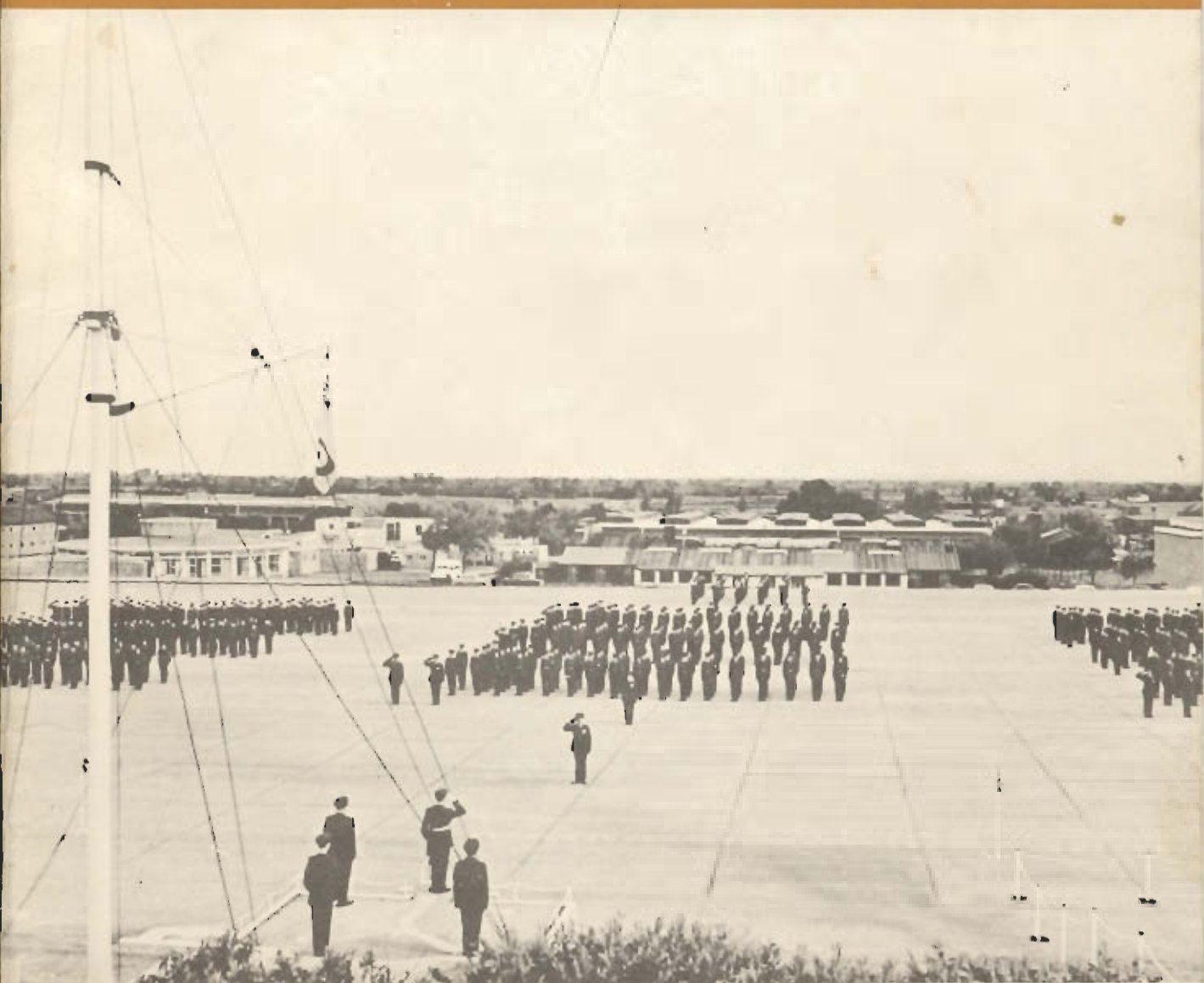




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SUMMER 1966

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Vol. 2, No. 5

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## Editorial

We hope that the cover photograph of the AOC's parade of the Adult Wing is an outward and visible sign that the Locking Review attempts to cover the activities of the whole station and not just those of 1 and 2 Wings. During the last year the acceptance of the Review as a Station rather than a Wing Magazine has been slow, but at last there are pleasing signs that adult trainees are beginning to take an interest in the publication.

The station was honoured last April to have Air Vice Marshal Sir Thomas Shirley K.B.E., C.B., as Reviewing Officer at the 104th Entry Pass-out ceremonies. AVM Shirley, who retired from the service this May, is the first ex-radio apprentice to become a Commander-in-Chief and it was particularly fitting that he should return to No 1 Radio School in this way. It is with pleasure that we publish extracts from his speech on this occasion.

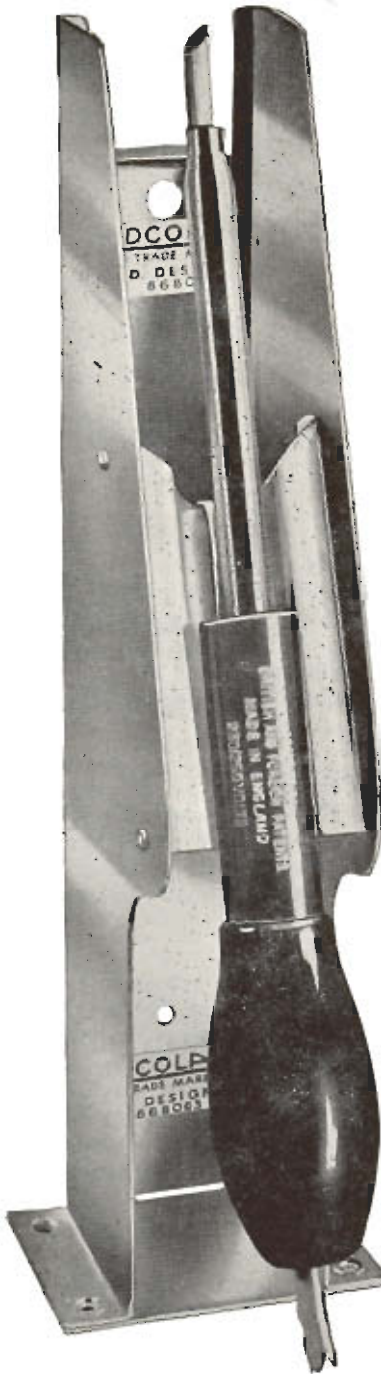
There have been many encouraging successes in out-of-school activities at Locking during the past few months. The Little Theatre Club won the Technical Training Command Drama Competition; the motor rally team beat all other station teams competing in the Alnite Rally; Locking apprentices won a famous victory in the junior youth-schools' championships and the Station came second in the 24 Group Hobbies and Handicrafts Exhibition. The Locking Review can also claim its measure of success in receiving first prize in its section in the 24 Group Competition. The Editorial Staff would like to pass on their congratulations and thanks to all contributors during the last year who helped to achieve this.

We also want to pass on the book token prize (the Editor and staff already each have a book!) to the best contribution from an airman or apprentice in this edition. It has been decided that the winning contribution is "Of English Soil", a most imaginative piece of prose by Sergeant Apprentice Stamp. To encourage similar works of merit a one guinea prize is offered for the best contribution by an airman or apprentice in the Autumn Edition. Perhaps this small incentive will help to raise the standard of the magazine so that next year the Review will also win an Air Ministry award for the best station magazine.





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## ALASKAN BEAR HUNT

by 'Sourdough'

Are you one of those healthy people who take a cold bath every day of your life? If so, read on and see how you feel after the story of the incident which put me off cold dips once and for all.

During my two year tour as an exchange officer with the USAF in Alaska, I had tried my hand at skiing, ice skating, salmon fishing, moose and caribou hunting and gold prospecting with a modicum of success. I'd nursed my bruises, eaten the fruits of my huntin' and fishin' and even picked up a nugget and numerous flakes of gold. But here I was returning home with nothing to show of my Alaskan days except for a few bits of gold and many photographs. I decided that I must get some sort of trophy to decorate my home, wherever it may be.

I had always admired the beautiful trophies that adorned the homes of our many American friends; the Dall sheep and moose heads, the magnificent glossy skins of the polar, grizzly, brown and black bears, and we decided that here, indeed, was the sort of trophy to take back home to the UK. After long discussions with the three American pilots who were to accompany me on this hunt, we decided that, taking the time, arms, experience and dollars available to us, the black bear fitted the bill best of all. Apart from that, it was reputed to be the easiest to get at.

It was May, 1962 and the bears were just coming out of hibernation. This was just the right time to get a fine, healthy, glossy coat. Our plan was to cruise up and down the coast until we spotted our quarry, beach the boat, creep up on these poor, unsuspecting beasts and, from a prudent distance and with our discriminating eye, claim our magnificent trophies. So sure were we of our venture that we had already made arrangements to have the skins cured and I had even applied for an export licence to take mine home!

On the first day, we entrained at Anchorage, en route for Whittier, from whence we would set out in our 16 ft. open boat with twin 150 hp outboard motors. When we arrived at Whittier it was blowing a storm and the rain was sheeting down. Discretion being the better part of valour, we decided to move ourselves and our gear in two stages. John and I went ahead with all the gear and, after 15 miles of extreme discomfort found an abandoned cabin in Poe Bay which I set up as base camp whilst John went back for Bob and Ben. By the time they got back, it was too late to do anything other than carry out a quick recce of the immediate area, which yielded nothing, and try out our rifles; mine was a borrowed .310 M & H Magnum with telescopic sights. I was, of course, getting a full cine and slide record of our adventures!

The second day dawned dull and damp so, being gentlemen hunters, we roused ourselves slowly, waited for the rain to ease off and, eventually, set off, four men in a boat, along the coast. At the best of times, Alaska is a beautiful place and its wild beauty was portrayed most vividly. We had gone about 20 miles before we spotted our first animal. It was a big bull moose - but we had come for bear! A little later a herd of caribou caught our eye and then Dall sheep up in the mountains. By this time we were having to pick our way between ice floes and we could hear the moraine of the Barry and Cascade glaciers breaking up into the Harriman Fiord. We approached this awesome sight as close as we dared, spent some time filming and then turned tail and headed for base camp. On the way back we saw hundreds of cheeky little sea otters and were so interested in them that we didn't notice the killer whale that had somehow manoeuvred itself between us and the coast and was now blowing, less than a hundred yards away. He, or she, obviously preferred otter to human flesh and took off, out to sea, much to

our relief. Within sight of our camp, we saw, in the foothills, a bear playing with her three young cubs but the sun was setting and it was too late to follow the lead for the male of the group.

The third day and we go back tomorrow! We went back to our sighting of the previous day and John and I set off to bring back our bears. We walked for fifteen minutes before we hit the alders; at least, we think they were alders. Not very tall, they grew in all directions, so that after ten minutes of traversing these, we were dead beat. Even if we got through this natural obstacle course ourselves, we would never get back with a couple of bear skins. We returned to the boat and, after our exertions of the past hour, I personally was quite prepared to let Cyril Lord, or anyone else for that matter, provide me with floor coverings and pictures were just as good as bear skins for the walls, anyway.

Our hunt was over! Although we were disappointed at not getting our bears we had seen some and I had obtained a wonderful line-shoot for UK eyes.

