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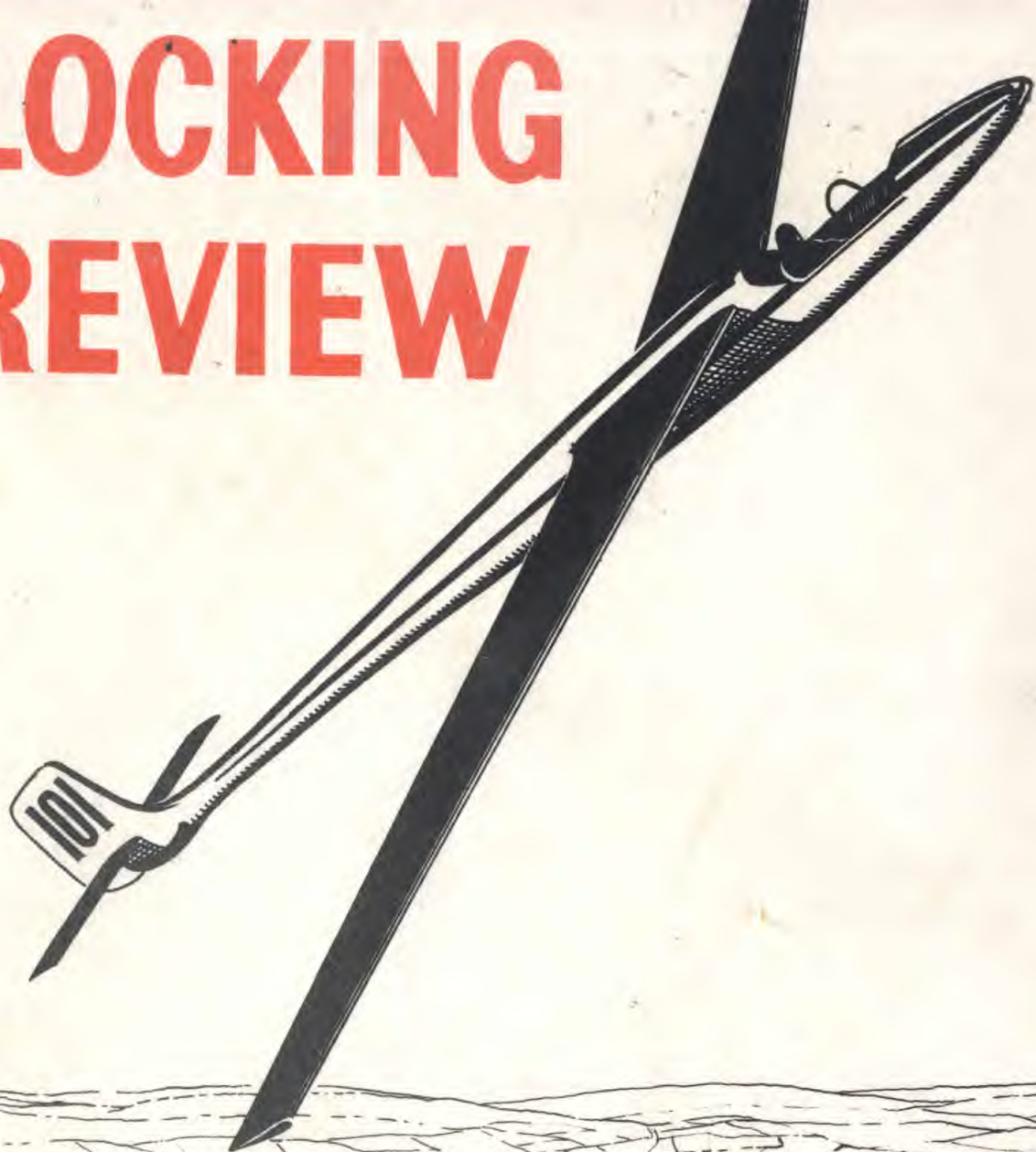
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Colin Hinson

In the village of Blunham, Bedfordshire.

LOCKING REVIEW



Summer 1968

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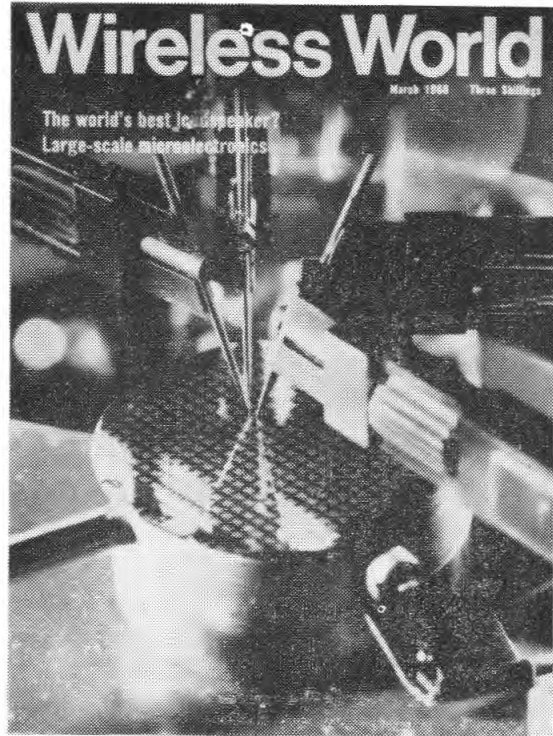
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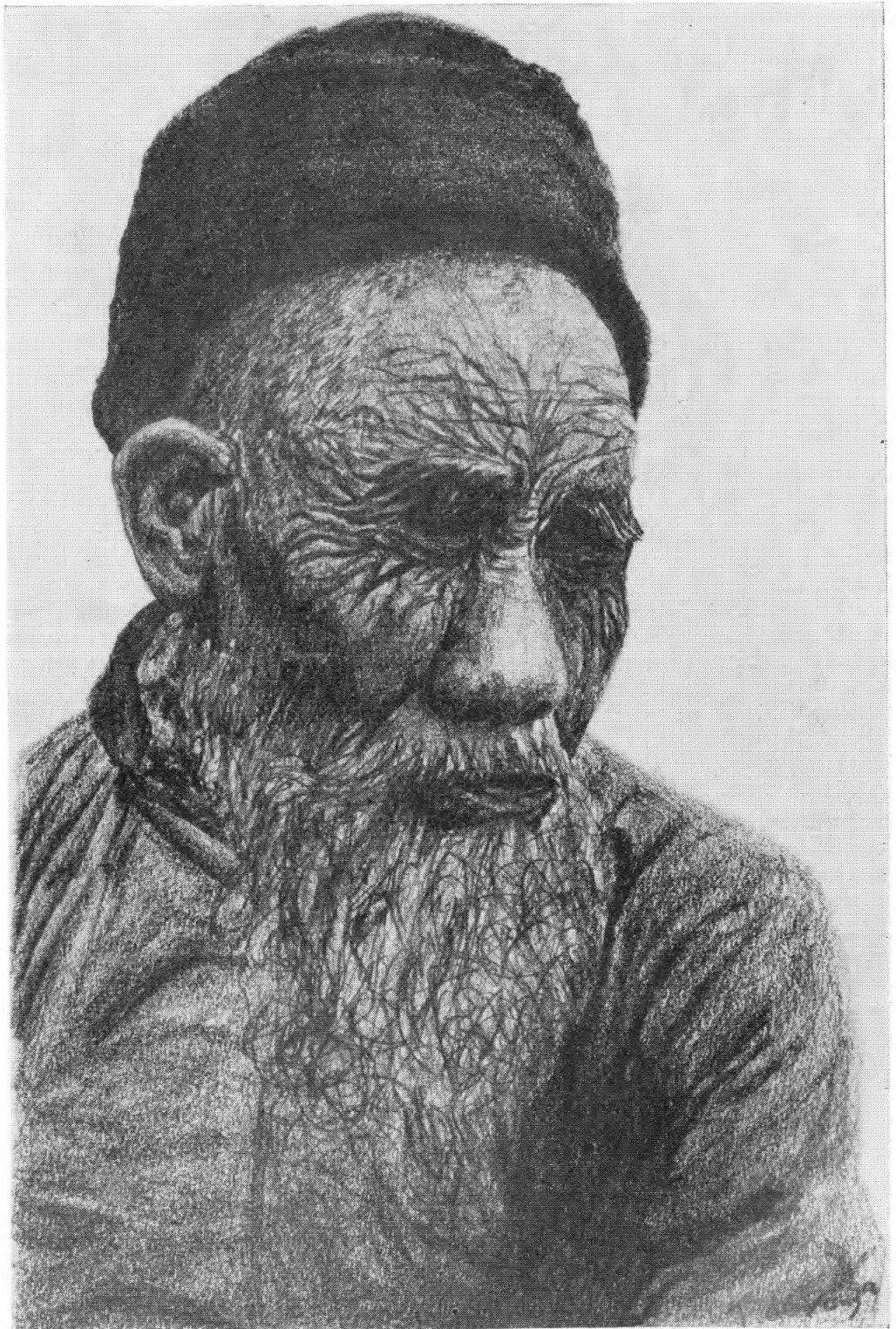
Editorial



Congratulations to Flight Lieutenant John Williamson who represented Great Britain at the World Gliding Championships in Poland. His account of the event appears on another page, and Mr Bill Godfrey's cover design was chosen to draw attention to Locking's presence at an international sporting event. The Station can also claim a connection with the British Lions' Rugby tour of South Africa; Junior Technician Peter Larter, a Lions' Forward, was an apprentice here some years ago. The Editor has so far failed to track him down on the veldt and persuade him to write an article.

This Review introduces a Families Supplement, and it is hoped that future editions will be similarly equipped. Scout Masters, Youth Club leaders, Roundel Club Committee-men and others are urged to contribute to this new venture, but if contributions are not available then the editor would at least welcome constructive suggestions. Many projects at Locking are characterised by excessive modesty on the part of their promoters; clubs and activities are well organised and flourishing, but a sale of flags in Aberdeen is child's play compared with obtaining accounts of the term's activities for publication. It is appreciated that to supply material which is liable to be hacked about to suit an editorial whim can be a risky business. The hacking is usually quite indulgent, and after all — think of the publicity.

Grateful thanks once again to all those who have contributed to this edition and who have drastically reduced the amount which the editor has had to write. Flying Officer Sunderland's posting has left a big gap in the editorial board, and no matter how talented his successor may be, he is unlikely to rival Dandy Ninth's prolific penmanship.



Head of a Chinaman, drawn by former Technical Apprentice T. de Souza

WORLD GLIDING CHAMPIONSHIPS

IN POLAND - - JUNE 1968

by Flight Lieutenant John Williamson

Our planning and preparation started in July of last year when the team was selected. Then things really got going in the early Spring, and in April we took delivery of the first of the four sail planes built specially in Yorkshire for the British Team's entry.

My Dart first tasted the air in earnest over Locking in early May and by the end of the month I had flown 35 hours and nearly 1,000 miles in her. Then Air Support Command airlifted car and trailer, pilot and crew, from Lyneham to Germany, snug in the belly of a Hercules, and a third of our 1,200 mile journey to Leszno in Western Poland was completed in 1½ hours.

A second Hercules brought Flt Lt David Innes, similarly equipped, and we duly sought out the nearest German gliding club to get more valuable practice whilst waiting for the rest of the Team convoy to catch up by the more conventional sea/road route.

We found that the nearest club was in fact running the German National Championships and we were invited to tag along and fly their tasks with them. We soon discovered that the glider building industry had been quietly revolutionised since the last World Meeting three years before at RAF South Cerney. Fibreglass is virtually the only material now used for the top sail planes of Germany and Switzerland and the flock of "plastic vultures" left us in no doubt that we would be up against tough opposition in Poland.

As we left Oerlinghausen after two days of exhilarating flying — I couldn't help thinking of my first gliding lessons there, twenty years earlier. East Germany can be crossed under three hours, of what must be Europe's dreariest road. One hundred and fifty miles of pre-war autobahn, devoid of life and character, and practically devoid of petrol too; there were two filling stations in the whole length of it. The short crossing was com-

pensated by the lengthy formalities of entering the country. Two hours of bureaucracy left us in possession of road tax, insurance, transit visas, and radio licences for cars and gliders — and £60 poorer! Crossing into Poland was simplicity itself. Check passports, declare currency, a friendly wave and on we went. With the names on the signposts increasingly unpronounceable we motored through forest and farm land, turned left at Glogow ('Gwogoff' for the purist — 'Gloco' for the irreverent), thence through Wshowa (variously Vshova or Washowar) to Leszno (Leshno to everybody). Our intended impressive arrival in convoy was marred by my car running out of petrol 300 yards from the airfield gate! This episode was matched later only when the Team Manager's Rolls-Royce (on loan) broke down and had to be towed away from the launch point by one of the Cortinas, to the amusement of the international assembly, and the positive delight of the Germans!

