Washingtons and faithful Lincolns of Bomber Command which, frankly, can serve little useful purpose in the European theatre.

New radar and weapons are seldom discussed in detail, but it is clear that their development, production and deliveries are not exactly ahead of requirements. All the same, it is gratifying to read that, having flown round the bomber stations in his Meteor, Sir Hugh Lloyd was able to report that radar target photographs were accurate. Reconnaissance aircraft had also obtained excellent photographic coverage. At the conclusion of the Exercise last Sunday, the A.O.C.-in-C reported increasing bombing accuracy despite the intensity of operations. It seems that today small practice-ranges can safely be used by aircraft flying at 40,000ft at 450 kt, but he also added that the force would never achieve pin-point accuracy with the free-falling bomb. The development of the guided bomb would be the biggest contribution which a scientist could make towards preventing war.

On more than one occasion diversions were necessary when aircraft were returning to base areas in the British Isles. With comparatively small numbers of machines engaged, homing and control of returning forces—and particularly G.C.A. landings for the Canberras—were carried out successfully. As more of Bomber Command's machines become jet-powered, and bearing in mind the local dislocations to be expected in war-time, the task of landing large forces back at their bases at night and in bad weather may become one of the most difficult to achieve. Such machines cannot "hold," nor do they take kindly to diversions. Technically much has been learned from "Jungle King." Jet aircraft have proved easier to maintain, and there have been virtually no Avon engine failures in the Canberras. If all branches of the organization can keep a pace ahead of requirements and are, in fact, already able to stand the strain of intensive operations, then the foundations have been well laid.

“Jungle King”

Bomber Command’s Big Exercise: A Typical Sortie Described

Last week, the biggest exercise held by Bomber Command since the war took place over a large area of Western Europe, raids originating in this country being directed against targets in the Allied Zone of Germany. The operations were under the command of the A.O.C.-in-C, Air Chief Marshal Sir Hugh P. Lloyd, K.B.E., C.B., M.C., D.F.C.

Apart from its value as a realistic test of operational tactics and techniques, the exercise – code-named “Jungle King” – also provided an opportunity for a full-scale, round-the-clock test of Bomber Command’s war organization. Equally valuable was the practice it gave to the defensive units, which consisted of squadrons from Allied Air Forces Central Europe, including R.A.F. units of A.T.A.F.

The strategic assumption was that an Eastern Continental power, “Magenta” was attacking in a westerly direction. The enemy had reached the Rhine, and Bomber Command was operating in support of the Allied ground forces.

Tactically, one of the most important features of “Jungle King” was the employment, for the first time in such an exercise of single aircraft against single targets, thus simulating future atomic-bombing techniques. Canberras were used for some of these attacks, the other aircraft concerned being Lincolns, Washingtons and Mosquitoes. It is believed that much of value was learned in regard to the eventual use of the “V” (Vulcan, Victor and Valiant) bombers in such a role. Only a proportion of the attacks were of this kind, others being made by either moderate-sized or small formations. Radar techniques were extensively employed for the location and attack of targets. Although results have not been announced at the time of writing, it seems clear that the defending fighters – notably Venom N.F. 2s – showed a high level of efficiency.

Widespread fog over England complicated the exercise, diversion of returning bombers to widely dispersed alternative airfields being necessary on several occasions.

Operations during the first three days of the exercise may be briefly summarized as follows:-

March 16th – 17th – Operations were aimed mainly against the enemy’s air support, which was seeking to establish bases at Nordhorn (which is in reality a live-bombing range north-west of Munster) and at Fuhlsbittel (near Hamburg) and Bremen. Canberras operating, from bases in Lincolnshire dropped live bombs at Nordhorn, Washingtons attacked Fuhlsbittel and Lincolns went to Bremen. There were many interceptions by defending fighters. Meanwhile, enemy intruders – U.S.A.F. B-26s from Germany – attacked bomber bases in Lincolnshire.

March 17th – 18th – Targets for Canberras, Washingtons and Lincolns were Jever (Wilhelmshaven), Wunstorf and Celle. Weather over the targets was clear and good results were reported but considerable diversions were caused by fog on the return.

March 18th – 19th – Two forces of Canberras penetrated deeply into Germany in daylight to attack the airfields of Furstenfeldbruck (Munich) and Rhein-Main (Frankfurt). The assumption was that 45 enemy swept-wing fighters were refuelling at the first target and that an enemy general, in a four-engined jet transport with a fighter escort 45 strong, was calling at the second.

