



# LOCKING *Review*



IN THIS EDITION:

LOCKING'S COMPUTER LABORATORY

SPRING 1966

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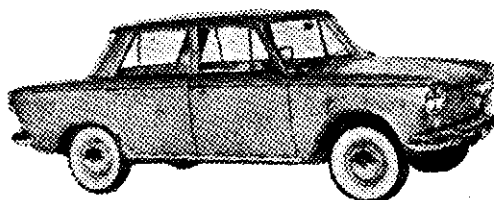
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# REVIEW

of

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## Royal Air Force, Locking

Vol. 2, No. 4

Price 2/- (2/6 post free)

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by kind permission of the Commandant  
Air Commodore C. S. Betts, CBE, MA.

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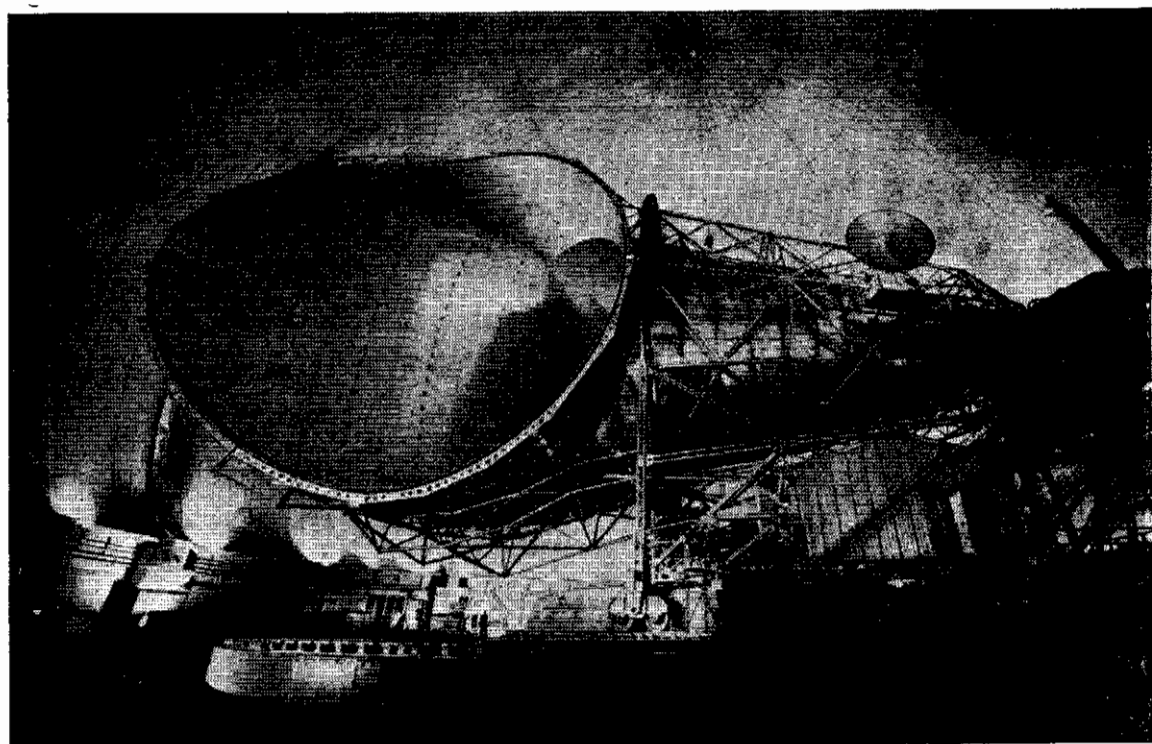
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## Editorial

This term we welcome Air Commodore C. S. Betts, CBE, MA as Commandant of Locking and are very pleased to present a profile of him in this edition.

A number of copies of the Locking Review Autumn Edition were over-paged. We offer our apologies to any readers who received more than the regulation 52 pages and promise that we will not charge extra.

Many changes have been made to the magazine in the last year and it would be very helpful to the Editorial Staff if readers would send in their views either endorsing or condemning the changes. In fact letters are welcome on any subject. A station magazine could be a medium for exchanging views on a wide range of subjects.

If the comic caption competition is any guide, there appears to be no lack of humour on the station. A large number of entries were submitted and the judge had great difficulty in selecting the best caption. The results are published in this edition along with another similar competition. Entries for the "Party Problem" competition were disappointing. There were only three correct solutions, all sent in by members of the staff! The first of these to be opened was submitted by Flight Lieutenant R. Lamb who wins the prize of a quarter bottle of spirits.





## Profile of the new Commandant

### AIR COMMODORE C.S. BETTS, CBE, MA

How Air Commodore Betts came to be given command of No 1 Radio School is a saga that will be of undoubted interest to Locking Review readers. It can be traced a long way back ..... At school, mathematics came fairly easily and "being as lazy as most boys" he capitalized on it ultimately resulting in his being awarded an Open Scholarship by Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge.

At the start of the 1939-45 war he was still at University and while the Joint Recruiting Board hesitated on where to send him he joined the University Air Squadron. This eventually cast the die - the Board directed Mr C.S. Betts to become Acting Pilot Officer Betts. Prior to Hitler's War he had not seriously considered a military career and like so many others looked on this period as a serious and necessary job to be done but not as a life work.

Work as a Signals Officer in Coastal Command was however completely absorbing (he had gone there after training at Cranwell where incidentally he first met and was taught by a Flt Lt Claxton - now a Group Captain and our P Ed O). It covered the whole of the rapidly expanding electronics field. Magic letters "RDF", soon to be replaced by "R.A.D.A.R.", were just being whispered between the few in the know - and then only in the most secure places. Crude black boxes were rushed almost straight from laboratory work benches to the aircraft - and it was quite surprising how well such "lash ups" worked.

After a spell at a Flying Boat Base in Ireland, an overseas draft took him to Iceland where he was responsible for the communications nets serving the long-range aircraft which covered the "Gap" in the mid-Atlantic.

Back from Iceland too late to join the Invasion of Europe, Flt Lt Betts was posted to the Air Ministry to take responsibilities for the specification and fitting of new electronic equipment in aircraft. "I still remember crawling round

the full scale wooden fuselage of the prototype Canberra checking the designer's proposals from the operator's viewpoint not very long after the end of World War 2". The whole electronics field was then bursting with activity with the Royal Air Force well in the lead and close contact with both industry and research establishments made the work most stimulating. Indeed so much so that when, at the end of 1945 the Royal Air Force offered Squadron Leader Betts a permanent commission, although it came as a complete surprise, the delay in acceptance was nominal. "I still think the overriding factor was that I liked the people I had met in the Service, the way they worked together and their sense of common purpose and responsibility. Now, more than twenty years later, I still think the same".

A temporary war time job was now turning into a life's career. The Air Ministry post was followed by three years secondment to research laboratories. Then came Staff College and appointment as Command Signals Officer at Air Headquarters in Iraq, looking after RAF communications and electronics from the Red Sea to Pakistan. The recent S.T.O., Group Captain Davidson, was working with Squadron Leader Betts during this tour.

Back from the Middle East, Squadron Leader Betts was given a 12 month post-graduate course in the Missile Sciences - "I wasn't a volunteer, I'd hoped for a small radar station somewhere on the South Coast but the Service very wisely had other ideas - and Sqn Ldr Shore who looks after the computers here - soon had the unenviable job of blowing almost fifteen years of cobwebs from my mathematics". Leaving the RAF Technical College the now Wg Cdr Betts joined the Guided Weapons Department at the Royal Aeronautical Establishment at Farnborough to work on assessment studies of new defensive weapon systems. After Farnborough came a posting in 1958 to take charge of post-graduate training at the Royal Air Force Technical College but

rather to his regret, he was "kicked upstairs" to the Air Ministry a year later to become a Deputy Director of Air Defence and then to take charge of Operational Requirements for Defensive Weapon Systems.

"This was a fascinating and wide ranging job - it took me to Woomera and to New Mexico and many places in between - including Colomb Bechar deep in Algerian Sahara at the height of the Algerian War to see their French missiles demonstrated. I used to come in this direction very frequently too - visiting Bristol where much of our Bloodhound Surface-to-Air Missile was designed".

Group Captain Betts was delighted when he heard towards the end of 1962 that he was to command RAF Flyingdales. As he says "there was never a dull moment" and he has agreed to write an article for a future edition of the Locking Review on his experiences as Commandant of "the biggest radar installation in Europe".

At the end of the first year of sustained operations, Group Captain Betts was relieved and sent for a year's course at the Imperial Defence College - perhaps to get a chance to "recharge his batteries" and to broaden out in defence studies. It was while he was on a round Africa study tour (which included personalities like Nkrumah, Tshombe and Kaunda - and

trouble spots like Kariba, Kaduma and Leopoldville) that he heard he was to become Commandant at Locking after graduating from I.D.C..

"I was delighted - not only was I to be back with many old friends - but to be back in the heart of the signals - radar - and communications - world. I was even more delighted to find a previous commandant had called the house I was to occupy "Flowerdown House" to preserve that early connection. I am more than proud now to be in a position where I can try to see traditions upheld. Judging from what I have seen so far - the facilities, the expert and devoted staff - should both make this possible. Perhaps even more important, watching the Passing Out Parade of the 103rd Entry, which I was privileged to attend as a guest, I was, and am, convinced that the same high potential exists in our youth and men today. It will be my task, and a glad one at that, to see that none of that potential is wasted. I know I shall have whole-hearted backing in this from a staff which includes many friends who have served with me before".

"Well this has been rather a long story - but perhaps it explains not only how I came and why I am glad to be here - but also what I want to do here so perhaps I'll be excused."

---

## A WALK INTO THE GRAND CANYON

"Only seasoned hikers in good physical condition should attempt the trip to the river and back on foot."

"Emergency service - guide and mule for a 'ride out' - is \$35, \$40 after 4 p.m."

"Canyon temperature may rise as high as 120°F. Heat exhaustion is common."

The US National Parks leaflet makes it clear that a walk into the Grand Canyon is not to be undertaken lightly. The North Rim of the canyon falls at first almost vertically for some three thousand odd feet and a mule path negotiates this section through a series of hairpin bends across the cliff face. There are steeply descending sections with precipitous drops on one side, and rugged, twisting paths amongst boulders in the cleft made and used by a tributary of "Bright Angel Creek." The going varies from loose stony rubble to ankle-deep mud.

Then follows an easier stretch of some nine miles, falling a further two thousand feet down to the Colorado (Red) River. At river level one has descended from the temperate climate and forest of the Kaibab plateau to the semitropics where only desert vegetation grows. The leaflet contained the interesting comment that this was equivalent to travelling from Canada to Southern Sonora in Mexico (or say the Cotswolds to the Sahara Desert). And then one climbs back again.



So the first time we visited the Canyon I marvelled at it only from the North Rim. My eldest son, however, determined to go down; the mule track was said to be maintained in safe condition throughout the visitor season and I gave permission, knowing also that he had kept himself very fit by running and long walks — possibly with this project in mind.

He reckoned that, travelling very light and with a short pause for rest and refreshment at the bottom, he could make the journey in one day's daylight, about thirteen hours. Before dawn on the chosen day his devoted mother groped about the camp site and prepared a substantial breakfast; With this inside him, a quart of milk in a carton slung in a cotton bag, and a pocket full of sugar lumps he set out, whilst we made a more leisurely start and spent the day driving, and strolling to various vantage points and taking photographs.

He is a taciturn fellow and the story of his solo journey has never been completely told — at least not to the family; his economic answers to probing questions during the succeeding weeks and months stimulated in me a curiosity and

an urge to do it for myself which became almost obsessive. I think I now understand why some people must climb mountains. As we thought about the area for our next summer holiday — the Canadian Lakes? The Rockies? Yellowstone Park? — I took into account in each case the detour that would be needed to visit the North Rim again. It became accepted by the family that we would do so, so that I might walk down into the canyon. John vouchsafed that it would be the most strenuous physical effort I had ever endured; to this I replied that, in my time, I had operated a free machine gun in an open cockpit, but privately resolved to do what I could to get fit beforehand.

