

Return to BLIGHTY



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Crest of (the late) Bomber Command Bombing School.

RAF Lindholme.

Return to Blighty

On the completion of Grapple Zulu, returning to our overseas base in Adelaide, Australia, we were ordered to take an Aircrew Flying Medical examination. It was just two months after being exposed to a massive overdose of gamma radiation flying through the Zulu Flagpole nuclear cloud. Due to the amount of radiation we had absorbed, our radioactive crew were medically downgraded and grounded from flying as active crew members for a period of six months.

However, just two months later, back in Adelaide, after the medical examination, we were all re-graded (A1 G1 Z1), fit to fly, anywhere! *“No one told us anything”*. The next thing we knew was that we had been assigned to fly one of the (somewhat radioactive) squadron aircraft all the way back to England at the end of January 1959. Not having flown for the previous two months, we needed to get into the groove and to build up some active flying time, starting with serious flight training, especially Navigation exercises, if we were to fly halfway around the world.

For the return journey, we would need enough clothing to last for about a week. I packed and crated, the rest of my gear and surplus clothing. My books, photographic library, trinkets and souvenirs, and all my worldly goods, and winter gear, were packed into two wooden crates. They were shipped back to England on a cargo flight.

A week before leaving Australia for the voyage back to the UK, the Station Administrative Officer (SAO) approached me and informed me that the cargo plane carrying all of my gear had crashed and burned out on the way home in Brindisi, Italy. The aircraft had been totally destroyed, and all my worldly goods in crates were lost with it. My clothes, photos and other mementos were all gone.

The reality of the loss did not sink in immediately, as I was heavily engaged in preparing and developing flight plans for the return flight to England. My mind was in a totally different place, when advised of the loss. The flight planning required detailed preparation for every leg of the journey. Pulling together all the necessary plotting and topographical maps needed, calculating fuel requirements for each leg of the journey, folding the maps and flight plans and filing them in order.

The flight plan called for a daytime staging, with overnight stops at different destinations. We would be flying as quasi-civilians, in a military aircraft, and would be travelling as a 'lone wolf' aircraft, on our own, with no support services. Civilian Passports were needed for those locations where a Military ID was not acceptable. We would have to make pre-flight checks of the aircraft at different destinations and would be landing at airfields that had never serviced a Canberra bomber before. Having gained experience in pre-flight and post-flight checks flying long distances to and from Christmas Island, it was not something new for us. It was just an added burden to the flight.

The planned route, with 9 overnight stops, was Adelaide to Darwin; Darwin to Labuan, Borneo; Labuan to Changi Singapore; Changi to Butterworth, Malaysia; Butterworth to Colombo, Colombo to Karachi; Karachi to Tehran; Tehran to Nicosia, Cyprus; Nicosia to Luqa, Malta; Luqa to England.

The voyage was an awesome experience to make, befitting long range airline pilots, who fly these routes every day. The nightly stopovers were an experience unto themselves. We were able to get out and visit places we had never seen before. With our civilian passport Visas, we were travelling through Persia (Iran) as civilians. We had to spend two nights in Teheran before continuing the flight, which allowed us time to walk around the centre of the city.

In the centre of Teheran, the sidewalks were very broad, and many of the merchants had rolled out beautiful brand-new carpets across the sidewalks. Being ignorant of local customs, we were very polite, walking around the carpets, as we didn't want them to get dirty from our shoes.

Back at our hotel there was another Canberra crew. Whose only task was to ferry Canberra's back and forth from the UK to the Far East. They told us that the carpets were rolled out on the sidewalk because they were new carpets. Passers-by needed to walk on them, which help tighten the silk and wool knots, before their were sold. The transit aircrew had developed quite a side business in rugs. On their return flights to England, they would purchase several rugs, that could be fitted into the bomb bay of the aircraft, to sell them in the UK. Passing through Customs, they were claimed as personal property.

Close to where our aircraft on the Teheran airfield, sat an Ilyushin 14, a Russian built passenger aircraft, a gift to the Shah of Persia, from the USSR for his personal use. It was guarded by an armed sentry, who kept well away from the aircraft. One of his predecessors had been standing out of the Sun, in the shade under a wing of the aircraft, when a senior Officer passed by, he smartly presented arms, and managed to stick his bayonet into the fuel tank built into the wing. He was quickly relieved of his duty, and perhaps much more.

The following morning, we took off for Cyprus, leaving Persian (Iranian) air space, we flew directly over Iraqi and Syria to the Mediterranean Sea and then onto Cyprus, were we spend the night. The next step would be a flight to Malta, an overnight stay, and then onto England.

Our first UK touch-down was at RAF Marham, where we passed through Customs. Once cleared we took the short flight to RAF

Upwood, our final destination. I had some leave due, so I went home to London, and waited to be told of my new posting. Fortunately, I did have some civilian winter clothing.

Contacting my insurance company to make a claim on all the uniforms and military accrements that were lost in transit, an appointment was set up to discuss the lost clothing and other effects. Replacing all of my lost gear became a very expensive endeavour. The Insurance Company played 'hard ball' and paid less than 10% of the replacement cost. Claiming that the items destroyed were old, used, wore out etc. The insurance agents had me over a barrel and took full advantage of it. I learnt a valuable lesson about insurance companies, which will not be forgotten.

Shortly afterwards I received orders, to report to RAF Lindholme, Bomber Command Bombing School (BCBS) for a refresher course in bombing, before being reassigned to a permanent posting. Having already completed the bombing course with flying colours several years earlier, it should have been a downhill bike ride. Dropping bombs was easy. I had dropped hundreds of them, visually and by radar, from very low altitudes to very high, in every conceivable weather condition possible. No sweat, no problems, no worries.

