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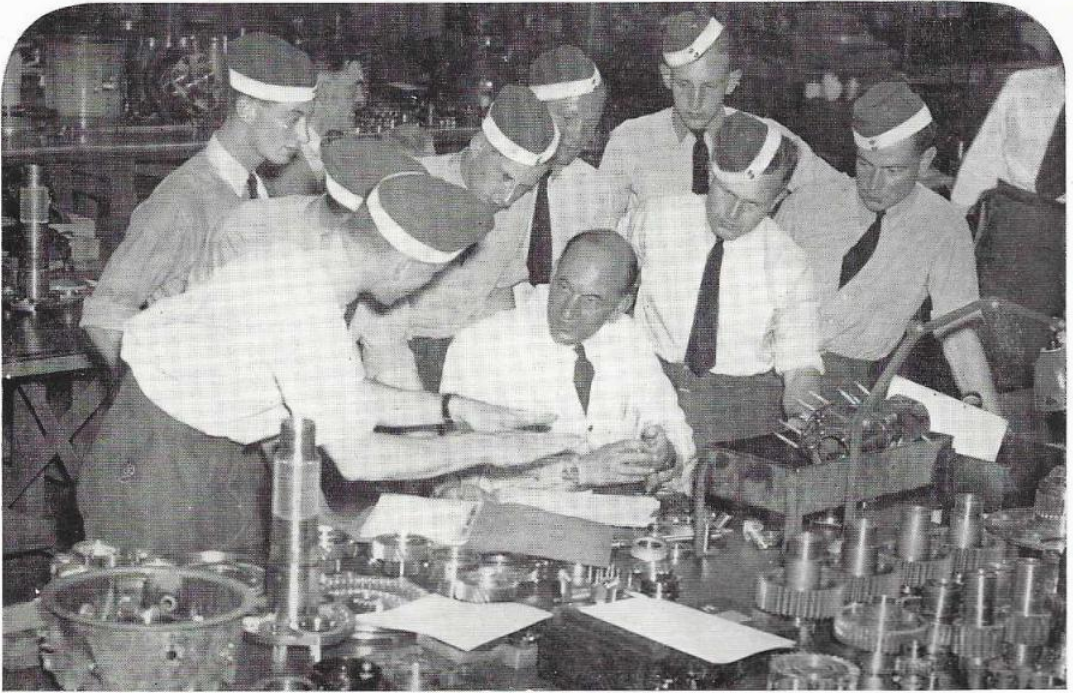
THE JOURNAL OF



THE
ROYAL AIR FORCE
COLLEGE

VOL. XXII No. 1
MARCH, 1950

CRANWELL
LINCOLNSHIRE



Cadets of the 47th Entry who visited Hawker Siddeley Group factories studying turboprop production at the Armstrong Siddeley works at Coventry.





[Montage by W. E. Kelly]

GROUP CAPTAIN J. O. W. OLIVER, C.B., D.S.O., D.F.C.
Assistant Commandant

THE JOURNAL OF



THE ROYAL AIR FORCE COLLEGE

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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,
DIGBY, LINCOLNSHIRE
(Telephone: Metheringham 391)

EDITORIAL COMMITTEE

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<i>Sports Editor</i>	Flight Cadet J. A. Williams.
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<i>Equipment and Secretarial Wing Representative</i>		Flight Lieutenant J. C. W. Lewis.

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COLLEGE NOTES

"Viget, viresque acquirit eundo."

MILESTONES in time are not always sure of recognition. This year we have been entertained by the wrangles of the learned who have argued whether with the ringing-in of 1950 we have or have not entered upon what Australia's Mr. Menzies has called "the second half of this wounded century." But no uncertainty surrounds the foundation date which clothed in reality Lord Trenchard's vision of the Royal Air Force College. And on 5th February, 1950, the College celebrated its thirtieth anniversary and passed a milestone of more than casual significance.

The span of thirty years is short in the life of a Service academy, but it is a generation in the life of a man. Fittingly, this is the term in which the flight cadets of the College have first included the sons of its former cadets. Thus, family tradition is added to the inheritance. But thirty years have sufficed to make the inheritance already rich, first with the constructive fervour that trained the leadership of a new Service, next with the example set by those trained leaders when the Service was put to the test, and in these past three years with the pride of rebuilding and rededication. This was the inheritance symbolized by the Colour, which the King gave to the College, saying :

"I commit it to your faithful keeping, in the sure confidence that you will hand it on with added honours to your successors."

* * *

The final event of 1949 was the graduation of No. 48 Entry. On this occasion the College had the honour of parading before Field-Marshal Sir William Slim, G.B.E., K.C.B., D.S.O., M.C., the Chief of the Imperial General Staff, as Reviewing Officer. This was the first time that a passing-out parade at Cranwell had been taken by the executive head of the Army; but the College had reason to remember gratefully an earlier visit and address by the Field-Marshal, and this increased the pleasure of welcoming him. An account of the parade and of the Reviewing Officer's address, an inspiration to leadership from one of the greatest of leaders, is given later in this JOURNAL.

No. 48 Entry came to the College in April, 1947, the third of the post-war entries. It was smaller than its predecessors, and the number of newly commissioned pilot officers who marched up the College steps on 14th December, 1949, was twenty-four. The College wishes them all success and happiness in their careers.

The Cranwell days of No. 48 Entry were interesting days of the rebuilding of the College. In his speech at their graduation, the Commandant spoke of them as the last of the Tiger Moth generation. And that transition from the temporary expedients and experiments of the early months of the reopening to the established methods and accepted routine of today was characteristic of their course. Theirs was still the pioneer era, because it was in their first term that the College took over its own building from the war-time Flying Training School that had occupied it.



