

river and found a more suitable landing place just above the bridge. *Jemima* was moored to a buoy while Charles and I went off with the owner of a local garage to obtain four gallons of No. 1. Refuelling was rather a wet-making operation.

On casting-off we did a little sternwards sailing to get a longer take-off run and then opened up. The early stages of the take-off were not very pleasant; we were unable to aim quite straight into-wind as the river curved round to the left, and it soon became obvious that unless we stopped pretty quickly we should either hit the bank opposite or run the risk of capsizing due to the strong-cross wind. Fortunately, Charles came to this conclusion at about the same time as myself and shut down. The next seven minutes consisted of sitting still and sailing back to our starting point, as the wind was still far too strong to consider a down-wind turn. This time we went back almost under the arch of the bridge and took every inch of the available run, which we should, of course, have done the first time. The second attempt was more successful. *Jemima* staggered off well before the stone river wall, but there were trees and hills behind so we had to turn up the river and use the old gliding technique to help gain sufficient height to negotiate the entrance obstructions.

Outside, in Plymouth Sound, we met a four-master running in behind the heads, probably a training ship, as I hear that even Captain Erikson, the last of the sailing ship owners, is being forced to turn over to machinery now. From here we pushed our way round Prawle and Start Points until we arrived about lunch-time at a small inland lake formed by a miniature Chesil Beach at Torcross. It was ideal for our purpose—no sea, plenty of wind in the right direction for take-off, and an hotel and petrol pump at one end. In approaching just before the touch-down we came in about two feet over a swan on his nest in the reeds, and he did not appear to welcome such a noisy and cumbersome visitor to his lake. We quickly taxied to the hotel at the other end, and put the machine in the charge of some sea scouts while we retired for lunch.

Suitably refreshed we set off for Poole. The run round the bay was uneventful. We passed over our first refuelling point on the outward trip and saw the cause of our nearly getting stuck whilst taking off. This piece of inland water is still tidal; it was now about half-tide, and so showed up the weed-covered mud banks very well. In Warbarrow Bay, just after passing Lulworth Cove, Charles

turned towards the gap in the down and, after one or two anxious moments due to the down currents, managed to coax *Jemima* through on to the north side of the hill without running entirely out of altitude anywhere. Once through and on the windward side, *Jemima* ambled along with practically no engine at all, merely using the lift from the N.E. wind to keep her in the air, a gloriously economic feeling. Arriving over Poole there seemed to be no particular anchorage which was at the same time sheltered, accessible, and offering an unused mooring, but after a little reconnoitring Charles decided to put her down near the entrance and tie up to a spare buoy near the beach.

And So Home

The next morning again dawned fine, and after filling our two-gallon tin from a motor-boat pump at the landing stage, we commissioned a longshoreman to put us aboard, and after refuelling took off on the final lap. Just outside the harbour two speed-boats were racing each other down to Bournemouth Pier, so on catching them up we throttled back, and, to their occupants' astonishment, formatted with them. Christchurch Harbour proved too tempting to pass unnoticed, so we put down for practice landings and take-offs. If the entrance was dammed and a way cut through from Christchurch aerodrome, this would prove an excellent base for seaplane and small amphibian operation, but I don't expect it would be very popular with the local yachtsmen or inhabitants.

From Christchurch we went out to wave to our friend the lighthouse-keeper at the Needles, then in past Hurst Castle, over the marshes by Lymington River, and so home to the slipway at Hamble.

That evening we talked over the whole trip. It had been great fun; the frequent landings at unpremeditated places and the agreeably slow movement made the trip most interesting. When travelling in an aeroplane cruising at 1,000 ft. or more and at, say, 100 m.p.h., one is not able to see and digest the scenery in detail; one just gets a general impression of the type of country over which one passes; but cruising along the coast at 50-200 ft. at between 40 and 70 m.p.h. is ideal. It is perhaps, a cross between motoring and flying, with some of the advantages of each.

We are now planning rather more ambitious trips for next year—Scotland, Southern Ireland, or even Norway if our holidays permit.

P. M.

THE NEW YEAR HONOURS LIST

THE following names, which occur in the list of New Year Honours, will be of particular interest to readers of *Flight*.

Knight Bachelor

EVERARD, William Lindsay, Esq., J.P., D.L., M.P. for the Melton Division of Leicestershire.

C.B. (Military Division)

BABINGTON, Air Vice-Marshal John Tremayne, C.B.E., D.S.O., Royal Air Force.

PORTAL, Air Vice-Marshal Charles Frederick Algernon, D.S.O., M.C., Royal Air Force.

G.C.V.O.

REITH, Sir John Charles Walsham, G.B.E., D.C.L.(Oxon), LL.D., Chairman of Imperial Airways.

C.B.E. (Military Division)

COCHRANE, Group-Captain the Hon. Ralph Alexander, A.F.C., Royal Air Force, employed on temporary duty in New Zealand.

O.B.E. (Military Division)

SWINBOURNE, Wing Commander Thomas Anthony, Assistant Chief of the Air Staff, Royal Australian Air Force, and Assistant Secretary (Air Force) to the Council of Defence, Commonwealth of Australia.

GABRIEL, Squadron Leader Christopher Parton, Auxiliary Air Force.

O.B.E. (Civil Division)

COLLINS, Cyril Bertram, Esq., Senior Operations Officer, Department of Civil Aviation, Air Ministry.

ROBERTSON, Charles Pennycook, Esq., M.B.E., Press and Publicity Officer, Air Ministry.

WILCOCKSON, Arthur Sidney, Esq., Captain, Imperial Airways.

M.B.E. (Military Division)

BENNETT, Flight Lieutenant Howard Gordon, Commissioned Warrant Officer, Royal Australian Air Force.

McINTYRE, Flight Lieutenant Stanley Harcourt, Commissioned Warrant Officer, Royal Australian Air Force.

Air Force Cross

DURANT, Flying Officer Harry Allen, Royal Australian Air Force, in recognition of his courageous conduct while piloting an Avro Anson aeroplane conveying the Minister of Defence of the Commonwealth of Australia and other persons from Canberra to Melbourne in June last.

British Empire Medal (Military Division)

Corporal Alexander BAIN, No. 23 Squadron, Royal Australian Air Force.

Archie Victor STYLES, Chief Petty Officer Writer, New Zealand Naval Forces.

The list of Royal Air Force decorations is published on page 10.