Photographic reconnaissance having revealed that the “Magenta” force - now astride the Kiel Canal - were intending to pass shipping through from the Baltic to the North Sea, Lincolns from Upwood, laid sea mines at either end. A powerful enemy cruiser (actually a large merchant ship carrying timber) was seen from the photographs to be on passage through the Canal, and shipping was massing in Kiel Bay.

March 19th – 20th – Operations included an attack – against Bremen airfield – by the biggest single force of Canberras yet to operate.

Activity began shortly after 17.30 hr, when five Canberras made a very-low-level raid on a pinpoint target – the Ladbergen aqueduct carrying the Dortmund-Ems Canal over a river just north of Munster. Photographic reconnaissance had revealed that heavy equipment was being moved down the canal to a big supply depot at Munster. It was hoped to stop this traffic and so disrupt the enemy's communications, drain the canal and inundate the countryside. Despite thick haze the attack was highly successful.

At 18.45 hrs the largest number of Canberras ever to operate as a single force made a successful attack on Bremen airfield, which is among a number of bases where the "Magenta" Tactical Air Force had ground attack aircraft in strength. There was one report of a night fighter being seen.

Attacks on other airfields in North-West Germany were timed to take place within 55 minutes of the Bremen raid, the object being to confuse and spread the enemy's night-fighter efforts.

At 19.30 a strong force of Lincolns was preceded to the target by a small Pathfinder force of Canberras which dropped target indicators on the range at Nordhorn. The Lincolns dropped live bombs on the range, and interrogation reports showed that their bombing was both accurate and intense.

The other two diversionary raids were made by medium forces of Lincolns on Buckeburg airfield at 19.40 hrs and by Washingtons on Gutersloh airfield 10 minutes later. They reported moderate night fighter activity in the target areas and on withdrawal.

An account of a typical night sortie in a Washington by a member of the staff of *Flight*, is given below. Next Week an account of a Canberra raid, as seen from one of the aircraft, will be given.

A RAID ON WUNSTORF

On Wednesday of last week, Washingtons from R.A.F. station, Marham, made a night raid on the "hostile" airfield at Wunstorf, in Germany, and the writer was privileged to fly as observer in one of the aircraft.

Proceedings opened with the various special briefings for individual members of the crews, from which correspondents were excluded on security grounds – and then came the general briefing, for all concerned. On the wall at the head of the room was the familiar map of Europe, with our designated tracks marked clearly in black cord. We saw that the target was Wunstorf, situated about 50 miles south-east of Bremen, and – we were not too unhappy to note – 30 miles or so west of the thick green line that marked the edge of Russian-occupied territory. The briefing was by W/C. H. N. G. Wheeler, D.S.O., O.B.E., D.F.C., in the presence of the station commander, G/C. O. R. Donaldson, D.S.O., O.B.E., D.F.C., and two other group captains who, from Command H.Q., were taking part as observers. We were fully instructed as to the intelligence and meteorological situations, and told that ten Washingtons and four Lincolns were making the raid, all being due over the target within a few minutes of one another. The various crews then dispersed after a time check had been given at 15.56 hrs.

Our aircraft was U-Uncle, but for purposes of the exercise the call-sign Fox had been allotted. In front of the big machine was spread a "prayer mat," and on this was laid all the safety and other equipment carried by the crew, so that a thorough check could be made by the captain of the aircraft – F/L, F. Dyke – an Australian pilot of some 8,000 hours experience. All was found to be in order, and soon the engineer was to be seen on top of the wing checking the fuel and oil levels, while navigator, radar operators and gunners saw to their equipment, and the skipper kept a general eye on the proceedings. Finally everything was prepared, and we had half-an-hour or so to fill in before adjusting our flying clothing, donning mae wests and back-type parachutes, and climbing up the ladder into the aircraft.

The interior of a Washington is extremely capacious and well-appointed. Each pilot has his position, equipped with full flying controls and instruments: between them is the bombardier's station, complete

with bomb-sight, radar altimeter and all the necessary gadgets of his trade. Behind the co-pilot is the admirably instrumented engineer's position, and opposite him sits the navigator, operating with chart and Gee-box. Back from here runs the long, rather claustrophobic tunnel, and in the rear are the radio and radar operators, and the main fire-control sighting positions for the numerous guns. These guns, incidentally, had live ammunition in the magazines: no chances were being taken after recent tragic events.