On the College staff also the end of the Autumn Term brought the passing of pioneers. Wing Commander H. H. Mayoh was posted to the Air Ministry on promotion to that rank, and Squadron Leader J. F. Powell to the Royal Air Force Staff College. Both were among the small band of officers who, in September, 1946, before any cadets had arrived, knew the College as four planning offices in the black hut behind Station Headquarters, and who evolved opening programmes and suggested basic needs. They had in common one invaluable quality, the deep personal insight that enlightened their instruction of each cadet. Wing Commander Mayoh's effort and enthusiasm are reflected not only in the strong tradition of the mathematical instruction but also in the mounting success of College Rugby football. Squadron Leader Powell's energies were as unremitting as they were many-sided; he was inspiring as an instructor in humanistic subjects, and the source of all enthusiasm for cross-country running; the flourishing and successful Dramatic Section was only one of his contributions to the College Society; and as Officer in charge of the JOURNAL—*"si monumentum requiris, circumspice."*

* * *

Major M. A. C. Osborn, D.S.O., O.B.E., M.C., The West Yorkshire Regiment, completed his tour at the College in January, but he leaves us hoping that his contact with the College is not ended and certain that his interest in it is not. The Army's ideal ambassador, he had a unique capacity for identifying himself entirely with the spirit and aspirations of the College while instilling a lasting respect for and understanding of his own Service. He will be missed in the lecture-room, on every touch line, in the councils of the College Society, and most of all in the Mess. The Ski-ing Section is his creation, and we remember gratefully how he opened the pleasant doors of Schmeltz and Chamonix. But the College's greatest debt to him is for the impress of his charming and admired personality. We welcome his successor, Major I. H. Battye, M.B.E., The Middlesex Regiment, who comes from a course at the R.A.F. Staff College.

* * *

The cure of souls and that of bodies at the College have also changed hands. The Reverend E. W. P. Ainsworth, who, with Mrs. Ainsworth, has done so much for the Station Church in these two years, has been posted to the Middle East. He is succeeded by the Reverend E. W. L. May. Squadron Leader D. Stevenson, M.B.E., M.D., Ch.B., has been appointed College Medical Officer in succession to Squadron Leader W. L. Price, M.B., B.Ch. All the College gratefully wishes Squadron Leader Price success and enjoyment on his regretted return to civilian practice.

* * *

The Equipment and Secretarial Wing lost a foundation member of its staff on the appointment of Wing Commander K. M. M. Wasse, D.F.C., to command the Administrative Wing at South Cerney. The Wing will gratefully remember his work as Chief Instructor, G.S.T., and his efficiency as Officer in charge of Sports, as well as Mrs. Wasse's delightful hospitality and the charm with which she graced all the Wing's social occasions. They carry with them warmest wishes for a happy and successful future. In Wing Commander Wasse's place the Wing welcomes Wing Commander W. E. Nicholas, O.B.E., D.F.C., who, as Deputy President of the Air Ministry Selection Board, is already known to many cadets at the College and at Digby.

The course of College life has now attained a stability that no one acquainted with the ways of the Service can fail to regard with the suspicion of impending change. Term-to-term developments, so constant a feature of the last two volumes of this JOURNAL, are now few.

Perhaps none was more deserving of record than the appearance in the College, after ten years' interval, of cadets from the Dominions. No. 55 Entry included three cadets from Ceylon, certainly the first from that nation, and with this term's entry there have come two from the Royal Pakistan Air Force. These cadets will spread among their Royal Air Force contemporaries a new understanding of their Dominions—and the way of instructors in Commonwealth affairs will become hard.

* * *

A notable advance achieved last term was the issue of officer-type uniform to all cadets. It was a major operation for hard-driven tailors to produce, to the satisfaction of relentless Squadron Commanders, three hundred new looks in time for the passing-out parade. But it was achieved, and then in the event greatcoats dimmed the new glory.



The Equipment and Secretarial Wing had its own especial problem in the Autumn Term, when the rhythm of life was disrupted by the unwelcome infliction of three weeks of quarantine. This more than half paralysed Digby's athletic and social activities. Perhaps the only compensation came in the earliest hours of Wednesday mornings, with the thought of uninfected Cranwell on parade.

* * *

The Air Crew Transit Unit and Air Crew Education School have left Digby, and in their place has been formed No. 2 Wing of No. 1 Initial Training School (Wittering). The Equipment and Secretarial Wing takes this opportunity to welcome the Officer Commanding the new unit, Wing Commander E. Gordon Jones, D.S.O., O.B.E., D.F.C., together with all its officers and other ranks.



In the present term the strength at Cranwell is 250 cadets and flight cadets, and at Digby 97. For those at Cranwell the term may be expected to run as normal a course as the vagaries of February and March weather permit. A change of the ceremonial parade to Friday mornings, and for the senior term the promise of Meteor experience and a plan for navigational training are the main variations introduced. But for the Equipment and Secretarial Wing the term is a landmark, since it will include the graduation of its first entry. To this the Wing looks forward with an eagerness tempered only by regret that so many of those who built the Wing from its foundation are no longer here to see the first fruits of their labours. Twelve flight cadets of Digby's No. 1 Entry will pass out with No. 49 Entry from Cranwell.

* * *

With the term starting so soon after the New Year, the College found itself with pleasure able to congratulate on a most conspicuous honour the Assistant Com-

mandant, to whom the King has awarded Companionship of the Order of the Bath. The College renews its congratulations to Group Captain J. O. W. Oliver, C.B., D.S.O., D.F.C. We congratulate also Squadron Leaders J. S. Owen and R. B. Cole, D.F.C., on the King's Commendation for Valuable Services in the Air.

