

THE JOURNAL OF



THE  
ROYAL AIR FORCE  
COLLEGE

VOL. XXI No. 2  
SUMMER, 1949

CRANWELL  
LINCOLNSHIRE





*[Photo: Bassano Ltd.]*

**AIR COMMODORE G. R. BEAMISH, C.B., C.B.E.**  
Commandant of the Royal Air Force College

Frontispiece



# THE JOURNAL OF



# THE ROYAL AIR FORCE COLLEGE

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# THE JOURNAL OF

## THE JOURNAL OF THE ROYAL AIR FORCE COLLEGE, CRANWELL

THE ROYAL AIR FORCE COLLEGE, CRANWELL, LINCOLNSHIRE

(Telephone: Sleaford 300)

THE EQUIPMENT AND SECRETARIAL WING, ROYAL AIR FORCE COLLEGE,  
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THE JOURNAL OF THE ROYAL AIR FORCE COLLEGE will be published three times a year, in March, June and November.



# The Journal of the Royal Air Force College

VOL. XXI

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## COLLEGE NOTES

THE wheel of College training has turned its full circle once since its renewal after the war. The Spring Term saw the passing-out of No. 46 Entry and a unique phase in the history of the College came successfully to its end, the end of the beginning.

As the Commandant recalled in his speech at their farewell, it was in an atmosphere of pioneering that the "First Fifteen" started their course in October, 1946. They were the subject of experiment in their quarters in East Camp; the most abundant form of training equipment at their disposal was imagination; the College building was a promised land firmly in the possession of No. 19 F.T.S. The greater part of the Entry joined them in January, 1947, many of them with nearly two years' service and a University course to their credit. When they moved into the College in April, it was to find the benevolent seniority of No. 45 Entry imposed on them for the first year.

No. 46 Entry saw the full College form and take shape around them. For a year the leadership has been their task. They can look with pride upon the structure of created spirit and recreated tradition into which so much of their own spirit is built. The regular flow of permanent officers into the Service from Cranwell has been renewed, and thirty newly-commissioned officers carry into their careers the good wishes of all the College.

For the parade at the passing-out of No. 46 Entry the College was honoured by the presence of His Royal Highness The Duke of Gloucester, K.G., P.C., K.T., K.P., G.C.B., G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O., as Reviewing Officer. A full account of His Royal Highness's visit and the graduation ceremonies is contained in this JOURNAL.

\* \* \*

Among the most welcome messages of good wishes on that occasion was a signal from Air Vice-Marshal R. L. R. Atcherley, C.B.E., A.F.C., Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Royal Pakistan Air Force. The first Commandant of the post-war Cranwell completed his tour of command on 31st December.

It was a notable flash of insight in selection that chose Air Commodore Atcherley to recreate the Royal Air Force College. He brought to that task qualities of vision and originality, determination and energetic leadership attuned to the planning of a progressive future. With them he combined an abiding but eclectic admiration for the traditions of Cranwell, to which he was the first ex-cadet to return as Commandant.

In nothing did he accept for the College any standard but the highest, and his vision of its future was not limited by the past but had a breadth and scope worthy of the Service to which he, like the College, is devoted. His achievement will be measured not only by the College as it is today, but by its progress and its product in the years to come. In this work of rebuilding, his unique and forceful personality won from all the College the respect, the affection and the good wishes which he takes with him to his new task.

\* \* \*

The new Commandant, Air Commodore G. R. Beamish, C.B., C.B.E., is also an ex-cadet, of the February, 1923, Entry. In fact, Cranwell welcomes again a name that was on its list almost unbrokenly from September, 1921, to 1927. Air Commodore Beamish's study of the re-born Cranwell has been continuous, almost pre-natal, since he was President of the Air Crew Selection Board, now at Ramridge House, responsible for the choice of every entrant from the first.



From the Staff College in 1937, the present Commandant went to the Air Ministry and thence to Headquarters, Palestine and Transjordan. A move to Headquarters, Middle East, in 1940, began his varied and distinguished service in that campaign. In 1941 he commanded the R.A.F. in Crete and afterwards went to Advanced Air Headquarters, Western Desert. In 1942, with Air rank, he was S.A.S.O. Western Desert. Next year he returned to Air Ministry, Special Plans, and again to Africa to Eastern Air Command, and then North-West Africa Tactical Air Force as S.A.S.O., till in 1943 he became Air Officer in Charge of Training, Air Defence of Great Britain. As Air Vice-Marshal he commanded No. 45 Group, Transport Command, and then became President of the A.C.S.B. For a short period before his appointment as Commandant he was Director of Weapons, Air Ministry.

\* \* \*

Two Squadron commands have changed since the last JOURNAL was published. Squadron Leader M. M. Stephens, D.S.O., D.F.C., after a brief command of A Squadron, has been posted to a Wing Commander appointment at the Air Ministry. Squadron Leader D. W. Steventon, D.S.O., D.F.C., whose spare-time farming was no less constructive than his command of B Squadron, has gone to Hullavington. The new Commander of A Squadron is Squadron Leader H. A. Jenkins, D.F.C., who was a cadet in the last entry before the war. Squadron Leader R. H. G. Weighill, D.F.C., of R.A.F. and England Rugby, has succeeded to the command of B Squadron.

After a four-month interregnum, a Senior Tutor, Aeronautical Science and Engineering, in succession to Group Captain A. C. Kermode, O.B.E., has been appointed. Wing Commander W. F. Beckwith, O.B.E., was at Cranwell in the single entry of University entrants who, in 1935, came as pilot officers and lived as flight cadets on a six-month course. He was a pilot in No. 7 Squadron. Staff appointments succeeded the Henlow course in 1938. In the war he was for two years Chief Technical Officer at Takoradi, then a Deputy Director of Servicing and Maintenance at the Air Ministry. Since then he has been at the R.A.F. Staff College, then in the Directorate of Technical Policy, Air Ministry. He returns to Cranwell fresh from the Joint Services Staff College course.

Other staff changes have been numerous. Our good wishes go with Squadron Leader W. J. O. Coleman, D.F.C., as instructive on mountaineering as on navigation; with Squadron Leader G. G. Edwards, untimely taken before the cricket season; with Squadron Leader D. J. Garland, whose healthy child is the Musical Society; with Flight Lieutenant G. C. Lamb, A.F.C., the JOURNAL's first special correspondent on Flying Wing affairs; with Flight Lieutenant E. K. P. Ince, D.F.C., adjutantially tireless; and with all who have left us. Their successors and the new appointments are named in the lists at the end of the JOURNAL.

The stop press of the last JOURNAL recorded the appointment of Lieutenant-Colonel Edward L. Hurlburt, U.S.A.F., to the College Staff. Colonel Hurlburt's stay has been brief, but welcome indeed, and fruitful. Not only was he an interested and understanding observer of all our ways, as his brief bade him be, but soon he and his charming family made themselves part of the College and its community. His assignment is now to Headquarters, Transport Command, and we hope that his double-prowed battleship will often find its familiar way to Cranwell. We welcome most warmly his successor, Major Henry L. Hogan, Mrs. Hogan and their family.

The Equipment and Secretarial Wing this term loses Squadron Leader P. G. M. Ridsdale, who has been with the Wing since its inception and was responsible for much



of the preliminary work. He has devoted himself wholeheartedly to its welfare, and we are particularly grateful to him for his coaching in sports, as well as to Mrs. Ridsdale for her work in the Dramatic Section. Our thanks and congratulations follow him to Staff College.

\* \* \*

“College Notes” cannot fail to pay its tribute to Flight Lieutenant A. J. Marvin and Flight Cadet Kenneth Manning, whose lamentable loss is recorded in a fuller notice elsewhere. It is good to recall here the message of which the Longmore Memorial is so proudly significant, that it is not only by lives lost in battle that the Royal Air Force enriches its service and its duty to the country.

\* \* \*

The Summer Term’s new entry, No. 54 Entry, is of full strength, and No. 47 Entry now takes the lead of 180 flight cadets and seventy-two cadets at Cranwell. We congratulate the new under-officers and non-commissioned officers on their promotion, which, since they have sat so long in the second place, must have seemed slow in coming.

The Equipment and Secretarial Wing, though still far from its full complement, has taken another step forward with the arrival of eleven cadets of No. 4 Entry. It has been divided into A and B Flights—a source of competition as well as administrative convenience.

The accommodation problem at Cranwell, acute in spite of the Press publicity given to unfilled vacancies, was eased last term by the occupation of what used to be rather libellously called the Old Sisters’ Mess. It houses each term’s junior entry of flight cadets and a board now proclaims it Daedalus House. Its comforts easily compensate for its remoteness. The College building itself becomes increasingly divorced from instruction. Offices and Society premises have almost ousted lecture-rooms from the west end of the upper floor, and the servants’ canteen has regained the premises that the drawing office usurped.

Most conspicuous of all changes within the building is the hanging of the admirable pair of portraits of Their Majesties The King and Queen on the two pillars confronting the main entrance. These are the works of Edward Seago, R.B.A., and Mr. Seago was present on 8th April when His Royal Highness The Duke of Gloucester unveiled the portraits on their presentation to the College by the Air Council. The King’s portrait, which was exhibited in the Academy of 1948, shows His Majesty in the uniform of Marshal of the Royal Air Force.

The V.C. portraits, in colour to match those of the First World War, and the Orde drawings of distinguished former cadets, the generous gift of six firms of aircraft and engine manufacturers, have now been framed and hung. This has led to a general re-disposition of pictures on the College walls. Portraits of ex-cadets now cover the walls of the main passages, upper and lower. Those of the Commandants mount the east staircase and include a new and remarkable painting of Air Commodore R. L. R. Atcherley by Cuthbert Orde. College groups and teams, now complete in series, occupy the back and transverse passages, and squadron groups have been moved to squadron halls.

A ship’s bell of H.M.S. *Daedalus*, mounted and inscribed, has been presented to the College, commemorating the origin of Cranwell in the Royal Naval Air Service estab-





HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER PRESENTS THE SWORD OF HONOUR TO  
FLIGHT CADET UNDER-OFFICER P. V. PLEDGER

*Official Photograph, Crown Copyright Reserved*



ishment bearing that name. It was presented on parade on 29th March by Commodore R. S. V. Sherbrooke, V.C., D.S.O., Commodore of the present H.M.S. *Daedalus*.

Another recent presentation to the College was that of an embroidered pennant, the gift of the Escola de Aeronautica of Brazil. The Professor of English at the Escola, Senhora Maria Thereza Portella, brought and presented the pennant and expressed the goodwill of the Escola in a speech as charming as it was faultless in English idiom. A further link with the Brazilian Air Force has been the visit of the Brazilian Air Attaché.

\* \* \*

It was a signal honour to the College that towards the end of the Spring Term, His Grace The Archbishop of Canterbury, The Most Reverend Dr. G. F. Fisher, P.C., D.D., made a two-day visit. Arriving on Saturday, 19th March, the Archbishop spent the evening in meeting officers and cadets at the College and at the Lodge. On the Sunday morning His Grace officiated at Holy Communion in Saint Christopher's Chapel. At the parade service in the Station Church the Archbishop gave a memorable and inspiring address. It is impossible to precis so logically developed an argument, but particularly striking points were the Archbishop's contrast between the drifting majority and the determined minority; and between the Christian's certainty of success in God's good time and the Communist's certainty of success in the outcome of Marx's historical dialectic; or, again, that even if Christianity were only an hypothesis, how fine an hypothesis it was and how noble in its outcome.

The Lord Bishop of Lincoln attended the Archbishop at this service. The congregation included the Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Flying Training Command, and the Air Member for Personnel, Air Marshal Sir Hugh Saunders, K.B.E., C.B., M.C., D.F.C., M.M. The Archbishop took the salute at the march past after the service, and, before lunching at the Lodge, attended a sherry party in the Officers' Mess.

The Right Reverend J. A. Jagoe, C.B.E., D.D., M.A., K.H.C., Chaplain-in-Chief of the Royal Air Force and Bishop-Designate of Bermuda, was also present on the occasion of the Archbishop's visit. A week later Air Vice-Marshal Jagoe, formerly Chaplain of the Royal Air Force College, returned to Cranwell and preached at the parade service in his last act as Chaplain-in-Chief before resigning to take up the duties of his bishopric.

The thanks of the College are due to those distinguished visitors who have given College lectures after dining-in on guest nights at Cranwell:

Air Chief Marshal Sir John Slessor, G.C.B., D.S.O., M.C., A.D.C., Commandant of the Imperial Defence College, on "The Development of Air Power."

Dr. W. J. Wilkins, Director of Scientific Research (Defence) at the Ministry of Supply, on "Toxicological Warfare."

Major-General E. O. Herbert, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., Inspector-General of the Territorial Army and formerly General Officer Commanding British Troops, Berlin, on "The Berlin Blockade."

Air Vice-Marshal C. B. R. Pelly, C.B.E., M.C., Assistant Chief of the Air Staff (T.R.), on "Aircraft Development in the Royal Air Force."

Colonel G. Bower, Chargé d'Affaires in Athens of the Government of the Union of South Africa, on "Background of the Greek Crisis."

Colonel R. V. Ritchey, U.S.A.F. Officer of the Directing Staff, R.A.F. Staff College, on "The Organization of the United States Air Force."



And at Digby:

Sir Pearson Frank, for many years Consultant Engineer to the London County Council on "Bridges."

Air Vice-Marshal T. G. Bowler, C.B.E., A.O.C. No. 40 Group, on the organization and work of his Group.

Group Captain E. L. G. le Dieu, O.B.E., on "The Organization of No. 41 Group."

Group Captain H. H. Hillier, C.B.E., formerly of the British Military Mission in Russia, on "Conditions in Russia."

Group Captain W. S. Hebden, of Headquarters, Flying Training Command, on "Transjordan."

Group Captain B. S. Cartmel, D.D.E. 10, Air Ministry, on "Front-Line Supplies."

Squadron Leader A. K. Passmore, D.F.C., on "Escape from Java."

\* \* \*

The Chief of the Air Staff, Marshal of the Royal Air Force The Lord Tedder of Glenguin, G.C.B., visited the College on 15th and 16th February. He was accompanied by the Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief, and their visit included a comprehensive view of training activities at Cranwell and Digby.

In the Lecture Hall, after dining in College, the Chief of the Air Staff informally invited the unrestricted questions of cadets and answered them freely for more than an hour. On the following day he addressed the Equipment and Secretarial cadets at Digby, emphasizing that the responsibilities of Equipment and Secretarial officers extended to all spheres of Service life. There he also met Mr. Hogan, the Chief Steward, who was an A.C.1 at Digby when the C.A.S., then a Wing Commander, was Commanding Officer in 1924.

\* \* \*

The list of our visitors, even apart from the massed distinction of the attendance at the Graduation Parade, might be long. We have had pleasure in welcoming Air Attachés and their staffs from the United States, Brazil, the Argentine and Siam; Staff Officers of the Air University at Washington, of the Royal Air Force Staff College, the Empire Flying School and many R.A.F. stations.

It is good to note that the visits of Headmasters continue and have included those of Stonyhurst, St. Edward's, Oxford, Haileybury, King's School, Worcester, Bancroft's, Oakham, and Nottingham High School. A.T.C. visits have become less frequent, but an Easter camp at Cranwell for 120 cadets in successive contingents gave an opportunity for many potential flight cadets to see the College.

A visiting party of some twenty Press representatives made an exhaustive tour of almost every College activity early in the Spring Term. Unfortunately, some divergence of the briefs given to hosts and guests seemed to leave them wondering a little what humanistics and dawn parades and equitation had to do with the performance of the Prentice which Public Relations sent them to see. A few headlines on vacant seats were the slender reward of our efforts at display.

Two parties of visitors have provided opportunities for the College to show its gratitude for hospitality extended to it. One—the tense at the time of printing should be future—will consist of miners and officials from the Annesley and Newstead Collieries, where successive entries have been so instructively and enjoyably received term by term. The other was of Colonel Rivals, the Commandant, and officers and cadets of the École de l'Air at Salon, so often and so generously our hosts on their side of the



Channel. An account of their visit, which coincided with the graduation ceremonies, and of the matches played against them, is given later in this JOURNAL.

\* \* \*

Separate accounts are also given of the many visits which parties from the College have made as entries under instruction or as sections of the R.A.F. College Society in pursuit of their aims. But this is a fitting place to express the warm gratitude of the College to The Army School of Mountain Warfare at Schmeltz; The School of Artillery, Larkhill; The Royal Armoured Corps Establishment, Bovington; The School of Infantry, Warminster; The School of Land/Air Warfare, R.A.F. Old Sarum; The Empire Air Navigation School, R.A.F. Shawbury; No. 27 M.U., R.A.F. Shawbury; The Central Gunnery School, R.A.F. Leconfield; The Royal West Kent Regiment, Shorncliffe; The Gliding Club of Air Headquarters, B.A.F.O., at Scharfoldendorf; The Climbers' Club, Helyg; Messrs. Armstrong Whitworth Aircraft Ltd. and Armstrong Siddeley Motors Ltd., Coventry; Messrs. A. V. Roe Ltd., Manchester; to our hosts at R.A.F. Luqa, and of all Services in Gibraltar; and once more to the Annesley and Newstead Collieries, and to our revisited friends at Salon. From such a list it should be apparent that the view of a cadet at the College is not bounded by Byards Leap and our eponymous village.

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A strong urge to claim married allowance marked the Easter vacation. We offer our sincere congratulations to Flight Lieutenants J. R. C. H. Graves, J. N. Quick, R. G. Ralph and J. R. Saunders, and our good wishes to their brides. We extend a warm welcome to William Peddie Bower, Elizabeth Coleman, Andrew Fayle, Richard Antony Forth, Malcolm Peter Ritchley and Richard Michael Wakeford.

We congratulate on their promotion Squadron Leaders R. H. G. Weighill, D.F.C., and D. J. Garland. It was a pleasure to all the College that, in time for the Graduation Parade, a commission and appointment as Director of Music was awarded to Flying Officer W. J. Bangay, M.B.E.



## THE GRADUATION OF No. 46 ENTRY

No. 46 Entry was the first since the war which had completed the whole course at the R.A.F. College. On 8th April, 1949, at their Graduation Parade the Reviewing Officer was Air Chief Marshal His Royal Highness The Duke of Gloucester, K.G., P.C., K.T., K.P., G.C.B., G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O.

There was no rain, but a strong north-west wind was blowing. As usual, seating arrangements for spectators worked very smoothly, and before the Cadet Wing came on parade nearly all spectators were in their places. There were four squadrons on parade, including one made up mainly of Digby cadets. Each was commanded by a senior member of No. 46 Entry and each had a leading supernumerary rank of five or six members of that entry. The remaining three members of the entry were ensign and escort for the King's Colour.

On arrival, the Duke of Gloucester was greeted with a Royal Salute. During his inspection, which began with No. 46 Entry, those watching were much impressed by the perfect demonstration of the slow march by the Commandant's orderlies, Flight Cadet Corporal W. J. Herrington and Flight Cadet I. Gordon-Johnson.

Another feature of the parade which will not soon be forgotten was the marching-off after the withdrawal of the Colour. In their last ceremonial act as flight cadets, No. 46 Entry retired in pairs at the slow march into the main entrance of the College. Meanwhile, the other entries stood at the "Present" in tribute to them.

When the rest of the Cadet Wing had marched off under the command of their future Under-Officers, the Duke and the Commandant's guests went into the College. The Duke was introduced to senior members of the staff, and then came into the main entrance hall to unveil the portraits of The King and Queen by Edward Seago.

The prizegiving took place in the largest hall available, namely the gymnasium. While spectators were being shown to their seats, the Duke drove to the south airfield and inspected the Flying Wing.

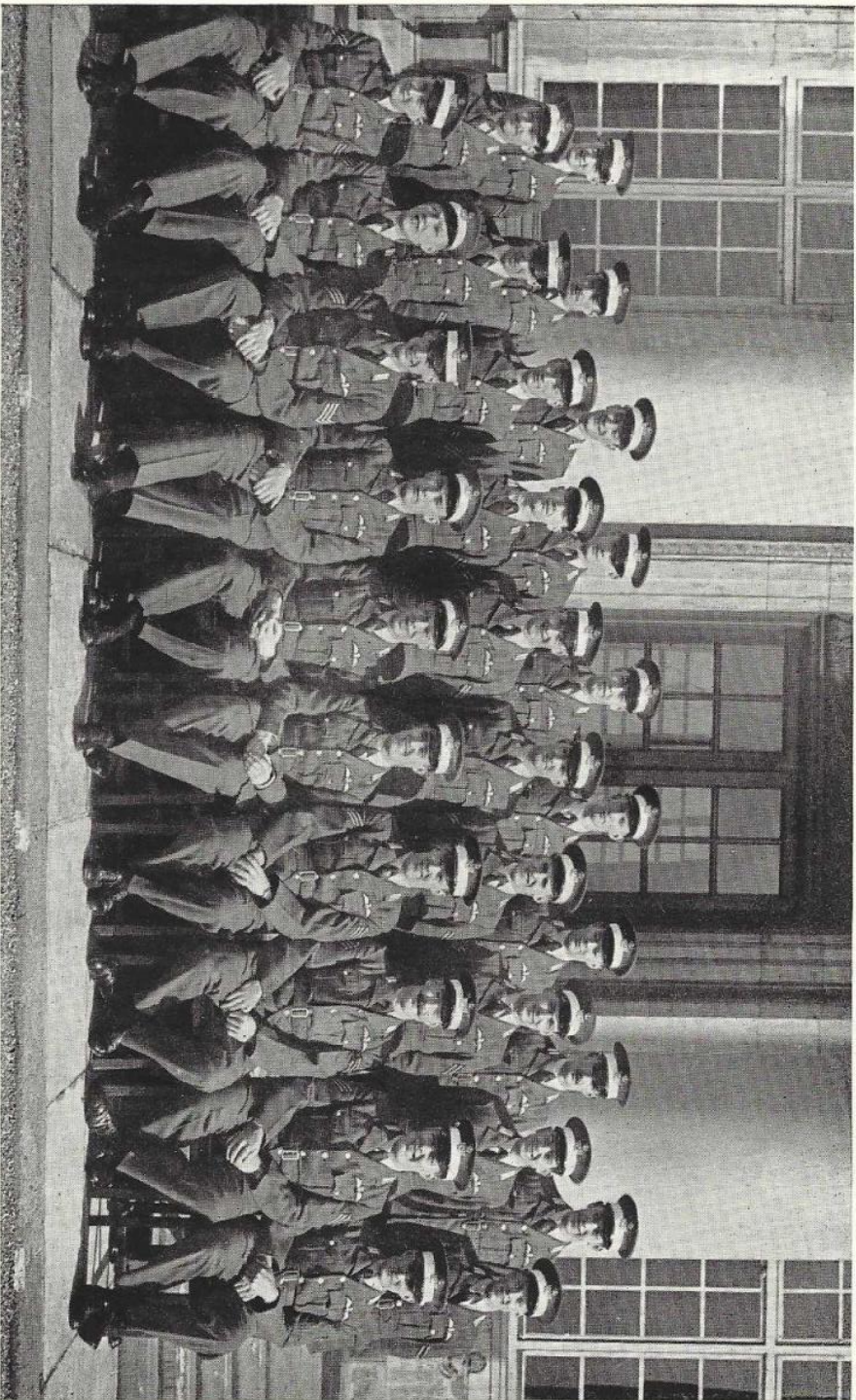
The prizegiving was preceded by the Commandant's address, giving a report on No. 46 Entry. Those listening must have felt that No. 46 Entry were worthy successors of the forty-four entries which passed out of Cranwell between the wars. After distributing the prizes, the Duke gave a heartening message to the graduating entry, and the ceremony closed with prayers and the National Anthem.

We returned by car and bus to the College, where the visit was concluded with sherry and lunch. The Duke left after lunch, and was given a hearty send-off by cadets and guests assembled at the College entrance.

F. O.

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**No. 46 ENTRY, SENIOR TERM, MAY, 1948—APRIL, 1949**

Back Row—F./C. Cpl. P. R. Sanderson. F./C. Cpl. L. G. Ludgate. F./C. Cpl. J. G. Burns. F./C. R. F. Read. F./C. A. J. L. McFarlane. F./C. W. R. D. Lamb.  
 F./C. J. E. Dawes. F./C. P. W. Fittm. F./C. J. N. B. Hartben.  
 Centre Row—F./C. G. R. K. Fletcher. F./C. Cpl. K. E. Richardson. F./C. Cpl. A. B. Stinchcombe. F./C. Cpl. R. V. Stephenson. F./C. Cpl. D. J. Muff. F./C.  
 M. W. R. Shore. F./Cpl. L. G. Dickson. F./Cpl. D. B. Robinson. F./C. A. Lang. F./C. Cpl. J. H. G. White. F./C. U.O. P. V. Pledger. F./C. U.O. M. B. Le  
 Front Row—F./C. Cpl. W. A. Slater. F./C. Sgt. E. D. Finch. F./C. Sgt. H. A. Caillard. F./C. U.O. T. L. Kennedy. F./C. U.O. P. V. Pledger. F./C. U.O. M. B. Le  
 Poer Trench. F./C. Sgt. J. M. Robertson. F./C. Sgt. P. C. Skinner. F./C. Sgt. R. A. Pendry. F./C. Sgt. J. M. Crowley.  
 Absent—F./C. L. L. Take.



No. 46 ENTRY

GRADUATION ORDER OF MERIT

- A. B. Stinchcombe . . . Flight Cadet Corporal; King's Medal; Air Ministry Prize; Captain, Athletics; JOURNAL; Assistant Secretary, Dramatic Society.
- P. R. Sanderson . . . Flight Cadet Corporal; Shooting, R.A.F. and College.
- P. V. Pledger . . . Flight Cadet Under-Officer; Sword of Honour; R. M. Groves Memorial Prize; Dickson Trophy; Captain, Rugby and Cricket; Dramatic Society.
- K. E. Richardson . . . Flight Cadet Corporal; A. G. Fellowes Memorial Prize; Rowing; Vice-Captain, Association Football.
- T. L. Kennedy . . . Flight Cadet Under-Officer; Sassoon Memorial Prize; Fencing; Awards Committee, College Society.
- R. A. Pendry . . . Flight Cadet Sergeant; Captain, Rowing; JOURNAL.
- W. A. Slater . . . Flight Cadet Corporal; Rowing.
- M. B. Le Poer Trench . . . Flight Cadet Under-Officer; J. A. Chance Memorial Prize; Captain, Fencing; Swimming; Captain, Mountaineering.
- J. H. G. White . . . Flight Cadet Corporal; Captain, Hockey; Fencing; Athletics; Secretary, Gliding; Secretary, Ski-ing.
- J. G. Burns . . . Flight Cadet Corporal; Captain, Shooting; Fencing.
- D. B. Robinson . . . Flight Cadet Corporal; Rowing; Assistant Secretary, Dramatic Society.
- E. D. Finch . . . Flight Cadet Sergeant; Captain, Tennis.
- J. M. Crowley . . . Flight Cadet Sergeant; Captain, Swimming; Shooting; Editor JOURNAL; Secretary, Riding; Secretary, Mountaineering.
- H. A. Caillard . . . Flight Cadet Sergeant; First Ensign.
- A. Lang . . . Flight Cadet; Cricket; Association Football.
- J. M. Robertson . . . Flight Cadet Sergeant; Rowing; Golf; Head Librarian; Secretary, Photographic Society.
- D. J. Muff . . . Flight Cadet Corporal; Secretary, Association Football.
- L. L. Tuke . . . Flight Cadet Corporal; Rowing; Shooting; Librarian.
- R. V. Stephenson . . . Flight Cadet Corporal; Rowing; Dramatic Society Producer.
- W. R. D. Lamb . . . Flight Cadet; R.U.S.I. Award; Captain, Cross-Country Running.
- R. F. Read . . . Flight Cadet; Captain, Boxing; Secretary, Engineering Society.
- L. G. Dickson . . . Flight Cadet Corporal; Rowing; Secretary, Squash; Riding; Librarian.
- P. W. Flinn . . . Flight Cadet; Librarian.
- R. J. L. McFarlane . . . Flight Cadet; Captain, Squash.
- M. W. R. Shore . . . Flight Cadet; Association Football; Librarian; Captain, Sailing.
- G. R. K. Fletcher . . . Flight Cadet; Secretary, Rowing; Dramatic Society.
- P. C. Skinner . . . Flight Cadet Sergeant; Rugby; Rowing; Secretary, Dramatic Society.
- N. B. Harben . . . Flight-Cadet; Riding.
- J. E. Dawes . . . Flight Cadet; Athletics.
- L. G. Ludgate . . . Flight Cadet Corporal; Fencing; Boxing; Rugby.



## OFF WITH THE OLD

"It is announced with the deepest regret. . . ."

Yes, it is certainly with the very deepest regret that we have seen the passing of the Tiger Moth from the Royal Air Force. For seventeen years now she had been the first step towards the attainment of hundreds and thousands of dreams—the dreams of men and women all over the world to fly—just to fly. She boasted no guns, no cannons or bristling rockets with potent warheads; she was never groomed like a spoiled debutante, to carry blockbusters or tallboys to the heart of the enemy. But she flew and worked; and how she could fly—and how she was worked. . . .

The Tiger Moth was first delivered to No. 3 Flying Training School, Grantham, in 1931, and she had to live up to a proud tradition, founded years before by her predecessor, the Gipsy Moth—with her finned cylinders protruding through her engine cowling. The Tiger was a little bit cleaner, a little more modern, but when she first spread her wings from her modest home, who could have foreseen that they were the first of 12,000, and that they would spread over all the continents of the earth.

Many thousands of pilots of yesterday and today must surely link their earliest and most vivid recollections of flying with the "old Tiger." "This is the control column—this is the rudder bar—this is the throttle—contact!" Magic words, all of them, and the gateway to a magic world of wings and things. . . .

"Oh, I have slipped the surly bonds of earth,  
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;  
Sunward I've climbed, and joined the tumbling mirth  
Of sunsplit clouds, and done a hundred things  
You have not dreamed of; wheeled and soared and swung,  
High in the sunlit silence."

"Keep her straight—watch your air speed—start to hold off now" . . . bang! "ah, well, nearly!—go round again!" And that first solo, that never-to-be-forgotten moment when the earth and the sky and the green fields and the white clouds were yours alone, at last. And the affectionate pat you gave her as you walked, we hope, away.

And later, drifting homewards over Leicester on a still summer evening; the incredible intensity of the snow-capped peaks of Perthshire on a crisp December morning; and the brown, forbidding mud of the Humber under a drizzling autumn sky. Memories like these, and thousands more, crowd into one's mind, and although we might, at times, have cursed the cold and the wind and the rain which whipped into the Tiger's open, draughty cockpit, few can have anything but a deep respect and a really tender spot for the old veteran. She was easy to fly—but to fly her well required a little more, and even now a really good three-point landing or a nicely controlled slow roll cannot fail to produce a satisfying glow in most of us.

She endured the cruellest mishandlings—bumps and bounces, slips and skids, ham hands and flat feet—yet she forgave all these things and seldom did she bite back. And then, when some master took her reins, could she not be almost heard to say: "This is the way I was really meant to fly"?

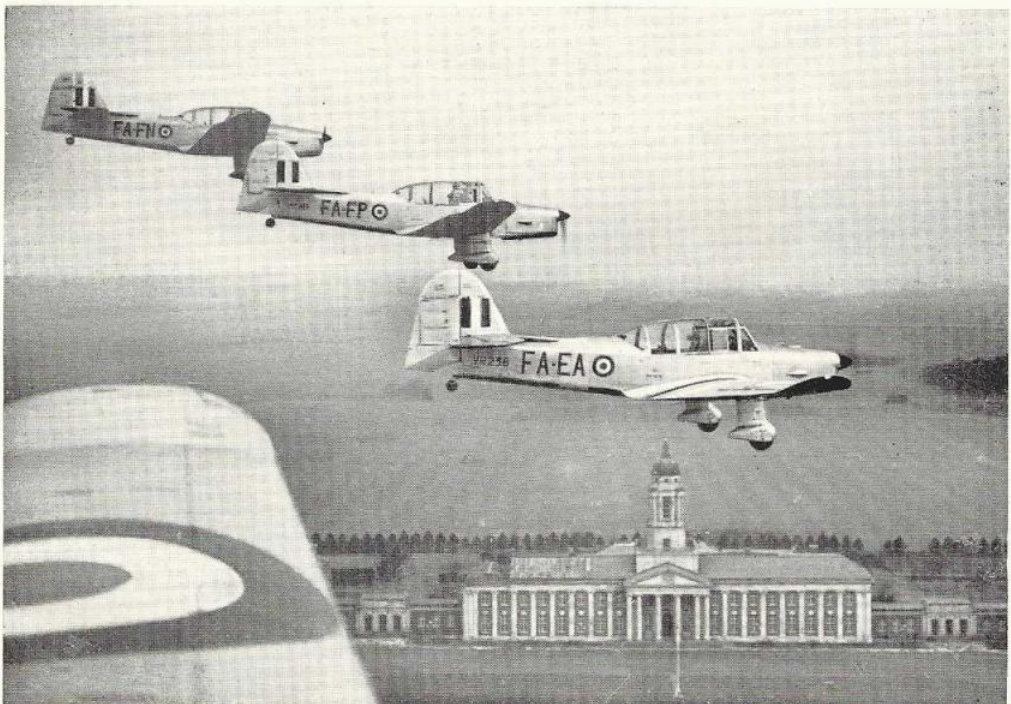
But now, at last, she has gone from the Service. Her roundels and drab camouflage are being replaced by letters, and silvers and reds and blues; and perhaps one day, as she flies, in her new guise, over the England she helped to save, she will say to herself, "Who is this strange intruder with the turned-up wingtips, who has taken my place?" Taken her place on our airfields, perhaps, but never in our hearts. She has gone, but she will never be forgotten.

J. R. S.





[Photo: Flight



[Photo: Barratts Photo Press Ltd.

"THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH, YIELDING PLACE TO NEW," or  
"WHAT WE LOSE ON THE SPINS WE GAIN ON THE ROUND-OUTS."



## ON WITH THE NEW

A TECHNICAL publication in mint condition is indeed a rarity. It is apparently desirable that such publications shall possess a liberal coating of grease and grime; that numerous loose-leaf pages shall be even looser than the publisher intended; and that these pages be reinserted with such deadly cunning that the complete manual is rapidly reduced to a Picasso nightmare designed to produce a state of nervous exhaustion in the uninitiated. It is thus that the technical gentry preserve their jealously guarded secrets.

It was no secret that there arrived in Cranwell, early in 1948, several of these rarities—brand new servicing manuals in clear, black type, and with all pages intact—but they could not escape their inevitable fate. They were fast becoming the well-thumbed, well-worn collections of diagrams and print, with grubby hands daily adding their grimy deposit. The tempo varied—now in the pending tray, lost amongst file and loose minute, unheeded; now pursued in frenzied haste by all the eager hands of the servicing wing—something was in the air, but it wasn't the Prentice, so back unwanted, forgotten for who knows how long, *pending . . . pending . . .*

Likewise the flying wing. "The Prentice arriving for next term without fail." Plan for the Prentice. Charts to be remoulded, new orders to be promulgated, pilots to be familiarized, procedures to be standardized, and vital actions to be learnt. "Stop! As you were!" A Prentice airborne and the tail fell off; new designs to be tried, tests to be made. "How long?" Who knows—possibly a few weeks, maybe twelve months. So it went on, over a period of months. Preparations were short-lived and the panic soon died. The principal character failed to make an entrance and the audience departed.

We may well have expected it. The duty crew were the only witnesses and their remarks were quite uncomplimentary, being nine wickets down and needing two to win to obtain their first victory over Air Traffic Control. After rumour and false alarm, after delay and uncertainty, out of the warm August sunshine the first Prentice arrived, shattering the unfamiliar silence of the south airfield, and shattering, too, the lazy holiday pursuits of a chosen few recalled from summer leave to duty. The Prentice era at the College had begun.

At the start of the following term the two basic flights then in existence were equipped with the new trainer. At this time No. 49 Entry were about to commence their fourth term, having already completed one term on Tiger Moths. No. 50 Entry were the raw recruits to the flying wing. With the advantage of the Moth experience behind them, No. 49 Entry produced the first Prentice solo, when, on 24th September, just before the mid-morning break, Flight Cadet Mullarkey successfully circuited and bumped. This did not reflect any exceptional ability on the part of this particular cadet, but rather that he possibly obtained his full share of the ever-diminishing supply of serviceable aircraft. The teething troubles had begun. The unceasing duel between aircraft and airfield took its toll—tyres burst, stern-posts cracked, and the Prentice fleet grew smaller. Eventually there were insufficient serviceable aircraft to continue operation of the two basic flights, and No. 49 Entry reverted to Moth aircraft, while all serviceable Prentices were put at the disposal of the small No. 50 Entry. This unhappy state of affairs continued up to the last fortnight of the Winter Term, when, after repair and modification, sufficient Prentices were mustered to reconvert No. 49 Entry. In consequence of this conversion and reconversion it was only to be expected that the standard



to be reached by No. 49 Entry, on completion of the basic stage, would fall short of that expected under more favourable circumstances. Let it be said immediately that No. 49 Entry proved to be exceedingly willing guinea-pigs, and acquitted themselves well in their efforts to overcome the disadvantages of an interrupted basic training.

An interruption of a different nature occurred at the end of January, 1949. It had become necessary to place the Prentice before the eyes of the public. To accomplish this, numerous Press representatives, backed up by film units and photographers, descended upon us in the fashion of locusts, and we became their feeding ground. The Cranwell Prentices came through in fine style, adorning the pages of most aeronautical magazines, and numerous other publications of repute. Full-face, profile, back view, from above and from below, and, believe it or not, upside down, the camera caught them. Many of the College tutors hoisted the white flag as hour after hour Prentice formations tore madly around the College tower at tree-top height, in an endeavour to satisfy the gourmand appetite of the camera.

Prentice training was now in full swing. The side-by-side seating has proved a great advantage, the pupil learning not only with his ears, but also with his eyes. Instrument flying is introduced from the first solo. No longer do we struggle under the canvas hood with A.S.I. and insensitive altimeter—our full panel is now backed up with V.H.F. and T.B.A. put to good use, comfortable, under two-stage amber. Night flying presents no difficulty, and cross-country routes spread farther afield. No longer do the cruel winds that so often hurtle madly across the flat lands of Lincolnshire, beat unceasingly upon locked hangar doors, the Moths tucked safely up within. Of course, there are snags. Most of us already know what they are. Taken all round it must honestly be said that the advantages of the new trainer far outweigh the disadvantages. The average cadet takes a little longer to digest the pre-solo instruction, the approximate average time to first solo being thirteen hours. It is possible that this will, in turn, reduce the time taken to go solo on the Harvard, but this remains to be seen.

Not much room for sentiment in a fighting Service, but tarry awhile and think back. All new in shining silver now, but not so long ago . . . FAFJ, a dirty yellow Moth that nobody would own. FAFF, a pleasant aircraft, but we never could cure its sloppy ailerons. FAEX, the curse of R. & I.—went in for a minor and has never flown "hands-off" since. FAFA—but what matter? They were getting old and had served their time—so let's get on with the new!

C. P. H. K.



## LIFE AT ROYAL ROADS

BY AN R.C.A.F. CADET

H.M.C.S. "ROYAL ROADS" is one of Canada's two Canadian Services Colleges sharing the unique position of being tri-Service Colleges. At Royal Roads, as at its brother establishment, Royal Military College, officer cadets of the three Armed Forces are trained side by side with absolutely no segregation of Services.

Royal Roads served as the Royal Canadian Naval College until September, 1947, at which time the first combined term of Naval and Air Force cadets made its entrance. The establishment became known as the R.C.N.—R.C.A.F. College, and the new term (the present Senior Term) wore the uniforms of Naval and Air Force officers.

This year, the Canadian Services Colleges were formed at Royal Roads and the Royal Military College, Kingston, Ontario (reopening after its war-time duties as a Staff College) by enrolling cadets of the three Services, wearing a common uniform.

The Cadet Wing is divided into a Senior and a Junior Term. To facilitate the administration of discipline, senior cadets eat and sleep apart from the juniors, and each term has its own lounge.

No cadet, in a lifetime of memories, ever forgets his reception at Royal Roads. Full of nervous apprehensions, he shrinks amongst the ranks of his equally bewildered comrades as several erect and very snappy cadet officers, all presenting an apparent inhumane outlook and inability to smile, issue frightening orders and proclamations. Before the sun sets on the first day, a junior learns that he is to stand at attention when addressing a senior; he may not use this or that flight of steps, or walk across the quarterdeck; and he must double at all times to and from outside classes and between buildings. These, together, with a formidable list of do's and don'ts, which are to add to his approaching miseries, are immediately thrust upon him. Three days later, the Senior Term arrives back to complete the picture and provide an even greater threat.

The College routine is extremely full and very strenuous. Academics occupy a great deal of the time, thirty-one hours a week, to be exact, not to mention the hours of homework necessary in the evening. Physical training and sports rate high in the College programme, as do, naturally, drill and parades.

Prior to this year, the course was composed of academic, Naval and Air Force subjects, plus a period of professional training consisting of flying for the Air Force cadets, and long cruises on board a destroyer or cruiser for Naval cadets. This year we witnessed a radical change. The year was shortened from ten months to seven and a half, consisting solely of applied science and engineering subjects and the humanities, with the addition of military studies lectures.

Cadets will spend four months each of the first three summers of their four-year course, taking professional training at units of their respective Service. This April, however, the Senior Air Force cadets, graduating after their two-year course, will commence their general or technical list careers with the R.C.A.F. The Senior Naval cadets, on completion of their professional training this August, will graduate as midshipmen. Those electing the executive branch will commence sea training with the Royal Navy or the Royal Canadian Navy; while engineering branch midshipmen will attend the Royal Naval Engineering College at Keyham. Only supply and secretariat and electrical midshipmen will continue their academic and professional training ashore for four years.

The Cadet Wing is divided into three squadrons and six flights, each flight consisting



of an even number of seniors and juniors and an equal number of cadets of each Service. Tremendous flight spirit develops during the year as the cadets compete daily at drill and sports. A very broad sports programme embraces keenly fought inter-flight competitions of English rugby, soccer, cross-country runs, baseball, basketball, boxing, swimming, and track and field.

Our cadet officers are selected according to merit from the Senior Term by the Commandant and Officer Commanding Cadet Wing. The first group, a cadet wing commander, three cadet squadron leaders and six cadet flight lieutenants, are selected at graduation of their junior year; every two months the cadet officers are promoted or rotated to enable as many as possible to gain the experience of leadership in drill, sports and administration that the position offers. Many additional privileges, including separate lounges, are granted to the cadet officers.

Perhaps I should enlighten you regarding College routine. Junior cadets fall in for each meal, while senior cadets proceed independently. Morning Wing parade, ensign hoisting and march past take place daily, except Saturday. Classes consume most of the daytime until three-thirty; then, after tea is served, the cadets must attend compulsory organized physical training or sports until supper. Two hours each evening of the week are spent in compulsory studies. Leave is granted Saturday and Sunday afternoons and evenings only.

Life is not without its gay moments, however. Initiation is the first annual skylark, upon which occasion the bloodthirsty senior hungrily watches his Junior Term being subjected to rather extreme physical training in the form of wading in physical train-clothes up muddy streams, through dirty coal bins, through dark, slimy culverts, and, finally, across a precarious one-rope bridge manipulated by pulleys.

Aside from the Junior and Senior Term dances, the College has two well-known festive occasions in the form of a Christmas and a Graduation ball. Despite the fact that cadets wear formal mess dress, a light-hearted atmosphere prevails throughout the evening.

Royal Roads, beautifully located on the Straits of Juan de Fuca, overlooking the rich blue waters of the Pacific, is ideally furnished with recreational facilities. Sailing and power-boating on the College's natural lagoon are favourite pastimes on weekends. An eighteen-hole golf course adjacent to the College, fine tennis courts, a shooting range, several playing fields and baseball diamonds, and a modern well-equipped gymnasium, all offer splendid forms of diversion. Numerous extra-curricular organizations also help to absorb spare moments, few as they are.

Life at Royal Roads is a funny thing. Most of us were so homesick and feeling so strange at first that there were times when we wondered if we had taken the wrong path. Our Commandant's words on our arrival were quite frank: "You are not going to like it here the first few months," he said. "We are not going to try to make it any easier, either. Our purpose is to make or break you. From here on, it is up to you." Despite the sorrows and tribulations of a cadet's life, we actually began to fit into the routine. Even doubling wasn't so bad, after all!

For some of us, with graduation just around the corner, the end of our stay is drawing near. In recapitulating, we find we have learned many things and enjoyed all the aspects of cadet life. Although it is with deep regret we say good-bye to Royal Roads, we know that future terms will continue to preserve the records, traditions and spirit of the inter-Service co-operation which have been so successfully started.