It was the written exams that got me into trouble. I had great difficulty remembering anything. My short-term memory was not working, it had gone. I just did not realise it at the time. My overall memory functions had not existed since my trauma with the 'bends', while flying through Zulu Flagpole. I had to memorize every part of the written examination 'by rote' to be able to pass the course, and then just squeaking by.

At the time the course was completed, the Squadron Bombing Leader had completed his tour of duty and been reassigned to a new posting.

I just happened to be there (wrong place, wrong time) and was selected to be his replacement. Not having any interest in being an Instructor, I wanted to remain in an active bomber Squadron, but was enrolled on the Qualified Bombing Instructor (QBI) course. Going from nuclear weapon tests to Bombing School (as an Instructor), using 25lb practice bombs, was a big come down. I was not happy.

It took time to settle into a regular Monday to Friday routine. Bombing classes ran from 8am to 5pm. Dropping bombs happened from 8am through midnight. Dependent on weather conditions. If the sky was clear, we would elect for Visual Bombing. If overcast, we would drop bombs by radar. With poor weather during winter, we dropped a lot of bombs by radar. During the Summer months, we were able to drop more bombs visually.

The practice bombs were dropped on bombing ranges, mainly along the coast of Lincolnshire. The squadron was equipped with Varsity aircraft, that had been purposely built as training aircraft. Each aircraft carried 24 practice bombs, which were dropped in three clusters of 8 bombs. Each flight took two to three students. The first task on each trip was for the students to get under the bomb bay to check and arm the bombs. Each bomb had to be checked to ensure it was properly loaded on the bomb rack. Then the safety pins and wires had to be removed to arm each bomb. The pins and wires were taken onboard the aircraft. If for any reason, the bombs were not dropped, the pins had to be re-inserted to make the bombs safe for unloading.

When first-time students were selected to drop a pattern of bombs, they were in a dither. To say the least, they were very nervous. It was the instructors' task to keep them calm, and to show them how to release their first bomb. After that it became easier and easier for them, as they started to develop a feel for the 'gut and art' of bombing. Dropping bombs is similar to playing a game of darts.

Instead of three darts, you start off with eight. The closer they could land the bombs to the target, the higher their score. The school had a Bombing Ladder for the most accurate bombing runs. By the time I completed my tour, my name was posted on the very first line. Top of the Class!

Having dropped many thousands of bombs, from very low levels, to very high, dropping bombs accurately needs the ability to master the Bombsight (analogue computer), and to be able to manipulate it to a high degree of sophistication. After that, it requires experience.

I'm a great admirer of the artist Frank Wootten, and his beautiful aviation paintings. But at times – he took his artistic license just a little bit too far. His magnificent oil colour painting of “The Bombing of the Tirpitz”, the German pocket-size battleship, hiding in a Norway fjord towards the end of the Second World War, needs some comment.



Frank Wootten

Bombing of the Tirpitz

First, the gaggle of Lancaster bombers aiming for a ‘pin-point’ target like the Tirpitz is much too loose. Any bomb(s) the stragglers dropped would have missed the target by a mile. Second, when bomb doors

were opened for the bombing run, it interrupted the airstream surrounding the aircraft, and creates turbulence. Causing the aircraft to bounce about. As the bomb aimer presses the bomb release button, he called out “Bomb Gone”. Then looked down to ensure that the bomb was falling and not ‘hung-up’ and still attached inside the aircraft. Once he saw the bomb(s) falling, he would have called out “Bomb Falling”!

That would be the signal for the pilot to close the bomb doors as fast as possible, to eliminate the turbulence and gain better control of the aircraft. They would never overfly the target, and still have their bomb doors wide open, miles afterwards. Finally, they were armed with Tallboy bombs. These huge bombs weighed 6 tons each. The bombing run was made at 14,000 feet altitude.

Once the bomb had been released, letting go the huge weight of the bomb, each bomber would literally leap upwards by at least 3,000 feet or more. Everyone in the aircraft would have felt the immense rise in altitude! Hence, the leading aircraft would have been several thousand feet higher than the ‘gaggle’ of bombers behind them.

Having spent three years as the Bombing Leader, at Bomber Command Bombing School, my Tour of Duty was up. I was ready for a change. Completing my tour, changes came fast and unexpectedly. On the International Geopolitical front, events were heating up. An American U2 Spy plane had been shot down deep inside the USSR. The pilot had been captured and his crashed aircraft recovered in pieces.

In the United States, President Eisenhower admitted the event, and relations with the USSR became very testy. While the political and diplomatic channels became clogged with high level activity, a more

sinister situation presented itself. It was the details of the shoot down itself. Other pieces of information, and specific details started to surface. These had been hidden by a 'cloak of secrecy', known to both sides, for many years, but never released. While both side played hide and seek.

The CIA controlled the missions of overflying vast portions of the USSR, using Visual Photo Reconnaissance. Which included the tracking of radar locations, using ultra high-performance aircraft, such as the Lockheed U2. The surveillance flights originated in one country, traversed the USSR and landed in another. The U2, a single engine aircraft, had an amazing design with long wings and an incredible high-aspect wing ratio (square wing footage v. weight). This enabled the aircraft to soar above 80,000 feet, which at the time was considered an altitude that could not be tracked or intercepted by the USSR.

Newer Soviet radar was able to locate and track the U2 flights over its air space. MIG fighters sent to intercept the U2s were unable to reach the same altitude. The Soviets turned to their Surface to Air Missiles (SAMS). With major improvements made to their rocketry, it enabled them to ultimately shoot down a U2, piloted by Gary Powers. In 1960, he was captured alive, interrogated and forced to confess.