In the third week of our holiday tour we were again at the North Rim. During the earlier part of the holiday I had seized every opportunity, with or without the family, to walk and climb and I was reasonably well prepared; however I had decided that to attempt to do the twenty-eight miles round trip in one day would be foolish and planned to camp overnight on the trail. In view of his performance the preceding year I had no compunction in loading John with air beds, sleeping

bags and rations in a kit-bag, and he appeared not unwilling to accept the burden and thus to demonstrate his effortless superiority.

Chores about the camp delayed our departure; if I had known the extent of the penalty for this in increased temperature on the trail I would have resisted this diversion more strongly; as it was, we set off about nine o'clock and the sun was blazing above the cliff trail.

I find it difficult to recall in coherent detail the incidents of the journey. An early notable one was when John dropped the plastic bag containing a half gallon of water and caused it to start leaking; I took charge of it from thenceforward as my share of the joint burden. The sweat poured and as we rested at half-hourly intervals and drank in turn, yet without slaking our thirst, the thought of water became dominant.

The heat was by now intense, though very dry and therefore tolerable. Our thoughts dwelt more and more on water; and we were delighted to reach the "Ribbon Falls" where a small tributary stream pitched over a shelf in the cliff and fell in a vertical sheet some fifty or sixty feet; a little lower down the stream was a hollow in the bed almost exactly the size and shape of a bath and I plunged naked into this whilst John enjoyed a shower in the falls.

Very much refreshed, we walked on with John leading by a few yards; suddenly, he gave a great yell and leapt vertically and astonishingly high into the air, bag and all. "A snake", he said, "it wrapped itself round my ankles - there it is!" and I was just able to see a four-foot long slender snake disappear into some bushes by the side of the path.

Thereafter, it seemed prudent to give warning of our approach and being understandably the least shaken, and the least encumbered of the party, I got myself a stick and took the lead, tapping the rocks as I went. By now we had reached the less difficult part of the trail and were following the stream, which from time to time we had to cross by stepping stones or precarious single log bridges.

We greeted in passing a really red Indian who was toiling at repairing the trail and saw ample signs of the need for his labour; each time the stream flooded,

damage to the trail is inevitable and this happens each time there is a thunderstorm on the North Rim - almost daily in Summer. All this time the temperature had been getting higher; I sweated phenomenally, and by the time we reached the "Phantom Ranch" - about one mile from the Colorado - I craved another bath. Now I was really able to indulge myself; the ranch is supplied by mule from the nearest and more accessible South Rim, and boasted not only a swimming pool but hot showers heated by paraffin. For the sake of my aching muscles I first had a long, hot, shower and then felt sufficiently relaxed and supple to chance a swim in the pool.

We rested for a while and then walked the remaining mile or so to the river. We found it truly red, but much smaller than I expected. The Glen Canyon dam, some two hundred miles upstream, has very much reduced the flow and until the lake above it has filled, which will take four or five years, the flow will not be restored to anything like its former rushing intensity. On returning, we bought cans of "coke" at the Ranch (at triple price) to help us on our way and walked back to the Ribbon Falls where we camped for the night in a cave.

We slept well and soon after first light we set off on what we knew to be the toughest part of the journey - the rugged mule track rising some three thousand-odd feet in five track miles up the face of the North Rim. It was very slow going. I was noticeably, though not seriously, stiff in the calf muscles and I tried a systematic regular short pace and a regular five minute rest in each half hour. The coveted spot was where, after taking a rationed swig of the water, one could lie prone for the precious five minutes. At intervals I found that one or two of the sugar lumps we carried had an almost immediate effect in giving me the impetus for another few hundred yards. Again I sweated as I have seldom sweated before - and I have served on the equator and on the Gold Coast.

Soon after our return I weighed myself and found I had lost half a stone on the journey. Much more rewarding, the arthritic twinges in my left shoulder which had bothered me since the previous winter had gone and have not since returned.

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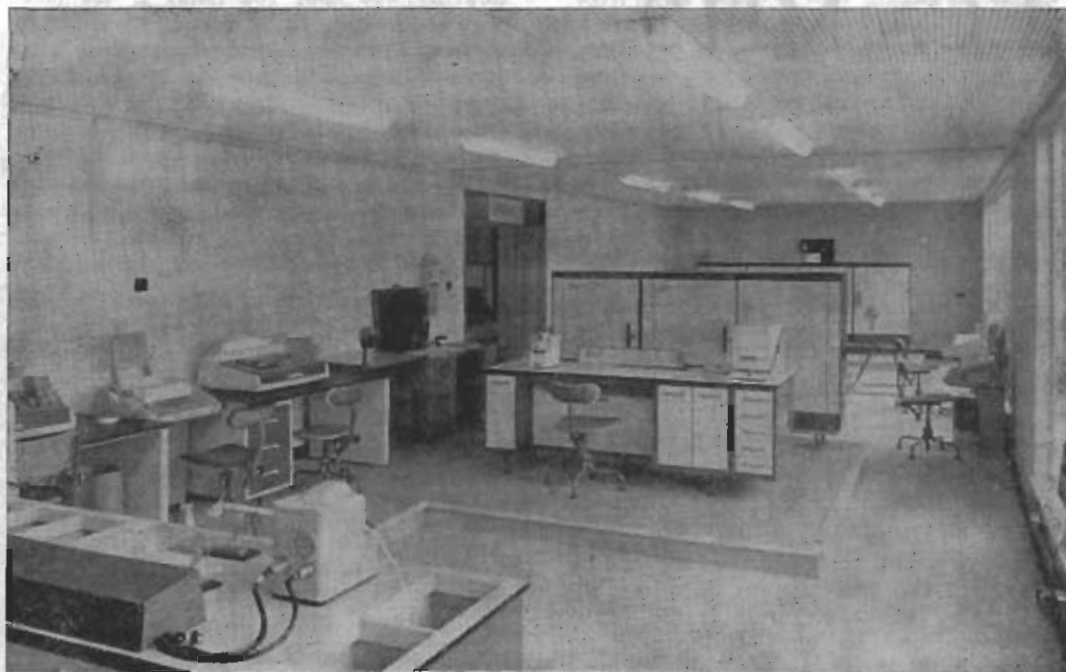
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## LOCKING'S COMPUTER LABORATORY



"If you can compute it, it exists!" Descartes

On 5th January, 1964, it was decided that Locking should have a computing laboratory. For various reasons, it was agreed that one electronic computer would be insufficient, and a detailed study of the task to be performed by the laboratory showed that three machines would be needed. After many months of negotiation with MOD and HMSO, an order was placed with Elliott Automation Ltd for three 803 computers, and the first one was delivered on 15th. August, 1965. The third machine was installed on 5th. January, 1966, exactly two years to the day after the original conception of the laboratory.

Basically, the three computers are identical. However, one has a larger store than the other two and various additional facilities which simplify the testing of programmes. They are called Faith, Hope and Charity, 'and the greatest of these is Charity'. (1 Cor XIII 13). All three can be programmed in a variety of languages, and Charity will read Algol which is the universal programming language for scientific computations. This means that programmes written for a very

large number of other computers can be translated and run on the big machines.

The primary purpose of the laboratory is to teach servicing techniques for computing systems, and for student use an entirely new programming language called 'Intercode' has been designed by the staff. Not only can any computer programme be written in this language, but it will also simulate any machine fault which could arise in practice. In this way, the computer can be made to misbehave without actually disturbing its hardware. It is an extremely easy language to learn, and incidentally teaches programming principles without having to introduce advanced techniques.

It is hoped ultimately to link all three computers together, possibly through the intermediate stage of a magnetic tape station. If this can be achieved, the composite system will be capable of simulating many advanced data systems which, at present, can be studied only on very expensive equipment. Even if this project cannot be achieved, the laboratory remains the largest and most versatile at any training establishment in the country.



# T.C. MITS

by Galfridus

During the last few years, the daily newspapers seem to have acquired a universal format. The front page is devoted to the result of the latest national opinion poll, to the average national wage and how it fluctuates, and to the national production figures per head of the population. On the second page we find the current price indices and certain other information alleged to describe what people are buying, and somewhere in the middle there are the latest figures on crime, illegitimacy, education, rail traffic, road accidents, and so on. The papers no longer talk about people with names: they are interested only in the average man. Let us give him a name. Let us call him The Celebrated Man In The Street, or T.C.Mits for short.

We know quite a lot about T.C.Mits. We know, for example, that he is 5 ft. 9½ ins. tall, weighs 149 pounds, earns £15...18...2½d. per week, has 2½ children, is 36 yrs. 7 mths. 4 days old, and will live until he is 71.38. He lives in the middle of the Pennines. One half of his children go to school and one third of his wife goes out to work. Most of us would be disturbed by the publication of this sort of information about ourselves, but not so T.C.Mits. He is proud to be a statistic. He likes people to know that his I.Q. is 100.02, and that he will die from cancer or thrombosis or a motor accident with almost equal chances of each. He does not in the least mind people knowing that his three-fifths of a car is 2.975 years old, nor that he is buying 83 percent of his share by hire-purchase. In any case, he has already paid 11/2½d. in the pound. His greatest claim to fame, however, is that he knows jolly well that he does not exist.

The statisticians who provide the blueprint for T.C.Mits know full well that there are three ways of arriving at the 'average' of any particular population. Unfortunately, the economists and politicians who assemble him either do not realise this or deliberately choose the figure which supports their argument. For instance, suppose that T.C.Mits works in a small firm of 25 employees. The chairman earns (or at any rate is paid) £11,250 and his deputy gets £3,750. The two joint general managers earn £2,500, the company secretary gets £1,425, and the three group managers £1,250 each. On the workshop floor, there are four foremen (£925 each), a shop steward (£750) and twelve chaps who do all the work for £500 apiece. Which of these is T.C.Mits? At his shareholders' meeting, the chairman proudly announces that the average wage is £1,425. He has obtained this figure by adding up all the money paid out and dividing by 25; he therefore addresses his company secretary as Mr. Mits. The shop steward, on the other hand, thinks that he is T.C.Mits because there are exactly 12 people above him and 12 people below him on the salary scale. He is therefore plumb in the middle where a shop steward ought to be. However, when he addresses union meetings he is quick to point out that the average man in his firm earns only £500 a year because that is the most likely wage of a man drawn at random from the payroll. More people earn £500 than any other wage, and so T.C.Mits must be one of those.

The fallacy, of course, lies in the fact that the average member of the population may not possess the average characteristic. To the statistician, each of the three ways of estimating the average

member is valid, but each demonstrates a different property of the population. The chairman used the simple arithmetical average and assumed that the average member of his company earned that amount. In his private thoughts, the shop steward used the 'median' of the population which represents the middle-of-the-road man, whereas at his union meeting he used the 'mode' which is the most likely wage. It is sheer coincidence that each of these three figures happened to be an actual wage paid to an actual man. In fact, this is most unlikely.

It is also highly unlikely that the arithmetical average will represent the situation at all faithfully. The rather sad story is told of the politician who worked out that the average depth of a river was 10 inches so he waded across it and was drowned in the middle. Even if he had estimated the mode or the median, he would still have been misled because the important figure in this instance is the maximum depth. The same is true of any set of figures from which it is required to establish the feasibility of a project. When the Sports Arena at Oklahoma City was being planned, the construction company was delighted to find that for over 60 years the average temperature had been the same: 60.2 deg F. They could therefore use a new kind of reinforcement which was only satisfactory at temperatures in the 60's. Had they examined the records a little more closely, however, they would have noticed that in February the air temperature frequently fell to -20 and in August it rose to 120. That is why the Oklahoma Sports Arena fell down in the winter of 1909.

T.C. Mits, as has been noticed, has a family. Indeed, his establishment is adorned by  $4\frac{1}{2}$  persons of whom one and one-third are earning. Now women's wages are only 81.2 percent of men's, and so it follows that the total weekly income of the Mits family is £20...3...3 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. This figure divided by the number of mouths he has to feed, gives the average national income per head of population as £4.57. If Mits has his wits about him, he will be quick to cash in on this situation because he has only to acquire another  $5\frac{1}{2}$  children to

earn more than his joint general managers. Actually, he will be even better off than this because of his  $8\frac{1}{2}$  children two will be earning. Since one is a girl, they contribute a further £28...1...10d. which is more than mother and father together.