The day of our return dawned. Poe Bay looked peaceful enough although the wind was blowing and the sleet was falling. We had reduced our weight considerably so thought the boat would get us all back to Whittier in one go. So believing, we climbed aboard and set course for home and inner-sprung beds. The aluminium boat took the journey well as we hugged the shore. Then we had to make a bee-line across the channel to Shotgun Point, about three miles away. It was as we neared the centre of the channel that we first had doubts about the wisdom of our venture. Alaska is noted for its high tides and its rip tides, but this was ridiculous! We were as near the middle of the channel as makes no difference when it happened. The boat took a bow wave and a stern wave at the same time; it didn't capsize or dive to the depths, but it sank. Slowly, sedately and very deliberately it just sank — with us in it!

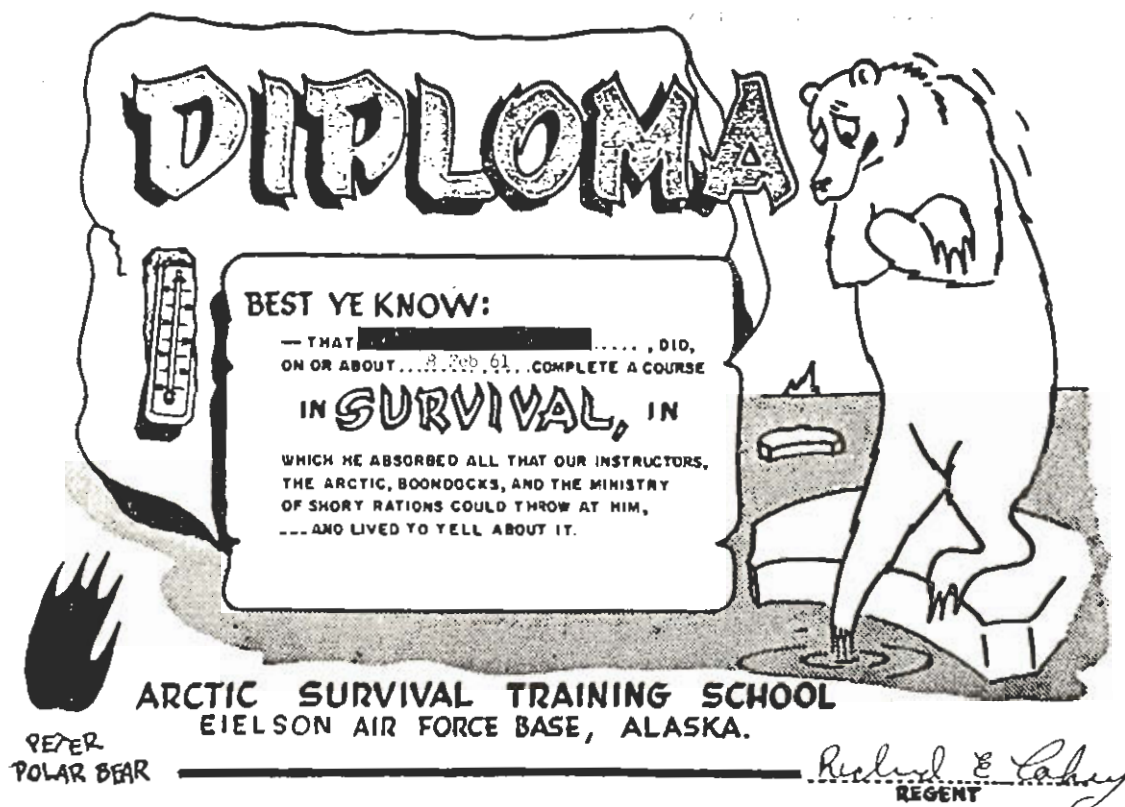
It is difficult to imagine anything funny about such a situation but funny it was.

One second we were all sitting in the boat, the next, we were standing in it; the boat still on an even keel but about four feet under water. What happened next is rather confused; I heard someone say he didn't like swimming on a full stomach; a four letter expletive hit the air and someone else reminded us we were wearing life jackets. The water didn't feel particularly cold until it hit our faces and then it *was* cold. 35°F cold. We knew from our arctic survival training that, after half an hour in this water, we wouldn't think about bear skins, or anything else for that matter, any more. Before we left Whittier, the locals had reminded us that fifteen minutes would kill us, so the immediate object was to get on terra firma; the terra was with us but the firma was a mile away horizontally and a hundred fathoms away vertically.

When we left the boat, the weight of the motors dragged the stern down but four or five feet of the bow were now bobbing along on the tide, accompanied by waterproof bags, spare clothing, sleeping bags and the like. Bob decided to tie his rifle to the boat; a wise move as we all lost ours', and my precious camera. Ben wanted to stay with the boat and let the tide do the work but John and I were heading for a shore that seemed a million miles away.

All thoughts of bears and trophies had gone from our minds as, now, the chips were down and we were fighting for our lives. We had all set out fully prepared for every eventuality; we were wearing full arctic flying gear including nylon quilted underwear, (the type you sometimes see being worn by Chinese generals) and this had the same properties as a frogman's wet suit. Even so, we began to stiffen up after a very short time in the water and had long since realised that here, indeed, was a survival situation, as the Americans so nicely put it. With what little breath we had, we encouraged each other to keep going. Ben had been cajoled away from the comparative shelter of the boat and was making for the shore, too.

I was wearing hip boots which, as I



The only trophy obtained from the hunt.

swam, filled with water and after a time began to drag off so I kicked them off and hooked them round my neck. They still dragged but, this time, it was my head that went under and I recollect swallowing gallons of sea water before I finally discarded them — for good. On another occasion, I was feeling pretty pooped so I turned over on my back and continued kicking. The next thing I knew was when I heard my name being called. I must have closed my eyes and now I was on a reciprocal heading. Believe me, Jerome K. Jerome could have had a best seller if he'd seen these four men in (?) a boat.

John, Bob and I reached the shore within ten minutes of each other and never before had the collection of assorted door knobs that called itself a beach felt so welcome under my feet. We three had been in the water about seventy min-

utes and Ben was about twenty minutes behind. This, in spite of what the medicos and sourdoughs had told us. We all agreed, however, that without our Chinese generals underwear and, of course, our Mae Wests, this story would have had a different ending.

Our boat was eventually spotted, picked up and identified and we were officially classified as missing. The Alaskan Air Command rescue organisation was alerted and helicopters, amphibians and Coast Guard boats sent to look for us. We were finally picked up some eighteen hours later but all that is quite another story.

As for bear hunting, I'd have another go tomorrow if it wasn't for my back — — — The trouble is I've got a thick yellow streak right down the middle.



## OF ENGLISH SOIL

by Sergeant Apprentice Stamp

She gave birth to Dorchester, and the Parish of Winterbourne Monkton rests beneath her skirts. Sheep climb her once rocky slopes, and corn fields caress her flanks, and the dying day gives her life.

Sombre and awful she is — soaked in bloody memories; towering ramparts echoing the pride of her people, the crushed skulls and hurried burials telling of their courage and faith.

A ball of fire slowly sinking rekindles these memories as the rises black and majestic out of the fields. A bush becomes a Roman scout and another waves to his fellows as the wind whispers to the trees. Along the dark ramparts are lined ten thousand, a brave but primitive folk who defend out of instinct and know not the skill and ambition of Rome. But what to defend? A fortress of such dimensions that even noble Vespasian must have shivered—a knot this, in a smooth and perfect oak, a tall crag which must be scorched to the earth.

Vespasian surveyed the monster.

Ten thousand eyes followed him. Safe they were, safe in the shadow of a million tons of earth and rock and timber. Smooth deadly sling shot they had in abundance, and the men to cast them. Courage they could not lack when behind them shivered their loved ones, depending and trusting—cold with waiting.

Can you stand there beneath the ancient mound as the dusk steals away reality and not believe that on these slopes was waged a most bitter and horrible battle? A battle between a plebeian peasantry and a military aristocracy, a clash of ages, stone age man pitched against a conquering machine. As real it is now as it was almost 2000 years ago, the mind is supple, the imagination infinite and the remains—the remains are those of the mightiest fortress ever constructed

on English soil, a fortress which once flowed with mingling streams of British and Roman blood. Maiden Castle.

An owl screeches in the belfry of the church which lies in the shadow of history.

An order rings out across the fields; a voice loud and foreign—and confident. Suddenly a sound like a million birds swooping overhead. A hundred invisible ballistas sink silently through primitive flesh. Grief has no place whilst fury fills every brain. But what use a thousand speeding rocks from on high when the enemy advances beneath a shell of iron? What use a bravely wielded axe when a short skilful blade can dodge, parry and thrust while the axe is recovering from a false stroke?

A weak point in the defences is found as inevitably as the rotting plank in the hull of a floundering ship.

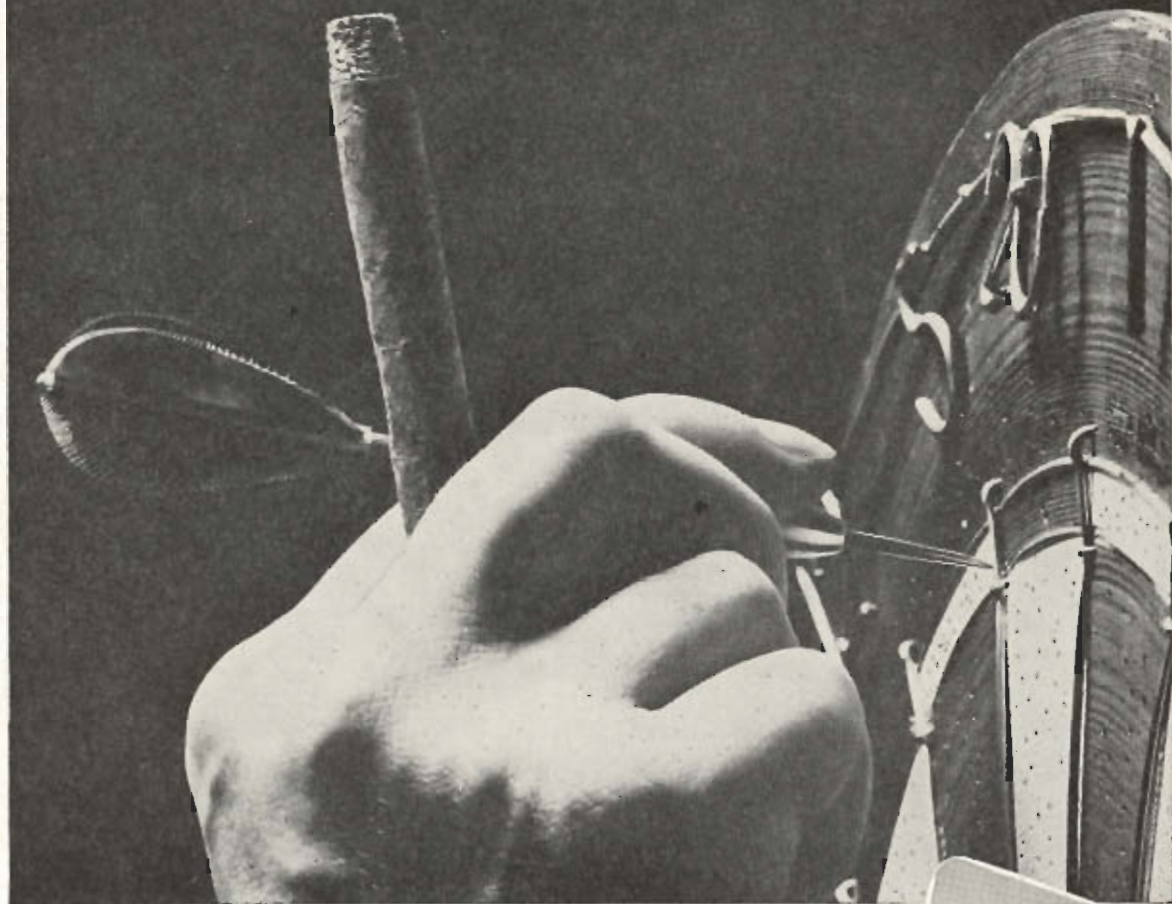
The East gate proves a rotten plank. Another iron cloudburst above the fated gateway and the legions advance upon it as a body. Sling shot proving useless, heavier implements come to hand. Desperation lends strength as immense wooden stakes are hurled down to meet the advancing enemy—the relentless machine grinds ever on. Discipline roars out, cruel, foreign—ever confident.