* * *

The thirtieth anniversary of the foundation of the College was observed on 5th February with a special service in the Station Church. The lessons—the Proverbs charge to the Wisdom Schools and the parable of the house—were read by the Commandant and Flight Cadet Under-Officer R. Pavey. The address was given by the Chaplain. The Commandant took the salute at the subsequent march past. Afterwards a sherry party was held in the guest room at the College, while the civilian staff, some of them with the better claim of continuous service to the College during most of the thirty years, held a parallel celebration in the staff canteen.



A tragic cloud lay over the early days of the term, when Flight Cadet Sergeant Alasdair Seton Hamilton Black was killed while flying on duty. An obituary notice appears elsewhere in this issue. Here it is sufficient to record a fellow cadet's summary of Alasdair Black as "a great friend and a loyal comrade." All the College joins in offering to the family of Alasdair Black, and especially to Lady Tedder, its sincere sympathy in a sorrow in which it deeply shares. With the Chief of the Air Staff, a number of other senior officers were present at the Service funeral in Cranwell Churchyard, at which the Reverend A. McHardy, C.B.E., M.C., K.H.C., Principal Chaplain of the Church of Scotland, officiated.

* * *

On 8th November the Cadet Wing attended the impressive Service of Dedication in Lincoln Cathedral, at which the Books of Remembrance of Bomber Command Groups were committed to the keeping of the Cathedral in the Royal Air Force Chapel.



We print elsewhere the list of the distinguished lecturers whom the College and the Digby Wing have had the privilege of hearing. To all of them the College offers its sincere thanks. It was an exceptional pleasure to be visited again by Sir Henry Tizard, K.B.E., A.F.C., whose scientific contribution to air victory, past and future, is built into the theme of our instruction. That instruction was high-lighted and given new point by the lectures of Air Marshal Sir Basil Embry and Air Vice-Marshal Boyle. Of the lecture at Digby on "Mountaineering," given by Wing Commander Smythe, it must be recorded that the lecturer reinforced it later in the evening by an impressive demonstration on the roof of the Flight Cadet Mess, and gave the Assistant Commandant cause to remember the snapping of the nylon rope.

* * *

The College warmly thanks also the many friends in other quarters who made possible the several visits, in varying degrees instructional and all pleasurable and enjoyed, of which this issue contains records. The remarkable enterprise of a fifty-man descent on the ski-ing slopes of Chamonix was the outcome of help from the R.A.F.

Winter Sports Association and from benefactors in the Air Ministry and Transport Command. The aircraft manufacturers of the Hawker-Siddeley group have again opened the wide doors of their hospitality to an appreciative senior entry. Nearer home, visiting parties have received a generous welcome from Newstead and Annesley Collieries, from the North Wilford Power Station, from Messrs. Ruston and Hornsby Ltd. in Lincoln and from our neighbours at R.A.F. Coningsby and R.A.F. Waddington.

* * *

By the will of the late Sir Arthur Whitten-Brown, K.B.E., the College has come into possession of a unique collection of memorials of the historic trans-Atlantic flight made by Sir Arthur with Sir John Alcock in June, 1919. This generous bequest includes the two actual log-books of the flight, a computer, a number of commemorative medals presented by aeronautical institutions, a film of Sir Arthur's visit to the Vickers Company in celebration of the flight, and a collection of photographs and slides illustrative of the early phases of aviation.

* * *

The College Society has received most gratefully from Group Captain N. C. S. Rutter, C.B.E., the gift of an airborne lifeboat. The vessel has been brought to Boston, and the Sailing Section looks forward to full enjoyment of Group Captain Rutter's generosity.

The term's list of Cranwell's welcome visitors shows its usual distinction and an unusual range, from minister of state to engineering apprentice, from headmaster to beauty queen. The Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State visited the College on 25th

November. He was received with a guard of honour, and made a tour of many College activities, before attending the guest-night dinner and subsequently lecturing. Visiting on the same day, the Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Air Chief Marshal the Hon. Sir Ralph A. Cochrane, K.C.B., K.B.E., A.F.C., A.D.C., spent an hour in informal discussion with the senior entry. The Deputy Chief of the Air Staff, Air Marshal Sir Hugh S. P. Walmsley, K.C.I.E., C.B., C.B.E., M.C., D.F.C., was also present on this occasion. On the following day the D.C.A.S. visited the Equipment and Secretarial Wing, Digby, where a guard of honour was provided and he talked briefly to the members of No. 1 Entry.

* * *

Surprisingly heralded by Air Ministry authorizations, and chaperoned by a senior official of the Ministry, there came on 2nd November Miss Mary Woodward, whose visit to Cranwell was an episode in her reign as Miss New Zealand. "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," for within minutes of her arrival she was going through the nerve-racking experience of her first launch in a glider. But Miss Woodward took in her stride with an imperturbable charm whatever befell her—tea in the College with the cadets who had hastened to claim a New Zealand connection, a tour conducted by the Under-Officers, a cocktail party at the Lodge. On the next day she flew away to conquer new worlds, leaving an admiring Cranwell deeply respectful of New Zealand judgment.

* * *

Liaison visitors included the Commandant-Designate of the Royal Egyptian Air Force College, Group Captain A. Soliman, and later the Adjutant of the College,

Squadron Leader Zakir. The Adjutant of the Royal Pakistan Military Academy, Captain Bashir Ahmad, visited in January. The Royal Indian Air Force (then correctly so designated) was represented in December by a distinguished Old Cranwellian, Group Captain Arjan Singh. A proposed visit by the R.A.F. Staff College, Andover, was regrettably postponed by bad weather to a date in this term.

