

AUSTER NEWS

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Raymond Hand



Vol. 6 : No. 2



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AUSTER NEWS

Vol. 6 : No. 2

May/June 1956



Editorial

IN THE LAST ISSUE of the "Auster News" suggestions were made in the Editorial that local Civil Defence authorities should make greater use of light aircraft for reconnaissance purposes. These suggestions followed the tests carried out with an Auster Autocrat by the Borough of Derby Civil Defence team in conjunction with a mobile column. They found the Auster invaluable for reconnaissance and controlling by radio the movement of a mobile relief column which would bring aid to stricken cities after an Atomic attack. As a result of reports they submitted to the Home Office, permission has been given to local divisions throughout England to use available private aircraft for Civil Defence exercises.

Having given the lead to Britain, the Derby Borough C.D. Corps are already planning to train more pilots and observers in order to increase their own air strength.



Cover Photo

OUR COVER PICTURE this month shows the new Auster Agricola dropping pelleted superphosphate during the flight testing of its hopper and hopper door installation. The trials which were entirely successful are only part of an extensive test programme being carried out at the Company's airfield.

The Agricola has been ordered in quantity for aerial topdressing work in New Zealand.

JUNGLE JOCKS

By Eric Sewell

Glasgow Evening News Reporter

'Go to Malaya,' Evening News reporter Eric Sewell was told, 'and find out how the Scots troops are faring in the jungle campaign.' This order was given because of the success of Sewell's despatches from Cyprus. In this message from Malaya Sewell describes an air supply drop he made.

MY AUSTER AIRCRAFT banked suddenly over the dense green Malayan jungle. "There it is," the pilot pointed. Four hundred feet below I saw a tiny cross laid out on a clearing the size of a Glasgow back green . . . just a patch of sun-baked earth by the winding bed of a jungle stream.

As the plane swept over a hill which loomed up in front, skimming the tightly-packed trees by no more than fifteen feet, the pilot said through the inter-com: "That was a dummy run. When we go over next time, throw out the sack immediately I give the thumbs up sign."

On my knees lay a precious bundle of mail and newspapers, bringing news from scores of Scottish homes to a platoon of Royal Scots Fusiliers who had been cut off in the broiling unexplored Perak jungle for more than three weeks.

The pilot circled a hill, banked right, then left down a narrow valley, dropped height with sickening speed, and nosed once again towards the clearing. As he raised his thumb, I hurled the sack out and strained round to watch it plummet with fantastic accuracy on to the cross-marked patch.

Suddenly ant-like figures came scurrying from the edge of the jungle darkness. They had been completely hidden until now. One of them sent up a green flare to signal that the sack had been received. In the 30 seconds it took to circle the clearing again, the cross had vanished. So had the Fusiliers . . . back into the depths of the jungle to continue their night and day fight against Communist terrorists.

To know that these men from Glasgow, Ayrshire, Lanarkshire were buried down there in the steaming heat . . . to know and not to see . . . and then to catch a momentary glimpse of them as they emerged from trees to collect their letters from home . . . and to watch them run back into equatorial oblivion with a cheery wave of the hand—it was for me an impressive introduction to the Forgotten Army.

The jungle conditions in which these soldiers live are among the worst in the world. The unseen enemy they fight are seasoned

guerilla bandits, entirely at home in the swamps and forest. Yet most of these Fusiliers are National Servicemen in the 18-21 group—lads who, until a few months ago, were quietly studying at school or learning trades in Scottish factories. Men like Corporal John Dawson, a 22-year old plumber from Kilbirnie, one of 60 Scots who recently returned to base camp after a nine-week jungle patrol on the borders of Siam.

It was the longest operation ever undertaken in Malaya. They found terrorist camps, laid ambushes, helped Thai police chase and kill several bandits. During the patrol, John was with a party which stumbled on the wreckage of a Liberator bomber which crashed 10 years ago. Three hundred yards away was a terrorist camp, but the bandits never knew the bomber was there. That indicates the thickness of the jungle.

“During these ops we read a lot and write letters hoping that a helicopter may come in to collect and deliver mail”, John told me. “We swim, too—although there are crocodiles in some of the pools and streams.”

During that operation, a rhinoceros nosed round one camp, and Fusilier Thomas Swan from Ayr, spotted three elephants. But Fusilier Robert Barr, Dumfries, told me a hair-raising animal story which hasn't yet been bettered in the battalion.

He was on sentry-go in deep jungle when one of his pals who was sitting 20 yards away, got up to investigate a rustling in the



Before taking off on a supply dropping mission Eric Sewell has a word with his pilot, Capt. Mike Badger. The aircraft is an Auster A.O.P.Mk. 9.

undergrowth. "Jack thought it was one of the tracker dogs on the loose," said Robert, "but suddenly there was a shattering roar and a tiger jumped straight over his head and loped off into the jungle. I couldn't move for fright. Jack was absolutely paralysed."