Fire licks the final defences. The reek of burning flesh mingles with the sweet aroma of burning wood. Fear gradually flickers in the eyes of dismayed defenders. Wide eyed and confused the reluctant hosts clutch at spilling entrails as Roman short swords explore foreign stomachs. Men become women, women become children, children become aged and infirm. The enemy will not discriminate. Blood begets blood, torn flesh begets crushed limbs, battle begets death.

Order is called.

Ashamed and guilty, the Roman wolf

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drops the lifeless chicken. Blood oozes from his jaws. It tastes sour.

Again the owl screeches and the lingering rays of a setting sun disappear into a black pall of smoke which swallows up

the shame of the slaughter.

The new sun will revive a green hillside and the blood will turn to dew. Bones will become stones, owls will sleep and the mind will forget.

---

#### Editor's Note:

This article by Sergeant Apprentice Stamp of 105th Entry is considered to be one of the best contributions to the magazine by an apprentice for many years. The book token prize awarded to the Locking Review in the 24 Group Art and Handicraft Competition has been re-awarded by the editorial staff to Stamp for this very imaginative and well written piece of work.

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## BEST COMMAND PERFORMANCE



In late March this year, the play "Open House" presented by the Royal Air Force Locking Little Theatre Club achieved singular success. As well as entertaining audiences for two performances it was also judged to be the best entry in the Technical Training Command Drama Competition and was awarded the Annual Trophy.

Perhaps the key to the success was the team spirit which prevailed both on-stage and back-stage. The acting was uniformly good and on occasions reached very high standards; the back-stage staff had worked hard to produce effective

setting and off-stage effects, and the business management was probably better than it has ever been. The result was a production by Squadron Leader G.B. Shore which could not fail to delight all who came to see it.

Our congratulations go to all the cast and production team and particularly to the producer on their success and for providing the station with two evenings of first-class entertainment. It is hoped that it will not be long before the Little Theatre Club repeats its success with another production.



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# TYPHOON WANDA

by Warrant Officer R. G. Sully

Meteorologists christen them all with pleasant female names. It is said that this is because they are so unpredictable. Typhoon in Chinese means 'big wind', so I leave you to draw your own conclusions from this. Wanda, first began to make her presence known as a tropical depression on the 27th August 1962 and like many of her predecessors she was born in the South Pacific, east-south-east of Hong Kong.

My family and I, after two hectic days of walking and taxi-ing through the streets of Kowloon, had managed to obtain accommodation in Kimberley Mansions, a block of flats situated in one of Kowloon's busiest thoroughfares. Our neighbours were mostly Chinese. The aroma from their eastern dishes and the blare from their transistors, left little doubt about this. Our flat was situated up on the twelfth floor, so we awaited the arrival of Wanda with much concern.

The view from our window overlooked the Royal Observatory, and so in addition to the bulletins relayed at half-hour intervals by Radio Hong Kong, we were also able to follow the progress of Wanda by keeping watch on the visual signals that were hoisted to the top of the signal mast by an official from the observatory. These signals were in the form of black metal shapes and given a number which depicted the severity of local weather conditions.

All possible precautions had been taken. The fishing folk had long since steered their junks and sampans to the safety of the typhoon shelters. Shops had been boarded up and all buildings closed. The streets were almost empty.

Like most serviceman I had been advised to remain indoors at home and await instructions that would be broadcast over the radio. We waited not really knowing what to expect. Radio announcements reported the ever increasing damage to property, the cancellation of advertised

functions, and police requests for volunteers of the auxilliary services i.e. medical and fire, to report to their respective headquarters.

The wind didn't seem to be as frightening as we had expected. No sudden blast against the sides of the building, just a feeling of constant pressure, accompanied by a steadily mounting moan.

Our thoughts were interrupted only by the sudden crack of a window pane or the clatter of falling bamboo poles that our neighbours had left outside their kitchen windows. These poles are used to hang one's laundry from, for drying purposes. Each day, large blocks of flats seem to take on a carnival appearance with the multi-coloured fabrics fluttering in the breeze.

Looking out of our windows onto the observatory grounds we witnessed hedges that had been torn out by the roots, bouncing away like toy balloons and young trees flattened parallel to the ground by the terrific wind.

That night as I lay in bed, I swear that I felt the whole building sway.

The following morning was Sunday the 2nd September and Wanda has passed us by leaving an aftermath of devastation. Neon signs had been ripped from their supports, and bamboo scaffolding erected against new buildings had been battered to the streets below, like matchsticks. Abandoned cars were blown across roads, and many, after smashing through plate-glass windows, ended up in the shops. In the harbour many ships dragged their anchors and altogether about twenty ships were driven ashore by winds that rose in gusts to 140 knots.

It turned out to be the worst typhoon the Colony had experienced since 1937 and in addition to the havoc it created, left 138 dead, over 500 injured and made some 75,000 homeless.

Later in the day a radio announcement instructed all Royal Air Force personnel to report for duty. I made my way to Kai Tak where I found officers and other ranks busily wrestling with fallen trees, in an endeavour to clear them from the roads. Others were engaged in their own vocations, tidying things up and tak-

ing inventory of damages done. In a very short time, daily routine was back to normal and Hong Kong's bustling population hurrying about its business.

Such was my introduction to what turned out to be one of the most interesting overseas tours of my service career.

## THE BISHOP OF BODMIN HAS GREEN HAIR

by Galfridus

Some years ago, a young barrister was briefed to defend a murder case. He was handed a massive document beautifully engraved with the name of the defendant, but when he opened it he was surprised to find that all the pages were blank except one which read: 'No case — insult the public prosecutor'. He did as he was instructed, and his man was acquitted. He was using, of course, a technique familiar to politicians and journalists. The principle is that, if you cannot think of a way of disproving your adversary's argument, you try to make him look stupid so that his argument will look stupid too. Instructors make use of a similar idea when asked an awkward question. For example:—

**Student:** Please, Sir, are you quite sure that you have the spilingel pointing the right way?

**Instructor:** Of course. Any damn fool can see that!

So ancient and so revered is the technique that it is given a Latin name: it is called 'argumentum ad hominem'. It has many variations of which one of the least known is 'argumentum ad canem'. This means: 'If he does not agree with me, I'll kick his dog.'

**Argumentum ad hominem** does not meet with the unqualified approval of logicians. In their pendent way, they prefer to see arguments which can be reduced to a standard form so that they can apply rules to them to decide whether they are valid. This standard form was invented by Aristotle about 2200 years ago and is called the 'syllogism'. He

proved that any valid argument can always be put into the form of a syllogism and he gave some extremely complicated rules for doing so. The simplest form is:—

All X is Y.

Z is X.

Therefore Z is Y.

As an example, consider the statement:—

**The Bishop of Bodmin has green hair because he is a duck-billed platypus.**

This can be put into the form of a syllogism like this:—

All duck-billed platypuses have green hair.

The Bishop of Bodmin is a duck-billed platypus.

Therefore the Bishop of Bodmin has green hair.

We have proved this result by an irrefutable process of pure reasoning. There is no denying it—the conclusion is inescapable. It might be argued that the conclusion is **not quite** inescapable — that perhaps we have left something out. True. Let us repair the omission.

All bishops eat earthworms for breakfast.

The Bishop of Bodmin is a bishop.  
Therefore the Bishop of Bodmin eats earthworms for breakfast.

Only duck-billed platypuses eat earthworms for breakfast.

Therefore the Bishop of Bodmin is a duck-billed platypus.

All duck-billed platypuses have green hair.

Therefore the Bishop of Bodmin has green hair.

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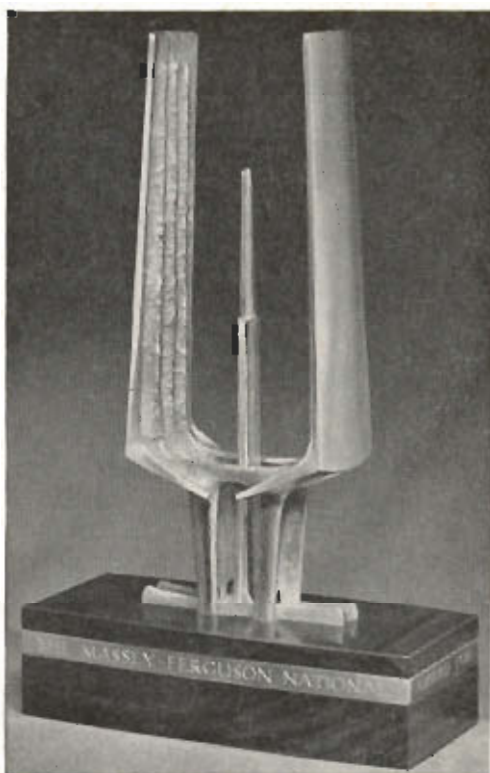
The reputation which Garrard have achieved for silver trophies is built upon long experience and craftsmanship of the highest order.

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The Massey Ferguson National Award for Services to United Kingdom Agriculture. A growing plant between two cupped hands.



AN ADVERTISEMENT ISSUED BY THE BREWERS' SOCIETY, 42 PORTMAN SQUARE, LONDON, W.1.



Left to right: Peter Thompson, Ian St John, Ron Yeats and Roger Hunt off-duty at a country pub outside Liverpool.

## Four top footballers say just what they think about pubs

**THOMPSON:**

*The weekend games are usually the big ones, and you have to unwind afterwards.*

**ST. JOHN:**

*So pubs are important places to us. But don't make us out to be heavy drinkers. That wouldn't be true or fair.*

**YEATS:**

*I just couldn't go straight home to bed after a big match. I'd go nuts. You have to talk over the game and sort of come down to earth again.*

**HUNT:**

*Not that that necessarily means drinking heavily. You can enjoy yourself in a pub with a pint or a shandy. It's the atmosphere that counts.*

**Like the  
Liverpool lads—  
look in at the local.**

Here again is the inescapable conclusion.