* * *

When the College played Northern Command in November, it had looked forward to welcoming the General Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Lieutenant-General H. Balfour, C.B., D.S.O., and receiving him with a guard of honour, but the weather prevented his coming. General Balfour attended the graduation parade at the end of term. Another Army visitor on that occasion was Brigadier T. B. L. Churchill, M.C., the hospitable host of last year's Cranwell visit to Austria.

* * *

The Headmasters of Armagh and Dungannon Royal Schools, Emanuel College, Belfast Methodist College, St. Lawrence's, Ramsgate, the Royal Grammar School, High Wycombe, and Whitgift Middle School, were among last term's visitors. Many A.T.C. parties have come to make the usual tour.

* * *

The JOURNAL records with pleasure the visit of Mr. A. A. Willis (Anthony Armstrong), who came as guest of honour to the Editors' Publication Dinner, and entertained his grateful hosts with revelations from the black-marked files of Pilot Officer Prune.

* * *

Last term saw assiduous activity by a team from ACE Films Ltd., charged by the Air Ministry with making College life known and attractive to possible aspirants. The College, which has been round this circuit before, learned to step rather than trip over furlongs of cable in passage and doorway and to regard the sudden flooding of lights as normal in any circumstances of instruction or leisure. The hope that a love-interest might be considered essential was short-lived; there were no imported stars. The film has not yet had its première.

* * *

The Blankney Hounds met at the College on 23rd November and the Belvoir on 6th December. On each occasion work was remitted for the period of the meet, and a few cadets and officers rode to hounds. Hunt Balls were held at the College by the Blankney at the beginning of the Christmas vacation and by the Belvoir on 17th February.

* * *

Turning to a final congratulatory section, "College Notes" cannot bear to leave to the sports pages only the pleasure of recording that in the Rugby match against the Royal Military Academy Sandhurst on 6th December, the Royal Air Force College won for the second consecutive year. With commendable restraint we leave even the score to those other pages, but here congratulate most warmly the playing captain, W. F. Knapper, his team, and all those whose work of training was thus rewarded, including the unfortunate captain, R. Pavey, prevented by a late injury from sharing the success.

We congratulate Mr. A. W. Acomb, Librarian, on exemplary Selection and Maintenance of the Aim when he demonstrated that even the brief mid-term break was long enough for a determined man to go from Cranwell to the South of France, marry and return. "*Boni coniuges bene vivite.*" We wish Mr. and Mrs. Acomb life-long happiness.

* * *

On New Year promotions we congratulate Squadron Leaders R. B. Cole, D.F.C., and J. A. C. Aiken, and on promotion to acting rank, Squadron Leaders D. R. Fayle, M.C., and J. C. Forth.

* * *

The College bids welcome to Nicholas John Lowe (born 27th October), Christopher Howard Jenkins (20th December), Ruth Lewis (22nd December), Carol Kunkler (4th January), and Geoffrey Cleaver (25th January); also, belatedly, to Judith Shield (born 27th July), notice of whose arrival somehow escaped the previous issue of the JOURNAL.

COLLEGE LECTURES

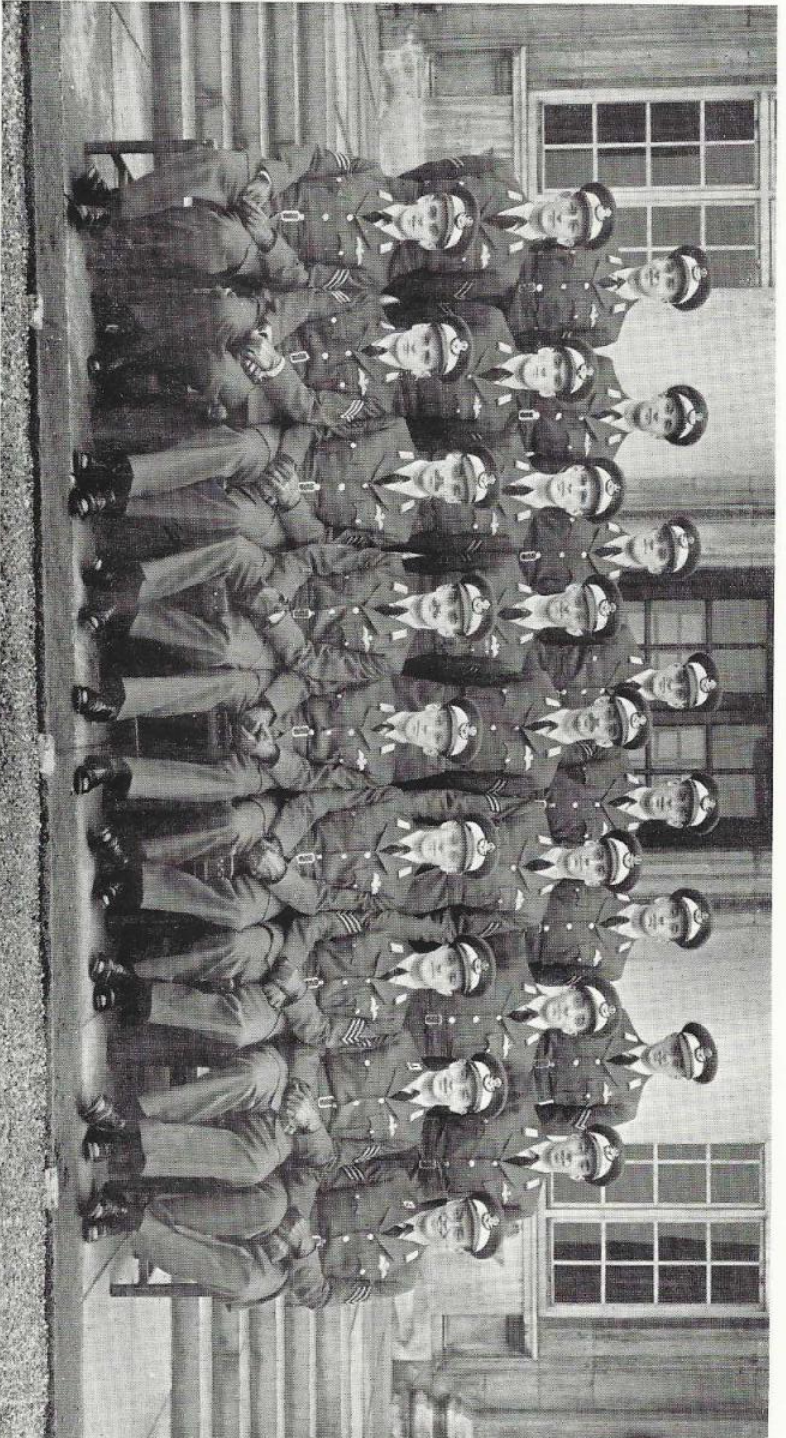
THE lectures listed below were given on Guest Nights at Cranwell to the College as a whole or at Digby to all the Equipment and Secretarial Wing:

Cranwell

- "Science to the Aid of Air Power." By Sir Henry Tizard, K.B.E., A.F.C., Chairman of the Research Committee of the Ministry of Defence.
- "Survey of National Problems." By Geoffrey de Freitas, M.P., Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for Air.
- "Manning the Royal Air Force." By Air Vice-Marshal D. A. Boyle, C.B., C.B.E., A.F.C., Director-General of Manning, Air Ministry.
- "Problems of Air Defence." By Air Marshal Sir Basil E. Embry, K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O., D.F.C., A.F.C., Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Fighter Command.
- "United Europe." By Kenneth Hare-Scott.
- "Antarctica." By E. W. Kevin-Walton, D.S.C., A.M., Secretary to the Norwegian-British-Swedish Antarctic Expedition, 1949-54.
- "Gliding and Soaring." By P. A. Wills.

Digby

- "The All-Weather Air Force." By Group Captain C. G. Lott, C.B.E., D.S.O., D.F.C.
- "Resistance in Norway and Denmark." By Colonel J. S. Wilson, O.B.E.
- "Air Movements." By Group Captain J. W. Hunt, C.B.E.
- "Records." By Group Captain G. H. White, O.B.E.
- "Provisioning and Stock Control." By Group Captain L. C. Dennis.
- "Mountaineering." By Wing Commander A. J. M. Smythe, O.B.E., D.F.C.
- "The United Kingdom Delegation to the United Nations." By Wing Commander H. W. Ford.
- "The Abyssinian Campaign, 1940-41." By Wing Commander W. A. Theed.



SENIOR TERM—DECEMBER, 1949

Back Row—F.C. Cpl. M. McD. Harvey; F.C. Cpl. C. F. Pickard; F.C. Cpl. P. A. Law; F.C. Cpl. C. J. S. Wood; F.C. Cpl. J. G. Bourne; F.C. Cpl. D. Parratt; F.C. Cpl. E. N. Barrington-Reingannum.
 Centre Row—F.C. Cpl. R. E. Webster; F.C. Cpl. A. Wright; F.C. Cpl. R. W. M. Dixon; F.C. Cpl. A. R. L. Chester; F.C. Cpl. L. C. Swailwell; F.C. Cpl. I. D. S. Cunningham; F.C. Cpl. R. W. Jenkins; F.C. Cpl. J. J. Guntrip.
 Front Row—F.C. Sgt. I. S. Macpherson; F.C. Sgt. A. N. H. Heap; F.C. Sgt. R. J. Spiers; F.C. U/O. G. H. Parkinson; F.C. U/O. J. R. E. Edmondson-Jones; F.C. U/O. I. D. Meredith; F.C. Sgt. H. E. Clements; F.C. Sgt. R. J. Clatidge; F.C. Sgt. P. J. Bardon.

[Photo: Gale & Pollen Ltd., Altonshot]



[Photo: Gale & Polden Ltd., Aldershot

PRIZE WINNERS—48 ENTRY

Back Row—F.C. Cpl. R. E. Webster (Abdy Gerrard Fellowes). F.C. Sgt. A. N. H. Heap (R.U.S.I. Award). F.C. Sgt. R. J. Spiers (Imperial and War Studies).
Front Row—F.C. Cpl. A. R. L. Chester (R.M. Groves Memorial, Dickson Trophy). F.C. U./O. J. R. E. Edmondson-Jones (Sword of Honour, King's Medal, John Anthony Chance). F.C. U./O. I. D. Meredith (Philip Sassoon Memorial).

THE GRADUATION OF No. 48 ENTRY

THE regular ebb and flow of graduation and attestation are now an established part of the College life. Low water for No. 48 Entry came on 14th December, 1949.

As usual, the vagaries of the Cranwell climate were well in evidence. No. 46 Entry graduated in a bitter spring; No. 47 Entry in a lowering July; No. 48 Entry in a bright, sunny December.

The established order of parade and prize-giving followed its precedented way without a hitch. The parade, under the command of Squadron Leader R. H. G. Weighill, D.F.C., until the inspection and thereafter under the command of Flight Cadet Under-Officer J. R. E. Edmondson-Jones, passed off with spirit, if not to the carping critic entirely faultlessly. It took place, from the spectators' point of view, in ideal conditions of light, with a low sun shining straight upon the cadet wing.