The idea was to practice for a week, then the next two weeks would be the Championships proper. For three days we were allowed to fly only within ten miles of base, which was very frustrating since that was really no more than a quick dash from one cloud to the next. At last we were given a proper task — a race round a 60 mile triangle. Some people didn't take this very seriously — three days of practise still to go — but nevertheless we were delighted to top the lists in both classes. But the British success was followed swiftly by British weather and it rained on and off for the next seven days. The opening ceremonies were blessed by a brief spell of weak sunshine, but when the weather finally cleared for the first contest task, neither pilots nor organisers were really tuned up for it.

We flew on eight of the ten days left to us, and duly completed four races, one to us, and duly completed four races, one distance task, and three other flights which

were intended as races but in which no one finished the course. The longest flights were about 150 miles — only modest by modern standards — and the usual time airborne on any day was about four hours. Some days the shade temperatures were in the nineties and the cockpits, painted dark, to prevent reflections, became almost unbearably hot if one got caught low down and had to struggle to regain altitude. I was not particularly proud of my own performance, but a few impressions may be worth recording.

The part of Poland we saw was dead flat, sandy and intensively cultivated in between large forests. Oddly enough, collective farming hasn't resulted in what I would have imagined to be an economic system of cropping. Each field was quite large but it was divided into wing-span-wide strips in which the crops varied haphazardly from seedling cabbages to five foot tall rye. The rule was to look for spinach, potatoes or grass, in that order. Even if you survived a landing in the corn you may never have found your glider again! I discovered in my first potato field that the Colorado beele **does** exist, and had to go to some lengths to eliminate them from the cockpit on returning to Leszno. The farmers didn't seem to mind our occasional inadvertent arrivals — if they did we pacified them with a form (in Polish) which entitled them to some sort of compensation in due course. I don't fancy their chances, however, because I discovered afterwards that I had made them fill in one part with their own names, which caused them to admit that they themselves had landed in their own crops.

Even the roadside verges were being cropped for hay, and the roadside trees were usually loaded with ripe cherries, property of the local commune. The commonest vehicles on the road were low,

four-wheeled carts, grossly overloaded with loose, long stemmed hay, which hung down all round to road level. From behind, wheels, driver and horses were invisible, and these objects were immediately christened Dougalls! One evening we saw three trotting briskly homewards — a Dougall race!

Amongst the sparse traffic was a sprinkling of two-stroke cars and motor

bikes, the only home produced private transport we saw. This compared vividly with the situation on West European roads and gave a direct clue to the state of the economy, and the differences in the economic systems used. The people were friendly, charming, well dressed and fed, but the houses were drab and uncared for — on the outside at least. The State, of course, is the great landlord, owning all houses, all land and all facilities. The roads were very straight but poorly surfaced. Often the vicious cobbled surface would reduce us to 15 mph for mile after mile and the great empty trailer booming along behind caused more than one Dougall to take to the fields in panic.

One landing had me worried. A thunderstorm nearby had reversed the local surface wind so that my planned orderly arrival amongst the potatoes suddenly became a headlong rush towards the roadside cherry trees. With just enough speed to hop the trees, I pulled up and over — straight into telegraph wires a few yards beyond. The thick, rusty steel wire stretched, cut into the cockpit over and behind my head, and then snapped at one pole. Turning itself into a bandsaw, it cut through the headrest and the edges of the canopy and bit into the undersurface of both wings. Picking bits of perspex out of my lap, I wondered if that was the end of my championships. But surprisingly little damage was done, and the glider was repaired overnight by the experts in our base team.

The days went by. As we had feared, the Standard Class — sailplanes with certain mandatory features intended to make them cheaper, lighter, and easier to operate — was dominated by the plastic vultures. I finished 22nd and David Innes 30th out of the 57 in the Class. In the Open Class — no design limitations — scientist George Burton had us chewing our fingernails when, after six tasks, he was only a few points behind the leader. But then the PVs got him too, and he topped the wooden gliders in his class by coming seventh. Captain Nick Goodhart (RN) was 16th in his all metre HP 14. The new champions were Austrian and American (Open and Standard), followed in each class by Swedes, and in third places were Swiss (Open) and German (Standard) pilots.



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MY GOLDEN SHOT

by SACW Rosalind Ede



A television appearance is not normally s.o.p. for WRAF personnel, but on Sunday 10th March 1968, I found myself before the cameras at Boreham Wood TV Studios. I was about to appear with Bob Monkhouse, Jimmy Edwards and Roy Castle in ITV's 'Golden Shot' programme.

Approaching the organisers of the show had not been difficult. First of all I wrote to them, suggesting that they might care to use me on the programme. The following Tuesday brought a phone call from the Studios, warning me that they would telephone my house on Sunday, and that I would then be competing in a live programme. Well, Sunday arrived, and, a little nervously, I gave my 'Fire orders' by telephone. The shot was successful, and I was immediately invited to appear in front of the cameras on the following Sunday.

The intervening week was a bit nerve-racking, with people at work pulling my leg and offering advice. Finally, Saturday arrived; I travelled up to London

and booked in at the Bennington Hotel. It was necessary to spend Saturday night in London because I had to journey to Boreham Wood, which is in Hertfordshire, on the following morning.

I reached Boreham Wood Studios at lunchtime on Sunday and had a meal in the canteen. Immediately afterwards all the 'Golden Shot' competitors were carefully rehearsed in their parts and we were even told what to say to Bob Monkhouse. Jokes and witty remarks were supplied by the producer and these were to be used by the competitors when the show was on the air. We were not given any practice shots, however.

After the rehearsal came a long wait until the scheduled time for the programme, 4-45 p.m. It can be imagined that this was an anxious and trying period, but at least I had some consolation in being the first competitor. Most readers will have seen the 'Golden Shot' programme, but not many will have experienced the nervous tension of waiting to go before millions of viewers, and then, the excitement and anxiety involved in actually appearing. Bob Monkhouse was most helpful, charming and considerate, and certainly dispelled my worries. I shot first and scored 47. The next competitor scored zero, the next 48, and the next 49.

Although I had the lowest score I didn't come away empty-handed: I was presented with a Smith Corona Portable typewriter, worth £19. 10. 0. My hotel bill and travel expenses were paid by the programme organisers, and, I thoroughly enjoyed myself.

AVIATION NEWS



THE SA 330

The SA 330 helicopter, currently in production with Westland and Sud Aviation is due for RAF squadron service in 1970. This aircraft made its maiden flight on the 15th April 1965, and was presented to the public for the first time at the 1965 Paris Air Show. Intended to perform military missions in the combat zone, the SA 330 will meet programme requirements with a good margin, and potential development is reserved with a view to promoting further extensions to the military or civil spheres.

SPECIFICATIONS

The SA. 330 is a twin turbine aircraft with a four blade main rotor and a five blade tail rotor.

Overall dimensions (rotor turning)

Length	59.6 ft.
Width	49.2 ft.
Height	16.8 ft.

Overall dimensions with blades folded

Length	48.5 ft.
Width	11.5 ft.
Height	16.8 ft.

Overall dimensions for transport by cargo aircraft

Length (with tail boom removed)	27.6 ft.
Width	9.8 ft.

Height (with rotor shaft removed and landing gear retracted)	9.5 ft.
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Cabin dimensions

Useful length	15.4 ft.
Floor width	5.6 ft.
Height	4.8 ft.

Weights

Empty weight (without operational equipment)	7253 lb.
Total weight	14110 lb.

Power plant

2 free turbine engines	Turmo III C 4
Constructor	Turbomeca
Power rating (each)	1300 hp.

By its dimensions and total weight the SA. 330 can be included in the light transport helicopter category, in which its compactness and high performance render it conspicuous. Maximum operating weight is fixed at 14110 lb (6400 kg) for an empty weight of 7253 lb (3290 kg). Under these conditions design efficiency reaches 95% (useful load related to empty weight).

Maximum speed of about 162 Knots (300 km/h) at sea level and operational ceiling of over 16,400 ft (5000 metres) are in the upper range of the performance which can presently be envisaged in the field of pure helicopter technique.

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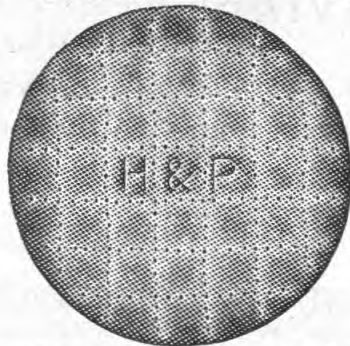


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ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH NOTES

The last issue of the Locking Review was prepared as a new Padre was taking over, and consequently no news of St. Andrew's appeared. This was unfortunate, since we cherish the part played by our Church in the life of the station, and welcome the opportunity which the Review provides of putting people in the picture.

Various things have taken place in the life of the Church as a whole which have encouraged us all. Of particular interest have been the various special services. The more usual ones, such as the Sunday School Anniversary, Mothers' Day, the service of Eastern Music and Readings, 'From Darkness to Light', have all added a stimulus and attractiveness to our life. But perhaps more significant have been the series of services of 'Folk Worship', when the whole idiom of our worship has been lifted into our present day world. As a congregation, we have sung, new songs, and not only enjoyed them, but been helped to worship by them in a fresh way. The sermon has been replaced from time to time by a question and answer session, and the Padre has even been allowed to sing songs from the Hit Parade which have conveyed their own special version of the old message. The most encouraging sign to me has been the increasing participation of laymen, and their concern for outreach. Through the means of the regular Church Council, a Community Care scheme has been put into the pipeline, and a complete restructuring of our morning worship and Sunday School on the lines of a fully integrated Family Church is planned to begin in September. The Apprentices have been of great help also, and groups of them have shown real talent in writing their own new songs for worship and taking an active part in planning our services.

The Apprentice Club has had a chequered career recently, but we anticipate that the move into new premises, and the self help which this involves will create a new spirit in the club, as well as a new sense of point and purpose.

Socially, our activities are developing encouragingly. The Church Forum once a month has enabled us to get to know more about our fellow Christians in the Roman Catholic Church, about the needs of Old People locally and some of the gaps in the Welfare State which can only be filled by voluntary service, about the work of the Twentieth Century Martyrs among the Auca Indians, and a highlight socially when a good number of Church families and apprentices held a Beach Barbecue at Brean. In addition, lively and relevant discussion continues to emanate from number 1, Spinney Rd. at the Padre's weekly House Fellowship.

Congratulations are especially due to the children of the weekly Junior Club. They won a prize in the Station Exhibition for their handicrafts, and are now turning this talent to very good use in making Sewing Card Games for Spastic Children. When finished, they will act as hosts to a group of Spastic children at a special party they are organising, where they will present the Cards. It was as a result of pressure from the children that the idea of a Holiday Club arose, which with encouragement from Mrs. Maskell became a Station project. The first effort was very popular, and we hope to repeat it during the summer holidays.

I hope that readers will forgive me for such a long review, but we missed out last time! May I close by saying that it is my sincere hope that we shall grow as a Church Family, and increasingly fulfil the intention expressed in these words from the Welcome Leaflet which we give to all C.S.F.C. personnel when they arrive at Locking: "We believe that the Church should be the friendliest place in the Community. If you belong to the Church of Scotland or any of the free churches, will you help us to make St. Andrew's a centre of Christian friendship and Community Service?"

R. Raymond Brown,
C.S.F.C. Chaplain.

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A TRIP TO FRANCE

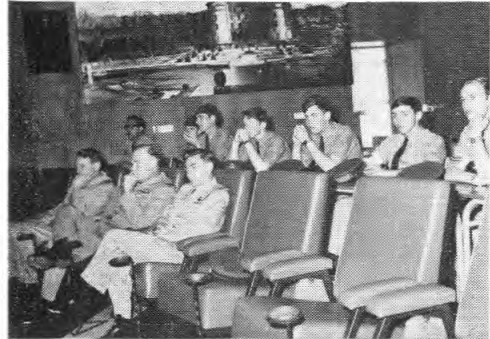
by Leading Technician Apprentice Brunskill

From June 17th to June 27th, ten members of the 109th Entry, one sergeant, and three officers visited France, on a liaison visit. We flew to Cognac and travelled by road to Rochefort, where the Apprentices were accommodated in SNCOs quarters. French NCOs, we at first thought, must have physiological peculiarities, as there was no functional lavatory evident on our floor. However, we soon discovered our mistake: Service lavatories are actually just classified constructions, and we discovered one well-hidden in a nearby building.