It was men like these to whom we were dropping mail. And the sack I had just thrown out included a letter of primary importance to Second Lieutenant Blair Agnew, i/c No. 7 platoon of C Company. It was from his C.O.—also in the jungle 20 miles away—and contained his demob. papers! He'll be home in a week or two.

Piloting the Auster was Captain Mike Badger, a glider pilot captain whose squadron had just completed 100,000 flying hours in Malaya. Their work includes looking for terrorist camps, target marking for R.A.F. bombers, casualty evacuation, photographic reconnaissance, and air drops of the type we were now doing. I still had another sack on my knee. It was destined for a platoon of Ibans—native trackers from Sarawak who are working with the Fusiliers—operating in jungle 4,000 ft. up a mountain.

The sack contained five days' rice ration for the natives, and two arrows for Lieutenant Colin Simpson, who was in charge of the platoon. Lieutenant Simpson is a keen archer, and had sent out a request by radio for the arrows so that he could do some hunting.

We reached the Ibans' clearing but three dummy runs passed before I spotted the tiny clearing on the mountain side. At last Captain Badger was satisfied. We roared down a jungle ravine just above the tree tops, and I threw out the second sack—which again landed bang on target. We waited for the green flare, then turned for home.

On the way back, Captain Badger pointed out several terrorist camps which had been spotted from the air a few weeks ago and cleared by ground security forces. Again, I found them incredibly hard to spot, completely covered as they were by jungle.

We circled over a stream where men of the Malay Regiment had been ambushed and six killed, and nearer Ipoh hedge-hopped over two native villages known to be sympathetic to the terrorists. We landed at the air field and took a jeep to the Fusiliers' base camp on the outskirts of Ipoh, where Captain Badger had a conference with Captain Ken Todd, the battalion intelligence officer, about future air drops.

END

AUSTER SERVICE BULLETIN

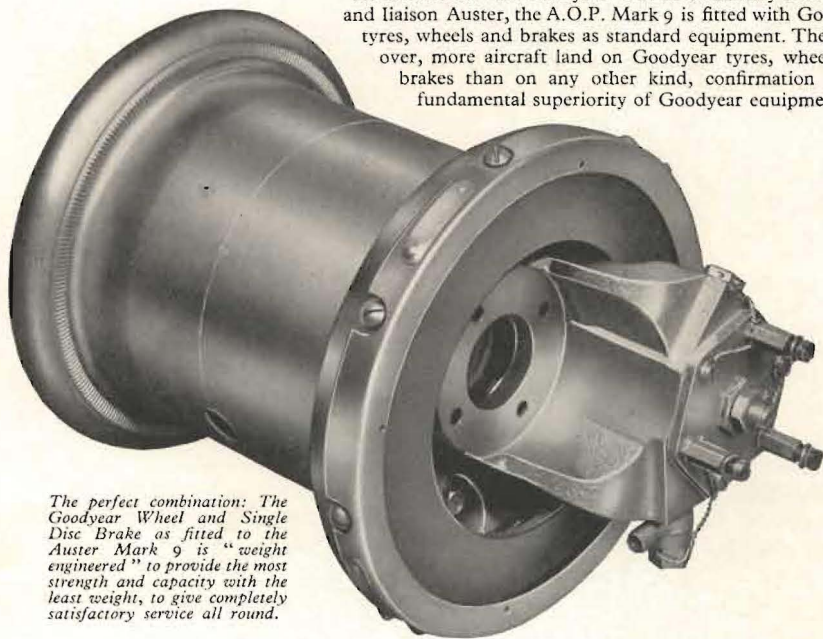
Note to service engineers. There is no service bulletin with this issue of the Auster News. The last bulletin, number 39, was published in the Auster News, Vol. 5, No. 10.

*The Latest Military
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Mk 9 - for Observation
and Liaison duties*



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Sudanese 'Talking' *Adventure*

AN AUSTER AUTOCRAT which during the summer months is normally employed giving joy flights to holiday makers from Cleethorpes beach, saved hundreds of lives at the beginning of the year in Equatorial Africa.

The adventure story behind this started when Jimmy Crampton who runs the beach aerodrome, read a story in a newspaper last October. It was a report of the mutiny of part of the Sudan Defence Force. These troops in the Southern Sudan, fearful of the outcome of Sudanese independence, which they thought would mean the domination of the Southern by the Northern Sudan, had killed their Northern officers, and murdered large numbers of Arab men, women and children from the North.

Sky-Shouting

It so happens that Jim and his friend Capt. John Radford, who works with him at Cleethorpes, have specialised in "talking aeroplane" work—"sky-shouting" as they call it—broadcasting messages through loudspeakers from their planes.

They thought they might be able to help the Sudanese government in restoring order in the South.

Jim wrote to the Sudanese Prime Minister, and things began to move very quickly. Within five weeks they had had a reply, given a demonstration to Sudan's agents in London, been engaged, got equipped for the job, and flown the Auster Autocrat out to Khartoum.