This graduation, however, will be remembered by the address of the reviewing officer, Field-Marshal Sir William Slim, G.B.E., K.C.B., D.S.O., M.C., whose talk after the prize-giving summarized and emphasized all that could or should be said on such an occasion and made the deepest impression on all who were privileged to hear it. To the cadet it was an inspiration and strengthening of resolution; to the older officer an occasion of heart-searching and self-evaluation. We can do no better than to print some excerpts from his address.

The Chief of the Imperial General Staff said:

"Commandant, ladies and gentlemen, flight cadets. First of all, I would like to congratulate everybody on the magnificent turn-out today. Ten days ago I took a similar parade at West Point. I know something of what it means to be on a parade like that because I haven't always been standing on a saluting base, and I hope your Warrant Officers don't say such rude things to you as they said to me. I am going to Sandhurst tomorrow and I may have a few remarks to make about quantity as opposed to quality.

"I would like to address my remarks principally to those members of No. 48 Entry who are entering the commissioned ranks of the Service. You will soon know what it means to be an officer in the R.A.F. You will be officers in the finest flying Service in the world, during which time you should maintain and increase a high standard of conduct, and from what I have seen today I have every confidence that this will be done. Leadership is the all-important factor. It is the projection of your own personality to other people. By this you make others do what you want them to do. . . . You must start by building a personality, which consists of certain qualities—courage, will-power, initiative and knowledge. As far as courage is concerned, thank God, you come from a nation who have never failed so far as courage is concerned. The courage that is required of an officer is moral courage. British soldiers, sailors and airmen are no braver than anyone else; they are braver for a longer time. We can all be brave for five minutes, but can we go on being brave for five months or five years? So far as will-power is concerned, you must have that for every occasion. It is a thing you can cultivate, but be warned of the great pitfall which has ruined many a leader. The balance between will-power and flexibility of mind must be equal. Don't let it develop into obstinacy; be sure to keep a balance. That is one of the most critical things in leadership.

"The next quality you must have is initiative. It means you just don't sit down and wait for things to happen; you get cracking and make the best of a bad job. An officer must always be several jumps ahead of the men he leads. At times you will have to think months ahead of you, but always think ahead of your men so far as knowledge is concerned.

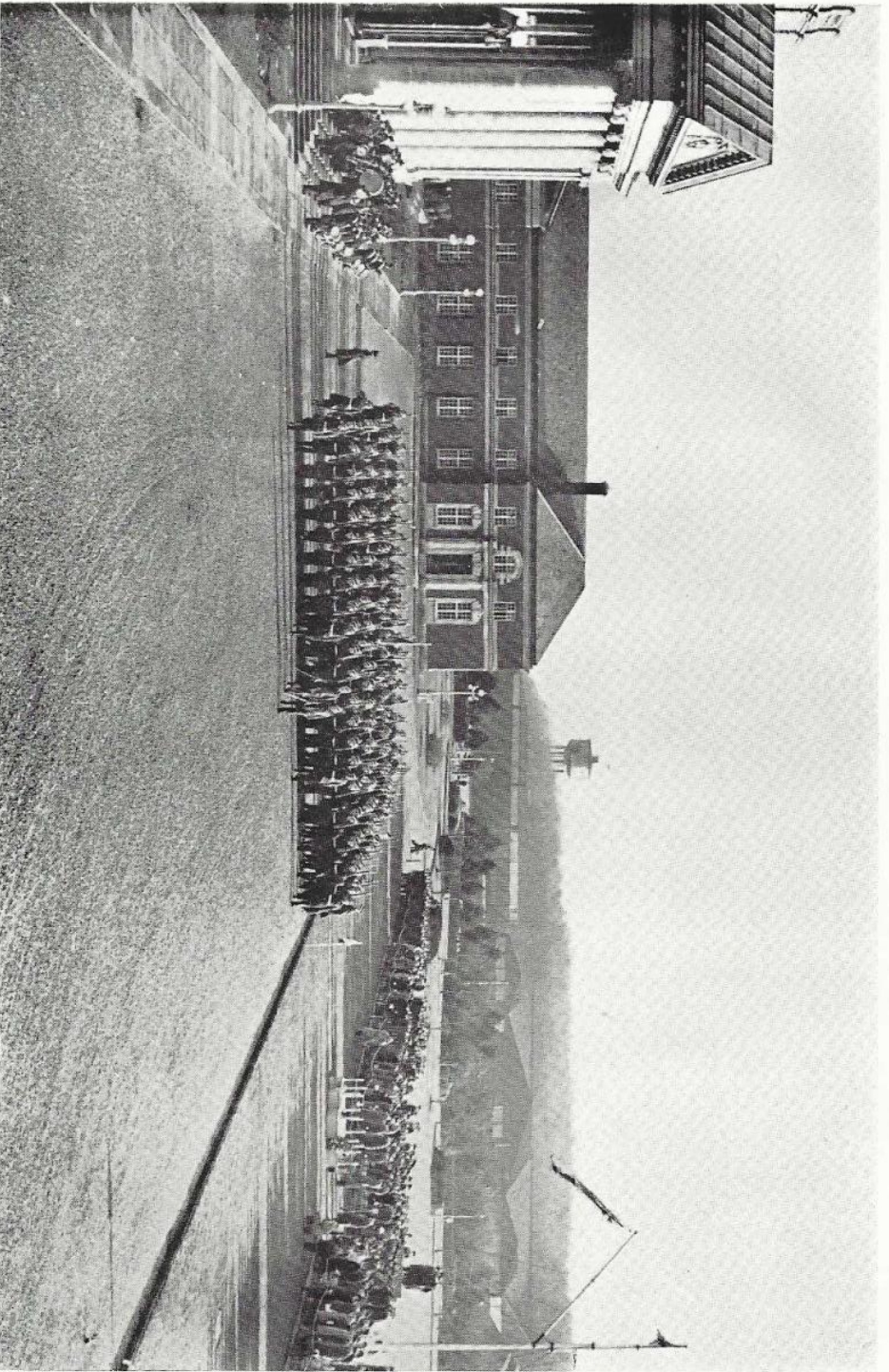
"In this institution you will have absorbed a great deal of knowledge, but this is only the beginning; you will never stop learning. You know as well as I do that it is no use going on if we are not in knowledge the chaps we set out to be. Keep ahead, and don't think that when you leave here you have finished with knowledge; you have only just started.