We were soon to discover even more horrifying anomalies: the French don't speak French just to be different, they actually don't understand plain English. This incredible state of affairs has, it seems, been going on for centuries; and they are completely ignorant of the other basic materials of civilisation, such as tea, and cricket.

Our first meal was similarly a revelation. However, one must grant that the French know how to enjoy their food: the practice of drinking wine with meals, at first sight a totally alien custom, has its advantages. One seems to have twice as much food on one's plate, for one thing, and everyone is so much happier than in England.

When we arrived, we were welcomed by the Commandant, and then the following day began looking round the station. Rochefort is very much larger than Locking, as airframe and engine fitting are taught there, as well as ground and air-electronics. The organisation at Rochefort is similar in many respects to ours; they have Q.C. ratings, slip tests and so on, but seem to spend a great deal of their time in the open air doing practical work.



There were some really good models of engines, cut-away and driven by small electric motors, so that it was possible to see each separate component functioning, and chassis laid out with all the wiring exposed.

framandfiagine

The following morning we were shown the workshops and electronics sections, and again there were good training aids and plenty of space to work in. Rochefort also has its own printing works, and does jobs for the whole of the French Air Force.

The course followed by French apprentices, although the same duration — three years — is laid out very differently from ours. The first two years are spent at a large school at Saintes, which is about thirty miles south-east of Rochefort, and the time there is spent on general education, to bring the students up to the required academic level: about O-level standard. And while they are at Saintes, they have very few privileges; they are not allowed off camp at all during the week, and are taken out, under supervision, only on Sundays. They spend all their time in the same classroom, live in the same block, and eat in the same part of the mess. Variety, in England, is the spice of life: at Saintes, it's garlic instead.

The final year, at Rochefort, is spent working on the trade chosen; but even then, they have to be in by half-past nine five nights a week (and their Still Check really checks). The barracks are quite clean and tidy, but there is very little room. Even the SNCOs rooms are sparsely furnished — one wardrobe, a table and two chairs between two.

The food was quite good, but each part of each course was served separately, so the meals took a long time, and there was always far more than we could eat. We ate with some of the interpreters from the language school; these had been conscripted from universities, and were paid about thirty shillings a month, so they were understandably dissatisfied.

Mosquitos were plentiful while we were there, and we were given nets, which were very effective for everybody except one: this unfortunate person had a net that worked in reverse, and effectively kept the mosquitos away from the rest of us.

In the afternoons we were taken round the places of interest, and saw some really nice Roman ruins, and an island with a label that said 'Napoleon was here', and we went swimming.

For the last three days, we were flown to Paris, to do some sightseeing. We visited most of the usual places — the Eiffel Tower, Versailles, Notre Dame, the Sacre Coeur, and spent an evening in the Pigalle area, where there were some very queer sights, and strange young ladies who want-

ed to accompany us. Of course, we politely explained that we were English, and that we hadn't been properly introduced.

The Paris traffic system provided endless entertainment: there is apparently a points system in operation, whereby a driver collects one point for each pedestrian he hits on the road, two for a zebra crossing, and three points for the pavement. They have traffic lights and other trappings suggestive of a Ministry of Transport hidden somewhere deep in suburbia, but we soon found out that these are only for show: no-one actually takes any notice of them, and it's double points for Englishmen, when they're in season; we were in season. But driving, for Parisians, is really a secondary occupation; most of them find something else to occupy them while careering along the Champs Elysees — they read newspapers, eat sandwiches, or go to sleep.

We came back in a French Dakota, which was really very comfortable. Once we were airborne, the pilot came out of his cabin, had a look to see if the propellers were going round, then settled down to the morning paper. And he didn't seem to understand our suggestions that he should really be in front driving the thing.

Nevertheless, we landed safely, and breathed the sweet air of England into our garlic-stained lungs. Travel, they say, broadens the mind; in France, it also tends to whiten the hair and shorten the life.



WING COMMANDER H.V. BUNTING, OBE



Wing Commander Bunting, who until recently commanded the Apprentice Wing, retired on 6th June after a lifetime of service. He joined the Royal Air Force in October 1929 as an administrative apprentice; and his ambition to fly was achieved when he gained his wings in 1935. As an NCO pilot he was trained in naval co-operation and was engaged on "anti-piracy" patrols in the Mediterranean during 1937, to prevent the Italians intervening in the Spanish civil war. Thus he was already an experienced flying-boat pilot and navigator when war came in 1939. He was commissioned in April 1940, and by VJ Day in 1945 had completed two tours of operational flying on maritime reconnaissance and shipping protection over the Atlantic and North Sea, one tour as a flying instructor, and two years on the Air Staff at Air Ministry

After a further peacetime tour of flying duty with Coastal Command, 1947 saw him "back at school" for a year at the Army Staff College. This was followed by two and a half years in Egypt on the Organisation Staff of H.Q. Middle East Air Force. Repatriation in 1950 brought a welcome return to regular flying as C.O. of a squadron of training aircraft at No. 2 Air Navigation School, Thorney Island. Subsequently, between extensive periods as a staff officer in Bomber and Coastal Commands, he was fortunate to get a last opportunity of flying his beloved Sunderlands at Pembroke Dock between 1955 and 1957, where he was O.C. Admin. Wing and, later, Station Commander. Finally, after a long tour in the Air Secretary's department at Air Ministry, he asked for a post in apprentice training; and for the

The Wing Commander is still in regular flying practice, and has flown four and a half thousand hours in twenty-five types of aircraft. His flying duties have taken him into twenty-seven foreign countries from Iceland to Malaya. "All the same" he told our reporter "I seem to have spent a great deal of my time polishing mahogany bombers in various Headquarters staffs..."

During his time at Locking, the Wing Commander has already settled into his first permanent home, at Upper Weare, and is now looking for that elusive civvy job. His wife is very active as the Hon. Sec. of the Weston-suped-Mare branch of the Soldiers, Sailors' and Airmen's Families Association.

Wing Commander Bunting when
an Apprentice



WING COMMANDER BUNTING WRITES:

Having entered the Service as an apprentice, I have found it a real pleasure and privilege to serve my last few years in command of apprentices at two RAF schools. Those who saw the great expansion and mobilisation of the late thirties and early war years, will know that the skill, **steadiness and leadership** of the "ex-brats" were vital to success. Those qualities will be just as essential in the exciting but difficult years ahead for the British fighting services. I am very glad to have had these opportunities amongst apprentices, to foster the cause for the future of the RAF.

I have been asked by some, to reminisce about the old days, but I always feel it is better to look ahead than over one's shoulder. It is enough to say that in the past forty years the food, clothing, housing, pay, sports, social conditions, human relations, technical skills, flying efficiency, and aircraft, have improved out of all recognition. As one whose wife has been so loyal and "service-minded"

through all the years of war and turbulent peacetime, perhaps I should emphasize how much more is done, nowadays, to help the young married airman.

For the modern apprentice, all this means that he does not have to worry about what he can **get out** of the RAF life, and can more readily fulfil himself by **putting in** dedicated service when the occasion demands.

My wife and I will always be grateful to RAF Locking for the warm welcome we had, despite coming from a rival establishment! We leave the Service now with many regrets but with proud and happy memories.

To all apprentices, to Wing Commander Alexander and his staff, and to all trade trainers and educators, I wish every continuing success with your training. May the Apprentice Wing go from Strength to strength!

DEVIZES TO WESTMINSTER

by Craft Apprentice Blackburn

After months of hard training the big day was upon us. The canoes were loaded up and our equipment was packed, in fact everything seemed to be running perfectly, even the weather looked as though it was going to be on our side. We boarded the three-tonner and within a few minutes of arriving at the canoe club we were on our way.

When we arrived at Rudloe Manor we soon settled down to a good night's rest and we didn't know just how thankful we would be for it the next night. In the morning after breakfast we were rushed into the lorry and we were on our way. It wasn't a very long journey and hence the feeling of excitement that rose amongst us. By the time we arrived at Devizes nearly everybody was ready to start and we created quite an impression amongst the people watching and also other competitors. It was not long before the officials came and checked our kit but for about an hour after that we waited in a long queue to get into the water. The suspense was broken slightly by the television cameras and photographers from various newspapers.

Finally after a long wait we were in the water. This was it, the time we had been waiting for. We went forward to the line and as the starter started to count out the seconds so our hearts started to beat in rhythm with his counting but after ten, our hearts beat very slowly and strongly and we felt as though the canoe was starting to rock with the pounding.

At last the bell rang and we were off. We started well and kept going at a fast pace for the first few miles to try and get ourselves a reasonable position.

After about three miles we had got ourselves a reasonable position. That is Flt Sgt App John Parker and myself; we didn't see much of the other crews that day except when we reached the night stop.

John had never trained on a canal before since he stepped in as a volunteer at the last minute to take over from my original partner LCA Marshall (who had injured himself approximately two and a half weeks before the race), and we didn't do a particularly fast time on the first day, but when we reached the first stop we discovered that very few other people did well on the canal. The first day is always said to be the most tragic, but this year Devizes to Westminster proved to be different. All our crews finished the first day and were expecting a good bash at the team prize since we all expected to finish after completing the first day.

The next day came too soon for everybody, and once again we were one of the last canoes to leave but it was to be a good day for us. We had both covered the water before, and started off well. Within half an hour we passed one of our crews, CTA Brown and CA Scallan. Their rudder had snapped when they were putting their canoe in the water after one of the locks (one of seventy seven incidentally). Soon afterwards we overtook STA Rounds and TA Gape who had also dropped out with rudder trouble. At the same spot we found CCA Tomlins and TA Brown who had capsized and stopped to change their clothes. However, this still left four crews and we wanted that team prize so we never gave up hope until we passed two more canoes almost at the same point. CA Quelch had sprained his wrist but CA Dawson was alright so they kept going slowly but surely. CTA Marshal and SA Monday had also capsized and they stopped to change. This only left two crews that we knew of but there was still the chance the two who had capsized would keep on as we knew they to were anxious for the team prize.

Soon after lunch time we hit the Thames and our canoe started to move much faster. The water was rougher than the canal but after all the dead water, reeds, mud and particularly locks of the canal the Thames was heaven.

Much to our disappointment after the first mile on the Thames we passed CA Slater and TA Darlington and found that they had developed a large hole in their canoe and could not go on with it. We told them what had happened to the others and they told us they'd see if they could get Quelch and Dawson's canoe.

From then on we went as fast as we could manage to the next night stop. As far as the team went, this day had been the most tragic of all, but as far as morale went I think we all felt a lot better, even though we knew there was no chance of winning the team prize. That night we had plenty to eat and we covered ourselves in Algipan before we went to sleep. Medically this did us the world of good for the next day, but it was rather ironic when we couldn't get to sleep because of the Algipan on our skins burning so much. However, we did eventually get to sleep; the night soon passed and we seemed to be awake five minutes later.

The next day we wanted to get off early and we managed to get in the water about third or fourth. Not long after we took up the first position and we were making good time. Every crew went well that day and as the faster crews overtook us we realized just how good the race leaders were. We thought we were going fast but that day we managed to keep up with the actual winners for about 100 yards. Their pace was so fast we would have been exhausted after only a few miles if we'd kept it up.

That day we also met up with quite a few pleasure launches and they made the water very choppy particularly when they came in groups. At one point six large launches came out of a lock at the same time and the waves were so large that John who was at the back saw me one moment and next I was submerged completely. Don't ask me how but we didn't turn over and John hardly got wet.

When we reached our final overnight stop we pitched our tents and settled into our sleeping bags for a good night's sleep, once again covering ourselves in Algipan. It was definitely the best night's sleep we'd had, and it was very difficult to get up for breakfast. (Which incidentally was provided by the committee).

Only ten miles to go (or so they told us) and hence the last start was a mass start. By five a.m. we were all lined up and waiting to go. After three days' solid canoeing we could really handle the canoes, so we tried a really strong sprint start and it paid off, so out of a line up of about thirty, we were lying third and catching on the second crew.

We went as fast as we could and we soon seemed to be in the heart of London. Little did we realize the number of turns in the Thames until that day. We seemed to go round hundreds of corners and as we went round each one we'd say to ourselves, "Big Ben must be round this corner". However, it never seemed to come and we began to get cramp everywhere. We slowed right down and crews overtook us right, left and centre. But then we saw it and it never looked so good before. Big Ben bigger than ever, and a beautiful sight.

We went faster than we had at any other time of the race. We overtook two canoes and almost turned over as we went under Westminster bridge. We did all that in about 100 yards and finally we crossed the line. "We've DONE IT" and so did two other crews: Tomlins and Brown and Munday and Marshall.