Our friend the economist is interested not only in the values of things like wages, but also in the ways in which they vary. He likes to assign a number, called an 'index', to abstractions like the cost of living which will tell him how much better (or worse, more likely) T.C.Mits is this year than last year. Here again there are various ways of doing it. Suppose, for example, that the price of cabbages doubled while that of spinach halved during the last year. What has happened to the cost of living? Well, since the price of cabbages is now 200 percent of its price last year, while that of spinach is 50 percent, the average of these two gives 125 percent and so the cost of living has gone up by 25 percent. Mits, if he eats greens, is clearly worse off. On the other hand, the Federated Association of Greengrocers, Fruiterers and Associated Trades (or whatever it is called) argues like this: spinach used to cost 200 percent as much as it does now whereas cabbage used to cost only 50 percent as much. On average, therefore, prices were 125 percent higher last year, and so prices have come down. Mits should be grateful that his money now goes further by  $(25/125) 100 = 20$  percent. Which conclusion is the correct one? The answer, of course, is neither. It depends entirely on how much cabbage in proportion to spinach is consumed by the Mits household.

Fortunately, wages tend to keep up with prices (or the other way round, depending on whether you are in the government or the opposition) and the present rate of increase is designed to be 3 $\frac{1}{2}$  percent. If this is maintained, T.C.Mits can look forward to earning about £45,000 a year in a hundred years time. Not our T.C.Mits, of course, because he will die in exactly 34 yrs. 9 mths. and 12 days time, but one of his 31.86 great-great-grand children. Let us hope that they have room to enjoy it.

# AIRMEN'S SOCIAL CLUB OPENING NIGHT



Since the beginning of January the new Airmen's Social Club Committee, with the help of the officer in charge Squadron Leader D. A. Fincham, has been planning and working to make a successful opening night. It met every week and spent an afternoon ironing out those little problems which invariably crop up; particularly in trying to keep the cost within the budget and deciding what to put on in the buffet; caviare or snails? These prickly committee meetings were held in the small office of the Station Equipment Officer and we are grateful to his staff for sustaining us with cups of tea.

As the Thursday approached things began to get hectic. Final arrangements were made on Tuesday and Miss Swarfield, the Manageress, and her willing staff were making wonderful headway with the Buffet Bar Service. But - we still had an awful lot of tickets unsold.

Eventually the day dawned and it was all hands to the wheel. Five Naafi furnishing experts, Paddy, John, Bernie; Stan and Bert, worked like slaves to get the place ready and how they managed to be

so patient and cheerful is a mystery. Four of these men have now gone off to decorate some other club; only Bert remains to look after our club. To-wards opening time the committee members arrived 'armed' with scissors to slice the tickets, and weighed down with small change. Outside, RAF Policemen and Apprentices controlled the traffic whilst inside two plain-clothes policemen prepared to control the crush.

The doors opened - the rush was on. Soon Group Captain A. F. Ward arrived to officially open the Club and he wished every one a happy time. To brighten the evening the committee had invited ladies from Weston to the dance. They arrived promptly by special coach and certainly helped the dance to go with a swing.

The night went quickly by with few hitches, the main snag being congestion in the bar. Naafi had estimated that we could cater for 600 people but we found this to be too many for comfort. However, the magnificent buffet pleased everyone especially as each person had the choice of either a glass of red or white wine.



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**The following  
announcement will interest  
Non-Commissioned Officers  
of the Royal Navy, Army  
and R.A.F. leaving the  
Services in the near future**

A LARGE HOLIDAY AND CATERING ORGANISATION has vacancies for a limited number of STAFF SUPERVISORS. The appointments do not call for catering experience but applicants must be *NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS* who are sound organisers with a good knowledge of man management.

The SALARY proposed would be £18 20 per week, LIVE IN, ALL FOUND.

The organisation also has a few vacancies in their large SECURITY department (plain clothes and uniformed) and applications from Other Ranks as well as non-commissioned officers are invited for appointments in this interesting field of work. Previous experience not required but applicants should be of smart appearance.

Starting SALARY would be £12/14 per week, LIVE IN, ALL FOUND.

Applications for either post giving details of age, rank and any experience should be forwarded to

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only  
I had  
the  
money!"**

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All the details of the scheme are in the leaflets illustrated here. Write to me personally, and I will send you a copy of the one that applies to your Service:

**Air Chief Marshal Sir Hugh W. L. Saunders,**  
G.C.B., K.B.E., M.C., D.F.C., M.M.,  
**Chairman, H.M. Forces Savings Committee,**  
Block B, Government Buildings, London Road,  
Stanmore, Middlesex

Following the buffet we had the cabaret provided officially by 'The Delgades' and 'Lady Bar Three' but unofficially by a Persian corporal who gave a dance much appreciated by all.

Dancing continued merrily until midnight when everyone had reluctantly to make their way home. This was slightly delayed by the crush at the cloakroom

but the Apprentices coped as well as they could under the circumstances and the place eventually cleared.

We sincerely hope that all who came enjoyed themselves and that there will be many more pleasant evenings spent in the new club. All we want now is a good name for it; so if you have any bright ideas let a member of the committee know.

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## UNOFFICIAL RECEIVER

By E.L.R.

"What's the Test score" would appear to be a reasonable question to ask anyone, particularly during the course of a test match. Until I came to Locking I had always received satisfactory answers to the question, although admittedly at times they have been wildly inaccurate. Once a typist replied that she was not sure but that she thought John Arlott was out! On another occasion an absent-minded leave-clerk replied "We are something for something" at which point his mate knowledgeably shook his head and said "My God, they get worse!"

Nevertheless I have had an answer. You see the average serviceman is switched on in more ways than one. In almost every section on service stations there are portable radios either blatantly blaring from the top of filing cabinets or seranading surreptitiously from half-open desk drawers. Airmen may often be seen wandering around workshops and airfields wearing earplugs originally intended to reduce the ill-effects of noise. A closer inspection will reveal that at least one of these plugs is permanently tuned to the light programme. By such illicit means the modern serviceman keeps himself well informed and capable of reporting a test-score, weather forecast, pop chart or change of government at the drop of a question-mark.

And yet (if I may start the crucial paragraph of my thesis in such a manner) here at Locking when I have sought after the state of the Anglo-Australian con-

flict I have been met with blank faces and sealed lips. After considerable research in training and non-training blocks I have uncovered an anomaly. Hardly any sections at Locking have serviceable radios. If this magazine were part of the popular press that last sentence would be printed in block capitals. The fact that here at No 1 Radio School, the home of electronic wizardry, one would find it hard to obtain a serviceable wavelength to pick-up a test match special must surely be a warning to specialized communities everywhere.

We have long known that the cobbler's family is the worst shod, and only recently it was reported that a Bath Theatre Group could find no bath-chair in the city. Perhaps the shortage of radios at No 1 Radio School is a symptom of a widespread malady. Is there for instance a famine at the School of Catering, Hereford? Is the School of Education over-run with illiterates? Do they march to gramophone records at Uxbridge - the home of the Central Band? The imagination boggles!

At least at Locking we should put our house in order. For a start, I suggest that a final trade test should be set to all students requiring them to construct a receiver. The candidate should be provided with the necessary components and tools at 1030 hours and if by 1330 hours he is unable to give the lunch-time score then he will not graduate from this school until the next test.

## SATURDAY NIGHT AND SUNDAY MORNING

It is dawn on a Sunday morning. All over the country there are cars returning home liberally covered in mud and grime, each containing two weary, hollow-eyed unshaven men. "If only you'd not taken me into that non-goer". "Rubbish, if only you'd turned left when I said so instead of following that GT". So it goes on 'if only', 'if only'. These people have been rallying, not the glamorous world of the big Internationals, the Monte Carlo, the Tulip, the Safari and a host of others, they have been competing in one of the hundreds of club rallies that are held every weekend of the year. The sort of rally that is organised by the Royal Air Force Motor Sports Association and its many sub-centres.

Why do we do it? What's the point of driving 150 miles through narrow twisting country lanes, all through the night, using up petrol, wearing tyres, perhaps even dropping the car in a ditch should you make a mistake. It is difficult to explain the attraction of the sport. To really appreciate it you have to try it. Many rallyists say that with modern traffic conditions all the fun has gone from daily motoring whereas rallying allows you to drive purely for the pleasure of driving. There is no other traffic, you have the roads all to yourself, but perhaps best of all there is no mundane reason for your being in the car. It is not a trip to the shops or a journey to see relatives. You are driving your car for pleasure in competition with others and in partnership with your navigator.

Contrary to popular belief the majority of rallyists are not irresponsible hooligans with "go-faster" tape all over the car and the noisiest possible exhaust system. Serious competitors dislike this boy-racer approach and any modifications they make to their car are done for good reasons. If one is competing regularly and trying to win then certain modifications become desirable but not essential. First of all, in order to navigate you along the correct roads the navigator must be able to read the map easily in the dark and in a moving car. You will therefore

require a navigator's light and safety straps to hold him firmly in his seat whilst you attempt to corner on two wheels. Next you will want to see a bit better yourself if you are going to do anything about your navigator's urgent cries to "go faster we're late".

So you fit extra lamps on the front, iodine vapours if you can afford them and you are not entering the Monte Carlo Rally. The usual practice is to fit two fog lamps which look to the sides (for going around corners) and a single spot straight forward and angled slightly up to help when you are going down into a hollow. Some rallies use rough tracks and so you may want a sump-shield. This is particularly the case with minis. Navigators do make mistakes sometimes so a reversing light is useful although you can reverse quite well by the light of a flashing indicator.

Now the bug will have bitten and all the other goodies will catch your eye and lighten your pocket. Wood-rim wheel, rev-counters, roof spotlight, wide section wheels, special tyres, modified shock absorbers, bolt-on bits to make you go faster, brake servos to make you stop quicker - the list is endless. About this time you will find that your wife has stopped speaking to you, (that is if you are married). She has now become what is known as a 'Rally Widow' and for some strange reason objects to you spending every Saturday Night out and most of the housekeeping on your car. There is no real solution for this problem apart from initiating her to the sport and having her navigate for you.

This is not easy. After all to sit for 150 miles in a car seat, peering at an Ordnance Survey map on the one hand and the organiser's fiendish bit of paper called a Route Card on the other whilst a speed-crazy driver rushes along dark lanes and round sharp corners is not every girl's idea of a Saturday Night Out.

Well maybe you won't take it all so seriously as this. There's a lot of fun to



be had in a standard car with no extra bits except a light for the navigator.

There are plenty of events which cater for this sort of entrant and we run them here at RAF Locking as well as the bigger rallies. Why not come and have a go at one of them. We run simple treasure hunts about 30 miles or so, Novice and Beginner Rallies of about 60-80 miles as well as our major Rally, the

Alrite which is 180-200 miles and a qualifying event for the RAF Championships and the Association of South Western Motor Clubs Championship.

This year's events include driving tests, an economy run, autocross and sprints so whatever your interests in motor sport we can cater for you. Do come along, we'll be pleased to see you.  
(Sic in Transit)

## BURNS' NIGHT

by Revd. D. J. Rabson.

One of the privileges of ministering to the Scots is that sooner or later the CSFC Chaplain will be called upon to organise a Burns' night: and this, if he happens to be an Englishman is privilege indeed. It involves pitfalls, of course, as when on my first Burns night I ordered one Haggis for 80 people, thinking that a Haggis was some sort of large beastie. As 80 people solemnly and slowly sucked their one teaspoonful of delectable dish on that never to be forgotten occasion I equally solemnly and with great assurance said 'This is the way it's always done in my clan'. And they seemed to be satisfied.

No such hazards, however, marred this year's local celebration. Difficulties, there were, of course. Having regard to Apprentice Policy and Pockets, for example, traditional Scottish whiskey was OUT and not all the persuasion in the world could convince OC 1 Wing of the desirability of installing stills in preselected billets. Such minor difficulties were quickly swept aside in the greater desire for essential Burns, and on January 25th some 60 of us sat down in St Andrews Church Hall for the traditional ceremonial supper.