"Courage, will-power, initiative and knowledge are necessary qualities. If you have these you are a leader, but you are not necessarily a good leader. It takes a good man to lead when things are going wrong. When everything is going right it is easy. When you can't get spare parts for your aircraft and motor vehicles, when you have suffered casualties, when the ration wagon fails to arrive and your bellies are empty, then is the time a real leader counts. You won't be a real leader unless you have got another quality, and that quality is self-sacrifice. That will determine everything you do. If you have this quality you will be liked by the men you command. Put the interests of the men you lead first all the time and your own interest last. If you do this you will be a leader to whom men will turn in good times as well as bad.

"In the Army, as well as in other Services, there are no good units and bad units; there are only good officers and bad officers. If I take the officers from a so-called bad unit and exchange them with officers from a good unit, I can guarantee that in six months conditions of the respective units will be reversed. It is the officers that count, and when you go from here see that you are good officers."

The Commandant, in his address, had commended No. 48 Entry to the reviewing officer as "the last Entry to complete their basic training on the Tiger Moth, and so the last knowledgeable to be able to bore their grandchildren with tales of the old biplane days," and as a body of officers who would be a credit to their Service and a credit to the College. The present excellent spirit of the College remained as a tribute to them.

J. F. P.



GRADUATION PARADE—14th DECEMBER, 1949

Photograph by Central Press Photos, London



[Photograph by Central Press Photos, London

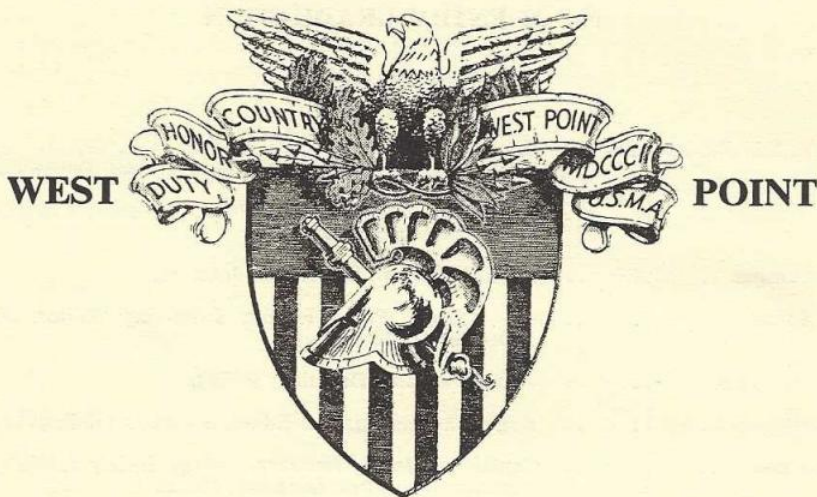
**FIELD-MARSHAL SIR WILLIAM SLIM CONGRATULATES THE WINNER OF THE
SWORD OF HONOUR**

No. 48 ENTRY GRADUATION

ORDER OF MERIT

J. R. E. Edmondson-Jones ..	Sword of Honour; King's Medal; J. A. Chance Memorial Prize; captain, Soccer; Cricket; President, Debating; Music.
R. E. Webster	A. G. Fellowes Memorial Prize; Athletics; Cross-Country; Engineering; Photographic.
R. J. Claridge	Senior Librarian; Sub-Editor, JOURNAL.
R. J. Spiers	Air Ministry Prize; Rugby; Swimming; Editor, JOURNAL; Dramatics; Debating.
A. N. H. Heap	R.U.S.I. Award; Debating; Sailing.
D. Parratt	Rugby; Swimming; Sub-Editor, JOURNAL; Gliding; Ski-ing.
P. J. Bardon	Captain of Boats; Secretary, College Society Advisory Committee; Dramatics; Debating; Music.
G. H. Parkinson	Rugby; Riding; Mountaineering; Engineering.
A. Wright	Dramatic; Mountaineering; Riding.
H. E. Clements	Rugby; Swimming.
I. D. Meredith	Sassoon Memorial Prize; Rugby; Fencing; Swimming; Secretary, Dramatics; Debating.
A. R. L. Chester	R. M. Groves Memorial Prize; Dickson Trophy; captain, Fencing; Athletics; Riding.
C. F. Pickard	Cricket; Photographic; Gliding.
E. N. Barrington-Reinganum	Photographic; Farming
M. McD. Harvey	Librarian; Dramatics; Sailing.
J. J. Guntrip	Shooting.
I. D. S. Cunningham	Gliding; Ski-ing.
L. C. Swalwell	Rugby; Photographic; Gliding.
J. G. Bourn	Rugby; Dramatics.
R. W. Jenkins	Gliding.
I. S. Macpherson	Rugby.
R. W. M. Dixon	Riding.
*P. A. Law	Photographic.
*C. J. S. Wood	Riding; Dramatics.