—:—

The Officer-in-Charge of canoeing, Flight Lieutenant Larkin, was impressed by the effort and determination displayed by all the Locking crews and particularly by the three crews who completed the race. Flight Sergeant Apprentice Parker embarked on this gruelling competition at the last moment as a replacement for a sick Apprentice, and his subsequent success is a comment on his fitness and adaptability.

Between January and mid April 1968, Craft Apprentice Blackburn paddled near 500 miles. Is this a record?

“RAPE OF THE BELT”



Seven stations competed in the 1968 RAF Drama competition. Locking's production, "Rape of the Belt" was adjudged fourth, following RAF Upwood (first), RAF Henlow (second) and RAF Brampton (third).

We had a good team with plenty of potential; Flight Lieutenant Kearns' production was painstaking in giving all the actors the best chance to make the most of their parts, and considerable attention was also devoted to costumes, make-up and the set. Outstanding performances were given by the Reverend Frizzelle as a somewhat cynical and patronising Zeus, and Bobbie Whiting as Antiope, who put a great deal of heart and emotion into a difficult role. Squadron Leader Cowland as Theseus made an excellent foil for the forceful personality of Flight Lieutenant Gordon Morris, who seemed tailor-made for the part of Heracles. Boel Williamson, appearing on stage for the first time, gave an excellent performance as Hera, once she had

settled into the pace of the play, and Ann Chivers as Hippobomene, the blacksmith gave the audience a great deal of enjoyment as the Sergeant Major of the Amazon army putting the troops through their paces. Renee Joseph as Hippolyte was clear and assured, and the scenes in which she was possessed by Hera's spirit were very well done. Jenny Floyd as Diastra, Jenny Frizzelle as Anthea and Julia Swann as Thalestris gave good performances in supporting roles.

The "Locking Review" has been tasked to thank all those who helped to make the production a success, particularly Sergeant Chapman and SAC Clarke for their stage work; Flight Lieutenant Sayles for paintings which brought a unique touch to the production; Boel Williamson, Ann Chivers and Sonia Wright for their work with costumes and properties; and Flight Lieutenant Swann for his work with lighting and effects.

MODEL SOLDIERS

A casual statement to the effect that one makes or collects model soldiers is almost certain to result in raised eyebrows or slightly condescending smiles. To many people model soldiers are strictly for small boys, have little meaning except as toys and are definitely not suitable play-things for grown men. But to the initiated and indeed to most of us who have had the good fortune to examine a collection of models produced by an expert they are objects of great fascination and considerable beauty, not to mention being tangible emblems of glorious traditions.

For many years models were produced in lead or base metals, often in rather crude form and in rough and historically inaccurate colours. In the past few decades a few specialised British manufacturers have marketed superior models in lead but because of the high cost of dies and the amount of hand work put into them they are expensive; a mounted figure in this class can cost up to £10 unpainted and as much as £30 when painted by a master of the craft. Clearly such pieces are beyond the reach of the average collector although there still seems to be a ready market for them, especially in the United States.

Developments in plastics have led some firms to produce quite excellent models in this medium, principally of antique cars and aircraft, but it was only recently that a French firm, 'Historex', turned its talents to the manufacture of very high grade plastic models of soldiers, mounted and foot. These are quite remarkable works of art. The standard 54 mm model of a mounted Lancer or Hussar for example consists of as many as 40 separate pieces, some measuring no more than 1 mm across. Assembling and painting such a kit is a most challenging and painstaking task but the end product, if successful, is well worth the effort. The lines of the figure, the sense of movement, the detail and the historical accuracy of uniform, accoutrements and colours are achieved in no other plastic figures or indeed in any figures in the same price range — from 13/- to about 30/- complete. Assembled and painted they are indistinguishable



Trooper, 1st Polish Lancer Regiment
of the Guard, 1810

from lead models costing ten times as much.

Detailed drawings and painting instructions accompany each figure and, like any other plastic kit, the actual assembly presents no great problem once one knows where each part fits in. It is the painting which offers the real challenge. One must strive not only for precision and extreme accuracy of details but for colour texture which are appropriate to the material they cover; leather must look like leather, steel like steel and cloth like cloth. Satisfactory results can only be achieved in this, as in all art forms, by constant practice and by a great deal of trial and error. Modern quick drying oil colours can produce very pleasing effects but no less satisfactory results can be achieved in water based paints. Relatively large areas such as a horse, a uniform jacket or a saddle blanket can be mastered quite rapidly but for most modellers it is the face which presents the greatest difficulty. Done properly it can be a miniature masterpiece but

more often than not, until one gets the hang of it, it has a doll like expression, devoid of life and expression. Depending on ones ability with the brush and in the use of colours it can take from three to a dozen models before a reasonably satisfactory result is achieved. Perfection can take years.

At present the 'Historex' kits encompass most of the regiments of the First French Empire armies, including the troops of the splendid Imperial Guard, but it is intended in future to produce figures of all European armies of the 19th century. The British regiments, horse and foot, which are currently available only in the expensive lead models, will open up a vast field of study and could engage the enthusiast for a lifetime. The construction of groups of soldiery, of gun teams and of dioramas are a natural sequence to the production of single figures and the necessary research into details of uniform col-

ouring and accoutrements almost inevitably equips one with an encyclopaedic knowledge of the period concerned. Most modeller magazines contain advertisements for the 'Historex' and other models, together with articles on the hobby, but the classic publication is undoubtedly 'Tradition', a periodical which excels in its colour plates, attention to detail and historical accuracy.

Many a modeller lavishes great care and attention on aircraft and car kits but these have the disadvantages of being dust collectors and of taking up a disproportionate amount of room. The model soldier, especially the mounted figure, does not look out of place in the family china cabinet or display case and one's wife or girl friend is more likely to be captivated by it than by cars or planes. As a rewarding and challenging additional hobby for the long winter evenings, model soldier making in the modern eyle has much to recommend it.

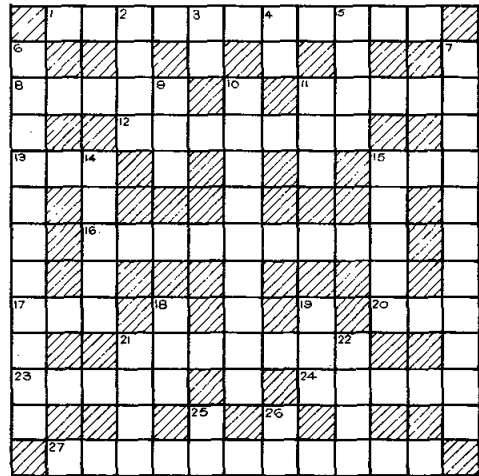
CROSSWORD

Clues Across

- 1 If Pedro had tact and half a lily he would have made an extinct reptile. (11)
- 8 To be way out south. (5)
- 11 Do Frenchmen see the show again? (5)
- 12 The initial cause of losing one's head (7)
- 13 Maria makes it a drink. (3)
- 15 Point (3)
- 16 Celebration fee for the hungry? (5, 4)
- 17 Abbreviated instrument. (3)
- 20 Initial Ministry is French word. (3)
- 21 Tom goes round lion at night. (7)
- 23 Regal musician. (5)
- 24 Sounds as though you could give French beauty a ring. (5)
- 27 Already appointed and quiet rest denied. (11)

Clues Down

- 2 Where the young man should not go.
- 3 25. When this is what the drinks are, you don't pay. (2, 2)
- 4 Shortly before noon. (1, 1)
- 5 **Not now.** (4)
- 6 On West coast in square measure but without a mount. (6, 5)
- 7 Mortal obligation to pay tax. (5, 6)
- 9 Do it again or give up. (3)
- 10 Useful tip. (5, 4)



- 11 Edible but sounds like a rotten one. (3)
- 14 Eve's appeal without an article. (5)
- 15 I think I am red in my sleep. (5)
- 18 Obviously not against. (3)
- 19 Colloquial lie. (3)
- 21 Horse missing from 6. (4)
- 22 Singular age group. (4)
- 25 (See 3).
- 26 Non-alcoholic races? (1, 1)

Solution on page 35

A DIFFERENCE OF CABBAGES

by Leading Technical Apprentice Brunskill.

1. A recent census reveals that men have larger and more prominent elbows than women.
2. The incidence of toenail fractures among baboons has risen by 207% in the last four years.
3. The new release by Weevil Thurlstrom, "Your Love Makes my Teeth Grow", runs for 489 minutes 27 seconds. Is this a record? Well, what do you know?

The contemporary scene —

We couldn't discover any interesting news, so we've made some up:

1. The parade square has been found. It was intercepted by police six miles from Rotherham, disguised as a taxi-rank.
2. There was an RAF police raid yesterday, after a tip-off that the mess was in possession of food, and was allowing it to be consumed on the premises.
3. T. A. Nurdle reported sick last week with severe headache. He was given an aspirin and a piece of sticking-plaster, and told to stick the aspirin above his left eyebrow; his eyebrow is now flourishing.

4. The R.S.P.C.A. is carrying out a systematic destruction of all trays on camp. You are reminded to wear your name-tag. A few useful tips —

1. If moths are your problem, and moth-balls don't seem to work, try hanging a disused beetroot in the wardrobe.
2. And to stop that annoying telephone ringing when you're in the bath, try standing the phone in a bucket of milk for a few hours.
3. Does the elastic in your underpants weaken after a few washes? Don't wash them.
4. Now that summer's here, there will be cases of sunstroke and sunburn again. Don't be caught out, this is what to do:
 - a. cover yourself completely with warm marmalade.
 - b. Put an aniseed ball in each ear.
 - c. Cut off all your hair and dye your left foot green.

Then lie in a darkened room for at least six weeks: remember, prevention is better than cure.

Finally, a very short story —

Daphne Pilchard was an excellent tennis-player and a good cook; but she suffered from an almost insurmountable difficulty; her library ticket had expired. Then a friend suggested she should see her doctor, and ask his advice. Sensibly, Daphne agreed, and told her problem to the doctor the next day; and he was very sympathetic. He at once made out a death certificate for the ticket, extracted three of Daphne's teeth and one of his own, sounded her shins, and, laughing good-naturedly to himself, said he must rush as the milk-man's cart-horse had just given birth to three lambs and a TV set.

The ticket was buried with due ceremony, and Daphne was a changed girl. She joined the Civil Service, and eventually attained the rank of Senior-Under-Assistant to the Pencil-Sharpener-in-Chief.

Moral: When the geese fly South, it's time to change the lampshades.

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THE FAMILIES' OFFICER



A pen-portrait of the Families' Officer is essential for a Families' Supplement. With the guidance of DCIs and assisted by a courteous staff, Flight Lieutenant Gordon Morris presides over the allocation of Locking's quarters and hirings. Born in Dunfermline on 8th August 1940, Flight Lieutenant Morris joined the RAF in February 1960, and after two and a half years' service as an airman, was commissioned in July 1962. Then followed two years as a Flight Commander at Cosford, finding out all about

! His next tour was at Lindholme, as OC Clerical Services Flight, and in 1967 he was posted to Locking.

As might be expected of someone who stands 6' 3" and weighs 14 stones, he is an active member of the Station Rugby Team and for five years represented the RAF at athletics specialising in the 120 yard hurdles. In 1965 he was the Yorkshire champion at this event. His main obsession, however, is motor-racing; as he says "at last, a sport I can do sitting down". Readers may have noticed a yellow TR3A on the Station. This weapon is raced regularly at Castle Combe, but in the early Spring its owner was able to take off enough time to star in the Drama Club's production of "Rape of the Belt", appearing as a large and ferocious Hercules.

There is no better method of understanding the problems of the householders in one's care than becoming a householder oneself; in February of this year, the Families Officer plunged into matrimony, and is now able to complete RAF Form 5653 in his own right.

RAF LOCKING WIVES' CLUB

The Wives' Club continues to flourish and we now have 132 paying members from the wives of Service personnel and civilian employees. Classes of instruction on a wide range of subjects of domestic interest continue to be held, and the Thrift Shop is much used on Thursdays.