Perhaps half the company were non-Scots, and it was fascinating to watch their faces as they watched the goings-on. The Haggis was duly brought in held high on its platter and preceded by volunteer pipers from the apprentice band. True their regal entry was marred somewhat

by the fact that the pipes got jammed in the doorway, but nothing could mar the solemn acclaim with which it was greeted at table, or the reverence with which Flt Lt Robertson 'addressed it'. None would have guessed as he confidently intoned Burns' words, that they had been dictated to him over the telephone a bare hour before, and few would have equalled the delicacy with which he plunged his ceremonial knife into this chieftain of the pudden race. Sgt Miller, of the Sgts Mess, had put all his Scottish ingenuity into that Haggis, and the rapt look of sheer veneration on many a Scottish face had to be seen to be believed. The meal behind us we rose with feeling to toast 'The immortal Memory' (though for many the memory was rather the meal partaken than the Bard recollected), and a great evening was brought to an end by a jam session on the bagpipes and a Scottish versus the rest Quiz in which the Scots by fair means or foul came out on top.

Criticism? Comments? Yes, a few. 'Lets' do it again was the favourite. One Scot expressed disappointment that there had been no groan from the Haggis at the moment of knifing. This, he swears is universal custom, and I can only suppose that some natty synchronisation with the bagpipes' wind raiser is brought into play. Another Scot commented on the balance of ingredients in the Haggis ... but at this point I contracted out. As a CSFC Chaplain I feel morally bound to organise a Burns night for the Scots - but I reserve the right never to enquire too closely into what goes into the Haggis skin.



# ART EDUCATION

by Flight Lieutenant J. Donaghy.

Why do people want to take up art? This is a question I have often been asked. So far as can be seen in the immediate present, apart from young people taking up art as a profession, these hopeful artists fall into three categories; the ones that have just retired, housewives who find that they have more time to spare because their children have either left home or are of the age when they are at school all day, and the young married wives or mothers who wish to keep an outside interest apart from doing the household chores. There are also, of course, the men and women, married or single, who having jobs during the day, paint at weekends and go to classes one or two evenings a week. Whoever, and whatever these people are, it must be obvious to everyone that there are more and more enthusiasts every year, and the question emerges as to whether or not these very important people are getting the facilities that they need; and when they are offered them, whether they are taking the fullest advantage of them. Numerous evening classes have sprung up all over the country, some held at evening institutes, some at Art Schools and some privately. There is even one at Locking! Those at Evening Institutes are apt to be crowded at first and then tail off, sometimes having to close through lack of support as the year goes on, as in the case of all subjects at so many of the Evening Institutes. On the other hand classes in Art Schools are overcrowded and teachers find it difficult to give enough attention to each person. There is a disadvantage in both these cases that enrolment must be done on a certain day for each term, and at some of the well-known schools there may be waiting lists (Locking for example).

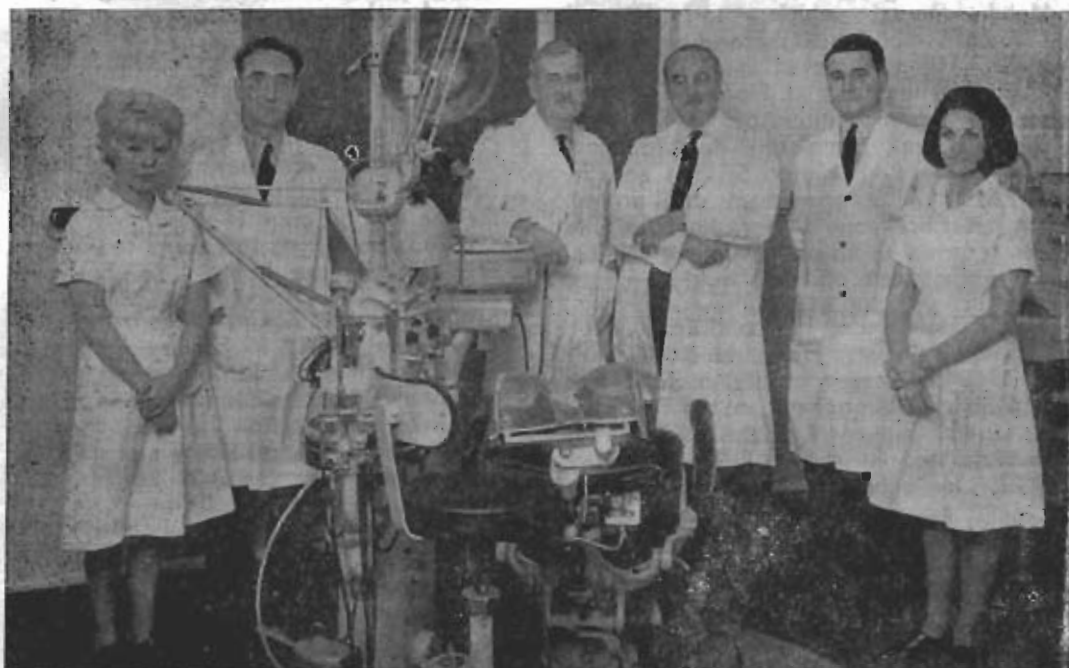
Classes for part-time students during the day at Art Schools are getting more and more limited, as the younger students spend their time on diploma courses and so stay longer at school. In many cases the poor "vocational painter" gets pushed around from one day to the next: quite ruthlessly (Not at Locking - naturally). There are however, a number of private classes all over the country in the studios

of professional artists, and these have had the advantage of being small through lack of space, and so more individual attention is given to each student.

Clubs and societies are also becoming more lively and their programmes are offering many and more instructional meetings, such as demonstrations by well-known artists, lectures, and evening practical meetings for painting under the instruction of a visiting artist. The latter has the added stimulation to members of hearing points of view other than those from their own teacher - though this perhaps can be muddling to the beginner, who hears one thing at one meeting and exactly the opposite at the next. But, whatever kind of class one goes to, there is approximately the same sort of syllabus offered - models for life and portrait, still life, imaginary painting (either with suggested subjects or not) and, in the summer, excursions out of doors for landscape. (The Locking Art Class will be doing so this summer).

After finding so many opportunities open to amateurs the question arises - do students really use the facilities open to them? The answer is, on the surface 'Yes'. But it is rare indeed to find a serious "vocational Painter" who realises the need to visit art galleries, read the history of art and try to glean some of the general art education that a young man, taking it up professionally would obtain as a matter of course during his time at college. So many people seem to expect to become a genius overnight and do not realise that it may take years before they gain even a reasonable technique. They must learn to think for themselves, not listen, parrot-fashion to the teacher, or follow one of those "How to do it" blocks word-for-word, and then wonder why the results look peculiar! All teachers have their own exercises that they recommend to students - but the main thing is that if someone wants to paint and draw he should think, live and even dream it! It is not easy; progress is like the temperature chart of a person in hospital - advancing one minute, retreating the next - and is likely to continue this way as long as the painter paints!

## FILLING-IN THE DENTAL SET



Just to show that they are not always looking down in the mouth, we turn the spotlight this term on the Dental Section. The author of the following, knowing that in the future he too might be asked to 'open wide please' and being a devout coward offers the following shortened biographies as a tribute to a section which gives a vital service to the whole station.

**Group Captain A. F. Clegg.** (third from left). Qualified in 1942 and was called up for the Navy but managed to get this changed, having already volunteered for the Royal Air Force. After several postings in V Group he went overseas to Italy and Malta. He was due to be demobilised in 1946 but sporting life in the peace-time Air Force proved too great an attraction and he signed on for a further few years. Left the RAF in 1952 but returned with permanent commission in 1952. (Too few games afternoons out there!). Served since then in Singapore and Malta again and for four years at Cranwell. He played tennis for Bomber Command in 1947, 1948 and 1949 and

cricket for the Command in 1949. Is now keen (and optimistic) about golf.

There is no truth in the rumour that Group Captain Dental Officers work only on gold-filled teeth!

**Wing Commander (Retd) R. W. Roberts.** (third from right). Qualified at Liverpool University in 1926. Whilst at University he gained colours in Athletics, Soccer and Boxing. Was appointed full time civilian Dental Surgeon to the newly formed Royal Air Force Dental Branch in July 1930. He left two years later to get married and practised in civilian life until 1941, when his practice received a direct hit from a German bomb. He was back in the Air Force and commissioned in 1941 and after several home postings was sent to Rhodesia as Principal Dental Officer in 1949. His first posting to Locking was in 1952 and he was back here again in 1959 having done a tour as Principal Dental Officer in the Far-East in between.

In 1963 he retired but was immediately re-engaged as a civilian dental officer at Locking.

Now that he is out of uniform patients no longer sit to attention in the chair. **Flight Sergeant G. A. Price.** (second from right). Joined 1945. Has had a variety of interesting jobs including NCO i/c Mobile Dental vehicles. P3 (Dental Training Establishment), stores and Equipment. Has also served at various Command Headquarters at Home and Overseas. Was once interested in full bore shooting and, completely dumbfounded, was in the RAF Halton SR (a) and SR (b) Bren and Stengun teams until posted. He has since gone in for the quiet life and returned to his old pastime of angling. (When allowed off the hook!)

**Sgt. J. Henderson.** (second from left). Dental Hygienist. Joined the Royal Navy in 1941 and served mainly in the North and South Atlantic and in the Pacific as a seaman-gunner. Left the Navy in 1949 and enlisted in the RAF in 1950 as a P.T.I. He achieved considerable success

in boxing and cross-country. In 1960 he remustered to the Dental Branch as a dental hygienist.

Although no musician he can give you a good scale at any time.

**SACW 'Sandy' Simpson.** (the blonde one) Joined the 'fireside' WRAF in February 1963, and had a year's vacation in the Accounts Section before deciding upon an 'active life' and remustering to the Dental Branch. She attempted to play netball for the Station team in seasons 1964 and 1965 but now finds this sport too active. She has only one hobby - her husband!

**SACW Rosalind Roberts.** (the other one) Joined the WRAF in January 1964 as a local enlistment and has worked (?) in the dental centre since then. She played tennis for the station in 1964 and her hobbies include horse-riding and dancing. Her telephone number is 34. 24. 34.....or thereabouts!

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## No 4 WING NOTES

### Ingress and Egress

Unlike professional footballers we do not receive a signing-on fee when transferred so we cannot assume that Flight Lieutenant Mills is financially better off for the move from his Flight Commander's post in 1 Wing to OCCSF. We can probably say that he is spiritually benefitted by the incensed atmosphere of SHQ where he adds to the fug by smoking a mixture unknown to other mortals.

We also say 'welcome' to our new Families Officer, Pilot Officer Glendinning, and wish him luck in his first post. As far as we can see his two main worries are getting rid of surplus centrally-heated officer's married quarters and not getting lost when out searching for hirings. Has he tried the British Camp on Worlebury Hill yet?

The two aforementioned officers have taken over from Squadron Leader Warren (Barlow to his enemies) and Flight Lieutenant Pendlebury respectively; to both we offer our congratulations on promotion and best wishes in their new tasks; Squadron Leader Warren at Staff College and Flight Lieutenant Pendlebury at HQ Signals Command.

Squadron Leader 'Doc' Insley is now service-ex and we wish him well in his new profession. Having swapped his stethoscope for a blackboard pointer he finds himself in the happy position of being able to beat em' then treat 'em. His departure paved the way for Squadron Leader McCaffrey's arrival. Let's hope we have no cause to keep him busy, parade days not excepted.

The Catering Section has seen a few changes lately. Warrant Officer Vincent came in September to take over the job of Mess Steward in the Sergeants' Mess but his services are so much in demand that he is off to Singapore in June. Sergeants Taberham and Searle have both recently arrived from overseas to work in the Adult Mess and Apprentices Mess respectively. Off to the Senior Management Course and then Khormaksar goes Sergeant Maloney. Having served in every Mess on the station, Sergeant Maloney is well known to many people and we wish him a happy overseas tour.

It is always of interest to know who is looking after our money so we must report that Warrant Officer Allen and

Flight Sergeant Jeffrey have moved into the Accounts Section. Warrant Officer Allen has come from that 'holy of holies' RAPO and Flight Sergeant Jeffrey, who had the distinction of being our first NCO Trade Training Co-ordinator, returns to Locking from Stradishall. Leaving Accounts Section are Warrant Officer Hunkin and Sergeant Basham. Sergeant Basham must find it hard to drag himself away after a five year stint but a posting to

Bruggen probably makes the wrench less painful. A special farewell is given to Warrant Officer Hunkin who is leaving the service after 29 years. Since joining in February 1937 he served on 29 different stations, scattered throughout the world, before coming to Locking for his final tour as he is intending to settle in this area. He has our best wishes for a happy retirement from the service.