The Night's Work Begins

Captain and co-pilot set to work with the check-list as soon as we were all installed, and a few minutes later the big Cyclone R-3350s broke one by one into life. We taxied out, did our runup into wind near the end of the runway, watched the first six aircraft rumble along the runway and disappear into the gathering gloom – and then, at 17.50 hrs, dead on time, F/L. Dyke swung Fox smoothly into position, and we accelerated rapidly into the air under the influence of 2,000 b.h.p. from each engine; 42in and 2,800 r.p.m. were the figures indicated by the gauges.

Cloud-base was at approximately 1,000ft, and almost immediately we were in it, swinging round to set course over the airfield at 3,000ft. according to the flight plan. We were lucky. Suddenly, at 2,500ft, we shot out into a madly rushing, leaning world above the cloud-tops – and there was the sun, shining brightly, and two other aircraft in sight ahead of us, one just brushing the white floor of this scintillating scene, the other flying well clear.

And so, as the sun sank gradually behind us, we set course in an E.N.E. direction for position C – the point from which we were to turn into the coast for our attack. The captain throttled back to 29in boost and 1,800 r.p.m., and the engineer selected auto-lean. I.A.S. was 185 m.p.h., navigation was largely by Gee – and the most noticeable thing to the passenger was the remarkable lack of noise.

Ordinary speech was entirely practicable. During this leg the captain was kind enough to let me try the controls from the second pilot's seat, and I was impressed by the Washington's stability and the excellence of aileron control. Elevators and rudder seemed heavy, but were certainly effective enough. In spite of the greater size of the aircraft, the controls in general seemed to compare favourably with those of the Liberator and Halifax, with which I was familiar during the war.

At 18.46 we started our climb to altitude – I.A.S., 220 m.p.h., 40in and 2,400 r.p.m., auto-rich: this flat, relatively high-speed climb may seem surprising, but has proved the answer to certain overheating troubles encountered at lower air-speeds. Soon the pressurization system started to work, and the engineer showed me the relevant dials for cabin and outside indications, and explained also the complex log which he constantly had to keep, with predicted consumptions on one side and actuals on the other. Car enthusiasts may like to know that the average m.p.g. of a Washington on a typical sortie is of the order of 0.5!

At 19.06 the final vestige of daylight faded, and the stars shone brightly in a clear sky. Two minutes later we reached position C and turned south-east, and four minutes after that the climb was complete, and we leveled out at 19,600ft indicated altitude at 180 m.p.h. I.A.S. Power setting was again 29in and 1,800 r.p.m. Soon afterwards the cloud below began to break, and the lights of the coast came into view. At this point the radio-altimeter was checked, and I was allowed to manipulate the green, wavering, phosphorescent circle that swam into view, and obtain a reading from the blip that spoiled the symmetry of the trace. We were at 20,050ft – and a pleasantly warm breeze was blowing through the cockpit from the diffusers in the nose. At 19.19 we crossed the coast and the faithful blip on the altimeter registered 15ft or so less – a most admirable instrument.

Soon afterwards we saw another Washington on our port quarter – and then came excitement, as a sinister dark shape appeared by our starboard wing-tip, and in the gloom we could just distinguish the outline of an N.F.II that had crept upon us unobserved, and was now shining a light to indicate an interception. There was no doubt about it; this particular fighter had a "claim" to his credit.

At 19.51 we turned eastwards to the target, and all the gunnery switches except the fire-and-safes were turned to “on” – just in case. Navigation had been by radar fixes over Germany, and soon the navigator came up to the nose for the bombing run, and I was able to examine the radar-repeater screen fitted in his position – and make precisely nothing of what I saw. Over the intercom one could hear the “steadies” being given to the captain as the target drew nearer – and, finally, at 20.03, with other Washingtons discernible, and 45 seconds early on E.T.A. – the “bombs” were released. The crew claimed later that a first-rate run had been made, in spite of the fact that part of the radar became u/s at the critical moment.

So the aim of the mission had been accomplished, and we turned gradually to port until the heading was 260 deg, and set out for home. Ahead in an inky black sky blazed Venus and Saturn, and between them was the new moon, holding the old in her arms. At least one of the Washington’s crew ruminated on the insignificance of man and his inventions.