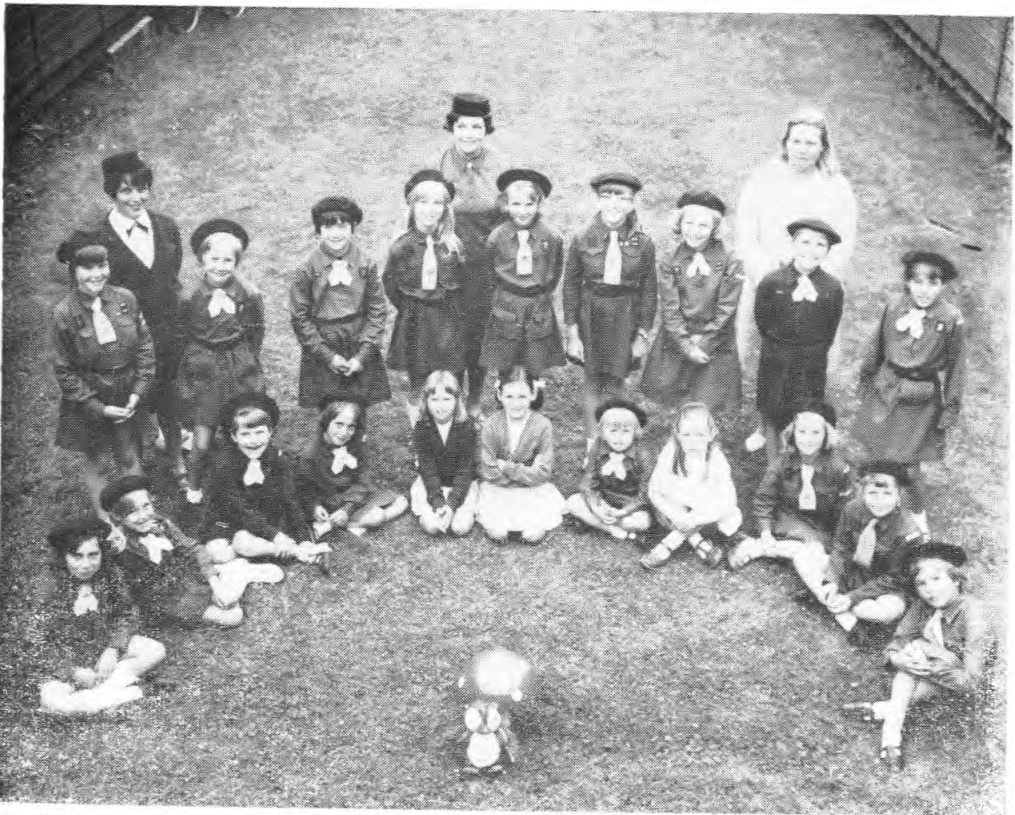
At recent Club Evenings we have had a number of highly informative talks: these were by Wing Commander Alexander who told us about the Joint Services Expedition he led into West Central Australia last year, by a speaker from the Consumers Association on "Wise Spending", by Mrs Sutton on "Local Pottery" and by Miss Dykes who spoke about her duties as a Probation Officer. We also arranged a Club outing to Bristol to see

the show "Hello Dolly." Our next outing, planned for July 22nd, will be to the "Spotted Horse" at Congresbury for a Skittles Evening with a buffet supper.

At the Annual General Meeting on Monday 8th July new members were elected to the Committee which is now constituted as follows:

President:	Mrs Maskell
Chairman:	Mrs Whitford
Treasurer:	Mrs O'Toole
Secretary:	Mrs Gray
Programme Members:	Mrs Brown
	Mrs Chivers
House Member:	Mrs Dixon ...
Thrift Shop:	Mrs Rundle
Supplies:	Mrs Limb
Raffle:	Mrs Dalkin
Introductions:	Mrs Hewitt

LOCKING BROWNIES



The pack is at present run by wives of personnel serving at Locking and provides a social form of educational activity for girls between the ages of 7 and 11. The brownies meet every Thursday evening at the Scout Hut at 1730 hours except during school holidays.

The Brownie's curriculum includes needlework (knitting and sewing), cooking, shoe cleaing, dishwashing, table laying and many other household activities. (All very handy for child and Mum!) Tests are carried out on these and other activities such as compass reading, semaphore, swimming, athletic etc, and badges are awarded to successful candidates.

Other social occasions in which the Brownies take part are concerts, Brownie Revels, church parades, outings etc. In December last, a Nativity Play and Choral concert was given by the Pack, with the co-operation of the Locking Village Pack in the Locking Village Hall, for the entertainment of the OAP's and parents. All costumes etc were made by the Brownies with **some** assistance from Mums and Dads of course, and the event was enjoyed

by all. An outing to a pantomime was enjoyed by the Pack in January and a visit to the Knightstone Theatre came along in March. This was a meeting of all Brownies and Guides of the District where the Mayor made a presentation of the new hand books to all Packs and Companies. Also presented on this occasion was a review of the uniforms from the first to the new uniform of today. June saw two further events in the Brownie calendar, the Annual Church Parade in Weston-super-Mare of the whole District, and at the East District Brownie Revels held in Locking Village, games, sing-songs and open air cooking were the order of the day.

The annual summer outing was made this year to Wookey Hole Caves, with a picnic on the return trip and all enjoyed the whole afternoon. At the time of going to press we are looking forward to a sports meeting between the RAF Locking and Locking Village Packs on 10th July. Some hard practice has been put in by the Brownies and it is hoped this event will be a successful and happy occasion.

"There's Nowt as Funny as Folk"

by Rev. R. Raymond Brown, B.A., B.D.

I have always believed that the concern of the Christian Church is people, and that the breadth of that concern covers the whole of their lives. Since humour plays a large part in all our living, it has therefore seemed to me that Christians who cannot laugh at themselves are missing out on something very important. In fact, once you begin to look for the humorous side of Church life, you find an ample store of anecdotes.

My own interest in this was first aroused when as a very young Sunday School teacher, I asked a class of children to draw for me a representation of the Flight of the Holy Family into Egypt. One boy produced a very accurate cross-section drawing of an airliner, whose passengers were obviously Joseph and Mary and the Baby Jesus. When I asked who the person up front was, the boy replied, with that look reserved for dim-witted adults, "That's Pontius, the Pilot, of course."

Children are a constant source of humour in the Church. There was our own child who asked one day for her daddy, and my wife answered casually, "Oh, he's over at the church marrying somebody" After a thoughtful pause, she asked "Who's going to be our Daddy now?" Or there was the little girl who lived in a household where reprimands were rare. Then one summer she spent a few weeks with an Aunt who was very strict. After one very trying day, when she had been scolded several times, she was overheard to say in her evening prayers: "... make all the bad people good, and all the good people easier to live with."

Sunday school anecdotes are endless, but I particularly liked the one about the little boy who was asked by his teacher "Can you tell me what we must do before we are forgiven our sins?" A moments silence, then came the childish voice, hopefully: "Sin?" This reminded me of our college tutor who once remarked to some rather pompous students, "Brethren, before you can condemn sin, you have to have more than a nodding acquaintance with it."

Even the most solemn occasions often have humour injected. All through life a violent tempered woman had hen-pecked her husband, quarrelled with her neigh-

bours, and generally made life miserable by her sharp tongue. Now the Parson was conducting her funeral service. He had just started to speak when, out of the dark sky flashed a fiery bolt of lightning and a deafening roar of thunder. One mourner nudged another and was heard to say, "Well, I see she got there alright."

As in most communities there are the humorous mis-prints in Notices. A well-known one is the announcement in church one Sunday which said that the Preacher for the following Sunday would be found hanging behind the Vestry door! Or the church bulletin which announced that there would be a church outing next Thursday afternoon, but if it rains in the afternoon, the outing would be held in the morning.

Parsons themselves are, of course, a well-known target for humour, some of it, I must say, rather cruel, and based on an outworn image of the parsonic type. I do remember one good lady who was quite unconsciously cruel, when after a service she came and said "That was a very fine sermon. In fact it was so good, it ought to be published in a book" Trying to be properly modest, I replied "Oh, I don't know. I'm sure it was not all that good. Perhaps it will be published posthumously, like most sermons are." "That would be wonderful, she said. "I hope to get to read them very soon."

Brought up a Methodist, I have had some experience of open-air preaching, and such meetings produce some of the funniest incidents because they are the most spontaneous. Lord Soper tells how once he was on Tower Hill, talking about the commandment that we should love our neighbour with all our heart, when some cynic in the crowd, trotting out some fifth rate materialist doctrine quipped "How can I love my neighbour with all my heart? My heart is just a pump!" Soper however, was not lost for a reply. "Well", he said, "you just try going to your girl friends and saying to her 'Darling will you be mine? I love you with all my pump!'"

Even Lord Soper was lost for words on one occasion, however. It happened when he had assured one critic in the crowd that he was **not** mad, and another

man said: "Prove it." "Don't be silly" said Soper. How can I prove such a thing? you prove you are not mad." Quick as a flash, the man produced a card from his pocket and handed it to Lord Soper. It was a discharge certificate from a Mental Hospital!

Finally, a slightly longer story, and one which is no doubt apocryphal, but at least it reminds us that perhaps all churchgoers are not so familiar with the Bible as we Padres would like to think. It is said that a Padre went into one of his Sunday School classes one day and asked one boy "Who broke down the walls of Jericho?" "Not me, sir", piped the youngster.

The Padre turned to the teacher and asked whether this was the usual behaviour in the class. The teacher answered, "This boy is honest and I believe him. I really don't think he did it."

Distressed, the Padre sought out the Sunday School Superintendent. His only

answer this time was, "Well, I've known both teacher and boy for years and neither would do such a thing." Finally, the Padre reported it to the Leaders of the Church, and he was obviously very upset. Finally, one of the members said "I can see no point in being disturbed. Let's just get the wall repaired, pay for it and charge it to upkeep."

Having once put pen to paper on this subject, one finds an inexhaustible supply of church-related anecdotes. But this must suffice for now. There may be some readers feeling very critical about the whole project, with the attitude that it is no part of the Padres' task merely to entertain, which is what I have tried, however inadequately, to do in this article. There is a common misconception that anything the Padre says must have a moral to it. Well, if you must, perhaps there is one here. It is best expressed in John Wesley's maxim, "Sour godliness is the devil's religion."

FAMILY COOKING

The following recipes are offered as suggestions for housewives. Further suggestions and any correspondence on this topic will be welcomed.

Fish Balls

Ingredients:

$\frac{3}{4}$ lb hake

1 onion

1 egg

1 cup of soaked bread

1 carrot

Parsley or celery leaf

Salt, oxa, almonds

Soak bread under a cold tap and squeeze out the water immediately. Then mash or mince the fish. Add onion, egg, bread, 1 teaspoonful of grated onion, a few chopped, blanched almonds and a little salt. Mix well, and for minto dumplings. Then boil the remaining onions, carrots and parsley or celery leaf, oxa and a little salt in about $\frac{3}{4}$ pint water. After about 5 minutes add fish dumplings and a few blanched whole almonds. Boil for 20-30 minutes depending on size of dumplings. Serve hot or cold.

Fried Fish with Salad

Ingredients:

White fish

Slightly beaten egg

Flour, salt

Bread crumbs

Fat for frying

Cut any white fish into portions or fillets. Salt lightly. Dip each first into flour, then egg, then coat well with bread-crumbs. Fry gently in shallow fat. Serve hot or cold with the following salad.

Hot Potato Salad

Ingredients:

$1\frac{1}{2}$ -2 lb new potatoes

Small jar salad cream

1 tablespoon vinegar

1 tablespoon water

1 tablespoon sugar

Salt, parsley or chives

Prepare dressing by mixing salad cream, vinegar, water, sugar, salt. Scrape new potatoes and cut into small pieces. Boil until just cooked. Drain and mix well with dressing. Sprinkle with chopped parsley or chives and serve while still hot.

Ann Chivers

Family Finance: Insurance

by **A. S. E. Trayford**
 General secretary of the Association of
 Insurance Brokers.

Soon after the collapse of the Fire, Auto and Marine Insurance Company Ltd the British Insurance Association issued a Press statement in which it sought to give guidance on the choice of a Motor Insurer. After referring to the prime importance of the insurance company chosen, the statement included the following:

"Remember particularly to check the name of your insurer when you buy cover through an intermediary—a broker or an agent. They are not your insurers—they place your business with the insurer.

"If you deal with a broker, you also have to consider his standing since anyone can set himself up as a broker or agent without any proof of insurance knowledge.

"Members of the Corporation of Insurance Brokers and of the Association of Insurance Brokers, of course, all conform to standards of conduct laid down by these associations."

Sound advice

The above represents extremely sound advice and all too few people realise the situation regarding the placing of insurance and the role of the insurance broker.

When people are ill they see a doctor. When they have tax worries they see an accountant. When they are in trouble they consult a solicitor.

But when they want to take out any form of insurance, what do they do? Far too many fail to appreciate that it is equally as important to see a professional adviser as it is in the other instances quoted.

There seems to be a fairly widespread ignorance as to what exactly an insurance broker is and what he does. Are his fees costly? Is he tied to one insurance company?

Middleman

An insurance broker is a full-time professional intermediary skilled in insurance matters. He is really a middleman. Through him his clients are linked with insurance companies.