## Art, Photography and Handicraft Exhibitions

Once again the season for Art, Photography and Handicraft exhibitions is upon us, and here at Locking we are poised for our big effort. With the 24 Group Exhibition being 'played on our own pitch' we have good reason for wanting to win the Inter-Station trophy. This cup is awarded to the station gaining most points under the system of 10 for a first prize, 5 for a second, 2 for a third and 1 point for each additional exhibit selected for the RAF exhibition. If you are not spurred on by the 'win for the station' motive, remember that there are useful cash prizes to be won at Station, Group and RAF levels.

How can you get your exhibit to the summit at Burlington Gardens in May?

Only by entering the Station Exhibition and getting it selected for the Group and RAF Exhibitions. How can the Station win the Group Competition? Only by getting good entries at station level; so support us and enter all you can. Do not pre-judge your efforts, put them in and let the appointed judge decide what's tops - you may get an ego-boosting surprise!

The Station Education Officer has a limitless supply of entry forms and he will be pleased to answer any queries you may have. Get your exhibits to the Station Education Centre by 15th April then come along to see the Station Exhibition on 20th-21st April and the 24 Group Exhibition on 28th-29th April.

Keep the following dates in mind:

### RAF LOCKING EXHIBITION

14th and 15th April	Entries to be submitted to the Station Education Officer. Entry forms are available at the Education Centre.
18th and 19th April	Arrangement and Judging.
20th and 21st April	Open for viewing 0900 — 1200, 1400 — 1600 and 1830 — 1930 hours.
22nd April	Collect exhibits from the Station Education Centre.

### 24 GROUP EXHIBITION AT RAF LOCKING

25th and 26th April	Reception and arrangement.
afternoon 26th April	Judging.
27th April	Official Opening.
28th and 29th April	Open to the public.

### ROYAL AIR FORCE EXHIBITION AT BURLINGTON GARDENS, LONDON

13th May	Judging
16th May	Official Opening
17th to 20th May	Open to the public.

All inquiries should be addressed to the Station Education Officer.

## No 3 WING NOTES

No 3 Wing continues to increase in size and diversity. We hope soon to be able to see exactly what our future training commitment will be, over the next year or so, and thus be able to settle down to a smoother pattern of training.

Since the last issue of the Locking Review we have lost Sqn Ldr C. Henderson on an exchange posting to the Royal Australian Air Force base at Wagga-Wagga and would extend a welcome to his replacement as OC Adult Education Squadron, Sqn Ldr R.K. Gray. We also welcome Flt Lt J.L. Dalkin, replacing Fg Off B.K.J. Evans who has gone to Cranwell. Flt Lt R.L. Saxby goes to RAF North Front in March and he will be replaced by Sqn Ldr S.A.E. Forrest, to whom the light has obviously dawned for he joins us from 2 Wing.

Also since the last issue of this worthy journal, there have been two occurrences directly affecting the trainees' "lot". Firstly the opening of the new all-ranks Social Club, which has been welcomed by all and sundry, and secondly the advent of cross-country runs on Wednesday afternoons which has probably been welcomed only by sundry. These runs it should be stated are not regarded as a permanent fixture, and will be cancelled just as soon as sufficient suitable alternatives can be found; then no longer will the Wing HQ typists need to be told on a Wednesday afternoon to, "Turn your heads to the wall my children, the gentlemen pass by."

"If you go down in the swamps today  
You're sure of a big surprise!  
If you go down in the swamps today  
You'll scarcely believe your eyes!  
For every trainee that ever there was  
Is gathered there for certain because  
Today's the day for flogging the RAF News, PSI  
Football Tickets, Locking Reviews, making collections,  
asking for Blood Donors, dishing out radiation badges,  
and.....training highly skilled tradesmen!"

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## METRIC MEASUREMENT OF ARC

A recent contributor to your magazine made some interesting remarks about metric measurements in general. Despite recent publicity though, one hears very little about the metric unit of area, (which is the ARE - 100 square metres i.e. about the size of half a Tennis court) or about the GRADE the metric unit of angular measure.

The grade is One hundredth part of a quadrant. The adaption of this unit would be a decided retrograde step. The only argument in the least favourable is in itself a highly theoretical one, and this is that there is a logical relationship between the metre and the grade.

Now a metre is 1/10,000,000 of the arc between the pole and the equator.

But since the earth is an oblate spheroid the angular division of a meridian will produce different length of arc in different latitudes. (e.g. a minute of latitude measuring 6045 ft at the equator but 6180 ft at the pole) The metre was fixed at 1.0936 yds, which make the Kilometre 0.54 Miles which is not close enough to reckon 2Km - 1 Nautical mile. If grades are used then 100Km = 1 grade and 100 grades = One quarent.

Time and longitude are closely connected and if longitude is expressed in grades and Kilometres the relationship with hours and minutes becomes impossible (1 hour = 15°).

Hours minutes and seconds, and degrees minutes and seconds, are already internationally used, so if you divide an

arc metrically you have to create a metric division of Time. Not even the most metrically minded could advocate this.

The physical disadvantages of such changes would be great. All instruments at present calibrated in degrees would have to be recalibrated - protractors, theodolites, sextants, compasses. All maps and charts would have to be redrawn and many mathematical tables re-

calculated. (Tangent 45 grades?)

Despite this the Ministry of Defence has recently announced the adoption of a metric unit of angular measure named the MIL ( $6400 \text{ MILS} = 360^\circ$ ). This measurement is hence forward to be used for all gunnery elevations, arcs of fire and spotting co-ordinates.

It is all so very confusing.

## TECHNICAL BOOK REVIEW

The Editor with his usual air of optimism, asked several experts in the field of Mathematics, Physics and Electronics to review a few new reference books in these subjects. The only response so far has been the following.

### A PLAIN AND EASY GUIDE TO THE MATHEMATIK: John Ward

Pub: Thomas Ewing at Easton-street upon Tower Hill, 1707, 1s. 9d. nett.

I think it needless (and almost endless) to extoll all the Usefulness, and Advantages of the Mathematick in General; and shall therefore refrain from the Indulgence of my recommending the Matter and Substance of Mr. Ward's ingenious work to the Reader. Let him nonetheless be advised and abridged to attain the Book Itself and to adorn his shelves therewith.

As I am not sensible of any Fundamental Error in this Treatise, so will I not pretend to assert it is without Imperfections (*Humanum est errare*); indeed, the Chapter relating the Arithmetick of Alligation Alternate doth seem to have been composed in Queen Anne's Time it being not since then that one came upon White Sherry at forty pence the Gallon. Again I find in the Cases of Geometrick Proportion a Man alleged to travel from London to Exeter in Four Days (borne no doubt on the Wings of Fancy). Doth not Reality have a Place in the Noble Art, the Queen of Science?

Many inconsequential Matters of the like notwithstanding, Mr. Ward's Book divulgeth and imparteth no small Abundance of Fortune for the Young Mathe-

matician in whatsoever Business, Commerce, Trade or Employment, though perhaps ignorant of the First Rudiments of the Arithmetick. A Table of Roots of Sursolid Affected Equations has long been sought in vain and yet here provided; An Exposition of the great Pleasures and Use there is from Time-keepers, as Dials, Watches &c. Tables there are for the Dividing and Partition of Land betwixt Party and Party: All these, and a great many more Useful Arts (too many to be here enumerated) are at the Reach and Service of the Mathematical Learner of whatsoever Stile and Station.

The Title Page gives a short Account of the several Matters treated of which I shall not enlarge upon saving only to say that the Work has been so approved (I have been told) by the Learned at the Universities that it is ordered to be publicly read to their Pupils &c. If it be not able to give Satisfaction to the Reader, I am sure that all I can say here in its Behalf will never recommend it: But this may be truly said, That whoever reads it over, will find more in it than the Title doth promise; it is true indeed, the Dress is but Plain and Homely yet the Matters and Substance it treats of are Noble.

G.B.S.

## No: 2 WING NOTES

Last term 3 (T) Block shook itself free from its routine, temporarily abandoned its academic air of cloistered dedication, normally only disturbed by the rattle of NAAFI cups, and plunged into the highly-polished world of Motor Display Rooms. Sleek models from a dozen different stables had us mentally, if only momentarily, checking our bank-statements.

That smell of fresh rubber has a heady effect on most of us, and no less on 2 Wing Bard than on anyone else. as he drove away from the miniature Earl's Court — Earl's Court?

(With apologies to Masfield)

Super-luxe of Vauxhalls from distant Luton,  
 Beauties from the Dagenham or Longbridge lines,  
 With a boot-full of road-maps, key-rings, grease-charts,  
 Anti-freeze, rubber mats and Instant Shines.

Why stop there? The Block might set its gaze on wider horizons still —

Stately Flying Dutchmen from a Hayling board-yard,  
 Moored beside a trimaran from Dorset way,  
 With a dinghy-full of cam-cleats, snap-shackles, spinnakers  
 Life jackets, wet-suits and varnish spray.

Mind, you, the Block would require some 'bulling-up' afterwards. "Bull"? Why not?

Butter-fat champions from Hereford or Jersey,  
 Baconers from Wiltshire scrubbed to shine like snow,  
 And a battery of Wyandottes, Orpingtons, Leghorns,  
 Lowing, grunting, clucking, at the Dairy Show.

After that, of course, there is only one logical conclusion,

Secretaries from Singapore or Central Europe,  
 Model-girls from Monaco or Lichtenstein,  
 With an army of reporters, cameraman, apprentices,  
 Fighting to get closer to the Miss World Line.

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## CLASS-IC POETRY

Multiply the number of classes by the number of apprentices in each and one arrives at a fair jumble of names taxing the memories of some of the instructors on the Wing. In order to avoid confusion when asked, off the cuff, for a comment on such-and-such a class; jingles composed of the names of class members can be devised, such as the following:

Brady, Clarke, Frost and Buckel,  
 Godfrey, Hewitt and Neale,  
 Smith, Strange, Hall, Downes and Cottol  
 Not forgetting Ziegler and Zeal.

No prize is offered for guessing which class this is, but the Editor offers to print any worthy poetic nominal rolls that readers care to enter. So, why not see your class in the next edition of the Review, not merely in print but even verse?



## Did you say this?

Students at Locking continue to maintain a high standard of outrageous howlers.

### And gnashing of teeth?

"Any current losses in a transformer can be reduced by forming the core from lamentations."

### Current favourite

"A soft-iron horse was placed in the field"

### Celestial Body

"The Royal Air Force was formed in 1918 from the Royal Flying Corpse".

### Moral Rearmament

"Manned aircraft will be replaced by guided missals"

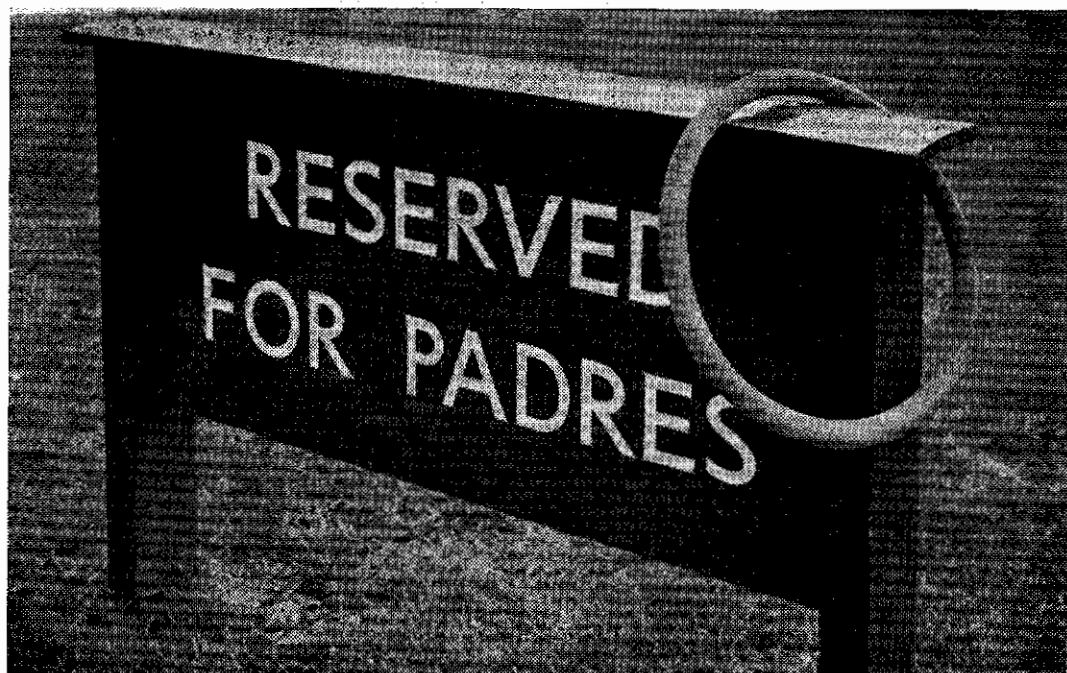
### Utopia at last?