They had decided to use Capt. Radford's plane, G-AIBY, familiar to thousands of holidaymakers in Cleethorpes, leaving Jim Crampton's two Austers being overhauled in preparation for the coming holiday season.

The rest of the story is best told in Jim's own words:—

"We left Croydon during November in the rain and cold, and stayed the first night in Paris. The next day we flew down to Nice, then over the "Med" via Corsica and Sardinia, to Tunis where Vampires were taking off for operations against the rebels in Algeria.

Over the Desert

"From here onwards it grew hotter as we flew along the North African coast to Cairo, stopping at Tripoli, Benghazi, and El Adem. For hundreds of miles we flew low over the desert, seeing only a few

Bedouin with their camels, with here and there a pile of rusty petrol drums or the remains of a tank, left over from the desert campaign.

"From Cairo we carried on down the Nile to Luxor, where we got an aerial view of the Valley of the Kings. We made a circuit of the Aswan Dam, then on to Wadi Haifa and Khartoum.

"At Khartoum, the Prime Minister recorded a message for use on the public holiday being held to celebrate the last foreign troops leaving the country. This we broadcast, flying down the streets over the ceremonial parade.

"We then flew down to Juba, 700 miles to the South.

"When the mutiny had been reported, a large force had been sent to Juba by air, assisted by the R.A.F. The villagers in the still-primitive South had promptly taken to the bush, fearing retribution.

"Our job," says Jim, "was to fly over the whole of the South Sudan telling people from our loudspeakers that only those who had committed crimes would be punished, and everyone should return to their villages and carry on their normal work.

"These flights took us over all sorts of primitive country, from the Imatong Mountains with their rain forests and rushing streams, over the Nile swamps, and thousands of miles of bush country, to the borders of French Equatorial Africa.



Many of the local residents had never seen an aircraft before and hundreds trekked in from the bush to see the Autocrat.



Local boys lend a hand with refuelling the Autocrat. Jimmy Crampton, with his hand on the spinner looks particularly pleased.

Tape Recorded Messages

“The messages we broadcast had to be recorded on tape in many different languages, as almost every tribe speaks an entirely different language—sometimes changing every 30 miles or so. Some of the recordings were done by the local chiefs, others by the Governor or one of his native staff.

“In many remote areas west of Juba there were no landing places, even for an Auster. John did a reconnaissance by lorry while I was flying in another area, and earmarked various stretches of road. Trees and long grass (the grass grows 20 feet high) were cut down, a few cans of petrol left with the local policeman—
—and there was another aerodrome!

“In one case, the only straight piece of road ran through the centre of the native village, so we took off between native huts amid clouds of dust and flying chickens. At this place, as at most others, the people had never seen an aeroplane before, and hundreds trekked in from miles around to see the next take-off of the ‘great metal bird’.

“Some moved the opposite way—the local merchant at one place told of one old fellow who visited his shop and asked him to look after some eggs for a few days. The merchant was rather mystified at this request and asked him why. “Well”, he said, “I hear that an aeroplane is coming to the village, and I am going away into the bush until it has gone.”

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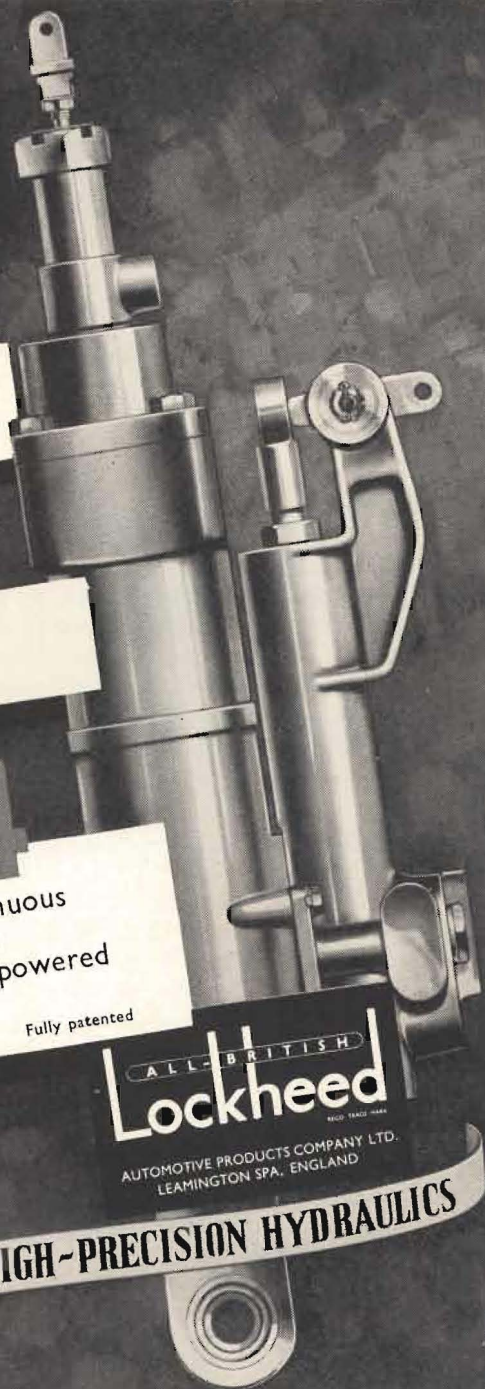
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FOREMOST IN HIGH-PRECISION HYDRAULICS



"Now and again we gave a few natives a flight, which brought forth the usual delighted remarks—oddly enough, surprisingly similar to those I hear from customers at Cleethorpes!