Far from being tied to one insurance company, the broker has the whole insurance market to choose from.

That, in fact, is his main weapon. It is his job to have the insurance market at his finger-tips so that he can advise any client regarding any type of insurance which interests him.

The broker can suggest the most suitable insurance company for the particular policy his client requires.

Engaging an accountant or a solicitor involves a fee—sometimes a pretty steep one.

Yet an insurance broker's services are free to his clients. He receives brokerage or commission from the insurance companies with whom he places business.

Premiums

You may think that if you deal through a broker your premium will be dearer than if you go direct to an insurance company.

The answer is that it won't. Exactly the same premium will be charged.

In fact you get the broker's advice absolutely gratis. Indeed as a result of taking the broker's advice you may well enjoy a lower premium with better cover than would otherwise be the case.

Perhaps too much emphasis falls on this matter of premium when an insurance proposition is being considered by a layman.

What should receive the greatest consideration is the cover or protection being given by the company for the premium be-
 paid.

Experience

Ridiculously low car premiums can be seen quoted in advertisements but how often are the exclusions and special cover restrictions ever mentioned at the same time?

This is where the broker's experience and know-how enter the picture.

Any broker worth his salt will see to it that his client is protected as fully as possible at the most competitive premium.

sible at the most competitive premium, but what use is it to save a couple of pounds in premium only to find when you have your first accident that you're not covered for it?

Also, too many people who, although consulting a broker, ask him to find the lowest premium for them.

If you consult a broker listen to his advice and be guided by it.

Broker's duties

A broker's duties don't end once he has fixed up your cover. He is, of course, available for advice at any time but perhaps his services are most appreciated when a claim arises.

You can shelve it all on to your broker—dealing with this sort of thing and all the forms involved, etc, is all in a day's work for him and because of his specialised knowledge he can often preserve your precious "no claim" bonus for you too!

The "dabbler" in insurance does it as a side-line to his main business such as the garage man who is really interested in selling cars and arranging the insurance is only incidental to that.

An insurance broker is a specialist, a professional man who lives by and deals only in insurance matters and is competent to advise you on any kind of insurance risk.

Your house . . . Its contents . . . Your shop or business . . . Your life or that of your wife . . . or your children . . . Provision for old age or retirement . . . Death duties . . . Your children's education and indeed all the one hundred and one matters which fall to be dealt with by the average responsible citizen.

Service

On all these matters an insurance broker can advise the best way in which to deal with them according to your own special circumstances.

Remember his is a PERSONAL SERVICE, his advice will be tailored to suit your own special circumstances and needs.

He will tell you the best kind of insurance cover to take up and the best companies to deal with for particular classes of business and, of course, the best premiums which can be obtained.

The ultimate result being proper cover in each case on the most favourable terms.

In America, insurance is highly organised. All insurance brokers who practice there have to be qualified and licensed.

In this country the position is different. There is nothing to prevent you or anybody else from putting up a plate on the door—"Insurance Broker."

Official bodies

However, two official bodies do exist—the Corporation of Insurance Brokers and the Association of Insurance Brokers.

Only brokers of repute and standing may join these professional bodies.

This does not imply that a broker who is not a member of either is in any way suspect but, by dealing with an accredited broker you may be reasonably confident that you will get a first-class service, as membership is not granted lightly and members will have to prove their worth before admission.

Members of the Association of Insurance Brokers have to satisfy the Membership Board that they are competent, knowledgeable and trained and of "good standing."

Recognition

Annually they have to satisfy the association that they are solvent and that they are solvent and that they and their staffs are covered by Professional Indemnity Insurance similar to that carried by other professional men.

A member of the Association of Insurance Brokers can be recognised by his designatory letters FAIB in the case of Fellows and AAIIB in the case of Associates and also the use of the descriptive style "Associated Insurance Broker".

An approved firm will use the plural style "Associated Insurance Brokers."

Reprinted from the "West Lanashire Evening Gazette," Tuesday, September 27, 1966.

The editor will be happy to receive any suggestions or contributions which will improve the content of the Families' Supplement.

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ADMINISTRATIVE WING NOTES

Vente Et Valet

Our most recent arrival is FS Woodward who arrives to take over from FS Jeffery as NCO IC Pay Accounts, the latter having gone to RAF Henlow on promotion to Warrant Officer. FS Woodward has been stationed at RAPO, No 2 Division, for the last eight months, and prior to that was in Aden.

Two other Flt Sergeants have also recently arrived. FS McTeague comes from HQ 38 Group, RAF Odiham, where he was NCO IC P3 and takes the same job here at Locking. FS Dreher is the other newcomer, and takes over as NCO IC Station Police, having just returned from No 12 Police District, RAF Bruggen.

On the Warrant Officer front we have had the move of WO ROSS from P3 to OC Clerical Services Flight, this is because Flight Officer Sanger-Davies is leaving the Service after 23 years, of which eleven have been spent at RAF Locking. She retires to live at Clevedon and we hope she will be happy in her retirement. The other Warrant Officer posting was that of WO Goodhand to the Catering Flight. Mr Goodhand arrives from RAF Nordhorn where he was Catering Officer. He is a well-known chef and no doubt the "customers" of the Airmen's Mess will be interested to know that as a Flight Sergeant he helped to win the "Joliffe Trophy" — awarded to the station providing the best food in the United Kingdom — on two occasions whilst at RAF Bicester, some six years ago. As Catering Officer at RAF Nordhorn he won the catering trophy for RAF Germany 1968.

The Station Medical Centre has also seen a change in the junior medical officer, Flt Lt B.E. Kirkland left us to go to RAAF Station Butterworth; we can only hope that they will appreciate his "Geordie" songs and sense of humour! He has been replaced by Flt Lt M. Ward who has just joined the Royal Air Force having been the resident medical officer at King Edward VII Hospital for Officers. He has already made his mark in the

sporting scene, of which more later.

The Education Flight has lost Flt Lt R. King, who has been posted to RAF Lindholme — had he not been posted at least the writer would have been happier, in that he would not have had to "dig up" material and put it to paper.

We started with the Accounts Flight so we finish with them. Flt Lt R. Lance has left us to be the Accountant Officer at RAF Sharjah. We cannot help but feel that posting this fellow to a Radio School was a mistake, as his knowledge of radios, transistors etc. was quite phenomenal — for a Secretarial Officer! It has been said that he could well have filled an instructor post at the school, he certainly had a vast knowledge in the electronics world! He was also a keen model railway enthusiast and it was his opinion that, "History did not start until the formation of the Great Western Railway". He has been relieved by Flt Lt B. Canniford who moves close to his own home area of Devon. He came from RAF Turnhouse, Edinburgh, where he was OC PSS, via the Ministry of Defence where he worked in the Directorate of Personnel Services (2).

Lastly we wish WO O'Neill (Supply Flight) a speedy recovery; he has been in hospital for some time and we trust that it will not be long before we see him at his desk.

CROSSWORD

SOLUTION

1 Pterodact

Across

- 8 Exist
- 11 Revue
- 12 Treason
- 13 Tia
- 15 Dot
- 16 Party Fare
- 17 Uke
- 20 M.O.T.
- 21 Moonlit
- 23 Elgar
- 24 Belle
- 27 Predestined

Down

- 2 East
- 3 25 On Me
- 4 A.M.
- 5 Then
- 7 Death Duties
- 9 Try
- 10 Handy Hint
- 11 Roe
- 14 Apple
- 15 Dream
- 18 For
- 19 Fib
- 21 Mare
- 22 Teen
- 25 (See 3)
- 26 TT

BASIC STUDIES WING NOTES

Of course, the whole tone of the place has changed and 3T is not what it was. Gone are the days of the comfortable academic fug which used to characterise us "Ah, my boy, to translate words is one thing," and here much stabbing of pipe stems into lapels, (prod, prod,) "to translate motives is much more well, it's the charisma of the thing" The comfortable benevolence of Oxbridge which used mildly to depress visitors and drive them away has given way to a technocratic renaissance. Cos Theta squared, Doppler, Hertz and klystron have pushed us into a non-plussed corner.

Are all very welcome and we need their coffee swindle money. But small rebellions in the name of Culture do occur and Flight Lieutenant Kearns makes stalwart forays to the experimental theatre in Exeter. Apprentices who shuffle at the name of Dylan Thomas, Hemingway, et al, now boast a familiarity which must make the DT's and H's spin. We are all thus infected.

To begin at the beginning.

It is summer, moonless night at Locking, starless and bible-black, the hangars silent and the hunched offices lying invisible in the sloe-black slow, black, crow-black blocks. 3T is as blind as moles (though moles see fine tonight in the snouting, velvet dingles.) And all the people of the hilled and dumfound station are sleeping now.

Hush; the babies are sleeping, the apprentice, the tradesmen, the pensioners, fire picquet, postman, batman, course leader, drunkard, policeman and the tidy wives.

Listen. It is dawn moving in the guardroom.

Listen. It is dawn in the chill squat water tower.

Listen. It is dawn dumbly, royally winding through the graveyard of the salvage dump.

Come closer now,

The Courses laugh high and loud in their sleep and curl up their lips as they see their pink-eyed instructors, all rabbit

catchers, barbers, herbalists, cat doctors, palms up over the edge of the patchwork quilts, black boots neat and tidy in the wash basin, SD caps on a rail above the bed, a milk stout and a slice of cold bread pudding under the pillow.

Reveille, a hurrying pushing in shirt tails, buttoning of tunics, ping goes a button, no time for breakfast, nothing for breakfast, nothing for breakfast, there's cook for you.

Gobble, quack and cackle, tom tit twitter and braying from room 105. It is lecture time now. Noses are picked, hair is scratched, yawns are chewed, blind minds stray to thoughts of coffee and in the Naafi enclosure a dark and sizzling damp tea-coated misty pigmy bar, the spitting-cat machines throb and hop on cold concrete. The bed-ragled apprentice slide to the sixpenny slots clamouring for the lickerish bog-black brew.

(All good stuff this. Infinitely preferable to cos theta, a most ubiquitous and perky fellow to be found on nearly all blackboards. He would insist on preachment straight. Try this.)

Flight Lieutenant Allen with rolling gait to match has joined us, with one eye firmly fixed on mathematics and the other straying to the horizons of deep-sea sailing. We welcome also Flying Officer Sanderson, an entrepreneur of car salesmanship. He abandoned secondary school teaching in civilian life, for secondary school teaching.

Against this however we have lost Squadron Leader Forrest who has deserted us for the MU Stafford. Flight Lieutenant Dimmer leads his posse to Germany to take up a GES appointment and Flying Officer Pawley drives his convoy of four cars to Coltishall. This motorcade is allegedly swelling — Flight Lieutenant Robertson rubs his hands.

Mr. Mervyn Sims who has been absent for a long time has recovered from a serious illness. We look forward to re-establishing him in our swindle where he has some fearful arrears to greet his return.

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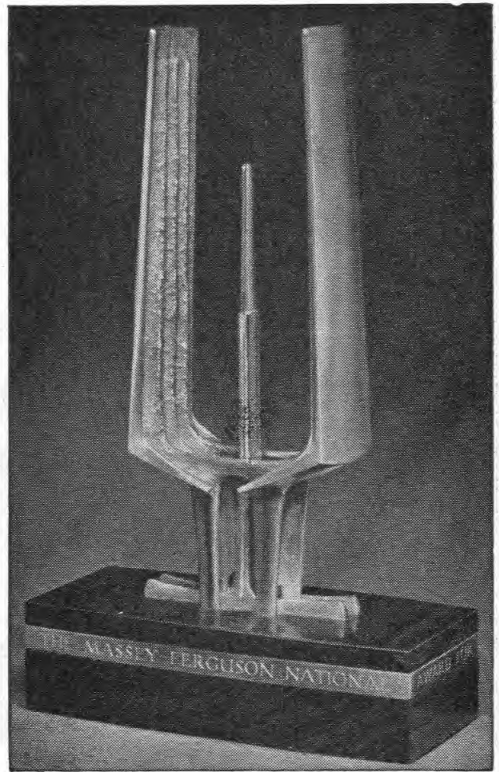
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 <p>NOVAL LB THE PORT matured in the wood</p>	<p><i>These and all other famous drinks are obtainable through N.A.A.F.I.</i></p>	 <p><i>Lanson</i> BLACK LABEL CHAMPAGNE</p>
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Flight Lieutenant Donaghy departs to hawk his paintings in Cyprus having left a viable Art Club and a host of mementoes round sundry bankrupt married quarters.

Ave atque Vale.

Time passes. Listen.

3T seals its offices, dismisses its key orderly and sits erect as a dream on a log, saying its tasks. "We must preach our lessons in order, we must take our handouts from the drawer marked handouts."