Twice on the way back we were again intercepted by N.F.IIs, which came and formed right by our very wingtips; but our eagle-eyed gunners spotted the fighters as they approached and showed their lights first, indicating that they had opened fire. Each time the attackers would leave us, ahead and downwards, and only the tell-tale glow of the twin jets traced their path as they sank away.

At 20.31 the turret switches were turned off, and half an hour later we again crossed the coast and started our descent at an air speed of 220 m.p.h. Back in the nose, I was able to listen in to V.H.F. control from Marham tower, and hear the aircraft being “stacked” before landing. Once over land again, on came our navigation lights, and we were ordered to 5,500ft. The usual English haze was inevitably with us, and it was a little emotioning, from time to time, to watch the next aircraft below swim suddenly into sight not far away – though in fact all aircraft in the stack were separated by a height of 500ft.

Slowly we dropped down, stage by stage – and the misty-red moon disappeared as the turbulent cloud swept up to meet us. Then at last came 2,000ft, and a change of frequency over to G.C.A. In we came towards the airfield, talked down and down by the confident voice – 1,500ft, 1,000, 700 . . . and suddenly the clouds broke, and little twinkling lights could be seen against the black carpet of the ground. Soon the runway came into view – two lines of dimmed, “war-time” lights – and the unseen voice urged us ceaselessly towards it, purring out heights and directions.

Conditions could have been very bad indeed; we should still have arrived at the correct point. And then the runway lights were rushing frantically towards us; No. 1 engine failed to respond to control but it was too late to matter; there was a slight jarring bump as the main wheels touched, another a little later as the nose came down – and we were safely back on *terra firma*. It had been an excellent landing, despite the fact that the use of landing lamps was forbidden.

Slowly we cleared the runway, switched off the suspect engine and its opposite number, and taxied carefully between the rows of blue and amber lamps to our dispersal. A ground-crewman waved and signalled with his illuminated “hands”; the last two great engines sighed and stopped. The trip was over – or, at least, all over bar the de-briefing. It had been a memorable night.

D.I.C.

Next page Top: Briefing. Crews crowd the briefing room prior to departing on an exercise. Note the Master aircrew badges rather than sergeant stripes. (*Andy Renwick – PRB1667*)

Next page Lower: KO-F and KO-A of 115 Squadron unload a full war load of 40 * 500lb bombs over the Heligoland bombing range on 12 December 1950. (*Andy Renwick – PRB1659*)



From Kevin Grant

Mon 24 Aug 09

There follows a text which I have written today for possible inclusion as a “blog” (what IS a blog?) on the website of a friend, an invited piece.

I have thought others might be interested in it, whether it’s published or not.

*It is followed by the **original verbatim entries** from my diary and logbook*

THE ASHES AND THE B-29

“Remember-where-you-were-when” is a universal opener for anecdotes. Yesterday’s heartening Ashes victory for England sent my thoughts tumbling back to two contrasted encounters with the Old Enemy, linked, almost fantastically, by the B-29 bomber, known as the Washington in the days when I

flew in them as an air-gunner. I had been called up by The King, but arrived to serve The Queen. That'll give you the dates.

My diary for the day we won the Ashes, Wednesday 19th August 1953, began with another world event – MOSSADIG (sic) DEPOSED. It then related an interesting day in our B-29 WF 566, part of Exercise Momentum. Places we flew over included Rheims, the Zuider Zee, London, Bristol, the Channel Islands, Le Mans, Le Havre, Eastbourne, Hull then home to Marham. After noting that we flew at 20,000 feet and saw many allied fighters sharing the exercise with us, I broke off to record: **“ENGLAND WON ASHES – scores 306 and 132 for 2, Ozzies 275 +160. Lock (spinner) hero. 2nd Inns Edrich 60 odd”**. I cannot check these figures but they add up: diary texts must never be amended anyway. But I recall that the whole crew, all ten of us, had abandoned attention to the Exercise and were listening to the cricket. I think we were over Bedford when Compton hit the winning boundary. I'd love to say we were over The Oval but we were not. If a Communist fighter had attacked us at that moment we would have died blissful but undecorated.