"We are stuck with an arcadian system of currency".

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## Comic Caption Competition

A one guinea prize will be given for the most humourous caption to accompany the following photograph. Entries to the Editor please by 1st May 1966. Results in next edition.





## Result of Autumn Competition

The following caption entered by Flight Lieutenant R. A. Wiles was judged to be the most humorous entry.



"We should never have let him out on his own"

Other entries that were highly commended were:

"I think the 103rd have taken it too far this time!"

"Isn't it time we got that dustless chalk?"

"Business Manager, Locking Review looking for his lost circulation"

"Order No 3 Summer Dress

6. With immediate effect ....."

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## The Difference Re-Defined

In view of the efficient way in which 1 Wing changed the half-term to avoid the threatened rail-strike we are prompted to re-define the difference between the Wings as:

"No 2 Wing trains the minds whilst No 1 Wing minds the trains."

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## Passing Out Parade of the 103rd Entry of Aircraft Apprentices

Reviewing Officer: Air Marshal Sir Donald R. Evans, KBE, CB, DFC, MSc., PhD.  
Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief Technical Training Command.

### PASSING OUT ENTRY

Parade Commander	—	F.S.A.A. Hodgson, M.
Parade Adjutant	—	S.A.A. Bate, L.C.
Parade Warrant Officer	—	S.A.A. Dixon, M.
No 1 Flight Commander	—	S.A.A. Wratten, L.R.
No 2 Flight Commander	—	S.A.A. Jones, K.C.
No 3 Flight Commander	—	S.A.A. Norris, D.

### SUPPORTING SQUADRONS

Supporting Squadrons Commander	—	F.S.A.A. Deffee, P.R.D.
No 1 Squadron.		
Squadron Commander	—	S.A.A. Brown, I.
No 1 Flight Commander	—	S.A.A. Willmer, C.J.
No 2 Flight Commander	—	S.A.A. Frost, P.C.
No 2 Squadron		
Squadron Commander	—	S.A.A. Brady, J.P.
No 1 Flight Commander	—	C.A.A. Sinkinson, I.
No 2 Flight Commander	—	C.A.A. Patrick, R.I.

No 1 Radio School Apprentice Pipe Band.  
Warrant Officer T. D. Williams, L.R.A.M., A.R.C.M.

No 5 Regional Band  
Squadron Leader V. H. Hutchinson, L.R.A.M., A.R.C.M.

## Prize List and Achievements

Lord Trenchard Memorial Prize	—	—	—	S.A.A. Dixon, M.
Institution of Electronic and Radio Engineers' Prize	—	—	—	C.A.A. Collins, P.S.
Royal Aeronautical Society Prize	—	—	—	S.A.A. Dixon, M.
Royal Air Force Prizes for:				
First in Order of Merit	—	—	—	S.A.A. Dixon, M.
Best Air Radar Fitter	—	—	—	S.A.A. Wratten, L.R.
Best Ground Radar Fitter	—	—	—	A.A. Thompson, P.J.
Best Ground Wireless Fitter	—	—	—	S.A.A. Dixon, M.
Educational Subjects (First)	—	—	—	S.A.A. Dixon, M.
Educational Subjects (Second)	—	—	—	C.A.A. Woodley, M.E.
General Service Efficiency	—	—	—	F.S.A.A. Hodgson, M.
General Service Efficiency (Second)	—	—	—	S.A.A. Dixon, M.
Best Manual Exercise	—	—	—	C.A.A. Collins, P.S.
English and General Studies	—	—	—	A.A. Graham, I.G.
Best Set Task	—	—	—	C.A.A. Leyland, R.G.
Philip Sassoon Flying Award	—	—	—	S.A.A. Sweeney, R.D.M.
Beamish Stick	—	—	—	F.S.A.A. Hodgson, M.
Victory Ludorum Trophy				L.A.A. Scantlebury, M.V.
Wing Championship	—	—	—	— "B" Squadron

### WING COLOURS

The following Apprentices of the 103rd Entry have been awarded Wing Colours in the sports shown:

#### RUGBY

AA Graham, I.G.  
CAA Leyland, R.G.  
LAA Scantlebury, M.V.  
SAA Sweeney, R.D.M.  
LAA Wishart, J.  
FSAA Hodgson, M.

#### BOXING

AA Bennett, A.  
AA Owen, R.I.  
LAA Pounds, E.W.G.  
AA Atkinson, D.H.  
AA Bell, J.G.  
AA Martin, J.

#### HOCKEY

AA Cook, S.J.  
AA Owen, R.I.

#### CROSS COUNTRY

AA Barnes, J.G.

#### BASKET BALL

AA Graham, I.G.  
LAA Wishart, J.  
AA Adams, K.M.  
CAA Willson, C.A.

#### SOCCER

CAA Cain, B.  
CAA Ingram, A.J.  
AA Roden, J.D.  
AA Wilson, S.

#### TABLE TENNIS

AA Wales, A.

#### 22 SHOOTING

SAA Bate, L.C.  
AA Cook, S.J.

#### SQUASH

AA Atkinson, J.  
CAA Ingram, A.J.  
AA Ivemy, D.W.

## 103rd Entry Posting List

Jnr Tech	Ivemy, D.W.	RAF Neatishead	"	Martin, J.	RAF North Luffenham
"	Lines, R.	RAF Wyton	"	Mumby, K.	RAF Patrington
"	Norris, D.	4 FTS Valley	"	O'Brien, J.	RAF Coll Cranwell
"	Owen, T.W.	RAF Waddington	"	Onyett, P.	RAF Neatishead
"	Percival, F.D.	3 FTS Leeming	"	Thompson, P.J.	RAF Patrington
"	Scantlebury, M.V.	Waddington	"	Atkinson, D.H.D.	Neatishead
"	Warrack, J.S.	RAF Wittering	"	Baldry, L.A.	RAF Bawdsey
"	Wheeler, F.G.	RAF Cottesmore	"	Best, J.C.W.	RAF Neatishead
"	Wilson, K.H.	RAF Lyneham	"	Davies, M.S.	RAF Boulmer
"	Bell, J.G.	RAF Patrington	"	Greener, J.	RAF Boulmer
"	Chappell, D.	North Luffenham	"	Hignett, T.M.	North Luffenham
SAC	Foster, J.V.	RAF Neatishead	"	Jones, K.	RAF Patrington
Jnr Tech	Greet, C.N.	RAF Coll Cranwell	"	Kinchin, R.R.	RAF Patrington
"	Hanna, D.J.	RAF Patrington	"	McMahon, D.	RAF Patrington
"	Ingram, A.J.	RAF Patrington	"	Tyler, B.A.C.	RAF Patrington
"	Martin, B.R.	RAF Patrington	"	Bower, R.D.	RAF Scampton
"	Monkman, B.	RAF Boulmer	"	French, E.	RAF Cottesmore
"	Owen, R.I.	RAF Coll Cranwell	"	Griffin, R.J.	RAF Marham
"	Rees, R.J.	RAF Patrington	"	King, P.F.	RAF Scampton
"	Roberts, J.	RAF Patrington	"	Perring, M.J.	RAF Scampton
"	Townsend, R.M.	RAF Patrington	"	Scanlon, R.W.	RAF Scampton
"	Wishart, J.	RAF Patrington	"	Simpson, K.P.	RAF Cottesmore
"	Bardy, A.K.	RAF Patrington	"	Tillotson, J.	RAF Marham
"	Broad, D.B.	North Luffenham	"	Warner, D.W.	RAF Scampton
"	Collinson, M.P.	RAF Neatishead	"	Wilson, S.R.	RAF Scampton
"	Cooper, K.A.	North Luffenham	"	Beattie, D.S.	RAF Kinloss
SAC	Gooze, C.R.	RAF Neatishead	"	Leyland, R.G.	ANS Gaydon
Jnr Tech	Torrance, D.A.	RAF Kinloss	"	Roden, J.D.	RAF St. Mawgan
"	Williams, C.P.	5 FTS Oakington	"	Tabor, B.P.	206 Sqn Kinloss
"	Birkin, A.	1 FTS Linton on Ouse	SAC	Handley, M.A.	CCC Stanbridge
"	Clulow, A.	RAF Ballykelly	Jnr Tech	Forge, P.H.	CCC Stanbridge
"	Cook, S.J.	ANS Gaydon	"	Mays, G.	REU Henlow
"	Ghost, J.W.	RAF Ballykelly	"	Methven, W.	REU Henlow
"	Grant, K.	RAF Ballykelly	"	Pearson, B.M.	CCC Stanbridge
"	Kehoe, D.C.	4 FTS Valley	"	Underwood, A.R.	REU Henlow
"	Mahoney, T.R.	RAF Lyneham	"	Ball, T.L.	REU Henlow
"	Simister, M.	Little Rissington	"	Adams, K.M.	REU Henlow
"	Smedley, P.D.A.	RAF Benson	"	Bennett, A.	REU Henlow
"	Barnes, J.G.F.	North Luffenham	Cpl	Collins, P.S.	CCC Stanbridge
"	Bayley, C.A.	North Luffenham	Jnr Tech	Lynn, M.P.	18 Gp Turnhouse
"	Brearley, D.	RAF Acklington	"	Lawrence, J.	CCC Stanbridge
"	Cain, B.	RAF Stradishall	"	Mayes, D.C.	CCC Stanbridge
"	Dann, P.J.	RAF Waddington	"	Rowlands, R.	High Wycombe
"	Filsell, D.	RAF Cottesmore	"	Cann, F.J.	Commcen Gan
"	Glover, S.W.	North Luffenham	"	Findley-Wilson, J.A.	Commcen Gan
"	Hills, A.P.	RAF Boulmer	"	Willson, C.A.	Singapore
"	Mawdsley, V.A.	RAF Cottesmore	"	Amy, R.J.	Commcen Aden
"	Murgatroyd, B.W.	RAF North Luffenham	"	Bird, R.C.	Commcen Aden
"	Wales, A.	RAF Coll Cranwell	"	Gledhill, S.D.	Labuan
"	Ashcroft, J.	CCC Stanbridge	"	McGuigan, D.P.	Labuan
"	Graham, I.G.	18 Gp Turnhouse	"	Painter, R.M.N.	Labuan

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## THE APPRENTICE WING BAND



The history of No 1 (Apprentice) Wing Band covers a period of forty two years from the date of its formation at the Electrical and Wireless School, Flowerdown in 1924 to the present day. It was originally formed as a Trumpet and Drum Band and the Pipe section was added in 1929 when the school moved to RAF Cranwell. In December 1952 the school moved to RAF Locking and since that date the Band has played an important role in the life of this station. The Apprentice Band has always been an integral part of No 1 Wing Ceremonial, playing at all parades and official functions, not the least being the occasion when Her Royal Highness Princess Margaret reviewed the Pass-Out parade of 72nd Entry in July 1955. Over the years its fame has spread and it is now in great demand for all types of parades and civic functions throughout the West Coast.