It will be obvious to anyone but a congenital idiot (*argumentum ad hominem*) that, while the argument is quite sound, the result is not. The fault lies merely in the fact that we have used words like 'bishop', 'earthworms' and 'green hair' in an entirely inappropriate context. That is to say, the statements which we have made about them are nonsense. It is, to say the least of it unlikely that all bishops eat earthworms for breakfast. Some bishops may do so, but we have said that all of them do. We must be very careful about the generalisations we make when constructing syllogisms. Take, for example, the familiar expression 'the exception that proves the rule'. We could argue, with immaculate reasoning, as follows:—

Every rule has exceptions.

This is a rule.

Therefore it has exceptions.

Therefore there are some rules which do not have exceptions.

This last statement completely denies the first, which must therefore be untrue.

Aristotle had his own versions of this kind of self-denying argument. One of the most famous concerns the barber of Syracuse who said that he shaved all the men of Syracuse who did not shave themselves, but he shaved none of those who did shave themselves. The question now arises as to whether he shaved himself because if he did shave himself then he did not shave himself and if he did not shave himself then he did shave himself. Another example concerned a statement made by Epimenides who was a Cretan. He said that all Cretans were liars, but Epimenides, being a Cretan himself, was therefore a liar and so what he said was untrue. Therefore all Cretans were not liars and so what Epimenides said was true.....and so on. All arguments of this kind are called '*paradoxes*' and they all have this in common: they all contain statements which refer to themselves. Although the paradox has been known for

over two thousand years, it was only in 1912 that the rules of logic were adjusted to avoid it. In that year, Bertrand Russell wrote the most impossibly unreadable book ever to be published which sorted out the problem once and for all. Unfortunately, in doing so he introduced an even worse kind of paradox which no-one has yet been able to resolve!

Paradoxes are not to be confused with fallacies, although some paradoxes may look like fallacies. A fallacy is an argument which is incapable of being put into the form of a valid syllogism, and the most celebrated kind is commonly known as 'begging the question'. Here the idea is to say the same thing twice so as to make it look as though one statement follows logically from the other. For instance, the sort of thing which can be heard in any political debate: "That Mr. Creighton-Darbyshire does not understand the situation is obvious from the fact that he does not know what is going on." Clearly this is no argument at all, but it *looks* like an argument and, in some circles, actually passes for one. Naturally it is given a Latin name. It is '*petitio principii*'.

Another fallacy which is only too common is called '*non sequitur*'. The principle here is to connect two entirely unrelated statements in the ardent hope that someone will think that one derives from the other. The man who said: "Rightly was this place called Stony Stratford because I was never so bitten by fleas in all my life" was perhaps overdoing it a bit, but he had the right idea. It is possible to commit this fallacy quite unintentionally, as is illustrated by the famous newspaper placard which read:

#### ARRIVAL OF MARK TWAIN IN ENGLAND

#### THEFT OF ASCOT GOLD CUP

The fact that this led to some months of legal action must prove something. It certainly shows that Mark Twain had no sense of humour. Or that he had a strong sense of humour. Or something.

## TEN YEARS AGO --

### Extracts from the Locking Review of 1956

The Foreword by the Station Commander, Group Captain D. N. K. Blair-Oliphant, OBE, BA, contained a paragraph which could have been written today:

"This issue of the Locking Review goes out at a time when we are on the threshold of new and interesting events: new pay rates that offer substantial improvements in the conditions of service for regular officers and airmen; new building marking the continuation of improvement in our living conditions at Locking; new and important tasks in training apprentices and airmen in skills and techniques that, in an electronic age, are basic to our national security".

The Saddle Club appears to have been as active as today and the article on its activities finishes with this tailpiece:—

"Two trainees were out riding with the Hunt when a fox went to ground on Hutton Hill just overlooking the Camp. After twenty minutes energetic digging in two holes about nine feet apart, the one suddenly shouted 'Hold everything I can see his head' — to which the other firmly replied 'Well it must be damn long fox because I've got hold of his tail'.

During the ensuing laughter one fox bolted from each hole and departed north and south at record speed".

The magazine also carried a farewell message to Group Captain B. Robinson, CBE, who was Station Commander at Locking from July 1953 to November 1955 and is now of course our Air Officer Commanding. You will be interested to know that:

"Group Captain Robinson set us the lead in fostering a Locking tradition and to use a current phrase, engendered the foundations for the 'peaceful coexistence' of apprentice and airmen trainees".

The tradition of regularly promoting the 1 Wing mascot must have started in 1956 because the Review contained a whole page of photographs of 'Hamish' being promoted to LAA.

They were no less successful in the world of sport ten years ago than we are today and certainly they were no less voluble in singing their praises:

"At the time of writing, the Station has been singularly successful in most of its sporting ventures, and we have put Locking on the sporting map throughout the RAF and the locality".

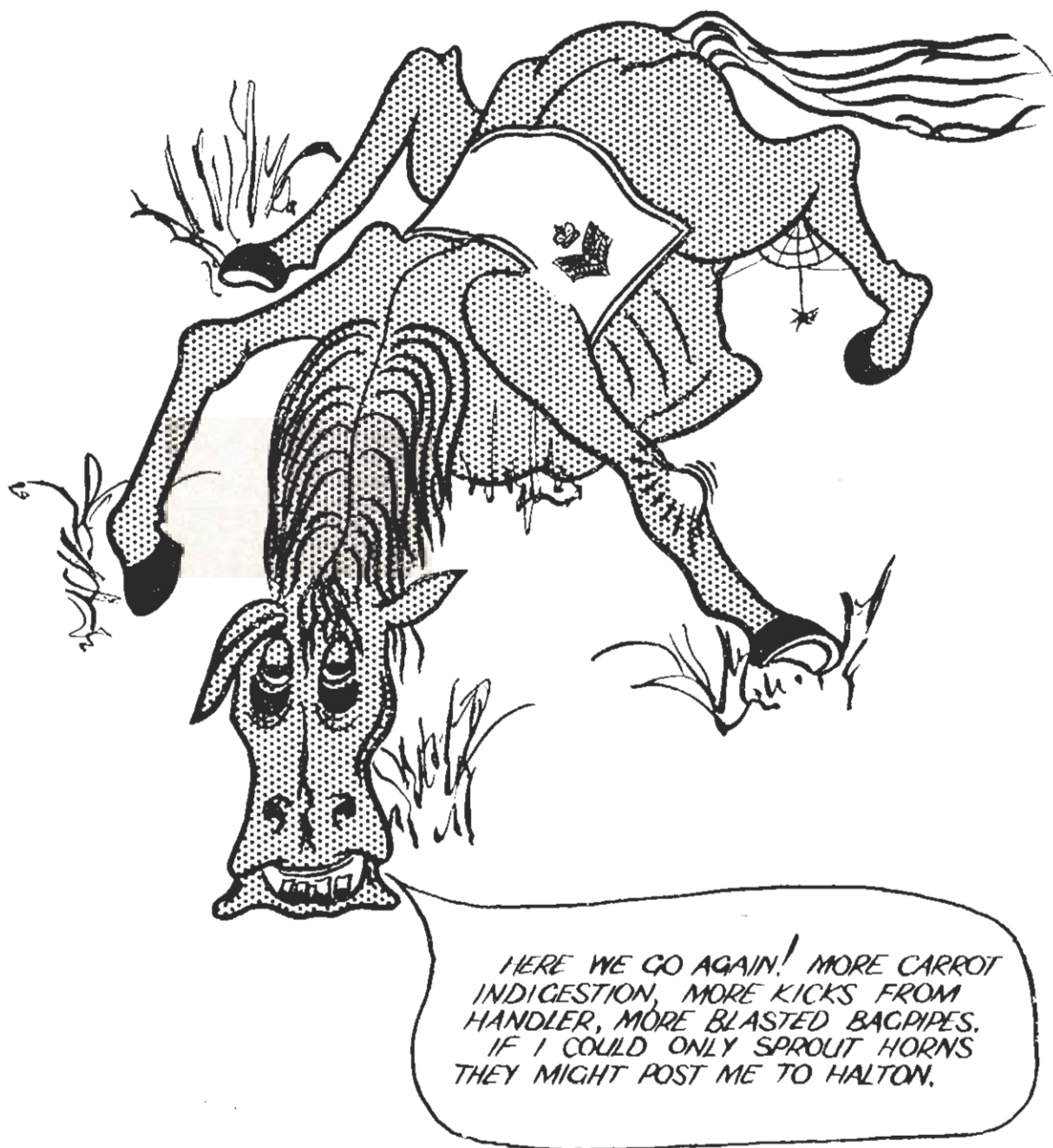
And talking of the locality, the local dialect does not appear to have changed much since this was published in 1956:

#### MENDIP conjugation of the verb 'To be'

Present Tense	Past Tense	Present Negative Interrogative
I be	I were	B'ain't I?
Thee beest	Thee wert	B'isn't thee?
He, she, it be	He, she, it were	Banner?
We'm	We was	B'ain't us?
You'm	You was	B'ain't 'ee?
They'm	They was	B'ain't 'em?

## TEN YEARS ON --

295 Flight Sergeant Apprentice McCRACKERS; H on the occasion of his promotion to Warrant Officer Apprentice on 28th July; 1976.





## THE MONEY-BAGGERS



### A Close Look at the Accounts

Most people on the station think of the accounts section as that happy place which lashes out the money on pay day and spend the rest of the week trying to get most of it back again. This is of course completely the wrong idea for believe it or not the section really likes giving out both money and advice on all aspects of pay and allowances. We can also advise on such matters as savings, insurance and mortgages.

During the past few months there have been a number of changes in the staff. The O.C. Personnel Services Squadron, Squadron Leader D. Milne (seated right at table) arrived on the station just in time to be included on the photograph.

Little is so far known of him except that he came from Naples and plays hockey.

Fl. Lt. R.M. Lance (centre)

Flt. Lt. Lance also new to the station joined the R.A.F. in 1959 and has spent some time in Cyprus, Malaya and other holiday resorts before starting a real job of work as O.C. Accounts Flight.

W.O. K.J. Allen (seated left table)

W.O. Allen joined the R.A.F. in 1940 as an apprentice clerk (old type) and since that time has served in West Africa, India, Ceylon and Germany. He joined us from R.A.P.O. and is now finding out what it's like to be on the receiving end.

Mr. T.A. Wakefield (standing centre)

Mr. Wakefield has been Cashier for the last 53 years. He still has a pair of puttees issued to him in 1928 which he hopes may one day come back into fashion. One of his proud moments being when he was one of twelve people posted to Hornchurch in 1929 to form 54 Fighter Squadron with 3 Siskins, and the opening of the hangar doors for the first time since the first World War.

F.Sgt D. Jeffrey (not in photo)

F.Sgt. Jeffrey is now on his second tour at Locking, he was formerly trade training-co-ordinator. He joined the service in 1951 and has served in Norway and Singapore. He plays badminton for the station.

Cpl. G.O. Jones (4th from right)

Cpl. Jones came to us from Goose Bay, Canada via St. Athan in May 1956 and when not away on his all too frequent detachments he maintains a firm control over the girls of the pay staff. A confirmed bachelor he plays football for Command and the R.A.F.

Jnr. Tech. L.G.B. Fovargue (holding bag)

The longest serving member of the section Fovargue now deals with travelling claims. It may even be the complexity of some of them that has cost him his hair. His real claim to fame however is on the sports field. He plays hockey for Command and is captain of the station hockey team. He also swims for the station. Before he joined the service he was a Metropolitan Policeman: that's why he carries the bag! We should also add that he represented the police at wrestling.