"I heard one outstanding one: 'They can't be cows down there—they haven't any legs'".

So successful was the sky-shouting, that the Sudanese authorities made far more use of it than had at first been intended—they were delighted with it.

Then came the chance which enabled the two fliers to come home feeling they had saved the lives of hundreds of men, women and children, and saved many more from serious illness.

A smallpox epidemic broke out in the Sudd region of the Nile, South of Malakal—a still primitive area, a vast expanse of swamp hundreds of miles across, much of it impassable for any ground vehicle.

Success

How the authorities would have coped with the situation without the Auster is hard to imagine—ground expeditions to treat individual villages might never have arrived until half the population were dead. But with the talking aeroplane, it was possible to tell people in the shortest imaginable time to go to the nearest dispensary for vaccination.

Success of the campaign can be judged from the fact that in the first area they "shouted", 2,000 Sudanese were queuing up, waiting for vaccination when the dispensary opened!

Overwhelmed

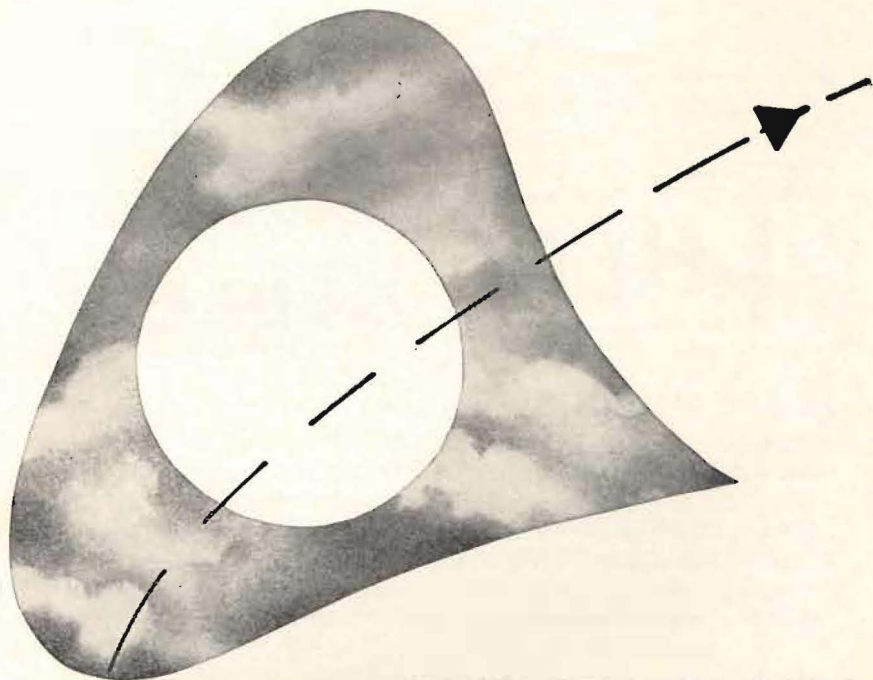
"Everywhere," says Jim, "the vaccination teams were overwhelmed with work. As we flew around, long lines of people could be seen trekking along the swampy paths to receive their vaccination. It would have been almost impossible to contact most of these people by any means other than the talking aeroplane."

During their work, the two pilots saw a lot of game—elephants, lions, buffalos, hippos and crocodiles—and sometimes had to dodge flocks of huge birds, which circled over the bush fires to swoop down on the small animals trying to escape the flames.

"John and I," says Jim, "maintained the Auster ourselves, and it says a lot for the reliability of the aircraft that we were able to keep it serviceable without so much as a plug-cleaning machine for hundreds of miles."

Both men knew the Sudan of old—both have been there in previous years, air-spraying cotton crops, and attacking locust hordes with insecticide. But there was one disappointment for Jim. Last time he went, Mrs. Crampton went with him. This time, she had to stay at home to look after the baby!

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'FLYING FISH' TO RESTOCK LAKES

IN UGANDA a scheme is afoot to drop live fish from the air to re-stock lakes and dams which are not easily accessible by lorry because of poor tracks, thick reeds or papyrus. This method, which the Game and Fisheries Departments plan to use, has been proved successful in America. The Game Warden, Major B. G. Kinloch, stated that experiments had been carried out at Entebbe, using the stretch of Lake Victoria at the end of the airport runway.

A removable eight-gallon tank has been devised and fitted into the passenger seat of an Auster aircraft. The first of two experimental flights at Entebbe was made using water alone to see the effect. Then 50 live fish fry were dropped during runs at a height of 200 feet.