Evening eyes search the lust and lilt and lather of the telly. The sunny slow

lulling evening yawns and moons through the star trap of 3T. The apprentice laps and idles with precis sleeping on his knees while dusk clouds sap and pillow. Locking village is a hill of lights in windows calling back the day and yesterday's courses which have run away forever. All over the beckoning dark people are settling to sleep. The thin night darkens. A breeze from the rising moon sighs the pipe band towards its dream rocked quiet. It is silent now.

Locking is asleep.

TRADE TRAINING WING NOTES

Trade Training Wing was formed by the amalgamation of Nos 2 and 3 Wings under the command of Wing Commander B. H. Goodger. The adjutant of No 3 Wing was posted on promotion to RAPO. The adjutant of No 2 Wing then filled both posts and caused consternation to the remainder of the Station by being in two places at the same time.

The amalgamation saved manpower. We lost a couple of wing commanders. One went to the Royal Air Force College while the other went to the labyrinthine ways of MOD. Warrant Officer C. J. Girlow is still here and awaiting disposal.

The idea of the new set up is that pure and applied administration will be the sole responsibility of those on the hill. However, Warrant Officer D. L. Lynn is quite emphatic that he is technically a technical warrant officer, and will handle nothing which is not scientific. As soon as he receives a piece of paper, he searches for the three final letters of the reference. If these are not "TRG" the piece of paper is RTS with a request that it be properly directed.

Corporal Mends left us for the North country in preparation for his civilian occupation as mine host. Liz Wheller felt lost without him and was getting quite desperate. Eventually her problems were overcome by the arrival of Flight

Sergeant Murphy from overseas, and the bump flows freely again.

Flight Lieutenant G. V. Watkinson has gone back to the Royal Air Force with its aircraft. Flight Lieutenant G.E.P. Raggett has taken over the reins in his place. Flight Lieutenant G.A. Fowler has left us for a protracted continental holiday and at the time of writing there is no sign of anyone to take his place. No wonder his flight commander is looking rather less covered on top in comparison with earlier days at this Station.

Mrs Cockle has joined us from Station Headquarters and wields authority over the pool. Madame Lisbon, our resident clairvoyant, will be pleased to give consultations during her tea breaks.

Apart from Mrs Cockle and Madame Lisbon, the pool also has Mrs Flood, Bev Allsop and the stalwart Jill. This gang are specialists in deciphering the hieroglyphics of the British Universities. They would much prefer that the short-hand systems employed by these bodies were brought into line with the commercial systems as this would then make a great saving in man and women hours.

We have lost the services of Flight Sergeants Halliday, Follitt and Hadley who have gone to other fields. We still have Sergeants Kelly and Kerr, to ensure that we comply with the drill manual.



PASSING OUT CEREMONIES

of the 108th Technician and the 206th Craft Apprentices Entries

10th April 1968

Reviewing Officer:

Air Vice-Marshal J. K. ROTHERHAM, CB, CBE, BA, DIC, C.Eng, FRAeS

Director General of Engineering

PARADE STATE

PASSING OUT ENTRIES

Parade Commander

Parade Adjutant

Parade Warrant Officer

Squadron Commander

Flight Commander No 1 Flight

Flight Commander No 2 Flight

SUPPORTING SQUADRONS

Supporting Squadrons Commander

No 1 Squadron

Squadron Commander

Flight Commander No 1 Flight

Flight Commander No 2 Flight

No 2 Squadron

Squadron Commander

Flight Commander No 1 Flight

Flight Commander No 2 Flight

— FS App R. J. Sharp

— Sgt App M. J. Shadwell

— Sgt App P. Hobday

— Sgt App R. Brown

— Sgt App J. A. Fozard

— Sgt App D. Lythgoe

— Sgt App J. E. Parker

— Sgt App T. W. B. Rounds

— Sgt App S. I. Mellor

— Sgt App B. G. Bate

— Sgt App J. Shaw

— Cpl App R. E. Farragher

— Cpl App A. G. Brown



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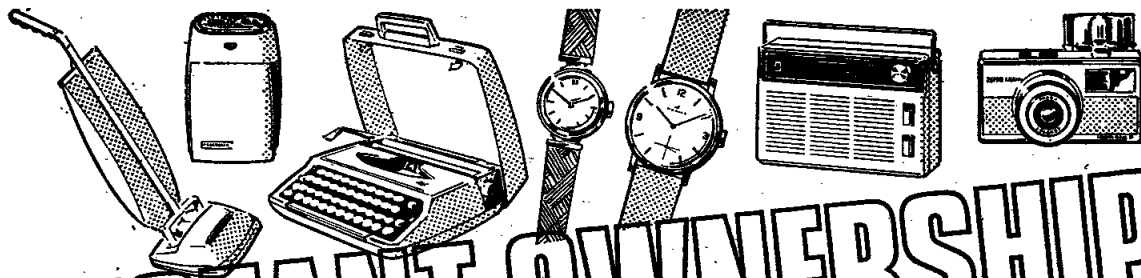
Q. What do servicemen require ?

A. Servicemen require uniforms, toughness, leave, adventurousness, promotion, smartness, lanyards, alertness, camouflage, wiliness, weapons, readiness, training, preparedness, morale, camaraderie, fitness, togetherness, wives, sweethearts, reasonableness, rewardingness, twain-never-meetingness, careers, bars and goodness and

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PRIZEWINNERS — 108TH ENTRY

- | | | |
|--|---|-----------------------------|
| Lord Trenchard Memorial Prize | — | FS App R. J. Sharp |
| Royal Aeronautical Society Prize | — | Cpl Ap H. G. Britten-Austin |
| Institute of Electronic and Radio Engineers' Prize | — | Ldg App A. R. Turner |
| Royal Air Force Prizes for: | | |
| Highest Aggregate all subjects | — | Cpl Ap H. G. Britten-Austin |
| Highest Aggregate Technical Subjects | — | Cpl Ap H. G. Britten-Austin |
| Highest Aggregate Educational Subjects | — | Cpl Ap H. G. Britten-Austin |
| General Service Efficiency | — | FS App R. J. Sharp |
| Workshop Proficiency | — | Sgt App M. Shadwell |
| English and General Studies Prize | — | Ldg App P. G. Humphrey |
| Beamish Stick as Parade Commander | — | FS App R. J. Sharp |
| Victor Ludorum Trophy | — | Ldg App D. Webster |
| Philip Sassoon Flying Award | — | App T. I. Jones |
| Best Set Task | — | Cpl App P. J. Turner |

WING COLOURS — 108TH ENTRY

The following apprentices of the 108th Entry have been awarded Wing Colours in the Sports shown:

BASKETBALL

App Webb, R. J.

TETRATHLON

Ldg App Webster, D.

Sgt App Brown, R.

RUGBY

Cpl App Halliday, D. G.

App Webb, R. J.

BOXING

Sgt App Brown, R.

WATER-POLO

App Kerr, P. D.

App Hunt, H.

Sgt App Hobday, P.

FS App Sharp, R. J.

ATHLETICS

Ldg App Tucker, D. R.

Ldg App Webster, D.

Cpl App Halliday, D. G.

ROADWALKING

Ldg App Tucker, D. R.

.22 SHOOTING

Ldg App Swann, R. A.

FENCING

Ldg App Tucker, D. R.

Ldg App Webster, D.

BADMINTON

App Lockey, M. G.

App Scott, D.

.303 SHOOTING

Ldg App Turner, A. R.

HOCKEY

Sgt App Hobday, P.

Ldg App Humphrey, P. G.

Ldg App Fox, R.

App Kerr, P. D.

Ldg App Webster, D.

App Hodgson, A. J.

CROSS COUNTRY

Ldg App Tucker, D. R.

Cpl App Halliday, D. G.

SWIMMING

FS App Sharp, R. J.

Sgt App Hobday, P.

CANOEING

Sgt App Shadwell, M. J.

PRIZEWINNERS — 206TH ENTRY

- | | | |
|--|---|----------------------|
| Lord Trenchard Memorial Prize | — | App D. G. Welstead |
| Royal Air Force Prizes for: | | |
| Highest Aggregate All Subjects | — | Ldg App J. B. Green |
| Highest Marks Technical Subjects | | |
| Ground Communications | — | App P. K. McGinty |
| Highest Marks Technical Subjects | | |
| Ground Radar | — | Ldg App J. B. Green |
| Highest Aggregate Educational Subjects | — | Sgt App D. Lythgoe |
| General Service Efficiency | — | Cpl App J. M. Murray |
| Workshop Proficiency | — | App E. W. Stephens |
| Liberal Studies | — | App B. M. W. Lewis |
| | — | App D. Kay |
| Victor Ludorum Trophy | — | Ldg App W. Mellors |

WING COLOURS — 206TH ENTRY

The following apprentices of the 206th Entry have been awarded Wing Colours in the Sports shown:

.22 SHOOTING

App Powell, A. P.

SWIMMING

Ldg App Green, J. B.

GLIDING

App Stevens, E. W.

BOXING

App John, R. D.

App Roddam, G. W.

App Roddam, G. W.

App Abreu, D. F.

SOCCER

App Roddam, G. W.

BADMINTON

Cpl App Torrance, J.

CROSS COUNTRY

App Hodgson, P.

WATER-POLO

Ldg App Green, J. B.

ATHLETICS

App Abreu, D. F.

Ldg App Mellors, W.

App Hodgson, P.

FENCING

App Nightingale R. J.

RUGBY

Ldg App Mellors, W.

Ldg App Ashely, M. D.

108th and 206th Marathon Basketball Match

April 10th saw the departure of the 108th and 206th entries of apprentices from RAF Locking. Continuing the tradition set by previous entries, we decided to stage some event or project to raise money for a local charity. The organisation chosen was the Abbeyfield Society which provides excellent supervised accommodation for elderly people in the local area. Our choice was prompted by the desire to contribute towards a tangible reminder of our stay in Weston and to offer our thanks to the people of Weston for their tolerance and hospitality during our stay.

Many fund raising schemes were considered, the final choice being a ten hour **marathon basketball competition** between the two entries. Basketball was chosen principally because its points scoring system was easily adapted to calculating the amount to be tapped from each sponsor's pocket. The sponsors, fifty-two in all, were cajoled, blackmailed or deceived into guaranteeing 2d. for each point scored by one of the teams, or an individual player, in a given time.

The game was played in the old gymnasium on 4th April by two teams of twenty-five. A rota system provided for the substitution of one member of each team every five minutes. This resulted in each player doing a stint of twenty-five minutes at a time. The first jump ball was thrown up by Sqn Ldr Clements at 0830 hrs and from that time the game continued non-stop until 1830 hrs. Despite the inexperience of most of the players the play remained relatively fast and foul-free, right up to the final whistle.

During the morning it became obvious that the figures of twenty-five baskets scored per hour, upon which our calculations had been based, was wholly pessimistic, and so to preserve the bank balances of our sponsors the charge was reduced to 1d. per point. The final score was 882 points by the 108th to 750 points by the 206th, a total of 1,632 points which realised a sum of £33. 8s. 10d.

We would like to thank all of the sponsors who, despite our sweat and tears on the basketball court, provided the hard cash which constitutes our gift to the people of Weston.



109th (SENIOR ENTRY) NOTES

We're reaching the end of our time now, and our finals approach fast - a thought we view with violent neutrality. At this point, the thought occurs that the only alternative to congratulating ourselves on our wonderful achievements is to indulge in ecstatic self-denigration; but this would not only be misleading, it also wouldn't achieve anything. (Actually the last sentence is a deliberate ploy to work in "self-denigration", which seems to be a very fashionable cliché just now).

The camp has changed, externally, and in terms of administration, while we've been here, and no doubt it will continue to do so. In the dim and distant future, some of us will presumably be riding about in the backs of big black cars saying, "It was never this easy when I was an apprentice." And one day, we'll all get a chance to ride in the back of a big black limousine. Unfortunately, we won't know anything about it.

111th ENTRY NOTES

Well, it hardly seems a few months since the words "You'll be getting paid two-bob (or tenpence) less this week" rang out on parade, articulated by a DI with a sadistic smile. This heralded the arrival of the "Locking Review", with its articles on sport and shooting, Entry Notes and shooting, cartoons and shooting.

During those few months we've all been working hard at tech. When we've been sufficiently wide awake to use all our faculties. We've also been on our summer camp, part of it on Dartmoor, but some members were of the opinion that they would have been better off spending that part in Dartmoor. The base camp itself was in a most picturesque part of Exmoor with a pub conveniently close by. The food was reasonably good, but at this point of the article we break off to issue a plea to the person working for MOD with the rubber stamp stating "Celery Soup". Please lose it!