Mr. C. Smith F.E.A.A., F.E.A.S: (3rd from left)

An ex-apprentice (pre-war vintage) retired in the rank of Flight Sergeant after 24 years service during which time the public purse provided visits to no less than 14 countries and enabled him to secure two civilian qualifications.

Being unable to sever completely his links with the R.A.F., Mr. Smith continues

to serve in a civilian capacity in the same section to which he came in 1956.

Mr. P.E. Kinsey (2nd from right)

Mr. Kinsey has a long association with this station both with the service and as a civilian. He joined the service as an Aircraft Apprentice at Cranwell in 1924 and came to Locking in 1939 as an instructor on aero engines. On promotion to W.O. in 1944 he took charge of the statistics and programme planning section. In 1947 he transferred to the M.T. Section. He retired from the R.A.F. in 1949 and since that time has been working around Locking as a civilian. He has been with the Accounts Section dealing with Civilian pay for one year.

Jnr. Tech. W. Pauline (Bunty) Taylor (sitting right)

Joined the W.R.A.F. in October 1960 making her the longest serving airwoman in the section and has successfully tried her hand at all the accounts section jobs. Whilst at Locking she married ex-apprentice Jnr. Tech. 'Ginge' Taylor who now finds himself enjoying the sun in Khormaksar.

S.A.C.W. Carole Bastable (sitting left)

Until recently Carole has looked after the Apprentices pay, which probably accounts for an ex-apprentice husband. Although originally from Birmingham, she has lived in Weston since she was 11. Her hobbies are horse riding, motoring and dressmaking.

S.A.C.W. Carol O'Brien (2nd from left)

Carole No. 2 has been with us for nineteen months. Unfortunately her father F. Sgt O'Brien has been posted to Ternhill and Carol leaves to join him later this year. She has our best wishes and we will be sorry to see her go.

L.A.C.W. Valerie Bonathan (3rd from right)

The youngest member of the staff, Valerie has been with the section for just under a year. She now deals with apprentice pay. Her hobbies are swimming and dressmaking.

## No 3 WING NOTES

Like a certain well-known margarine, 3 Wing continues to spread. Another two apprentice type barrack blocks have succumbed to its quest for "Lebensraum", and the foot is well and truly in the Apprentices' mess door. The Dominoe Theory reaches Tech Training Command!

As usual the Wing has undertaken, or is in the process of undertaking, a variety of new training commitments. These include the training of 3 courses of Admiralty civilians leading to their becoming Naval Diagnosticians (Wireless and Radar), the proposed conversion of Telegraph Fitters to Electronic Fitters (Ground Communications) and the conversion of 144 Air Wireless Fitters to Ground Wireless Fitters (G).

Squadron Leader W.E. Collingwood joins us from Oslo to take up the appointment of OC Telecommunications Squadron, and we wish him a happy tour at Locking.



### POME (With apologies to Coleridge's)

For Radio School did big white god  
An annual inspection parade decree.  
Where Hamish the sacred horse had trod,  
Should airmen stand, like peas from pod,  
All for the A.O.C.

To ensure perfection did OC Wing  
A rehearsal parade ordain,  
"Sound the Advance", the cry did ring  
Onto the square the troops to bring,  
(And frighten away the rain?)

General Salute had come and passed,  
Inspection of troops was under way,  
OC Wing inspected fast,  
Heavy raindrops fell at last;  
Dark became the day.

The boss stood on the soaking square,  
Whence all but he had fled .....



### TRUE STORY

3 Wing Exam Question: "In the above circuit explain why ....."

Foreign Student's Answer: "Sir, we have done series circuits and parallel circuits but never above circuits".

## IMPRESSIONS OF THE NEW AIRMEN'S MESS

By J/T. Brown, F.C.D. No. 3 Wing

During the past year, on a site opposite the airmen's blocks, many little men in overalls have been seen, feverishly carrying bricks and mixing large quantities of cement.

As the weeks went by, an octagonal building appeared to be taking shape. Rumours were rife in the rank and file, a bowling alley, a WRAF Block, but no; eventually emerging through the red tape, appeared a new Airmen's Mess.

Weeks became months, months became terms, by which time, our pile of bricks and cement, had blossomed into an architect's dream of vast glass panes, both in walls and roof. Indeed a most imposing structure, tastefully decorated, with much use made of wood trimmings.

At long last the great day dawned. Thursday April the 14th, airmen returning from Easter grant were privileged to use their new mess. Indeed it was a delight to eat in, after experiencing messes both at home and overseas.

Although the queueing is still a problem, the surroundings in which one eats, and the quality of the food compensate

for this. A great variety of choices and a most excellent steak bar, go to make up, a major triumph for the Station Catering Staff.

However, one feels that good as the conditions are, a much larger mess would have been the answer to all the problems, that ensue, as a result of the number of airmen involved. In its present size the cabs are much too cramped, giving one no room to move, and the same old furniture that was in 8 Area mess has been used. Surely a new mess should have completely new furnishings. Are we that short of money?

A criticism of the design is that, the two entrances are at a much lower level than the road. In wet weather, the water overflows from the road, down the steps and collects in a huge pool in the front of the doors. Could we not have drains, or do these extend beyond the pocket of exchequer?

However considering all points, both good and bad, we must congratulate all concerned, in giving us the best mess which I at least have been in.

## No 4 WING NOTES

### Ingress and Egress

Have you noticed the changes that have taken place in the SHQ corridors of power? From the front benches the Minister for Personnel Services has lugged his portfolio off to Kuching and in his place we welcome Squadron Leader Milne fresh from a tour at the NATO HQ in Naples. As there are only 30 RAF personnel at this predominantly American HQ we suggest Sqn Ldr Milne writes an article for the next Review on "How to get selected for the Right Post".

In our last issue we commented upon the transfer of Flight Lieutenant Mills from 1 Wing to 4 Wing little realising that the momentum gained in that move was sufficient for him to escape the gravitational pull of Technical Training Command. We know that he will not go into orbit at Signals Command HQ as he has welcome Flight Lieutenant Harvey from the P2 job there. In Flt Lt Mills place we RAF Germany.

Another escapee from Germany is Flight Lieutenant North who has been OC GD Flt here for a while now. He replaced Flight Lieutenant Bernstein who has retired from the service and settled in South Devon. Flt. Lt. Bernstein went on a "pub" management course in preparation for Civilian life and passed out top of his course. As soon as we know which pub he takes over we'll let you know; it sounds as if we will get a well pulled pint.

No longer will Spanish speaking peasants get favourable rates of exchange at the Accounts Section as Flight Lieutenant Walton has departed to take up Adjutant's work at Colerne. Flight Lieutenant Lance, who came from Upwood, is our new Accountant Officer and you are able to find out something about him and his empire in another part of this magazine.

The Catering Section has lost Sergeant Brooks to Leafield and Corporal Laurie to Civvy Street, but got Corporal Street back from a short spell in BAMZA (Top Secret Code Word) and gained Flight Sergeant Payne from RAF Hospital Wroughton. You had best keep an eye on this situation as we believe hospital patients need fewer calories and you might find your diet undergoing subtle changes.

## The Sporting Scene

As 4 Wing has no allocated sports afternoon but allows those individuals representing the various Station teams time off to play games, we hear very little about the achievements of our Sportsmen and women.

A little research brought to our notice two soccer players, a cricketer and a hockey player. SAC Bannister of the Catering Flight and Corporal Jones of the Accounts Flight both play soccer for the station and Corporal Jones has also represented the Royal Air Force. Our lone cricketer is SAC Perry from Stores and our one hockey player Corporal Favarque of Accounts, who is also an RAF representative.

At the time of preparing these notes the Local Service Airwomen are industriously practising each Wednesday afternoon at the local swimming baths for the

There are no other ingresses to report upon in this edition but we do seem to have several egresses to help on their various ways with a few ill chosen words.

From Workshops have gone Flight Sergeant Woods and Chief Technician Williams both to Cyprus believe it or not. The police have been depleted by the departure of Flight Sergeant Angel to Gibraltar, Flight Sergeant Toseland to Scampton, and Sergeant Summers, (congratulations on promotion) to Marham. Flight Sergeant Toseland was Flight Sergeant Angel's replacement but somehow he managed to get away after only two months. Appropriately enough Sergeant Graham of Movements has moved upwards and onwards to Odiham.

Finally we say goodbye and good luck to Warrant Officer Clapp who enlisted as an apprentice clerk in January 1929 and is now retiring from the service to take up a civilian appointment with the police at Minehead, North Devon. We are not quite sure whether this makes us more or less happy about going to Minehead for a holiday, but we are sure that you join us in wishing Warrant Officer Clapp a very happy retirement.

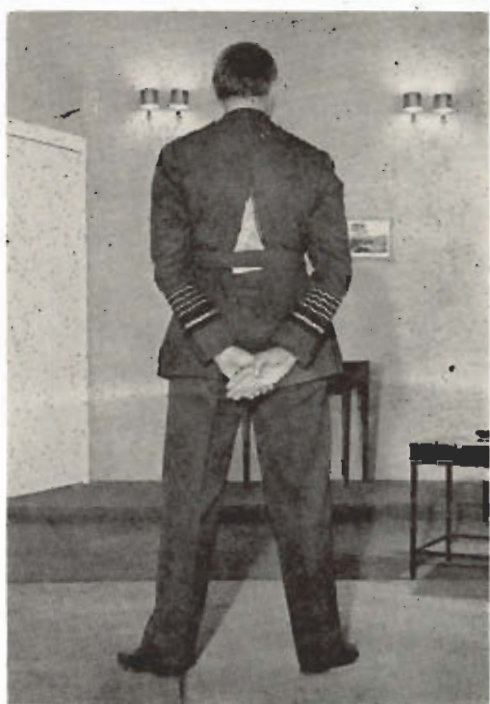
WRAF Swimming Championships being held at St Athan on the 15th and 16th July. The results will be too late for publication but we hope that they did well. Incidentally, how did Corporal Cross get the job of coach to these batling belles? We can't recall a general notice requesting volunteers for the job so there must have been some fiddle factor.

On looking into the sporting activities of 4 Wing personnel it seems that very few indeed participate in station sports. There are probably three reasons why the outlook is so bleak; our research did not uncover all our stars, the system discourages active participation or we have a dearth of talent at present. We would be pleased to have your comments, addressed to No 4 Wing Assistant Editor, before the next Review.

## NO 2 WING NOTES

### ANOTHER DEFENCE CUT?

This candid shot does not indicate a split in the higher ranks. It is a backward look at the producer of "Open House" getting into his part but not quite into his costume.



### IS IT TRUE THAT:

- - the training blocks are to be painted internally and that all brickwork is to be painted brick-red with a superimposed brick motif to preserve the original 'atmosphere'?
- - the Liberal Studies Flight has removed "World Population Problems" from the syllabus until after October 1966?
- - not to be outdone by the ex-adjutant of 1 Wing, the present No 2 Wing adjutant is in training to stay locked up in depths of 3 (T) Block for an indefinite period?
- - in view of the large number of visits to training blocks this term, No 2 Wing is going to give up training and develop a tourist industry with side-shows in classrooms, a motor museum on the badminton courts and fifty lions in the Assembly Hall?
- - padres at Locking have volunteered to attend a course on the first-line servicing of public-address systems?