On 6th August 1945 my late father took me and two brothers to Lords for a day at the Victory Test against Australia. The Australians had a scratch side, made up of any lads available here. They had a bowler called Christophani, who scored 14. I don't know why I remember that. Miller played, I think, but not Bradman. Pope was our captain. Hutton scored 34, falling LBW attempting a leg-glance. “His favourite shot,” Dad said. We lost, I believe. My current (only) Wisden is silent on the point. As we left the ground the papers were telling us that a bomb no bigger than a golf ball had destroyed a Japanese city. It was dropped by another B-29, Enola Gay.

I still go to B-29 and 207 Squadron reunions. And to Test Matches. I was a happy lad on the first day at Lords this year, and pretty happy on the second day at Edgbaston, but my last day there was hard to bear. The Australians ground us out of the game and set themselves up mentally for their triumph at Headingly. But then there was yesterday, such a beautiful day. Shall I see another like it? Or fly in a B-29 again?

Kevin Grant

Extracts from my diary – verbatim.

In Notes, below spread for week Sun 9 Aug – Sat 15 Aug

Exercise Momentum is on

Across top of spread for week Sun 16 Aug to Sat 22 Aug

England won the Ashes from Aussies. First time since '34. (In England since '26). Wizard.

Verbatim diary entry for Wed 19 Aug 53:

MOSSADIG DEPOSED. Up 3.45. Brekker briefing CO 7.40. 8 hrs. Bases, Reading, Rheims, Ruka, Zhyder Zee. Canvey. City. Bristol. Channel Islands. Le Mans. Le Havre. Eastbourne. Hull. Base. 20,000. Plenty of fighters. ENGLAND WON ASHES – scores 306 and 132 for 2, Ozzies 275 + 160. Lock (spinner) hero. 2nd Inns. Edrich 60 odd. Tea. Reading. Mending, Bath. Bed 10.30. Tired.

Log book entry for that day:

19.8.53 07.40 WF 566 FLT LT HILLIER SCANNER EX MOMENTUM 2 mags 7.55

A while back Tony Whatman, assistant armourer with 57 Squadron sent a series of photos taken around 57 Squadron aircraft while they were based at RAF Waddington. If anyone can identify anyone in the photos that would be very useful.



Clockwise from above: Tony Whatman at rear, unknown at front. An unknown engine mechanic at work. An unknown ground crew poses in the Airplane Commander's chair. Tony at left, rest unknown. In the perennial debate as to whether the Washingtons were natural metal or painted, the condition of this Washington seems to lean towards having been painted, unless it has just weathered badly! (*All photos Tony Whatman*)



Contacts

A list of those people who have made contact with me (**new contacts in bold**) – if you wish to contact any of them, let me know and I will pass on your request:

| | | |
|---------------|-----------------|--|
| Michael | Achow | General Interest |
| Thomas | Adams | Flight Engineer 44-69680 (WF437) |
| Oliver | Adamson | 'Bad Penny' 42-65274 (WF442) |
| David | Alexander | ASF RAF Marham |
| Ken | Alderman | Bristol Aeroplane Company, Filton |
| Derek | Allen | 192 Squadron |
| Neil | Allen | Bombardier 44-69680 (WF437) |
| Trevor | Allwork | 149 Squadron Engine Fitter |
| Brian | Armstrong | XV Squadron Association |
| Roy | Arnold | 44 Squadron Air Gunner |
| Vic | Avery | 90 / 44 Squadron Navigator |
| Phil | Batty | 44 Squadron Signaller |
| Gerry | Beauvoisin | 57 Squadron Air Gunner |
| Ray | Belsham | ASF Engine Fitter RAF Marham |
| Cliff | Bishop | 115 / 90 Squadron Engine Fitter |
| Bunny | Bowers | Crew Chief WF437 |
| Maurice | Brice | General interest |
| Joe | Bridge | Webmaster, RAF Marham Website |
| John | Bristow | 207 Squadron Airframe Mechanic (WF564) |
| Harold | Bromwich | 207 Squadron Engine Fitter |
| John | Broughton | 207 Squadron Engine Fitter |
| Jeff | Brown | 149 Squadron Air Gunner |
| Mike | Brown | 115 Squadron Airframe Mechanic (WF446) |
| Eric | Butler | 207 Squadron Armourer |
| Michael | Butler | Son of Harry Butler, 207 / 35 Squadron Signaller |
| William | Butt | 115 Squadron Crew Chief |
| John | Care | 149 Squadron Pilot |
| George | Chandler | 207 Squadron Electrical Fitter |
| Katie | Chandler | Widow of Vern Chandler, A/C 44-69680 (WF437) |
| Pat | Chandler | Daughter of Vern Chandler, A/C 44-69680 (WF437) |
| Brian | Channing | 149 Squadron Navigator |
| Wendy | Chilcott | Niece of Ken Reakes 90 Squadron Air Gunner |
| Bob | Cole | 149 Squadron Electrical Fitter (WF498) |
| Terry | Collins | XV Squadron Engine Fitter |
| Doug | Cook OBE | 44 Squadron Co-Pilot (WF508) |
| John | Cornwall | 192 Squadron Aircrew |
| John | Cowie | 90 Squadron Air Gunner |
| Dave | Crawford | 207 Squadron Navigator |
| John (Buster) | Crabbe | 207 Squadron Crew Chief |
| Don | Crossley | 90 Squadron Signaller |
| Howard | Currie | 44 Squadron Pilot (<i>deceased</i>) |
| Bernard | Davenport | 90 Squadron Air Gunner |
| Mike | Davies | 90 Squadron Air Gunner |
| Gordon | Dickie | 35 Squadron Airframe Mechanic |
| Basil | Dilworth | XV / 192 Squadron Navigator |
| Ross | Duffield | Organiser of WF502 memorial |
| Bill | Dunning | 192 Squadron |