On 14th November 1964 the Band headed a parade through the City of Wells to mark the return of Somerset's

Olympic Champion Mary Rand. In spite of a cloudburst that particular afternoon, the Band, true to its tradition, completed its own marathon with drums beating and pipes playing to the end. This won the applause and admiration of the hundreds of people who lined the streets buried beneath umbrellas, folded newspapers and the like. Other Band engagements during the past two years have been numerous fetes and displays, the Battle of Britain parades at Taunton and Godmanchester, the Freedom of Weston-super-Mare and of course the Remembrance Day parades. 1965 also saw the World Gliding Championships held at South Cerney at which the Band gave a display before representatives and visitors from many countries. The trumpet fanfare section is always in great demand for official openings and visits by VIPs and as long as we have a Burns' night the pipers will always be kept busy. The Band has also appeared on Films and Television a number of times during 1965.

A trumpet call has heralded the per-

formance of many acts which have found their place in the annals of history (or on the pages of the more sensational of the popular press). One such event was the occasion when a fanfare of trumpets preceded a brilliant display of Marching, Counter-Marching and playing by the Apprentice Band at the opening of the evening performance of the Royal Tournament on 28th July 1965. The performance was the culmination of many hours of hard work and training by the apprentices concerned and fully deserved the ovation given by the vast crowd at Earls Country.

All training within the band is carried out during after duty hours or on Saturday mornings when, under the supervision of Warrant Officer T.D. Williams, LRAM, ARCM, the section Majors take practices and give instruction to the new or less proficient instrumentalists. Band routine and the various display techniques are often devised and perfected by the bandsmen themselves and as with the Royal Tournament display they are performed after approval by the Bandmaster. It may interest readers to know that each Entry has its own individual fanfare which is composed by the Bandmaster and is first sounded at the pass-out parade of that particular entry.

Apprentices are permitted to join the Band during their second term at Locking,

they then begin training on the instrument of their choice. Proficiency on an instrument can, by examination, earn a bandsman band proficiency marks ranging from the award of his badge to Senior or Major rank. At the end of apprenticeship training a "Certificate of Membership" is awarded to each bandsman in the passing-out entry. This certificate is presented at the end of term ceremony by the Officer Commanding No 1 Wing.

No write-up on the band can be concluded without mention of the Wing Mascot, Heathers McCrackers. Heathers, a Shetland Pony, joined the Air Force in 1964. He was drafted in to No 1 Wing to replace Hamish McCrackers who died at the age of 12 years. Hamish will long be loved and remembered for his truly patriotic behaviour such as the time when just prior to entering the arena of a Royal Tournament, with flashing hooves he delivered a broadside to the goat mascot belonging to "that other place". For this "offence" he was awarded 3 extra Bales of Hay! Heathers has his own particular way of showing affection and though the Pony Handlers wear well, greatcoats are not exactly pony proof. Heathers has a distinguished career even at this early age with one Royal Tournament and many other performances to his credit and rumour does have it that he is due to be promoted to Leading Apprentice in the near future.

---

## 104th. SENIOR ENTRY NOTES

As the sun sinks slowly into the mud we prepare ourselves for a final goodbye to No 1 Radio School. Three years at an end, but it seems only a short time since our stay at Locking appeared to stretch to infinity.

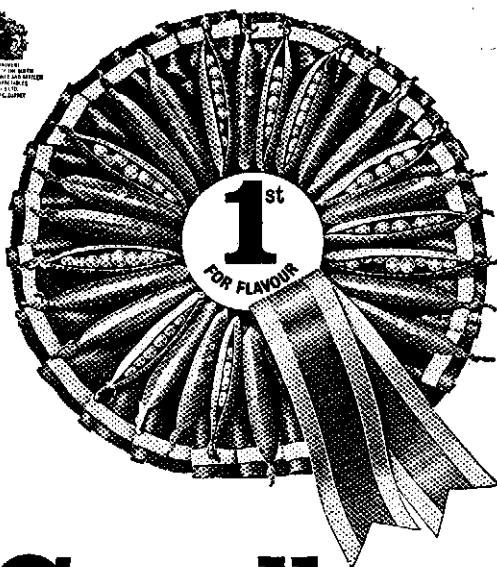
During our stay at Locking we have seen numerous changes in No 1 Wing organisations but nothing so drastic as the change over to the split-entry. Nevertheless our Entry Spirit has continued undiminished. Before we leave we hope to be able to welcome another change on the Wing, namely the transformation of the camp quagmire (not 'F' Block'), into a thriving Apprentices' Club.

It will be apparent to anyone on the Wing that in the past term the 104th has acquired a fleet of fast, sleek, ultra modern automobiles, most notably Vince Kerr's Transport of Delight. We feel that here it would be appropriate to pay a tribute to our crack(?) driver, Buster Hall, now with three notches on his gear-lever. Details of convictions and pending court actions, together with a free copy of Buster's terrific book "How to be a car breaker without really trying", will be supplied on request.

The 104th is especially noted for the support given by its members to various clubs and hobby activities. Feeling the pinch at Easter when we leave will be the

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shooting, sailing, printing, photography and canoeing clubs. Possibly the club most supported by the 104th is the shooting club. SAA Frost, LAAs Hewitt and Wells, and AA Humphrey regularly representing the Wing. The fencing club will miss CAA McCarthy, and the Rugby Team is already missing the valuable support of LAA Clowes as the game has apparently got a little on top of him. He is never seen to venture far without his crutch these days. AA Henry has set the example in the Sailing Club by gaining his 'B' Class Helmsman's Certificate. Other

members of the Entry hope to reach this standard before Pass-out.

At the time of writing we do not yet know the details of our postings, but we have in our number many applicants for overseas, with hoped-for destinations ranging from Borneo to the Isle of Wight. However, whilst still here, we take this opportunity to express our gratitude to all who have helped, guided and taught us throughout the last nine terms, both in No 1 Wing and in the Technical Blocks.

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## 'A' SQUADRON NOTES

Since the reorganisation of the Wing, 'A' Squadron has consisted of H, F and I flights containing members of all entries other than those in the Initial Training Flight. Although the majority were very sceptical about the reorganisation, it has proved more practical than previously thought, in that it has evened up the numbers and the sporting abilities of the two senior squadrons.

Although there have been no inter-squadron activities since Christmas we look forward to the results of the inter-flight sports competition, which has been entered into very enthusiastically by all members. Several members of the squad-

ron have represented the Wing, Station and Command in sporting activities this year.

Squadron spirit and morale is high, as is our standard of turn out and drill and we look forward, in anticipation, to repeating last term's performance in the forthcoming drill competition.

We regret the loss of Squadron Leader Schofield and wish him all the best in civilian life. We also welcome his successor Squadron Leader Hudson and the new flight commander of F. Flight, Flying Officer Farrow, who we hope will have pleasant tours in the squadron.

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## 'B' SQUADRON NOTES

Then on that fateful Monday, Madame Guillotine fell, and each and every entry, with the exception of the immortal 103rd., was split squarely and not so fairly down the middle, luckily for 'B' Squadron. I say not so fairly, for even though the object of splitting the entries was to make the squadrons more even, 'B' Squadron still has all the aces. This will be made more evident in the forthcoming inter-squadron competitions.

Some threatened suicide, others insisted that Judgement Day had arrived, but all prayed. Those who were already members prayed that they would retain their sacred green discs, and the rest prayed that they would get one.

In preparation for the inter-squadron

sports, and also in self-praise, a line-up of 'B' Squadron's outstanding sportsmen would perhaps serve as a useful piece of propaganda.

From the 104th. we have SAA Brady (Wing squash), AA Cottol (Wing squash) and LAA Wells (Wing shooting).

The 105th. give us LAAs Grant and Pounds (Wing boxing, swimming, athletics and rugby); SAA Willmer and AA Hendrick (RAF junior basketball); AA Sutherland, Russell and Cooper (Wing shooting); AA Iddenden (Wing football) and AA Farrow (Wing badminton).

Out of the 106th. come CAA Patrick and AA Dunn, both of whom play in the Wing rugby team.

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In the 107th. we have AT Skelton (RAF Colts rugby and Wing cricket); AT Hudson (Wing rugby and athletics); AT Laughlan (Wing soccer); AT Loeffler (Wing table-tennis, tennis and rugby); AT Banks (Wing cross-country); AT Wrighton (Wing boxing) and LAA Paterson (Wing athletics).

From the 108th. we get AT Sharp (RAF junior swimming); ATs Hunt and Kerr (Wing swimming); AT Humphrey (Wing hockey); AT Halliday (Wing rugby and RAF junior athletics); AT Jones (Wing rugby); and ATs Lee and Tucker (Wing cross-country).

This of course is only the Ground section of the 108th. From the Air we have AT Hill (RAF junior swimming); AT Milne (Wing basketball and gymnastics); AT Mansfield (Wing football), and AT Mattison (RAF colts).

The 201st. produce AC Smith (Wing football); AC Lester (Wing badminton); AC Marshall (Wing fencing), and CAA

Thompson (Wing basketball).

From the 202nd. there comes AC Madge (Wing boxing and rugby); and AC Hill (Wing basketball, rugby and cross-country).

Athletics is the 203rd's strong activity, with ACs Broomfield, Chaffey, French, Kelly and Moir all having represented Wing. ACs Carr and Smith have both played rugby for the Wing.

The 204th. have Reeve (RAF Colts rugby); Hosfield (Wing swimming); Pettit (Wing shooting); Blayney (Wing rugby), and Clephane (Wing soccer).

After such an impressive lineup, one cannot help but admit that this 'B' Squadron must really be something. Well we are; but not only on the sports field, for we excel in the Technical Blocks, and 'B' Squadron forms the backbone of most of the Apprentice's clubs. (Could that be because of Squadron Leader Tehan, our Squadron Commander, wonder, who is Officer i/c the Locking Society?)

## INITIAL TRAINING FLIGHT

As a result of the re-organisation of No 1 Wing, Initial Training Flight was formed under the command of Flight Lieutenant K.G. White at the beginning of the Spring Term. Each new entry will spend one term with the Flight before proceeding to A or B Squadrons. The 109th and 205th entries are founder members of ITF the former having arrived in October and the latter in January.

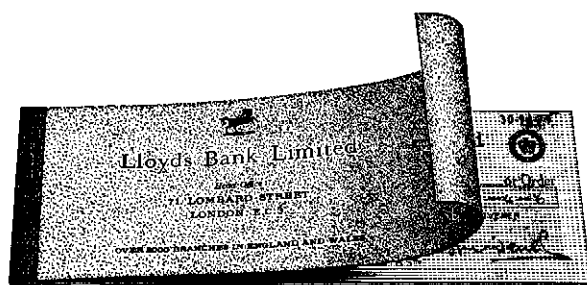
**The 109th Entry.** This entry of Technician Apprentices was 54 strong on induction and included three boys from commonwealth countries - Rounds (Fiji), Aloysius (Ceylon), Yearwood (Barbados), two ex-patriates from the emerald isle, 9 from north of the border and a small (but vocal) Welsh contingent. Five transfers from Craft Entries are also on the entry strength and include Leading Apprentice Mellors (201st), Brown, Farragher, O'Regan (202) and Slater (204). During its short stay at Locking the entry has been prominent in sports, several members showing promise in swimming, a special mention being made of Shawe

(340) whom it is thought should do very well. The 109th has also made its presence felt (!) in Boxing when Horler, Aloysius and De Souza fought in the Scott Paine competition. In the basketball sphere - Rounds is considered to be a very bright prospect.

**The 205th Entry.** This, the fifth entry of Craft Apprentices, to arrive at Locking, were inducted on the 5th January. The lusty strains of the Bladon Races heard in 'J' Block denote a strong Geordie contingent, indeed a large number of the entry come from the far north of the country (ie North of Northampton). One boy came all the way from Winscombe to join (his application for travelling time with leave is awaiting cabinet approval).

The entry provided six members of the Scott Paine Boxing team and they all fought well - a special mention must be made of Elliott whose showing in the competition has led to his selection as a reserve on the RAF team.





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## Apprentice Mountaineering and Caving Club

This is the club that can reach the heights and depths of achievement! Opportunities and facilities are provided for apprentices to obtain instruction in climbing and caving under the expert eye of Corporal Cowper, an ex-member of the R.A.F. Mountain Rescue team.

A number of parties have been to Burrington Combe on Sunday afternoons to practice abseiling on a 60 ft. cliff known as the Rock of Ages (a name given it by the hymn-writer and not by the slower climbers). Parties also go potholing in the same area down such well known holes as Swildon's Pot and Goatchurch cavern. A recent expedition also took us to a lesser known pot which has its entrance in a farmer's cowshed. Thirty shifty-eyed cows stared with amazement as we dis-

appeared down a vertical shaft and appeared to reflect on the madness of man.