A long search of shallow and clear water revealed no casualties and the experiment appeared to be successful.

Maj. Kinloch said it was intended to try again, dropping a much larger number of fry in one run to check whether the scheme is likely to be a definite and practical success.

The Auster belongs to the Game Ranger of the Lake Albert range, Capt. Richard Newton, who uses it to help him in his work.

The Lake Albert range has areas which are covered most of the time by long elephant grass and thick forest and Capt. Newton, using the aircraft, can see with ease herds of elephants breaking out of the Murchison Falls National Park and uninhabited bush and forested areas to raid cultivation.

Before the elephants can reach the cultivated areas he lands at Masindi and deploys his game guards to drive them back.

His Auster has also proved its worth for spotting poachers' camps in the constant drive against poachers in the main game areas.

Capt. Newton was a gunner officer in the Second World War and learned to fly with the East African Artillery as an air observation officer.

BIG SPRAYING POTENTIAL IN TURKEY

IT IS REPORTED that the Turkish Ministry of Agriculture will be requiring the services of aerial spraying contractors this year. Work involving the use of 50 spray planes will perhaps be contracted to spraying operators from numerous countries. It is understood that payment for services will be made through the American Aid Plan.

AERIAL RECONNAISSANCE FINDS DAM SITES

THE VALUE ATTACHED to water in the North-West of Australia can be gathered from the fact that during the last eight years more than 750,000 cubic yards of earth have been moved during the construction of dams and water courses on one sheep station alone. Mr. I. McTaggart of Nonning Station has been using his Auster for the selection of possible sites for water dams. In addition the aircraft is regularly used for routine inspection of the station which covers an area of 1,200 square miles.

Underground springs are hard to find and often prove unsuitable for stock when tapped, every effort therefore is made to conserve surface water.

After heavy rain it is often impossible to travel by road for many days, and aerial reconnaissance over sheep and dams is the only effective way of keeping check. Whilst airborne Mr. McTaggart also makes a note of any heavy kangaroo infestation, over-stocking, and the position of any stray sheep.

AIRBORNE TRAFFIC POLICE

AS THE CONGESTION on Britain's roads gets progressively worse local Authorities and Police Forces are having to resort to new traffic control methods in an effort to combat what occasionally becomes complete chaos.

The go-ahead Lancashire County Police Force however appear to have eased their own traffic difficulties by using an Auster as an airborne observation plane. It has been their practice now for a number of years to hire a three-seat Auster Autocrat from a local flying club together with the Services of a professional pilot. The aircraft's job is to sort out from the air, traffic problems that might halt streams of vehicles converging upon Aintree, for instance, where the Grand National horse race is run. A Police officer, usually one with previous flying experience, accompanies the pilot and reports by radio any potential bottlenecks that may occur. Motor cyclists and patrol cars are then suitably deployed to meet the emergency.

This combined Air/ground co-operation was particularly successful when the Queen visited Lancashire recently. The royal party's procession of cars was followed by a circling Auster which radioed its progress to police cars in the area.



Officers of the Lancashire County Police force plan a patrol with the pilot before take-off. Contact between the aircraft and ground patrols is maintained by radio.

On more than one occasion during the last few years an Auster has proved its usefulness. Once for instance, an urgent message was flashed to a patrol car when a double decker bus was seen making its way towards the race course along an unsuitable route. The car intercepted the bus just before its driver could chance the top deck beneath a thirteen-foot high bridge.

AUSTERS IN MALAYA—HIGH UTILISATION

NUMBER 1907 Light Liaison Flight R.A.F. operating Auster Mk. 6 and 9 A.O.P. aircraft have issued some remarkable figures covering their flying activities during 1955. Operations against the Communist terrorists provided a wide variety of tasks and resulted in 7,112 hours flying. Other figures show:—

Terrorist camps found	64
Suspect camps	59
Terrorist cultivation plots found	189
Supplies dropped	14,480 lbs.
Leaflets dropped	3,450,000
Aircraft serviceability	80.62%