The need for accurate topographical intelligence of an enemy's terrain is essential for the conduct of any form of warfare. Especially, if war plans call for a land invasion, or aerial bombardment. A century ago, topographical maps of Russia were very sparse and inaccurate. The pinpoint accuracy needed today to be able to target an accurate missile strike did not exist.

Two centuries ago, interior maps of Russia were so bad, that it is surprising that Napoleon was able to find his way to Moscow, without having to follow the signposts on the ground. With the scant

information the French cartographers were able to glean about Russia, with Napoleons retreat, the Russian hinterland remained a dull and uninteresting mystery. With the German decision to invade the USSR, one of their top priorities was to develop accurate maps of Russia.

Without knowledge of where the road, rivers and bridges were, it would be impossible to establish battle plans, nor to prioritize prime targets. The German air force initiated a systematic Photographic Reconnaissance Survey to photograph and record, every possible detail of Western Russia. With the German defeat, and the end of World War Two, part of the photographic treasure trove that was uncovered by the Western allies was the vast aerial survey, by the Germans of the Russian Eastern front. This was shared between the US and the UK. At the start of the Cold War, this was the best information available to the Western allies.

With the passage of time, from the end of the Second World War and into the start of the Cold War, considerable progress had been made geographically around the world. Towns grew, roads, railroads and bridges were built. Infrastructure was created. Military defences evolved. While the West was quite open in publishing and sharing their data, Russia locked down and kept everything 'close to the vest'. They disclosed nothing.

Winston Churchill had realized the Russian intent very early on. At the very beginning of World War 2, in October 1939, he made this radio broadcast, (which still holds good today, almost a century later) it including the following.



"I cannot forecast to you the action of Russia. It is a riddle, wrapped in a mystery, inside an enigma; but perhaps there is a key. That key is Russian national interest."

President Donald Trump is regularly videotaped in the Oval Office, with a small bronze bust of Winston Churchill peering over his left shoulder. He would probably do much better if he were to get rid of the bust and get a large sign with the October 1939 broadcast printed on it, preferably in front of him, rather than behind him.

The U2 overflight and reconnaissance missions were initiated and developed to fill in the data gap that the USSR would not release. In particular, the many, many defence installations that had been built all over Russia. Their defence strategy seemed to be to develop major cities as self-sufficient fortresses. Providing each one with a ring of defensive, heavily armed enclaves to protect the city. Perhaps with the anticipation of future Napoleonic style attacks.

The Soviets now had SAM's (surface to air missiles) capable of reaching 80,000 feet and beyond, and radar to control them. This proved to be a major game changer to all the strategic plans in existence, of all allied nations. Specifically, it became quite clear that few, if any, Bomber Command "V" Force aircraft, which had been programmed to penetration into enemy airspace at heights just over 40,000 feet, would ever reach their intended targets.

Previous planning required bomber aircraft to fly high level to their targets, deliver their nuclear weapons, then return to be re-armed, and return to bomb secondary targets. The build-up of Soviet SAM sites, equipped with the new surface to air rockets, suggested that the previous strategy was no longer viable.

After wrangling with the problem, Whitehall decided upon a new alternative. Instead of committing Bomber Command to fly high level missions, “V” Force bombers would make their penetrations into enemy air space, at low levels. This would be to avoid radar tracking and enemy SAM sites. It was an incredible tough and audacious decision to take. It was also a very simplistic and naïve decision, made by people who had little real experience. They wrongly thought that it should be very easy to implement! Instead of flying the bomber aircraft at 48,000 feet, the nuclear strike force would fly down low at 1000 feet. The logistic of dropping a flight path of a bomber aircraft down 47,000 feet are mind boggling.

First and foremost, dropping a nuclear bomb at 1000 feet, does not allow much leeway to escape the nuclear cauldron that would occur when a hydrogen bomb detonates. Not to worry! A nuclear bomber flying as low as 1000 feet, burns up an incredible amount of fuel. With very careful planning, the bombing aircraft may have just enough fuel to reach the proposed target at low level. Unfortunately, there would be no fuel left for it to return. The command decision to fly “V” Force bombers at low level, committed the aircrews to suicide missions. Something that not many people appeared to realise or understand.

Another major consideration was that aircrew trained for high altitude missions, needed to be retrained to fly huge bomber aircraft at tree top levels. Bomber Command had three types of “V” Force aircraft. The Valiant was the oldest, followed by the Victor and then the Vulcan. Low level flying required low level flying practice ranges. These

were eventually set up in the highlands of Scotland. Low level flying, exhilarating as it may be, is also very dangerous, especially in large aircraft.

Flying jet aircraft, at high speeds at low levels is very difficult. The aircraft keeps hitting bumps (vertical air currents) and anything loose bounces about the cabin, including the crew. Reducing speed would help, but in operational flying it is necessary to maintain a high speed.

During practice runs, several bombers and crews were lost. There were no survivors. Apart from the severe flying condition experienced by the crew, the aircraft themselves started to experience metal fatigue. In particular, the Valiant, built for flying in high altitude and smooth conditions, started to crack-up at low levels and had to be taken off the low-level bombing role.

All of the high-level flight plans that had been developed previously, were useless. New low-level flight plans had to be developed. With previous low-level flying experience, and nuclear testing experience, I was shipped off as part of an Emergency Team to reprogram the V Force flight plans for low-level bombing missions. My posting was to Bomber Command Targeting Centre, part of the Joint Air Reconnaissance and Intelligence Centre (JARIC).

A team of over 20 experienced Navigators had been pulled together for this function. We started from scratch, with new charts, new map information, new SAM site locations. Expenses were not spared, to put the whole thing together. Breaking up into small groups with different skill sets, the end product was envisioned, created and produced. The intelligence information that was given to us was dynamite. We didn't know where it came from, and we didn't want to know. That was a piece of baggage we did not need to carry. In retrospect, it would appear that the updated data we were being fed was coming directly

from the earlier U2 overflights across the USSR. Nowadays it would all be done by Satellite.