This half-term a party of sixteen apprentices led by Corporal Cowper went to Greenfields in South Yorkshire for an expedition. They stayed at Ashway Gap House, a large castle like building reminiscent of a film set for a Boris Karloff mystery. Whilst there, the party gained experience in climbing and moor-trekking in near-Artic conditions. An exercise in mountain-rescue was also attempted using a body kindly loaned by App. Craft Petit.

Despite the weather this trip was a great success and another is planned in the near future. Another more ambitious trip is also being arranged for the Summer in Iceland or Norway.

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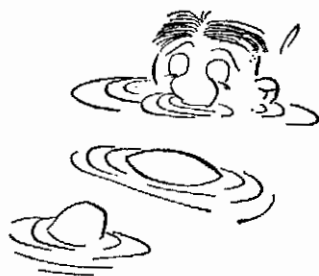
## Locking Otters

A Swimming Club - The Locking Otters - has now been formed to stimulate a greater interest in swimming and improve competition swimming and water polo.

Although the large swimming pool at Knightstone Baths will not be open again until April, some pre-season fixtures have been obtained with Service units which possess a swimming pool.

Training will start in earnest at the beginning of April. The Knightstone Baths are expected to be available for a period of two hours on Thursday and Friday evenings.

The first fixture of the year was played by the apprentices against the Royal Armoured Corps Junior Leaders Regiment at Bovington Camp in Dorset. The visit, in addition to being a rewarding pre-season training, was most enjoyable and included a visit to the Tank Museum. Although we lost to Bovington, the



match was very close, particularly in the first half. Not only did the more experienced swimmers compete, but competitions were played with the less experienced. Indeed one water polo game was played with a team of players who were new to the game. In spite of a water temperature of 85°F and the lack of swimming facilities since September, notable performances were put up by Sharp (Butterfly), Knight (Breaststroke), Hobday (Breaststroke), Shaw (Butterfly and Individual Medley), Hill (Freestyle) and Craig (Freestyle).

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## Apprentice Hockey

This season's hockey games have been fought well and every match has proved to be one of spirit even though not every game has been won.

The perennial problem of the loss of good hockey players occurred after the 103rd entry pass out. The only veterans left were C.A.A. McCarthy and A.A. Aldridge (now Captain and vice-captain respectively). Nevertheless a good hard-playing team has now been formed and, apart from the inevitable cancellations due to weather, their record has been very respectable.

The new players in the team have proved their worth and the support given in the Under 18 team has been very good. Best wishes go to this team in their forthcoming game against Halton in the semi-final of the Youth Schools' Championships.

A word of thanks is due to A.A. Cooke (now ex 103rd) who captained the 1st XI most ably during the last season and who had played hockey during the whole of his three years' stay.

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## OCEAN SAILING

By Flight Lieutenant J. L. Beaton.

This sport has been likened to sitting under an icy shower while tearing up five pound notes. This is, overall, an apt description, but nonetheless, off-shore sailing can give an exhilaration and a sense of achievement which few other sports can.

The Royal Air Force owns a fleet of ocean racers and cruisers, and has access to many more. Berths on these boats are open to all who are members of the Royal Air Force Sailing Association. Boats can be chartered very cheaply and may be cruised anywhere that the charter time allows.

The pride of the fleet is "DAMBUSTER" an almost new, fast, light displacement ocean racer by the designers Illingworth and Primrose. To race in her is an experience never to be forgotten. In light weather she is fast and comfortable, but being a light weight racing machine she can be most uncomfortable in heavy weather.

Ocean races take place almost weekly throughout the season from May to September, and usually start in the Solent. Crews report on board on Friday and under normal conditions the race is over by Monday. There are longer races of course such as The Fastnet, but no beginner should contemplate partaking in these.

Ocean racing is a tough business, with no respite given to boats or crew. Boats are driven to their limits a'ways, because this is the only way to win. Handling kicking sails at 3 a.m. on a heaving deck, soaked to the skin with brine and the clammy sweat of seasickness is no picnic. In rough weather the motion of the boat is so violent that cooking or sleeping is out of the question. Nausea and fatigue can numb the mind to time and discomfort, and even the awful majesty of a storm lashed sea fails to impress.

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There is another side to the coin. It is very pleasant to drift becalmed in the Channel, with the watch on deck resting peacefully in the cockpit watching the remainder of the racing fleet for the first signs of a catspaw. Day or night under these conditions yacht racing is a joy and one forgets the hell it can be. Many races finish at a Continental port. After a rest and clean up crews usually find enough strength to stagger ashore for a meal and a night out.

No other sport can compete with ocean racing. It is a man's sport. Cruel, often dangerous, calling for skill, strength, stamina, responsibility and resourceful-

ness. If you want to get out of the rut of dull routine try this, the most demanding of all sports.

In the Royal Air Force we have unique opportunities to take part in racing or offshore cruising. Almost every station has its sailing club. Greenhorns should first join their club and finally having become a proficient dinghy sailor one can start agitating for a place in one of the ocean racers. A private owner of an ocean yacht can spend £500 on one weekend's racing. The serviceman can have the same thrills, the same experience, for much less than a hundredth of that figure—thanks to the Nuffield Trust.

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## STATION RUGBY

By Flight Lieutenant R. Saxby

The performance of the Station Rugby 1st XV this season has been generally disappointing in that more games have been lost than won. We were also knocked out of the RAF Cup in the preliminary round by a very strong team from RAF Lyneham. Despite many defeats the team has played well on occasions, and with more experience of playing together as a team the results should improve towards the end of the season. By next season with over half the present team still at Locking a much stronger side can be expected.

Another feature of Station Rugby has been the reintroduction of a 2nd XV. This team has also lost many games, but the side consists of players who have really enjoyed the rugby even if the standard has not been high. It is also true to say that the 2nd XV has, at times, showed more spirit than the 1st XV and this is possibly due to the fact that the 2nd XV rely on teamwork rather than on a few individuals.

SAC O'Malley was selected to represent Tech Training Command and has generally shown himself to be our best player together with the present Captain Cpl. Lovering.

Because of posting this month I shall hand over the duty of Off i/c Rugby to Sqn. Ldr. Gray. I should like to thank all the people who have assisted me in this duty, especially the players who have turned out regularly and never once during the season have failed to turn up when selected. My thanks go to Fg. Off. Parker and Flt. Sgt's. Mastin and Wilson for the work they have put in as referees throughout the season. A final thanks goes to the Physical Fitness and Catering Staffs whose assistance to home and visiting teams has helped to provide an enjoyable season of rugby.

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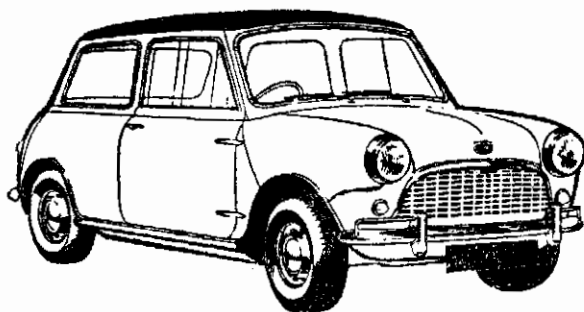
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## SQUASH

So far, this season has proved most enjoyable, in spite of the results being rather below average. In the Bristol and District League, of which we are Division II members, we have won 4 and lost 7 of our matches — not up to our usual standards. In the RAF Inter-Station Competition we were fortunate to have home fixtures in the first two rounds, so we thrashed Chivenor and conveniently lost to Lyneham — this avoided having to travel a long distance for the next round.

The second court was completed for the start of the season, but to use it was highly entertaining. The contractors were under the impression they were installing a floor for a dancehall and it was necessary to be a skating expert before attempting to wield a squash racket. With this problem remedied, we are now blessed with sweating walls and wet floors — this, however, disturbs our opponents more than ourselves, so we ought not to complain.

Of our playing members, only Flt Lt Evans and Mr. Browning remain from last season's side. Chief Technician Long has been out of action this season due to ill health, but we look forward to his return to fitness and to squash for the last few matches. Unfortunately we have recently lost the services of Sqn Ldr Mercer and Sqn Ldr Schofield, both of whom are leaving the RAF. Sqn Ldr Mercer, who has been running the RAF 'A' Team for many years, will be greatly missed in RAF Squash circles — we wish him an enjoyable and profitable retirement in the land of Tre, Pol and Pen. Sqn Ldr Schofield, likewise, has been a staunch member of our squash team for several seasons, and we wish him every success in his forthcoming Iberian venture.

New recruits of any standard are always welcome and will be essential if we are to run a squash team next season.

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## RIDING CLUB

Since the re-organisation of the Riding Club in February of last year, Membership has risen from 5 to 50 and now many Airmen, Airwomen, Apprentices and families are enjoying the excellent facilities offered by the area and a variety of stables.

Riding along Weston beach, through Worlebury Woods, over Crooks Peak and Blackdown towards Cheddar give scope for all degrees of riding ability second to none. The beginner is excellently catered for at Shipham Riding Stables, where first class instruction is available at specially reduced rates for all members. For riders with some experience the hills surrounding Bourton Farm Stables offer an exciting challenge with little danger to life and limb, and a few members have had tremendous fun while assisting with the rounding up of sheep from the hillsides.

Our long established relationship

with Vowles Stables in Weston has continued to flourish and we have had cause to be grateful to Mr. Vowles for supplying us with excellent horses for our instructional afternoon on the Station in December last.

In spite of the threat of rain on that afternoon the instruction was a great success and the efforts of Lt. Col. Dalforce and Mr. John Lee were very much appreciated by the many Members present, both mounted and on foot.

Station Riding Club history, was made last year by our being able, for the first time, to invite an outside club to hold a mounted event on the Station. Our guests were the Wessex Riding Club, and although again the weather was not too kind, their members — including those who had travelled from Bristol for the occasion — were very impressed with the facilities we had to offer.



## FULL BORE SHOOTING

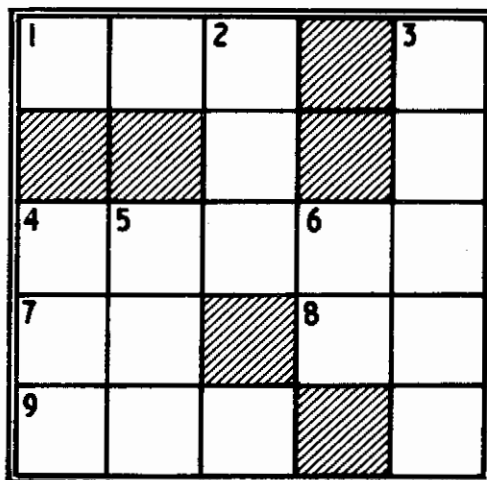
Despite the fact that the last article in the Christmas issue was supposed to be the last report prior to the new season starting at the beginning of the summer, the team still fired one more match. This was against the Somerset Wing A.T.C. which we won by only 1 point.

Space did not allow us in the last issue to record the Apprentice Shooting Team's thanks to the Catering Section who provided tea and late meals with such regularity, MT Section who always somehow found transport, and more im-

portant drivers, and lastly, the Armoury who were always prepared to issue and receive weapons at the oddest hours.

Whilst saying thank you, the team's appreciation and thanks must be recorded to FS Murray who, it is regretted, has relinquished his duties as NCO IC Apprentice Shooting. Many, many hours he has devoted to "Murray's Mob", coaching, encouraging, admonishing and calming the team. Their loss is someone else's gain and we hope he will have as much success with the anglers as he has had with the shooters.

## A CROSS NUMBER PUZZLE



### Across

- 1 This number, 5 down and 6 down are the Squares of a set of Pythagorean numbers.
- 4 The cube of a prime number.
- 7 Its digital root is 2.
- 8 A prime number.
- 9 The first two digits of this number give the sum of all the digits in the puzzle.

### Down

- 2 The digits of this number, taken in order, form an arithmetical progression.
- 3 An anagram of 4 across, divisible by 16.
- 4 Eight times the square root of 5 down.
- 5 See 1 across.
- 6 See 1 across.

