

It's dawn and the ARID Club is already up, breakfast briefing on the mission that awaits us.



Today we have a task all the more difficult and impossible, i.e., having previously studied the paper, reports and surveys on the ground, trying to retrace the path that the battered Sgt. Copping may have undertaken in the vain hope of finding Salvation: approx. 50 Km towards 40° oasis of Farafra 123. We know that crashlanded "piloted" but the impact on the ground has been violent and perhaps is hurt; has little water available, about 1 or 2 liters (had to do a transfer flight of about 20 '). On June 28 of 42 was very hot (45°), as in these days (have gone exactly 70 years!) and then you would be moved only at night with cool. He disassembled the radio, blasted the IFF (identification friend or foe) cut off their seat belts, made a shelter by parachute near the plane and maybe you stayed around for at least a day. Some shocked, disorientated, he consulted the map and estimated that perhaps can get to Farafra or intercept a track (near the old track to Ain Dalla marked on maps); and so walks towards his bitter and almost unknown fate. We do all of these reflections, in front of a cup of tea, and assails us sadness and a little angst. We will have to walk for several miles in the

plain degrading as a series of concentric bowls in the center of which lies the OASIS, but we plan to restrict searches to a 123° radial to maximum 15 km. We know that we will reach the highest distance when the Sun is high above the horizon with temperatures exceeding 45° 43, whereby we load in backpacks, as well as the equipment, even a fair supply of water that eventually will be hot ... We distance ourselves by about 300 meters from each other and we leave.



The expectations are there, but as soon as we begin to wane: but how do you find something in this barren depression? At around 10,5 km from the wreck, my radio announces that Riccardo made the finding of something, just about 123°: a metal button engraved with ... ..



We are on the right path! I Think.Armed with renewed strength we look back at us and March.We are on the horizon, a series of fans high just over 30 50 metres, achieved two of them stand before me a "step" that leads into another depression: no trace of wheels.



I did three miles with bow 100° e in the middle of the pitch, in soft sand and Virgin identify something metallic



It is a copper plate excellently preserved (as the rest of the exhibits and the shipwreck) with the name of a factory and a date ... ..



By a subsequent search revealed that Elliot in Birmingham is a company still in business and works and scrap metal during the war was the supplier of the RAF. The unbearable heat, hot water, but fortunately, brings to mind the sufferings of our researched and after a short break we continue the research.



Before us a barren expanse and about 3 km<sup>2</sup> the usual fans. ... and the sun beats down and the clock runs and Copping a few likely clue. Andrea decides to climb on a hillock and scrutinize with binoculars, the hour is late so we decide to return. Andrea, via radio, announced that in a corner about 500 meters on the left sees something waving (Fortunately the wind assist us in quench the heat become unbearable) ... maybe the usual plastic bag. Part toward the ravine and soon screaming

over the radio that there are bones and a piece of fabric. Come everyone, nobody touches anything until we detect. From my experience of doctor late in identifying the remains as human: some certainly coast, three four vertebrae (7 cervical, thoracic° two and a lumbar) a left clavicle, integrates a metatarsal and phalanx. The fabric is white silk, red striped  
PARACHUTE!!!!!!!!!!!!!! During the relief of bony remains, from a metal object, a plate engraved with the number 61: it seems almost a keychain of a locker, we supposed ...



Obviously we do not know who owns, we note and we all do GPS and not exhausted to the field.



We have obscured the remains out of respect





Be advised via radio the official Commons which says, "your job"with the satellite we immediately Colonel Collins, British Embassy military attaché who tells us: "good job thank you i want to meet you ...."Our mandate was to detect the wreckage and carry out pilot investigations promptly notifying authorities if we found something, and we have adhered to the Protocol report.Metal findings were handed over to Egyptian authorities, the human remains were obviously in the discovery awaiting decisions over what we put back by offering our full cooperation.Now authorities determine who owns those mortal remains



A total success of ARID team supported by experience and logistics of SIWA PARADISE EXPEDITONS and financial support of ITALEGYC