After producing several alternative Targeting Folder models, we turned to the production challenges, which had to be made in the very short time we had been given. Eventually, from the many maps at our disposal, we built a schematic of Europe, stretching into Asia. The route plotting was performed by the main group of specialists, producing drafts that could be handed off to the production group.

The key was to keep the main chart updated with the latest developments and changes. The final step was to assemble each Target Folder, with a separate specific package of 'goodies' for each of the individual crew members. The initial folder productions were a hit with the bomber crews that reviewed them. With every passing month, we were able to tweak and improve all folders, making them better and more effective with each change.

In the second week of October 1962, on Monday morning, as we were checking in to start the working week, there seemed to be an unusual backlog of people at the security checkpoint. One of the security guards who I knew (we had served on the same squadron), saw me and beckoned me over. Moving up next to him, he was armed with the usual Lee Enfield .303 rifle. He slowly opened the bolt on the rifle and glanced down. I looked down and saw that his weapon was loaded with live ammunition.

At the time, our Operational Alert Status was Condition Red. Live ammunition meant that there was something special going on. Checking through the gate, my photo and identity was thoroughly scrutinized. We then entered the Targeting Centre for the usual morning briefing. Instead of the usual group of individuals, the briefing was being handled by Senior Officers (who we rarely saw). There must

be something big going on. Eight a.m. on the dot, the special meeting was underway. The weather briefing was omitted, and we went straight to the Main Briefing.

“Ladies and Gentlemen, when you entered the camp this morning, Bomber Command was at Active Condition RED. Effective immediately, we are now at Active Condition BLACK. All leave, and training courses are cancelled, and you are all confined to Camp. Priority will be given to finishing the current Targeting Folders you are working on. These must be completed by 6 pm tomorrow evening. We will be working overnight to complete them. Food and cots will be brought in to provide you with work breaks”.

The enormity of what had been said took a little time to sink in. Condition BLACK indicated that we were at War! A Real War! This was World War 3! We were shocked, there had been nothing mentioned on the BBC or other news media, and we were totally in the dark. We were not given any details. During the day, different items were leaked to us. We did not have any prior news of what or where things were happening.

For a moment, my eyes searched around the room into the faces of my fellow workers. Suddenly, they locked on the eyes of the only other person in the room, who had been involved with the Nuclear Tests. Instantly there was a look of recognition, both of us knew what the nuclear stakes were.

Everyone else was clueless, none of them had been involved with the nuclear tests. They just had no idea of the power and devastation of a nuclear weapon.

During my flying career with the Royal Air Force, my posting to JARIC was the first and only time that I had been given a desk job. How could our unit possibly be involved in any combat duty, while flying a desk? It took a few breathless days to find out the news. Thirty-five hundred miles away across the Atlantic Ocean, the Russians had been covertly installing Guided Missiles on the Communist island of Cuba. All of this information had been suppressed with “D” Notices to all the UK media. Not a hint had been broadcast by the BBC, which was the only real source of any of our news. On the other hand, across the Atlantic Ocean, the American press and media were having a field day, running huge headlines about “THE CUBAN MISSILE CRISIS”.

That Russian Missiles were pointed directly at the American Heartland. A convoy of Russian ships were currently steaming across the Atlantic, with additional missiles, spare parts and supplies. These had been detected and confirmed by the US Central Intelligence Agency (CIA). The US Strategic Air Command had been put on full alert. Armed with nuclear weapons, they were already flying ‘Standing Patrols’ around all the borders of the USSR.

The American President, John F. Kennedy had issued an ultimatum to the USSR that the convoy of ships carrying missiles was to turn around, and that all missiles already installed, should be removed from Cuba immediately. Failure to do so would be considered a hostile act, and a declaration of war. A line in the ‘water’ had been drawn. If the USSR cargo ships crossed it, hostilities would start immediately. The Russian cargo ships still had three days sailing to reach the ‘line in the water’. At this point everyone pulled back to survey the many issues. The UK, with a nuclear equipped “V” Force Bomber Command, was drawn in as part of the NATO alliance. France was the only other Nuclear nation, but due to bad diplomatic relations that existed with the USA, it was not drawn into the immediate potential conflict.

Bomber Command aircraft started flying Standing Patrols, with aircraft loaded with nuclear weapons standing off; waiting to be directed to their Initial Points (IP's), to fly to their target. After flying for over 4 hours at altitude, they needed airborne refuelling or to return to base to be replaced with different aircraft and crews.

Standing Patrols meant that aircraft were already airborne, flying high altitude holding patterns. They could be called in to attack within seconds. This placed a strain on available combat crews that could be mustered. When aircraft on these patrols returned to base to be refuelled, new crews had to be assigned before the aircraft was sent back to the holding pattern.

Being thousands of miles away from the main trouble zone gave us an eerie feeling. We knew that something serious and dangerous was going on, but we were well away from the 'noise'. We could not sense the implications of what was happening. We were suspended in space. The first day was bad enough, but as each day passed, the waiting got harder. The information we were given was limited. We obtained zero 'news' from the BBC. In America, it may have been a crisis, and even a circus, but to us – we were at war! Even though the bombs and missiles were not being dropped yet, we didn't know why.

Our role in the Order of Battle, was to carry on what we were doing on the ground. Then when the 'balloon went up' (war being declared), we would be transferred to the closest "V" Force bomber station, to be available as stand-by reserve aircrew. We didn't have a crew, neither an aircraft nor flying kit. Not even an airfield, and certainly not a target.