When you read this article we will have finished our ONC exams and with drawn breath will be awaiting the results along with RAF Locking and perhaps the Ministry of Social Security ("them what issues de dole"), so here's hoping.

PS. Road users. What's green, driven by a Scotsman and rolls?

112th ENTRY NOTES

Now that we are in our fourth term and have graduated to Merit Pay we find that we are losing another of our diminishing number. Originally we were 21, now we are down to only 15. At this point it was noticed that there are 4% of our Entry in the Band.

Recently we entertained three Apprentices from France, and although neither spoke very much of the other's language we all got along well together.

Mick Evans has now been selected for the RAF Judo Team, and is currently fighting well against good opposition.

In the recent Ten Tors walk we had five medal winners, Chanter in the Junior walk, and Bolton, Broady, Jones and Raë in the Senior.

113th ENTRY

The immaculate 113th have scored again. Thanks to the excellent performance which was put up by the entry for the A.O.C.'s F.K.I. and block inspection, the wing was saved from a great deal of further 'bull'. Spirit was required and spirit is what we now have as is shown by the motto on our latest masterpiece - The Entry Badge.

114th ENTRY

Being only a small entry (15) the 114 may not have quite taken RAF Locking by storm, but we think, and hope, that by now we have at least established that what we lack in numbers we make up for in quality.

We think that, but for a few skirmishes with a well known (and well loved) Apprentice NCOs, we have settled down with comparatively little trouble. In fact I am sure that N4 has not seen a finer Entry pass through its illustrious archways since the opening of the No 1 Radio School.

On the sporting scene we have several lads who have proved themselves to be good enough to represent the Wing. In Athletics, Moseley, Carter, Barker and Brown have all done extremely well, and Brown has also represented the Wing at Soccer. Last but by no means least (in any sense of the word) Hugh (Huge) Kemp has been doing some very effective .303 shooting.

207TH ENTRY

(N.B. To get the full effect of these censored notes, they are to be read while "under the influence", and when listening to "Land of Hope and Glory").

In these notes we must say goodbye to Locking and we realize what this means to everybody here and we ask you not to cry too much even though you are suffering such a great loss.

In past entry notes many of you have read of sportsmen in our entry, but there

are others who are just faces to you. We now present the lads:

"Dim Jim" Alexander
 "Chin" Abbott
 "Ram Jam" Bramley
 "Mitch" Collins
 "Fat Jack" Charlton
 "Ears Crane
 "Cyril" Garside
 "Hump" Hartley
 "Jonah" Jones
 "Spas" Johnston
 "Anno Domini" Law
 "Ishmail" Lancelley
 "Trogg" Lewis
 "Merrylegs" McAuley
 "Road Hog" Martin
 "Punchy" Murphy
 "Jerry" O'Mahoney
 'Friar' Tuck
 'Tatty' Tatters

208th ENTRY

Yet again we put pen to paper in an attempt to meet the deadline we narrowly missed last term. They could have used the space for an advertisement, still, we hold no grievances, for we have only one more commitment for Entry Notes after this, and then the huge iron door will be opened and we will walk out, leaving behind us the land of "Still checks" and "Dawn Patrols".

We are now allowed cars on camp and the car-park is littered with various dubious contraptions from a bubble-car to a huge London taxi, but then Apprentice Wing HQ car-park looks no better, with its Super-Snipe, Toyota Crown, Renault 4L and Fiat.

Every Entry must boast about its sporting achievements. If everyone was as good as they are made out to be, the RAF would dominate the Olympics.

Back at Camp, "A" and "C" flights have been battling it out, and the final sports result depends upon the D.I.'s, with the largest buffalo competition. Although all entrants are good the scales lightly favour "C" Flight.

209th ENTRY

Since the last edition and on reaching our 4th term the 209th numbers have not changed. We are now allowed cars, of which we have one. This does an excellent service around Somerset.

On returning from last leave we embarked on Summer Camp, which on the whole was a success despite numerous blisters and sunburn.

On the sporting side, we have Baker and Blackburn. Baker was prominent in the interschools athletics recently in winning the Shot-Put with a record breaking throw. Blackburn has represented the Wing in swimming and athletics.

We find ourselves coming up to the end of our first year at Locking and we all hope that our next year will pass just as quickly.

210th ENTRY

The fifty-seven lads of the entry, we are sorry to say, are gradually being whittled down, after the loss of Bain, to whom we wish every success in his new role of PTI, and Gooda, who we hope gets on well in "Civvy Street" after his discharge from the Air Force.

This term marks the beginning of the cricket season and our entry is doing its best in that sphere of the camp activities. Whether this has something to do with our Flight Commander being OIC Cricket we leave you to draw your own conclusions.

The entry also offers its regards to Boswell, who has been incapacitated for a month or so and has now rejoined the entry.

When it comes down to our technical abilities, we must admit that we are not the most brilliant entry on the wing. Headquarters. We are trying, although this is doubted by App Wing.

As the entry notes draw to a close, we would like to take this opportunity to thank the main backbone of the junior .303 shooting team. We feel that Mulvey Johnson, Mannel, Hubbard and Lawrence all did a great job in coming second in their first match.

We also wish the 207th entry the best in their future careers in the RAF after passing out of Locking.

211th ENTRY

The 211th Entry, which will have been here for six months by the time this magazine is published, has made its mark in one way or another.

We have unveiled our capabilities in the field of sport. We have Dale, Foster, Batterbee, Goodall, Horn and Palfrey who have all appeared or have regular places in the Wing cricket team. We also have a number of athletes who have participated in events for the Wing.

On the technical side we seem to be coping, although our successes are somewhat mixed, as the officials in 4(T) Block will tell you after our TP results.

The entry has fifty-five members in 'B' Flight and ten members in 'D' Flight. As it can be calculated, the entry consists of sixty-five apprentices after losing thirteen to "Civvy Street", Mosley, Willis and Carter to the 114th, and Hennern to the 212th. We have gained four more Malaysians from the 209th, our senior entry in 'B' Flight.

212th ENTRY

The 212th Entry of 1st May 1968, totalled 24. Inside the second week one left and was immediately replaced by a new 'Sprog'. A little while later a 'Super-Sprog' was added and our strength is now 25.

In our little group we have had two boys to represent the Wing in athletic and swimming. Apart from that we were the only apprentices to enter a team in the six-a-side football competition that was held on openday. We won the first round but were knocked-out in the second round by the eventual winners.

Our community has settled in now and is slowly progressing through tech. and the 'bull' of 'Sprog' block.

Looking ahead, the RAF is the gateway to our careers and we all in 212 will make the best of this opening.

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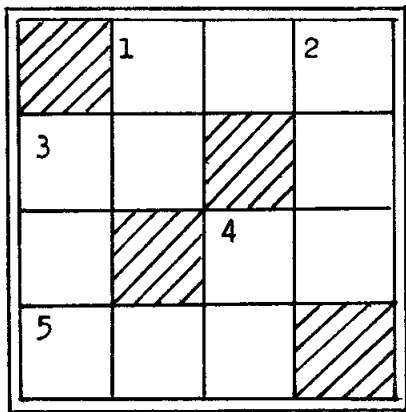
with a new **Kodak** camera

J. & V. JAMES

R.A.F. NEWSHOP, LOCKING, WESTON-SUPER-MARE, SOMERSET.

CROSS-NUMBER PUZZLE No. 8

by Wing Commander E. J. Ough, B.Sc., (Retd.)



Across

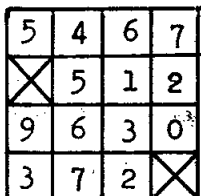
- 1 This number is half of 2 down and the five digits comprising the two numbers are all different.
- 3 The sum of the squares of two numbers whose difference is two.
- 4 The sum of the cubes of two numbers.
- 5 This perfect square is an anagram of 3 down.

Down

- 1 The difference of the squares of the two numbers referred to in 3 across.
- 2 See 1 across.
- 3 The digits of this number, taken in order, form an arithmetical progression.
- 4 The difference of the cubes of the numbers referred to in 4 across.

Solutions should be submitted to the Editor by 14th August, 1968. A prize of ONE GUINEA will be awarded to the sender of the first correct solution opened on that date.

Solution to Cross - Number Puzzle No. 7



The prize of one guinea was awarded to C. A. Heaney 210th Entry

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Smallbore Shooting Gallery

Mr. McNamara's cost-effectiveness doctrine is currently being applied to the £100 grant cajoled from the Command Musketry Fund. Anschutz? BSA? Walther? Europe's armament moguls are licking their lips at the prospect of landing a fat contract, and emissaries wend their way hopefully to 3 (T) Block. Prices on the Stock Exchange and on the Paris Bourse fluctuate wildly as those who control the

destiny of the .22 team, cold, tight-lipped and steely-eyed, carefully weigh the pros and cons. Meanwhile, back at the range, an enterprising reporter managed to lift a corner of the security curtain clamped when whispers of the imminent contract first reached Reuters. Here are some of the hard faced, ruthless individuals, interviewed just after a conference.



Technician Apprentice Mick Chanter; Apprentice Smallbore Captain; aged 18, joined RAF with 112th Entry, 3rd May 1967 after attending Market Harborough Grammar School; passes out 21st April 1970. Hopes to achieve Duke of Edinburgh's Gold Award in 1968, awarded shooting colours 1968.

Leading Craft Apprentice Michael O'Donnell; aged 18; joined with 207th Entry in 1966 after attending Elizabeth Boys' High School, Edinburgh Field, Australia; will pass out in August 1968; amateur radio enthusiast who has obtained the "Ham" licence while at Locking; awarded shooting colours 1968.



Corporal Technician Apprentice Barry Coope; best shot of the Apprentice Team; aged 18; joined RAF with 111th Entry in October 1966 after attending Trowbridge Boys' High School and will pass out in October 1969; awarded shooting colours 1968; plays rugby for Apprentice XV at prop forward.

Technician Apprentice Christopher Stevens; aged 19; joined RAF on 3rd January 1967 with the 208th Entry after attending Hardy's Grammar School, Dorchester; excellent academic progress enabled him to transfer to the 112th (Technician) Entry, which will pass out on 21st April 1970; plays hockey for the Apprentice XI; keen conversationalist.



Leading Technician Apprentice John Smith; aged 18½; joined RAF with 111th Entry in October 1966 after attending Keith Grammar School, Aberlour, Banffshire; will pass out in October 1969; sometime car owner who enjoys the challenge of a total write-off.

Technician Apprentice Sidney Jones; aged 19; joined RAF with 112th Entry, 3rd May 1967 after attending Chester City Grammar School and will pass out on 21st April 1970.



Leading Technician Apprentice Dave Mathews; aged 19; joined RAF with 111th Entry in October 1966 after attending Abergele Grammar School; will pass out in October 1969; hobbies: electronics and photography.

Technician Apprentice Denis Thompson; aged 19; joined RAF with the 112th Entry 3rd May 1967 after attending Clee Hummerston Foundation Grammar School, Cleethorpes; will pass out on 21st April 1970.



It proved impossible to interview Technician Apprentices Preston, Edwards and Jamieson, all of whom are first-choice members of the Smallbore team.

T.A.C.

APPRENTICE CRICKET

At the time of writing the Cricket Season is only two thirds complete. The fixture list is varied in content with a large number of matches stemming from our membership of the Weston and District mid-week Cricket League. This is a well organized League running two divisions, divisional and overall knock-out cups and six-a-side tournaments. We are currently in the second division which is best suited to our circumstances where the team changes radically almost every season.

The RAF Youth schools run both Senior and Junior Tournaments. The Senior takes the form of a six-a-side Carnival of cricket, each school playing each other once on the same day. The Junior is a conventional contest, the stipulation being that the contestants must be under 18 on the 1st April of that season.

Other 'friendly' matches complete the list, including Army Apprentice Colleges, local and Station teams.

Of the 16 matches so far played, we have WON 4; LOST 11; and DRAWN 1, but these statistics do not reveal how close the vast majority of those lost have been and at least three were decided in the last Over.

The Junior team deserve mention in that they were beaten by only five runs in their semi-final against Cosford and actually drew with Hereford, the other finalists. Halton, thrashed by Hereford, have not accepted our challenge to date.

CTA Brown (109) and CTA Barlow (111) are Captain and Vice Captain, and have led the batting and bowling attacks respectively to good effect.

Experience in this type of Cricket is essential and the future looks bright with over half the current team coming from the more junior Entries. However we are always on the lookout for talent and, more important still, enthusiasm. Anyone with a fair degree of both would be more than welcome to try their hand in the nets with a view to a place in the team.