## LIAISON VISITS

## MEDITERRANEAN FLIGHT

NINE o'clock on the first Sunday of leave usually finds most flight cadets soundly asleep in bed. However, this hour of the first Sunday of the Easter break found nineteen of us, forming the second crews of four Lancasters and the Lincolnian Aries III, waiting zero hour at Shawbury for a trip which was to take us a thousand miles south to Malta and Gibraltar.

At exactly 0900 hrs. B.S.T., Aries' wheels rolled down the runway, followed at sixty-second intervals by the rest of the flight. A never-to-be-forgotten experience had begun.

We flew to Portland Bill and out over the Channel, over the chequer-board of the French countryside with not a cloud in the sky and a visibility of fifty miles. As we flew south we could make out the Alps on our port side, part of the wonderful panorama spread out 10,000 feet below. The Mediterranean, blue and calm, looked inviting as we left Istre and Marseilles and turned our head for Malta. Sardinia was crossed dead on track and we passed between Sicily and Pantelleria. There ahead of us lay Gozo and Malta, and each aircraft made a circuit of the two islands; Gozo looking unreal with its stone buildings giving it the appearance of some forgotten land; and Malta so much more real, with its aerodromes, the rusty hull of a sunken ship, the grey warships in Grand Harbour, and the picturesque houses dropping down sheer to the sea.

We were all down within fifteen minutes of each other, having last seen the others a thousand miles away. We landed, reported and refuelled, and had the standard meal served at the Luqa Transit Mess. But who minds when the standard meal is fried eggs, bacon and chips?

The evening was spent in Valetta. Every gari and taxi driver seemed anxious to serve us, but we were content to walk up steep flights of steps, down narrow cobbled streets and along the waterfront. We drove back to the Mess in a Maltese taxi, an experience at the best of times, but more so when the driver is intent on overtaking the car ahead—no matter what the consequences.

Our stay in Malta was short, so early on the Monday we were back in Valetta making our purchases from a display and variety of goods whose like we had not seen since before the war.

On our second leg to Gibraltar we track-crawled along the North African coastline, past places whose names were household words a few years ago when the tide of war swept the Axis armies out of Africa. The low cloud and mist which surrounded Gibraltar as we approached from the south-east served rather to emphasize the massiveness of the Rock as it loomed up out of the sea. Again we circuted before landing, flying over the runway—which is built out into Algeciras Bay—with Spanish territory under our port wing and the Rock towering up to starboard. Round we flew past the water catchments, past Europa Point and in to land over the hulks of broken ships.

The first impression, and one which becomes stronger with time, is a feeling of being cramped. There are 18,000 people living on the Rock, and when it is realized that there is, to all intents, no flat ground, it is possible to appreciate the narrow roads, the steep streets and the higgledy-piggledy houses and shops perched precariously tier upon tier round the foot of the Rock.



Above a certain height civilians are not permitted. In straining lorries we went up past these heights as far as vehicles can go, and then on foot to the uppermost parts which command a magnificent view of Algeciras and the rugged mountains of Spain, while far below lay La Linea with its bull-ring resembling some ancient Roman coliseum. On our journey down we saw many of the Rock apes which roam at will on the upper slopes. During the afternoon of the second day we were privileged to see what so very few have ever seen, namely, the excavations and tunnelling in the Rock. The ingenuity of method, the vastness of the undertaking and the spectacle of huge caverns and workshops carved out of the living limestone left us amazed. On our return we saw the *Empress of Australia* steam into the bay. Two days before we had flown over her as we approached Malta; such is the advantage of air travel.

Our stay was at an end. On Wednesday we were up early packing and preparing for the last leg home. A final briefing, and all five planes taxied out, holding up all traffic on the one road which crosses the runway and joins Spain and Gibraltar. Airborne again at sixty-second intervals, we gave a farewell call on the R/T and set course.

Our track was past Cape de Gata, up to the Balearic Islands and on over a glorious blue sea under a blazing sun to Istre. Thence across the Rhone Valley north to Geneva. In the distance we made out Mont Blanc, and the flat plains of France stretched away to port as far as the eye could see. South of Geneva we turned for Dijon, Paris and England. We crossed the coast near Beachy Head, and so on to Shawbury.

After eight and a half hours' flying we were tired, but what a memorable trip it had been. We cannot express our gratitude too strongly to E.A.N.S., Shawbury, for arranging the flight, to our hosts at Malta and Gibraltar, and to the crews who had persevered with our efforts as understudies and who had taught us so much. Even if flight cadet navigators were not always sure of their position and if the radar did not do all that was required, we all gained confidence and practice from something which besides being a "pleasure cruise" was an inestimably valuable experience.

W. J. H.

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#### VISIT TO SALISBURY PLAIN

Four officers and thirty-five flight cadets arrived at the School of Land/Air Warfare, Old Sarum, on Sunday, 24th April. During the next four days we saw demonstrations arranged by this and by four Army schools, namely, those of Artillery, Tank Gunnery, Tank Driving, and Infantry, remarkable alike for their interest and fine showmanship. The object of these demonstrations was to show the capabilities of Army weapons and the ways in which they could best be applied to modern war. As a by-product we saw a little of some excellent units at work.

Our thanks are due to Major M. A. C. Osborn, D.S.O., O.B.E., M.C., who commanded our party, for the smooth organization of the whole visit; to the commandants of the various schools who received us so kindly and filled our time so valuably; to the drivers who took us great distances, often over bad roads or no roads at all, with speed and dexterity; and not least to the many soldiers who shot, or were shot at, for our benefit.

M. G. S.



To which austere account our resident verser, John Milton Mk. 2, has added this heroic pæan :

Off to Fair Sarum's Plain went Cranewell's hoarde  
 To see what mighty deeds might there be wrought  
 By sons of Mars in peaceful strife conjunct.  
 On Sunday's night the ante-room and bar  
 Of that great counsel place, the School of Land/  
 Air Warfare, op'ed their hospitable dores  
 There to receive this crowd of urgent youth  
 Who soon made all the chairs and stools thir own  
 Whilst Senior Members clung to coigns, as when  
 The rising tide submerges scaly rock,  
 So they by pressure physical and sounds  
 Broadcast by A.F.N. are soon o'ertopped.

On Sunday's morrow visit due was paid  
 To Shrines of Close Support and Air Supply  
 Whose misteries might well too subtil be  
 For Human minds, had not Kinema's art  
 And apt display made all perspicuous.  
 Evening was spent by Sarum's antic mound  
 Or newer spire, whilst most preferred to see  
 Sid Fields in "Cardboard Cavalier" or list  
 To tuneful strains of "Desert Song" exhaled  
 By amateurs of Music's Muse's tone.

On Tuesday's dawn see then this party keen  
 Encircle Larkhill widdershins, misled  
 By fatuous fire disguised as P.T.I.  
 Who took twelve miles to cover two, as if  
 The Gunners' Sanctum should not be drawn nigh  
 Too easilie by impious human foot.  
 Here mightie engins of destructioun were  
 Arrayed that all might see (but touch not, Michael,  
 With that grimed shoe). This done, in course,  
 The well plann'd tour proceeds to view the fate  
 Of metal tough when igneous gas instinct  
 With nitre gnaws, to note how iron shard  
 At stroke of A.P. shell dissolves, and then  
 To marvel at th' ingenious V.T. fuse.

The Gunners' Mess achieved, each by a host  
 To waters not Siloan is conveyed,  
 Then having sluiced is browsed to plenitude  
 On pasty Cymric and on Rhubarb stewed.  
 Then o'er the downs no longer free to where  
 The handy Auster stands. Aloft in less  
 Than man might pace an hundred steps it flies  
 In versatilitie, now slow, now fast,  
 Now low, now high, now swooping disappears,  
 Then from a latent angle spurneth up.  
 What time the guns belcht fire and rowling smoak  
 At the commandment of their aerie eye,  
 Who climbs up to observe and sinks to be secure.

On Wednesday all (save one) the Chariots bear  
 To Lulworth's Cove, the haunt of R.A.C.,  
 To con the workings of th' intricate tank  
 And fire its gunnes. But first synthetick aid  
 Must teach th' inexpert hand, until at last  
 The range is reached and the hot blast is felt  
 Of seventie sevens. Sing, Muse, of great G-J  
 (Whose name declines to fit th' iambic beat)



Whose second round, aimed with sure expertise,  
 Pranged the target tank: and yet the clear  
 Voice loud intones the necessary chaunt  
 Of "Firing now." After great Phœbus' Car  
 Had set upon his slow descent from noon  
 At Bovington to see in Clio's  
 Book how tank has grown since '17,  
 And stript behold Centurion who dwarfs  
 Leviathan, the monster of the Deep.  
 Thus to the moor to ride th' infernal mount  
 Up steep ascents and down the murkie ditch  
 Through dust, mud, rain, oil, water, sand and furze.

On Thursday, day of days, to Warminster  
 The School of Infantry in battel fowl  
 To view. At Imber's Firs the party staunch  
 Huddles to centre of th' allotted space  
 While shot and shell, conjoined with stench and smoak  
 And horrid dinne, show company's attack.  
 The sulphurous hail too soon is cloaked by Apian  
 Fire, and all is hid in flame-shot clowd  
 And drown'd in deep Wagnerian clang and bruit.  
 It needs a less pedestrian muse than mine  
 To hymn the race of tanks in line abreast,  
 Each with a precious freight of Flight Cadet,  
 Or limn the slow procession down the hill  
 To Warminster, which squasht the C.O.'s car.  
 After the banquet off to see how slique  
 May be th' instruction of the raw recruit  
 In fire orders, in mime enjoyed by all  
 Save he beneath whose startled seat did burst  
 With fearsome bang the clam'rous thunderflash.  
 Upon th' asphaltick square the soldiers' armes  
 Are laid and clear explained by expert voice,  
 From spade to A.P.C. and man-borne flame  
 (Prometheus' thoughtless gift to humankind),  
 All set in line exact and blazonned  
 In shining paint and blanco's pastel shades.

Into the bus to drive two hundred miles  
 Or more, with Navigator's art confus'd  
 By Horses White in prodigal abundance.  
 So back to Cranewell with but one complaint—  
 From Fred whose mightie frame two sandwiches  
 Could scarce maintain in Towcester's foodless streets.

JOANNES II.



## FLYING PRIZES

### R. M. GROVES MEMORIAL PRIZE: THE DICKSON TROPHY: THE KINKEAD TROPHY

THE winner of the R. M. Groves Memorial Prize was selected after a series of tests covering every aspect of a service pilot's training. General handling, aerobatics, bombing, cine-gun air firing, and instrument flying were all tested, and in accordance with the post-war conception of an All Weather Air Force, the emphasis formerly placed on pure flying and aerobatics shifted to instrument flying. Consequently, the customary aerobatic display was not held, and the final test by the Chief Flying Instructor of Central Flying School took place with a cloud base of 3,000 feet and 1,800 yards visibility.

The flying order of merit was produced by a system of marking in which the overall progress of the cadet in each aspect of his flying, as well as the final tests, counted towards the maximum of 1,000 marks.

Competition was keen and the final results were close. The first three cadets in order of merit were Flight Cadet Under-Officer Pledger, Flight Cadet Lamb and Flight Cadet Corporal Slater. Accordingly, these three cadets were tested by Wing Commander Keen, A.F.C., the Chief Flying Instructor of Central Flying School, on 28th March. The Wing Commander expressed great satisfaction with the standard of flying displayed by all three contestants, particularly in view of the weather conditions. The final order was Flight Cadet Under-Officer Pledger, Flight Cadet Lamb and Flight Cadet Corporal Slater.

Under-Officer Pledger is to be congratulated on winning both the Groves Prize and the Dickson Trophy. The Dickson Trophy is awarded to the cadet obtaining the highest marks in applied instrument flying, bombing, gunnery, formation flying and navigation.

All three cadets have reached a high standard of flying, which succeeding entries will have to work hard to attain.

The Kinkead Trophy, awarded to the Squadron with the best aggregate position in the Flying Order of Merit, was won by B Squadron.

R. B. C.

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## PRESS VISIT, 1st FEBRUARY, 1949

REPRESENTATIVES of the Press arrived at Cranwell on the evening of 31st January, 1949. One of the reasons for their visit was to ascertain the advantages that had been derived from the adoption of the Prentice as the basic trainer. The R.A.F. College was one of the first units to pack away its Tiger Moths, and at this time had had four months' experience of their successors.

The Press were due to arrive on the Station at 1800 hrs. on Monday, 31st January, and their visit to the Flying Wing was scheduled to take place the following afternoon. In order to make the most of the limited time available a night flying programme was arranged for the Monday night. Unfortunately, the last consignment of visitors did not arrive until 2030 hrs., which necessitated the hosts shepherding them sharply into dinner and inviting them with almost indecent haste to become airborne in a Prentice



immediately afterwards. Many accepted the offer. A shuttle service was operated from "F" Flight, and in spite of a drizzly and rather miserable night, the operation was satisfactorily completed and the last of the passengers was returned to the bar before closing time.

After lunch on the Tuesday, the party again appeared in the Flying Wing. They were divided up and escorted to the three Prentice Flights, where briefing was witnessed, followed by informal chats to instructors and cadets. Some then took the air as third-seat passengers on routine training flights. The main operation, however, focused on the photographers, whose requirements, though varied, had been largely ascertained in the bar the previous evening. A settlement was finally arrived at, and it was unanimously agreed that a photograph of three Prentices flying over the Orange, with the College in the background, would satisfy all. Unfortunately, by the time briefing had finished and the number of photographs had been irrefutably determined, the best light of an already overcast day was failing. A further difficulty also arose in that it was pointed out that in order to avoid damage to journalistic prestige the formation would have to make at least six circuits of the College in order that all should have the same opportunity. Press and paraphernalia were at last prised into the Prentices, and the exercise was completed after an hour and a quarter. In the main this terminated the visit of the Press to the Flying Wing.

Representatives of the *Aeroplane* and *Flight*, however, remained behind for a further day, and on Wednesday, 2nd February, a more ambitious photographic sortie was made—this time with six Prentices. An attempt was made to produce a satisfactory photograph of an echelon starboard formation. Unfortunately, this proved only partially successful owing to unserviceability of the Prentice flying the *Aeroplane* photographer. In addition, two other Prentices went up in order to produce the first photograph of a Prentice inverted in flight, and this was commendably done.

Apart from a few straggling Press men, who appeared on the premises during the next few days, the Press visit was then over as far as the Flying Wing was concerned. During their stay they have obtained an overall picture of the capabilities of the Prentice as a basic trainer. They had seen the advantages accrued since the change-over from the Tiger Moth, and had been made familiar with the views of the staff that, despite certain disadvantages, on the whole we like it.

Incidentally, we hope that the Harvards may one day have a similar opportunity to display their talent, and, of course, should they require any tips, we shall be glad to oblige.

J. S. O.



## R.A.F. COLLEGE SPORTS

OUTSTANDING among the College sporting activities this season have been the achievements of the rugger, shooting and cross-country teams. After a successful Autumn Term, the Rugby XV showed a peak of team work in its splendid win at Sandhurst. During both terms the shooting team has acquitted itself well and has won the F.T.C. competition. We congratulate those of its members selected for the R.A.F. team. The Cross-Country Club has only lost one match this term.

Soccer has had a better following and has achieved better results than last year. The Hockey XI has greatly improved and has many victories to its credit. The draw with Sandhurst was a notable achievement. The Boat Club has begun training, and we trust it will emulate its successes of last summer.

Inter-Squadron sports have, as usual, aroused considerable enthusiasm. The boxing, particularly, seems to have been applauded and enjoyed by spectators—if not by all the contestants.

The College wishes to express its appreciation to Squadron Leader Dyer for his work as President of Cadets' Games over the past two terms. He has now handed over this office to Squadron Leader Weighill.

W. J. H.

### THE SANDHURST MATCH

To ask an Old Cranwellian and, moreover, one not unconnected with the Rugby football team, to write this article is to risk an account utterly unfair to the R.M.A. team. The prejudiced eye is alive to the virtues of the favoured side and blind to those of the opposition, and licence must therefore be asked if the writer appears to have failed in his attempt to render an impartial account of the match.

Travelling down to Sandhurst on 6th December many of the team speculated on their chances of success in the match on the following day. The College had hitherto had a successful season, but in view of the disparity in numbers and the results of some of the R.M.A. matches, disinterested prophets had expressed their preference for the Sandhurst side. On the other hand, the College team had been well trained, had recovered from a period of injuries and was confident of at least giving a very good account of itself.

In the evening and on the following morning the Sandhurst hospitality was, as usual, of the highest order, and it was a wise captain who saw to it that the team did not over-indulge in the readily available diversions.

In the dressing-room before the match, Flight Lieutenant Hay gave the team a last-minute briefing, one which did much to imbue the side with the spirit of aggression, and at two-thirty on a bright December afternoon the team took the field. A large crowd had gathered to watch the match, and as the sides lined up to be introduced to the Commandant of the R.M.A., the blue and grey jerseys and the white shorts of the Cranwell team contrasted vividly with the red jerseys and blue shorts of the Sandhurst side.

From the start it was obvious that the spectators were going to be lucky in their choice of football that afternoon. The players put everything they had into a fast, open, clean game, and speaking for the Cranwell side, the team played better football than we have seen from them before. In general comparison the sides were evenly matched, the ball being heeled almost equally from the scrums and the line-outs, and the de-



fence being equally keen on both sides; in particular, however, the advantage lay with the College side in quick breaking and loose rushes of the forwards, the better handling of the backs and in the stronger running of the wings. Shuttleworth, the Sandhurst scrum half and captain, sent out passes of a length and speed that were beautiful to watch, but partly owing to the far-out positioning of his outside half, and partly owing to the spoiling tactics of the Cranwell back-row forwards, passes did not reach the hands of Robinson with the precision achieved by MacPherson and Fenner for the College. Again, inaccurate handling led to the breakdown of promising movements by the R.M.A. midfield trio, who looked dangerous when in full flight, and it was this, together with some desperate tackling by the Cranwell centres that prevented a score on more than one occasion.

Sandhurst kicked off and for some time a grim struggle was fought in midfield, with neither side appearing to have the advantage. Then, after ten minutes, the College forwards heeled from a loose scrum on the R.M.A. "25," wheeled and took the ball forward at their feet; Fenner dashed in, picked up the ball and ran in from ten yards out.

Shortly afterwards the College was once more in an attacking position, and from a blind-side movement the ball was passed to George in his full stride. Handing off two opponents, he charged for the corner flag and crossed the line just as Canton tackled him. George, on his best form, was proving most difficult to stop, and within a few minutes was once again in full cry for the R.M.A. line. He beat his opposite number, handed off the full back and was only prevented from scoring his second try by a desperate tackle by a wing forward which bundled them both into the corner flag.

Cranwell were at this time definitely on top, and after a forward rush which took play up to the Sandhurst "25," the forwards again took the ball forward at their feet, beat the full back, and Clements touched down. This brought the score to 9—0, as none of the kicks had been converted.

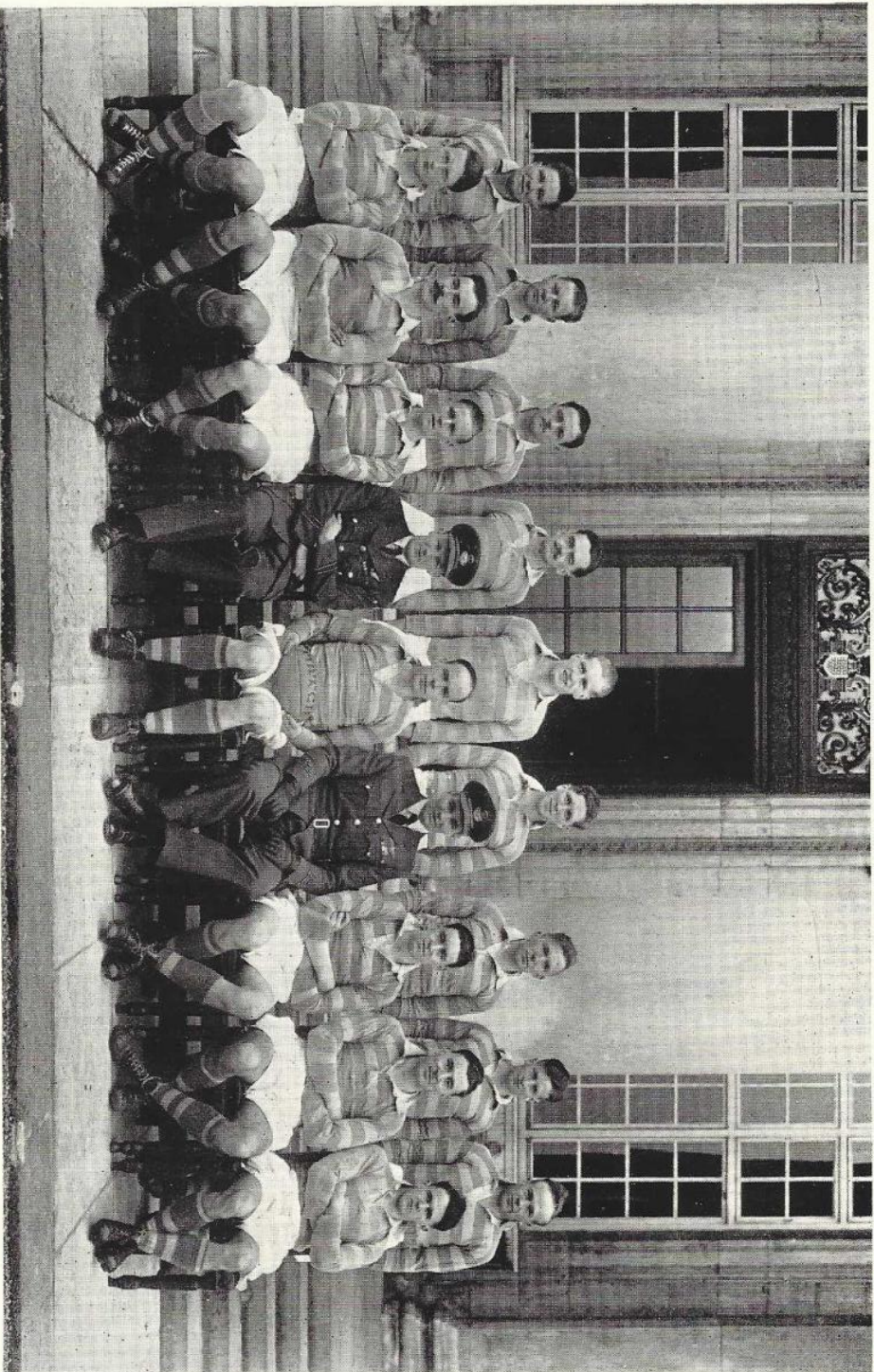
During this time R.M.A. had been by no means idle, and redoubling their efforts they gradually forced the play to the other end of the field. From a scrimmage in an attacking position the ball came out cleanly, and the full possibilities of the Sandhurst backs were seen for the first time. Running strongly and very straight they cut through the Cranwell defence, and Watts scored under the posts. Shuttleworth converted, to make the score 9—5 and to bring the R.M.A. into a striking position.

At half-time Cranwell kicked off and straight away scored the most spectacular try of the match. Backing up at full speed, Knapper caught the ball from the kick-off, kicked it forward as he was pulled down and after a quick, loose rush, Clements, always well to the fore, touched down. Once again Cranwell showed its inability to kick goals. With the score at 12—5, Sandhurst fought back hard and soon brought themselves within striking distance again with a penalty goal.

Both sides now put everything into the struggle and the hard running and tackling of both sets of backs made an exciting spectacle. Cranwell then increased their lead after a kick ahead by Meredith which bounced awkwardly for Canton into George's hands, enabling him to run in from half-way. Once again a penalty goal enabled the R.M.A. to keep pace, and until five minutes from the end the score stood at 15—11, a dangerous position for both sides.

In the last minutes of the game the College forced the R.M.A. side back into their "25," and from a loose scrum the ball came out quickly to Fenner. As the defence





**RUGBY FOOTBALL 1st XV, 1948-1949**

Back Row—N. Chamberlain, R. H. Everett, H. E. Clements, G. M. Parkinson, W. F. Knapper, I. Gordon-Johnson, B. A. Phillips, R. Pavey, G. K. Mossman.  
 Seated—K. B. George, P. C. Skinner, I. D. Meredith, H. L. W. T. H. Hay, F. V. Pledger (Captain), Sqn. Ldr. R. H. G. Weighill, D.F.C. M. D. Fenner, R. Mac A. Furze, I. S. MacPherson.



spread to cover the attack, Fenner cut outside to score near the posts. Pledger broke the Cranwell record by converting this try. This brought the score to 20—11, and soon afterwards the final whistle signalled victory for the College.

Throughout, the match was played at high pitch and was intensely exciting; a measure of the keenness was the fact that no scorer crossed the line without a defender clinging grimly to him; a measure of the excitement was the spectacle of an officer unknown to the College throwing his hat in the air at the final whistle and tugging wildly at a large R.A.F. moustache. Although an isolated case, this in some measure expressed the delight of all R.A.F. spectators over the College's first victory in this "needle" match since 1937. For next year the stage is already set, a stage on which a Cranwell side, anxious to repeat their performance, will be met by a Sandhurst side thirsting for revenge, in a match which, as *Flight* puts it, "undoubtedly promises to be the fixture of the R.A.F. season."

The teams were:

*R.A.F. College, Cranwell.*—R. Everett, full-back; R. W. B. George, right wing; R. Pavey, right centre; I. Meredith, left centre; G. K. Mossman, left wing; M. D. Fenner, fly half; I. S. MacPherson, scrum half; forwards (front row), R. M. Furze, B. A. Phillips, P. C. Skinner; (second row), F. W. Knapper, I. N. Gordon-Johnson; (back row), H. E. Clements, P. V. Pledger (captain), G. H. Parkinson.

*R.M.A. Sandhurst.*—M. J. H. Canton, full-back; M. J. Watts, right wing; D. M. E. Anson, right centre; K. H. Gerrard, left centre; R. J. Mackaness, left wing; T. I. McL. Robinson, fly half; D. W. Shuttleworth (captain), scrum half; forwards (front row), F. R. Beringer, D. J. Brimblecombe, H. J. Evans; (second row), K. J. Shapland, A. G. Steel; (back row), M. A. Wright, R. F. Dorey, C. N. Simon.

I. N. M.

## RUGBY

### EASTER TERM, 1949

This term has been mainly devoted to the building up of a team for next season which would not disgrace its predecessor. Thus, Nos. 46 and 47 Entries were excluded from the "A" XV.

Match results show nine wins to one loss, with 183 points for and 66 points against. This is more an indication of opposing teams' weakness than of College strength. However, there are the makings of a very strong side, particularly in the forwards, and we look forward with confidence to a season as successful, if not more so, than the last.

#### RUGBY RESULTS, SEASON 1948-49

- 25/ 9/48.—v. Notts Corsairs (home), won 25—3.
- 29/ 9/48.—v. R.A.F. Cranwell (home), won 19—6.
- 9/10/48.—v. Wisbech (home), won 45—5.
- 13/10/48.—v. Syerston (away), lost 6—11.
- 16/10/48.—v. Oundle (away), lost 3—6.
- 23/10/48.—v. Bedford School (away), won 26—16.
- 27/10/48.—v. Caius, Cambridge (home), won 30—0.
- 3/11/48.—v. R.A.F. (home), lost 3—35.
- 6/11/48.—v. Trent College (away), won 29—0.
- 10/11/48.—v. Leicester University (home), won 24—8.



- 13/11/48.—v. Notts Corsairs (away), won 25—3.  
 17/11/48.—v. Queens', Cambridge (away), won 23—3.  
 20/11/48.—v. Haileybury (away), won 8—3.  
 27/11/48.—v. Royal Naval College, Greenwich (home), drew 3—3.  
 4/12/48.—v. Leicester University (away), won 30—14.  
 8/12/48.—v. Royal Military Academy Sandhurst (away), won 20—11.  
 11/12/48.—v. Chesterfield (home), won 16—3.  
 27/1/49.—v. Nottingham University (away), lost 0—28.  
 29/1/49.—v. Oundle "A" (home), won 47—15.  
 5/2/49.—v. R.A.F. Cranwell (home), won 18—6.  
 12/2/49.—v. Nottingham University (home), won 14—6.  
 5/3/49.—v. Chesterfield (away), won 3—0.  
 12/3/49.—v. Kesteven (home), won 30—0.  
 16/3/49.—v. R.A.F. Cranwell (home), won 14—5.  
 19/3/49.—v. Boston (home), won 26—6.  
 26/3/49.—v. Hen. Mellish Old Boys (away), won 32—3.  
 6/4/49.—v. L'Ecole de l'Air (home), won 24—0.

R. P.

### ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

When the season began there were some thirty more names on the College lists of potential soccer players than last year. This, in addition to the number of last year's players still available raised hopes high for a successful season.

These aspirations were not entirely fulfilled. In our first away fixture at Repton, where we drew 2—2, we gave a better account of ourselves than last season. Long journeys to Charterhouse and Shrewsbury did not appear to have any ill effects, and we came away victorious on both occasions. Loughborough proved too strong for us at home, however, and in our match with Queens' College, Cambridge, we seemed fated not to score, though the forwards had the opportunities. We succeeded against Nottingham University, where we had failed last season.

We began the second half of term with a poor display against Leicester, and were trounced 6—2. On a sea of mud and after a ding-dong battle, College beat King Edward's School at Sheffield. And so, with further wins, draws and a loss, to the last match of term, against Sandhurst.

It could not have been a better match. Admirably refereed, the game was fast and furious, and although half-time came with Cranwell one goal down, we felt confident in our ability to reverse this state of affairs. For most of the second half, College pressed hard but were unable to score. Then, from a breakaway, the Sandhurst centre scored a very nice goal with a well-placed shot. Still there was hope; but hope was not enough to break down the Sandhurst defence, though they must surely thank their keeper for at least one goal saved. Then the final whistle and we left the Academy a little disappointed but feeling that with a little more luck on our side. . . . Who can say?

*College 1st XI.*—Lovell,\* Bennett,\* Walmsley; Turner, Lee, Charles; Harvey, Edmonson-Jones, Jones, Herrington (captain),\* Lang.\*

Full colours were awarded to Edmonson-Jones and half-colours to Walmsley, Turner, Lee, Charles, Harvey and Jones.

\*Colours awarded last season.



SPRING TERM "A" XI

The performance of the "A" XI has been disappointing this term. The forwards seemed remarkably goal-shy, with the result that we have won four games, drawn four and lost six. The defence, however, has performed creditably; outstanding have been Lee and Perry. On this sound backing we hope to build next season. The fixture with R.N.E.C., Manadon, formed another inter-Service link. The match resulted in a draw 3—3. Bushe, on the left wing, played an outstanding part, as he had done in many previous games.

*College "A" team players.*—Hopkins (11), Perry (11), Walmsley (10), Mellor (4), Lee (11), Charles (10), Turner (10), Edmonson-Jones (10), Jones (10), Simmons (10), Bushe (11), and Broads (7).

(Figures in parentheses indicate number of appearances with "A" XI.)

Our thanks are due to Flight Lieutenant Thomson, whose enthusiasm for soccer has been much appreciated in the College; and to Mr. Millis and others of the Staff who have refereed and given advice.

SUMMARY OF RESULTS

1ST XI—AUTUMN TERM

- 25/ 9/48.—v. College Instructors (home), lost 1—3.
  - 2/10/48.—v. Repton (away), drew 2—2.
  - 9/10/48.—v. Charterhouse (away), won 4—0.
  - 16/10/48.—v. Shrewsbury (away), won 3—2.
  - 20/10/48.—v. Loughborough College (home), lost 2—5.
  - 23/10/48.—v. Queens', Cambridge (away), lost 1—2.
  - 27/10/48.—v. Nottingham University (home), won 2—1.
  - 3/11/48.—v. Leicester University (home), lost 2—6.
  - 6/11/48.—v. King Edward VII, Sheffield (away), won 5—3.
  - 13/11/48.—v. Downing, Cambridge (home), drew 4—4.
  - 17/11/48.—v. King's, Cambridge (away), drew 2—2.
  - 24/11/48.—v. Wellingborough II (away), won 8—3.
  - 27/11/48.—v. Aircraft Apprentices, Cranwell, II (home), won 8—1.
  - 4/12/48.—v. College Instructors (home), lost 2—3.
  - 11/12/48.—v. Royal Military Academy Sandhurst (away), lost 0—2.
- Played, 15; won, 6; drew, 3; lost, 6; goals for, 46; goals against, 39.

"A" XI—SPRING TERM

- 22/ 1/49.—v. College Instructors (home), lost 1—2.
  - 26/ 1/49.—v. Aircraft Apprentices, Cranwell (home), won 4—3.
  - 29/ 1/49.—v. Loughborough College (away), drew 7—7.
  - 2/ 2/49.—v. Nottingham University (away), lost 2—5.
  - 5/ 2/49.—v. Downing College (away), won 2—0.
  - 12/ 2/49.—v. College Instructors (home), won 4—3.
  - 16/ 2/49.—v. Queens', Cambridge (home), lost 1—4.
  - 23/ 2/49.—v. St. John's, Cambridge (away), lost 1—4.
  - 26/ 2/49.—v. Lincoln A.C.F. XI (home), won 8—2.
  - 9/ 3/49.—v. Leicester University (away), lost 3—4.
  - 16/ 3/49.—v. Aircraft Apprentices, Cranwell (home), drew 2—2.
  - 26/ 3/49.—v. Royal Naval Engineering College, Plymouth (away), drew 3—3.
  - 2/ 4/49.—v. College Instructors (home), lost 1—2.
- Played, 13; won, 4; drew, 3; lost, 6; goals for, 39; goals against, 41.

INTER-SQUADRON COMPETITION (won by C Squadron)

A Squadron, 0; C Squadron, 4. B Squadron, 4; Digby, 2.  
Final: C Squadron, 3; B Squadron, 2.

W. J. H.



**CROSS-COUNTRY**

This has been a successful season for the Cross-Country Club, the first team being beaten only by the R.M.A. Sandhurst. Our press-gang began its task after the College run, and we started training with twenty possibles. From these a fairly close pack of eight was picked. In the R.M.A. match the time between our first six runners was only 28 sec.

The first match of term was against the Apprentices, but because of a lack of markers over the new course some parts of it were missed, reducing it to four miles. The match against Milocarians was run under ideal conditions, and good times were achieved. Two teams ran against Oundle, both winning easily.

Our big event of the season against the R.M.A. was run over our own course. Apart from the first three Sandhurst men, who were in a class apart, the race was an even one. A radio van broadcast a commentary from strategic points on the course, and plotters at the starting point marked all positions round the course. A very fine record of 26 min. 59 sec. was set up for the five-mile course.

Our last match, against R.N.E.C., Plymouth, was run at Plymouth, over a hilly course of some six and a half miles. At a slow pace the team faced up to the hills very well, and six of our runners were home before the first naval man—a good ending to a good season.

M. C. B. M.

**HOCKEY, 1948-49**

We were lucky enough to begin this season with six of last year's colours, and there seemed to be many useful players in the new entries.

The Autumn Term's "A" XI suffered somewhat because hockey was a subsidiary sport. Nevertheless, we had many enjoyable matches. Cranwell Aircraft Apprentices provided the two blood matches of the term, each team claiming a victory 3—2.

The 1st XI, although it had not been beaten, was still unsettled at half-term; we seemed unable to find the goal-scoring technique which was prominent last year. The defence, however, was strong, and never played better than in the Sandhurst match, when it was unfortunate that we could not force a victory.

The season ended with two very enjoyable fixtures. The 1st and 2nd XIs were entertained by the Sub-Lieutenants of the R.N.C., Greenwich, on the weekend of 19th March. The 1st XI match was a close one, and opportunism by Hinde and George enabled us to win 2—0. The 2nd XI lost 3—2.

On the following weekend the 1st XI visited Sandhurst and were entertained extremely well. The game, open and fast, was a draw 2—2. Wright and Herrington played well together, and Williams, in goal, was only beaten by two excellent shots. Price's inability to run because of an injured foot was made up for by Francis with his usual bustle. We were unlucky not to score a winning goal in the last ten minutes when play was all in the R.M.A.'s "25." Scorers for the College were Price and Walsh.

The 2nd XI had a good season and must be congratulated on drawing 5—5 with Gresham's 2nd XI after being 4—1 down. Here the 1st XI lost 3—1.

*College 1st XI.*—Williams; Wright, Herrington; White (captain), Walsh, Mansell; Everett, Francis, Price, Hinde and Pearson.

All the team were awarded full colours after the Sandhurst match.





**ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL 1st XI, 1948-1949**

*Back Row.*—I. H. F. Walmsley. W. F. Charles. J. H. G. Lovell. T. A. Bennett. A. S. Lee.  
*Seated.*—R. G. Perry. R. D. Jones. W. J. Herrington (Captain). Ft. Lt. R. C. P. Thomson. J. R. E. Edmonson-Jones.  
 A. Turner. A. Lang.



**HOCKEY 1st XI, 1948-1949**

*Back Row.*—I. R. Hinde. W. J. Herrington. Ft. Lt. D. R. Fayle, M.C. J. A. Mansell. R. M. Pearson.  
*Seated.*—R. H. Everett. C. P. Francis. J. H. G. White (Captain). R. G. Price. D. Wright. D. H. Williams.  
*Absent.*—M. E. Walsh.



Inter-Squadron hockey was won by C Squadron, who beat Digby in the final. In the semi-finals, Digby beat A Squadron, 2—1; and C Squadron beat B Squadron, 4—0.

All who have played hockey this term wish to express their thanks to all who have umpired and coached, and to all the teams who have looked after us so well.

HOCKEY RESULTS—SPRING TERM

1ST XI

- 12/1/49.—v. R.A.F. Cranwell (home), drew 2—2.
  - 26/1/49.—v. Aircraft Apprentices, Cranwell (home), won 3—1.
  - 29/1/49.—v. Downing College (home), won 3—2.
  - 2/2/49.—v. Leicester University (home), won 3—1.
  - 5/2/49.—v. Queens' College (home), drew 1—1.
  - 12/2/49.—v. Emmanuel College (away), lost 1—3.
  - 16/2/49.—v. R.A.F. Cranwell (home), drew 1—1.
  - 26/2/49.—v. Oundle School (away), won 5—1.
  - 2/3/49.—v. Gresham's School (away), lost 1—3.
  - 5/3/49.—v. Pembroke College (away), lost 1—6.
  - 16/3/49.—v. R.A.F. Cranwell (home), won 8—0.
  - 19/3/49.—v. Royal Naval College, Greenwich (away), won 2—0.
  - 23/3/49.—v. Worksop College (away), lost 1—2.
  - 26/3/49.—v. Royal Military Academy Sandhurst (away), drew 2—2.
- Played, 14; won, 6; drew, 4; lost, 4; goals for, 34; goals against, 25.

2ND XI

- 26/1/49.—v. Aircraft Apprentices, Cranwell (home), won 9—1.
  - 5/2/49.—v. Uppingham School (home), won 5—3.
  - 12/2/49.—v. Emmanuel College (away), won 4—3.
  - 26/2/49.—v. E. and S. Wing, Digby (home), won 5—2.
  - 2/3/49.—v. Gresham's School (away), drew 5—5.
  - 16/3/49.—v. Wisbech (away), lost 2—9.
  - 19/3/49.—v. Royal Naval College, Greenwich (away), lost 2—3.
  - 23/3/49.—v. Worksop College (away), lost 2—3.
- Played, 8; won, 4; drew, 1; lost, 3; goals for, 34; goals against, 29.

R. G. P.

BOXING

The boxing season opened with a number of fixtures arranged, but for a variety of reasons the majority of them were cancelled, and it was not until the middle of the Spring Term that the first match took place. This was a six-bout contest against R.A.F., Syerston, which the College won by four bouts to two.

The inter-Squadron boxing competitions were revived this season and helped considerably to stimulate an interest in boxing. Some very spirited, if not skilful, bouts took place, and in the finals C Squadron beat A Squadron.

The Sandhurst fixture, for which the team had been training for several weeks under Corporal Henderson's expert direction, took place on 30th March. Sandhurst won by seven bouts to three, but there were many close contests. A particularly fine display was given by Walsh, who, though just saved by the bell in round one, managed to recover and nearly gained the decision.

The following represented the College against the R.M.A. Sandhurst: Read (captain), Ludgate, Skipp, Arnott, Cruikshank, Walsh, D'Arcy, Tabernacle, Yossava and Judson.

O. M. C.



## SHOOTING

In addition to its other fixtures this term the College team entered for the Nobel, and the Flying Training Command small-bore competitions. The College team, suffering its only defeat of the term, was eliminated by R.A.F. Stradishall in the second round of the Nobel competition, but it won the F.T.C. contest.

The team has achieved some very high scores in the course of its matches. In all, we have scored 78 possibles, and Robertson, Sanderson, Price, Walker, Guntrip, Lamb, Copping and Gill have averages of 98 or above.

From the college side Robertson, Price, Sanderson and Gill have been picked to shoot in the R.A.F. forty against the Royal Navy, Army and Civil Service.

The inter-Squadron pistol competition was won by C Squadron (179 points), with A second (165), B third (136) and Digby last (73).

## .22 MATCH RESULTS

- 18/1/49.—v. Dollar Academy, won.  
 25/1/49.—v. R.A.F. Leconfield (F.T.C. Competition).  
 1/2/49.—v. King Edward's School, won 780—756.  
 1/2/49.—v. R.A.F., Watchfield (F.T.C. Competition), won.  
 8/2/49.—v. Blundell's, won 789—759.  
 8/2/49.—v. R.A.F., Cottesmore (F.T.C. Competition), won.  
 12/2/49.—v. R.A.F., Stradishall (second round, Nobel Competition), lost 1,177—1,187.  
 25/2/49.—v. R.A.F., Manby (F.T.C. Competition semi-final), won.  
 26/2/49.—v. Oundle, won 646—645.  
 4/3/49.—v. Oundle (T.A. Units), won 777—726.  
 19/3/49.—v. Royal Naval Engineering College, Devonport, won.  
 19/3/49.—v. Loughborough, won 589—572.  
 25/3/49.—v. Guildford Royal Grammar School, won 769—763.  
 26/3/49.—v. Royal Military Academy Sandhurst: Rifle, won 1,536—1,475; pistol, won 105—94.  
 6/4/49.—v. Ternhill (F.T.C. Competition semi-final), won 1,183—1,171.

J. J. G.

## SQUASH

This has been quite a successful term for the squash team. Our first match against Worksop College was an even fight and we just returned the winners by 3—2. This score was reversed against us by Queens' College later in the week. We were thoroughly trounced by Sandhurst 5—0. After half-term we went twice to Cambridge, beating Queens' 3—2 in a return match, and Pembroke II 4—1. Greenwich entertained us extremely well during our visit there, and also beat us 4—1. The long journey may have been part of the cause for our 4—1 defeat at Stowe. We next beat Corpus Christi College, at home, and St. Peter's School, York, both by the score 3—2. Our last fixture was against R.N.E.C., Plymouth, where the season was brought to a satisfactory end with a 5—0 victory.

College half-colours have been awarded to Lockyer, Chick and Persse.



INDIVIDUAL SCORES

	Played.	Won.	Lost.
Bull .. .. .	2	1	1
Chick .. .. .	8	5	3
*Edmonson-Jones .. .. .	3	2	1
Gilbert .. .. .	2	0	2
*Lockyer .. .. .	10	6	4
Macfarlane .. .. .	1	0	1
*Mansell .. .. .	2	1	1
*Persse .. .. .	9	5	4
Smart .. .. .	6	4	2
*Walsh .. .. .	1	0	1
Walmsley .. .. .	3	1	2
White .. .. .	2	0	2

\*Played against Sandhurst.

MATCH RESULTS

- 2/2/49.—v. Worksop College (away), won 3—2.
- 5/2/49.—v. Queens' College (home), lost 2—3.
- 9/2/49.—v. Royal Military Academy Sandhurst (home), lost 0—5.
- 23/2/49.—v. Queens' College (away), won 3—2.
- 5/3/49.—v. Pembroke College II (away), won 4—1.
- 9/3/49.—v. Royal Naval College, Greenwich (away), lost 1—4.
- 12/3/49.—v. Stowe School (away), lost 0—5.
- 19/3/49.—v. Corpus Christi College (home), won 3—2.
- 23/3/49.—v. St. Peter's School, York (away), won 5—0.
- 26/3/49.—v. Royal Naval Engineering College, Plymouth (away), won 5—0.

INTER-SQUADRON RESULTS

A Squadron, 3; C Squadron, 2. B Squadron, 5; Digby, 0.  
 Final: B Squadron, 4; A Squadron, 1.