## There is Many a Slip -

Unconscious humour continues to be a prominent feature of students' work.  
For example:

### Filibuster by Foot

"Road accidents can be reduced by pedestrian legislation"

### Plastered by a dirty hand

"In the Battle of Britain, Germany attacked with Messi-mitts and Stuccos".

### Left behind by the Normans?

"Old English Castles have numerous portmanteaux"

## Result of Spring Competition

This competition was judged by the popular vote of two classes, one from 2 Wing and one from 3 Wing. The following caption entered by SAC R.A. Scutt of Radar Squadron, 3 Wing has been given first prize.



".....and when asked to produce his 1250 he muttered something about being late for guard and vanished"

Other entries that were highly commended were :

"Well thrown madam! You've won an Anglican"

"Where angels fear to tread"

".....and charge the first airman you see walking about with a floppy cap"

"Class Distinction. It's everywhere these days"

## Cross-Number Puzzle

by Wing Commander (Retd.) E. J. Ough.

A one guinea book token will be awarded to the first correct solution opened by the Editor on 1st October, 1966.

1	2		3	4
5				
6				
7				
	8			

### Across

- The digits of this number, taken in order form an arithmetical progression
- A multiple of 11
- A line of Pascal's triangle in disarray
- The digits of this number, taken in order, form an arithmetical progression, the last two terms of which form its sum.
- The digits of this number, taken in order are consecutive terms of the Fibonacci series.

### Down

- The digits of this number, taken in order, form a geometrical progression
- A multiple of 11 but not of 10
- A perfect square, divisible by 11, whose last three digits taken in order, also form a perfect square
- A multiple of 11

(No independent clue is provided for the central column of figures)

### SOLUTION TO CROSS-NUMBER PUZZLE OF PREVIOUS EDITION

2	2	5		6
		3		1
1	2	1	6	7
3	8		4	1
6	9	0		2





## Passing Out Parade of the 104th Entry of Aircraft Apprentices

Reviewing Officer: Air Vice Marshal Sir Thomas Shirley, K.B.E., C.B., M.I.E.E., Ae:5  
Air Officer, Commanding-in-Chief, Signals Command

### PASSING OUT ENTRY

Parade Commander	—	—	F.S.A.A. Deffee, P.R.D.
Parade Adjutant	—	—	S.A.A. Frost, P.G.
Parade Warrant Officer	—	—	S.A.A. Burke, B.
Flight Commander	—	—	S.A.A. Brady, J.P.

### SUPPORTING SQUADRONS

Supporting Squadrons Commander	—	—	F.S.A.A. Brown, I.
No 1 Squadron			
Squadron Commander	—	—	S.A.A. Willmer, C.J.
No 1 Flight Commander	—	—	S.A.A. Holland, D.R.
No 2 Flight Commander	—	—	C.A.A. Sykes, D.
No 2 Squadron			
Squadron Commander	—	—	S.A.A. Stamp, P.G.
No 1 Flight Commander	—	—	C.A.A. Dunmore, A.
No 2 Flight Commander	—	—	S.A.A. Patrick, R.I.

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

No 5 Regional Band  
Flight Lieutenant R. Ponsford, L.R.A.M., A.R.C.M.

## Prize List and Achievements

Lord Trenchard Memorial Prize	—	—	—	S.A.A. Burke, B
Institution of Electronic and Radio Engineers' Prize	—	—	—	S.A.A. Badcock, P.C.
Royal Aeronautical Society Prize	—	—	—	F.S.A.A. Deffee, P.R.D.
Royal Air Force Prizes for:				
First in Order of Merit	—	—	—	S.A.A. Badcock, P.C.
Best Ground Radar Fitter	—	—	—	F.S.A.A. Deffee, P.R.D.
Educational Subjects	—	—	—	S.A.A. Badcock, P.C.
General Service Efficiency	—	—	—	F.S.A.A. Deffee, P.R.D.
Best Manual Exercise	—	—	—	S.A.A. Frost, P.C.
English and General Studies	—	—	—	C.A.A. Sinkinson I
Best Set Task	—	—	—	S.A.A. Frost, P.C.
Beamish Stick	—	—	—	F.S.A.A. Deffee, P.R.D.
<b>WING TROPHIES</b>				
Victor Lundrom Trophy	—	—	—	C.A.A. McCarthy, M.B.
Wing Championship	—	—	—	"B" Squadron

### WING COLOURS

The following Apprentices of the 104th Entry have been awarded Wing Colours in the sports shown:

<b>BOXING</b>	<b>ATHLETICS</b>	<b>CANOEING</b>
L.A.A. Buckel, A.R.	S.A.A. Burke, B.	F.S.A.A. Deffee, P.R.D.
<b>FENCING</b>	<b>.22 SHOOTING</b>	<b>SAILING</b>
C.A.A. McCarthy, M.B.	S.A.A. Frost, P.C.	A.A. Harry, B.D.
<b>SQUASH</b>	L.A.A. Hewitt, M.	<b>HOCKEY</b>
A.A. Clark, R.T.	L.A.A. Wells, R.L.A.	C.A.A. McCarthy, M.B.
	A.A. Humphrey, M.H.	A.A. Aldridge, G.A.

## 104th Posting List

Cpl Brady P.J.	No 1 ITS	Jnr Tech Jeffrey P.	Buchan
Cpl Frost P.C.	South Cerney	Jnr Tech Badcock P.C.	Boulmer
Cpl Deffee P.D.R.	No 1 ITS	Jnr Tech Ball M.R.	Buchan
Cpl McCarthy M.B.	South Cerney	Jnr Tech Venton G.O.C.	Buchan
Cpl Sinkinson I.	RAF College	Jnr Tech Kerr V.	Boulmer
Jnr Tech Buckel A.K.	Cranwell	Jnr Tech Hall M.S.	Gan
Jnr. Tech Clark, R.T.	OCTU Henlow	Jnr Tech Neale B.G.	Tengah
Jnr. Tech Cottol B.J.	OCTU Henlow	Jnr Tech Strange M.J.	Labuan
Jnr Tech Downes, R.E.	Cottesmore	Jnr Tech Crofton C.A.G.	Butzweilerhof
Jnr Tech Godfrey B.P.	Stradishall	Jnr Tech Harry P.D.	390 MU
Jnr Tech Hewitt M.	REU Henlow	Jnr Tech Heath F.	390 MU
Jnr Tech Smith, R.A.	N Luffenham	Jnr Tech Lemon A.	Butterworth
Jnr Tech Zeigler N.J.	Wyton	Jnr Tech Toomer J.S.	303 SU
Jnr Tech Aldridge G.A.	Wyton	Jnr Tech Burchall R.F.	103 MU
Cpl Burke B.	REU Henlow	Jnr Tech Challingsworth P.G.	303 SU
Jnr Tech Elkin A.F.G.	REU Henlow	Jnr Tech Clowes T.	103 MU
Jnr Tech Howe G.	Boulmer	Jnr Tech Ranger M.J.	103 MU
Jnr Tech Humphrey M.H.	Pattrington	Jnr Tech Palmer A.J.	390 MU
Jnr Tech Oliver P.I.	Pattrington	Jnr Tech Seago K.J.E.	103 MU
		Jnr Tech Wells R.L.A.	390 MU

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**in COLOUR**



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**EXTRACTS FROM THE SPEECH MADE BY AIR VICE-MARSHALL SIR THOMAS SHIRLEY, KBE, CB, AIR OFFICER COMMANDING-IN-CHIEF SIGNALS COMMAND ON THE OCCASION OF HIS REVIEW OF THE PASSING-OUT PARADE OF THE 104TH ENTRY.**

"The Commandant has made not only the parents but also myself very welcome here today. I am honoured to have been invited and I am very proud to be the first 'old boy' of this school to come back as your Reviewing Officer. As your Commandant said, it is really quite appropriate because I retire very soon. This will be the last parade of this sort that I shall attend as a serving officer, and I think it very fitting that I should finish up where I began in 1925 — at the Radio School.

I was very impressed by the turnout of the 104th Entry. It is normal, I know, on these occasions to say what a splendid parade and so on, and I often think that Reviewing Officers have to stretch their consciences a little when they say what they do, but really I was very impressed, particularly by the turnout and the way the 104th drilled together as a team, and I was impressed by the way they handled the parade themselves. In my own apprentice days we were not allowed to do anything so impressive, but I am sure all will agree with me that it was done very well today.

Before I talk to you about the famous "8th" I was in, I must mention coincidences there are between the 8th and the 104th. When I joined up there were 40 of us, but one boy took a horrified look at Flowerdown and departed, and so we were down to 39; 39 passed out, and 39 pass out today in the 104th. The 8th Entry had no failures either and two cadetships were awarded to Cranwell — for the first time ever. Now these results were pretty good, but they are not so good as those of the 104th.

I was impressed to hear from the Commandant how well the 104th have done. For six to have qualified at Corporal level and all the rest as Junior Technicians is a splendid achievement. I congratulate you all — but not only do I congratulate you — I congratulate your instructors, who I am sure must be very pleased with the results of all their hard work.

Why do we make so much of this business of electronics? It has not always been so important. In 1925 we had single communications equipment — W/T and R/T — if it went wrong, well, too bad! The pilot just pressed on, but he could only press on if the weather was reasonably good. It amounts to this — electronics such as we had were useful but they were not essential. It is very different now, very different indeed. Our aircraft fly in all weathers and they do it in complete safety, but they can only do so as long as the electronics with which they are equipped, and the equipment on the ground, is operating efficiently and that is what makes the radio tradesmen trained by this school so important.

Without the radar surveillance and the navigational aids, our aircraft would be lost in more ways than one. So you Ground Radar Fitters of the 104th you have a very important job — a vital one — vital for safety. But that is not all electronics do. They are not just a safety device. Electronics are now essential to all air operations. Bomber, Fighter, Coastal, Transport, and so on, they all depend these days on electronic equipment, not only for the manned aircraft, but also for the offensive and defensive guided weapons which are part of our armament.

Tremendous advances are being made in electronics, and do not think I am neglecting communications which are still the nervous system of the whole Royal Air Force; we hope before long that the RAF will have a communications satellite and then we will really be with it! There are many other exciting developments which I am sure you know of, such as integrated circuits, computers, data handling techniques and micro-electronics. They are all terribly important, not just for the Royal Air Force, they will affect the lives of all of us, service and civilian alike. You young men who have chosen to be Ground Radar Fitters have chosen very wisely because you have had here a very

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CSP



## LOCKING REVIEW

but you might advise him to carry a few more sugar lumps, otherwise I might be tempted to try a chunk of greatcoat for dinner. I further trust, Sire, that I have now passed my R & I - at least I assume that all this appearing on parade naked in howling gales is R & I training! This I will mention further in connection with my welfare.

Sire, should you decide to promote me, I assure you that I will always be bulled up to the bridle when on parade and will perform my duties with bearing and control. I also promise to greet that large white monstrosity Ben of Cosford, with the traditional double hoof whenever the occasion arises.

thirty-three

Finally, Sire, should you decide to promote me, I trust that there will be an increase in pay as is the case with apprentices. I believe the sum of 6d per day is the norm. May I say that this would be most acceptable in the form of extra hay. I have the honour to be,

Sire,  
Your obedient Servant  
(McCrackers, H.)