AERIAL PROSPECTING IN TANGANYIKA

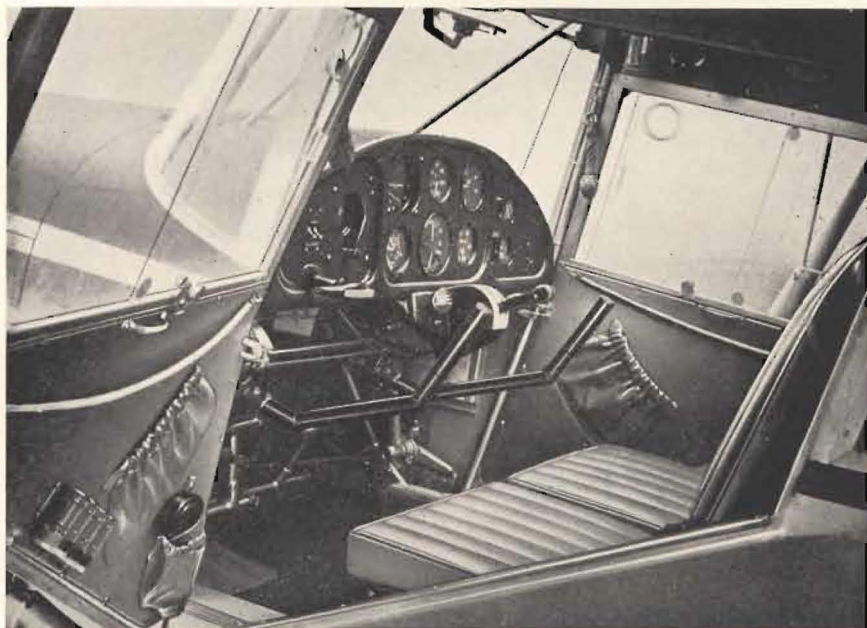
PRELIMINARY PROSPECTING surveys have been carried out in Tanganyika using Auster aircraft. The first results have been en-

It's **'Vynide'** UPHOLSTERY in the Auster Autocar

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V113

couraging enough for ground surveys to be made over areas recommended by searches in the aircraft.

To encourage airborne scintillometer surveys the Tanganyika Mines Department is prepared to receive applications for the temporary exclusion of specified tracts of land for prospecting for radio active minerals, in order that the applicant may make a preliminary search and not be 'jumped' by ground 'pirates' who watch his movements, and then move in on areas upon which he has concentrated.

(Details of airborne searches for Uranium were given in the Auster News, Vol. 5, No. 8 issue.—Ed.)

ERRATUM

IN THE LAST issue of the Auster News, Vol 6, No. 1 issue, the name of our New Zealand agent was incorrectly given as The British Aeroplane Co. Ltd. (N.Z.). This should have read The Bristol Aeroplane Co. (N.Z.) Ltd.

ANOTHER 'SNAKE' STORY

AFTER A bush pilot's Auster landed at Cargoan in North Queensland a passenger saw a snake on the strip below the parked aircraft. All hands made every effort to destroy the snake but it climbed into the cabin and then vanished.

Despite a thorough search of the aircraft the snake could not be found and the pilot reluctantly took off, but not before all socks were put outside trousers and collars buttoned. Further along the route the Auster landed and took off on a further charter. After flying for about 50 miles the snake re-appeared causing a girl passenger to scream and freeze with terror. The pilot, obviously a man of many talents, charmed the snake for a further 50 miles, landed, and then killed it.

AUSTER APPRENTICE WINS AWARD

PETER YATES, 21 year old Auster engineering apprentice, has won a 10 guinea award. Presented by Claud Bennion Esq, through the Leicester College of Technology and Commerce (School of Engineering), the prize is awarded annually to the best student securing a Higher National Certificate in Production Engineering.

CAMERAMEN, TAKE CARE!

A NUMBER OF REPORTS have reached us recently concerning the loss of cameras from airborne Austers. The latest comes from New Zealand where a photographer set off to take pictures of a hospital for a women's magazine. His camera was a £350 'Speed-Graphic' fitted with a telephoto lens which he appears to have extended out of the window. The slipstream whipped the whole contraption out of his hands and it finally came to rest in the grounds of the Wellington Zoo smashed to pieces.



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It may seem obvious to the experienced, but we would remind photographers about to take their first air-to-ground pictures, that a hundred-mile-an-hour slipstream is always ready to take possession of their camera just outside the open window. The sliding window provided in the door of any Auster gives a wide aperture through which most press cameras can be operated without the need for extending the lens into the slipstream.

Owners of 3 and 4 seat Austers who use their aircraft regularly carrying press photographers can obtain a specially designed rear photographic window from the Auster Service department. This has a round detachable panel through which the photographer can "shoot", and is fitted in place of one of the rear side windows. The cameraman may also make use of the space in the rear of the cabin to lay out his equipment so that it comes easily to hand in the air.



Royal Mail—delivered by Auster. To the smallest Post Office in Australia comes the mail dropped from an Auster Autocrat owned by the Morton brothers, big-time sheep farmers in North-West Queensland. Whilst the Postmaster looks the other way the pilot prepares to drop the black parcel which can be seen just below the cabin window. This particular Autocrat has flown over 100,000 miles without mishap, and does practically everything normally done by ground transport.

A 'Courier Mail' Photo.

“I Can’t Complain About My Income-Tax”

Not After Writing Off £75,000 Worth Of Aircraft

Income tax, always a sore talking point with U.K. readers appears to have at least one champion—a Mr. R. J. Urquhart who was the victim of a series of unfortunate coincidences that led to one big crash—when he was a war-time bomber pilot. Every detail of his story was recently given in “The Scotsman”; its moral makes us wonder how many of our readers have had similar experiences and feel the same as Mr. Urquhart about their income tax.

I never complain about my Income Tax.