F. R. L.

ROWING

Since the last edition of the JOURNAL there has been little activity by the Boat Club to report. Rowing practice started on 2nd March in preparation for the regattas taking place this summer. These are:

- R.A.F. Regatta: 7th May.
- Newark: 11th June.
- Boston: 25th June.
- Derby: 9th July.
- Bedford: 23rd July.

We welcome to the Boat Club the new officer-in-charge, Squadron Leader Champion, who very nobly used to run about twelve miles a week along the bank coaching his crew, until someone found him a bicycle.

Regretfully, we say good-bye to Flight Lieutenant Ince, who has been posted. We fully appreciate and are very grateful for the amount of work he has put into the Club in getting it into shape.

Finally, we are indebted to Mr. Patrick Johnson for his valuable coaching in all weathers.

The Boat Club has started the season well at the R.A.F. Regatta, A and B crews being placed first and second in the Clinker Fours, winning the Scott-Paine cup for the station gaining most points, and D. C. Walker winning the Novice Sculls.

P. J. B.



## THE ROYAL AIR FORCE COLLEGE SOCIETY

THE College Society has reached yet another phase in its history. For the past eighteen months the members of No. 46 Entry have played a most prominent part in the detailed organization of most of the sections of the Society. Upon them fell the task of making the sections attractive and providing the majority of the executives. Their tenure has been a long one and we have definitely gained by having their continuity of purpose and effort, which has resulted in the Society achieving a firm and accepted place in the life of the College. We cannot let the occasion of their graduation pass without thanking them for their willing assistance and wishing them well for the future. They will be the first to admit that the experience which they have gained from the Society activities will serve them in good stead, for the Society has provided that most necessary outlet from the complex and very full syllabus of work that has been their lot.

In the future, executives will change more rapidly and a year in office will be a marked achievement. Competition will be keen, and although we do not expect any revolutionary changes, the added variety and new ideas that must come forth cannot but increase our experience and make the Society an even more lively and extensive organization than it is at present.

Our latest addition is the Dancing Section, which has achieved a record for popularity. This is not surprising, and, though it may bring smiles to many faces, the social obligations of an officer must not be overlooked.

We have benefited from recent re-allocations of accommodation which have enabled some sections to have a permanent meeting place. The advantage of this is enormous.

The principal changes in the running of sections are that Flight Lieutenant D. M. Clause assumes control of the Mountaineering and Riding Sections, Mr. G. A. Corfield of the Music Section, and Mr. H. W. Acomb of the Fiction Library; Flight Lieutenant J. R. Maynard of the Dancing, and Flight Lieutenant T. E. Johnson of the Fishing.

K. R.

### SCHMELTZ

It was very cold and foggy. Everyone was muffled up and still shivering. The place? Boots' perfume counter, around which all the ladies of the city were doing their Christmas shopping. Into this scene many of us made our entrance to buy the anti-sunburn lotion we had been advised to take to Austria. Most of us got it, but only by incurring the wrath of the elderly assistant, who had to search the store rooms behind the shop for us, and only by having to listen to the subdued whisperings and pitying looks of the crowd around us for a maddening five minutes. Even the cash register, happily ringing up sums of well over twenty shillings, gave a dull clang when it received our one and threepence-halfpenny.

So began our long journey. Our rucksacks bulging, we made our way awkwardly to Liverpool Street Station. There we came upon many others—149 to be exact—in the same position as ourselves. Some were wearing our uniform, twice as many were clad in the dress of a Sandhurst cadet. It was nearly 1915 hrs. on Thursday, 30th December, 1948, the hour to which we had been looking forward for many weeks in spite of the



hard times it imposed upon us via the College Bank. When the train arrived at the platform, Cranwell was allocated to the coach next to the N.A.A.F.I. wagon—a most satisfactory arrangement. With military precision the train left one minute early, but luckily we were all on board. First attempts to get the rucksacks through the narrow doors had proved fruitless, but by cool reasoning and deliberate calculation methods were found. The less mathematically-minded resorted to lifting them through the windows.

At Harwich we were given a meal, and by 10.40 p.m. we found ourselves on board the *Empire Wonsbeck*, an ex-German ship which had seen better years in the Baltic carrying passengers and light cargo. Our quarters being amidships, we had a fairly comfortable crossing. The only mishap was one bed collapsing and propelling its occupant on to the deck. Fortunately, the bunk beneath him was unoccupied at the time. As it occurred after reveille it was perhaps a good thing. On docking at the Hook we found the Sandhurst cadets waiting for us. They had overtaken us during the night, having a more modern vessel to transport them, the *Antwerp*. They had all been sleeping at the sharp end and very few escaped *mal de mer*.

While on board we put our watches on one hour to keep pace with the continental clocks. Breakfast was served at 8.30, new time, in the Officers' Mess of 113 Transit Camp, a most luxurious establishment. Being very much refreshed we made our way to the special train which left at midday. The coaches available varied greatly in the comfort they offered. All classes were represented, the "third" being least popular. Nobody was killed in the rush for "firsts." Having settled down and made our compartments as pleasant as possible, we were issued with blankets, and proceeded to work out our sleeping arrangements. In most cases there were only three to a compartment.

Our route took us through Breda, Eindhoven, Velno and on to Kaldenkirchen, the frontier town. As we moved on into Germany it was getting dark, and so we prepared for the celebration of New Year's Eve. Some bottles of 1948 Moselle were procured at one of the stations *en route*, so we were not entirely "dry." Unfortunately, a rumour had been spread around that we were now yet another hour ahead of G.M.T. This resulted in some bringing in the New Year an hour before it was due. The correct hour was announced by a cannon being fired at close quarters. We had stopped at Hamm for a few minutes. Before the report had died away there was a marvellous show of fireworks, followed by everything capable of making a noise being put to the test. Under the light of the celebrating city we slid out into the blackness of the night to continue our long journey across Europe.

By morning we were travelling on an electrified line, and the dirty smoke we had to put up with before had gone. At 10 a.m. we came to Munich, and memories of listening to the American Forces Network broadcasts at Cranwell came back to us. With a shudder we turned our minds to more pleasant things—one of which, while on the subject of the College, was that by coming out here we were missing the first ten days of the Easter Term. The appearance of snow then arrested our attention. There was only a sprinkling, but it was snow. It was a beautiful day, being absolutely cloudless, and a glorious view of the foothills of the Alps could be seen ahead. It is surprising how suddenly the hills rise from the flat, uninteresting plain.

At Traunstein there was a forty-minute stop for a wash and some exercise. The



cameras we had with us began to appear, and photographs were taken by the dozen. Salzburg, on the Austro-German frontier, was reached by 11.30 a.m. From then on we were travelling along narrow valleys with the snow-covered mountains towering above. The snow began thickening on the ground. This was much more like the pictures of Austria we had studied back at home. Soon after emerging from a tunnel the emergency brake on the train applied itself and we came to a sudden halt. It was some time before any further progress was made. A river flowed between ourselves and a high pillar-like hill on the top of which was perched one of the old barons' castles, of which we were to see several examples. On the farther bank a huge excavator was parked. Beside it lay a tiny steam engine. The scene made a perfect "Dignity and Impudence" setting.

Our target for the night, Villach, was reached at 6.20 p.m. There we spent a very pleasant couple of hours eating and drinking. On reaching the station again we found the platform was empty. Somebody had run off with the complete train, in spite of the Army personnel detailed to guard our equipment still on board. The next half-hour was spent, so far as the Cranwell cadets were concerned, in lusty singing. Our audience was not particularly appreciative, so we tried to force our will upon them by some gentle snowballing. This was not very successful either, as our fire was not returned, so a half-hearted fight developed amongst ourselves. There was a general feeling that it was cold enough without having additional snow down one's neck. A few minutes later our train was returned to us intact, and dinner was served as soon as we moved off. The meals provided were very good indeed considering the condition of the kitchen the staff had to work in.

We reached Judenburg about 2 a.m., but did not detrain until after 8 o'clock. Some of us reached Schmeltz by lorry and cable railway; others by one or the other. The cable railway is a fearsome device. Passengers are locked into little compartments with small barred "windows" on one side only. Cars of this type only hold two passengers. The larger ones—four is the maximum load of any—are more like birdcages. The launching is a particularly rough process. The "prison" is pushed into line with the cables and, after much clattering and swinging, a severe jolt assures one that the moving cable has been successfully gripped and the journey has safely begun. Whether it continues thus seems to be a matter of luck. Between the camp and Judenburg, two of the passenger cars were to be seen lying derelict in the snow many feet below. At times the cable stretches some 800 yards between points of suspension. In these places the ground may be as much as 400 feet below. Comparisons were made with flying sensations, but it was much more nerve-racking than the most violent aerial manoeuvre. It was with a certain amount of relief that we reached the top and stepped out again on to mother earth.

So this was it. As the fiendish coaches of that devil's brainchild, the sailbahn, disgorged in rapid succession their shivering human cargoes, we stood looking down on the Christmas land of our childhood dreams. Even to our eyes, bleared and bloodshot after three weary days of travel on top of a solid fortnight of "God rest you merry gentlemen" and "Tomorrow we'll be far from sober," the location was perfect. From horizon to horizon stretched a black and white mosaic of fir trees and snow; beneath us the valleys lay under an all-concealing sea of mist. We could just make out the camp through the thick curtain of falling snow, a fairy-tale village of light gold stone and mellowed timber the colour of ripe corn, huddled on the hillside.



Prosaic bodily needs brought our rapturous contemplation of the scene to a speedy halt, and with a vision of a large lunch before our eyes we charged down the slope, plunging through the snow which promised good sport in the near future, to the accompaniment of weird animal calls.

We drew our skis and equipment—an extremely well-balanced selection of essentials, and after being shown to the huts where we were quartered in comparative comfort six to a room, we climbed the precipitous slope to the Mess. The dining-room had been cheerfully decorated with bright print tablecloths and curtains for our benefit. There was ample room for the 150 of us, the service was speedy and willing (none of us will quickly forget Charlie), and the food nourishing and good.

Replete and satisfied we rushed back to our huts, eager to become ski-borne and join battle with the elements. Unfortunately, we found we had first to put the things on. Perhaps the less said about those preliminary attempts the better; of the ungainly feeling of having size ninety feet and its attendant mishaps, of the ignominy of a helping hand applied to the small of one's back with considerable force, just as a crucial point of balance had been attained. Somehow we slithered on extraordinary and quite unconventional portions of our anatomy on to the nursery slopes, where the instructors were waiting to offer advice and criticism. The afternoon was officially devoted to finding our feet—most of us found our bottoms. We passed our time in any position but the vertical and climbed back at tea time very tired, very wet and very chastened. Skiing was by no means as easy as we had imagined.

That evening we discovered the N.A.A.F.I. Hitherto we had found Schmeltz a highly enjoyable spot; but from now on it was heaven. Quite apart from being able to buy cigarettes at tenpence for twenty (I'd better say that again—*tenpence* for *twenty*)—and sundry other items in the chocolate and soap category, we found a magic sign, "bar," where gin, cognac, rum and what have you could be bought in limitless quantity at approximately one shilling per double—and a generous double at that. The "book of verse and thou" were cast aside and we settled down to make the best of Schmeltz in the good old-fashioned way.

Bright and early the next morning, for the altitude and climate precluded anything in the way of a hangover, we assembled in the groups into which we had been split, to commence the instruction which the previous afternoon had convinced us was extremely necessary. We were divided into groups of a dozen or so, with mixed brown and blue in the ratio of about eight to four, to each instructor. The instructors were all Austrians, all expert ski-ers, intelligent and well educated. Their numbers included ex-U-boat commanders, Focke-Wulf pilots and tank captains. They could all speak competent English and possessed lively senses of humour, even to the extent of appreciating our jokes.

And so, prepared for the fray with rather less of the bland confidence we had rejoiced in the previous day, we moved off to the slopes. There we heard for the first time the phrases that were to stick in our memories as keynotes to the whole trip: "Softer in ze knees," "A leetle op and fall down," and perhaps, most of all, the ubiquitous "Forwarts leanings."

From then onwards the days merged into a rosy glow of halcyon enjoyment. Gradually, imperceptibly, our skill advanced, and at the close of each day the seats of our trousers were drier. Slowly we became acquainted with the traverse, the snow-plough, stem turns, side-slipping and swings. We taught the Army to say "prang" and "line-



shoot"; in the evenings we gathered in the N.A.A.F.I. with our instructors and swapped "The Tinker" for "Prosit." Sometimes we donned skis, took a sandwich lunch and climbed up to the "Winterleiten" and "Seetal" huts. We learned what it was to sweat under a cloudless sky with the ground temperature below freezing. We learned the exhilaration of a fast downhill run, and the smooth grace of running in the plain.

Saturday was ordained the day of rest; the more intrepid braved the cable railway to see what twenty Players would do in Judenburg and reappeared bearing extraordinary things in the way of pipes, cigarette lighters, badges and the original line in Tyrolean gents' natty headgear.

All too quickly the days flew by, and we suddenly found with a shock that only two days were left before we were due to depart. The morning of 11th January was devoted to tests of the skill we had acquired during our stay. We paraded and performed by teams before the examiners, with the creditable result that twenty-four flight cadets passed the B.T.A. test, obtaining as reward a very smart badge; and eleven qualified for the third-class Ski Club of Great Britain award. In the afternoon a downhill race between Sandhurst and Cranwell representatives was arranged. Experience and numbers were on the side of the Sandhurst team, keenness as shown under instruction pointed in our favour, and it promised—and, in fact, turned out to be—a very close affair. Cranwell was represented by Black, Gordon-Johnson, Smith, White, Richardson, Armour, Smart, George, Harben, Lamb, Gilbert, Pavey and Le Poer Trench. Snow conditions were by now hard and treacherous, and excellent times were recorded under these conditions. Black was first home for Cranwell, with third place, a mere five seconds behind Ramsay, the Sandhurst winner, with Gordon-Johnson and Smith close behind in fifth and sixth places. In all, Sandhurst won by eleven seconds—an extremely creditable result.

And so the 12th, our last day, arrived. The Cranwell element not being required to hand in their kit until the afternoon, we used the morning to bid farewell to our skis in the appropriate manner. It was a perfect day. We shed all but the essentials of clothing and climbed as high as we could, to bask in the sun and fling our own individual style of yodel down the valleys, before commencing the downhill run. All too soon we were at the bottom again; tribute had been duly paid.

Kit was handed in, and we repaired to the N.A.A.F.I. for final parties with our instructors. The majority of us—those who had any money left—made use of the opportunity to buy bottles of liquor in the hope of effecting a small amount of successful smuggling when Harwich was reached again.

By lunch-time the next day the last of our party was swaying back down the sailbahn. Was it merely imagination, or did the trees, long assailed by our chatter, our yells, our yodelling attempts, our aboriginal war cries, really heave that gigantic sigh of relief, and settle back at peace once again, under their soft mantle of whiteness?

We would like to express our thanks to Major Osborn and to all the other officers and non-commissioned officers, who not only helped to make the venture possible, but made it so enjoyable.

L. L. T.

M. S.



## ANCELLES, 1948-49

On 27th December Flight Lieutenants Okely and Forth and nine cadets missed the Newhaven—Dieppe boat-train by ten minutes. Nevertheless, more by luck than good judgment, we arrived in Paris that night in time to see the traditional sights. By press-ganging a bus the following morning we just caught the Avignon train on which one of our number found the skilful use of a heavy kit-bag a more successful and spectacular way of getting a seat than the conventional methods.

The two Sous Lieutenants who were to be our guardian angels and legal advisers met us at Avignon and took us to l'École de l'Air. We continued our journey in an enormous air force bus fitted with a voluble driver. On every necessary occasion, and often without any reason at all, the driver sounded off his supercharged klaxon, scattering peasants left and right. We eventually reached the village of Chateau d'Annelles.

On New Year's Eve ski-ing started in earnest, and before long we developed styles entirely of our own; the two more popular methods, perforce, were "le derrière premier" and "L for leather." Flight Lieutenant Okely's warning cries of "Piste" would have cowed the stoutest heart.

The climax of our visit was a journey to a slope fitted with a ski-lift. Our lorry chugged to a final standstill in a snowdrift at 6,000 feet. The ski-lift was quite a success for a few minutes, but soon the cable collapsed in disgust, and a pulley block was dented by hitting Becker's skull.

On 6th January we trumpeted our way back to Salon, and were given a reception by the French cadets. We gathered that the two most memorable visitors to l'École were Skinner and his moustache. On the following day we started making tracks for Cranwell, laden with memories of a very pleasant visit. We are very grateful to Sous Lieutenants Rajau and Durrande for their manipulation of the English language and their intricate French songs.

R. S. M.

## GLIDING IN GERMANY

During the Easter leave a party of three officers and eleven cadets again visited Scharfoldendorf, the B.A.F.O. gliding club in the foothills of the Hertz Mountains.

The journey over was uneventful except for one ghastly moment in the middle of the North Sea when the pilot of a Dakota suddenly appeared in the passenger compartment. It suddenly occurred to us, accompanied by a sinking feeling inside, that there was *nobody at the controls*.

After a body-shattering ride over German roads, which are beyond compare—for bumps—we arrived at the Club.

Flying started the next morning under the instruction of Flight Lieutenant MacCallum, who took each of us up in turn in the Kranich two-seater. After this trip everyone was permitted to go solo on the Grunau and the Minimoa. We created a good impression by all getting our "C" Certificates on the first day; an impression, alas, which was not to continue.

In the week that followed the weather was good and our faces changed from off-white to bronze, and our eyes from white to blood-red (not due to the weather, however). B. N. Bennett attempted his Silver "C" (Endurance) and T. N. M. Bayne his Silver "C" (Height), but both ran out of the necessary lift. We acquired a fine meteorological vocabulary, talking airily about "standing waves," "lapse rate soaring," "super adiabatic layers" and "lenticular cloud."



Our instructors had many bad moments while they watched us carry out airborne botanical research, or the investigation of the possibility of tree-top landings; others tried stall turns on the approach in the primary trainer or take-offs with spoilers out in the Minimoa. And worst of all, Flight Lieutenant MacCallum had to see 500 feet of his favourite cable, which had been cut at the winch, released from a Grunau, plunge into the valley beneath.

None the less, we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves, and thank Squadron Leader Owen for his gallant organization. Our greatest thanks must go to Squadron Leader Binks and Flight Lieutenant MacCallum for their valuable and enthusiastic instruction and their amazing patience.

G. G. L.  
P. J. B.

### MOUNTAINEERING SECTION

The Mountaineering Section held a small meet at Helyg during the last week of the Easter leave. The number taking part was reduced by sickness, but many climbs were made in spite of three days of bad weather, including one day's snow.

D. M. C.

### RIDING

As the Americans say: "Riding is the art of keeping a horse between yourself and the ground." Throughout the Spring Term, cadets have defied Newton and his apple, and very favourable progress has been made by all riders, thanks to Mr. Falconer's excellent instruction.

We have had eight horses at our disposal. Here may we express our gratitude to Group Captain Oliver for the loan of his horse, "Sammy." With this available "horse-power," Crowley and Furze have provided us with a smooth-running and efficient weekly programme. The number of cadets now riding has increased to about seventy, and some have now qualified for the hunting field.

Several cadets have been fortunate enough to attend local meets this term, and it is to be hoped that further up-and-coming members of the Riding Club will have an opportunity to gain the field next season.

On Wednesday, 30th March, the Blankney Hunt met at the College, and cadets at their first meet tasted the exhilaration of the hunting field when they ran their quarry to earth.

The end of the term brought with it the regrettable loss of Squadron Leader Steven-ton, whose increasing efforts have done so much to put the Club in its present position. The time and attention he put into the establishment and management of the College Farm is another indication of his valuable work.

We welcome Flight Lieutenant Clause as Officer-in-Charge Riding, another keen horseman, from whose experience we shall all benefit.

With our thoughts already turned to next June's Lincoln Show, to be held at Louth this year, the team has gone into training. "Tony," "Ginger" and "Cæsar" are the horses we intend to jump, and their riders will be Worthington, Radford and one other.

P. M. W.



### DRAMATIC SECTION

The principal activities of the section have been the production of three plays: a drama, "Morning Departure," by Kenneth Woolland; a farce, "See How They Run," by Philip King; and a legal play, "Blind Goddess," by Patrick Hastings. Of the three, "See How They Run" was undoubtedly the best entertainment. "Morning Departure," with its five stages, presented the greatest problem to the stage manager; while "Blind Goddess" was the most difficult play to produce well.

The section has lost, through posting, the services of Flight Lieutenants D. G. Winser and E. K. P. Ince, whose infectious enthusiasm it will be hard to replace.

With No. 46 Entry we lose no fewer than sixteen flight cadets who have taken an active part in our productions. We acknowledge with gratitude the standard of excellence which they have helped to establish.

C. H. W.

#### "MORNING DEPARTURE"

This drama was produced in spite of thick fog on 25th November, with an all-male cast. The producer, Roy Stephenson, is to be congratulated on moulding a rather scrappy play into a fine and unified performance.

The play calls for a most complicated set, the interior of a submarine "downstairs" and four separate offices "upstairs." However, by the kind co-operation of C.I.W. and A.M.W.D., and by stealing by finding, the materials were collected. The ingenious lighting devices were installed by Christopher Petheram, and when every available pipe, knob, tap, dial, cock and lever that could be found had been added somewhere, and the whole pointed with multi-coloured bands, the result was passed as authentic by our naval representative. The whole set was a triumph for Christopher Walker, Michael Mitchell, and, of course, Mr. Carolan.

The acting of Richard Gidman, John Lovell and Thomas Kennedy in the submarine was deft, exciting and often moving.

Norman Chamberlain took advantage of every opportunity to extract humour from the part of Higgins, the cook.

The shore staff carried out the difficult task of projecting their characters without movement and only through the medium of telephone conversations; in this, perhaps, Brian Harben and Geoffrey Goodsell were particularly successful.

All in all this was an ambitious and successful production.

H. M. K. B.

#### "SEE HOW THEY RUN"

Few will dispute that this was the most amusing play at Cranwell since the war. Its casting had the touch of genius because for the majority of parts the word "acting" did not apply. The characters and the actors were inseparable. At least one cadet has never stopped acting his part since the last performance.

For the ladies, Miss Madgett's performance as "Miss Sporting and Dramatic," overcome by the perils of cooking sherry, won the highest praise from the local Press. Mrs. Fopp was an assured Penny, and Mrs. Tooke added a scintillating Ida to her repertoire.

John Bourn, Hugh Brown and Geoffrey Fletcher were excruciatingly funny, but the palm must go to Clive Francis, who, as the Bishop of Lax, with his outraged dignity and continual bewilderment, kept the College rolling in its seat.



The producer, Ian Meredith, cannot be too strongly congratulated on the spirit of team work which he built up and the furious pace which he maintained throughout the performance.

The play was revived at the end of the Easter Term to entertain our visitors from Salon. By stupendous efforts the set was re-erected and painted in fourteen hours, and the cast recalled its parts. The "attack" on this occasion even exceeded that of the former programme. Our main congratulations must go to the remarkable achievement of Mrs. Fopp, who, having on Monday night sustained the big part of Lady Brasted, on Wednesday night put over the entirely different and even longer part of Penny, a record which must be unequalled on the amateur stage. Flight Lieutenant Ince brought down the house in a farewell performance, playing the part of the police sergeant.

C. H. W.

#### "THE BLIND GODDESS"

This play marked a departure from previous choices by the fact that two sets were required, and by its difficulties of production. The play has little action to help sustain interest, and no comic relief.

Ian Meredith's performance in the part of Sir John Dering, who occupies the stage nearly all the time and dominates a great proportion of it, was outstanding. John Herrington, as Lord Brasted, produced the right note of dubiety in the character, and William Kelly, as the solicitor, was particularly assured.

In the shorter parts, Christopher Walker made a lot of Mainwaring, the defending counsel. Norman Chamberlain and Roy Perry kept Bertoni and the butler well in hand; and Hugh Brown, once he had full control over his left eye-brow, made a convincing Lord Chief Justice.

On the distaff side Mrs. Fopp was a suitably evil Lady Brasted, and Sister Russell gave us a cool, quiet Lady Dering, perfectly in character. The *jeune première*, well paired by Roy Staley, was taken by Miss Lucille Hurlburt with refreshing grace, though a certain amount of rewriting was necessary to explain her transatlantic origin.

The many parts in the crowded and tense court scene were played by Miss Madgett, Miss Joyce Hurlburt, Keith Mossman, Christopher Petheram (in addition to his usual unobtrusive but vital electrical duties), John Palmer, Clive Francis, Roy Stephenson (his sixth appearance), Peter Skinner and Geoffrey Fletcher. These all laughed, wept, sneered and tittered in the right place—a thankless job well performed.

Many troubles, not least his own health, beset the producer, but the outcome of a difficult undertaking was, if not one of our finer productions, at least an enjoyable evening's entertainment.

R. V. S.

#### THEATRE-VISITING SECTION

This term only two visits have been arranged—the first to see the film of "Hamlet," and the second to the Nottingham Civic Theatre to see "The Long Mirror," by J. B. Priestley. Both visits were enjoyed by everyone who went, but the second one was marred by the failure of many flight cadets who had put their names down to go to give sufficient notice of their intention to cancel.

Arrangements are in hand for a visit to the Stratford Memorial Theatre next term.

R. H. G.



**MUSIC SOCIETY**

The Music Section has continued to hold fortnightly recitals of gramophone music.

A new high-quality amplifier has been bought and is awaited with great interest. It is unfortunate that Squadron Leader Garland will not be at the College to hear it in regular use.

There have been no outside visits to concerts this term, though several cadets were invited to Digby to hear a piano recital by the Rev. Dr. Shields, M.A., Mus.D.

Flight Cadets M. Short and J. N. Murphy gave an excellent piano recital together, and it is to be hoped that there will be more musicians in the College in future.

L. G. D.

**DIGBY BRANCH OFFICIALS**

*Chairman and Member of the Executive Committee* .. Wing Commander F. C. Hayward.  
*General Secretary* .. .. . Flight Lieutenant R. S. Mason.

**DANCING SECTION**

*Committee.*

*Chairman* . . . . Flight Lieutenant W. H. Smith.  
*Secretary* . . . . Flight Cadet Weighall.  
*Member* . . . . Flight Cadet Wall.

**MUSIC SECTION**

*Chairman* . . . . Flight Lieutenant R. S. Mason.  
*Secretary* . . . . Flight Cadet Goodsell.  
*Member* . . . . Cadet Milner.

**DRAMATIC SECTION**

*Chairman* . . . . Flight Lieutenant A. C. Kerr.  
*Secretary* . . . . Flight Cadet McGuire.  
*Member* . . . . Flight Cadet Adams.

**PHOTOGRAPHIC SECTION**

*Chairman* . . . . Flight Lieutenant D. C. Lowe, D.F.C., A.F.C.  
*Secretary* . . . . Flight Cadet Robinson.  
*Member* . . . . Flight Cadet Lowes.

**MODEL ENGINEERING SECTION**

*Chairman* . . . . Flight Lieutenant L. Kendrick.  
*Secretary* . . . . Flight Cadet Breakes.  
*Member* . . . . Flight Cadet Tindall.

**CYCLING SECTION**

*Chairman* . . . . Flight Lieutenant D. W. Smith.  
*Secretary* . . . . Flight Cadet O'Hara.  
*Member* . . . . Flight Cadet Cooper.

**ORNITHOLOGICAL SECTION**

*Chairman* . . . . Flight Lieutenant D. W. Smith.  
*Secretary* . . . . Flight Cadet D'Hara.  
*Member* . . . . Flight Cadet Jones.

**PHILATELIC SECTION**

*Chairman* . . . . Flight Lieutenant R. S. Mason.  
*Secretary* . . . . To be appointed.  
*Member* . . . . To be appointed.



## ACTIVITIES AT DIGBY

### DRAMA AND PLAY-READING SECTION

The first production of the section consisted of two one-act plays, "The Monkey's Paw," by W. W. Jacobs, and "The Man in the Bowler Hat," by A. A. Milne. Both plays were well cast and acted, particular credit going to B. J. Longworth and M. Cottingham, as Mr. and Mrs. White in the former play, and to D. F. Bates and Mrs. Hayward as John and Mary in the latter. The producer, A. B. McGuire, still retains a little hair after his creditable and energetic efforts.

Since then we have read two plays, "Number 17" and "The Dover Road," and have decided to produce the latter before half-term in the summer.

Exceptionally interesting was a visit arranged by the section to see Jean Forbes-Robertson in "Twelfth Night," at the Nottingham Playhouse. As the day coincided with the Wing's first birthday, the opportunity was taken to kill two birds with one stone, and an excellent evening ensued.

Another very pleasant evening was spent in Nottingham in early March, when a party went to see the Playhouse production of Sierra's charming comedy, "The Romantic Young Lady."

### MUSIC SECTION

The programme this term consisted of weekly talks given by members on the lives and works of their favourite composers.

On 15th February the Rev. Dr. R. L. Shields, M.A., Mus.D., gave an excellent piano recital which included the works of a wide range of composers, from Brahms to John Ireland.

The beginning of this term saw the addition of a Choral Section to this branch of the Society. Though opinions, particularly of the cynically minded, differ, much undiscovered talent has been brought to light, and is being ably co-ordinated by Cadet J. W. Milner, the choirmaster.

### PHOTOGRAPHIC SECTION

The Ku Klux Klan of the Society continues its mysterious practices in the Science Block. However, we are assured that great work is in progress, and admit that it is hardly yet the season for this section. An exhibition of members' work is to be held in the near future.

### FALCONRY AND ORNITHOLOGY SECTION

The painstaking efforts of the members to keep its charges in the lap of luxury having been ungratefully and fatally refused, the Falconry Section has been brooding and planning in the main. At the end of last term a visit to Frieston Shore took place to study the marine bird life there. This proved far from as prolific as hoped, but nevertheless, an interesting outing resulted.

### DANCING SECTION

Dancing lessons continue to be provided by the section, and still more flight cadets find themselves no longer social outcasts. End-of-term dances were held in the Autumn and Spring Terms, both of which proved highly successful. We hope they are only the first of many such.



## FEEDING IN FLIGHT

### A THOUGHTFUL ARTICLE ON FLIGHT REFUELLING

It seems that, no matter how fast we fly, someone will always come along and tell us that we have to fly farther. So the time we have to spend in the air remains the same, and we must continue to be haunted by the fear of death from starvation while airborne. The answer to the problem, unfortunately, is not just the simple one of providing food for crews to eat. The food itself must be kept fresh and attractive, hot or cold, and ready for use at a moment's notice. For flight starvation is an insidious evil, and in many cases it has been found that victims, rather than eat something which did not attract them, have stayed at their posts and wasted away, refusing to the last to be tempted by the offer of sandwiches, coffee or malted milk tablets. Granted, the sandwiches were often dry, the coffee cold and the malted milk tablets a little unhappy, but who would want to live long on such a diet, even in its pristine freshness?

The gravity of the problem of feeding crews on round-the-world or inter-planetary flights has been realized, and a survey of opinion has recently been carried out in the College. The form used had two parts. The first part simply asked the question: "Do you suffer from flight starvation?" and spaces were provided for a number of alternative answers. The tabulated results are as follows:

Yes .. .. .	78%	Mind your own business ..	18%
No .. .. .	4%	Sometimes .. .. .	5%
Don't know .. .. .	82%	Why? .. .. .	38%
Don't care .. .. .	13%	Ugh .. .. .	1%

There were seventeen spoiled papers.

These figures, though significant, should not be used as the basis of any exact calculations, since it was found afterwards that a number of those who answered "Yes" had misread the question.

It appeared, on examination of the second parts of the forms which were handed in, that there had not been the same degree of response that the figures above indicate was given to the first part. For, while most people found it easy enough to put a cross in the appropriate box, the inclination, and, with all deference to the humanistics staff, the ability to write an answer seemed lacking. The question was: "What food and drinks, in your opinion, should be included in every in-flight meal?" A careful analysis produced the following order of popularity:

*Foods.*—Beer, lark's tongue pie, strawberries and cream, chocolate éclairs, roast turkey, apple tart, caviare.

*Drinks.*—Beer.

These results are being carefully considered, and it is almost certain that new meal packs containing these items will soon be in regular use. This may seem surprising, in view of the fact that bottled beer is a well-known cause of "bends." This difficulty has been overcome by prohibiting the use of bottled beer in unpressurized aircraft. This is only a temporary measure, for a new and improved automatic pilot, which will allow draught beer to be carried in these aircraft, is now undergoing its final tests.

The flights carried out by flight cadets are not long enough to cause really pronounced effects of flight starvation except in a few notorious cases, so it was thought

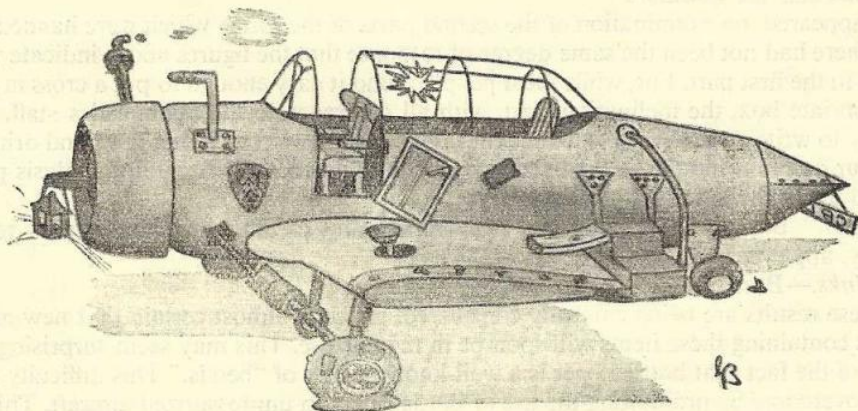


advisable to interview some experienced members of the staff. Although this was a brilliant idea, the results were a little confusing, as will be seen. Three squadron leaders were chosen as typical experienced pilots. The first stated that if anyone mentioned tinned peaches and condensed milk to him again he would scream. Spurred on by the true spirit of scientific investigation, the observer mentioned the offending food-stuffs. . . . The second said that he was never hungry in flight, but that he always drank pints of coffee. Looking at his waistline, the observer was forced to conclude that coffee must be far more nourishing than most people believe. The answer of the third was a little disappointing. He stated that he was always too busy, on long flights, with problems of control, to worry about food.

It was felt that so much had been gained from these interviews that it would be interesting to hear the opinions of a few typical flight cadets as well. It was. Of the three chosen, the first said that he had had to give up eating biscuits in the air as it was becoming impossible to keep the mice down, and he had recently had food snatched from his hand. The second said that he used to worry about where his empty bottles went, but now he throws them out at the top of a loop, so that they fall up into the sky. The third, an expert in nutritional problems, and an heroic victim of flight starvation, said that if all this feeding was necessary we might as well stay on the ground and enjoy it. We could then take exercise at the same time.

In this last answer a clue to the only real solution to the problem of feeding in flight is found. Until the guided missile becomes a reality, and turns us into a race of chairborne warriors, we shall have to content ourselves with frugal repasts on the lines suggested by the survey. We can only hope, in the meantime, that as aircraft become larger, benevolent designers may find room for the kitchens and cellarage we so urgently need.

D. G.



It has been said that the Engineering Society is building a car



## VAMPIRE VENTURE

BY FLIGHT LIEUTENANT F. G. WOOLLEY, D.F.C.

ON the afternoon of 1st July, 1948, six De Havilland Vampires of No. 54 Squadron took off from their base at Odiham to fly across the North Atlantic to represent the R.A.F. at the International Air Exposition at Idlewild, New York. The Squadron was also to perform formation aerobatic displays in Canada and the U.S.A. and take part in tactical exercises with the U.S.A.F.

As our Vampires could not be fitted with navigation aids it was necessary for other aircraft which could carry the necessary equipment and with the necessary speed, to lead the way; this requirement was met by two Mosquito 34s specially equipped with the requisite aids. As meteorology was a vital factor, particularly in regard to the velocity of upper winds, yet another Mosquito was included to undertake weather reconnaissance duties. The three Mosquitoes were manned by Transport Command crews. The force was completed by three Yorks of Transport Command which carried our spares, maintenance crews, and refuelling and starting equipment.

The first stage of the flight from Odiham to Stornoway was accomplished without incident but as we were approaching our destination the pilot of the weather Mosquito called on the R/T to say that the cloud base at Stornoway had lowered and that cloud was covering the hills to the west of the airfield. He added that he would rendezvous with us over Stornoway above cloud and lead us on a radio compass let-down. The descent was performed satisfactorily and we broke cloud over the sea and landed without further incident. I was most impressed by this example of perfect co-operation between ourselves and the weather Mosquito; this particular contingency had not been anticipated and his action was quite spontaneous. It was a comforting augury for the future.

Weather reports from Iceland precluded any further progress that day so we applied ourselves to the task of settling into our somewhat primitive accommodation—derelict Nissen huts—the best that Stornoway airport could offer.

The following morning we were dismayed to learn that strong north-westerly upper winds had set in, and the forecaster could tender no hope of a change in the near future. Day after day the radio sonde ascents reported the same story—north-westerlies with velocities ranging between 60 and 130 knots; the strongest headwind we could accept was 40 knots.

On 12th July the winds suddenly dropped and we set course on the first of the transatlantic legs. We climbed through several layers of cloud and levelled off at 25,000 feet. After one hour at that height we had used sufficient fuel to permit economical cruising at higher altitude, so we climbed up to 30,000 feet. Shortly afterwards an American air-sea rescue B.17 called us on the R/T to say that he could see us on his radar screen; a few minutes later he called again to say that he had sighted our vapour trails. That American could not have guessed how welcome to us was the sound of his voice. Later we exchange pleasantries with one of our own air-sea rescue Lancasters, and with the Atlantic weather-ship which lay athwart our track. We ultimately landed at Keflavik airfield, Iceland, having flown the 584 nautical miles from Stornoway in two and a half hours.

Our aircraft were immediately refuelled, and as soon as this task had been completed



we took off for Bluie-West I airfield in Greenland. But again we were dogged by misfortune as one of the aircraft developed a fault immediately after becoming airborne. We could not land immediately as the quantity of fuel we carried brought the aircraft weight much above the maximum for landing; so we flew over to Reykjavik and gave the Icelandic capital its first view of jet aircraft. By the time our aircraft had landed and refuelled the forecast for Bluie-West I had deteriorated and so it was decided to remain overnight at Keflavic. Perhaps I might digress for the benefit of the reader who is not familiar with Greenland, to explain why we were so particular about the weather at Bluie-West I. This airfield is situated on the edge of a fjord fifty miles from the west coast of Greenland. The fjord itself is walled by cliffs which tower up to a height of 5,000 feet. The airfield is bounded on two sides by mountains, on one side by a glacier which extends up to the ice-cap some 7,000 feet above, and on the fourth side by the fjord, over which all landing approaches and take-offs must be made. There are two ways of approaching the airfield, one the direct approach by flying over the ice-cap and spiralling down into the fjord; and secondly, the more orthodox approach, in which the procedure is to let down over the sea off the west coast and navigate up the fjord to the airfield. Needless to say, the latter is the only feasible approach if there is any cloud cover. As our approach was from the east, the direct line to the airfield would have to be taken as we did not have sufficient fuel to negotiate the alternative route. Another consideration was that, in common with the majority of the legs, there was no alternative destination, and once we had passed the point of no return we were inextricably committed.

Two days later the weather at Bluie-West I was acceptable and we took off for the second transatlantic leg. Shortly after passing the point of no return the east coast mountains of Greenland came into view; they were visible to us at our altitude of 30,000 feet from a distance of 240 miles! Meanwhile, at Bluie-West I airfield, low stratus was drifting up the fjord and a layer of medium cloud began to shroud the ice-cap. Had these conditions developed further the situation would have become decidedly hazardous. As the weather Mosquito was unserviceable, one of the York aircraft that had flown on ahead took off from Bluie-West I and orbited over the glacier a few miles to the east of the airfield. The York crew sighted our vapour trails and informed us of our position by R/T. Shortly afterwards the fjord was identified through a gap in the cloud and we spiralled down and landed—just three hours after leaving Iceland. One of the Vampires burst a tyre on touch-down; the tyre and wheel rim disintegrated and the aircraft skidded for about 500 yards on the brake-drum, accompanied by a spectacular aura of magnesium flame. Thanks to the amazing strength of the undercarriage leg it did not collapse, and by the time refuelling had been completed a new wheel had been fitted and the aircraft was fully serviceable.

It was now late in the afternoon; the weather forecast for Goose Bay, Labrador, was favourable, and as the weather at Bluie-West I was deteriorating it was decided to get away as soon as possible. At 6.30 p.m. we took off and turned down the fjord. The cloud base was 1,000 feet, and one had the uncanny sensation of flying down a giant tunnel. To have stayed beneath the cloud until the sea was reached would have made serious inroads into our fuel reserve, so we had to climb at once. This was an unpleasant experience as the fjord was barely three miles broad at this point; however, we broke through into clear air at 4,000 feet, with the razor-edge peaks jutting through the cloud on either side.





THE VAMPIRES WHICH MADE THE CROSSING

*The Central Press Photos Ltd.*



Approximately one hour out from Bluie-West I we encountered the upper cloud of a frontal system which had not been forecast. In order to maintain visual contact with the Mosquitoes we were obliged to climb up to 35,000 feet, where our heavily laden aircraft could barely maintain height. After passing over the front, the horizon ahead took the form of an unbroken line of cumulo-nimbus cloud. I speculated as to the location of these clouds in relation to Goose Bay as it was obvious that they would complicate our let-down if they were in the vicinity of the airfield, a contingency which I did not relish as it was by that time apparent that we were going to be short of fuel. My meditations were interrupted by the controller at Goose Bay when he came through on the R/T to say that they were experiencing heavy rain showers. We now had no illusions as to the location of the cumimb! We knew that we had insufficient fuel to carry out a complicated let-down procedure, but deliverance came in the form of a small break in the overcast over Lake Melville and we made a very thankful descent through the gap. Owing to the failing light beneath the cloud and the severe cockpit icing due to the rapid descent we lost contact with the Mosquitoes and had to fly on independently. With barely ten minutes' fuel remaining in our tanks, the sight of the Goose Bay runways was indeed welcome. A few minutes later we touched-down to complete the first jet crossing of the Atlantic, in the face of what we considered to have been rather more than our fair share of adversity.

At Goose Bay we found the F.80s of the 56th Fighter Group, U.S.A.F., waiting for us to "get off the line" before making their west-to-east flight of the North Atlantic. It had been made abundantly and universally clear that the first crossing of the Atlantic by jet aircraft was not to be regarded as a race between the Lockheed Shooting Stars and our De Havilland Vampires. But all the same, we were glad and proud that we had got across first.

On 16th July we flew on via Mont Joli and Montreal to Trenton, Ontario—a magnificent R.C.A.F. Station where the Canadians afforded us the warmest welcomes. Whilst in Canada we gave flying displays at Trenton and Toronto, the second of which was unfortunately marred by low cloud.

On 25th July we crossed into the United States and landed at Washington. Here we were given a formal and spectacular reception by General Vandenberg. We then gave our display in the presence of a large and distinguished gathering, amongst whom were numbered all the Foreign Air Attachés accredited to Washington, with the notable exception of the Air Attaché from Moscow. After the show, British spectators confessed that in the course of our display they were caught completely unawares when they found themselves profoundly moved emotionally by so prosaic a pursuit as flying! One distinguished lady told me that never before had the Union Jack been flaunted in Washington with such éclat.

On 26th July we flew to Greenville, in South Carolina, where we gave our usual air display and also took part in tactical exercises with units of the U.S.A.F. It was at Greenville that we were to appreciate the warm-hearted and overwhelming hospitality of the South.

Our next move, on 29th July, was to Norfolk, Virginia, where we gave a flying display and were recipients of further warm-hearted hospitality.

Then came the high-light of our visit. We flew to Mitchell Field, New York, on 30th July for the International Air Exposition of the New York Golden Anniversary celebrations. We gave daily air displays at Idlewild (the newest and most modern airport



in the United States) in the presence of crowds of spectators numbering up to a quarter of a million. We knew that we should be watched by critical eyes in a country where American predominance in every aspect of aviation is accepted by the masses as an uncontroversial fact. So we were on our mettle.

We were given a very good Press and after making due allowance for the ebullient extravagances of American journalism, the newspaper reports left no doubt that the New Yorkers were very impressed.

On 10th August we left the United States and returned to Trenton where we made preparations for the return flight across the Atlantic. We flew to Goose Bay, Labrador, on 16th August, and on the following day we set course for Bluie-West I. We had the advantage of a substantial tail wind, and the flight was uneventful.

We were now well on the way home and, in the confident expectancy of favourable prevailing winds, we felt the buoyant exhilaration that must have come to the ancient mariner on running into home waters and peering ahead for a sighting of his native land. There would now be no need to watch the fuel gauges with anxious eyes, and those long stretches of sea did not seem nearly so formidable or so cold as they had appeared to us on the outward flight. From now on it would be plain sailing!