Apprentice  
No 1 Wing Mascot.

---

## 105th ENTRY NOTES

So finally, the penultimate but only real Entry of the Aircraft Apprentices end their three-year paid holiday at Weston-super-Mare. During our stay here we have seen many changes in the administration of No 1 Wing, and in the rules and regulations governing the life of apprentices, they all have it a lot easier now than in the good old days. We have managed to get through a record number of Flight Commanders, whether or not they asked to leave us we do not really know!

We now have one Duke of Edinburgh Gold award of which we are very proud, in fact in general our sporting record has been very good. Also our academic record has been of a high standard, and we would like to thank all concerned with every aspect of our training.

We look forward now to our life away from Locking, where we hope to uphold our spirit, and perhaps do even less work.

This note now ends with a brief description of everyone in the entry, all of whom say goodbye to Locking, leaving their thanks and sympathies.

Benoist (Merouki) — Glider pilot who always follows his nose. Britton (Ribs) — Born with a silver rattle in his mouth. Brocklehurst (Brock) — Wendy the moaner. Brown I. (Jock) — All American boy. Brown A.J. (J.B.) — Mini-mad. Burroughs

(Vic) — Crawling in Davies' footsteps. Clark (Bri) — Spot prize for any suggestions. Cooper (Coops) — Bonehead. Crane (Paddy) — Makes his mark on monuments. Cross (Piskey) — Between what? Facey (Caveman) of Neanderthalic ancestors. Farrow (Mick) — Mod(ell) man. Fraser (Jock) — the "knock" and how to get it. Gomme (Johnny) With the wind. Grant (Ginge) Heavyweight nocturnal wrestler. Haigh-Jones (Eggy) Long tall Sally. Hargest (Rog) — Cradle snatcher. Henrick (Dave) — Entry Foghorn. Hill (Benny) — Twice the man he used to be. Holdcroft (Col) — "Anyone want to buy 4 (T) Block"? Holland (Dutch) — Yo-Yo. Iddenden (Pete) — Gent from Kent. McCartney (Mac) — Recce' in the fullest sense of the word. McManners (Mick) — Reputed to have connections in the ring. Pain (Fred) — Ford main dealer. Polson (Nolsop) Jungle-bunny. Ponting (Rocky) — Modern day Saint Bernard. Pounds (Ted) — Cosford Kiddy. Reynaert (Foxy) — Dumbo. Russell (Hulk) — Big Bore. Stamp (Stumpy) — Mister Dillon, Mister Dillon! Sutherland (John) — The one that got away. Sykes (Eric) — "Eh lad, poot wood in t'ole". Taylor (Egghead) — Negative artist man. Williams (Len) — Scrap metal merchant. Willmer (Cliff) — Wink-Commander of the Fleet. Wyatt (Willy) — Must be seen to be believed. Young (Slash) — The less said the better!

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## 106th ENTRY NOTES

The 106th. Entry, Last of the Aircraft Apprentices, are approaching their final term and we are all looking forward with anticipation to being the Senior Entry at R.A.F. Locking. Although we are only a small entry, seven of which are in the band under SAA Bairstow, we have begun to leave our mark throughout the Wing. Due to us and the splendid 'C' Squadron co-operation we assisted in winning the Inter-Squadron Athletics Cup and coming a close second to 'B' Squadron in the Inter-Squadron Swimming and Water Polo, also we were informed that we can boast the best Squadron on the recent A.O.C's parade and the best inspection block on the Wing.

Many individuals in the 106th. have excelled at sport, LAA Wyatt recently set up a new record for the 2000 metres steeplechase and also came third in the Somerset County Championship 3 miles. During the winter he is a keen Cross-Country runner and Captain of the Wing team. SAA Taylor has proved himself as a basketball player, he has Captained the R.A.F. Juniors, has played for the Station and is Captain of the Wing basketball team. SAA Patrick is a keen Rugby play-

er, he has on occasions played for the R.A.F. Colts, for the Station and is the Wing Captain. AA Dunn also plays for the Wing Rugby team. SAA Patrick plays cricket for both the Station and the Wing during the summer and you will often see him, AA Dunn and LAA Clarke 'at the wicket'. Certain members of the Entry prefer a less energetic sport in the form of .303 shooting and are going to Bisley this year.

I have also been asked to mention the social life of the 106th., the Entry is certainly leaving its mark on Weston and most evenings you will find representatives in such exotic places as 'The Plough' and 'The Beach'. It is interesting to note that certain members of the Entry boast the fact that they haven't remained on camp for a single pass-night for many, many months.

In conclusion the 106th. would like to wish Wing Commander Heatherill the best of luck in his new position and welcome his successor. We would also like to wave goodbye to 'Ginge', whenever he is going and beg him to at least leave us with our hair!

## 107th ENTRY NOTES

Summer is a-comin' in  
We are going cuckoo  
With lesson notes and lab reports  
And Entry Notes to do.

With G.C.E. both 'O' and 'A'  
And something called O2  
Plus G.S.K. and S.H.F.  
And Entry Notes to do

With extra tech and extra bull  
We haven't got a clue,  
Then the A.O.C.'s parade  
And Entry Notes to do.

We ride and swim, we shoot and run,  
And foolish ones canoe,  
It is no wonder then that we  
No Entry Notes can do!



## 201st. ENTRY NOTES

Born on the 2nd. of September 1964, we were the first entry of Craft Apprentices, and at that time were 36 in number. Since then however, we have lost 11, leaving us with 25, the smallest entry ever to have been at Locking: 2 transferred to Technician Apprentices; 4 went into junior Craft entries, and the other 5, by fair means and foul, are now civvies.

Although we are only 25 strong, we haven't gone through our stay at Locking without doing our share on the sports field. Among our many sportsmen we have Martin Bentley, R.A.F. Junior Sabre Champion, Trev. Blanchard a Wing fencer, and Dave Jerry who was Wing fencing captain and is R.A.F. Junior Foil Champion. Tom Daly has played tennis for both the Station and the Wing, along with Lawrie and John Smith. Geoff Lester, Geoff Hague, and Gordon Sheward have all played badminton for the Wing, with Geoff Lester captaining the Youth Schools team, and Geoff Hague being Wing Badminton Champion. Last year, Geoff Hague played cricket for the Wing, and hopes to carry on doing so this season. Being also captain of the Wing Soccer team,

Geoff had as one of his stalwarts of defence, Lawrie Smith.

Escapades, so far have been few, due probably to our rather small numbers. In our first term we made an attempt at obtaining a rocket from the senior entry at that time, the 100th., who numbered over 150. We were half successful and managed to get the nose portion. Of course we had to return it, but afterwards we had a good time with them. This term some of the Entry paid a visit to H.M.S. Victory as it was the 201st. Anniversary of her launching. We are still waiting for our flag to be returned to us.

Having been "guinea pigs" for the course, it has been difficult for us at times, since some of the syllabus was not finished in time for us. However, we should like to take this opportunity to thank the staffs of both 2 and 1 Wings for making our stay as pleasant as they could. To say that we have enjoyed it all at Royal Air Force Locking would be an untruth, but we have persevered, and will always be proud to have been "THE FIRST of MANY".

---

## 202nd. ENTRY NOTES

Since February the entry have progressed in leaps and bounds towards establishing itself as a fine sporting entry. Although only 27 in number we have supplied several Wing team members and also figured prominently in the 'C' Squadron teams.

In Wing soccer we have Williams (ex-201), Craig and Smith, who also represented the Somerset Boys Clubs in Holland. Craig has also represented the Wing at swimming and fencing and at Cosford he won the individual Foil. Williams has represented the RAF at basketball since joining us. Madge and Hill have represented the RAF at basketball since joining us. Madge and Hill have represented the Wing at rugby and athletics and Hood has just 'shot' into the Wing shooting team.

At a higher level, Agnew won the Champion Apprentice award for equitation at the Technical Training Command Championships. This was a fine effort and we would like to congratulate Dave as this achievement went by almost unnoticed.

Apart from supplying players for the above events we were also concerned in the basketball, cross-country, in fact there was at least one 202nd member in each squadron team. At entry level one Sunday afternoon we played the latest addition to No 1 Wing at Football and thrashed them 14-0.

Towards the end of the half term we were told that our block had been select-



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## LOCKING REVIEW

ed for inspection by the AOC and from then on I block rose in immaculateness and our work was well worth the effort when the AOC said the block was excellent. 48's all round!

A certain member of the entry caused quite a sensation when "he" stepped out in the latest Jean Shrimpton kilt and was promptly asked the obvious question —

thirty-nine

His answer "My shoes and socks!"

We would like to thank Cpl Melville for his encouragement in all the sports (Win — you can get a late pass; lose and its haircuts all round). Flt Lt Williams can honestly say he has got the best squadron on the wing, in all spheres and the 202nd are glad we have been able to help 'C' Squadron.

---

## 203rd. ENTRY NOTES

A year has gone by for our entry at Locking, and what a year! Sports has been very prominent for the size of our entry, now a mere 29. But we have had representatives in athletics, basketball, cricket, canoeing, boxing, hockey, rugby; table-tennis, shooting, gymnastics & cross-country.

We are glad the entry is back together again in the same squadron (A Squadron) under the guidance of Flt Lt Evans and Cpl Cross. For the first time for a

little while A Squadron won the Drill competition, but we are not sure of our success now the 205th and 107th have joined us.

Our Entry spirit has been high much to the distaste of the 106th and 202nd. The YM Show was turned over to us from the 103rd and we hope to be able to live up to it.

Finally we wish Wg Cmdr Heatherall and Flt Lt Ken Morris (Rev) good luck in their new postings.

---

## 204th. ENTRY NOTES

The 204th Entry were the last of the old 'C' Squadron (Sprog Block M) where we were told that we'd never had it so good. This we did not believe as we seemed to be working continuously day and night. Having felt the weight of the 103rd Entry we can say that we really have entered RAF Locking.

We have entered No 1 Wing in another way. Several of our entry have played for the Wing in various sporting events:

'Hock' Reeve has played for the RAF Colts. 'Jock' Clephane has played for the Wing at football. 'Bill' Mellors has been chosen to run for the Juniors in a Group Competition. 'Taff' Blayney (Now unfortunately relegated to the sprog 205 intake) and 'Kev' Batkin have played Wing tennis. 'Dave' Stephenson has played for the Station 'C' Team for basketball. 'Spike' Dodwell has boxed for the Wing. 'Bill' Newson after our first few weeks here got us a good name by becoming the RAF Control line aero-model Junior Flying Champion of 1965.

Since the second Wing reshuffle, the 204 is now in two squadrons. Namely 'B' and 'D' squadrons, ably controlled by Corporals Cowper and Stingemore. 45% of the entry are in 'D' Squadron (the band) and we comprise 30% of the band. So that when we pass out in a year's time a large segment of the band will probably be missing.

Most members of the entry in L block are in the Caving Club run by Cpl Cowper, and several of them assisted Dave 'Cave-man' Lafferty into the Cheddar caves, for his underground stay.

All members of the 204th, even the ones that we have lost, are proud to wear the entry badge, which is reckoned in some places to be one of the best designs for some time. Some entries are frightened to let themselves be known, but not the 204th. We are proud to be here and hope to prove ourselves by passing out well.