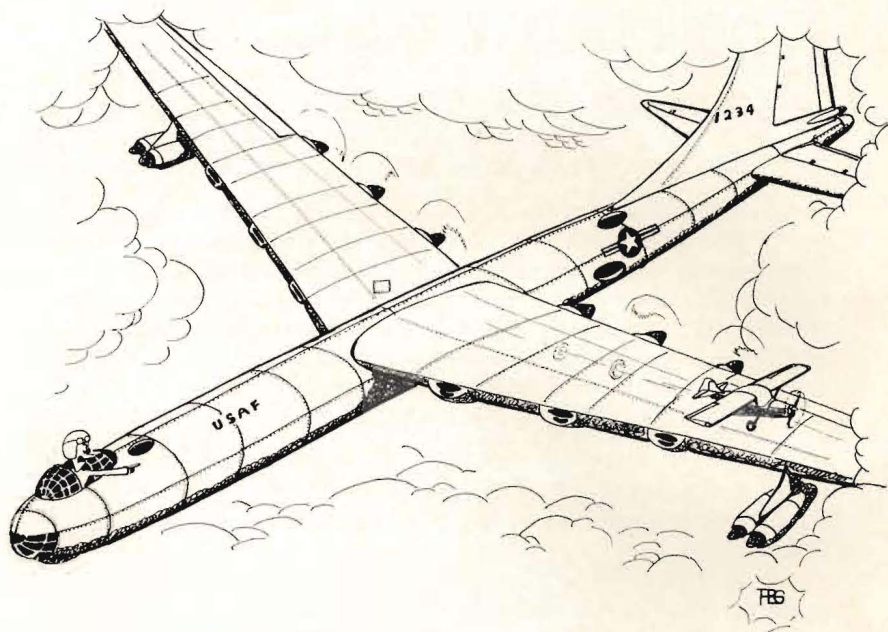
And if you think that with that opening bar I am about to sing myself into a heaven of self-righteousness you will be very wrong. I just can’t complain about my own Income-tax! I just laugh—usually.

It all started one day on a heavy bomber station in Yorkshire in the autumn of 1942. Emerging from a scrum which had erupted in the middle of a mess party my Flight Commander took time to remark, “Jock, old boy, A for Adam’s Downfall is due out from a major tomorrow. Will you give her an air test?”

Air tests, I may say, were little jobs to be enjoyed. Some 20,000 feet above the countryside, lying chrysanthemum-tinted, in the late autumn sun, we would go through the few tests and then do some things that were not in the book. We might stick the nose right down, and when the speed seemed just to be getting too much for the sturdy Halifax, pull the nose right up and close the four throttles, at the same time putting the stick hard over. If successful, this manoeuvre—which was not part of the test at all—resulted in the 30-ton aircraft standing on its port wing tip. Then, as flying speed dropped—which it did very sharply—the aircraft fell away in a sideways stall which was the real thrill of the manoeuvre. Anyway it was the nearest we could get to what those fighter types did.

As we trundled up the runway on that morning of the test, some ideas of this nature were in my mind. For all its weight and solidity, the Halifax was a lovely aircraft to handle, and it came of the deck with just a suggestion of stick at 100 miles an hour.

I had got the tail up and was well on the way to 95 m.p.h. when my passenger (an American in the Royal Canadian Air Force) remarked: “Some silly clot has left his microphone on.” When this happened, the mike hanging by the sides of our faces picked up the engine noises and made a racket in the ears. “It’s yours, Jock,” he went on, and put his big fist across my face to switch it off.



"O.K. Bud, that'll be a two-dollar landing fee."

At the precise moment when his hand was over my eyes, fumbling with the switch, the starboard outer engine cut.


Precious Second

A three-engine take-off in an empty aircraft is not difficult, but that precious second needed to correct the severe swing was lost, and we were off the runway heading for the hedge, the soft wet grass removing all braking hopes. The wing passed over an airman driving a bomb-trolley and its train of metallic death, peaceably driving round the track, and on over a workman's hut at the edge of the airfield.

We headed through the station cabbage patch, gathered a festoon of barbed wire from the boundary fence, and the broad swath of destruction which started in the cabbages carried on through an area of rather degenerate woodland—luckily there were no big trees and what were there snapped like matchsticks—and we finished up with a terribly expensive sounding crash, with the tail gunner wide wonder in his eyes, sitting in his turret overhanging a small river.

Each of the undercarriage legs was a 250 lb. magnesium casting. I heard them crack—the most expensive noise of all.

Unscratched, but on rather wobbly legs, we all walked back along the path we had cut, and arrived on the edge of the taxiing



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Aircraft Industry



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track just about the same time as the 'blood-waggon,' the Groupie's car and the Flying Control Jeep.

I explained to the Groupie about the engine cutting and the bad swing, and he gave me an old-fashioned look, as he, too, knew that a three-engine take-off was possible. I did not mention the mike and my passenger's part.