But fate proved perverse. The strong upper winds which had held us up on our westward flight now turned completely round and blew as hard as ever. This state of affairs persisted until 22nd August, and so for five days the party had nothing to do but to speculate from hour to hour where they would be but for the weather fiend who had so cruelly turned against us. For my part, I must confess that I revelled in this temporary exile; being a bachelor my return did not hold the same urgency as it did for most of the others with their family ties. During this period of inactivity I fell under the spell of the superb scenery, which I found breathtaking in its majestic yet delicate beauty. So I possessed my soul in patience and exaltation until the wrath of the weather genie was assuaged.

We awoke on the morning of 22nd August to find to our great relief that the winds had at least changed in our favour. But our exultation proved premature as fog rolled in from the fjord. It was not until after midday that it cleared sufficiently for us to take off. The flight back to Iceland was perhaps the most pleasant leg of all. After flying for only two hours and ten minutes we descended and broke cloud at 15,000 feet, to see sixty miles away and dead ahead the exact point of the Icelandic coast for which we were making. We left behind the faithful Mosquitoes who had navigated us with such precision and touched down only two hours and twenty minutes after leaving Greenland.

On the following day we took off for Stornoway, but half-way we were warned by the Atlantic weather ship of exceptionally bad weather at our destination, and so to our extreme chagrin we were obliged to return to Iceland.

Owing to minor technical troubles we were further delayed, but we bade a final farewell to Iceland on 25th August, and completed the last Atlantic leg to Stornoway. The following day we flew to Odiham, thus bringing to a close one of those missions which can only fall to the lot of the very fortunate few.





ARIES III AT NORTH FRONT, GIBRALTAR



IN THE SUNSHINE, THE SNOW, SCHMELTZ



## LA CHASSE

BY AIR-MARSHALL W. A. D. BROOK, C.B.E.

IN France, even more than in England, hunting has been a sport of kings for many generations. But since the Revolution this traditional sport has maintained its popularity throughout the length and breadth of the countryside. The quarry is a boar or stag, and the sport is confined mainly to the forests and land unsuitable for cultivation. In consequence, the hunting season in France is not restricted to the same extent as in England by consideration of crop and farming season. Before the First World War there were many packs of staghounds and boarhounds throughout France, but economy between the two wars saw the amalgamation of many of these packs. Since the last war there has been a further drastic reduction in packs of hounds, and, in consequence, many districts which can no longer support a local pack have retained hunting rights of the local forests which are now vested in hunting associations by which the various packs are invited to visit these districts from time to time during the hunting season.

The Forest of Fontainebleau was a royal hunting ground for many generations of royalty (not unlike the New Forest), but there is no longer a local pack, and the hunting association of Fontainebleau retains the sporting rights of the forest. On this occasion a pack had been invited to hunt both stag and boar in the forest for one month during February and March on a basis of approximately two days' hunting a week. The meets are arranged at various well-known rendezvous in the forest, so that the whole area is covered during the visit.

Last Saturday was my first introduction to La Chasse, and having been lent a horse by the Cavalry School at Fontainebleau, I rode out to the meet (some six kilometres away), in the company of M. Schwabb, the local hunt secretary. We arrived at the meet shortly before midday, when I was introduced to the Master, Field-Master and the principal members of the hunt. They were dressed in the traditional hunting kit of bottle-green with silver braid trimmings. All carried hunting horns (the French horn, which encircles the head and right shoulder). The ladies were in period costume, i.e., tricorne hat and long hunting coat of the Bourbon period, but breeches and boots had superseded the old style habit, which looked a little incongruous. Other followers of the hunt turned up in a wide range of kit, although one lady did honour to the occasion in full regalia from the shires: side-saddle, habit and top hat. She looked very smart on a well-turned-out chestnut. Incidentally, I was much impressed by the general standard of the horseflesh, as they all looked very fit, although the saddlery and trappings were not up to British standards.

After a few minutes' conversation with the Master I was informed that, as the honoured guest of the day, it was the custom for the huntsman to report to me the prospects for the day, and his proposed plan of campaign, for my approval. I was then introduced to the huntsman and his two attendants. These latter can be best described as game wardens of the forest for boar and stag respectively. The first of these informed us that he had marked down two boars the evening before and so far as he knew they were still lying up in a neighbouring covert. However, the scenting conditions were not promising and he was doubtful of the sport. The second warden said he knew of two stags and that conditions were fairly favourable for a good stag hunt on the day. The



hunter then proposed that we should try first to draw the boar covert, and then, if unsuccessful, we would turn our attention to stag if I agreed, whereat I congratulated him on his excellent planning which I felt certain the Master would also approve; fortunately, he did!

We then mounted our steeds and the signal to move off was given, whereupon a fanfare was sounded on all the French horns (and there appeared to be at least twenty) which resembled very closely the opening bars of "A-hunting we will go." At this point we all doffed our hats and with a final flourish we moved off to draw the first cover. The boars were not obliging, and after about an hour and a half's fruitless search we turned our attention to two stags. In a short while we put up a large stag and thereafter followed the run of the season with much horn-blowing and hounds in full cry. On such occasions, the huntsman plays a tune repeatedly which is not unlike the first few bars of "Merrily danced the Quaker's Wife"; it echoed throughout the forest glades in tuneful appreciation of *le sport*.

The stag set off in a straight line at a reasonable pace, followed by the pack and huntsmen through the forest. The field stuck to the forest rides, which are many, and the going is good. But this entailed describing two sides of a square on many occasions to keep up with hounds, which were going fairly fast. At one time we lost the pack completely, but fortunately I was up with one of the whips who managed to make contact again as we approached the edge of the forest. By that time we had been going for about an hour, then we ran out into the open towards the River Loire and the canal which runs parallel with it. After casting around in various directions without success, it transpired that the stag had swum both river and canal in his efforts to shake us off. We were then forced to make a very long detour by the nearest bridge across the Loire which leads through the old walled town of Moret. It was quite a romantic sight to see the whole hunt pass under the ancient archways and clatter down the cobbled streets to the far side of the river. Having arrived at the opposite bank we tried to pick up the scent but it was obviously too late. By this time it was nearly 5 p.m., and I had some twelve miles to hack home before dark. I arrived back at the Cavalry School at dusk after nearly seven hours in the saddle, having attended what was likely to be the best hunt of the season, despite the fact that we did not kill.

An old Frenchman, one of the more senior members of the hunt, told me that he could only remember one other hunt like this when the stag had run the same line and had slipped them at the same point. I feel it might well be the same beast.

It is difficult to compare the sport in France and in England because in France hunting is confined mainly to the forests, and the field is, of course, restricted to the forest rides, leaving the huntsmen and hounds to hunt the line. If one is a highly privileged guest, one may be invited by the Master to hunt on sight, i.e., ride in front of hounds and immediately behind the hunted beast, a fearful offence in the English hunting field, which one would never live down, but I can only imagine that this has arisen from poor scenting conditions in France, where hunting on sight is a more useful practice than in England. In any event, in the Fontainebleau forest the going is light, and therefore fairly fast. Furthermore, there are no obstructions, so that jumping is not a normal procedure, and one would not expect to find the French hunter schooled for the purpose.

I was much interested in the accoutrements carried, not only by the huntsmen, but also by the keener members of the hunt. These comprised a hunting horn (French



style), a hunting crop, a long sword bayonet and a dagger, both of which are carried in a very ornate belt. Some members of the hunt also carried pistols, so that with this formidable armoury on hoof, one felt suitably equipped for any adversary. But as we did not kill, I do not know how and when these weapons are applied. I do know, however, from experience elsewhere that an irate boar can be a very dangerous beast, so that I dare say the French had good reason for this manifestation of blood lust.

I was much impressed by the enthusiasm in the local villages and also on the high road because when returning in the evening I was perpetually questioned by cyclists, pedestrians and sometimes motorists, stopping on the road to find out what sport we had had and whether we had killed. I was only able to give a very inadequate description in my somewhat limited French sporting terms. I was also very much struck by the kindly spirit with which the English guests were received by members of the hunt. We suggested that we should be "capped" on this occasion, at least, but they would not hear of it, and remarked that it was a pleasure to have us out on this occasion, seeing that we were residing in their country for a definite purpose. All I can hope is that if our purpose is achieved, our kind hosts will continue hunting for many years of peace and prosperity in *la belle France*.



AS A MATTER OF FACT MY SOCKS AREN'T DRAWN  
FROM THE SPORTS STORE.



## OLD CRANWELLIAN NOTES

ONE has often wondered what sort of person produced the Old Boys' section in school and college journals. I have always imagined that he is the kind of chap whom one avoids like the plague, whose uninterruptable conversation revolves around the golden age of the good old days, when life was harder, but better, when wine was stronger, and laughter louder, and when cadets were *cadets*, sir!

These reflections are beginning to make me feel a little shifty, and I am determined that next time this column will be a "wonderful opportunity"—but for someone else, not me.

It would be helpful if there was some record of what news is wanted by Old Cranwellians. The activities of the College are well reported, and you can see that life, in spite of austerity, is much as it was. In fact, the cadets seem to get around, going places and seeing things, even more than we did ourselves. There is, however, very little news of the doings of Old Cranwellians other than bald announcements, which are little more than a P.O.R. A few articles would make a great difference.

After the war we produced a list showing the rank, location and decorations of survivors. This, no doubt, led to a flood of D.O. correspondence aimed at those who held the more influential posts. It probably did more good for our Association than any pseudo-literary padding round a few titbits of information, which are never as interesting as they should be, since the writer would be hunted down and slain if he revealed the truth. There does seem to be a case for an Old Cranwellian list, produced annually.

\* \* \*

### PERSONALITIES

#### Serving at Cranwell:

- Air Commodore G. R. Beamish (1924).
- Group Captain E. J. Corbally (1929).
- Group Captain J. O. W. Oliver (1931).
- Wing Commander G. W. Petre (1938).
- Squadron Leaders I. N. MacDougal (1939), J. M. O. Dyer (1940), H. A. Jenkins (1940), T. R. N. Wheatley-Smith (1940), B. R. Champion (1940).

#### Recently posted away:

- To Hullavington: Squadron Leader D. W. Steventon (1939).
- To Western Union: Squadron Leader M. M. Stephens (1939).
- To Ballykelly: Squadron Leader A. A. J. Sanders (1940).

\* \* \*

### OTHER NEWS

Air Commodore H. E. Nowell (1925) is now serving with the British Joint Services Mission in Washington.

Air Commodore G. W. Hayes (1924) is Air Attaché at Cairo.

Group Captain A. D. Messenger (1931) has been posted from Brampton to Amman.



Group Captain W. F. C. Hobson (1930) has returned from Egypt and is now at the Air Ministry.

Wing Commander B. H. Becker (1933) left the College last December and is now at Changhi, Singapore.

Air Commodore A. G. Bishop is still enjoying life at Nairobi.

The Right Reverend J. A. Jago is now Bishop of Bermuda.

A painting of Air Vice-Marshal R. L. R. Atcherley, by Cuthbert Orde, now hangs on the College stairs. We wish him the best of luck in his new post in Pakistan.

Old Cranwellian Association ties are still unobtainable.

A reunion of Old Cranwellians took place at H.Q., Mediterranean and Middle East, on 11th February, 1949, and was attended by the following:

Air Vice-Marshal G. Combe; Air Commodore G. W. Hayes; Group Captains P. W. Bale, C. W. Dickens, H. A. V. Hogan, W. H. Kyle, H. G. Leonard-Williams, S. S. Murray, J. Mutch, E. D. M. Nelson, G. I. L. Saye and W. R. Worstall; Wing Commanders C. F. Atkinson, H. P. Burwood, S. P. Coulson, H. F. Cox and T. A. F. Elsdon; Squadron Leader H. C. Randall.

Group Captains W. H. Kyle (1929) and G. D. Stephenson (1930) have been appointed air aides-de-camp to the King.

Squadron Leader J. A. Armistead (1938) is now liaison officer at R.M.A. Sandhurst.

Squadron Leader R. C. L. Parkhouse (1940) is at Pembroke Dock.

Squadron Leader A. R. T. Beddow (1939) commands a fighter squadron at Odiham.

Congratulations to Pilot Officer A. B. Stinchcombe (1949) on his marriage.

Pilot Officers P. R. Sanderson and J. M. Robertson (1949) appeared for Cranwell in the finals of the inter-station small-bore competition. With their assistance Cranwell won.

Critical spectators on the occasion of the passing-out parade of No. 46 Entry were Pilot Officers G. M. Hermitage and J. W. Morrice (1948).

Several sons of Old Cranwellians have been shown round the College (possible additions to the growing list of second-generation cadets). We might breed an interesting type in a few hundred years. The details are best left to your imagination.

The date for the reunion is 23rd July.

---

### TO OUR CONTRIBUTORS

The limited amount of space available in this number has involved the holding over of some contributions and the heartless pruning of many which we print.

We ask our contributors to forgive this discourtesy and to continue the welcome flood.

---

### CONTEMPORARIES

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of many contemporaries. Space does not permit an individual acknowledgment.



## IN MEMORIAM

“AVIDA EST PERICULI VIRTUS”

### ANTHONY JOHN PADMORE MARVIN

Flight Lieutenant A. J. P. Marvin was educated at Gunnerby Catholic Grammar School. He joined the Royal Air Force in 1941 at the age of 19. He served for two years as a flying instructor in Canada, being categorized A2, and in the last year of the war completed an operational tour on Mosquitoes in No. 21 Squadron. He came to Cranwell, on his return from the Far East, where he had commanded No. 45 Squadron, in December, 1946, and took over the command of B Flight on 6th January, 1948. At the time of his death Flight Lieutenant Marvin had completed 2,108 flying hours. His kindness and equity as a Flight Commander make his loss a grievous one to the College and to his other friends.

### KENNETH JAMES MANNING

Kenneth James Manning came to the Royal Air Force College from Halton, where his career, in No. 1 Wing, had been exemplary. He joined us with the first pioneers of No. 46 Entry, and was soon promoted to Corporal Cadet. For his leadership and experience in those early days the College owes him a great debt. As a flight cadet he joined B Squadron, but his training and games were interrupted by a long, yet patiently borne, disablement. His death so near the end of so long a training period was tragic.

Flight Lieutenant Marvin and Flight Cadet Manning were killed in a flying accident in a Harvard aircraft near Navenby, Lincolnshire, on 5th February, 1949.



## BOOK REVIEW

THE WOODEN HORSE, by Eric Williams (Collins; 10s. 6d.).

To review a book which already leads the list of best-sellers may seem a wasted labour. Many will have read this book. It should be all.

The book is an account of the escape of one R.A.F. and two Army officers from the notorious Stalag Luft III. It draws a convincing picture of life in a prison camp, with its clash of personalities, its enthusiasm, its humour, and its tediousness. The process of the actual prison break, involving infinite patience, team-work and tactical ingenuity, followed by the major operation of getting out of Germany, form a narrative which must be followed at a single sitting. And at the end there is the bathos of the return to England.

Comparison with "The Tunnellers of Holzminden" is inevitable. The main points of contrast are firstly that the guards expected tunnelling and the diggers had to compete with the problem of seismographs; and second that the light sand sub-soil made the problem of disposal of mined material even more difficult.

The methods of starting the tunnel in full sight of the guards, in the last place where they would expect it to be and cloaked by the vaulting horse, and the subsequent escape, travelling by train and staying in hotels, form a perfect example of John Buchan's "double bluff," the unexpectedness of the obvious.

The impression that remains is not merely of a stirring account of human fortitude but of a skilfully told story and a succinct delineation of character. The reader, too, can find amusement in identifying the author from the two principal characters by internal evidence.

J. F. P.

## A PSALM OF THANKS

All hail to thee! My father's mother's son!  
 All hail to thee, the unseen deity!  
 Before the family tree's most gracious bud,  
 I humbly kneel in silent thanks to thee.

Night upon night, tortured and racked I lay  
 Seeking in vain to set a snare for sleep.  
 Yet filthy lucre's spectre haunted me,  
 I counted pence instead of counting sheep!

Now, may I rest; past are those haunted hours,  
 Past are the days, the months of strain and stress.  
 I breathed a prayer, and lo! a gift from heaven!  
 'Twas paper manna in the wilderness!

Blessèd art thou who did'st befriend the poor;  
 Blest be thy gracious three score years and ten;  
 Blest be thy seed, fruitful thy years to come;  
 I'm bloody grateful to you, sir. Amen!

B. J. L.



## SECTION IN ATTACK

From the right number—  
Why fight this phony war when tea's at four?

Advance—  
A thin grey veil of rain hangs from a cloud,  
Misting the jagged outline of the trees.

Arrowhead—  
'Tis Easter autumn in South Africa,  
Ex-cricket team has left. They won two Tests  
And will have earned a fitting welcome home.

Down—  
An ant reflects upon a nettle-bridge,  
What speed, what thought, what purpose, and design!  
This is their world; we soldiers have no right  
To interfere, upset and terrorize.

Close on me—  
The rustic, red-haired freckled chap is Jack,  
Ex-master-poacher: now he shoots a Bren.  
Jim's boyhood days were spent in blacksmith shop;  
There's Bill who keeps the pub and stocky Fred,—  
They've both been on this kind of thing before.

Any questions?—  
On Cam and Isis crews are settling down:  
Soon tidal, swirling Thames will test their strength,  
Her waters churned and cleft by rhythmic stroke—  
A picture of surf-riders cutting through  
The white-capped curling rollers to the beach—  
I wonder who will win the race this year?

Right, carry on—  
Slow progress, sloping up a muddy ditch—  
Green, stagnant water—gaiters caked with mud.  
A thought of stooping coolies at their work,  
A willow-pattern bridge and cherry trees  
With distant Fujiama, cold, remote.

Prepare to assault—  
A muted trumpet scales the highest C,  
Pursued in quavers by a clarinet,  
The tenor-sax begins its slow ascent,  
The Bren's dull monotone fills the bass.



Charge—

No time to pause—to wipe my sweat-filled eyes—  
No time to think—smash down the hedge and through :  
The fearful fatal forte of the day.

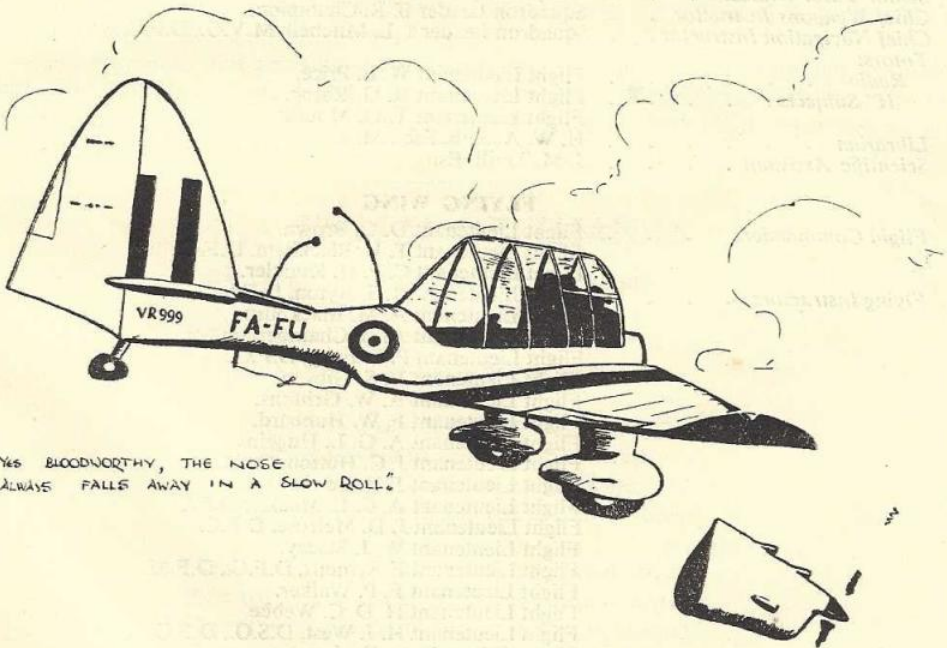
Consolidate—

The huntsman's horn disturbs the hard-won rest :  
The hounds bay past, more eager for their fray.

Prepare to advance—

And on once more—why fight when tea's at four?

D. F. B.



"Yes BLOODWORTHY, THE NOSE  
ALWAYS FALLS AWAY IN A SLOW ROLL."







**EQUIPMENT AND SECRETARIAL WING**

*Instructors:*

<i>Equipment</i> . . . . .	Squadron Leader E. D. Hills, O.B.E.
<i>Secretarial</i> . . . . .	Flight Lieutenant H. York.
<i>Humanistics</i> . . . . .	Flight Lieutenant J. C. W. Lewis.
<i>Mathematics and Science</i> . . . . .	Pilot Officer T. J. Hemsley.

**SQUADRON LISTS**

**PROMOTIONS, SUMMER TERM, 1949**

**A SQUADRON**

Flight Cadet Under-Officer H. T. Price.	Flight Cadet Corporal M. H. Miller.
Flight Cadet Sergeant N. Chamberlain.	Flight Cadet Corporal J. H. Palmer.
Flight Cadet Sergeant R. M. A. Furze.	Flight Cadet Corporal R. M. Raw.
Flight Cadet Corporal M. F. Danton.	

**B SQUADRON**

Flight Cadet Under-Officer T. R. Gush.	Flight Cadet Corporal D. McAfee.
Flight Cadet Sergeant C. P. Francis.	Flight Cadet Corporal R. G. Price.
Flight Cadet Sergeant G. R. Mossman.	Flight Cadet Corporal M. G. Waudby.
Flight Cadet Corporal J. G. Lovell.	

**C SQUADRON**

Flight Cadet Under-Officer W. J. Herrington.	Flight Cadet Corporal C. J. Petheram.
Flight Cadet Sergeant R. H. Everett.	Flight Cadet Corporal B. A. Phillips.
Flight Cadet Sergeant D. Wright.	Flight Cadet Corporal C. H. Walker.
Flight Cadet Corporal R. B. W. A. George.	

**No. 53 ENTRY**

**A SQUADRON**

C. K. Bushe, Lancing College.	R. L. T. Polgreen, Lancing College.
J. R. Coleman, Ealing C.G.S.	I. A. Simmonds, Shoreditch T.C.
I. R. Hinde, Wellington College.	J. M. Tabernacle, Brighton College.
E. H. Leggett, George Heriot's School.	A. R. Thomas, Halton.
H. A. Merriman, Hertford C.G.S.	K. A. C. Wirdnam, Halton.
A. J. Mackinnon, Bromley C.G.S.	

**B SQUADRON**

C. J. Clayton, Purley C.G.S.	A. McG. Park, Winchester College.
M. J. Corner, Rossall School.	L. Stacey, St. Albans C.G.S.
A. H. P. Cornish, Shrewsbury School.	K. B. Smith, Halton.
K. J. M. Davis, Ilford C.G.S.	D. W. Terry, Worthing C.G.S.
D. E. Hobday, Wellington College.	C. M. Harcourt, St. Edmund's School.
F. R. Lund, Whitley Bay C.G.S.	

**C SQUADRON**

M. C. Cowley, Malvern College.	M. G. King, Cambridgeshire C.G.S.
P. D. English, Rockwell College, Eire.	A. P. Macdonald, St. Joseph's College.
C. R. Hitching, Bristol C.G.S.	I. L. Schwaiger, Cheltenham College.
D. Jolly, Cranwell.	P. C. C. Smith, West Buckland School.
D. B. Lawrence, Purbrook Park C.G.S.	J. W. Wills, Eastbourne College.

**No. 54 ENTRY**

**A SQUADRON**

A. M. Christie, Perth Academy.	D. S. de la Harpe, St. Thomas's College, Ceylon.
C. E. F. Cooper, Ipswich School.	R. S. Hutchinson, Bedford School.
M. E. Dark, Haileybury and I.S.C.	P. J. Jevons, Rugby School.
A. P. J. Dodson, Mundella School.	D. J. B. Keats, Dulwich College.
I. P. Farmer-Wright, Bedford School.	P. S. Morrice, Bickerton House School.
C. H. Foale, Wolverton C.G.S.	G. A. Priecheufried, St. Benedict's School.
L. R. Francis, Amersham C.G.S.	



**B SQUADRON**

- |                                                  |                                                |
|--------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------|
| K. B. Bones, Wyggeston C.G.S.                    | R. P. J. King, Mountjoy College, Dublin.       |
| D. A. Cooper, Queen's College, British Guiana.   | B. Meadly, King Edward VI School, Southampton. |
| G. M. Cowper, South Shields C.G.S.               | B. C. Mills, Chatham House School.             |
| A. D. R. Dawes, Bedford School.                  | S. C. H. Morris, Bromsgrove School.            |
| R. W. Fox, Woodhouse Grove School.               | W. F. F. Nuthall, Charterhouse College.        |
| G. V. M. Hucker, Strodes School.                 | E. A. Peters, Southern G.S., Portsmouth.       |
| C. G. D. Jonklaas, St. Thomas's College, Ceylon. | R. H. Robson, Gosforth C.G.S.                  |

**C SQUADRON**

- |                                         |                                                  |
|-----------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------|
| R. H. Bragg, Bedford School.            | J. A. Newton, Crewkerne C.G.S.                   |
| P. J. Bulford Caterham School.          | J. M. A. Parker, Dean Close School.              |
| N. J. Glass, Rye C.G.S.                 | D. J. Pepper, St. Albans C.G.S.                  |
| F. D. Hoskins, Cranwell.                | H. J. Ridout, Bournemouth C.G.S.                 |
| N. A. Innes-Smith, Bedford School.      | N. E. Weerasinghe, St. Thomas's College, Ceylon. |
| D. H. Mills, Berkhamsted School.        | D. H. Wood, Sutton (Surrey) C.G.S.               |
| R. J. L. Newman, Wellingborough School. |                                                  |

**EQUIPMENT AND SECRETARIAL WING****No. 4 ENTRY****A FLIGHT**

- |                                                 |                                                             |
|-------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------|
| M. J. D. Alderson (Secretarial), Epsom College. | I. R. Tapster (Secretarial), East Garnet G.S.               |
| R. A. Birchall (Secretarial), Drax G.S., Yorks. | C. M. Yossava (Equipment), Cedars School, Leighton Buzzard. |
| I. P. Stevens (Equipment), Halton.              |                                                             |

**B FLIGHT**

- |                                                       |                                                           |
|-------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------|
| M. R. Campbell (Equipment), Purbrook Park H.S., Kent. | N. J. Mason (Secretarial), Yardley G.S.                   |
| T. J. Cresswell (Equipment), Tonbridge School, Kent.  | B. A. Spry (Equipment), Halton.                           |
| A. R. Martin (Secretarial), Wyggeston G.S.            | J. A. S. Thomas (Secretarial), King's School, Canterbury. |

**No. 5 ENTRY****A FLIGHT**

- |                                                        |                                                        |
|--------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------|
| R. H. Alger (Secretarial), King's School, Bruton.      | P. A. Hoskins (Secretarial), Weston-super-Mare G.S.    |
| P. F. Clark (Equipment), Montford College, Romsey.     | D. P. Jones (Secretarial), Mold Alun G.S.              |
| A. O'C. D'Arcy (Secretarial), Hampton G.S.             | J. H. Martin (Equipment), Solihull School, Birmingham. |
| B. S. Greenhaigh (Secretarial), Oldbury C.G.S., Worcs. | J. Peel (Equipment), Nelson G.S.                       |
|                                                        | K. J. Wilkinson (Equipment), Halton.                   |

**B FLIGHT**

- |                                                             |                                                                  |
|-------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------|
| J. E. Bastin (Equipment), Methodist College, Belfast.       | J. M. Lewendon (Secretarial), Kingston-on-Thames G.S.            |
| J. A. L. Crawshaw (Secretarial), Isleworth C.G.S.           | K. F. E. Mallett (Equipment), Halton.                            |
| R. H. Farley (Secretarial), Chatham House C.G.S., Ramsgate. | R. B. D. Marshall (Secretarial), Simon Langton G.S., Canterbury. |
| A. M. M. Howes (Equipment), Rossall School.                 | R. Smith (Secretarial), Surbiton County G.S.                     |



THE JOURNAL OF

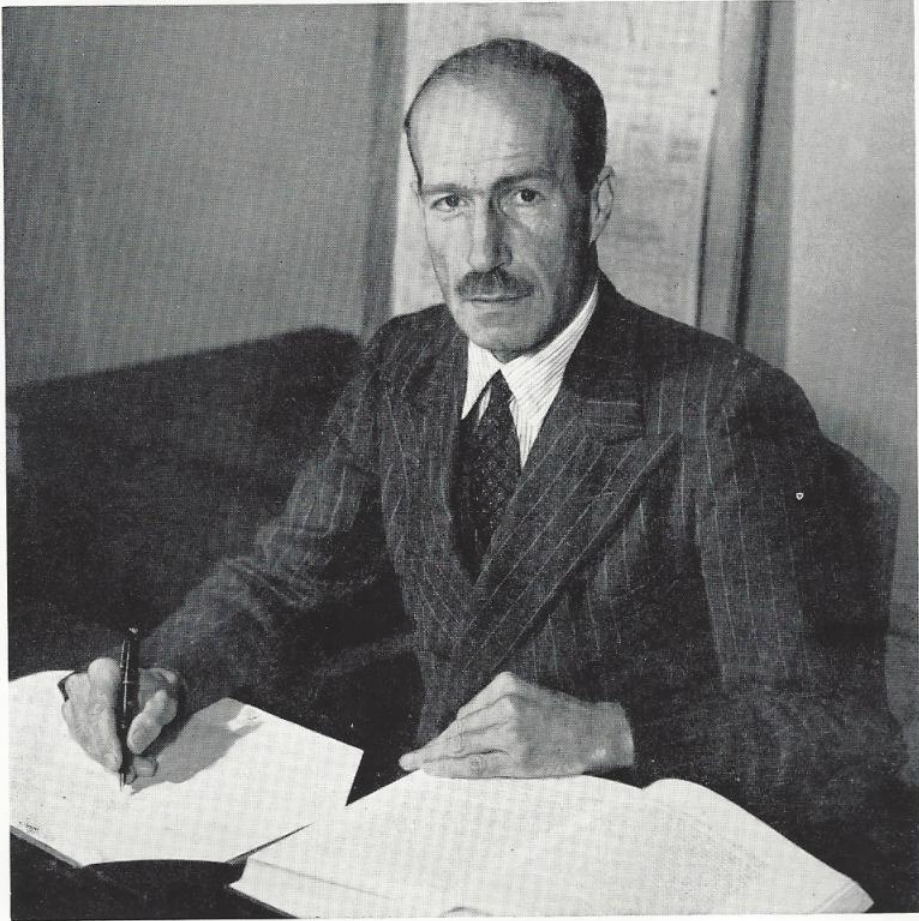


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ROYAL AIR FORCE  
COLLEGE

VOL. XXI No. 3  
NOVEMBER, 1949

CRANWELL  
LINCOLNSHIRE





**MR. PATRICK JOHNSON, O.B.E., M.A.**  
**First Director of Studies, Royal Air Force College**



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## COLLEGE NOTES

THE significant fact about the year through which the College is now passing is that its time of renaissance after the war is over. It has begun to feel the pace of the triple rhythm of entry and graduation, appointment and posting, term's beginning and term's end, by which each succeeding year will pour officers into the Service. From design and construction we have unconsciously adjusted our gaze to the vista of a continuity that will stretch on through the years until some major upheaval of replanning or of history disturbs its productive regularity.

\* \* \*

It was fitting that, before the sense of building and beginning passed, the reviewing officer of last term's graduation of No. 47 Entry should be Marshal of the Royal Air Force The Viscount Trenchard. Thirty years ago Lord Trenchard had called Cranwell into an existence which, as he wrote in a foreword to the first JOURNAL, would "have the making or the marring of this great Service." He had seen the College put into suspended animation by the war that had proved its worth. And now this most venerated figure in the world's air forces came to see the College restored to the vigour that he himself had planned. His coming conferred a privilege on No. 47 Entry and was an inspiration to the whole College.

\* \* \*

No. 47 Entry, which paraded for graduation before Lord Trenchard, came to the College in January, 1947. Its recruitment, like that of its predecessor, was exceptional because the processes of selection that were to become normal had not yet been standardized. It was also exceptional in having to accept the governance of its almost-contemporaries for a full year before its own cadets came to office as under-officers and N.C.Os. In all, its contribution to the formative phase in the life of the College was important and effective. All the College will wish the thirty-six new pilot officers who were No. 47 Entry success in their Service careers.



It has been Digby's turn for changes on the senior levels of the staff. Group Captain R. G. Seymour, C.B.E., the first Assistant Commandant of the Equipment and Secretarial Wing, completed his tour at the end of the Summer Term. Starting from scratch in 1947, Group Captain Seymour had the difficult task of building up the Wing along the traditional lines of the Royal Air Force College and at the same time encouraging the natural growth of a distinctive Wing spirit, a spirit not in competition with Cranwell, but resolved to equal the best that Cranwell can produce.

Group Captain Seymour's interest in every activity, alike of the College and of the Wing, was deep and helpful. When encouragement or advice was needed he was always there to give it. Digby will treasure its memories of Group Captain and Mrs. Seymour, and all the College appreciates the greatness of the founder's work that his wise guidance and tact achieved. In July Group Captain Seymour was elected an honorary member of the Old Cranwellian Association, and he greatly prized this recognition of his work for the College. He has been posted to Headquarters, Technical Training





*[Photo: Ernest Whitney, Huntingdon*

**GROUP CAPTAIN R. G. SEYMOUR, C.B.E.**  
**First Assistant Commandant, Equipment and Secretarial Wing, Royal Air Force  
College, 1947-1949**



Command, as Senior Equipment Staff Officer. He and Mrs. Seymour take with them the best wishes of all at Cranwell and Digby.

\* \* \*

Group Captain D. Lumgair succeeds Group Captain Seymour as Assistant Commandant of the Equipment and Secretarial Wing. He comes to Digby from the Officers' Advanced Training School, where he was Chief Instructor on Management in the Royal Air Force. The College and the Wing offer a warm welcome to Group Captain and Mrs. Lumgair.

\* \* \*

The Equipment and Secretarial Wing has lost another founder-member by the posting of Wing Commander F. C. Hayward to an exchange appointment with the Royal Canadian Air Force. He arrived at Cranwell as Chief Instructor (Secretarial) designate when the Digby Wing was still a paper project. He was not to fulfil his ambition to see the first entry graduate, but senior entries will take out into the Service an appreciation of his influence, his energy and his teaching. His successor is Wing Commander F. H. Shutt, who was posted from Headquarters, Technical Training Command.

\* \* \*

Wing Commander R. J. P. Prichard, O.B.E., D.F.C., A.F.C., as Chief Flying Instructor, had the task of building up the Flying Wing of the College from a handful of Tiger Moths and Harvards to its present strength and efficiency, and of working out with the Director of Studies the series of complicated developments of the flying programme that the growth of the College necessitated. Even these tasks never strained the quiet charm of his humour and understanding. He completed his tour in August and has been posted to the Air Ministry, D.D.A.F.L. His successor is Wing Commander A. R. D. MacDonell, D.F.C., who had been looking at our problems from Headquarters, Flying Training Command.

\* \* \*

Of the first post-war team of squadron commanders at Cranwell, Squadron Leader J. M. O. Dyer, D.F.C., A.F.C., survived longest, and now he has been posted to Little Rissington. His vivacious and versatile personality will be greatly missed, whether as leading C Squadron up the strait path to the King's Colour, or as acquirer, ship's chandler and master of *Kormoran*. Squadron Leader Dyer was a cadet of the April 1939 entry to the College. His place is taken by another Old Cranwellian, Squadron Leader J. C. Breese, D.F.C., who entered the College in January, 1936.

\* \* \*

By the final retirement of Lieutenant-Colonel R. A. N. Lowther, M.C., the College loses a friendly figure familiar both to the present and the pre-war generations. When his service in the Leicestershire Regiment came to an end in 1938, Major Lowther came to the College under the substitution-officer scheme, and was Assistant Adjutant until the outbreak of war recalled him to his regiment in 1939. After serving again throughout the war with the Royal Leicestershire Regiment, he again retired, now a lieutenant-colonel, and returned to the College. His knowledge and experience gave



continuity with the past to the reconstruction of 1946, and the smooth running of the Flying Wing, of which he became Adjutant, owes much to him. The Officers' Mess and the Station Shoot will miss him no less than the College sports fields, and all will wish him many years of happiness in his retirement.

\* \* \*

The strength at Cranwell is now 169 flight cadets and 81 cadets. No. 48 Entry takes the lead. If the public was depressed by last year's Press headlines about vacant seats at Cranwell it may take heart from the over-subscribed list of this term's new entry, No. 55, with its strength of 41. Since the expansion to Daedalus House there has been no further change in College accommodation, and the lot of the cadet terms has been improved by the opening of their new study room.

\* \* \*

The Equipment and Secretarial Wing has taken a further step towards full strength with the arrival of its No. 6 Entry. Its numbers now total 88, 57 flight cadets and 31 cadets, and it looks forward to reaching maturity when No. 1 Entry completes its course next term. The Wing has signalized its approaching maturity by its first major success on the sports field, when it wrested the Cricket Cup from the Cranwell squadrons.

The Digby Wing would agree that some measure of this success was due to its acquisition, by transfer from a Cranwell squadron, of the College Captain of Cricket, Flight Cadet M. D. Fenner, who represented the Royal Air Force and the Combined Services during the summer. This transfer to the Equipment and Secretarial Wing of General Duties flight cadets faced with some unforeseen disability in flying is a notable development. Three such transfers have now occurred.

\* \* \*

The point of view of "College Notes" may often seem too earth-bound, but an impressive feature of the year's development in the College has been the growing sense of air activity. It may partly be that by day or night the Prentice has a better capacity for making itself felt than its lamented predecessor, a quality never lacking in the Harvard. But in fact the aircraft strength of the College is now formidable. It was seen at its best when the College Wing went operational for Exercise "Bulldog," and eight missions each of eighteen Harvards or eighteen Prentices set out to spread terror in hostile Suffolk.

The difficulties of so intensive an organization for flying have been the cause of a considerable reshaping of the programme of work. The basic change, successfully introduced last term, is that cadets no longer divide a morning between flying and ground instruction, with the inherent risk of leaving their heads in the air a lecture or so after they have landed their aircraft.



Among the many welcome and distinguished visitors who have come to the College during these months were Brigadier D. R. Agnew, C.B., the Commandant of the Royal Canadian Military College at Kingston, Ontario. His brief but appreciative tour of inspection has already promoted a welcome interchange of news and views, and we



look forward to similar contact with each of our equivalent foundations in Commonwealth countries.

\* \* \*

In this period we have had the benefit of College lectures by visiting officers of outstanding distinction. The Vice-Chief of the Imperial General Staff, Lieutenant-General Sir Gerald W. R. Templer, K.C.B., C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., visited us in June and spoke of the strategic role of the British Army. More recently, Major-General Orvil A. Anderson, Commanding General of the Air War College, United States Air Force, addressed the College on the Impact of Air Power on War. Few who heard this deeply impressive talk will forget the clarity and the remorseless logic of his reasoning.

\* \* \*

Air Commodore Sir Frank Whittle, K.B.E., who is perhaps of all Old Cranwellians the best known to the world today, revisiting the College in the summer, spoke movingly of the birth at Cranwell and the early growth of the idea by which he revolutionized air power. Earlier in the term, Air Commodore G. W. Tuttle, C.B., O.B.E., D.F.C., Director of Operational Requirements, Air Ministry, had lectured on the problems inherent in the development of future operational aircraft.

\* \* \*

A visit of international significance was that of General Ole Berg, Chief of the Combined Defence Forces of Norway, who came in September with a number of Norwegian staff officers, under arrangements of the Ministry of Defence. The duty squadron mounted a guard of honour, and a formal luncheon in the College Hall was a feature of his day of inspection. Other foreign visitors on independent missions have been Air Brigadier de Sa Earp, of the Brazilian Air Force, who has served with the Royal Air Force, and Capt. Behrens, of the Royal Danish Air Force.

\* \* \*

Sometimes our distinguished visitors "come not single spies but in battalions," and we can only welcome but cannot list those, for instance, who came for the graduation parade or the Old Cranwellian week-end. On the same day as General Berg visited the College, a party of air, military and naval attachés brought us a memorable lesson in the uniforms of other nations. There came representatives of China, Denmark, Finland, the Netherlands, Portugal, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, Thailand, Turkey, the United States of America, and Uruguay.

Other collective visits were made by syndicates of the Staff College, Camberley, a course from the Empire Test Pilots' School, and six representative officers and other ranks of the Royal Canadian Air Force. Regrettably, a projected visit by the Allied Wing of the Royal Air Force Staff College, Andover, was cancelled by bad weather. Regrettably, too, cadets and most officers were on leave when a body of Canadian Air Training Cadets and their American counterpart visited the College in August.

\* \* \*

Headmasters who have accepted the invitation to visit the College during these months include those of Barnard Castle, Bryanston, Coleraine, Emanuel, Glenurquhart, The Leys, Merchant Taylors', Merchiston Castle, Portora Royal, Rossall, Rugby, and St. John's (Leatherhead) Schools, Lancing and Radley Colleges, and King William's College, Isle of Man. A new feature of schools' liaison is that air officers are interesting



themselves in the contribution of their former schools to the Royal Air Force, and some are joining the Headmasters on their visits to Cranwell. Yet perhaps the best link with the interests of schools was created by the highly successful Combined Cadet Force camp run at Cranwell in July and August, for which the Flying Wing of the College provided the bulk of the instruction and organization. Another development of this liaison was provided by the visits of parties of boys from Uppingham and Oundle Schools unconnected with C.C.F. activities.

\* \* \*

The Rt. Rev. the Lord Bishop of Lincoln visited the College and preached at the parade service on 3rd July. Three weeks later, on the occasion of the Old Cranwellian week-end the preacher at the parade service was the Chaplain-in-Chief of the Royal Air Force, Air Vice-Marshal the Rev. L. Wright.



All the College joins in deepest sympathy for the parents and relatives of John Richard Carding-Wells, Flight Cadet of No. 51 Entry, who lost his life in consequence of a motor-cycle accident on 6th July. John Carding-Wells came to the College in April, 1948, from King Edward VII School, Sheffield. He was an able man of unusual breadth of mind. Interest in travel in its more enterprising forms, in politics and debating, in chess, did not limit his more orthodox keenness. Officers and his fellow cadets attended the funeral service at Cranwell Church.



When term ended on 27th July, cadets of the College embarked upon an unprecedented number of freer activities of various degrees of instructional value. Parties set out in the course of the vacation weeks for Berlin and the "Plainfare" stations in Germany, for gliding at Scharfoldendorf, for the Mediterranean, for parachute training, mountaineering and sailing, for naval experience, for the homes of the aircraft industry, for language study *en venue fort bien choisie*, and for a mixed bag of objectives in Orkney.

Creditable though this may be to Cranwell enterprise and the versatility of the R.A.F. College Society, it would all have been impossible but for the generous encouragement and kindness of many hosts and helpers, to all of whom we offer our most sincere thanks. Among them we count:

The A.O.C. and Headquarters, No. 46 Group.

The Officers Commanding R.A.F., Gatow, Wunstorf, Celle, Schleswigland, Lübeck and all their staffs.

The A.Os.C. and Headquarters, Malta and Gibraltar.

The Empire Air Navigation School, R.A.F. Shawbury.

No. 1 Parachute and Glider Training School, R.A.F. Upper Heyford.

The Commander-in-Chief, Portsmouth.

The Officers Commanding and officers of H.M.S. *Siskin*, *Daedalus* and *Excellent*.

The Gliding Club of Air Headquarters, B.A.F.O.

The Royal Air Force Yacht Club.

Messrs. Bristol Aircraft Ltd., Dowty Equipment Ltd., and Rotol Ltd.



Term-time visits to the works of manufacturers of aircraft and components are a successful innovation of the past two terms. Some visits have been on a voluntary basis and organized by the Engineering Section of the Society. As a definite phase in instruction, senior entries have visited the works of the Hawker-Siddeley group of manufacturers. That the instruction has been combined with the enjoyment of the princely hospitality of the firms does not detract from its value as instruction. It was a great pleasure to welcome to the College, in some slight measure of return, a group of thirty executive apprentices of Messrs. Armstrong Whitworth Ltd.

\* \* \*

On formal parades it has long been appropriate and pleasant for the College to march to the tune of "The Lincolnshire Poacher," and the taste grew into a tradition. But in terms of vested rights in a regimental march, there was perhaps something too appropriate in the title, until a recent correspondence between the Commandant and the Colonel of The Royal Lincolnshire Regiment, Major-General J. A. A. Griffin, D.S.O., cleared for ever what might have been a vexed question. Generously, the Colonel of the Regiment wrote:

"I am sure that I speak for all ranks of the Regiment when I say that there is no unit in the Services which we would rather have associated with our Regimental March.