| | | |
|----------|----------------|--|
| Keith | Dutton | 90 Squadron Air Gunner |
| Ray | Elliott | Pilot 'Bad Penny' 42-65274 (WF442) |
| Peter | Fahey | 35 Squadron Electrician |
| Peter | Fairbairn | 35 Squadron Engine Fitter |
| Tony | Fairbairn | Lived near 23MU, RAF Aldergrove |
| Les | Feakes | 149 Squadron Air Gunner |
| Geoff | Fielding | 207 Squadron Air Gunner |
| Peter | Finch | General Interest (involved with writing 'The Washington File') |
| Ken | Firth | 44 Squadron Air Gunner |
| Charles | Fox | Bombardier 42-94052 (WF444) |
| Dave | Forster | Researching RAF ELINT Squadrons |
| John | Forster | 207 Squadron / WCU Air Gunner |
| John | Francis | 192 Squadron Engine Fitter |
| Ray | Francis | 57 Squadron Association |
| Gordon | Galletly | 44 Squadron Navigator / Bombardier |
| Norman | Galvin | XV Squadron Engine Fitter |
| Alan | Gamble | 90 Squadron Radio Operator |
| Brian | Gennings | Ground Maintenance Hangar |
| Bob | Goater | XV Squadron Instrument NCO |
| Tony | Goodsall | 90 Squadron Air Gunner (<i>deceased</i>) |
| Kevin | Grant | 207 Squadron Air Gunner |
| John | Hanby | 207 Squadron Engine Fitter |
| Ken | Harding | 44 Squadron Signaller |
| Alan | Haslock | ASF Turret Armourer |
| Charles | Henning | CFC 'Bad Penny' 42-65274 (WF442) |
| John | Hewitt | Fire Section RAF Coningsby |
| Peter | Higgins | 207 Squadron Air Gunner |
| Roy | Hild | Pilot 42-94052 (WF444) |
| Tony | Hill | Archivist P&EEE Shoeburyness |
| F | Hillier | |
| John | Hobbs | 149 Squadron Air Gunner |
| Julian | Horn | RAF Watton Website |
| Henry | Horscroft | 44 Squadron Association |
| Brian | Howes | 115 Squadron Pilot |
| John | Howett | A/C 44-61688 (WF498) |
| Ernest | Howlett | 44 Squadron Engine Fitter (WF512) |
| Alex | Hughson | Brother of Sgt Hughson 90 Squadron Air Gunner |
| Tamar | Hughson | Niece of Sgt Hughson 90 Squadron Air Gunner |
| Ken | Hunter | 90 Squadron Navigator |
| Paul | Hunter | Flight Engineer 'Bad Penny' 42-65274 (WF442) |
| John | Inkpen | 207 Squadron Air Gunner |
| Jimmy | James | Engine Fitter |
| Bryan | Jordan | 207 Squadron Air Gunner |
| Ron | Jupp | Vickers Guided Weapons Department, Weybridge (<i>deceased</i>) |
| David | Karr | Nephew of William Karr, XV Squadron Air Gunner |
| J. | Kendal (Ken) | 90 Squadron ?? |
| R (Dick) | Kent | 35 Squadron |
| Andrew | Kerzner | Tail Gunner 44-69680 (WF437) |