We had planned and produced the entire targeting packages for all of Bomber Command, we knew all the targets better than most. Special code numbers had been assigned to each target. We knew that no one

would be returning from their individual target, these would be suicide missions. Regardless of the fact that there would probably be nothing left of England to return to anyway. With the weight of the world on our shoulders, we just hunkered down and waited.

After four days of waiting, a ray of hope started to shine. If all was still quiet on the battle front, perhaps a diplomatic solution was being reached. By the weekend we were advised that a potential solution to the crisis was being negotiated. The Russians were backing down, and their ships turned back to the USSR. However, we were to remain at full BLACK Alert status (full war footing), until a final all clear was declared. That is my story of how World War Three almost started. In reality, Bomber Command was at war! All in one week, during the second week of October 1962, when the entire World was ready to come apart at the seams.

For the few remaining UK nuclear vets who are still alive. Those who laboured in the heat of the Sun in Australia and Christmas Island might be interested to learn that for a period of one week, the ‘fruits of their labours’, invested in the effort to develop nuclear weapons, were almost used in World War 3. To destroy the planet! Only they, who have experienced the heat of the flashing ball of liquid nuclear magma, the deafening blast and noise from the detonation; would really understand what nuclear war would bring.

To put nuclear war into prospective, it is necessary to bring it home, and drop it into your own backyard. It is one thing to drop and explode one of these super weapons halfway around the World, in the middle of a large Ocean, a thousand miles from anywhere. Where it was out of sight (and out of mind) of everyone, including the ignorant Politicians in Westminster. Who vote for, and allocate large sums of money to buy these stupid systems! Let’s just buy another half dozen Trident submarines. Damn the expenses!

To keep everything to scale, let's assume that instead of using Ground Zero, off the Southern tip of Christmas Island as the target; that we detonate a Grapple Yankee size hydrogen bomb, at 4,000 feet right above the Big Ben Clock Tower at Westminster. This would ensure that the first ones to go would be all the elected 'talking heads' in Parliament, followed by the various Ministries along Whitehall. The following crude topographical drawing shows the relative size of Christmas Island to parts of central London. The round ring around London, with Reading to the West and Southend to the East, Baldock to the North and Crawley to the South, is the size of the 60-mile diameter nuclear cloud that developed and settled over Christmas Island.

Everything, and everybody within the London ring road, would be toast. The River Thames would evaporate. I'll say no more.



I was navigating the Sniff Boss aircraft anti-clockwise around this cloud for over two hours (we were the only aircraft to be doing this). The

cloud did not budge all the time we were circumnavigating it. It was imbedded in a concave notch in the underside of the Tropopause. It was just buried in there. The edge of the cloud covered the entire landmass of the island, and more than 1,000 square miles of the sea around it.

Upper atmosphere winds, that we had been led to believe would blow the nuclear fall-out away to the East, just skirted around the cloud, and did not affect it at all. Radioactive fall-out fell straight down through the Nuclear Weather Bubble. During the different Pension Appeal Court hearings, the MoD wheeled out highly qualified, metrological expert witnesses, who all testified that 'the upper atmospheric winds blew the nuclear fallout away from the island'. Their testimony was how the winds should have behaved, not how they did behave. None of the 'experts' had been present during the nuclear tests. They were just reporting on false data that had been handed to them by the MoD.

A detonation at 4,000 feet above Big Ben, rather than the 8,000 feet as in the Pacific Ocean, would be made. The lower level detonation would be far more efficient and damaging, than the higher detonation. This would enable the ensuing magma burst to kiss the Earth, and spreading the liquid magma further afield, without contacting the ground. Any contact with the Earth was to be avoided, as the power and energy of the radiation and magma would be absorbed. Loosing too much heat and pressure energy.

Kissing the Earth, the liquid magma would increase the volume of radiated nuclear particles (fallout), a thousand-fold. Leading to a very 'dirty' nuclear event, and a thousand-fold increase in future radiation victims. Far above the millions that would be killed in the first few hours after detonation.

Half a century ago, when I was involved in Nuclear Targeting, we estimated that it would only take 3 hydrogen bombs to neutralize 95% (2 Standard Deviations) of the UK. But statistically, not enough to ensure that there would be no retaliation strike. A 99% neutralization (3 Standard Deviations), would require 10 hydrogen bombs. The Trident submarine system ensures that 100% neutralization would not happen, as armed missiles would be active and inaccessible, hidden somewhere deep in the Oceans.

Most people have no idea what war is all about. They have never been exposed to it. Even fewer have any knowledge of nuclear war. Not even what it will cause, nor what it would do to the world we live in. This is particularly true of the denizens along the entire length of Whitehall. They are generally too young, and have to rely on tainted, altered and corrupt data, and film records. Too many people have fiddled with the books for them to be reliable!

Every now and again, an enterprising entrepreneur will advertise building customized “NUCLEAR BOMB SHELTERS” (at enormous costs). Custom made to your own particular needs and requirements. Then you will be able to purchase special long-lasting processed, freeze dried foods to stock your nuclear larder. Guaranteed to last for 50 years (or your money back).

The inhabitants of the MoD are particularly pitiful. They are sitting on a treasure chest of information developed and gleaned from the UK nuclear test trials, plus the data and information that MI6 was able to pilfer from foreign sources. It is a shame that most of the foreign intelligence is a ‘plant’, deliberately altered to transfer misleading information and data. As for the locally acquired intelligence – it is a crime that it was deliberately altered to satisfy and please the UK Government then in existence.

The numbers and facts were all deliberately altered. MoD is sitting on a heap of dangerous and worthless data. Recently, in some Freedom of Information Act requests there has been a renewed interest in the location and count of Bomb Shelters in the UK.