"We all very fully appreciate the fact that there would be no Royal Lincolnshire Regiment but for the gallantry, devotion to duty and sacrifice of the officers of the Royal Air Force, who fought over Dunkirk and in the Battle of Britain, many of whom were trained at, and gained experience from, the Royal Air Force College.

"Moreover, all infantrymen know the inestimable value of close air support in the saving of casualties, and there is no more heartening sound when going into action on the ground than to hear the roar of the bombers and fighters of the Royal Air Force flying overhead.

"The value of tradition is also well understood by us, as is the importance of inter-Service friendship and co-operation.

"For these reasons and because of your location in our county, The Royal Lincolnshire Regiment will be proud for you to share their Regimental March and to use it on all ceremonial occasions which may be adjudged proper and suitable by you or succeeding Commandants.

"I feel sure that the good relations which already exist between the College and the Regiment will be cemented by this sharing of a tune with so many traditions behind it."

\* \* \*

Marriage took no toll of the officers of the College. The spring fever reported in the last issue seems to have yielded to the homœopathy of this hot summer. Cranwell joins in the year's warm greeting to Jane Lindsay MacDougall and Nigel Aiken, and offers congratulations to Squadron Leader and Mrs. MacDougall and to Flight Lieutenant and Mrs. Aiken.

It was a pleasure to all the College to learn that in the Birthday Honours, Warrant Officer O. J. Millis had been made a Member of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire.

\* \* \*

The College congratulates upon their promotion Flight Lieutenants W. J. Bangay, D. W. F. Muir and J. de M. Severne.



## THE GRADUATION OF No. 47 ENTRY

No. 47 Entry graduated on 27th July, 1949. The Reviewing Officer was Marshal of the Royal Air Force The Viscount Trenchard, G.C.B., G.C.V.O., D.S.O., D.C.L., LL.D., who first performed this office in December, 1922. It is interesting to recall that on the former occasion seventeen cadets were passing out, of whom sixteen had gone solo at the end of their two-year course, out of the total College strength of eighty-two. At the inspection Lord Trenchard (then Air Marshal Sir Hugh Trenchard) made a remarkable prophecy soon to be fulfilled: "The acceptance by everyone of the fact that the conquest of the air is thoroughly reliable—as reliable as the march of an infantry regiment or the safeguarding of the seas by the fleet. This reliability is looked on now as impossible, and as the idea of cranks. It is for you to eradicate that misconception."

Under a lowering sky which threatened to distract the attention of the more exotically hatted section of the audience, the Cadet Wing marched on parade. The Equipment and Secretarial Wing provided No. 4 Squadron, and No. 47, in the glory of their newly awarded wings, formed a leading supernumerary rank. The King's Colour, Flight Cadet Corporal R. B. A. George being the Ensign, was marched on parade, and at 1100 hrs. Lord Trenchard was welcomed with a General Salute.

During the inspection Lord Trenchard frequently paused and spoke to cadets. The parade, after the rigidity of our last two Royal occasions, while losing nothing in perfection, took on the more friendly atmosphere of a family gathering.

Under the command of Flight Cadet Under-Officer W. J. Herrington, the ceremony continued its traditional ritual of march past in slow time, march past in quick time, advance in review order, and reached its culmination with the withdrawal of the Senior Entry following the King's Colour up the steps and into the main doors of the College.

"The King is dead. Long live the King!" The Senior Entry had graduated, the new Senior Entry took over. In the person of Flight Cadet Under-Officer I. Meredith, No. 48 Entry assumed command and marched the Cadet Wing off parade.

While Lord Trenchard inspected the Flying Wing, cadets and audience—amongst which we were glad to see a sprinkling of the new blue uniforms of the United States Air Force—made their way to the transformed gymnasium for the prize-giving ceremony, by bus or on foot. For the threat of rain had passed, and our late Chief Meteorological Instructor, Mr. G. A. Corfield, whose last official forecast at Cranwell was to give the all-clear for the fine-weather programme, was saved from *hara-kiri*.

The Commandant, in his address, welcomed the "founder of the Royal Air Force," and compared the condition of the College now to its situation thirteen years ago when Lord Trenchard was last Reviewing Officer. New problems had appeared with the Junior Flights, the Equipment and Secretarial Wing, and the over-taxed accommodation. But the problem of a tightly packed syllabus was the same as ever. "We know that our course of training is intense . . . but . . . it is a challenge which the cadets accept and which the majority successfully overcome." None the less, "however much we try to grind the cadets down with hard work, they contrive, as I hope and believe they always will, to find the necessary energy to take on something extra." Sporting progress,





LORD TRENCHARD RECEIVES THE SALUTE



the College Society activities, vacation tours were examples of this enthusiasm. No. 47 Entry was a "normal" Entry, with its brilliant members at one end of the scale and those who had reached a barely adequate standard at the other. As a Senior Entry they had not had their immediate predecessors' advantage of a year in office; cadets must remember that their time in authority was a very small proportion of the whole and must be prepared to make the best use of it. The Entry had flown with keenness and aptitude, and all, with the exception of one prevented by sickness, graduated with white card Instrument Ratings.

Speaking after presenting the prizes, Lord Trenchard pointed out that his pensioned service now exceeded his active service in the Royal Air Force. The Service was maturing, as this entry, the forty-seventh to leave Cranwell, proved. He sketched the history of the Royal Air Force from its twin foundations at Halton and Cranwell and emphasized their contributions to victory. In the past 250 years our security had depended on the Royal Navy; that honourable burden must now be borne by the Royal Air Force. Just as in the past the Navy had brought succour all the world over in times of famine, earthquake and riot, so now the Air Force shared this charitable duty, for example, in Berlin and the Hadhramaut. While we must continue to be pioneers in aviation, technical knowledge was not enough without the men. We must produce as great airmen as we had produced sailors in the past.

The United States was now a greater power than us, but we still had a great part to play as the centre of the hemisphere in which lay 98 per cent. of the industrial capacity and 94 per cent. of the population of the world.

Power still lay in the hands of the strong. No. 47 Entry had a high calling to help mould the world; that strength could do more than win wars; it could prevent them. Strength could be defined as efficiency; efficiency was an amalgam of knowledge, hard work and honesty.

Lord Trenchard concluded: "Believe in yourselves; believe in the Service. Each one of you must do his utmost in his particular job and make that efficient. Without that you can do nothing, with that you can do anything."



After lunch in the hall, with our distinguished visitors and No. 47 Entry and their particular guests, Lord and Lady Trenchard left, cheered by the Cadet Wing. In the evening the Graduation Ball took place, unmarred by the imminence of a parade the next morning and graced by the presence of some thirty-five pilot officers in very new uniforms.



## No. 47 ENTRY GRADUATION

## ORDER OF MERIT

T. R. Gush . . . .	Flight Cadet Under-Officer; King's Medal; A. G. Fellowes Memorial Prize; Sailing.
C. H. Walker . . . .	Flight Cadet Corporal; R.U.S.I. Award; Shooting; Secretary, Dramatics.
E. F. Hemming . . . .	Flight Cadet; Librarian; Rowing.
D. Wright . . . .	Flight Cadet Sergeant; Sassoon Memorial Prize; Hockey; Tennis.
M. G. Waudby . . . .	Flight Cadet Corporal; Librarian; Athletics.
W. J. Herrington . . . .	Flight Cadet Under-Officer; Sword of Honour; Air Ministry Prize; Captain, Soccer; Hockey; Fencing; Athletics; JOURNAL Committee; Dramatics.
N. Chamberlain . . . .	Flight Cadet Sergeant; J. A. Chance Memorial Prize; Soccer; Tennis; Boxing; Dramatics.
G. K. Mossman . . . .	Flight Cadet Sergeant; R. M. Groves Memorial Prize; Rugby; Athletics; Dramatics.
D. Guthrie . . . .	Flight Cadet; JOURNAL Editor; Librarian; College Society Advisory Committee.
D. McAfee . . . .	Flight Cadet Corporal; Librarian; Rowing.
R. H. Everett . . . .	Flight Cadet Sergeant; Senior Librarian; Rugby; Cricket; Hockey.
M. H. Miller . . . .	Flight Cadet Corporal; Rowing.
R. G. Price . . . .	Flight Cadet Corporal; Dickson Trophy; Secretary, Hockey; Cricket; Dramatics.
M. F. Danton . . . .	Flight Cadet Corporal; Shooting.
J. H. J. Lovell . . . .	Flight Cadet Corporal; Athletics; Soccer; Dramatics.
J. H. Palmer . . . .	Flight Cadet Corporal; Fencing; Tennis; College Society Advisory Committee.
T. A. Bennett . . . .	Flight Cadet; Soccer.
J. C. Atkinson . . . .	Flight Cadet; Photographic; Secretary, Angling.
R. M. A. Furze . . . .	Flight Cadet Sergeant; Rugby; Fencing; Secretary, Riding.
B. A. Phillips . . . .	Flight Cadet Corporal; Rugby; Dramatics; College Society Advisory Committee.
L. I. A. Taylor . . . .	Flight Cadet; Shooting; Rugby; Soccer.
T. M. N. Bayne . . . .	Flight Cadet; Swimming.
C. J. Petheram . . . .	Flight Cadet; Hockey; Shooting; Dramatics.
H. T. Price . . . .	Flight Cadet Under-Officer; Captain, Shooting; Captain, Athletics.
M. C. B. Mitchell . . . .	Flight Cadet; Secretary, Cross-Country; Athletics; Dramatics.
C. P. Francis . . . .	Flight Cadet Sergeant; Captain, Fencing; Hockey; Rugby; Dramatics.
R. B. George . . . .	Flight Cadet Corporal; Rugby; Athletics; Hockey.
P. M. Worthington . . . .	Flight Cadet; Athletics; Cross-Country; Fencing; Riding; Mountaineering.
D. H. Williams . . . .	Flight Cadet; Librarian; Hockey; Soccer.
H. M. K. Brown . . . .	Flight Cadet; Dramatics.
B. G. Rendle . . . .	Flight Cadet.
G. G. Lee . . . .	Flight Cadet; Rowing; Fencing; Secretary, Gliding.
R. M. Raw . . . .	Flight Cadet Corporal; Rugby; Cricket; Swimming.
K. A. Gain . . . .	Flight Cadet; Soccer.
D. S. White . . . .	Flight Cadet; Athletics; Dramatics.
C. L. M. Scott . . . .	Flight Cadet.



## LIFE AT POINT COOK

BY AN R.A.A.F. AIR CADET

*[On 25th March, 1948, Air Vice-Marshal G. Jones, C.B., C.B.E., D.F.C., Chief of the Air Staff, formally opened the Royal Australian Air Force College.]*

R.A.A.F. COLLEGE is situated at R.A.A.F. Station, Point Cook, on the shore of Port Phillip Bay, the original flying field from which the Australian Flying Corps first took the air in 1915. The history of the R.A.A.F. is deeply rooted in the history of this station, for here were trained the men who formed its nucleus between the wars. Today, the post-war No. 1 Flying Training School, R.A.A.F. Staff College, and R.A.A.F. College uphold the traditions of that nucleus. We live together in an atmosphere of training.

Since the College was opened in 1948, we have at present only two courses, with a third entry due in January, 1950. Maturity establishment will be reached in 1951, with four classes totalling approximately ninety-six air cadets. Until then, the junior classes will not feel the authority of an omnipotent senior class. At present, the classes live and mess together and have the same recreational privileges.

New entries, drawn from the six States of the Commonwealth, are selected from the 16-19 years age group on a basis of academic achievement and physical fitness. They are required to have reached the sub-matriculation standards for their State universities. Matriculation is taken the first year and the remainder of the academic course is based on Part I and Part II of the Science Course, University of Melbourne. After completing successfully the first-year course at the College, a pre-selected number of cadets—boffins—proceed to a university to specialize in technical subjects, such as aeronautical engineering, armament, radio. G.D. types find service subjects beginning to supplant academic studies towards the end of the second year at the College. The syllabus includes engineering drawing, aerodynamics, history of war, war studies, psychology and social studies. Occasional flights in idle No. 1 Training School aircraft help to bridge the gap between entry and the long-awaited moment when we begin our flying training.

Our day begins with a public-address system blaring out reveille at 0630 hrs. Breakfast and "panics" over by 0755 hrs., we attend morning lectures from 0800 hrs. to 1150 hrs. After lunch in a dining-room used solely by cadets, we proceed at 1235 hrs. to lectures that last until 1515 hrs., except on Tuesdays and Thursdays, when we stand down at 1610 hrs. Two hours of each working night are spent in compulsory private studies.

Naturally, we spend a lot of time at games. Inter-flight competitions embrace the major sports of rugby, cricket, hockey, swimming, tennis, basketball, athletics and boxing. Because we are a lodger unit at Point Cook, we share the Station sporting facilities with the other units. As well as two spacious ovals and two turf wickets, facilities are provided for golf, squash, sailing and trap-shooting. Somehow there still is time for extra-curricular activities.

Several Saturday and Sunday evenings each term are devoted to cultural activities, such as art classes, conducted regularly by a prominent Australian artist; musical evenings, theatre parties, play reading, lectures by public men on topics of social importance, and visits by speakers highly qualified to talk on selected subjects which



will help us in our service careers. The lectures have ranged from the war-time activities of naval "frog-men" to the observations of an Australian foreign affairs specialist on "rice-bowl" politics in China. These activities are considered by us to be most helpful and important features of our College life.

This year a welcome break from routine was provided by a long-awaited flight to Duntroon, Australia's Royal Military College, in Canberra. We engaged the "enemy" in a three-day sporting duel. Defeated in rugby and hockey, we won the tennis. It is hoped that this will become an annual event. Matches have been played against the Royal Australian Naval College, Flinders, in rugby and hockey, with an athletics meeting arranged later in the current term. Liaison is now established between the three Service Colleges. Opportunities to participate in competitive sports arise also in the annual Station Athletic Carnival and external fixtures with Victorian colleges.

With the City of Melbourne only forty-five minutes away, cadets enjoy the privilege of leave for one day each week-end. The present senior course (3rd Class) is also granted leave for one week-end a month. Inter-term vacations take the form of organized holidays. Although use of the word "organized" may seem to connote daily College life, in reality the holidays are enjoyable opportunities for cadets to gain knowledge of the country in which they live. We have now spent one holiday ski-ing, another canoeing 100 miles down the Goulburn, one of north-eastern Victoria's main rivers, and another in a tour of the Darwin area in the northern territory of Australia. The senior class flew the 1,700 miles to Darwin in a Lincoln and inspected the war-time fighter-and-bomber strips from which not only the R.A.A.F. aircraft but also a wing of R.A.F. Spitfires operated in defence of Darwin.

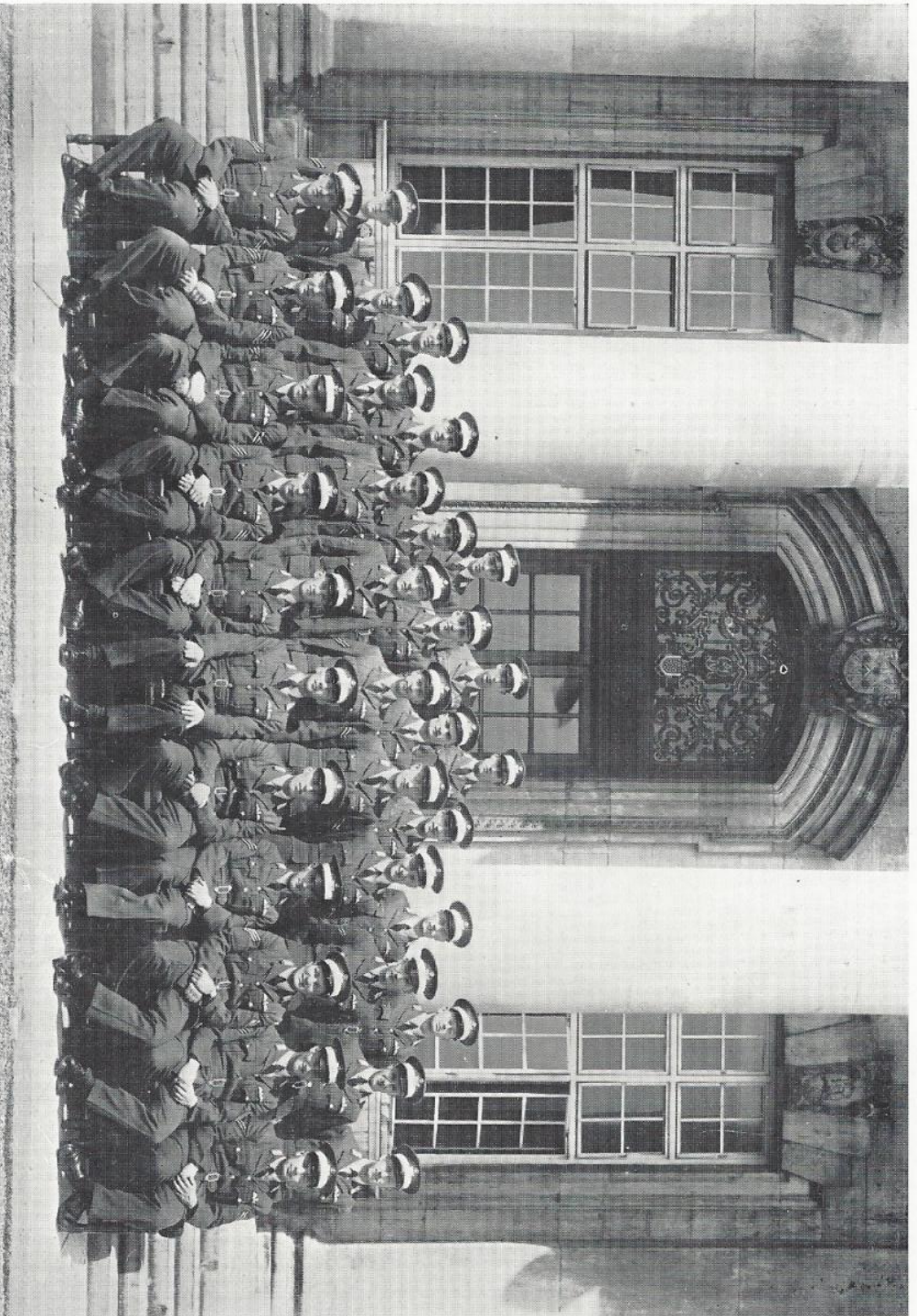
One of the most interesting phases of College training is the annual camp, held at Waratah Bay after the Christmas leave. Here, at the southernmost tip of Australia, we engage in vigorous field training, small-arms practice, unarmed defence and overnight route marches. The two weeks' programme allows time each day for life-saving practice and surfing, after the inevitable obstacle course. Impromptu concerts in the mess tent and barbecues around huge fires on the beach at night help new cadets to settle quickly into the College way of life and make friends more easily.

Holidays spent canoeing or ski-ing bring their problems of equipment with them. We overcame this difficulty by building thirty pairs of skis and eleven canoes ourselves, to our own requirements. Experience gained in this field, supported by our workshops training, has prompted us to plan the construction next year of our own sail-plane.

The ceremonies of the Service are an essential part of our life at the College. It is not all study, not all camping. Squadron parade is held each working morning, with cadet N.C.Os. as flight commanders. Each alternate Tuesday the Squadron attends the Station parade, in which all the units of the Station participate. The annual prize-giving ceremony at the end of the year is preceded by a review of the Squadron by the Chief of the Royal Australian Air Force. Then comes a bright crown to the year's work—the annual ball.

Next year will bring to R.A.A.F. College its third entry. We are looking forward to this day, for with it another step is taken towards maturity. And looming largely is the commencement of flying training in June, 1950. Meanwhile, training aircraft flourish in over our lecture rooms to clear the cypresses for landing and make concentration very difficult indeed.





SENIOR TERM—JULY, 1949

[Photo: Gale & Polden Ltd., Aldershot

Back Row—F.C. C. L. M. Scott.

F.C. D. Guthrie. F.C. H. M. K. Brown.

F.C. K. A. Gain.

F.C. M. C. B. Mitchell. F.C. G. G. Lee.

Third Row—F.C. E. F. Hemming.

F.C. Cpl. C. J. Petheram.

F.C. D. S. White. F.C. T. N. M. Bayne.

F.C. K. A. Gain.

F.C. M. C. B. Mitchell. F.C. G. G. Lee.

F.C. J. C. Atkinson.

F.C. P. M. Worthington.

F.C. B. G. Rendle.

F.C. Cpl. J. H. Palmer.

F.C. Cpl. M. F. Danton.

F.C. Cpl. J. H. J. Lovell.

Second Row—F.C. Cpl. D. McAtee.

F.C. Cpl. M. G. Waddy.

F.C. Cpl. R. M. Raw.

F.C. D. H. Williams.

F.C. L. I. A. Taylor.

F.C. Cpl. J. H. J. Lovell.

F.C. Cpl. R. B. W. A. George.

F.C. Sgt. R. H. Everett.

F.C. Sgt. R. McA. Furze.

F.C. Sgt. G. K. Mossman.

F.C. U./O. H. T. Price.

F.C. U./O. W. J. Herrington.

Sitting—F.C. Cpl. R. G. Price.

F.C. Sgt. D. Wright.

F.C. Sgt. N. Chamberlain.

F.C. Sgt. C. P. Francis.

F.C. Cpl. C. H. Walker.

F.C. U./O. W. J. Herrington.

F.C. U./O. T. R. Gush.

F.C. Sgt. D. Wright.

F.C. Sgt. N. Chamberlain.

F.C. Sgt. C. P. Francis.

F.C. Cpl. C. H. Walker.

F.C. U./O. W. J. Herrington.

Absent—F.C. Cpl. M. H. Miller.

F.C. Cpl. B. A. Phillips.

F.C. T. A. Bennett.



## FAR EAST SURVEY

PERHAPS one of the most important tasks that has been carried out by an R.A.F. unit in the Far East since the last war, and certainly one of the most interesting from the squadron's point of view, was the photographic reconnaissance of vast areas of Burma, Malaya and British North Borneo, in connection with Colonial development schemes; and of Siam, French Indo-China and the Dutch East Indies for re-mapping purposes.

The latter task necessitated the most arduous sorties and detailed planning, and was carried out by the Mosquitos of No. 81 (P.R.) Squadron. The Squadron Headquarters was, for the most time, in Singapore, and detachments of varying sizes were sent to operate from Batavia, Rangoon and Hong Kong to tackle the respective tasks as and when the monsoon conditions in the areas were suitable for air photography. Accompanying and attached to the squadron on each occasion were the mobile photographic unit complete with dark-room trailers, cameras and magazine equipment, and No. 2 Air Survey Liaison Unit of the Royal Engineers, whose task it was to produce target maps and to plot successful sorties and maintain progress charts, maps and records. It is about the three-month detachment at Rangoon in 1947 which I now speak. In that short time the squadron successfully photographed a solid block of territory covering about 140,000 square miles.

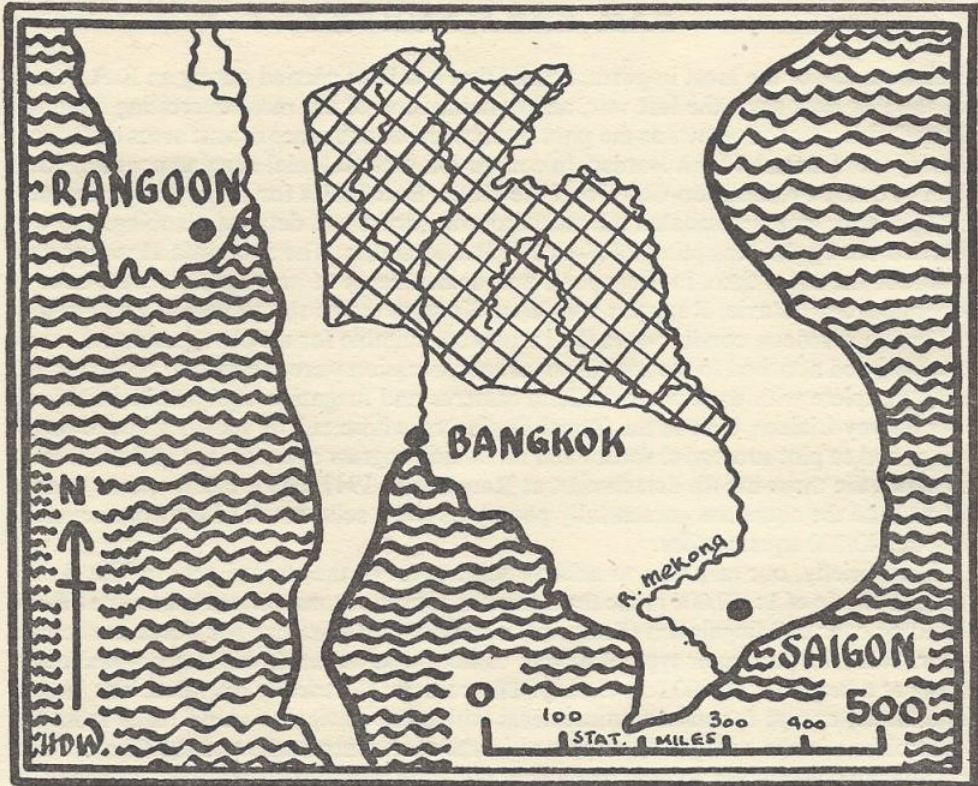
Very briefly, our task was to achieve solid cover of the shaded area on the sketch map at a scale of 1 : 50,000 in the three months after the monsoon and before the official handing over of Mingaladon (Rangoon) airfield to the Burmese Air Force in the new year. With the particular type of Kodak camera that we used, this necessitated operating at a height of 25,000 feet exactly. The camera, electrically operated, was largely automatic, except for minor adjustments which the navigator could make from his control box in the cockpit. It was fitted in the rear compartment of the fuselage and could take consecutive vertical pictures at any time interval the navigator selected. To provide sufficient overlap on adjoining exposures, a time interval of about thirty seconds was found to be ideal at a true air speed of 300 m.p.h. at 25,000 feet. The magazine, which was fitted to the camera before take-off, contained 200 exposures—in other words, sufficient for nearly an hour and three-quarter's photography at the above-suggested time interval.

The terrain in this area consisted of mountain, dense tropical jungle, barren plains and streams which appeared as swollen rivers in the wet season or dust-laden tracks when dry. The country was not very friendly, and civilization, as we know it, was non-existent, although kampongs (native huts and villages) could be seen dotted here and there, but little was known of the inhabitants or their likely reaction to a possible enforced visit from a European, should one have to force-land.

The existing maps of this area were thoroughly unreliable, being ancient, and before we could commence the area survey we had to carry out several sorties up and down the rivers, tracks, derelict Japanese roads and railways from which our draughtsmen drew up new sketch maps of these prominent features and landmarks, and superimposed them on our only out-of-date charts.

The essentials before starting survey photography are to have on the map easily distinguishable landmarks or ground features to be used as starting and finishing points for each run. In this particular area we were fortunate that nearly all the rivers ran from north to south, and these, after being re-mapped, were ideal to provide starting points





for east to west and west to east runs. In between these datum lines the country provided virtually no pin-points, and each run had to be flown really accurately by D/R. An ideal run was one of about fifty to seventy miles, but on occasions because of lack of suitable starting lines we were compelled to fly 150 miles between pin-points with not a single intermediate checking point. Such a run was considered a failure (for it would ultimately leave gaps when plotted) if we finished more than a mile off track at the end. This sounds more exacting if you consider flying by D/R from Hendon to York without altering course a single degree and arriving not more than one mile from the centre of the destination airfield. That was the requirement.

Another limitation over which, this time, we had no control, was the very small amount of cloud which could be tolerated by the survey section. More than two-tenths was prohibitive. This caused us much heart-burning in Northern Siam, for although the task was attempted at what we thought was the best time of the year, the Meteorological forecasting facilities were nil, and very few aviators had even previously flown over these lands and so there was no one to whom we could turn for advice. We learned the hard way, by trying early-morning sorties, midday sorties (frightful heat) and even late in the evenings. The most successful were early in the day after the low stratus and fog had dispersed and before the ever-increasing cumulus had formed. We had to be real opportunists, for it was seldom twice alike in the same area, and we always took



two or three alternate target maps in the hope of finding one such area cloud free. Many disappointing abortive sorties were flown despite this, and the job daily became more and more a race against time.

This brings to mind our problem of range. Apart from our base at Rangoon, the only other known landing grounds in the area were Bangkok and Saigon, but these, being of foreign ownership, were not available to us except in dire emergency, and even then the political complications involved were so excessive as to prohibit their use. Even before commencing photography in the more distant areas, we had already flown between 500 and 600 miles to reach our starting point. To expose a full magazine, allowing for turning, and a possible dummy run to assess the wind velocity, took every minute of two and a half hours. From this it will be seen that in Siam and French Indo-China, our longer sorties were of six to seven hours' duration—quite long enough in the cramped cockpit of a Mosquito, and flights which meant arriving back at base perilously short of petrol. Our maximum fuel capacity at this time was 796 gallons, and including the climb to 25,000 feet at full load, and operating at 300 m.p.h., an average consumption was found to be 120 gallons per hour. Fortunately, weather at base was always perfect, and more than once an approach was made straight in from 5,000 feet without the preliminary inspection of the signals area, the neat square circuit or the "downwind" and "finals" calls.

After landing from a successful sortie the magazine was rushed to the mobile photographic section, processed and duly labelled. First-phase prints were immediately plotted by our Air Survey Section, and their progress charts, records and future target maps duly amended. It was important not to leave the exposed magazine in the camera in the aircraft after landing for even ten minutes, or the emulsion would run in the excessive heat and ruin the film completely. The photographers required a constant supply of ice from the local refrigeration retailers, in order to keep the temperature of their developer and fixer down to the correct level. Many were the little problems of this nature. The ultimate re-mapping is carried out in this country by survey and cartography specialists, the complicated process being another of those wonders of science where the work is done by machinery, magic eyes and so on, under human guidance.

Apparently the photographs are put in one end of the machine and coloured plans of the area come out the other. Perhaps there is a little more to it than that, but there lies the principle.

It was always gratifying and of interest to inspect the prints after a successful sortie when they had been put down in mosaic form; and there was keen rivalry among the air crews as to who would achieve the greatest cover, the straightest run, fewest failures or errors of pin-pointing. Not all sorties were successful, for failures and partial failures were only to be expected in these conditions, but it was very creditable that the percentage of abortive sorties due to technical failure was negligible. The detachment had its excitement in the form of an occasional engine failure. One pilot had three failures within a month, but each time he flew back safely to base on one engine, once from as far as 400 miles away. Another crew was not so lucky and had to bale out over hideous country. However, they were well briefed in the art of landing and living in the jungle and of escape, and they turned up at the British Embassy in Bangkok some weeks later after an enjoyable improvised canoeing holiday in darkest Siam.

To sum up, the work was the nearest approach to an operational task in peace time,



entailing strenuous flying and one which called for patience, opportunism, and, above all, accuracy. It is amusing to note that our cameras found several new rivers and lakes, also derelict Japanese railways and airfields which no one previously knew existed, and they confirmed our former beliefs that the existing maps bore precious little resemblance to the features they were supposed to represent.

The task was completed from Rangoon, barring a very small area in the extreme north-east, and this was finally covered from Hong Kong. By courtesy of No. 81 Squadron, you can now (if you really want to, but heaven knows why you should) fly over these God-forsaken lands in the knowledge that you will not get lost—always assuming you didn't leave your maps behind.

H. D. C. W.

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## FARNBOROUGH, 1949

THE 10th S.B.A.C. show was once again held at Farnborough this year, and several flight cadets, having obtained tickets through the College, were able to attend the technicians' pre-view. In many ways, this was the best day, for though we missed the inconvenience of a 250,000 strong crowd (many of whom have a not-really-interested-but-hope-there'll-be-a-crash attitude) we saw in full the exhibition and air display which was to amaze these thousands on the later days.

To attempt to describe the show in detail would be superfluous, as it has already been authoritatively and more than competently dealt with by numerous aeronautical journals, but a more generalized survey may prove of interest to the less technically minded humans.

There were several old favourites on display which, although they were already doing grand work on the airlines, well deserved a place in this shop window of British aviation. The Wayfarer, the Dove and the Solent—a great favourite this—have all seen Farnborough before, but were still welcome sights. However, on the whole, the accent was definitely on newer types, and outstanding amongst these was the De Havilland Comet. Of a truly classical design, this aircraft must be seen in the air in order that the graceful lines bestowed upon it by its swept-back wings may be fully appreciated. Naturally enough, its flying display was not as breath-taking as were those of the jet fighters we were to see later, but the Comet needed no aerobatic manoeuvres or other contortions to convince the viewers that this was a plane embodying all that was best in British aviation.

In addition to the Comet, the Handley-Page Hermes V and Marathon II, the Vickers Viscount and the Armstrong Whitworth Apollo presented a formidable array, making this year's show a triumph of jet-engined aircraft. All of these types put up very impressive shows, the Hermes V, in particular, being remarkable for its quietness of flight.

In the realm of military aircraft, the Canberra was notably one of the few on display which we had not previously seen in one form or another. This plane is classified as a medium bomber, and as such I suppose we must take the makers' word for it. However, the layman, after seeing the show put up by Wing Commander Beaumont, need feel no shame in thinking that in the Canberra Great Britain has a noteworthy fighter.



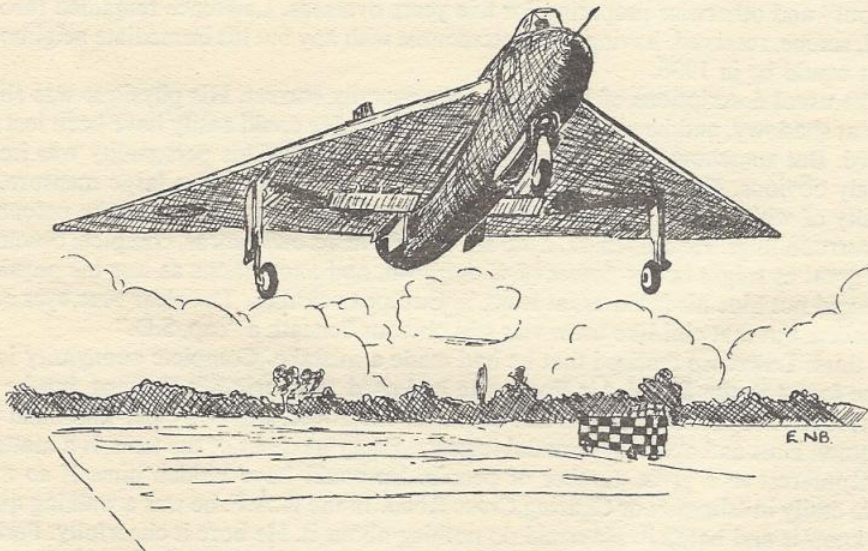
Steep turns and hectic rolls came as second nature to this cleanly designed aircraft, and whilst it was the only new bomber craft of any kind in the show, it was at least a sign that someone, somewhere, has refused to be bitten by the seemingly ubiquitous fighter bug.

With the lack of heavier aircraft, the fighters naturally commandeered the rest of the show, and one cannot but admit that they acquitted themselves extremely well. The family of Meteors, now firmly established with many of the Allied forces, showed once more that our tried and tested fighters are still top-rankers. The Avon Meteor, with its phenomenal rate of climb, and the Meteor IV demonstrating the re-heat principle, were particularly impressive. The Hawker Company sent down their P.1052, but this aircraft, whose performance figures are still on the secret list, did not get anything like the write-up it deserved, the Press focusing their main attention on to its counterpart, the Vickers Armstrong 510. Both these planes conform to the now conventional swept-back wing design, and it is doubtful if either were flying anywhere near their limits at the show.

De Havillands were well represented in the fighter class by two new variations on the original theme of the Vampire, the night-fighter D.H.113 and the Venom. The latter was not (officially) allowed to aerobat or fly at high speeds. If John Derry's display conformed to this official ruling, then my ideas of straight, level and slow flight must undergo radical reform. A series of rolls, "rhubarb turns" (explanation from the author, on application), and steep turns showed a promise which, if fulfilled, augurs well for our fighter squadrons in the near future.

A welcome variation from the pure jets came in the form of the Westland Wyvern, whose pilot spared no effort to demonstrate that the Wyvern need not in any way feel "propeller conscious."

Mention must be made of the Balliol and Merlin Athena, both of which aircraft



Avro 707



acquitted themselves extremely well in the air, but perhaps of even greater interest was the Mamba Athena in the static display. One was struck immediately by the clean design, the neatness of the Mamba installation and the simplicity of the cockpit layout.

So much for the air display. The exhibition, though catering primarily for the technician and the specialist, still held plenty of interest for us lesser mortals. Of particular note was the Model D.4 Link Trainer, built to Air Ministry specifications, which showed an array of knobs, dials and intermittently flashing and winking lights seemingly sufficient to baffle the most experienced of pilots.

Summing up, the S.B.A.C. show of 1949 would appear to have convincingly proved that in civil aviation we have great potential wealth; whilst in military spheres our fighters are still well to the fore, and we possess a medium bomber of some considerable note, but as for heavies—who can say?

An article of this type would be incomplete without some mention of that giant, the Brabazon. As was only fitting, with so many foreign guests present, the Brabazon sailed majestically over Farnborough from its home at Filton in order to affirm conclusively that not only can Great Britain make the biggest and the best, but also that when it comes to the most expensive we are on a plane of our own!

R. G. P.

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## AIRCRAFTMAN SHAW—A MEMORY

SIGHT of the Lawrence relics in the College library reminds me of my own fleeting glimpses of that most remarkable man. I first saw him in the old M Squadron dining hall at Uxbridge. In those days the big annual overseas drafts assembled there. Large numbers of men bound for India, Iraq and Egypt were caught in the turmoil of "kitting out" and otherwise preparing for five years overseas. Lawrence remained through it all, serene, reserved, having little intercourse with any but his immediate neighbours. That would be in 1926.

The usual descriptions of Lawrence are generally correct. His physique was slight, almost shadowy, and he moved and spoke quietly. He could easily have been lost in a crowd. But somehow he never was. Not that the force of his personality was immediately obvious. He was no high-pressure salesman. He had, in a large measure, the faculty of withdrawal. He could make a praiseworthy attempt to take the colours of his surroundings. He did desire, if we are to believe his own words, complete obscurity. But great as might be his power of withdrawal, and anonymous as was his physique, he could not hide his features, at least, in European clothes. The clear blue eyes could be veiled, but that cliff-like brow was still obvious beneath a "cap, S.D."

I think Lawrence realized that he had made a mistake. Complete anonymity is not to be found in the Royal Air Force. He had shed responsibility perhaps, but he had overlooked the fact that the R.A.F. was, and, one hopes, still is, a close-knit band with common aims and abundant mutual interest. Every member of the team is a matter of great interest to a great number of people. He could have hidden himself so much more easily in Islington or Charing Cross Road. In the R.A.F. he was a walking query. He knew it and hated it. He could do nothing about it. He bore it cheerfully. Perhaps it ministered to that masochism which was in him and which largely shaped his course.



The draft sailed in the old *Derbyshire*, long since defunct. The vessel swarmed with humanity; by day the deck was a market-place—it was hard to find squatting room. But Lawrence could usually find a perch for his small frame and quietly read Pepys. Like deck space, topics of conversation were limited. The troops quickly exhausted the officers (whom they did not know) and the officers' ladies and the nursing sisters who regarded them from the distant heights of the upper deck. Lawrence was in the midst of the troops. What was he doing in the R.A.F.? Was it true that he was a spy? Why was he going to India? Was he snooping for Air Ministry? The queries arose and buzzed on the troop decks. One afternoon they were put to me by a group tight-packed against the rail. I replied that I didn't know and didn't care. There was nothing we could do, anyway. Lawrence's business was his own. He obviously wanted to be left alone; the best and kindest thing would be to leave him so. I noted the expressions of my companions. Turning, I saw Lawrence. Clearly, he had heard. He grinned rather boyishly and walked away.

Thereafter he and I met several times on deck in the cool of the morning before the swarm arose. We chatted, but I do not recall that we said anything significant. He disliked "Helmets Wolseley, N.P." and thought them ridiculously unnecessary. "I travelled thousands of miles up and down the coast," he said once, indicating the red-burnt desolation of Arabia, "and I never wore one. I let my hair grow long down the back of my neck." But mostly I think we preferred to be silent.

The last time I saw him was in the Union Jack Club a year before he died. He sat behind a newspaper in the reading room. He lowered the paper and I saw his features fully. He had matured. He had developed eyebrows at the base of that great brow. His nose and chin were more set. The likeness to George Bernard Shaw was startling. We half grinned and I passed on.

No doubt had I been a little less reserved with him, my memories of Lawrence might have been more valuable. But on the whole I am glad that I did not hammer on his shell.

A. W. H. M.

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T. E. L.

You, when the world was old, and tired, and wise,  
 And mirth forgotten, and adventure dead,  
 When even children walked with slow, staid tread,  
 And old men taught that war's proud songs were lies;  
 Scorning this travesty of life in death,  
 The stifling safety of a senile serf,  
 You, in the oldest corner of the earth  
 Sought youth, and smiled to taste its quickening breath.  
 And, warring in those vast and golden plains  
 Where time was born, or sifting wisdom's sands  
 With prince and prophet, held life in your hands,  
 And stormed the heavens with your psalm of praise.  
 And when, the wheel spun, death stood at your side,  
 Laughed in the old God's face, and laughing, died.

M. S.



## LIAISON VISITS

## PORTSMOUTH

IN the ten minutes preceding 4.45 p.m. on Sunday, 11th September, some fifty flight cadets from Nos. 49 and 50 Entries and Digby made themselves comfortable on the fast train to Portsmouth. These conditions could not last and with only a few minutes to go before the train's departure the word travelled round that the party was to re-assemble on the platform. Once re-formed, our newly arrived officers told us that the slow train seemed a much better thing. This train enabled everyone to enjoy to the full the approach into the "Strong" country, and there seemed general regret that no one could be in London to see the Ink Spots, a name that was plastered in large letters on placards we passed. After innumerable stops the train reached Portsmouth. It seemed as if, maybe, we had reached the end of our journey, but this was not the case. A further train journey, sea-crossing and bus ride was our lot before H.M.S. *Siskin* was reached. It was at this stage that the main party was divided into two, one part going to H.M.S. *Siskin* and the other to H.M.S. *Daedalus*.

On the Monday morning No. 50 Entry was taken at great speed to H.M.S. *Dolphin* and then divided with some difficulty and confusion into four groups. With this accomplished we were rushed aboard H.M. submarines with no time to think of turning back, or if such thoughts existed it would have been a wet journey because we put to sea almost before the last man stepped on deck. The trips to sea proved uneventful in that everyone returned; one party related the difficulty of closing a hatch while submerged, while another raved over the qualities of canned beer. In the evening the ante-room was deserted, save for one stalwart of the Proms, and a general rendezvous made at Southsea fair. The last bus back to H.M.S. *Siskin* contained all the party save two, who enjoyed a brisk three-mile walk.

Eight o'clock next morning seemed an ungodly hour to assemble for a visit to Whale Island. On arrival there we were marched straight to "divisions" and were justifiably amazed at the high speed at which everyone moved about the drill shed. With the parade over, the intricacies of modern gunnery were explained to us. Later in the morning we willingly watched an unfortunate crew demonstrate in the "battle teacher," an inhuman device for drenching sailors. Flight cadets revelled at the way the gun platform rolled while water poured down on the crew. The whole scene was realistically illuminated by flashes from mock shell bursts, and one poor "matelot" felt the full weight of a dummy-round on his toes. The Entry was then sub-divided, one group visiting the Dome teacher while the other watched an attack being dealt with in a mock gun-control room. The Dome teacher was installed in a large room, three turrets were mounted on a movable platform, and the targets were displayed by a camera on the spherical ceiling. By using infra-red rays and other forms of magic, all information concerning the gunners' hits and misses were recorded on charts. Thousands of theoretical rounds were fired at the patient aircraft and precious few hits were scored. After lunch our ear-drums were blasted by the noise of Bofors and the like, and the Navy seemed disappointed that they were unable to produce bigger and better guns. Our thanks to them that they remained in such a frame of mind. Impressions gained during the morning of the difficulty of hitting attacking planes were quickly dispelled later in the afternoon when we heard about radar-controlled guns, an inven-





*LAIR Ministry Photographic Reproduction Branch*

**THE GRADUATION BALL**



tion to be discouraged from our point of view as the wretched barrel of the gun followed the poor aircraft wherever it went. It was really most unfair. During the afternoon there was one temporary diversion, when a well-known M.G. and familiar figure of the "Vice-Admiral" made an appearance. The evening was spent in the same fashion as on Monday night, and rain was forecast for the following morning.