| | | |
|--|---|--|
| John John | King Kingston | 44 Squadron Flight Engineer CFC RAF Marham |
| John George Peter Pete | Laing Lane Large Lewis | 207 Squadron Air Gunner Navigator 44-69680 (WF437) (<i>deceased</i>) Brother of Edward Large, 44 Squadron Pilot 149 Squadron Engine Fitter |
| Brendan David Gerry Douglas Patrick Pete Derek John Peter Mo | Maher Male Maloney Matthews McGrath McLaughlin Mobbs Moore Morrey Mowbray | 192 Squadron Electrical Mechanic Bristol Aeroplane Company, Filton 44 Squadron Navigator/Bomb Aimer (WF508) WCU / 35 Squadron Master Gunner 115 Squadron Pilot Engineering Officer, Pyote Texas 192 Squadron Electrical Mechanic Air Traffic Control, RAF Coningsby 57 / 115 Squadron Air Gunner 57 Squadron Air Gunner |
| Don | Neudegg | 115 Squadron Air Gunner |
| Sean Pat Brian | O'Donovan O'Leary O'Riordan | Son of Flt Lt G O'Donovan 44 Squadron Pilot RAF Coningsby Armourer 192 Squadron Ground crew |
| Ralph Alan Harry Tom Bob Chris | Painting Palmer Palmer Pawson Pleace Petheram | 57 / 192 Squadron Flight Engineer 192 Squadron 44 / 57 / 115 Squadron Air Gunner 35 Squadron Signaller XV Squadron Pilot 207 Squadron Pilot |
| Ian | Qusklay | 90 Squadron Air Gunner |
| Harry Phil Harold | Rickwood Rivkin Roberts | 149 Squadron Electrical Fitter 90 Squadron Signaller Witness to crash of WF502 |
| Ivor William Sheelah Richard Steve Joe Paul David Derek Jim Adrian Bill Harry Ron | Samuel Santavicca Sloane Sloane Smisek Somerville Stancliffe Stanford Stanley Stanley Stephens Stevenson Stoneham Street | 207 Squadron Air Gunner Gunner 'Look Homeward Angel', 6 th Bomb Group Association Daughter of Sqdn Ldr Sloane, OC 90 Squadron Son of Sqdn Ldr Sloane, OC 90 Squadron Son of A/C of City of San Francisco (K-29, 330 th Bomb Group) RAF Marham Engine Fitter 192 Squadron Co-pilot 192 Squadron Radar Mechanic 57 Squadron Radio Engineer 192 Squadron Air Wireless Fitter 35 / 635 Squadron Association 44 Squadron / A.S.F. Engine Fitter 90 Squadron Pilot (WF503) |
| Harold Tim | Tadea Thewlis | 'Bad Penny' 42-65274 (WF442) General interest in Washingtons |

| | | |
|----------|----------|--|
| Albert | Urquhart | Left Gunner K-39, 330 th Bomb Group |
| Dave | Villars | 44 Squadron Electrical Fitter |
| Peter | Walder | 44 Squadron Radar Fitter |
| Geoff | Webb | 57 Squadron Engine Fitter (WF558) |
| Geoffrey | Wellum | 115 / 192 Squadron Pilot |
| Tony | Whatman | 57 Squadron Assistant Armourer |
| Colin | Williams | XV Squadron Navigator / Bombardier |
| John | Williams | XV / 207 Squadron Air Gunner |
| Robert | Willman | A/C 42-93976 (WF440) |
| Charlie | Woolford | 90 Squadron (Stirlings) |
| Stephen | Wynne | Son of Sgt Jack Wynne 57 Squadron co-pilot |



Both above: Literally the end. The 192 Squadron disbandment party held in Watton Village Hall, February 1958 after the last Washington had flown to RAF Aldergrove and extinction. Bill Dunning is at the left of the top photo and left of the front row in the bottom one. Note the cartoons on the wall behind the people in the upper photo. These denoted incidents from the history of 192 Squadron. (*Bill Dunning*)