

NEWS FLASHES: STOP PRESS.

Issue No. 1087...30..7..1941

Title: All The King's Horses.

Track: Young Eagles.ManFrom Yesterday.March Of Blefusco.Grand Jury Secrets.

Lines: Stag.

Voice: Mellor.

Cadets of the Air Training Corps, the RAF of to-morrow, were honoured with a royal inspection. From 16 to 18, in their spare time, the youngsters thoroughly cover the groundwork of air force training. At the end of the course most of them will pass into the RAF or Fleet Air Arm. This station is in the charge of Flight Lieutenant Paterson, who used to run the Duke of York's Camp.

(GROUND SHOT) The cadets are part of the country's long term policy in air defence. Their ambition is to succeed and be worthy of the immortal victors of the Battle of Britain.

The Star of Marshal of the USSR was presented by the Chairman of the Supreme Council M. Kalinin, to Marshal Voroshilov now commanding the armies of the North; upon Marshal Budenny, who is entrusted with the defence of the Ukraine; and upon Marshal Timoshenko, who commands in the centre. Three brilliant soldiers against whose armies the Nazis dash themselves in vain.

It's hard luck for the Luftwaffe that its latest fighter, the Me.109F, is in British hands. It was forced down in Kent while being flown by the Nazi ace, Captain Pingel who claims 22 RAF victims. It was undamaged but for the propellor, so experts soon knew all about its new engine, wing-shape, oxygen apparatus and the Mauser 20-millimetre, firing 900 rounds a minute through the airscrew. The cockpit wasn't designed for Marshal Goering, but normal pilots can reach 40-thousand feet. Maximum speed is 360 miles an hour. A fine fighter, but inferior, we're told, to our own latest aircraft.

The two things that make life difficult in the Western Desert are sun and sand. The sun at least goes in at night but the sand's everywhere 24 hours a day.

No, he's not cooty - meet Private Whisky, who's shed his Italian connections and is now a regimental mascot. The troops have got a few hours off and go for a swim.

Private Whisky's not going to let them out of his sight. But he does say this much for the Italians - organ-grinders don't go swimming, do they?