For once the Air Ministry was correct, and Wednesday morning brought rain and a light wind. Oilskins were provided for the trip to sea in the M.T.Bs., and it was found that when travelling at 30 knots, rain had a nasty habit of finding all the crevices in one's outer garb, as well as percolating down the neck—a most uncomfortable feeling, reminding some of motor cycles. In spite of the rain and bad visibility, a modified flying display took place before a somewhat critical audience, as was to be expected. The only mishap was the non-functioning of the rockets on a Firefly's take-off. An important feature was the excellent marshalling by the ground crews and the efficiency with which a practice fire was dealt with by a fire tender.

The visit then terminated, and everyone caught the fastest train back to Cranwell to arrive well before 2359 hours.

F. R. L.

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## CRANWELL INVADES THE AIR-LIFT

THE countryside below the aircraft was as green as the face of one of the flight cadets who were making their way to Germany in the Dakota to inspect the dying air-lift. Lüneburg was the first port of call, and here we were given the inside information on the historic operation.

The twenty-two flight cadets, drowsy from a late night after the Graduation Ball, forgot their fatigue in listening to this modest recital of what had been achieved in the short time that had been available. Here we saw the three-dimensional model of the traffic pattern, with its beacons and its separation heights and all the other complications that beset the aviator.

From thence we went either to Wunstorf, where a genial Flight Lieutenant Smith added more detail to our skeleton knowledge; or to Celle, where the American diet made such an impression on Caris that we heard about little else when both parties were reunited in Berlin. In the capital we stayed at the Transit Mess at Gatow, "the busiest airfield in the world."

The day after our arrival we enjoyed a "Cook's tour" of the city, its places of interest being pointed out and explained by a German guide whose English was impeccable. One by one those places of which we had heard so often passed by the bus windows until the Russian war memorial tried to pass. This we clearly could not allow, especially since a real live Russian soldier was guarding this mountain of concrete and bronze. Out of the bus we went, and during the next few minutes that Russian warrior found fame at last on the films of a dozen Cranwell cameras. It was a pity, though, that the Son of the Soviet did not understand when the "linguist" of the party hailed him in his native tongue.

The Sabbath saw us at the American-occupied airfield of Tempelhof inspecting the latest radar aid which was helping to marshal the Skymasters in and out of the base.



The afternoon's leisure provided everyone with an opportunity of sailing on one of Berlin's lakes—a chance that was too good to be missed by most of us.

On Monday morning it was time to say farewell to battered Berlin and to journey to Lübeck beside the Baltic or to the far north and Schleswigland where pure milk is drunk in the bar before lunch. On the tarmac outside, the newest Hastings of Transport Command were drawn up to make their contribution to the relief of the erstwhile capital. It was in one of these aircraft that we were shown that the air-lift really did work under all conditions, because the next day we were brought back to England, home, and beauty under appalling conditions of rain and low cloud.

So ended the air-lift visit: a visit which was as invaluable in its lessons as it was enjoyable in its diversions. Our thanks are due to everybody who was connected with the organization of the tour.

M. G. S.

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## MEDITERRANEAN VISIT

At the end of the Summer Term a party of two officers and nineteen flight cadets, under the command of Squadron Leader Mitchell, flew to the Empire Air Navigation School, Shawbury, in preparation for a trip to Malta and Gibraltar. Six Lancasters were going and cadets were allotted to aircraft in threes or fours as supernumerary crew. This was the second trip of its kind, the first having been made at Easter, and the object was to give cadets practical experience in the navigation and piloting of long-range aircraft. The total length of the round trip was 3,600 miles.

Two days were spent at Shawbury learning how to operate the various items of equipment and how to move about in the confined space without becoming hooked up to the sundry projections of the cockpit.

The main briefing was given on the Saturday afternoon, and on the Sunday morning, after a final check on "Met" and aircraft serviceability, the first aircraft was airborne at 0900 A. for Malta.

The captains took the aircraft up, and after climbing through several layers of broken cloud, levelled out at 11,000 feet and handed over to the cadet who was to fly the aircraft to Malta. Another took the navigator's log and chart, and the third endeavoured to produce a fix from the radar gear. With the help of a few pin-points from the nose, Portland Bill was reached and we set course for Istres. Almost immediately the broken cloud vanished, and the coast of Normandy with Mulberry Harbour and the Caen battlefields was crossed in brilliant sunshine. Course steering, at first rather erratic, improved as time went on and once the trimmer had been mastered the airspeed and height were coaxed to their selected values. After this, cadet drivers seemed to become uninterested and were observed at various times to eat sandwiches, drink tea, confer in dumb show with the flight engineer, gaze earnestly out of the window, and even to read a map; upside down, of course. We overflew Istres about midday and soon crossed the hilly island of Sardinia. Visibility was excellent and every detail of the ground features stood out very clearly. The great blunt nose of the "Lanc" was turned towards Malta, and having calculated an E.T.A., the cadet navigator sat back and began to review in his mind all the mistakes that he might have made. He thought of all the practice plots done in the classroom and of how he had sometimes added one



number to another and got less than he had started with; of the number of times that he had applied drift the wrong way and forgotten to set the T.A.S. on the computer. These and a hundred other things crowded his mind, then the sight of the Sicilian coast to port and Pantellaria to starboard brought a burst of feverish activity and a revision of E.T.A. Everything seemed all right, and he returned to his brooding. A sudden cry of "land ahead" brought him back and he jumped up, banging his head, to see three tiny islands in front and to hear the congratulations of the skipper ringing in his ears. Neither told the other quite how surprised he was.

The heat of the runways was scorching, but we unloaded quickly and were soon in cool stone-built billets, changing into tropical kit. In the Transit Mess we were welcomed on behalf of the A.O.C. by Group Captain C. W. Dicken, himself an old Cranwellian, who introduced us to Squadron Leader Deere, the P.A., to the A.O.C., and our temporary guardian.

Squadron Leader Deere had arranged a programme of visits during the day, and travelling by coach from one appointment to the next we obtained a vivid impression of the island's scenery. We were shown the Combined Control Centre, buried beneath hundreds of feet of rock; the radar defences and control room, where we watched a mock Ground Control Interception by Number 73 (F.) Squadron and Air Traffic Control. By courtesy of the Navy we went aboard the aircraft carrier *Triumph*, which was "storing ship" before sailing for the Far East. We also saw the half-completed barrack blocks with adjacent swimming pool and cinema, and came away convinced that by 1951 Luqa will be a very pleasant posting. Each afternoon was taken up with swimming, one at the Officers' Club at St. Paul's Bay, and on the second afternoon at the islet of Comino.

Briefing next morning found the cadets loath to leave Malta, but by 9 o'clock we were airborne and heading for Gibraltar. The route lay along the North-African coast, but it was arranged that the aircraft should meet at Alboran Island and fly the hundred miles to Gibraltar in formation. By superb navigation, five out of six of the Lancasters reached Alboran Island, which is little more than a quarter of a mile in length, and proceeded to Gibraltar. There the fly-past caused something of a stare, and crowds could be seen gazing up and waving. We were refused permission to land because of a strong cross wind, and diverted to Tangiers, whence we were to return later when the wind would have died down. At Tangiers we found the missing aircraft and in the bar its crew shooting a big line. We still refused to believe that they found Alboran. We were enthusiastically entertained in the Airport Mess and when the time came to leave it was found that one aircraft could not be started. Cadets thinking of an evening in Tangiers were disappointed, however, for they were distributed amongst other aircraft, and shortly before last light all had reached North Front.

The following morning we were welcomed by the A.O.C., Air Commodore G. R. Spencer, who is, incidentally, a proud member of No. 1 Entry, Cranwell. Having outlined our programme to us he very generously asked if there was any feature of the Rock that we particularly wanted to see. The immediate response of "Apes" amused him, but he put it on the list and we had a very good view of them indeed. We toured the Rock in buses, turning aside to watch tunnelling operations, to see the huge underground workshops, gun emplacements, storage tanks, etc. We were privileged to visit the top of the Rock, and on the way saw the apes, which were rather smaller than we had expected. Various likenesses to cadets and others were noted, but cameras were



forbidden and so permanent record could not be obtained. On the following day we visited the little "St. Michael's Cave," which was stumbled into accidentally during tunnelling in 1941. Our tour of the Rock was completed by taking a trip round it in a high-speed R.A.F. launch.

In the evenings we went shopping—most shops stay open until 9 p.m.—and then drifted along to one of the local cabarets which, it was generally agreed, are unfairly restricted in comparison with those in Malta. By kind permission of the A.O.C., one evening was spent across the border in La Linea. There we gazed wistfully at new and cheap English cars, wondered about bull-fighting, drank quantities of indifferent sherry at two shillings a bottle, and were introduced to a number of old Spanish customs. We found the Spaniards friendly, and in spite of the prophecies of blood and nights in Spanish prisons, made by some officers, we had no casualties beyond a few abrasions.

The following morning we were up very early and by 0900 were airborne on the leg back to England. The route lay up the coast of Portugal, past Cape Trafalgar and Cape St. Vincent, and then across the Bay of Biscay to Lands End. With the aid, first of Consol bearings, and then of Gee, an excellent landfall was made, and very soon the Wrekin became visible, with the runways of Shawbury almost at its base.

So ended a memorable and instructive trip which was worth many hours of class-room study and which will long be remembered by No. 48 Entry. We should like to take this opportunity of expressing our hearty thanks to all those who helped to make the visit a success. In particular, to Group Captain Roberts, of Shawbury, for making his aircraft and crews available to us and allowing us licence in everything.

D. P. AND R. J. C.

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## PARACHUTING

A PARTY consisting of four officers and eighteen flight cadets, under the command of Flight Lieutenant Hay, attended a short course at the School of Parachuting, Upper Heyford, during the summer break.

The party arrived at Heyford railway station on Sunday, 7th August, to be met by Flying Officer Paul, who was to be our course instructor. The next morning we were introduced to our two N.C.O. instructors. The first four days were taken up with synthetic ground training, covering the many aspects of the art of parachuting.

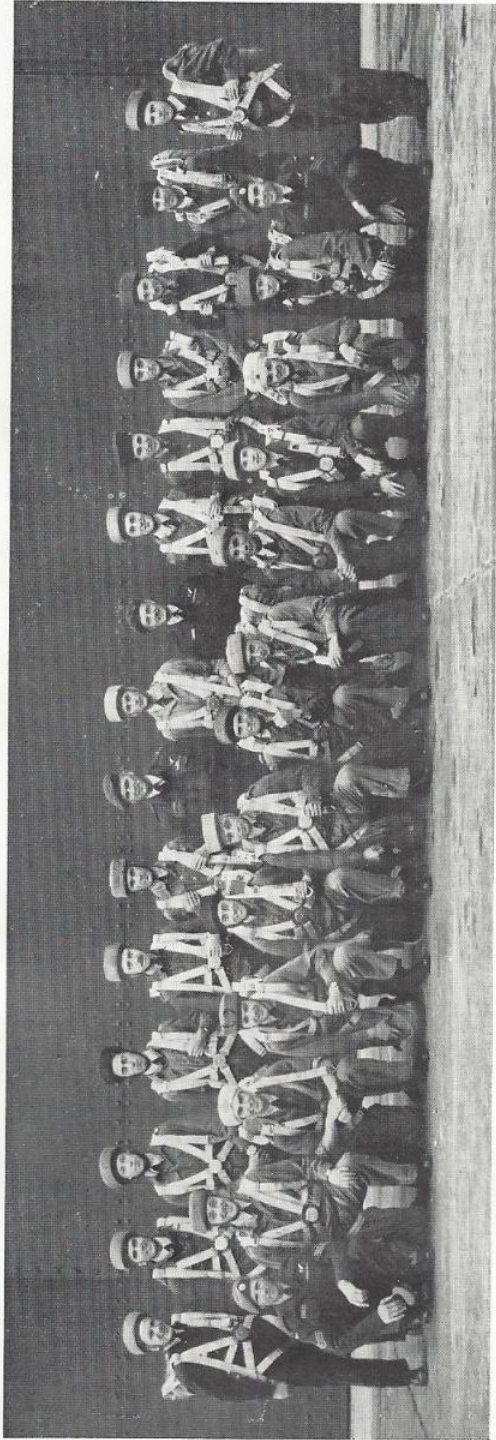
On the fifth day two jumps each were made from a captive balloon from 700 feet. Two balloons were used, each having a cage which could hold five parachutists and one dispatcher. These jumps were made on the Friday afternoon and evening, and the week-end was spent making the acquaintance of Oxford.

On Monday morning, greatly refreshed, the party once more fitted parachutes and emplaned as one stick in a Dakota. We were flown to the dropping zone and dropped interrupted sticks of four on to a disused airfield from 700 feet. The jump from the aeroplane was far less terrifying than that from the static balloon, the noise and the company of twenty other jumpers being very reassuring.

The last jump was made the next day at the same dropping zone. Being by now almost experienced jumpers they were allowed to drop in bigger sticks. One cadet was unfortunate enough to fall on his head, but he recovered consciousness in about ten minutes, little the worse.

A. W. P.





THE PARACHUTISTS



## MEMORIES OF UPPER HEYFORD

MANY leagues west of civilization, in the remotest wilds of Oxfordshire, there lies a place called Upper Heyford. There four officers and twenty flight cadets were transformed from eager, bright-eyed youths into twenty-four wide-eyed neurotics during an eight-day game of dice with death.

The promoters of that game, the parachuting instructors, are a race of men apart. If ever you catch one unawares you might see him hastily stuffing a spiked tail into his pocket and tucking a horn or two underneath his hat.

Before a victim is ready to make an actual jump he has for a few days to learn how to make exits, control the parachute in flight and land.

To make an exit requires two magic words from the instructor. They are :

- (1) Redonstandinthedoor. (2) Greenongo.

Upon the magic word (2), one leaps into space. During the exit, the victim is taught to keep his feet and knees together and head up. Keeping the feet and knees together is incidental, but keeping the head up is so that it will get knocked off by the tailplane and give the instructors a good laugh.

The victim has four lift webs, countless rigging lines and a canopy to control. The parachute is steered by reaching high and pulling hard on the lift webs, enough to make any milkmaid envious. The rigging lines connecting lift webs to canopy have a frightful habit of becoming twisted, and the contortions the victim is taught to perform to untwist them are so designed that the victim twists himself instead. It may be added that the canopy is a wild flapping thing controlled only by luck, and is quite liable to turn inside-out or do other atrocious things. In learning to land, the victim falls hard to the ground, absorbing the shock scientifically, i.e., not just one part of the body should absorb all the shock of landing, but the shock should be spread all over the body—so that the victim is bruised all over.

To the brotherhood of us that gasp for breath when confronted by the edge of a cliff, this paragraph means something. The victim finds it terrible enough to jump off a platform at the top of a hangar, or a high tower, suspended by steel wire and supported by a system of pulleys and brakes. But he finds it simply awful to jump from a balloon anchored at 800 feet, his only attachment to the balloon being lots and lots of air molecules. In the initial fearful drop during the first jump, the victims can be roughly divided into four classes :

- (a) The few fanatics who find it exhilarating.
- (b) Those who think of mother, home, warm sun outside, and cold beer inside.
- (c) Those who are in a trance from the time they enter the balloon to the time the ground hits them.
- (d) Those who are always in a trance.

Jumping from an aircraft is a little different to jumping from a balloon. It is well known that the noise of the engines makes the victim duller than usual. Also, a long line of victims are ejected one after the other, resembling that little spring which always flies out when one removes the rear sear lever retaining pin from the Mark XIV Browning .5-inch automatic shotgun.

Apart from all the nonsense that has just been written it can be truly said that the victims spent a holiday in the best of company and had an experience never to be forgotten.

G. W. P.



## R.A.F. COLLEGE SPORT

### CRICKET SEASON, 1949

THIS has been a fair season, the side having won eleven games and drawn six out of twenty-two matches. Our opponents this year were far stronger than in previous years, and included a strong Free Foresters' eleven, a very powerful Sandhurst side, and two strong batting sides representing the Lincolnshire and Leicestershire Gentlemen. The side started strongly, winning four out of the first six matches, losing only to Emmanuel College, Cambridge. However, this fine start was not to continue, the side winning only one match in the next nine. The last two of these matches were against Sandhurst and Greenwich, of which we lost one and won one.

The Sandhurst match was a very fine game, the College making 139 and 174, whilst Sandhurst, having been dismissed for 103 in the first innings, batted splendidly in their second innings to make 214 for 4 and thus gained a great victory by 6 wickets. In the Greenwich match the College batting was far too strong for the Senior Service. The College made 239 for 7 (dec.), and dismissed Greenwich twice for 242, thus winning by 10 wickets. Then came the match against the Free Foresters, which the College lost by 9 wickets, having scored 93 and 143, in reply to their opponents' 214 for 8 (dec.) and 23 for 1. The last seven games displayed the College strength; six were won and the other was drawn.

During the season the bowling was of a very high standard, outstanding being that of Mills, who took 45 wickets at 12 runs apiece, and Persse, who took 52 wickets at 12 runs apiece. The batting proved disappointing until the Sandhurst match, but for the rest of the season the side found little difficulty in scoring 150-200 runs a match. Fenner headed the batting averages, having scored 644 runs for an average of 29, his finest innings being those of 103 against Emmanuel College, and 84 against Sandhurst. Edmondson-Jones scored 560 runs for an average of 28, proving himself the most consistent batsman, and a very fine all-rounder, taking 23 wickets for 16 runs apiece. The fielding of the side was on the whole good, it being exceptionally good in the Sandhurst match and the latter matches of the season, outstanding being Lawrence, Edmondson-Jones, Mills and Persse. Finally, mention should be made of the match against the Old Cranwellians. The Old Cranwellians led by Air Commodore Beamish batted first. Thanks to some very fine bowling by Mills and Carver, they managed to score only 76 runs. The College, left fifty minutes in which to knock off the runs, set about the task quickly, and Fenner and Price, who in later games proved himself a very fine batsman, soon passed this score.

Full colours have been awarded to M. D. Fenner, J. R. E. Edmondson-Jones, R. Pavey, D. F. Bates, R. G. Price, A. A. Persse, R. Hollingworth and D. H. Mills, and half-colours to M. Foster, H. S. Carver and J. V. M. W. Lawrence.



BATTING

(Qualification : 10 innings.)

	<i>No. of Inns.</i>	<i>Runs</i>	<i>Most in Inns.</i>	<i>Times Not Out</i>	<i>Average</i>
M. D. Fenner .. .. .	23	644	103	1	29.29
J. R. E. Edmondson-Jones .. .. .	23	560	70	3	28.00
R. G. Price .. .. .	12	233	41*	2	23.30
R. Pavey .. .. .	19	361	88	0	19.00
R. Wood .. .. .	21	265	71	4	15.59
M. Foster .. .. .	13	178	84*	1	14.83
A. A. Persse .. .. .	19	236	32	2	13.94
D. F. Bates .. .. .	14	144	34	1	11.10
H. S. Carver .. .. .	22	178	29*	4	9.89
R. Hollingworth .. .. .	21	175	40	3	9.17
D. H. Mills .. .. .	10	33	10	5	6.60

\*Signifies not out.

BOWLING

(Qualification : 20 wickets.)

	<i>Overs</i>	<i>Maidens</i>	<i>Runs</i>	<i>Wickets</i>	<i>Average</i>
D. H. Mills .. .. .	244	65	543	45	12.06
A. A. Persse .. .. .	276	76	639	52	12.30
R. Hollingworth .. .. .	171	40	451	35	12.95
J. R. E. Edmondson-Jones .. .. .	117	29	363	23	15.95
H. S. Carver .. .. .	75	6	345	21	16.43
F. Pickard .. .. .	31	1	153	14	11.00

R.A.F. COLLEGE v. R.M.A. SANDHURST

Sandhurst won the toss and put the College in on a green wicket. This move soon showed profit, and by lunch the College were in a sorry state, having scored only 91 for the loss of 8 wickets. After lunch, however, Price and Carver featured in a very bright stand, having scored 36 and 22 respectively. By 2.30 p.m. the College were all out for 139. Sandhurst batted very steadily during the afternoon, and by tea were 89 for the loss of 4 wickets. However, after tea, the last wickets fell very quickly, having added only 14 runs. Mills bowled with great venom, claiming 5 wickets for only 31 runs. The College started their second innings at 5.30 p.m., being 36 runs ahead and feeling very pleased with the situation, and this was shown in the next hour by some brilliant batting by Fenner, who scored 84, including fifteen boundaries, and Pavey, who scored 34. However, this was not to last, and at the close the College were 125 for 5, having lost four wickets without a run being added. On the second day the batting again failed, and by 1 o'clock the College were all out for 174, Gordon, the Sandhurst fast bowler, taking 6 wickets for 41 runs. Thus Sandhurst went in to bat 214 runs behind, which seemed a very formidable task on this wicket. However, their batting was very sound in this innings, and two very fine knocks by Prior, who scored 87, and the captain, Woolacombe, who scored an unbeaten 61, enabled them to score the runs for the loss of only four wickets, with two hours to spare. The fielding of the College side during this match was superb and attained a standard equal to any in county cricket. Thus the College had lost by six wickets in a match which had maintained interest from the first ball, and the advantage had four times swung from one side to the other.



## Scores:

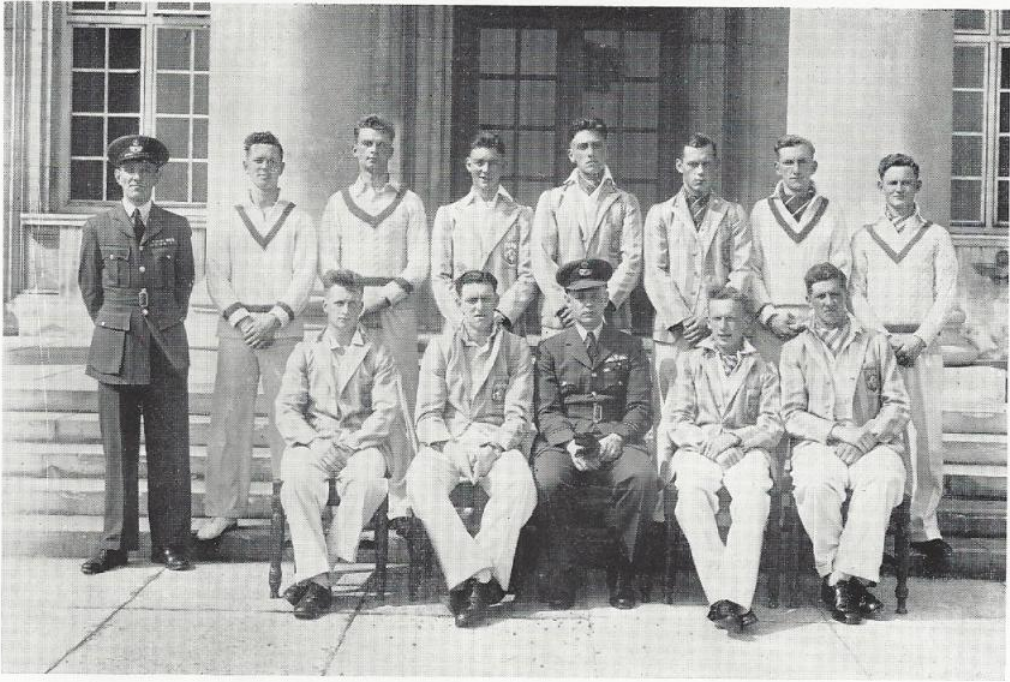
R.A.F. COLLEGE		R.M.A. SANDHURST	
<i>1st Innings</i>		<i>1st Innings</i>	
M. D. Fenner b Clealand .. ..	17	D. C. Prior c Hollingworth b Mills ..	10
D. F. Bates b Woolacombe .. ..	14	D. Barnes lbw b Hollingworth .. ..	25
R. Pavey b Woolacombe .. ..	15	R. W. Dawney lbw b Hollingworth ..	25
J. R. E. Edmondson-Jones c Gallon b		P. A. S. Woolacombe b Hollingworth ..	16
Jeffries .. ..	17	P. J. Hunt c Fenner b Mills .. ..	4
R. Hollingworth b Clealand .. ..	1	J. H. Pell lbw b Mills .. ..	5
V. J. W. M. Lawrence c and b Woola-		A. L. Clealand c Fenner b Persse ..	1
combe .. ..	1	R. F. Cavendish c Hollingworth b Mills	0
R. Wood c Hunt b Gordon .. ..	1	T. A. Jeffries b Persse .. ..	3
A. A. Persse b Woolacombe .. ..	0	A. J. W. Gordon c Hollingworth b Mills	2
H. S. Carver c Dawney b Clealand ..	22	A. J. W. Gallon not out .. ..	1
R. E. Price c Woolacombe b Jeffries ..	36		
D. H. Mills not out .. ..	0	Extras .. ..	11
Extras .. ..	15		
Total .. ..	139	Total .. ..	103
<i>2nd Innings</i>		<i>2nd Innings</i>	
M. D. Fenner b Gordon .. ..	84	D. C. Prior b Hollingworth .. ..	87
D. F. Bates c Hunt b Woolacombe ..	1	D. Barnes c Persse b Mills .. ..	8
R. Pavey c Gallon b Jeffries .. ..	34	R. F. Cavendish c Persse b Hollingworth	25
H. S. Carver b Gordon .. ..	0	R. W. Dawney c Hollingworth b Ed-	
J. R. E. Edmondson-Jones b Gordon ..	0	mondson-Jones .. ..	7
R. Wood b Gordon .. ..	3	P. A. S. Woolacombe not out .. ..	61
A. A. Persse b Woolacombe .. ..	15	P. J. Hunt not out .. ..	16
R. Hollingworth c and b Jeffries ..	21		
V. J. W. M. Lawrence c Gallon b Gordon	0	Extras .. ..	10
R. G. Price c Clealand b Gordon ..	3		
D. H. Mills not out .. ..	3	Total (for 4 wks.) .. ..	214
Extras .. ..	10		
Total .. ..	174		

## R.A.F. COLLEGE v. R.N.C., GREENWICH

Dickens won the toss for the Navy and decided to bat on a very hard, sun-baked wicket. Their batting, however, was rather weak, and only one batsman provided any opposition to the College fast bowlers, Mills and Persse, who each claimed 4 wickets for 28 runs and had dismissed Greenwich for only 112. The College started in fine form, and after an opening partnership of 51, Fenner was run out, having scored 39. Then came Pavey, who batted in superb manner, hitting anything loose, to score a fine 88. Other batsmen scored quite freely; particularly entertaining was a very fine knock by Price, who scored 41, not out. Thus, by 12.30 p.m. on the Sunday the College were able to declare, having scored 239 for the loss of only seven wickets.

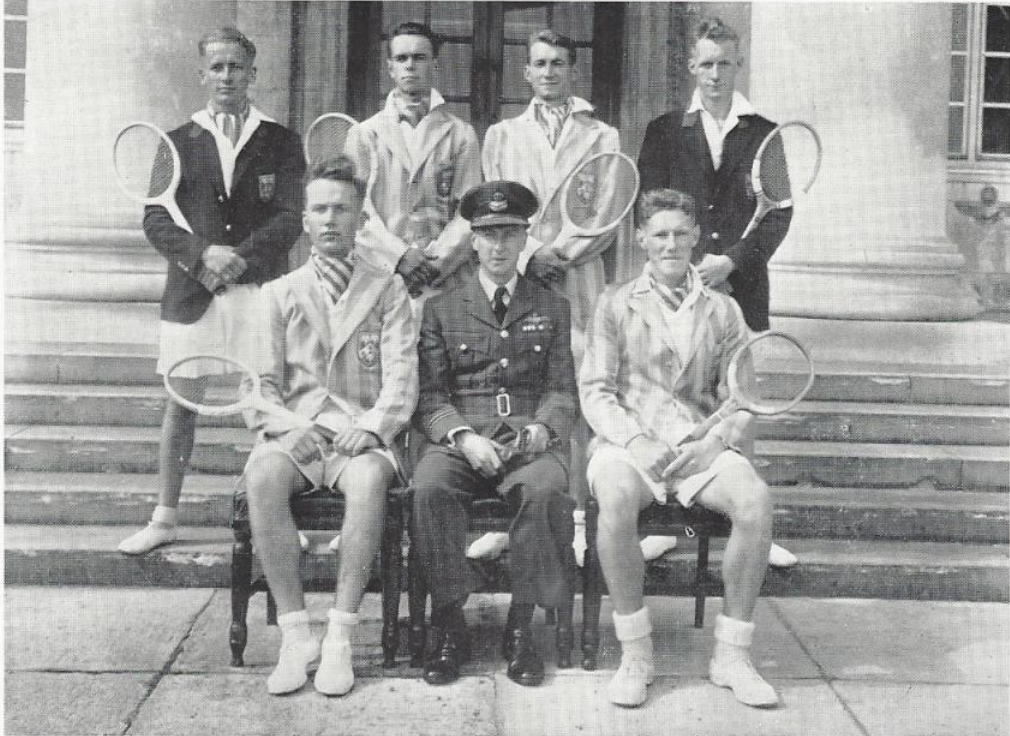
Greenwich started their second innings, 128 runs behind, in poor manner, and had soon lost 5 wickets for only 40 runs. However, Barclay-Brown batted very soundly for a fine 57, not out, and was ably supported by Hooke and Powell, and they were finally dismissed only three runs ahead. Fenner and Hollingworth soon knocked off these runs in the first over.





**CRICKET XI—JULY, 1949**

*Standing.*—W. O. O. J. Millis. R. Wood. H. S. Carver. R. Hollingworth. D. H. Mills. A. A. Persse. D. F. Bates.  
 V. J. W. M. Lawrence,  
*Seated.*—R. Pavey. M. D. Fenner (Capt.). Flt. Lt. R. G. Wakeford. J. R. E. Edmondson-Jones. R. G. Price.



**TENNIS VI—JULY, 1949**

*Standing.*—C. K. Bushe. S. B. Smart. D. L. F. Thornton. R. Marshall.  
*Seated.*—K. V. E. Gilbert. Flt. Lt. J. M. Maynard. J. F. N. Chick.

[Photos: Gale & Polden Ltd., Aldershot



Scores:

R.N.C., GREENWICH			
1st Innings			
B. J. Straker b Persse .. .. .	2		
B. H. Foster lbw b Mills .. .. .	1		
R. S. Agar c Edmondson-Jones b Hollingworth .. .. .	25		
K. Barclay-Brown c Persse b Mills .. .. .	10		
M. C. Lattey not out .. .. .	35		
J. T. Tomlinson c Mills b Edmondson-Jones .. .. .	8		
A. H. Dickins c Carver b Persse .. .. .	11		
E. R. Anson c Fenner b Mills .. .. .	6		
M. R. D. Hooke b Mills .. .. .	1		
J. M. Powell b Persse .. .. .	0		
P. B. Garnons-Williams c Fenner b Persse .. .. .	0		
Extras .. .. .	13		
Total .. .. .	112		

2nd Innings			
B. J. Straker b Mills .. .. .	7		
B. H. Foster lbw b Persse .. .. .	4		
R. S. Agar lbw b Persse .. .. .	1		
K. Barclay-Brown not out .. .. .	57		
M. C. Lattey b Mills .. .. .	8		
J. T. Tomlinson c Fenner b Persse .. .. .	0		
A. H. Dickins lbw b Carver .. .. .	6		
E. R. Anson b Carver .. .. .	5		
M. R. D. Hooke run out .. .. .	18		
J. M. Powell c Pavey b Hollingworth .. .. .	18		
P. B. Garnons-Williams b Hollingworth .. .. .	0		
Extras .. .. .	6		
Total .. .. .	130		

R.A.F. COLLEGE			
1st Innings			
M. D. Fenner run out .. .. .	39		
D. F. Bates st Tomlinson b Barclay-Brown .. .. .	13		
R. Pavey c Tomlinson b Dickins .. .. .	88		
J. R. E. Edmondson-Jones b Barclay-Brown .. .. .	4		
R. Hollingworth lbw b Hooke .. .. .	19		
V. J. W. M. Lawrence not out .. .. .	0		
A. A. Persse c Barclay-Brown b Garnons-Williams .. .. .	10		
H. S. Carver c Garnons-Williams b Hooke .. .. .	13		
R. G. Price not out .. .. .	41		
Extras .. .. .	12		
Total (for 7 wks. dec.) .. .. .	239		
N. R. Saunders and D. H. Mills did not bat.			

2nd Innings			
M. D. Fenner not out .. .. .	5		
R. Hollingworth not out .. .. .	1		
Total (for no wkt.) .. .. .	6		

R.A.F. COLLEGE v. FREE FORESTERS

The College knew that in this game they were against very strong opposition, particularly as the Foresters fielded several Services cricketers of repute, namely, Shirreff, Fulshaw, Roberts and the Lincolnshire player, Cruys-Williams. Fenner won the toss and decided to bat first. Very soon the College were in dire straits, having lost 4 wickets for only 20 runs. The batting of the whole side was very poor, with the exception of Edmondson-Jones and Persse, who scored 32 and 25 respectively. It was dismissed by 2.30 p.m. for only 93, Cruys-Williams having taken 4 wickets for 18 runs. When the Foresters batted they started soundly, and it was very soon obvious that a big score was going to be made. Cruys-Williams set off with 28, and then came a fine 53 by Trubshaw. This was to be followed, however, by further knocks by Swiney (26), Shirreff (47 not out), and 27 not out by the Cambridge blue, Comber. Air Marshal Baker was able to declare overnight, with the very formidable score of 214 for the loss of eight wickets. Mills had bowled exceptionally well throughout the innings, claiming 4 for 42; however, the fielding did not inspire the bowlers, and once again proved disappointing. After a poor start in the second innings the prospects improved, with a fine stand by Fenner, who scored 48, and Edmondson-Jones, who scored 45. These



two batted extremely well and appeared at ease with all the bowling. However, with the dismissal of these two within a few minutes of each other, the batting completely collapsed, and the side was dismissed for 143, setting the Foresters 23 to win. This they did for the loss of one wicket.

Scores :

R.A.F. COLLEGE		FREE FORESTERS	
<i>1st Innings</i>		<i>1st Innings</i>	
M. D. Fenner c and b Waldron .. ..	7	J. F. Roberts lbw b Mills .. ..	2
M. Foster b Shirreff .. ..	0	G. Cruys-Williams lbw b Mills .. ..	28
R. Pavey lbw b Waldron .. ..	1	J. D. Blois b Mills .. ..	10
J. R. E. Edmondson-Jones b Williams ..	32	J. A. Tresawna b Mills .. ..	0
R. Hollingworth b Shirreff .. ..	1	E. B. Trubshaw st Fenner b Persse ..	53
R. G. Price b Waldron .. ..	13	K. T. Stubbs b Hollingworth .. ..	5
H. S. Carver run out .. ..	5	M. J. E. Swiney b Persse .. ..	26
A. A. Persse b Williams .. ..	25	A. C. Shirreff not out .. ..	47
R. Wood c Comber b Williams .. ..	1	A. M. E. Waldron lbw b Hollingworth..	0
S. Weigall b Williams .. ..	0	J. T. H. Comber not out .. ..	27
D. H. Mills not out .. ..	6	Extras .. ..	16
Extras .. ..	2		
Total .. ..	93	Total (for 8 wks. dec.) .. ..	214
		B. E. Baker did not bat.	
<i>2nd Innings</i>		<i>2nd Innings</i>	
M. D. Fenner b Waldron .. ..	48	B. E. Baker b Persse .. ..	2
M. Foster st Comber b Shirreff .. ..	2	J. F. Roberts not out .. ..	10
R. Pavey lbw b Shirreff .. ..	0	J. A. Tresawna not out .. ..	8
J. R. E. Edmondson-Jones lbw b Shirreff	45		
R. Hollingworth lbw b Tresawna .. ..	7		
R. G. Price b Williams .. ..	3		
H. S. Carver b Tresawna .. ..	15		
A. A. Persse c Baker b Stubb .. ..	1		
R. Wood b Stubb .. ..	6		
S. Weigall not out .. ..	2		
D. H. Mills b Tresawna .. ..	10		
Extras .. ..	4	Extras .. ..	3
Total .. ..	143	Total (for 1 wkt.) .. ..	23

A. T.

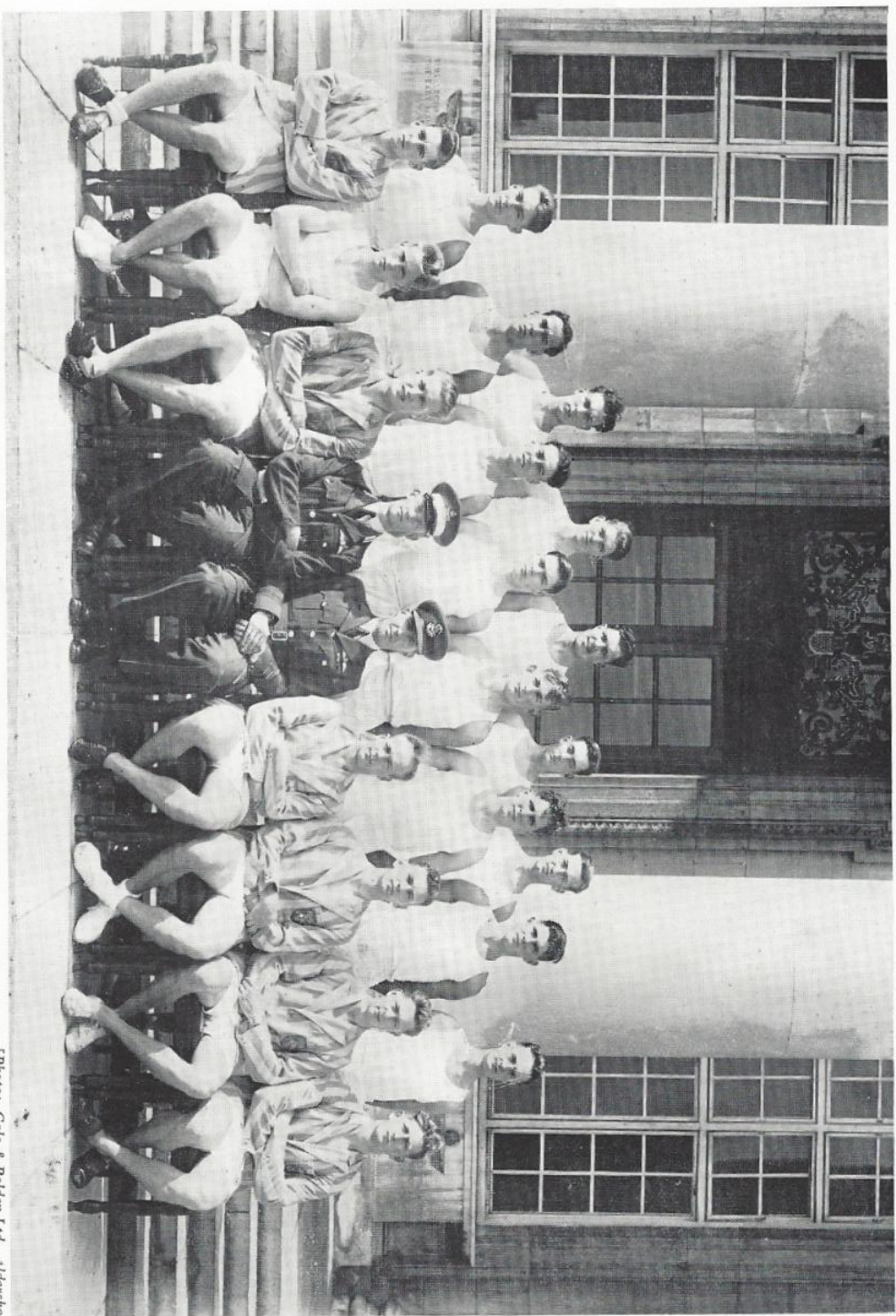
### ATHLETICS

With the College almost up to full strength at last, the athletics team is beginning to find its feet. Indeed, we have had a very successful season this year, winning all but one of our fixtures. That one was unfortunately our most important, namely, the triangular match between ourselves, the Royal Military Academy Sandhurst, and the Combined Naval Colleges, Greenwich and Keyham.

The weather has been far more friendly this year than last, and the bulk of our matches were run off in a heat wave. Our luck did not hold long enough, however, and we had a steady downpour for the two days before the last match of the season, that against the Milocarians. On the day of the match there were sufficient breaks in the storms to allow all the events to be run off, and we had a very enjoyable match.

Learning a lesson from last year, we had the inter-Squadron sports early in the term and then got down to the job of training a College team. There was found to be quite a lot of latent talent and all that was required was correct training. We were very fortunate to have Wing Commander D. O. Finlay down for a short spell and wish to





[Photo: Gale & Polden Ltd., Aldershot

**ATHLETICS TEAM—JULY, 1949**

- Back Row—K. B. Smith. N. K. Hopkins. B. A. Spry. S. J. West. G. L. Askew.
- Centre Row—A. W. Powell. T. W. A. Smith. A. S. Loveland. R. T. MacMullen. R. H. Bragg. I. Gordon-Johnson. J. R. Thirbeck. B. P. M. Bayliss.
- Front Row—R. G. Perry. D. S. White. W. F. Knapper. H. T. Price. Sqn. Ldr. K. Ritchley. G. K. Mossman. W. J. Herrington. J. H. J. Lovell. R. E. Webster.



thank him for his invaluable lectures on athletics generally and, in particular, for his advice on hurdling. We also managed to secure the services of Mr. D. C. V. Watts, the A.A.A. coach, for a three-day training programme. It is hoped that next season this will be extended to a fortnight's programme.

We started the season with the annual triangular match against Nottingham University and the Cranwell Apprentices. This we won from Nottingham by two points. Next we faced Loughborough, again at home, and had an excellent match against a good, but depleted, team. The Sandhurst match, an away fixture this year, followed on the next Saturday, and the good condition of their track provided some excellent sport.

A home fixture against Worksop followed, and we rounded off the term with a very enjoyable contest against a well-matched, though weakened, Milocarian team.

Throughout the team has shown a decided improvement over last year's, and three new records have been set up.

All were field events and are as follows: Discus, W. F. Knapper, 122 ft. 10½ in.; javelin, K. B. Smith, 157 ft. 9 in.; hop, step and jump, D. S. White, 41 ft. 4½ in.

Full colours were awarded to R. G. Perry, G. R. Mossman, R. B. W. A. George, J. R. Thirnbeck, R. E. Webster, W. J. Herrington, K. B. Smith and B. A. Spry.

Half-colours were awarded to T. W. Smith, A. S. Loveland, I. Gordon-Johnson, R. Dyson, B. P. M. Baylis, R. T. MacMullen, T. W. J. Hopkins, G. L. Askew and S. J. West.

W. F. K.

### SWIMMING

Under the guidance of Flight Lieutenant White and the captaincy of R. M. Raw, the team has practised hard and long and, in consequence, enjoyed a very successful season. Six matches have been swum and, of these, five were won and the other drawn. The most outstanding achievement was that of beating the R.M.A. Sandhurst by 29 points to 24, after a ding-dong struggle, in which first one team and then the other gained the lead, and the issue was in doubt until the very end.

The polo team also did well, and though they did not have the strength to beat Sandhurst, they managed to force a draw. In this match the left-handed throwing by Walsh, the centre half, had the Sandhurst defence in considerable difficulty, and enabled Clements, the left wing, to put in turning shots which the goalkeeper seemed lucky to save. Burgess, in our own goal, played a great game, leaping about to make spectacular and heartening saves.

At the end of the season the following colours were awarded:

Full colours to R. M. Raw, M. E. Walsh and H. E. Clements; half-colours to D. Parratt and J. B. Lightfoot.

Results:

- v. The Station, won 44½—36½.
- v. R.M.A. Sandhurst, won 29—24.
- v. Stowe School, won 33—10.
- v. Charterhouse, won 26—12.
- v. Oundle School, drew 24—24.

M. G. S.



### TENNIS

The season started with twenty flight cadets and cadets playing tennis as their major sport. Of the first team's fixtures, three are outstanding, namely, those against Eton, the Royal Military Academy and the return match against Boston Lawn Tennis Club. After very close and long fights, Eton and Sandhurst both beat us by five rubbers to four. However, we were victorious in the Boston match, though they actually won more games. Unfortunately, the second team was less successful, but they redeemed themselves against the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, second team, who narrowly beat us by five rubbers to four.

In the inter-Squadron tennis, C Squadron won convincingly by beating A Squadron in the finals by five rubbers to one.

After a most enjoyable and more successful season than the last one, full colours were awarded to Gilbert, Chick, Smart and Thornton; while Palmer, Longworth, Bushe and Marshall received their half-colours.

K. V. E. G.

### SHOOTING

This term has been mainly spent in training a team for next term. The first event of the term was the F.T.C. meet at Bisley. The team was present for two days, during which we won the F.T.C. Team Championships. Gill won the Individual Championship with a score of 91, and Price was runner-up with 91. The prize in the case of a tie, such as this, goes to the person with the highest score at the longest range. The first team was represented by Price, Danton, Gill and Guntrip. The second team, which gained fourth place, consisted of Walker, Petheram, Armstrong and Keats.