Having spent a lot of time in bomb shelters, I can say that I hate them so much, that I will never go in one again. The noise, the stench of humanity – you can actually smell ‘fear’ oozing out of people. The smell of chemical toilets, and people, of all ages, from babies to ancient pensioners, vomiting and soiling themselves for a variety of reasons.

People can be buried alive or suffocated in Air Raid Shelters. Doesn't matter if they are surface shelters or deep underground shelters. They are all horrid. But, if you still feel the need for a Bomb Shelter, your best bet would be to consider the largest and most complex, and luxurious of all Nuclear Bomb Shelters. The Swiss Nuclear Bomb Shelters.

For decades the Swiss have been building and developing the most complex network of nuclear shelters tunnelled into their mountains. But there are two big problems with them. First, is that a valid Swiss Passport is needed to gain entry. You can be standing right outside the door, but without a Swiss Passport, you will not be allowed to enter. Secondly, they do not work! The Swiss authorities have failed to understand what nuclear war is about.

The physical location of people around the World is generally presented from a bird's eye view, on a map, divided by countries. It may be great for the birds, but I'm not a bird! When I was young and pretty, I used to be an aviator. Height and altitude were as important, as physical location.

It became apparent that another yardstick needed to be applied to the location of every living thing that exists on the planet. Air sits on air, and gravity compresses it. High thin altitude air sits on low thicker air. The weight of upper air puts pressure on the lower atmosphere, which creates air pressure. The higher you go up, the less air pressure there is. This is the CAUSE. The EFFECT is clearly evident in Switzerland.

Switzerland, a magnificent country, with lakes and rivers. Tall mountain ranges, the Alps, the highest being covered in snow year-round. With vineyards along the lower slopes. As you ascend up the foothills, there are trees and greenery. Then at about 5 to 6,000 feet altitude, there is a line. *The treeline!* All of a sudden, the trees stop growing, as if to say, “We don’t go any higher than this”! After that the vegetation, such as bushes, starts to taper off. Then at 9 to 10,000 feet altitude, very little green is to be seen anywhere. The mountains above 10,000 feet are barren, nothing is growing. The lack of growth can be attributed to the lack of sufficient air pressure needed to support the vegetation.

Statistically, a curious thing happens with the distribution of humanity, at elevation. Around the entire World, between Mean Sea Level (MSL) and 1,000 feet attitude, 90% or 1 Standard Deviation (SD)*of all people live between these two levels. Between MSL and 5,000 feet, 95% (2 SD) of the entire Worlds’ population exist. Then 99% (3 SD) of all people live between MSL and 10,000 feet. The remaining 1%, either live below MSL (Holland, Dead Sea, etc), or above 10,000 feet.

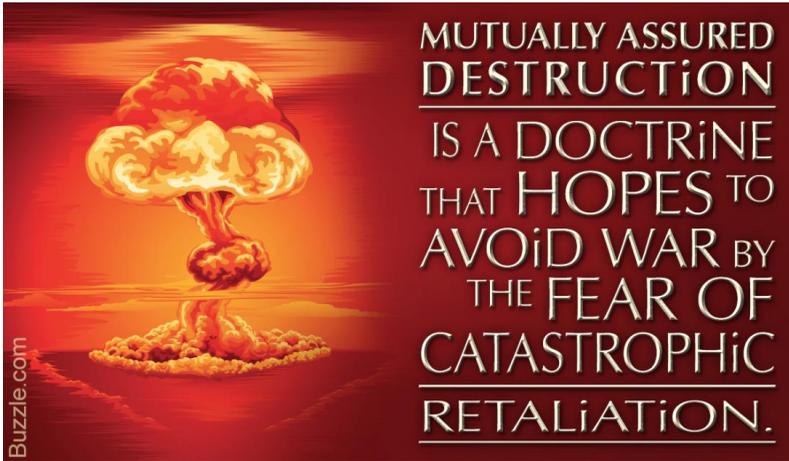
- *The **Standard Deviation** is a measure of how spread out numbers are*

The same tends to apply to animals and birds, but to a lesser extent. The conclusion being that ambient Air Pressure controls what height, and where we live.

The combined totals of nuclear weapons in existence around the world exceeds 10,000, with the USA and Russia having the highest number, and the most dangerous weapons of all. If all of these were to be detonated within a 48-hour period, anyone left alive anywhere, would be in great trouble.

Even if they were located in the middle of the Gobi Desert, the Sahara Desert, central Africa, middle of the Pacific Ocean, up the Amazon or even the great Australian outback – miles away from anywhere the nuclear weapons were being detonated. Instead of dying from radiation, or being burnt to a cinder, they would most probably die of anoxia. Lack of air pressure, and oxygen. Nuclear War shelters are useless. Don't invest in one!

The massive detonation of multiple hydrogen bombs, all around the Globe, would tear the Tropopause asunder, and would force and liberate the Troposphere (atmosphere) into the Stratosphere. Where atmospheric pressure at MSL was originally in the region of 1000 millibars (mbs), blowing half of Earth's air into the Stratosphere, it could well drop surface air pressure as low as 700 (mbs). This is the equivalent of being 10,000 feet high. The point, below which, 99% of all humans live. You might survive if you happened to be at the bottom of one of the 2-mile deep South African gold mines. But there is no guarantee.



After much soul searching, the Cuban Missile Crisis confirmed that it was time to finish my RAF flying career. It had gotten 'too hot in the kitchen'. I knew too much. I had seen too much. The 'big picture' was scorched in my brain. I had developed the nuclear targets across Eastern Europe. I knew them all.