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## 205th. ENTRY NOTES

On January 4th 1966, 41 boys had their first sight of 'sunny' Weston-super-Mare and their first taste of RAF organisation, when they arrived at Weston station on a very windy day to be met by a small twelve-seat RAF bus. The fact that all the boys present managed to find a place inside the bus was the first sign that there was to be no lack of ingenuity from the newly formed 205th Entry.

Since that time we have played a fair part in Wing activities. This started when six of the entry represented the Wing in the Scott Payne Boxing Championships, for which two were awarded Wing colours and in which Scott surprised us all by actually winning his weight section. However, he has assured us in his modest way that he only won because he was better than his opponents.

Football has been the entry's strongest and most successful sport, with Richards playing regularly for the Wing 1st XI, and the Wing under 18 Team consisting of nine players from the entry.

We were also well represented at Cosford for the Youth School Games, for which a large number of the Entry were present, competing in their own particular sport.

As with the under 18 football team, we supply the majority of the Wing under 18 cricket team which, as yet, has not been successful. This, we feel, is due to lack of match experience and coaching.

Within our first few weeks at Locking we formed an entry football team, which remains unbeaten with a record of 42 goals for and 3 goals against in 5 matches. The members of this team are willing to work hard to keep this unbeaten record.

We still have 18 months of our course to do at Locking and in that time we hope to prove ourselves a successful entry, not only at sport but academically and technically as well. Our entry motto 'Faham Extendere Factis', when translated reads: 'To extend our fame by Deeds' - this we intend to do.

---

## ART AND HANDICRAFTS EXHIBITIONS

This year, as well as staging its own exhibition, RAF Locking was the venue for the No 24 Group Inter-station Competition. The latter responsibility had the valuable effect of providing an incentive for the use of improved methods of arrangement and display. There is no doubt that both the exhibitions provided a great deal of interest and pleasure for the many people who visited them, and the attractive arrangement of exhibits coupled with good general organisation must share with the intrinsic excellence of much that was displayed the credit for this joint success.

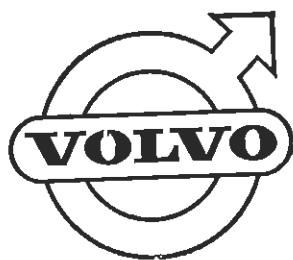
To turn to the Station Exhibition itself, which was held in the Education Section on April 20th and 21st, it is not unfair to comment that the undoubted

progress in this range of activities is marred a little by a striking disparity in the range and standards achieved in different skills. Since last year, for instance, there seems to have been a veritable oil-painting renaissance, at the same time photography, with the exception of the colour slide branch, has approached the doorway of extinction by default. There were, in fact, only seven black and white studies and one in colour.

Another general observation is the degree to which the exhibitors are the dependants of station personnel rather than station personnel themselves. It may be that once one becomes an integrated part of that cold collective the urge to create is dried up. But, whatever the cause, the consequence was exemplified by, for instance, the impressive show of



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attractive and proficiently produced hand-knitted garments compared with the paucity of articles made from wood. Dress making also seems to thrive as does much of the craftwork suitable for the wives. Surprisingly, therefore, the display of work done by children under fifteen years of age was the most disappointing feature of all. If this section is to be continued, then new methods of stimulating a genuine response must be evolved. To counter-balance this the displays prepared by the C of E and CSFC Sunday Schools and the Cubs were a pleasing innovation. But, despite any criticism, it is only right to conclude by reaffirming that the two hundred and nine entries, only slightly fewer than last year, combined to create an impressive and worthwhile spectacle.

If there is a moral to be drawn from Locking's performance in the Group competition it must be something to do with strength in depth. As was said by someone somewhere recently the chaps in the rear do a fine job. Everyone concerned, however, is to be congratulated in helping our station secure a well merited second place in the Inter-Station Trophy competition. Beaten only by Cosford (136

points), Locking (124 points) headed Halton (118), Newton (106) and St Athan (94). In fact we had more individual first places than any of our competitors. We held on to an equal top position for second places but slipped sadly for points in the "commended" category and achieved none in the "selected" group. So next time we must not allow the artistic body to have any atrophying members because what we did was well received and purely latent talent is an unbecoming modesty. I did hear someone say, looking at a "thing-a-me-jig", "I am sure I could do it as well as that", and I am sure that he was right.

Finally, I feel that a word of thanks to the judges for having so ably completed their difficult and sometimes delicate task so well must be recorded. Mr. M. Cawsey judged Art and Photography, Mrs. Bradford - Needlework, Mr. Leeming-Woodwork and Craft, and Wing Commander Cropper-Models. Also to be congratulated, of course, are the Exhibition organisers, Flt Lt K. Vinnicombe and his assistants, Mr. Fewings and ACW Marsh, who did so much to ensure the success of these enjoyable events. G. PUGH

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## PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB

The Station Photographic Club has been re-started, and occupies most of Hut No 274. The facilities it offers are two well equipped darkrooms, one for 35 mm users, one for rollfilm users, a film loading and drying room, a studio/clubroom, a print finishing room, and various storerooms.

The Club meets on Monday evening at 1800 hours, and a full programme of meetings and lectures is being arranged for the winter months.

Further details may be had from Fg Off J.J.T. Swan 3 (T) Block - Ext 276 or Mr. Fyson 2 (T) Block.

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## A HARD DAYS' NIGHT

By Ch. Tech. Lang.



In the spring issue of the Locking Review "Saturday Night and Sunday Morning" gave a general outline of motor car rallying, now I would like to give the competitor's view of the 'Alnite Rally'.

This rally which is a Royal Air Force Motor Sports Association, Individual, Station and Command Championship meeting, as well as a South Western Association of Motor Clubs championship was a first class event despite the fact that route changes were forced upon the organisers by the Devonshire police only three days before the event.

The scrutineering of the 79 cars, and the signing on by drivers and navigators took place in No 4 Bellman Hangar. When the formalities had been completed, cars were despatched to the sea front at Weston-super-Mare, where, at their due time, they were started by His Worship the Mayor.

The route to be followed was given in the form of 6 figure map references which have to be plotted on the 1" per mile Ordnance survey map. The first 17 of these plots were given out one at a time en route, so that the navigators had

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to plot them on the move.

The first real excitement of the night was just after time check eleven, caused by an old level crossing, which to say the least was a 'Hump' and the photographer had many photographs of cars in various stages of flight and landing.

Up to time check 16 the route had been fairly easy, but from then on life was hard. The roads got twistier as cars moved into the hills south of Taunton, and to keep up the 30 mph set average on the narrow, twisty, hilly, muddy lanes, drivers were having to show their skill. Some got too enthusiastic and on the easy section into the half-way halt went too fast, and incurred penalty points for so doing.

At the half-way halt several crews were still without penalty points, but it was apparent that the 2nd half would be much harder, because it was not raining, and the Brendon and Quantock Hills were obviously going to be used.

A few crews lost their first penalties by overshooting the turn off the main road at the start of the second half.

During the second half of the rally there was a "selective", a specially chosen part of the route with a target time of 5 minutes. This contained everything to test the good rally crews: very narrow, slippery twisty lanes, hills up to 1 in 5 gradient, a ford, level crossing, a hump back bridge with 90° left and right hand corners immediately afterwards (one

driver's comment at the finish was that he was still in mid-air when he wanted to start turning left) and a very sharp hairpin right, which caught out the vast majority of drivers, and they had to have two goes at it.

The cars then went over the Quantocks but not before several crews had strayed into a very large quarry and lost more precious minutes. The rally was virtually over now, and crews made their way back to RAF Locking for breakfast and computerised results.

All the crews were very pleased with the rally, and the organisation had been first class.

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#### Editor's Note.

The winning station team in the Al-nite Rally was RAF Locking with the two successful cars driven and navigated by S.A.C. Stone/Ch. Tech Lang and Ch. Tech Bowden/Ch. Tech Thompson.

Just prior to going to press the Locking Motor Club is able to report another triumph as the best Royal Air Force Station team in the Maple-Leaf Rally held on the Yorkshire Moors. The successful crews in this team were Flt. Lt. Robertson/Sqn. Ldr. Shore and Ch. Tech Thompson/Ch. Tech Bowden.

Our congratulations go to the Motor Club on these two outstanding achievements.

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## STATION TENNIS

The season started in dreadful weather, which held up the early tournament rounds. As a result the finals have yet to be played.

In the Inter-Station 'A' cup we had a good win in the Preliminary Round against a fair side at Chivenor. However, the next round saw a team weakened by detachments thoroughly beaten by a very good South Cerney side.

This season has seen a considerable increase in tennis activity at Locking. As a result our strength is increasing in depth. Last year we could choose six from seven; this year we can draw on all of eight or nine steady players. However, the odds are always considerably shortened by leave, detachments etc and it is always a matter of finger-crossing the day before an important game.

## STATION CRICKET

This season got off to a very wet start, the first four matches being rained off. However, both the weather and the cricket is improving as the season progresses. At the time of going to press the station team has won five matches and lost two. The fixture list is quite testing with five matches against strong civilian touring teams in July so there should be some exciting matches in store.

The numbers using the station nets on Monday evenings this season has been most encouraging. It is hoped that these numbers will increase even more when the nets are finally resited so that the batsmen can see the ball being bowled at them.

The station team has again entered the Somerset K.O. cup and this year the

team hopes to improve on last seasons performance in this competition when the team was knocked out by Weston C.C. in the quarter-final.

Five players were nominated for the command trial at Henlow this year and four actually attended. One player met with success, Fg Off Wilkinson by name. He has represented the command in every match they have played so far this season.

An intersection competition has been arranged this season and, despite the disadvantage of having only one pitch available for intersection matches, eight teams have entered. These teams include the regional band and two teams from I & M section.

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## ATHLETICS

The Station Athletics team fought gallantly to finish third in the No. 24 Group Championships at Cosford in June. The meeting was very keenly contested and, in fact, it was only at the last event that the Championship was decided. Unfortunately, Technician Apprentice Halliday was unable to compete but, even so, Locking were only nine points behind the winners.

This season, our seasoned veteran F.S. Dixon has been elected captain of the Royal Air Force team; congratulations, Jim! Fg. Off. Leary, F.S. Dixon, Cpl. Smith and T.A. Halliday have represented the RAF in various friendly matches so far this season. In the Somerset AAA Championships, F.S. Dixon won the 220, 440 and 440 hurdles (County Record); Sgt Longstaff won the Hammer (County Record); T.A. Halliday won the 100 and was placed second to Dixon in the 220; C.T.A. Paterson, LAA Wyatt and TA Price were

placed 3rd in the Senior 3 Miles, 4th in the Junior Long Jump and 5th in the Junior Javelin respectively.

Friendly fixtures, so far this season, have not produced very encouraging results. The Station lost to Bristol AC but won the match against EMI in June, whilst the Apprentice team lost to Chepstow Army Apprentices.

Finally, this opportunity must not be lost to say thank you to Flight Lieutenants Dorszkievicz and White who have recently left the station. Their strenuous efforts on behalf of the station and apprentices athletics teams are greatly appreciated. Squadron Leader Gledhill, (Ext. 303), and Flight Lieutenant Edwards, (Ext. 326), have now taken over as Officers i/c Station and Apprentice Athletics respectively; budding athletes and officials are requested to contact them.