Against the R.M.A. on 28th May we were badly beaten, scores being 987—1,120. This was due principally to the very high standard of the R.M.A. shooting and partially due to the fact that the five members of No. 47 Entry in the team were unable to attend because of final examinations, their places being taken by five promising but as yet inexperienced members of No. 53 and No. 54 Entries.

The same team went to Bisley for the R.A.F. week where rapid improvements were made in the team's average. The average at the beginning of the week was 107 and rose to 125 at the end. Sleeping on palliasses did not seem to affect the sturdy members of the junior flights, but produced a few restless nights for some of the inexperienced members of the College.

Full colours were awarded to Price, Danton, Walker and Gill, and half-colours to Petheram and Copping.

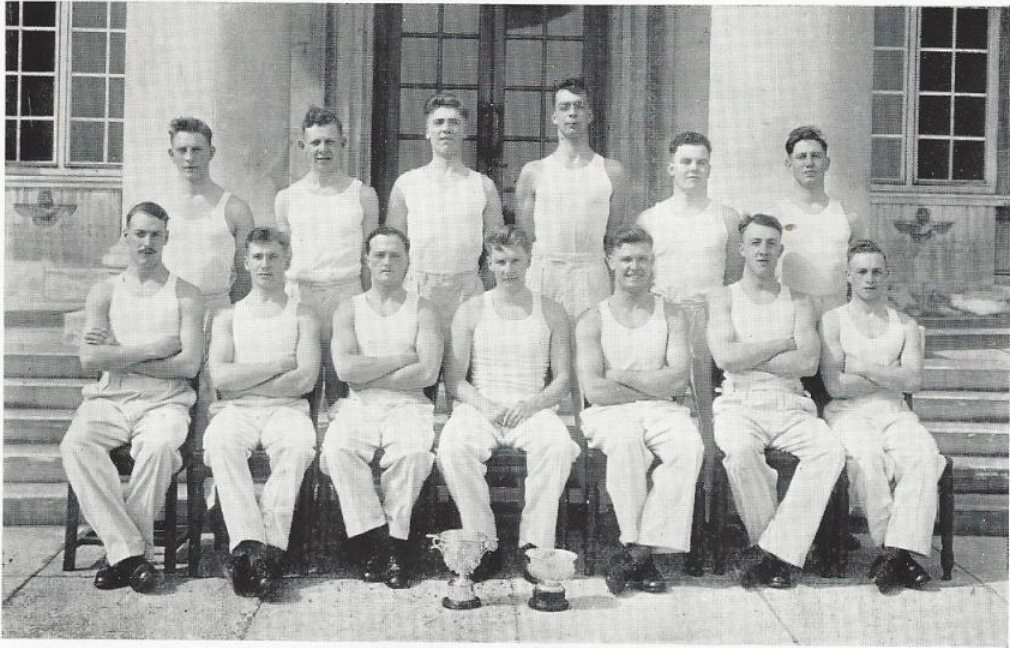
J. J. G.

### FENCING

This term has been mostly occupied with hard and concentrated training by the team selected to represent the R.A.F. in the Junior Individual Championships at the Royal Tournament. Aided by senior members of the fencing club, this team was trained by W.O. Smith in foil, épée and sabre, and by Flight Lieutenant Arkinstall, of No. 1 Radio School, in bayonet. We wish to congratulate these on the hard and enthusiastic work that they put into this task.

The tournament match took place at Olympia on Saturday, 25th June, and a splendid fight was put up by the whole team. Outstanding in their weapons were: Powell, who was awarded the medallion for style and who took second place in the bayonet finals;





**SWIMMING TEAM—JULY, 1949**

*Standing*.—R. J. Littlejohn. J. B. Lightfoot. R. W. Burgess. B. C. Mills. R. A. Birchall. P. Richardson.  
*Seated*.—R. J. Spiers. D. Parratt. H. E. Clements. R. M. Raw (Capt.). M. E. Walsh. G. O. Eades. M. G. Skipp.



**ROWING TEAM—JULY, 1949**

[Photos: Gale & Polden Ltd., Aldershot

*Standing*.—Sqn. Ldr. E. W. P. Ainsworth. E. F. Hemming. D. C. Walker. C. McA. Bacon. Flt. Lt. A. M. Blackburn.  
*Seated*.—A. H. P. Cornish. A. S. H. Black (Vice-Capt.). Sqn. Ldr. B. R. Champion. P. J. Bardon (Capt.). P. Johnson, Esq.  
 G. G. Lee. J. L. Price.  
*Seated on Ground*.—D. McAfee. J. E. Elliott.



and Price, who was also awarded the medallion for style and who drew with Innes-Smith for second place in foil. Others to be congratulated are: P. C. C. Smith, who reached the finals in the sabre, and MacMullen, the finals in bayonet.

The team was as follows:

*Foil.*—Price, Innes-Smith, Walker and Lund.

*Sabre.*—Caris, Hawkins, Polgreen and P. C. C. Smith.

*Bayonet.*—Powell, May, Wilkins and MacMullen.

The inter-Squadron fencing took place on Friday, 15th July, and showed that although the Fencing Club is composed mainly of junior entries, its standard of fencing is comparatively high. B Squadron won, C Squadron a close second, and A Squadron last.

Digby have now started training with us here at Cranwell and although unable to take part in the inter-Squadron match, they show promise for next year.

Full colours to Furze, Palmer and Chester; and half-colours to Watson, Price, Hawkins and Lee.

A. R. L. C.

### ROWING

Rowing started in March when two crews were able to begin preparing for the season's rowing. Both of these crews and our novice sculler, D. C. Walker, represented the College in the R.A.F. Regatta. Both crews reached the final of the Clinker Fours event, A crew winning the final by half a length over B crew in the record time for the day. Walker beat Wing Commander O'Neil in the Novice Sculls. These results brought the Fours and Novice Sculls trophies to the College, and the Scott Paine inter-unit trophy, which was won on points.

An event against Haileybury School resulted in the defeat of both crews over a long course at Haileybury.

On 28th May we visited Nottingham. Here A crew won two heats and only just lost their third by three feet. B crew was severely attacked by gremlins in their second heat, when several slides broke, so the race went to their opponents.

Newark Regatta found the B crew drawn against the eventual winners in their first heat. A crew won two heats and then met the winners who only just managed to hold this race.

Boston was the last regatta of the season, and our four entries were again unsuccessful. A crew lost its second heat and B crew its first. However, a combined effort in the Maiden VIII showed great promise, and the crew were only prevented from winning by a broken rigger in the last hundred yards.

The Inter-Squadron Regatta was the final event of the season. The results were:

*Clinker Fours.*—1, B Squadron; 2, A Squadron.

*Light Pairs.*—1, A Squadron; 2, C Squadron.

*Open Sculls.*—1, P. Bardon (B); 2, D. C. Walker (B).

*Tub Pairs.*—1, B Squadron; 2, A Squadron.

*Cox's Sculls.*—1, Elliot (C); 2, McAfee (B).

Light entertainment, apart from the rowing, was provided by rubber dinghy races manned by all sorts and conditions of flight cadets. Final positions:

1, B Squadron; 2, A Squadron; 3, C Squadron; 4, Digby.

We are indebted to Mr. Patrick Johnson for his valuable coaching of the fours earlier on in the season and his good work on the "greenhorns" in the latter half.



We are also very grateful to Flight Lieutenant Blackburn and Flying Officer Dixon for their efforts. Finally, Squadron Leader Champion has done the Boat Club a great service by his energy and drive, both over at the boathouse and here at the College, which is undoubtedly the reason for such successes and near-successes as we have had this season, and will be an undoubted asset next season.

J. L. P.

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## SPORT AT DIGBY

### CRICKET

EARLY in the season the Cinderella sport at Digby blossomed forth and registered the Wing's first complete victory in an inter-Squadron competition.

After this nothing of any great importance took place until 3rd July, when a combined Cranwell and Digby side defeated a strong eleven captained by Mr. Eric Parker, of Scopwick, in the best match of a rather limited season. The fixture will be remembered not only for the excellent cricket but also for the wonderful hospitality extended to the players by Mr. Parker after the match.

On 10th July a much stronger staff eleven avenged its defeat of the previous season in no uncertain manner. A week later a trip was arranged to Trent Bridge, where the Yorkshire and Nottinghamshire sides were engaged in a local "Derby" match.

During the season the Wing was represented in the College sides by three players in the first eleven and two in the second eleven. With the Wing approaching full strength it is hoped that there will no longer be a dearth of cricketers by the next season, and a reasonably strong side should be forthcoming.

D. W. L.

### TENNIS

The courts were in great demand this summer, and our thanks are due to Mr. Thorpe, the groundsman, for maintaining them at such a high standard. Once again, the lack of adequate coaching was felt, and despite many demands, only a limited programme could be dealt with.

Flight Cadet Cpl. Longworth and Cadet Marshall represented the College during the season, and at times this depleted the strength of the Wing team. Nine Wing matches were played in all, our opponents including Sleaford Tennis Club, Kelham Theological College, and the Apprentice Wing, Cranwell. Of these, the Wing won two and lost seven.

B. G. C.

### ROWING

The introduction of rowing to Digby has, in spite of our defeat in the Inter-Squadron Regatta, proved to be of no little success. Not only does D Squadron help to add to the spirit of competition for the rowing trophy, but will henceforth provide a useful source of talent for the College crews.

I should like to thank all our oarsmen and our dinghy crews for their strenuous efforts and co-operation throughout the season; also the Director of Studies and Squadron Leader Champion for their unceasing work in the training of our representatives.

M. H. S.



## COLLEGE SOCIETY

### LA ROCHELLE

IN the evening of 29th July the majority of the linguistical intelligentsia of the College forgathered at Viceroy Court, the Royal Air Force transit centre in London.

Early the following morning we set out on our journey to Paris, via Victoria Station, Dover and Calais. In spite of having only three booked seats to Dover, we eventually found accommodation at first in the guard's van, but as he objected strongly to this incursion into his sanctum, the tea tables became the final repository of ourselves and the luggage. Dover and the boat were reached without further incident. Here we were accosted with landing tickets and French customs currency declarations. As French regulations allowed us the generous imprest limit of 40,000 francs, we were little troubled.

In Calais our attempts to obtain a seat reserved for the "mutilés de guerre" were foiled by two things—their absence, and by the fact that although most of us had placed ourselves in a strategic position for disembarking, the holder of the "billet collectif" was pathetically at the blunt end of the ship. This did give us an opportunity of using our French as one porter informed us that two trains left for Paris, a fast and a slow, and where should he put our bags. At last our ticket arrived and we positioned ourselves in the corridor regardless of warnings by travellers ensconced in booked seats that the French allowed no standing. The train started and we were still aboard.

We reached Paris at 6 p.m. and were met by a Cook's agent and members of R.A.F. Movements, Paris. They took us by hired bus (a nerve-racking ride) to the Trianon Palace in the Latin quarter, where the rooms and prices were high. Next morning, after consuming coffee and a small piece of bread and jam, we sat around awaiting breakfast until it gradually became clear that that was breakfast.

The train arrived at La Rochelle at 1600 hrs. on Sunday, after a seven and a half hour journey from Paris. Our course was held in a modern building which in term time is a women teachers' training college, where a cup of milkless, weak tea awaited us.

Our mornings were occupied with lessons which lasted from 0900 hrs. until 1100 or 1200 hrs. As the nationalities represented were numerous, explanations sometimes became difficult, but fortunately English seemed to be a common language. It became apparent to us throughout our stay that the continentals take the study of languages much more seriously than we do. Especially noticeable was the fact that nearly all spoke very good English. Among those who did not understand our language were several coloured students from the French colonies.

The lessons in the Cours Moyen (for we did not dare undertake the Cours Supérieur which was of mainly highly philosophical lectures) consisted of explained contexts, conversation and composition. We did once stray by error into a Cours Supérieur lecture. This consisted of a lecture on Descartes delivered by a highly voluble Professor. Unfortunately, the French was just a shade above us, but we all agreed entirely with his verdict on Descartes.

Our second day was marked by a Thé Special, when we had our first introduction to French ceremony. An aperitif (although there is nothing in French tea to necessitate



this) was served, and the Professor of Philosophy from the University of Poitiers delivered a speech of welcome to us.

During our stay we were given the addresses of families who invited groups of two or three to visit them. These visits did much to improve our spoken French, and it is rumoured that certain members spoke truly fluid French when they were carried back after their final visit.

On 5th August we visited the graves of fifteen R.A.F. and Dominion aircrew who had been shot down during raids on La Pallice, a German submarine base a little to the north. We formed up in procession with the other English from the College and the French who had tended the graves throughout the war, and walked through the cemetery. At the graveside a firing party of the French Army presented arms while the "Last Post" was sounded. A wreath was then laid on the graves by one of our officers.

The next day the école where we stayed was granted a signal honour in the visit of the President du Conseil de la République (formerly the Senate). There was an impressive ceremony marked by very good speeches, especially by M. Monnesville, the President. His speech was interrupted throughout by the opening of the champagne in which we drank his health. The President, ranking third in the Republic, is a native of French Guiana and a mulatto. He was not unnaturally pleased to see coloured students present.

The second week was marked by two main events of interest: the visit to the Ile d'Oleron and the dance in the Casino.

In our visit to the island we saw the quaint French villages, visiting the church in the main village where the priest gave an interesting talk and showed us a painting on the roof which "watched" you.

On the Wednesday evening a dance was held in the Casino in honour of the foreign students. We feel that much was done that evening to better Anglo-French and Anglo-European relations in general.

Sunday brought with it our departure and return to Paris, where we were again destined to be taken to the Trianon Hotel. Deciding that this destiny should not shape our end we moved that owing to "convertibility" troubles a cheaper hotel be found. After a prolonged search we found good, cheap accommodation in the Rue des Ecoles, under the sobering shadow of the Sorbonne. The evening and next day were spent viewing the various sights of Paris and experiencing the "Métro." Here we thought the pinnacle of our linguistic powers was reached in being able to reply to a "Métro" problem of a real French woman.

Tuesday found us back in England and dispersing to our homes ready to display our new-found fluency and recollect our experiences. With us we carried the memory of a happy visit and a feeling of thanks to all who made the journey possible.

M. M. F.

#### CANNES, 1949

Clustering red rocks and a sapphire sea that sparkled in the early morning sunshine—the first impression of the Mediterranean from our Riviera-bound train. And what else can one record but impressions?—an analysis of our trip to Cannes through the medium of a dull, uninteresting itinerary would be like some of the conventions we temporarily discarded there, correct but unimaginative.



Our first contact with the inhabitants of this strange new land was at Calais, when our ship was boarded by a host of red-pom-pommed berets, whose owners emitted wild cries of "Porteur!" "Porteur!" at the slightest provocation. On to Paris, with, "Doesn't it look like England?" rapidly becoming the stock phrase; and here the camera began to make the first of its many appearances. How can one say anything about Paris itself, that has not been repeated so often before? Traffic roars at Silverstone speeds along the narrow cobbled streets and wide tree-lined boulevards; the city at night from the heights of Sacré Cœur looks like a beautiful fairyland; it looks beautiful, too, from Montmartre and the Place Pigalle, though in a different way! The most Gallic-looking Frenchman, or so you think, is apt to deceive you with a Brooklyn rasp or a Cockney twang, and the most disconcerting thing of all, even the smallest child speaks perfect French.

We travelled overnight to Cannes and awoke to find ourselves uncomfortably hot and several degrees south of the Gare de Lyons, our point of departure. We reached Cannes about midday, and as soon as possible the R.A.F. College party were in shirts and shorts, our "rig of the day" for the next fortnight.

How quickly those fourteen days passed! Each morning we attended lectures at the College International, in company with other students from all over the world. We soon found that there were two distinct types of instruction; elementary grammar and conversation, which was notable more for its spontaneous humour—a large number of Americans being present—than for its academic value, and advanced lectures in French literature and philosophy which, at times, were a little above our heads. Our oral French improved considerably, however, especially at meal times, when, unless one could speak with sufficient ferocity, and remain comprehensible at the same time, it was often difficult to persuade our Italian friends that we, too, were hungry.

Every afternoon was filled with swimming, sunbathing, trips via the funicular railway to Super-Cannes and that wonderful view from the roof of the Constellation Café; while two energetic cadets even played squash in a temperature of 102 degrees. We made the usual pilgrimage to Monte Carlo, but remembering the good advice given to us previously, we found our best reward in the magnificent panorama seen from Monaco Rock. In the evenings we danced beneath moonlit palms or went for long rambles around the harbour of the old town of Cannes.

At first our daily water supply presented us with a tricky organization problem. French plumbing, we discovered, was apt to be unreliable, and water at the College invariably arrived at 0530 hrs. and departed again at 0540. During our stay one of our number conceived the brilliant idea of plugging his basin with an old sock, no regulation plugs being available, and leaving the tap on overnight. Needless to say, we were granted a special water concession that self-same night, and a general alarm next morning called us to rescue most of our belongings from four inches of water.

Then, before anyone fully realized it, we were on our way home, and being given a typically French send-off. Everyone brought away his own particular memories, but some, perhaps, were common to us all: the fat Italian who solemnly gave the beach a solo physical training display at four o'clock each afternoon; that "sandwich jambon" consumed at two a.m. in the Café Carnot; the syrupy flavour of grenadine and the biting tang of pernod; and last, but definitely not least, the strong bonds of Anglo-Norwegian, Anglo-American and Anglo-French friendship which most of us succeeded in forming.



May we thank the promoters of our visit and all those who helped to make it the success it was? From the practical point of view, not only did our idiomatic French improve and our vocabulary widen, but we grew accustomed to the sound of our own voices speaking French, and even now every member of our party remembers the awful significance of "Service n'est pas compris, M'sieu." If possible, this trip should become a regular College fixture, and may it always be an away match!

B. J. L.

## SAILING

### THE SPERLING, 13TH—20TH AUGUST, 1949

We gazed at the *Sperling* from Calshot Spit with a somewhat jaundiced eye. This was not due to anything structurally wrong with the boat, as far as we could see, she was worthy of being crewed by the cream of the College. No, the reason for our lowered brows was that she *was*, as far as we could see, in fact, at the extreme range of the optic. "When will she be back?" we bleated plaintively; the powers-that-be stroked their chins thoughtfully and referred to a calendar.

However, a cooling zephyr confounded the pessimists and we were aboard that night. The skipper enthroned himself in the cockpit and consulted the oracle. "We sail at 3 o'clock in the morning," he announced after lengthy deliberations with the Almanac, Nautical, Intrepid Seafarer, for the use of, year 1909. So, sure enough, bravely sticking out our salt-encrusted, one day old, beards into the darkness, we "stood out to sea." (Get that nautical term.) While the engineer, whose thatch compared favourably with the Gleaming Orb, which was appearing in the East, was persuading himself that Brake (or is it, Break?) Thermal Efficiency couldn't possibly have anything to do with an engine at 3 o'clock in the morning, there was a heated argument taking place on deck as to whether "that was a green or red light."

We reached the Needles at nine o'clock, having at last decided whether we were bound. We bobbed bravely past a seal who waved gaily at us from a buoy. Then two things happened at once. Two things, we were to learn, that are essential for propulsion at sea. The wind died and so did the engine.

We gyrated slowly for three hours at the mouth of the Needles Channel, while the engineer drank quantities of petrol and spewed it into the engine. The engine upheld the ancient traditions of all marine engines, that is "on no account go when at sea, and on no account stop when at anchorage."

The chronicler lost all interest in the proceedings and went to sleep, so the events of the following hours are lost to him. But when he awoke, land was not to be seen. He raised a mighty shout of triumph and returned to sleep, while the cook concocted some fiendish brew, which he constantly referred to as "Damn fine stew, this!"

We arrived off Cherbourg that evening, when it happened again, the wind and the put-put motor, I mean. The engineer started spewing petrol all over the place again, and the remainder of us smoked cigarettes out on the bowsprit and tore a ham to pieces with our fingers. Just after dark there was a sound of rending metal down aft, a few reverberating explosions and silence. The engineer's face appeared through the hatch, a queer livid colour. He ground his teeth on the coaming, and in a voice vibrant with suppressed emotion informed us that the engine would not be giving a performance that evening.



We stared moodily at the twinkling lights of Cherbourg, and chewed ham. With the air of a conjuror the skipper produced a red flare and lit it. This was apparently meant to convey to the French that we required a tow. When our flare died out, the whole mainland was lit up by flares and rockets. We were delighted, in fact, frantic with excitement. We lit another flare and exactly the same thing happened. With one accord we cried, "Hurrah for the French!" We made the *Sperling* shipshape and prepared to receive one tug. We were still waiting three hours later. The fireworks on shore had filled the air the whole time, and we came to the conclusion that it must be some sort of fiesta, and our flare had coincided with its commencement. Our surmise, we found out later, was perfectly correct.

When at sea without either wind or engine, it is quite impossible to move. I should add relative to the water, because throughout the night our ground speed was fantastic. We tore rapidly up and down the coast, backwards, sideways and occasionally in the direction we were pointing under the influence of wayward and homeless currents.

When dawn broke, the chronicler felt like a dehydrated fish (the rest said that he looked like one, too), having been on watch all night. In the morning light he noticed that the ship was a mile or so off the small village of Urville, a suburb of Cherbourg. A morning breeze slowly wafted us towards it, when it suddenly got dark again. "A remarkably short day," everyone said, "but, of course, it does this sort of thing in foreign parts. When I was in. . . ."

The helmsman binocularled the horizon, but all he saw was a close-up of one rivet; "better magnification than I thought," he muttered, and put them down. He found himself looking at the same rivet, not all that much smaller. His eyes wandered and took in a host of rivets. He digested all this and registered one battleship. It moved slowly past like a ghost, but it was not, because it made a clanging noise when you threw things at it. Our hanging mouths made out the word *Minnesota*—and it got light again. A profound knowledge of seamanship was not necessary to tell us that we were in Cherbourg's main channel, and that an American battleship had nearly run us down. "Oh well. . . ."

Streaking along at a quarter of a knot, we were a mile off shore three hours later, when the skipper decided to put ashore to get provisions and get a real engineer. So away he went, and so did the *Sperling*, rapidly sideways to the nearest outcrop of rocks. The tide, the Almanac informed us, had changed. Panic reigned ashore, and when the boat was within an ace, even closer than that, of being plunged into the rocks, a boat tore round the corner and towed us back to the village.

The next two days were of feasting and Bacchanalian orgies. We rolled about the place with carefully affected nautical gaits. "English sailors? Oh yes, just got in, been at sea for days. . . . Malta? Of course, down there last week. . . . Homeward bound in a couple of days, been a long time, you know. . . . Ever heard of La Linea? No? In Spain, you know. . . ."

The ancient mariner fixed us with a glittering eye. "Wind's only got to go round north, then you've had it; see them rocks. . . .?" (All in French, of course.) "Open anchorage like they is dangerous when the wind goes round to the north," the men on the beach assured us. We waved a nonchalant hand. "Nothing to touch the Bay of Biscay for storms," we said.

On Tuesday night the wind went round to the north. Yours truly was recovering



from a six-hour session ashore, when he was violently removed on to the floor. Three of the crew were ashore. The skipper shouted "All hands on deck." The crew rubbed their eyes and blearily regarded the scene. Waves were curling over the boat, and everything was as black as pitch. In the distance he could hear singing and someone talking volubly and the clink of bottles. The dinghy, with gunwales just showing, appeared alongside with the crew, all talking volubly. Everybody climbed aboard except the engineer. He handed up the bottles and got out of the boat—on the wrong side. When we fished him out of the 'oggin, we made haste to go to sea. Two stalwarts leapt to the main halyard to hoist the sail, pulled the wrong rope, broke the topping lift, with the result that the boom crashed down and laid out the skipper. "Oh, well, press on, chaps." A rude and fresh engineer churned the motor for a few anxious moments, when at last it rose nobly to the occasion, the seriousness of which was only appreciated by the skipper, who was at the time only with us in corpus. The anchor came out of the sea, the two worthies hauling it up nearly replacing it on the bottom.

We rode the storm at sea for six hours, a time check being kept by the cook, who at regular intervals contributed the contents of his stomach to the deep. At the murky hour of three o'clock we put into Cherbourg. Davy Jones took a holiday that night, and we found the Petite Rade.

The chaos aboard was unbelievable, and the dinghy had also taken a holiday, having departed in the night.

The next morning we recovered the dinghy which miraculously had stayed close by, and we chugged into the yacht anchorage. Our condition told the tale for us; the big noises in the yachting world nodded at each other. "Beginners." We glowered. Once the ship was "shape" again we continued ashore where we left off.

Eventually the time came to totter back to Blighty. We said good-bye to our neighbours, whose forbearance was commendable considering that we nearly drowned their children.

The next day, in mid-Channel, we stopped a liner and asked by semaphore where we were. They signalled back in Morse, "Don't know," and if a Morse lamp can convey expression, they sounded a bit browned off. After all, it only costs £200 to stop and start a liner at sea.

We tore into the Needles Channel, causing considerable confusion on board a destroyer by dipping our ensign. After a night in Yarmouth, I.O.W., where we did not quite get the reception of the Smith brothers, who followed us a week later, we arrived at Calshot dead on E.T.A., passing the *Kormoran*, which was heading out to sea, emulating a submarine.

P. J. B.

#### THE *KORMORAN'S* FOURTH CRUISE

Failing to see why the Smith brothers should attract so much attention, and refusing to be outdone by them, a determined group of flight cadets and a not-quite-so-determined officer set sail from Calshot on the afternoon of 29th August. Spirits were high on this eventful occasion and it was not very long before lower jaws were seen to protrude and a do-or-die expression had appeared on everyone's face. Little did we realize at the time that this show of determination was soon to fade and that in its place would appear the ghastly signs of hunger and, in one case, the even more ghastly



signs of gas poisoning. No—we were sea-dogs now, and little things such as starvation and suffocation were not going to stand in our way.

The *Kormoran* did not exactly shoot away from the moorings, but after a little persuasion and a large amount of auto-suggestion it was not long before she could report headway against the land.

This great sensation of speed immediately set us about our various tasks, and the first two hours were spent by everyone demonstrating to everyone else his great knowledge of seamanship. Words, such as “bed” and “downstairs” mystically disappeared from our vocabulary and were replaced by terms, such as “thingamyjig” and “what-not.”

Our progress became apparent when Yarmouth appeared off our starboard beam (landlubbers, please note), and great excitement was aroused amongst the crew when it was realized that here we were to collect our rations. Majestically did the grey and silver form of the *Kormoran* slide through the harbour entrance, and mysteriously did the skipper’s face turn from one hue to another as he realized that the engine would not reverse. After the third ricochet we gently came to rest, retrieved the boat-hook from someone else’s rigging and set about the job of provisioning. Whilst this was in progress the remainder of the crew took time off to discuss plans. The general opinion was, “On, Stanley, on” (or was it, “Charge, Chester, charge”), and so we made preparations for a night sail across the Channel.

Within a couple of hours we were off the Needles and going strong. At the end of another couple of hours we were still off the Needles and still, apparently, going strong. Someone had blundered—the tide had changed and we were now battling against wind and water. Nevertheless, by two o’clock in the morning we had rounded the bend, figuratively and literally, and were all set for *la belle France*. But by noon the next day our own little calm had caught up with us and we were able to leap over the side and try our hand at cross-Channel swimming without fear of the boat leaving us behind. So attached was our little calm that we had to abandon all attempts at sailing and seek aid from that infernal monster that takes up half the cabin—the engine. At sunset, half-obscured by a mixture of exhaust gases and Calor gas we carried out another remarkable landing at Cherbourg. Sleep was very welcome that night.

The next morning the author was gently awakened by the sound of lapping water, and on persuading one of his eyes to open sufficiently to see what was happening, he was met by the alarming sight of his two shoes sailing on opposite tracks from one end of the cabin to the other. Shrieks of dismay informed the whole crew that the boat was sinking, and that unless they jumped to it they would suffer the fate of those on the *Titanic*. Half an hour later someone climbed out of his bunk and began to pump. The noise made sleep impossible for the other five, and so a bucket chain was started and a combination of pump and bucket soon averted disaster. A flight cadet is allergic to water at the best of times, but when it comes and covers the floor of his sleeping quarters and causes him to get up early in the morning, he realizes that matters have gone far enough—repairs would have to be done. The next day a cloud of garlic and tobacco fumes heralded the arrival of a horde of tiny gremlin-like “ouvriers,” and work was begun. Three very illuminating days spent in the study of the French way of life in Cherbourg were abruptly brought to an end by the production of the bill for the completed repair work. It became painfully apparent to all that our next port of call would have to be in the sterling area.



So it was that in the small hours of a morning four days after we had first left England, the *Kormoran* became mobile once more and we set sail for Jersey. Again the wind played tricks with us, and we were forced into Sark. I think everyone was impressed by the rugged beauty of that little island and the hospitality of its inhabitants. Perhaps it was not an ill-wind that put us there after all. Nevertheless, a sigh of relief was distinctly heard coming from the skipper when we were clear of all the rocks and tidal races that abound on that coast and he was at last able to put away the little book that had told us ". . . on no account should vessels other than small fishing boats attempt to land here."

At last a favourable wind came to our aid and it looked as though Jersey would be reached before nightfall. The effect of seeing his homeland, however, was too much for one stalwart member of the crew. So moved was he that he had to clutch the gun-wales and gaze longingly into the waters speeding by beneath, issuing strange noises, apparently in his native dialect. Even the offer of a delicious meal could not tear him away, in fact, it seemed only to increase his anxiety to see the waterline of the boat and nearly doubled the frequency of the strange noises he was making. Since it was already dark when we arrived off Jersey, our entry into St. Helier called for a supreme effort on the part of everyone. It was plainly a case of our wits being pitted against those of the harbour master, and there could be no question of us losing. Months of training at the R.A.F. College stood us in good stead now as we skilfully dodged amongst the snares laid by the enemy. We laughed with impunity at the misplaced and wrongly named buoys, and we scoffed at the lights that flashed false signals. There was only one thing that could stop us now—the harbour wall. This was soon reached and it was not long before we were once again securely attached to terra firma, and a ravenous mob of individuals were making short work of "the best mixed grill in town."

Two days later, after having been lavishly entertained by the parents of one of the crew, a suggested wild dash to the South of Spain was turned down and course set for England. The remaining two Channel Islands received a short visit on the way back, but a slight argument with the Alderney race unfortunately made it impossible to call in at Omanville, on the French coast. It was with mixed feelings that we watched for St. Catherine's Light, but, as it turned up bang on E.T.A., repeat bang on E.T.A., we saw our home country beginning to close in on us. The journey was not over, however, and we soon learned that the old Chinese proverb "Concentrate till you stop rolling," was not only applicable to flying. Shortly after dawn a slumbering crew were informed by a plaintive cry from the cockpit that the worst had happened—we were aground on an ebbing tide. Thirty seconds later morn was shattered only by the sonorous sleep of the just and the rhythmic creaking of the mizzen mast shifting from side to side in its mountings.

At ten o'clock history was made and the moorings were taken without the aid of the engine. An eventful chapter in the life of the *Kormoran* had been completed, and one determined officer and five not-quite-so determined flight cadets went ashore for the last time.

A. S. H. B.



**THE RUSSIAN  
WAR MEMORIAL  
IN BERLIN**



**KORMORAN—THE  
COLLEGE YACHT**

**GLIDING AT  
SCHARFOL-  
DENDORF**





**COLLEGE MOUNTAINEERING MEET**

The club summer meet was held in the Lake District at the Fell and Rock Climbing Club Hut in Langdale. The party, under Flight Lieutenant Clause, consisted of Worthington, Littlejohn, Williamson, Walsh, Burley, Davis and Fox. The overnight train from London disgorged an oddly dressed group at Windermere in the early hours of 23rd August. Somebody was heard muttering about night cross-countries, but we were too weary to sympathize. After stopping in Ambleside, a taxi was hired to take the luggage and purchases to Raw Head—a necessary action if others were to use the local bus that morning.

On the same day that we arrived, rope work and its principles were explained and demonstrated to the novices, and they had their first experience of rock climbing on Scout Crag. On the second day Flight Lieutenant Clause had the misfortune to slip and break his arm while leading a variation to the first pitch of Middlefell Buttress. While Burley helped him down to the "Old Dungeon Ghyll," the remainder of the party finished the climb and went on for a swim in Stickle Tarn. This accident diminished our leaders, so we turned more to mountain craft and fell walking. This, while not so exciting and interesting as actual rock climbing, is a vital part of every climber's knowledge. Descending from the top of a crag in cloud can be more dangerous and trying than the climb itself.

The novices' stamina, and their ability to map read, were tested in a long walk across the fells to Dow Crag. They were to meet the leaders there and then finish the day with a climb. For most of them the day was finished long before the six hours' walk was completed. Our second visit to Dow was a far happier event; we all went by bus to Conistone and attacked the crag from there. After a long day, returning from the cold bleakness of Goats Water to the quiet beauty of Langdale was restful in itself. Chimneys, cracks and buttresses provide all the interest and excitement one can absorb during the day, but in the evening nothing can be more appreciated than a warm, comfortable hut set in lakeland scenery at its best. It is there one satisfies a craving appetite, watches the sun's last rays change the fell-tops to a glorious colour. There one sits before a blazing log fire and thinks of the climbs of the morrow.

We were lucky in having Pilot Officer Le Poer Trench arrive during our meet. His climbing ability, particularly as a leader, made a great difference. We were able to bring pure rock climbing back on to our programme. In all we managed over thirty different climbs during our stay. They varied from "moderates" to a "very severe," with the main emphasis on "difficults." During the meet we all managed to learn something of lasting value. One or two learnt that absiling requires a very strong pair of trousers; another learnt that spaghetti is very unpopular with the masses; we all learnt that kindness and co-operation can produce anything from a gift of blackberries to the loan of "my husband's corduroy trousers."

R. J. L.

**SCHARFOLDENDORF**

By the courtesy of the A.O.C.-in-C., B.A.F.O., two parties of officers and flight cadets were accommodated at the B.A.F.O. rest centre at Scharfoldendorf for gliding. Beautifully set in the foothills of the Hartz Mountains, Scharfoldendorf is situated on



the top of an 800-foot ridge, falling away steeply to a succession of cultivated valleys and pine-covered hills.

The first party, commanded by Squadron Leader J. S. Owen, consisted of flight cadets of the junior year who were unlucky in establishing a high accident rate of damaged gliders and cut cables. They were fortunate in having a ridge wind, enabling most of them to fulfil the five hours' endurance test, part of the Silver "C" Certificate. Some achieved the 1,000 metres climb, but none was able to obtain the cross-country distance for the Silver "C."

The second party was made up of Senior Flight cadets, commanded by Flight Lieutenant H. E. White, D.F.C. They were accompanied by the Assistant Commandant for the first few days. Weather conditions were not good, but after a great struggle, everybody, including Flying Officer Laing, who repeatedly missed by a fraction of a minute, managed fifteen minutes for a "C" Certificate.

On one of the non-flying days, a visit was paid to the B.A.O.F. Air Display at Gutersloh. The dusty discomfort of the four-hour journey was soon forgotten, when, after an exhibition of trick gliding, a formation of four Shooting Stars executed a series of aerobatics, making good use of the power of their boosted ailerons. Other impressive sights included formation aerobatics and bombing by Vampires, a glider snatch after an airborne assault by gliders and parachutists, low-level bombing by Mosquitoes and aerobatics by a single Meteor IV.

An intermittent ridge wind caused a number of anxious moments, and a few of the more ambitious cross-country aspirants were confounded by the dying-out of lift. As confidence grew, the temptation to stray from the gliding site increased, but a long wait in the valley, before being retrieved, deterred anyone from repeating the performance.

Serviceability of the winch cable was very good, although the jeeps gave a little trouble, and the damaged gliders were speedily repaired. Many thanks are due to Flight Lieutenant Owen for making the stay so comfortable, and to the flying instructors for their untiring optimism and advice.

R. W. J.

R. T. C.

### ORKNEY, 1949

We left London sweltering in a heat wave at midday. After thirty-two hours of an indescribable journey we were greeted by Squadron Leader Jenkins at the door of the magnificent old house on the west side of Orkney. It is situated on the edge of Skail Bay and is built of sturdy grey stone—as any building here must be if it is to withstand the wind and rain, such as swept across the island on our first day, driving away all recollections of London's sultry air.

On the first evening we assembled in the library to decide upon a plan of campaign for the fortnight's shooting and fishing. This was to be no purely "sporting" holiday; everything edible was put into the pot, either for breakfast or supper. Two flying instructors, early arrivals, and the cooks for the next day, were reclining in front of a



huge pile of mushrooms which they were preparing to inflict on us for breakfast. The fishermen, it was decided, were to go in boat or wader, into any of the numerous lochs, there to entice a few of the trout on to those beautifully garnished hooks which they had already begun to construct. It was explained that they bore such exotic names as "Soldier Palmer," "Butcher," "Wickham's Fancy," "Invicta," and "Grouse and Green." To the novice their preparation from tufts of wool, feathers and strands of silk seemed also to entail the administration of sinister potions and the muttering of fishermen's weird incantations. This ritual certainly produced results, for there was trout with every evening meal and seldom did the hungry hunter, whose luncheon sandwiches had been insufficient, return home to find the larder completely empty. Some fish were not caught in the approved style; Flight Lieutenant Maynard landed his first trout to find it secured not by the mouth but by the tail. Radford's introduction to fishing provided a 2½-lb. brown trout which he insisted on parcelling and taking back to London, to the discomfort of several passengers, who were aware of its presence despite the intervention of several thicknesses of brown paper.

I must mention one windy day's fishing on the Loch of Harray. Boats had been hired and the party started pulling for the middle of the Loch, which they reached with surprising ease; indeed, it was with the greatest difficulty that they stopped the vessels before they had crossed the water and started to make their way up the beach. It took the rest of the day, rowing hard, for them to return to the starting point. Reach it they did eventually, and after their three-mile walk home they were looking forward to a good evening meal, which was unfortunate, for that was the night on which Guntrip and I were doing the cooking.

Some early evenings were spent rowing on Skail Bay while fishing for a mackerel-like fish, called a "coethe" by the locals, with lines baited with silver paper or white cloth, and one sortie produced the astonishing total of ninety-two. Only a few of these were eaten, and the remainder, left in a bowl for some days, provided an eerie illumination for the kitchen at night.

The amount of shooting was limited only by the number of cartridges we could afford; nevertheless, the size and variety of the bags were often interesting. Perhaps the best shooting was around Harray, where we were introduced to walking through waterlogged ground in thin shoes. It was here that Squadron Leader Jenkins demonstrated snipe shooting, and retrieving from deep water, and we all took part in inducing a mallard to force-land some half-mile away. We found it later, quite dead. In the afternoon we walked across miles of heather and set up a covey of grouse, all but one of which escaped. Back once more by the Loch, we lay down in the reeds to await the approach of some thirty mallard and greeted them with an intense barrage, which produced little result, apart from the patter of our shot on their tightly knit feathers. We returned with a "bag" of three and a half pair of snipe, two mallard, a grouse and a hare, to find a magnificent meal prepared by Flight Lieutenants West and Johnson. They had even provided a menu and tomato-and-mushroom sauté.

All our shooting days were not so successful, for on one notable afternoon two of our more distinguished shots—one was distinguished by his consistent inaccuracy—walked up and down the beach inflicting crippling casualties (four were downed by one shot) on the wisp of snipe which they found there. It came as a severe blow to them when it was pointed out that snipe is, in fact, a bird similar to a sparrow.



There is much more of which I could write; of Parkinson's famous tobacco, whose smoke left black patches on the ceiling; of walks along the cliffs, shooting at pigeons which came like the proverbial bats out of dark places—on one day sixty cartridges were expended to send one pigeon into the sea. Or I could write at length on evenings on the downs, and the thrill of sending a running rabbit cartwheeling in the half-light; on the porridge at breakfast and its different tastes, depending on how much and by whom it was burnt; or on evenings in the library with a book, and a beer, and with one's head resting on the soft pelt of an otter spread across the back of the sofa. But there are enough incidents to fill a book.

Our last glimpse of the Orkney was from the *St. Ola* as she ploughed her way through calm seas to Thurso, her mast describing great crescents in the morning sky—how she must have rolled in high seas—and the huge white porpoise diving beneath her bow, the only pleasant part of that journey back to London's heat-wave.

R. J. S.

### RIDING CLUB

The facilities of the College Riding Club were used to the full during the Summer Term, well over one thousand "sorties" being carried out.

A valuable addition to the stable was made by the purchase of "Flora," this raising the strength to nine horses. Unfortunately, one of the best horses, "Tony," was lamed about mid-term, the timely advent of the new mare filling the gap in the team for the Lincoln Show.

Whilst the team was practising steadily for the show, the other club members had many enjoyable rides around the local countryside. The standard of riding became steadily better, and several individuals were already showing great promise.

At the beginning of June, the team, accompanied by a number of keen supporters, entered a gymkhana at Cherry Willingham, to gain ring experience. An extremely enjoyable day was had by riders and supporters alike. In the section jumping, in which Worthington, Wood, Radford, and Gordon-Johnson took part, Wood gave an inspiring display of Cossack riding. The resultant premature dismounting was very much appreciated by the spectators.

A few privileged members joined a meet of the Blankney Hunt; it is hoped that more opportunity for this fine form of horse riding will come our way.

The Autumn Term is away to a flying start, with a total membership of seventy-five. Digby is now catered for, twelve riders coming over weekly for instruction. The finer points of riding are being taught this term in an extensive programme; jumping and hacking will follow with increase of proficiency. The Autumn Term is generally considered to be the best one for riding, and with the club in a better position than at any time since the reopening of the College, we look forward to a very successful term.

### THE LINCOLN SHOW

The Lincoln Show was held this year at Louth. The section jumping event is open to all Hunts in the country, and this was entered by the College, riding as Blankney B team.



Representing the College were C. J. S. Wood, on "Ginger"; Radford, on "Flora," and Gordon-Johnson, on "Cæsar." Rogers was the reserve rider. The horses behaved themselves reasonably well, although "Flora" was a little heated in more ways than one, and showed a remarkable ability for dispersing those spectators who were thoughtless enough to congest the ring entrance.

The morning inspection was passed with a total of 29 marks out of 40, the College suffering owing to the quality of its horses. "Ginger," no doubt, felt a little snubbed by the wealth of pedigree around him.

In the afternoon the team entered the ring to a fanfare from the Blankney Huntsman. The sight of Air Force blue must have pleased the spectators, for they marked the entrance with a rousing ovation. The fences on the two-circuit course were all negotiated without a hitch, but "Cæsar" insisted on running out at the brick wall both times, so putting paid to the chances of winning a prize.

Much valuable experience was gained from the competition, and although not placed, the riders had the small consolation of knowing they were the only team which did not knock down a fence.

The team would like to record its appreciation of the painstaking work of Mr. Falconer in his training of the team for the event.

H. R. R.

### DRAMATIC SECTION

With the production of T. S. Eliot's "Murder in the Cathedral," the section set a new standard for future productions. This standard will be difficult to maintain, but in the plays under production at the moment there is evidence of this being achieved. These plays are "English Summer," a story written around the Battle of Britain; and Joseph Kesselring's well-known "Arsenic and Old Lace."

We have lost, with the graduation of No. 47 Entry, what might be called "the backbone of the section." They had, practically without exception, all taken part in our productions. C. H. Walker, whose encyclopædic knowledge of plays and their production was, in no small way, responsible for the post-war success of the Dramatic Section, is one of those who has left and whose talents will be missed.

We welcome Squadron Leader Champion, who has taken over the technical side of stage design and construction. He has surrounded himself with a keen and energetic team of "experts." We welcome, too, Squadron Leader Button, who is to take over the arduous duties of Chairman which Squadron Leader Powell has so ably performed these past three years.

I. D. M.

### "MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL"

On 2nd June the Society produced its most ambitious production to date, T. S. Eliot's verse drama, "Murder in the Cathedral." It is to the greatest credit of all concerned that this play was a great success. "Even the ranks of Tuscany (the Philistines) could scarce forbear to cheer."

The producer, Richard Gidman, showed a very deep feeling for, and knowledge of, the play. He wisely did not clutter up the structure with ceremonial and panoply, as the producer is tempted to do, but gave an austere interpretation and let the verse and



bones of the action speak for themselves. He lavished time and patience on the production.

In the leading role, Peter Bardon gave a strong and forceful Becket, although at times he did not seem to have drained the uttermost meaning from his words. The outstanding performances of the evening were given by the four Knights and Tempters. In particular, mention must be made of Michael Short's temptation speech, where the magic of the words was matched by movements of almost balletic significance; and of Nigel Saunders' justification speech—a masterful and wholly convincing exposition.