Next morning I stood in front of my Flight Commander, who had my log-book open before him. This, I thought, is where the entry goes in, in green ink; but no, there was no question of "making a case." The Flight Commander, however, could not let it go entirely. He had looked at my log-book and remarked casually: "This Beaufort in the drink off Gib.—that must have cost a packet too, for, after all, we still have the parts of the Hallybag." I agreed, and then, just because he could not let it lie at that, he mentioned the Auster that tangled in the high tension wires at Old Sarum. He put the total bill at around £75,000, minimum.

So, as he gazed across the airfield where another Halifax was lumbering its black hulk up the runway for another air test, he said with a sweet affected preciousness of Flight Commanders: "You big Scotch clot, if you live to be a hundred and make a million quid, never, never complain about your income-tax.

And that is why I never do complain about my Income tax.

AGRICULTURAL FLYING IN THE U.S.A.

AMERICA HAS ESTABLISHED itself as the foremost user of light aircraft in agricultural activities. Aerial spraying is the largest single job and figures just issued by the C.A.A. show that 273,439 hours were flown on spraying operations in 1954. The total acreage sprayed amounted to 16,775,000 acres upon which almost 58 million gallons of spray liquid were used!

The figures give an excellent idea of the many different jobs now undertaken from the air.

HOURS FLOWN IN 1954

Spraying	273,439
Dusting	209,357
Fertilising	62,736
Seeding	52,396
Defoliation	49,342
Checking crops	8,570
Spraying towns, pest control	5,884
Chasing birds from rice fields	5,877
Grasshopper baiting	2,984
Anti-frost agitation	809
Checking fallow land	756
Agitating cherry trees	51
Knocking fruit from trees	25
				TOTAL	<u>672,226</u>

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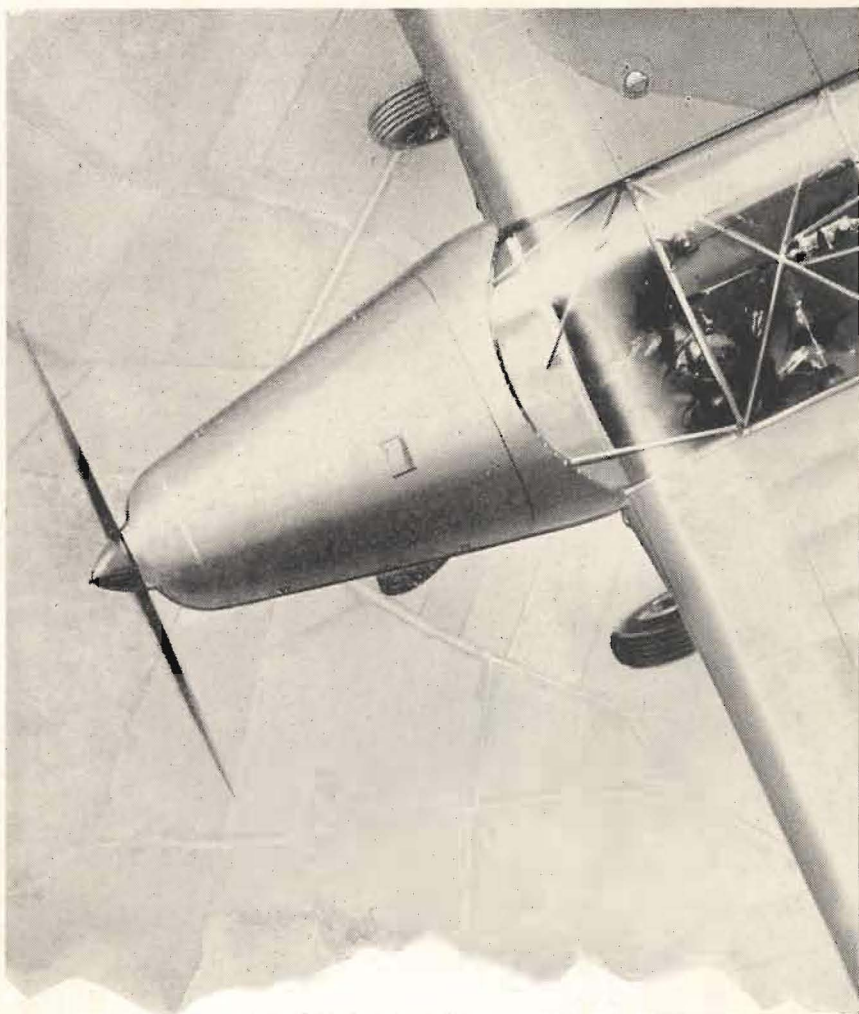
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The Blackburn Bombardier four-cylinder injection engine, the power unit of the Auster A.O.P.9, is in production for the Royal Air Force.

It is rated at 170 h.p. at 6½:1 compression ratio and operates on fuels having a minimum octane rating of 80.

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At 7:1 compression ratio the "Bombardier" is rated at 180 h.p. and operates on fuels having a minimum octane rating of 91/98.

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