I knew more than the individuals, who decided which cities to obliterate. Individuals, who had never experienced the detonation of a Hydrogen Bomb. The potential carbonization of millions of people from the heat and blast from a one-mile diameter ball of nuclear magma. The subsequent deaths of millions more from radiation poisoning. I had visualized the nuclear targets that a potential enemy could use, to obliterate the entire UK and its population. No point in any surviving "V" Force bomber crews bothering to return to the UK. There would be nothing left to come back to. Having already dropped thousands of bombs, more than most people, on radar and visually, it was time to move on. Time to search for something, less demanding, in another field.

During my last tour of duty, flying a desk, I took the opportunity to prepare for the day I completed my Short Service Commission and left the military. Taking advantage of several instructional courses at a nearby college. The courses went very well. At the end of the year there were the customary examinations. Feeling very confident about the results, I was devastated when the results were posted. I had failed (very badly) in each and every subject. I had screwed up again! What a dichotomy, there I was – qualified and licensed to drop a hydrogen bomb, but unable to pass simple year-end examinations.

It was very obvious that my short-term memory was still lost and wasn't coming back any time soon. In order to cope I had to adapt and to re-invent myself.

To stay focused on the things I could do, and to avoid anything that needed short term memory. At the time, there was no possible way that I was able to relate my memory loss to the massive radiation overdose and the severe attack of the 'bends' suffered on entering the Flagpole cloud. Survival of the effect of the 'bends' generally pass, if you are still alive after the attack. You are just not aware of, and don't know or understand, the damage that radiation poisoning has done to you. Until it is too late!

Consequently, it could only have been the high intensity ionizing radiation that had burnt out my short-term memory function. Eric Denson appears to have also suffered a different form of radiation brain injury.

None of the other nuclear cloud sampling crew were ever checked, or monitored for anything, after receiving radiation overdoses. It was all swept under the carpet and kept quiet. Nobody was interested anyway. They just didn't care or realize the damage done

Within a decade of leaving the military, I found that my brain was starting to re-wire itself. I started regaining a limited amount of short-term memory. However, my brain appeared to be rewiring itself in an entirely different fashion. It was becoming more and more obvious, as I found myself thinking totally 'differently' than my peers. Presented with the same set of circumstances, my perception and solutions were completely different from those around me.

Then came an epiphany! The condition had been identified much earlier and described by some as 'thinking out of the box'. Or, in the words of the late Steve Jobs, "think different". My head looks the same, but my brain had re-wired in a way that thinks completely different.

During my tenure in Bomber Command, becoming qualified and 'licensed' to drop nuclear weapons required undergoing a variety of screening programmes. A reasonable requirement, considering the responsibility of handling these devices. It would not be wise to allow any Tom, Dick or Harry to have access to an atomic bomb, let alone dropping one.

In addition to having the skills and knowledge necessary to be able to aim and drop a gravity delivered bomb; progressing and having access to nuclear weapons also required being subjected to the *Positive Vetting process*. The command authorities needed to ensure that people involved with nuclear weapons had a history of mental stability. That, the individual did not go off the rails, didn't drink too much (or too often), and that they were not 'queer' (gay) (LGBT).

Positive vetting teams researched every aspect of an individual's background, conducting interviews with people who had knowledge of their past history, going back over several years. Once passed the

Positive Vetting (PV) screening, the individual would be elevated to a security grade of PV, UK Eyes Only (Atomic). Which was very high.

The screeners were very concerned about 'queer men', who were considered unreliable, subject to blackmail, and all sorts of horrible things. This was drilled into our heads, to constantly be on guard against gay men, and to avoid them at all costs. We were all conditioned to be on our guard against LGBTQ people. The military live in isolated cocoons, unaware of the reality of the world around them.

On leaving the protected ranks of the military, I discovered that the LGBT community was everywhere. It is International. Existing in every continent, and in every country. It is not a movement or political affiliation; it is more of a situation that happens to exist. It has existed for thousands of years, and impacts a relatively small, but significant group of people of both sexes. Meeting and working with 'gays' in a business environment, it took a long time for the military indoctrination to wear off. I found 'gays' to be extremely creative in just about every field of endeavour. They could, and often did, run rings around me with their creativity. Gradually, I started to get to know the junior ones that reported to me.

At times they would have me tearing my hair out, at some of their foibles and nuances, yet I survived. But the following day, they would make up for any of their outrageous transgressions. Then came another epiphany, the realization that they were in many ways, very much like me. What I started to recognize was that the thing that made them different, was not so much their sexual orientation, as it was that in their heads, they were 'wired' differently.

It sounds simplistic to say, but it is much more complex and involved. The 'forces' that created them in the first place cannot simply be undone. They cannot just be 'rewired'. This is still one of the many

mysteries that still need to be explored and revealed. Currently, the DNA experts are claiming that it is all in the genes and are busy attempting to prove it. However, there is no evidence that these trends are being passed down from parent to child. The occurrences appear to be much more random. Hence, I would be inclined to disregard these theories.

While readily accepting the fact that the LGBT exists, and needs to be accepted, the thought of kissing a man on the lips or jumping into bed with one, churns my stomach. I'm just not wired that way. Meanwhile, there are a significant number of men and women who are 'wired' that way. The numbers are big enough not to be ignored. They need to be recognized. They need to be accepted.

The radiological trauma that happened to my brain, was a unique one-off situation. That hopefully may never ever happen to anyone again. Without a doubt, one way or the other, it will happen again, and again. There can never be any guarantee, that future mental rewiring follows a predictable path.

Best to keep a long, long way away from ionizing radiation. Even with a 'rewired' brain, I still having difficulties with short term memory. The remarkable thing is that my long-term memory of the events that took place during Operation Grapple are remarkably sharp and clear. They appear to have been burnt and hard wired in my skull, as I seem to have total recall. Short term memory is there, but it is 'iffy'. I still have great difficulty remembering names.