As for the chorus, Robin McMullen, Frank Jacobs and Roy Staley took advantage to the full of the majesty and power of their lines, giving us a complete picture of the perils and terrors of the little man—"living and partly living."

The priests were if anything the weakest link, for their parts do not offer any openings for spectacular acting. They were portrayed faithfully and industriously by Ian Meredith, Roy Watson and John Gale. The latter's last speech, "Go, weak sad men, lost erring souls, homeless in earth or heaven . . ." still rings in the memory.

The costumes were well done, it being a particularly happy idea to put the four tempters into modern dress. The lighting plot was boldly conceived and well carried out. But when?—oh! when?—will some philanthropist present the College with a set of dimmers so that we can eliminate those distressing clicking switches? The set brought with it a genuine breath of the cloisters, but failed to make use of its opportunities. Had David Walker's original concept of an infinite vista of fan vaulting proved feasible we might have achieved what the Cranwell stage has so long lacked, the property of depth.

C. H. W.

#### No. 47 REVUE

After No. 47 Entry had been dined out they produced their parting shot—a revue of Cranwell through the ages, entitled, "Past, Present and Future." They were assisted or impeded in this by some members of No. 48 Entry, who "lent a hand," or, in some cases, feet.

The first sketch, showing Roman Cranwell, was extremely good, and set a standard which following scenes could scarcely hope to maintain. By way of King Arthur and the Armada we were brought to present times in which the events of a cadet's day were unmercifully parodied. Duty Corporals wept as the tricks of their trade were revealed, and the Flying Wing shuddered at the night flying scene when the R.T. was never silent and a harassed A.T.C.O. heard an aircraft scarcely airborne ask for a homing. Private study periods produced Be bop, Re bop, and Kloop Kleep, to the tune of Bo (p) Peep.

Cranwell future expressed all the present dislikes and discomforts in song and hoped for speedy improvement.

Noteworthy performances were given by G. G. Lee, Bourne, R. G. Price, Taylor, Palmer and Chamberlain. The sound effects were extremely realistic and well timed, and the band, under the direction of Flight Lieutenant W. J. Bangay, provided suitable music. Production was by C. H. Walker, who acted also as compere and was never at a loss for words.

R. J. C.





**"MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL"**  
"The enemy of society, enemy of himself"



**"THE DOVER ROAD"**

The first full-length production of the Digby Dramatic Section

*Facing page 162*





*Facing page 163*

**PRIZE-WINNING PHOTOGRAPH, JULY, 1949**

**By P. J. G. ELTON**



### PLAY-READING SECTION

This section, for some strange reason, appears to have lost favour with the flight cadet, despite the marked flourishing of its sister Dramatic Section. It may be felt that plays should only be acted or seen on the stage; yet a great deal of pleasure may be obtained from an intimate reading, where the audience is the cast, and much unsuspected talent is often uncovered there.

Since last reported the section has read "Green Pastures," by Mark Connely, where Flight Lieutenant Ince discovered a remarkable Southern accent; and Emlyn Williams's "Druids Rest," which brought forth a formidable array of Evans the Post's and Zachariah Policemen.

The Secretary still threatens "Winterset" as a future reading.

M. S.

### LOUNGE LIZARDRY

The ballroom dancing classes were as popular as ever last term. Some flight cadets took advantage of the opportunity either to learn to dance from scratch or to increase the amount they already knew. In the first case, Mrs. Brown, our capable instructress, led her flock through the first steps of the waltz and the quickstep, and in the second case she began to teach the more complicated steps of these two, together with some from the slow foxtrot.

There were (and are) two classes for beginners and two for "advanced" students of the art, but at the end of the term the "beginners" were ahead of their betters in some of the finer points. Both classes finished the term by learning to dance the invigorating but exhausting samba, and as the floor was full on graduation night it may be inferred that the classes have done that much good, anyway.

The Autumn Term started with emphasis on the complicated tango, since popular demand has decreed that the tango is a "must" in dancing. So far the basic steps have almost been mastered, while the turns are being considered.

Perhaps the main difficulty from which the classes have suffered is the lack of partners, but in an establishment such as ours this is not surprising, but it is still a trouble since the young ladies with whom the flight cadets come in contact during the week-end seem to be ignorant of all the steps which have so carefully been learnt. This, however, does not seem to damp the ardour of the would-be dancers, and the classes remain as full as ever. Hope springs eternal.

M. G. S.

### PHOTOGRAPHIC SECTION

The Photographic Section continues to flourish, fresh impetus to its activities having been given by the grant of a clubroom. In this is stored a large quantity of periodicals and equipment; indoor photography is practised and lectures given.

The section has heard lectures on developing, enlarging and indoor table-top photography, and has been treated to an excellent display and lecture on colour photography by Squadron Leader Ritchley. The end of the Summer Term saw the Annual Exhibition, which showed a continued progress in the standard of College photography. First prize went to P. G. Elton, for "Tombstones" (which is reproduced in this JOURNAL), and second to K. V. E. Gilbert for "Molly." Third prize was won by C. H. Walker for his "Cloud Study." The competition was judged by Mr. W. Spyvee, and prizes of films were presented to the winners.

V. E. E.



**AIRCRAFT ENGINEERING SECTION**

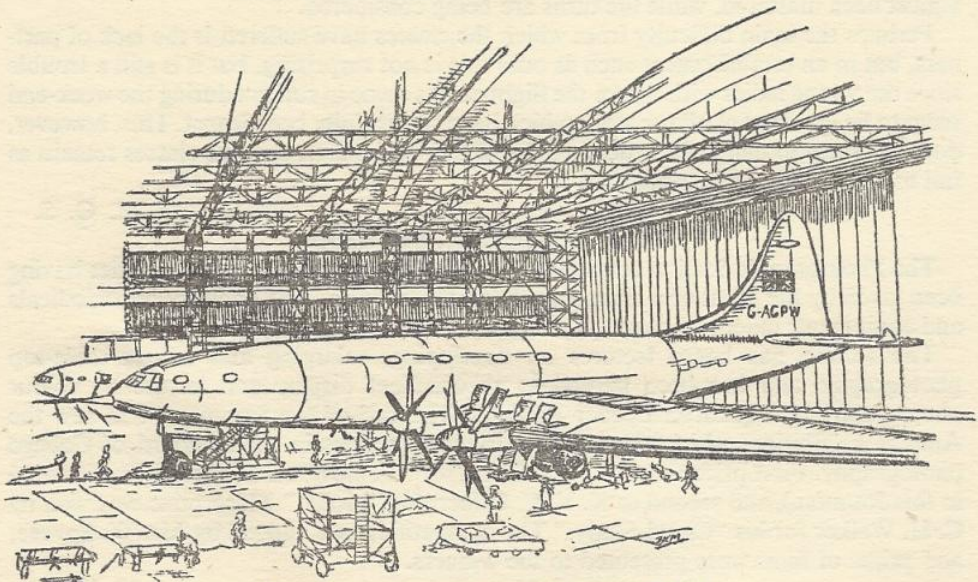
It has long seemed strange that the College, with its excellent facilities, should possess no aero-modelling section. During the Summer Term, a body of enthusiasts, presided over by Flight Lieutenant Blackburn, formed a section to fill this gap. The old riding hut was taken over and a loan was floated in the absence of a grant, by members. Interior decoration was tackled with "voluntary" labour and a spray gun. Eventually a simple paint brush was found to give a better "paint on wall" ratio. A fairy godmother in the form of works and bricks completed the outside of the hut.

The section was formed too late to do any serious flying this season, although a fine display of aerobatics by the President's model was witnessed by three incredulous flight cadets. It later transpired that it was unintentional. At the beginning of the Autumn Term, experiments in aero-towing of gliders by power models opened a new field of interest. Towed by powerful tug aircraft, the gliders were successfully released at maximum height.

Present emphasis is on planning and building models, production costs being lowered by members obtaining materials at reduced prices. In spite of the expense and high accident rate, power models outnumber those driven by rubber motors. A possible explanation is the "all-weather" characteristic of the control-line model.

For the future, the major project is a radio-controlled model, probably of the Prentice. The first spin should be interesting, at any rate. It is hoped to establish some club records as soon as possible, and next season to hold a local inter-club rally.

E. V. M.

**THE ENGINEERING SOCIETY AT BRISTOL**

The Brabazon under inspection between flights



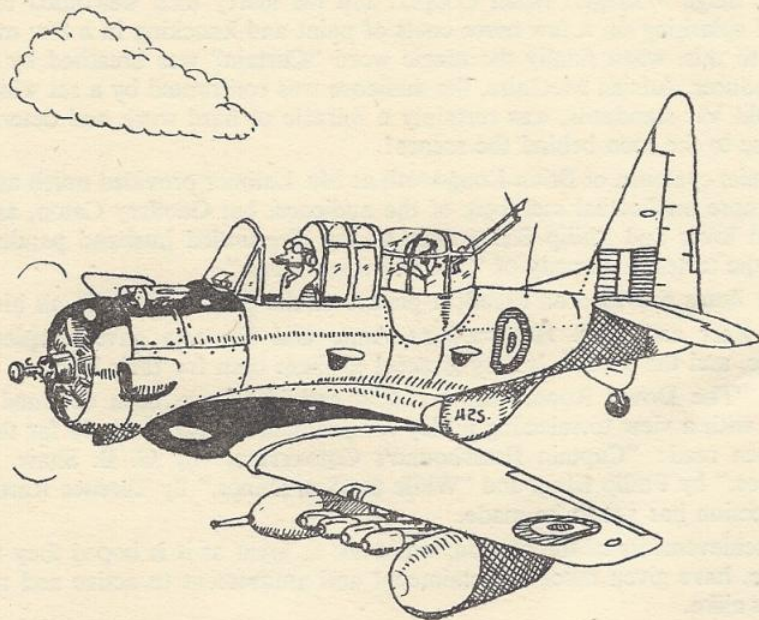
## DEBATING SECTION

An over-full College calendar prevented there being more than one formal debate last term, though the section met several times to arrange others.

The motion, "That in the opinion of this house, it would be better never to have been born at all," was proposed one Thursday evening after guest night to a distinguished house by Flight Cadets Short and Carding-Wells, and strongly opposed by Flight Cadets Gidman and Jacobs. The worthy efforts of Under-Officer Gush as President succeeded in rousing only two members from their post-prandial stupor to speak from the floor (someone remarked that those two would have spoken that night whatever the motion—whether a debate was held or not). The motion was rejected by a forceful majority.

Arrangements are in hand this term for two formal debates and several informal snap debates.

M. S.



"Bulldog"



### MUSIC SECTION

This term the choir has taken the major part of the Music Section's activities. Total membership of the choir to date is fourteen, who regularly attend either one or both of the two practices provided.

In the last two weeks of the term the choir was able to show the result of its work in singing in church two unaccompanied psalms in four-part harmony and, as an anthem, Hymn 107, also in unaccompanied harmony.

Sunday, 17th July, saw the acquisition of a new organ (late of Cranwell) and in celebration of this great event the Te Deum was performed for the first time.

Next term a special carol service is planned in addition to carols sung by selected members of the choir.

B. D. G.

### ACTIVITIES AT DIGBY

#### DRAMA AND PLAY-READING SECTION

THE principal interest of the section during the summer term has been the production of "The Dover Road," by A. A. Milne. Rehearsals began in the spring term, but a distressing lack of lady actors prevented the curtain going up until 20th June. However, the Stage Manager, Brian Cooper, and his merry men welcomed the opportunity of splashing on a few more coats of paint and knocking in a few more nails. Thanks to this, when finally the magic word "Curtain" was breathed by the wild-eyed producer, Adrian McGuire, the audience was confronted by a set which, if not up to Old Vic standards, was certainly a miracle of hard work and determination. All praise to the men behind the scenes!

The quiet cynicism of Brian Longworth as Mr. Latimer provided much amusement for the more intellectual members of the audience, but Geoffrey Caton, as the not-so-ardent lover and Philip Richardson as the disgruntled husband pandered quite ably to the tastes in comedy of "The Common Herd."

David Bates provided an excellent picture of the perfect butler in all his glory.

Mrs. Kerr and Mrs. Haywood as Anne and Eustasia gave a splendid performance, and the section is very grateful to them both for their help.

Since "The Dover Road," the section's activities have been confined to play-reading, with a view to selecting a play for production next term. So far three plays have been read: "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," by G. B. Shaw, "Without the Prince," by Philip King, and "While the Sun Shines," by Terence Rattigan. The final selection has yet to be made.

The achievements of the section, while not as great as it is hoped they will eventually be, have given much entertainment and amusement to active and non-active members alike.

A. B. McG.



## THE PRUNE LEGEND

A SHORT while ago the JOURNAL approached that illustrious biographer, Mr. Anthony Armstrong Willis—better known as Anthony Armstrong—who throughout the war years delighted us all in his role of Boswell to that very un-Johnsonian character, Pilot Officer Prune—and invited him to confess, in strictest confidence, to his part in what we suggested was a gigantic though successful hoax. The next post brought his reply. We are so overcome with shame that we feel the least we can do is to print it verbatim in this issue, so that all those misguided enough to share our erstwhile opinions may have their doubts similarly dispelled.

\* \* \*

### PRUNE—DOES HE EXIST?

I am horrified. I am shattered. I am speechless with rage, surprise and indignation. I . . . Words fail me.

For someone—may Allah turn his beer to vitriol and moths breed in his pin-stripe suit—has just phoned me up and spoken words to this effect:

“Now that it’s all over and you’re out of the R.A.F., you will come clean about Pilot Officer Prune, won’t you? I mean, you will confess that after all he never really existed?”

Did you hear that sacrilege? Prune doesn’t exist! Shades of crashed Spitfires and forced-landed Lancasters! Not exist indeed! Long, long ago, when the first whisper of suspicion raised its ugly head, didn’t Prune once pen a letter to dear old dead TEE EMM in his own fair hand? And wasn’t it printed in the January, 1942, issue, with the signature reproduced in facsimile—thus proving not only that Prune existed but also the very unlikely fact that he could actually write? Prune not exist, forsooth—why, he was more real and alive than most of us.

I know that in my time I’ve written a good bit about the affairs of our gallant Percy, and I had intended not to write any more. But after such a vile innuendo I feel I must give this heretical telephoning clot the final works about Prune, even if it means recapitulating what is generally known to most people.

“Does anyone really say that I don’t?”



So far from being a war-time myth, Percy Prune, of Ineyne Manor, Prune Parva, Sussex, comes of a very old and illustrious stock, a certain Percival de Prun having indeed come over with the Conqueror. He fell at the Battle of Hastings. Three times, to be precise, on each occasion having got his sword, as usual, between his legs.

The best-known member of the family, however, appears some two hundred years



later. He was Sir Percivale de Prune, who was knighted after Crecy. He it was who took as his crest the now famous emblem of an index finger, inflexant, non-movant, with the motto "Semper Inanum."

Then there was Sir Pritchard Proon (1530-1592), who, fired by Sir Walter Raleigh's example, once spread a cloak over a puddle for Queen Elizabeth. The fact that he was a trifle short-sighted, and what he took for a puddle was really an open man-hole led to his speedy, very speedy, retirement from Court.

Three hundred years later we hear of a Percivall Pruin who fought as a Royalist in the Civil War, and had the family characteristics developed to a very high degree. Indeed, when King Charles heard that Percivall had taken up arms on his behalf, he at once expressed grave doubts of ultimate victory. A Prune cousin, however, fought on the other side and so evened things out. He was named, after the religious fashion of the day, Praise-him-all-ye-Works-of-the-Lord. P.H.A.Y.W.O.T.L. Pruin joined Cromwell's Ironsides, was nicknamed "Ironhead," and put in front of all charges to soften up the opposition.

Other illustrious Prune ancestors were Captain Percy Prune, who served on Marlborough's staff—when he remembered to do so; Paul "Beau" Prune, who for many years was a leader of fashion in Bath, but ultimately died in Penury while on holiday there; and Major Pritchard Prune of that famous regiment the Hundred and Eightieth Foot, or "Fighting Drunks."

Then there was our Percy's own grandfather, Philip Prune, the well-known racing motorist. He took part in the big race of 1895 from Paris to Bordeaux and back—or rather would have taken part if he'd been able to get his car to start. He was still trying three days later, when the winning car returned. In true Prune tradition, from 1900 to 1902 he owned, and succeeded in damaging beyond repair, thirteen cars. He died in January, 1903, at the age of 43 years and a speed of 35 m.p.h., together with three friends to whom he was giving a lift.

Last, but not least, came Percy Prune's father, Peter "Ropey" Prune. He flew in the first war, and in three months had destroyed twenty-seven aircraft—mostly Bristols and Sopwiths. After his twenty-sixth machine was confirmed he was sent home for a rest. His twenty-seventh, and final machine was, of course, the one he flew home in. He only went up once again—shortly before his death. Very shortly indeed, in fact.

And so we come finally to Pilot Officer Percy Prune.

Percy was born, naturally enough, on 1st April, 1922, at Ineyne Manor. At the age of six months, beginning as he meant to go on, he crashed his cradle, and within the next six months or so had crashed five replacements. As a child in the nursery he was so backward that at one time his parents weren't certain which way he was growing, or going. They went so far as to engage a mind specialist; but he soon threw up the job, saying he had nothing to work upon.

Percy, however, did manage to grow up and



"New-Bug"



"Upper IIIb"





"Blood"

went to school at St. Finga's, Herts, rising through the following years from "new-bug," via "Upper IIIB," to "Blood."

He left suddenly under a 10/10ths cloud, and in 1940 went up to the varsity to Judas College. No sooner had he gone up than he was sent down and then called up.

He was commissioned in the R.A.F. on 1st April, 1941, his birthday, and funnily enough the date of the first issue of TEE EMM.

Since then he has been in Fighter Command, where he accounted for so many Spitfires that he was transferred to Bomber Command, where he accounted for so many Lancasters that he was transferred to Transport Command, who wouldn't let him touch a single one of their planes, but had him transferred to the Air Ministry, where, from



At Judas College

sheer force of habit, he promptly accounted for the three model aircraft hanging in the TEE EMM office.

And in that office he stayed until his demobilization. Had the distrustful clot who telephoned to me his base suspicions only paid a visit to the office he would have been able to see Prune with his own eyes. Well, not Prune in person perhaps; for it was rather difficult to catch him in, the girls and the licensing hours being what they were in the neighbourhood, but at least he would have seen his name on the door, his desk and chair in the office, the many letters addressed to him, as usual waiting to be answered until Prune felt like it, and, above all, his name in the official Air Ministry telephone directory.

And so, bah to you, sir, unbelieving infidel and sceptic! Are you convinced now?



## CONTINENTAL SIGHTS

THERE are many ways of holidaying on the continent. Touring under the attentive money-seeking eye of Thomas Cook & Son is one way; another is to be conducted swiftly in one's chauffeur-driven limousine to bask on the beaches of Nice; and yet a third is to journey as an almost self-sufficient entity on a motor bicycle. For self-evident reasons I chose the third of these.

I set out with no fixed route, no fixed mode of life, no fixed plan, just a general conception of where I might go, a will-of-the-wisp for six weeks. But R. L. Stevenson tells us that it is better to travel hopefully than to arrive! I always travelled with hope for I had little else to travel with, but I didn't always arrive. This was sometimes due to the state of the roads. The continental has a different conception of road making to us. He prefers a perfectly straight road with an occasional vicious corner to keep the driver awake. But unfortunately his steel problem also owes its origin to the roads, for a very large proportion of his iron resources must be used in making corrugated iron to surface the roadways. Only the best highways in France and Italy can claim exception from this criticism. He also considers that in towns at cross-roads and other important junctions the traveller cannot possibly need a respectable road. So in France he cobbles the road; in Italy he either uses cobbles or small paving stones arranged like a parquet floor, which are admirable until some of the stones sink several inches; and in Spain he again uses cobbles or simply gives up making the road altogether, and one picks one's way round the boulders in what might easily be the bed of a stream. The continental has little use for traffic lights. The French have a few but they seem to be left permanently on flashing amber (this doesn't mean that one has to get off the road or return to where you came from, but simply that everyone can pass from every direction). Road signs are numerous and helpful, but little notice is taken of them and none of the speed limits. A slight study of the drivers of some countries often gives an insight into their national character. Italian drivers are a little flash but good, the French drive permanently in the middle of the road with the foot hard on the accelerator and the hand even harder on their two-noted ear-searing horns, while the Spaniard drives with careless abandon anywhere on the road that suits him best, usually dictated by where the pot-holes are fewest.

Soon after leaving Boulogne I visited the beautiful Beauvais Cathedral with its fabulous clock, which not only tells the time of day at Beauvais but also at the principal cities of the world, gives sidereal time, the movements of the stars, moon and planets, plays a voluntary on a miniature organ, blows a tune on a bugle, and gives a wealth of other information and does a host of other unimaginable things. I found generally that ordinary village church clocks chimed the hour twice, which nullified the possibility of miscounting the hour, though which was the correct chime for second accuracy I never discovered. And so on to Paris, Paris where one can sip delicious iced drinks or bathe in the Bain Deliguy, in the heat of the day, though Parisians prefer to use this delightful floating swimming bath as a show ground for their suntanned torsos; and at night linger over a delectable dinner under a roof of peerless stars. West to Normandy where the débris of war is still scattered over the countryside, and the centres of Caen and St. Lo are arid wastes of interminable rubble.

The picturesque little semi-island of Mont St. Michel is perhaps one of nature's few beauty spots that may have been improved by man. On the road I would often



meet crocodiles of sight-seeing girls and boys of every age, creed and colour, who would be for ever singing as they went, doubtless an excellent way for the young to see the countryside but a little sore for the feet and throat. Moving rapidly south I had the interesting spectacle south of Bordeaux of an enormous forest fire, one of many that ravaged the district, building a vast cumulus top that was fast becoming a cumulonimbus on to the top of its mighty pillar of smoke. A very welcome R.A.F. contingent was sent over to help fight these fires. I, however, did not stop to put this one out as my water-bottle was empty.

Spain is one of the many siesta-taking countries. This is a midday luxury made almost essential by the insufferable heat. At the appropriate hour the Spaniard will slump down, be he in the street, in a donkey-cart or in a field, and sleep or contemplate the dusty panorama "quivering within the wave's intenser day," while those that lay the dust on the roads take a spiteful delight in wetting with their hoses any who still wish to walk about. A little way into the plateau that is Spain, Vittoria boasts a fine monument to Wellington's great battle there, but characteristically there is no mention either of him or of Britain; the inscription reads simply "To the glory and liberation of Spain!" Near Valencia there is a little village whose inhabitants live almost exclusively in caves cut in the hillside, and just north of Madrid one can see the famed El Escorial, vast gaunt palace of former kings.

Madrid itself holds little of interest but a horde of ever-pestering hawkers and a wealth of sordid suburbs. Then travelling east and north up the garden of the Mediterranean coast of Spain, I suddenly came face to face with the London bus in all its dignity at Barcelona. The Spanish consider it inexplicably gauche for anyone to dress in shorts, and on one occasion I was gently escorted out of a cathedral for wearing them, obviously most immodest. In Spain, as in other continental countries, Sunday, besides being an open day for all food and various other shops, is also washing day. The peasant washes her clothes at the central village pump and then lays them on the ground to dry and seemingly get dirty again. Tough, scruffy soldiers with nattily dressed officers, and smart gun-bedecked police abound everywhere. There are a few sailors, but no one seems to have discovered that an air force might be useful. Their conception of rifle drill would give a sergeant-major apoplexy, and it seems almost improper for them to march in step; but then if a man does not keep step with his companions, it may be because he hears a different "drummer," a consideration too often forgotten.

Into France again, the most beautiful spot I found in the antique south was appropriately named Les Beaux. No more than a jumble of ancient cottages and the ruin of what must have been a vast castle half built into the rock, pinnacled away up in the Alpilles. Very popular in Southern France is a game similar to our bowls, but played in the streets or any piece of rough ground. The balls, however, are smaller, unbiased, made of brass and are half-thrown, half-rolled at the jack which is stone and about the size of a golf ball.

Nice seems to be the central low-flying area of France for there is a constant stream of military and light civil aircraft endangering the chimney-pots of the town and air liners which turn in from the sea to do a little beach-combing.

On along the coast to Genoa where one dives in and out of superbly constructed but perplexingly similar road tunnels, or is waylaid by beggars, mostly old women, who slide up and murmur for alms in silky, sensuous tones. Italians find many

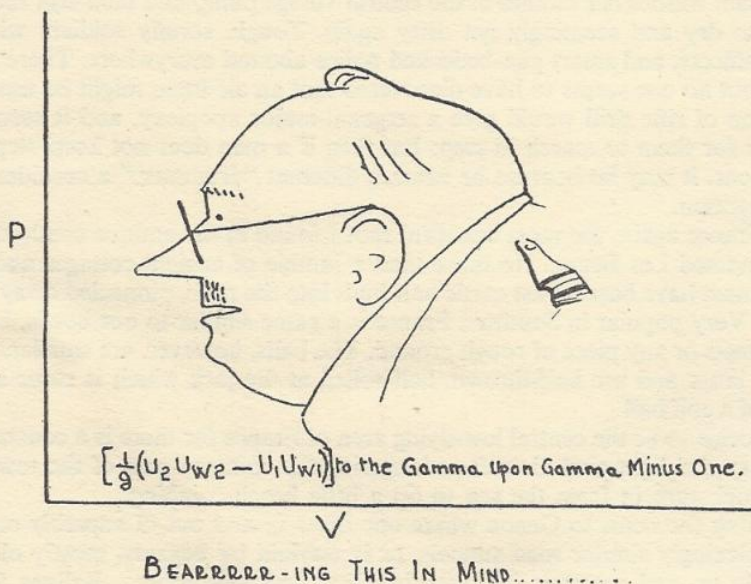


employments for elastic; they use it round the top of socks to keep them up, and round the bottom of shirts to keep them down, besides the more conventional uses. The language is very pleasing to the ear, and street vendors and newspaper sellers make full use of this by chanting their cries in musical tinkling voices. As one approaches the Alps from Turin, more properly Torino (Why must foreigners change place names to suit their own idiosyncrasies?), two mighty sentinel mountains, rising almost sheer from the plain, usher one to their mountain bosom and close behind with their bewitching embrace. On the French side down the valley of the Arc, nearly every bridge is a temporary construction, replacing one that has been blown up, testifying to Maquis' resistance during the war. I spent a night in the hills above the basin of Grenoble and marvelled where

"The city's moonlit spires and myriad lamps,  
Like stars in a sublunar sky did glow."

And so north and eventually back again to battered Boulogne, with an unforgettable experience at my back and a mind full of imperishable memories.

R. T. M.





## OLD CRANWELLIAN NOTES

THE reunion was held this year on 23rd July. It was a perfect day, and the cadets defeated the Old Cranwellians' cricket team. The match was played on the Orange.

Air Chief Marshal Sir John Slessor; Air Vice-Marshals Sir Charles Longcroft, Mills and Weedon; Air Commodores the Earl of Bandon, Pike, Carter, Fressanges, Brookes, Gillmore, Hawtrey and Cannon; and Padre McHardy were among those officers who were able to come to the reunion.

Air Chief Marshal Sir Ralph Cochrane, K.C.B., K.B.E., A.F.C., was the guest of honour at dinner that night, and accepted an invitation to become an Honorary Member of the Association.

\* \* \*

Group Captain R. G. Seymour, who, until he was posted to Headquarters, Technical Training Command, was the Assistant Commandant of the Digby Wing; and Wing Commander R. J. P. Prichard, who was the Chief Flying Instructor, and is now with D.D.A.F.L., in the Air Ministry, have been made Associate Members of the Association.

\* \* \*

Wing Commander A. R. D. MacDonell (1934) has taken over the job of Chief Flying Instructor. Squadron Leader J. M. O. Dyer (1940) has handed C Squadron over to Squadron Leader J. C. Breese (1937) and joined the staff at the C.F.S.

Group Captain G. D. Stephenson (1930) has been appointed C.B.E. He is the Commandant of the C.F.S.

\* \* \*

Wing Commander H. N. G. Wheeler (1937) is returning to this country from Singapore. We congratulate him on adding the O.B.E. to his colourful chest. Wing Commander K. F. Mackie (1937) has been posted to Fayid.

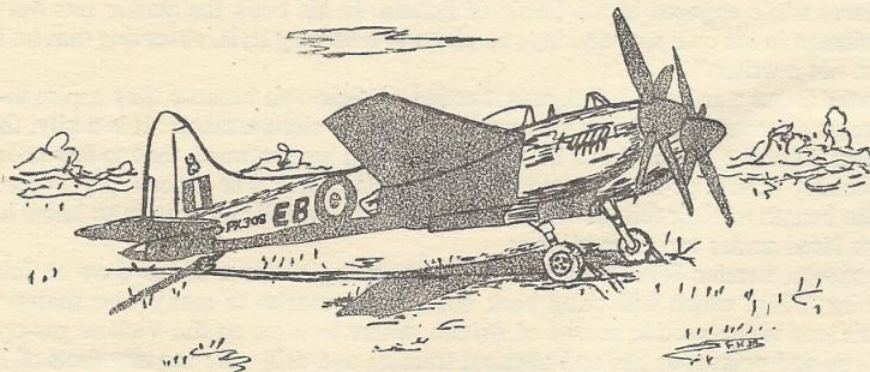
Group Captain R. Clayton (1934), Group Captain M. K. D. Porter (1932), and Wing Commander T. Calnan (1936) are on the directing staff of the Andover Staff College.

Group Captain T. C. Dickens (1926) is starting a tour of duty in the United States.

The Atlantic Pact was cemented by the wedding of Pilot Officer J. E. Dawes (1949) in Copenhagen. Skoll!

We very much regret to record the deaths of Pilot Officers R. F. Read and A. J. L. McFarlane, both of No. 46 Entry, who lost their lives in flying accidents this summer.

### OLD CRANWELLIANS' DAY



A Visiting Hornet



## BOOK REVIEWS

AIR WHALER. By John Grierson. (Sampson Low; 18s.)

For a test pilot to turn from flying experimental Meteors to writing a book on the employment of Walruses in conjunction with one of the world's oldest industries is a double change of metier. John Grierson, in this book, gives an account of the first experimental air co-operation with a whaling expedition.

Besides the technical interest of the forming, training and employment of the flight, the reader sees something of the workings of the whaling industry. It is a contrast between modernity and age-old rule-of-thumb methods. The whaling factory-ship, the *Balaena*, was equipped with all the latest devices with which to treat the whale once caught, but the actual method of catching whales has changed little with the years and seems cruel in the extreme to these warm-blooded creatures. "If whales could scream, there would be no whaling."

The introduction of aircraft into the conservative "closed shop" of the whaling world led to much antagonism and British-Norwegian rivalry. The commander of the flight had to face not merely the hazards of Antarctic flying with inadequate D/F and radar facilities and slight meteorological information, but also the resistance of an over-worked, under-manned, traditionalist ship's captain.

This novel employment of air power seems to have been a success within its limits. The aircraft spotted for whales and homed catchers, carried out reconnaissance for the twin dangers of ice and rival factory-ships and, incidentally, made geographical discoveries.

Besides all this, the author gives a living picture of the microcosm of a ship at sea for five months on end. The interplay of personalities, of the aircrew with their constant unrelieved tension, the Met. Officer, Alan Bryce the photographer, the International Inspector, the scientists, and the Norwegian crew would make an adequate novel in its own right.

J. F. P.

ENGINES OVER LONDON. By Squadron Leader Lewis Witnell. (Carroll & Nicholson; 9s. 6d.)

In "Engines over London," Squadron Leader Lewis Witnell tells of his training in the early days of the Second World War, and, as a pilot in 85 Squadron, of his experiences while engaged in the Battle of Britain. In his book the author sets out his experiences in his own way and lays no claim to a literary style, observing that he is a "flyer, not a writer."

Books about war have, I feel, an attraction of their own because they aspire to set before us the reactions of men and women to unique circumstances. It is a pity, then, as Marshal of the R.A.F. Lord Douglas remarks in his foreword, that so few people, particularly R.A.F. ex-Service men, attempt to place their war experiences on record for the benefit of their fellows who, next to fighting, would surely wish to know how others fared under trying conditions.

Squadron Leader Witnell opens with an amusing account of his days at Initial Training Wing, which will bring back nostalgic memories to many who shared his experiences in the seaside resorts of Britain, where lectures on the Vickers gas-operated gun and poisonous gas and physical training and drill were the new facts of life,



and where most of us first learned the art of living together and working as a team. The recorded incidents of his elementary flying training differ little from either those of his predecessors or of his successors, but it is always intriguing to read about someone else bending aeroplanes. However, a certain leavening takes place at Montrose, where this pilot completed his intermediate flying training. It is often at this stage of training that casualties first cloud the horizon, and Montrose and its legendary ghost reaped a full and ultimate harvest from amongst Witnell's comrades.

Training completed, the author is posted to 85 Squadron, becomes "operational" in the summer of 1940, and now devotes the second half of his book to a vigorous account of the battle experiences of that unit.

Man hunting man is as far above big-game hunting as that sport is above rabbit-chasing, and as Witnell says, "What Englishman worthy of the name does not like the prospect of finishing a fight (more or less on the side of justice) started by somebody else?" To my mind, all this is on the credit side of the account; on the other side are the losses, and yet those who come through must still pay their own price—"Sleep was our principal need. Our minds and bodies cried out for sleep. . . . It was physically impossible to switch off the mind like a torch and let it remain a beautiful blank during the hours of rest. . . . Horrible dreams pursued the mind. The hood of a blazing Hurricane wouldn't open; flashes of a visualized mid-air collision . . .," and, worst of all, as the border between the conscious and unconscious grew thin and the mind was almost beyond reason. "We dreamed of skies unbelievably black with enemy aircraft, and awakened to find the dream an established fact." The Few were weary in the autumn of 1940.

Squadron Leader Witnell tells of the air battle that led up to this state of mind, but his description of the dog-fight between the "Ace" of 85 Squadron and Ernest Udet will, I feel, bring a frown of incredulity to the faces of many readers. So seldom, so very seldom, would two opposing formations "stand off" while their leaders fought it out.

Although the author knew much of day fighting, his night experiences are strictly limited. 85 Squadron were never equipped with Havocs carrying searchlights, though other less fortunate squadrons were. "The theory of using a Hurricane at night in conjunction with a 'Turbinlite' Havoc with which to turn night into day was never proven by even a single successful night combat—unless a Stirling be so considered—and nothing less than a Beaufighter ever had command of the night sky."

However, though some may wish to argue about this or that fact, "Engines over London" tells of an epic in our lives, and though the book follows a little too long after the epic it relates, it is worth reading by those who wish they had been there and by those who like to re-live past experiences.

H. E. W.





## STAFF APPOINTMENTS

THE following appointments have been made since the last issue of the JOURNAL:

## HEADQUARTERS

*P.A. to Commandant* . . . . Flight Lieutenant C. O. Ellison, D.F.C.

## CADET WING

*Assistant Commandant, Equipment and Secretarial Wing* . . . . Group Captain D. Lumgair.  
*C Squadron Commander* . . . . Squadron Leader J. C. Breese, D.F.C.  
*Cadet Wing Officers:*  
*B Squadron* . . . . . Flight Lieutenant J. de M. Severne.  
*C Squadron* . . . . . Flying Officer J. J. W. Salmond.

## INSTRUCTIONAL STAFF

*Senior Secretarial Instructor* . . . . Wing Commander F. H. Shutt.  
*Senior Engineering Instructor* . . . . Squadron Leader P. C. Cleaver, O.B.E.  
*Senior Aerodynamics Instructor* . . . . Squadron Leader A. D. Button.  
*Senior G.C.T. Instructor* . . . . Squadron Leader J. D. Blois, R.A.F. Regiment.

*Instructors:*

*Aerodynamics* . . . . . Flight Lieutenant H. M. Dean.  
*Engineering* . . . . . Flight Lieutenant A. T. Cleare.  
*Meteorology* . . . . . V. Clarke, Esq.  
*Navigation* . . . . . Flight Lieutenant E. P. Wildy.  
*Radio* . . . . . Flight Lieutenant M. G. Fountain.  
*Ground Combat Training* . . . . . Flight Lieutenant V. J. G. Cole, R.A.F. Regiment.  
*Link Trainer* . . . . . Flight Lieutenant W. C. McKenzie.  
*Economics (E. & S. Wing)* . . . . . Flight Lieutenant A. W. H. MacDonald.  
*Equipment (E. & S. Wing)* . . . . . Flight Lieutenant L. G. Ayres.  
*Secretarial (E. & S. Wing)* . . . . . Flight Lieutenant A. A. Goddard.

## FLYING WING

*Chief Flying Instructor* . . . . . Wing Commander A. R. D. MacDonell, D.F.C.  
*Flying Instructors* . . . . . Flight Lieutenant D. W. Bedford.  
 . . . . . Flight Lieutenant P. M. Breton.  
 . . . . . Flight Lieutenant H. J. Dodgson.  
 . . . . . Flight Lieutenant R. F. H. Martin.  
 . . . . . Flight Lieutenant F. E. Smith.  
 . . . . . Flight Lieutenant F. Symonds, D.F.C., D.F.M.  
 . . . . . Flight Lieutenant J. C. Woods.  
 . . . . . Flying Officer M. J. E. Swiney.  
 . . . . . Flying Officer G. E. Tricker.  
 . . . . . Pilot Officer W. F. Aust.  
 . . . . . Pilot I D. Fisher.

## TECHNICAL WING

*Chief Technical Officer* . . . . . Wing Commander J. C. N. Law.

The following have left the College Staff:

Wing Commanders R. J. P. Prichard, O.B.E., D.F.C., A.F.C., and F. J. D. Oldland, O.B.E.  
 Squadron Leaders W. L. Clarke, J. M. O. Dyer, D.F.C., A.F.C., J. A. Kemp and R. S. Pearce, D.F.C.  
 Flight Lieutenants I. D. Bourne, R. Crouch, D.F.C., A. J. Houston, D.F.C., J. H. Lewis, J. D. Melrose, D.F.C., G. L. Pendred, J. N. Quick, J. R. Saunders and R. Verdon-Roe.  
 Lieutenant-Colonel R. A. N. Lowther, M.C., and G. Corfield, Esq.  
 Pilots II J. Barnard, W. Campbell, G. C. Hayward and A. W. Peddell.



**SQUADRON LISTS**

**PROMOTIONS, AUTUMN TERM, 1949**

**A SQUADRON**

Flight Cadet Under-Officer J. R. E. Edmondson-Jones.	Flight Cadet Corporal R. W. Jenkins.
Flight Cadet Sergeant A. N. H. Heap.	Flight Cadet Corporal C. F. Pickard.
Flight Cadet Sergeant R. J. Spiers.	Flight Cadet Corporal L. C. Swalwell.
Flight Cadet Corporal I. D. S. Cunningham.	Flight Cadet Corporal R. E. Webster.

**B SQUADRON**

Flight Cadet Under-Officer I. D. Meredith.	Flight Cadet Corporal J. J. Guntrip.
Flight Cadet Sergeant P. J. Bardon.	Flight Cadet Corporal D. Parratt.
Flight Cadet Sergeant H. E. Clements.	Flight Cadet Corporal C. J. S. Wood.
Flight Cadet Corporal J. G. Bourn.	

**C SQUADRON**

Flight Cadet Under-Officer G. H. Parkinson.	Flight Cadet Corporal A. R. L. Chester.
Flight Cadet Sergeant R. J. Claridge.	Flight Cadet Corporal R. W. M. Dixon.
Flight Cadet Sergeant I. S. Macpherson.	Flight Cadet Corporal M. McD. Harvey.
Flight Cadet Corporal E. N. Barrington-Reinganum.	Flight Cadet Corporal P. A. Law.
	Flight Cadet Corporal A. Wright.

**No. 55 ENTRY**

**A SQUADRON**

A. I. Alder, Batley G.S. (Feltwell No. 3 F.T.S.).	R. Parker, St. Peter's, York.
A. Beill, Rossall.	A. S. Paterson, H.M.S. Worcester (Ternhill No. 6 F.T.S.).
L. G. Cockerill, Halton.	N. R. C. Price, Tonbridge.
D. P. Davison, Cotham G.S.	K. A. L. Scroggs, Kilburn G.S.
J. Lewis Lloyd, Christ's College.	J. A. Tulk, Mundella G.S. (Ternhill No. 6 F.T.S.).
R. P. McCormack, Shrewsbury (Wittering I.T.S.).	J. W. Ward, Portsmouth North G.S.
R. Parfitt, Westport Technical College, N.Z. (Ternhill F.T.S.).	M. Young, Hamilton Academy.

**B SQUADRON**

D. R. Atkinson, Ossett G.S. (Feltwell No. 3 F.T.S.).	T. R. Gribble, Cranleigh.
R. J. Bannard, Harrow County G.S. (Cottesmore No. 7 F.T.S.).	D. A. Maddieson, Halton.
D. J. Belson, Northampton Central G.S.	R. C. F. Peirse, Bradfield.
E. Bourne, Sittingbourne G.S.	A. G. Pottage, Teignmouth G.S.
J. Cochrane, Strathallan (Middleton St. George No. 2 A.N.S.).	G. L. Ranscombe, King William's College (Middleton St. George No. 2 A.N.S.).
P. J. Deakin, Ashford County G.S.	W. G. E. Wilson, Lincoln G.S. (Middleton St. George No. 2 A.N.S.).
B. E. G. Donawa, Queen's College, Taunton.	W. I. Worsley, Reading G.S.

**C SQUADRON**

J. W. Burton, Harrow County G.S.	A. L. Leveridge, Cranwell.
A. J. B. Butler, Old Swan T.S.	D. S. Lilley, March G.S. (Middleton St. George No. 2 A.N.S.).
M. R. Eaves, Birkenhead.	D. W. Lowe, Stretford G.S.
E. F. W. Gregory, Halton.	J. J. Parker, Clitheroe Royal G.S.
D. P. Hall, Hull G.S.	J. D. Ross, Holt G.S.
J. G. F. Hewitt, Tonbridge.	D. J. Surridge, Birkenhead.
J. E. B. Jones, Radley College.	



## EQUIPMENT AND SECRETARIAL WING, DIGBY

## No. 6 ENTRY

## A FLIGHT

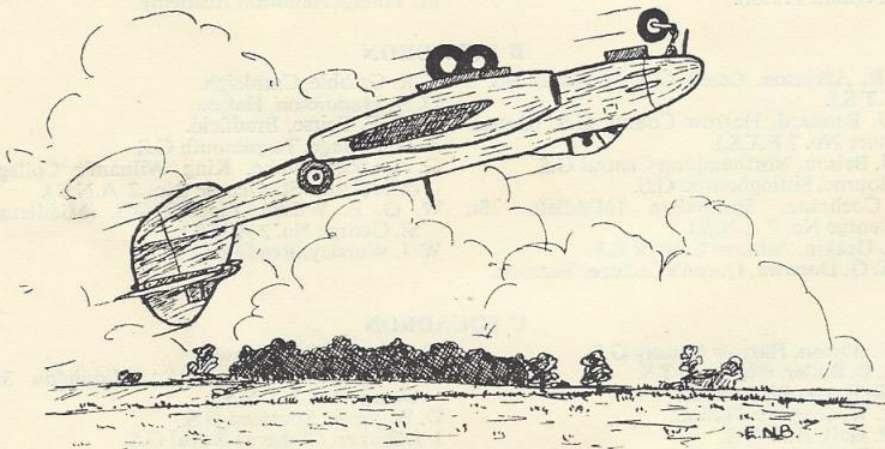
- |                                                      |                                                |
|------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------|
| B. J. Ball (E.), Ramsey G.S., I.o.M., and<br>Halton. | R. L. Lees (S.), Wellington College, Berks.    |
| R. G. Davey (E.), Wyggeston School.                  | A. W. Law (S.), Rye G.S.                       |
| V. A. Hodgkinson (S.), Kilburn G.S.                  | R. A. Montalto (S.), St. Louis College, Malta. |
|                                                      | B. H. Plaskett (E.), Hounslow College.         |

## B FLIGHT

- |                                                          |                                                                   |
|----------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------|
| D. A. Atherton (S.), King Edward VI School,<br>Norwich.  | R. E. Gladding (E.), Thundridge School.                           |
| J. K. Cracem-Griffiths (E.), Henry Thornton's<br>School. | R. A. O'Driscoll (S.), Christian Brothers<br>College, Naas, Eire. |
| R. H. H. Dauncey (S.), Taunton School.                   | C. G. H. Pierce (S.), Ramsey Abbey.                               |
|                                                          | P. W. Rose (S.), Wycliffe College.                                |

## CONTEMPORARIES

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of many contemporaries. Space does not permit a full acknowledgment, but we welcome particularly the first number of *The Journal of the Royal Australian Air Force College, Point Cook*.



Open Day, Cranwell, 1949