Fried Brains

Along a similar path of unwired brains, not long ago, a curious thing happened to American diplomats who were stationed in Cuba. They started complaining about headaches, and a variety of symptoms

related to their mental situation. Regular medical examinations were unable to identify or trace the source of their maladies. Then diplomats of another foreign Embassy in Havana started to suffer similar mental conditions.

All the American diplomats who were suffering from these syndromes were hastily repatriated to the United States. Medical examinations, and multiple head scans revealed nothing. One researcher eventually discovered that the afflicted diplomats had lost 25 cubic centimetres of 'white matter' in their brain. A similar thing has happened to other State Department officials in different foreign Embassies.

Then a curious thing happened. A Cuban doctor went to great length to attack the research findings as being invalid and false, based on the statistical integrity of the evidence. The Cuban was absolutely right. *There are lies! Big lies! Then there are statistics!!!* With the scant evidence and information available to the researchers, they were unable to assemble a 'control' group, that could be compared to the diplomatic patients. It would be impossible to achieve. They had only been able to identify a non-statistically significant difference between the effected diplomats, and their peers in similar locations.

But here is the 'rub'! As the Cuban medic appeared to be so familiar with the statistical implications of the analysis, perhaps he had inadvertently revealed what the diplomats had been subjected too. In a Communist country such as Cuba, it would be possible, and very easy to round up a few hundred 'like' subjects from the many jails. Split them in different groups, using say 100 subjects as the Control. Then subjecting different groups of 100 prisoners to a variety of different inaudible sound frequencies to see what would happen (perhaps even focused beams of *gamma* or *x-ray* radiation). Until they encountered an inaudible radio frequency, that 'fried' the subject's brain. Then they were ready to 'tango'! A little similar to the shades of Adolph Hitler.

One would not expect the Cubans to admit to any 'experiments', and naturally they would deny any knowledge. Perhaps it was the Russians.

News is starting to leak out that more and more American State Department overseas officials, have been 'targeted' by high frequency (r/f; radiation; x-ray ?) beams while on overseas assignments. More than a dozen in different cities in China, and others in unspecified (unfriendly) locations. While, initially, the symptoms suffered were identical to those reported in Cuba, the State Department has chosen to downplay these reports. Perhaps due to the sensitive negotiations currently being conducted with Chinese authorities. The symptoms being ringing in the ears, sharp and increasing headaches, vomiting, bleeding from the nose and lungs, fatigue and memory loss. All very similar to the ailments suffered generations ago, by Sqn. Ldr. Eric Denson, after flying through the Grapple Yankee nuclear cloud.

YOUR TAXES AT WORK

Completely out of context, and as an interesting aside, this is example of your hard-earned Taxes, being put to work.



A dozen years ago, I thought that it would be lovely to meet a few old friends for lunch in London. They were Operation Grapple widows, and I had flown with their husbands while flying with 76 Squadron, the nuclear cloud sampling squadron. One of the ladies was a high-profile activist for the Nuclear Vets. We were having a pre-lunch drink in the big empty lounge, when someone (a spook) came and sat very close to us. Which was very unusual, in a large empty room.

Close enough to be able to hear and record what we were discussing. Obviously, we were up to no good. Retired senior citizens, probably planning to blow up Parliament with gunpowder. We all became aware of his presence, reaching the same conclusion that it was an MI5 'Spook'. Alerted by the fact that our phones and other forms of

communications were been monitored (by heavens knows who), from the mysterious clicking's we kept hearing on the phone lines.

It must have been something someone said, to alert MI5 that nefarious activities would be happening, on a specific date, time and place. With that in mind, our discussions became livelier, touching on the most ridiculous topics and subjects, discussing the most secretive moments that occurred during the nuclear tests.

To indicate that we were onto him, I got up and took a photograph of the lunchtime group and included him seated left in the photo. With a bit of a laugh and giggle we got up and went to the restaurant. Low and behold, the 'Spook' followed us to the eatery, and being joined by a fellow cohort, sat down right behind us.

It was so obvious that we almost cracked up. Here we were, a bunch of old farts, having lunch, being 'bugged' by MI5. These was our tax money at work, spent by MI5, protecting the Kingdom and the Commonwealth. Hope they had a nice lunch. After all it was on us.

Perhaps we should try 'facial recognition photography', to find out who he was, and what he is doing now.

A Poignant addendum –

“When Adelaide got hit by Maralinga” video.

In closing, whenever you have an hour or so to spare, you may be interested in exploring the following link, especially the videos:

<https://antinuclear.net/2017/09/16/when-adelaide-got-hid-by-maralinga-nuclear-radiation-fallout/>

There are several very important video clips at this address. In addition to the dreadful, and disgusting things the United Kingdom did to Australia, it shows what the USSR did in Kazakhstan. Of interest, it details the US\$ 1.9 billions of compensation paid by the US, plus untold amounts of medical and retirement benefits, paid to over 40,000 of the United States nuclear veterans. Let's face it, the UK Government sitting in Whitehall, are just a bunch of cheap skates, they always have been. Hiding behind the antiquated and wrong legal rulings of the UK Supreme Court.

Parliament is supposed to be the Superior Court of all the land. Higher than the Supreme Court that they created. With the ability to make, break and change the laws that govern all the citizens of the United Kingdom. Time for a change – a big change! They need to pass a law nullifying the Statute of Limitations Act as it applies to nuclear veterans. Further, they need to allow the nuclear veterans to file a single Class Action suit against the Ministry of Defence, instead of forcing everyone (or their survivors) to file individual lawsuits.

Less we forget - Dead men tell no tales!



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