* Recommended for commissioning in branches other than the G.D. Branch.



This is the first of two articles dealing with the United States Military Academy. Our next issue will contain an impression of life at West Point today, written by a cadet now serving there.

THE proposal to establish a military academy in the United States was first made in 1776. George Washington himself selected West Point, New York, as a suitable site, and his last official letter, written two days before his death, was a strong recommendation that a military academy be founded.

Congress became convinced of the advisability of such a plan, and, on 16th March, 1802, passed the act which brought the United States Military Academy into existence as a permanent institution with an original complement of five officers and ten cadets. From this humble beginning, West Point has grown to an establishment of some 450 officers and 2,500 cadets—having meanwhile graduated 17,346 of the roughly 28,000 young men who have donned cadet gray.

For many years, West Point, aside from its military functions, was the only engineering school in the United States. For this reason, all of our transcontinental railroad lines were the work of its graduates. They also mapped the coasts, charted the harbours, surveyed the frontiers and constructed most of the important public works of the country during the nineteenth century.

As the years passed, graduates of the Academy became prominent in many roles. President Theodore Roosevelt paid this tribute to West Point in 1902: "This institution has completed its first hundred years of life. During that century, no other institution in the land has contributed so many names as West Point has contributed to the honor roll of the nation's greatest citizens." West Point has, then, through her graduates, played a reasonably significant part in America's brief history.

But what about the Academy of today? What is its mission and what methods are used to achieve that aim?

"The mission of the Military Academy is to instruct and train the Corps of Cadets to the end that each graduate shall have the qualities and attributes essential to his

progressive and continued development throughout a lifetime career as an officer of the Army (or Air Force). In general, courses of instruction and training will be designed to develop character and the personal attributes essential to an officer, to provide a balanced and liberal education in the arts and sciences, and to provide a broad basic military education rather than that individual proficiency in the technical duties of junior officers of the various arms which is of necessity a gradual development, the responsibility for which devolves upon the graduates themselves and upon the commands and schools to which they are assigned after being commissioned." (*U.S. Army Regulation, 350-5.*)

As can be seen from the mission, West Point is concerned primarily with developing character and qualities of leadership. The Academy does not attempt to turn out military specialists. Military training takes but 40 per cent. of the cadets' time—mainly during the summer academic break—and is designed to prepare the cadet for service as a professional officer in any branch of the Army or in the Air Force.

The Academy's facilities are spread over 15,000 acres of rugged terrain on the west bank of the Hudson River, fifty miles north of New York City. The central group of buildings, some more than 100 years old and laden with ivy and tradition, attracts visitors from all over the world.

The Corps of Cadets, proud of its heritage and well aware of its obligations, is a cross-section of American youth, selected generally on the basis of ability and promise. These lads are as diverse in origin and background as is our population. They come from the cities, villages and farms of every state in the union. Yet all will be moulded during their four-year stay at the Academy to the same pattern of patriotism and devotion to duty, and the aim is that all will emerge bearing the same indelible stamp of character and leadership.

The nobility and severity of West Point's rock-bound setting help to inspire the cadet. At the same time, the Academy's motto, "Duty, Honor, Country," gives him a simple ideal for which to strive. But, on the practical side, the West Point "system" tackles the problem of character-building in its concrete aspects.

The "system" is based on the premise that leaders are not necessarily born—they can be developed. In other words, a certain combination of personality traits and qualities of character constitute a strong and effective type of "military leader personality" and the entire program is viewed as a training system designed to ingrain these traits and qualities in the cadet. If the cadet already possesses the desired attributes, they will be strengthened by his four years at West Point. If he does not possess them, he must either assimilate them to a satisfactory degree or be discharged from the Corps for lack of "aptitude for the service"—a policy that is necessary to protect the government from spending time and money on inferior officer material as well as to protect the cadet from entering upon a career in which he is not likely to be successful or happy.

Among the means employed to build the "military leader personality" in cadets are the Aptitude System, the Honor System, and a liberal amount of first-hand command and instructional experience. They are briefly discussed in that order below.

The Department of Military Psychology and Leadership, staffed by battle-tested officers who have received post-graduate university training in psychology, presents a four-year course of instruction in human nature and the techniques of handling men.

Additionally, the department supervises and administers the Aptitude System proper. The System divides itself into two phases: first, determining which cadets are of doubtful aptitude for the service and hence should receive special attention and help; second, analysing the personality and character of each individual in this small group of doubtful cadets in order to form an idea of his ultimate suitability for the service.

The first phase requires each cadet to rank every other cadet in his company (about 100 cadets in all) in the order of his estimate of their leadership ability. The criterion for the evaluation of each cadet by his fellows is as follows:

“What is this cadet’s relative capacity and ability (if or when placed in command of the remainder of the group with which I am comparing him) to elicit the group’s maximum co-operation, maintain the highest possible standards of administration and discipline, and at the same time develop and preserve high morale and group spirit in the attainment of an assigned mission?”

No pinpoint accuracy of ranking in individual cases is expected from this system. Experience has shown, however, that within a cadet company there is a general consensus of opinion as to the best ten per cent. and the worst ten per cent. in that particular group. If a cadet stands within the former group, this information is considered at the appropriate time for the purpose of awarding cadet rank. If he is a member of the latter group, he will receive careful scrutiny under the second phase of the Aptitude System.

In the application of phase two, the Tactical Officer (normally a major or lieutenant-colonel, who is concerned with general supervision of a cadet company) plays an important part in studying the deficiencies of cadets who have been rated low in his company. He causes special evaluation reports to be made out by certain key cadets in the cadet company’s chain of command who are favourably situated to observe intimately the weak cadets in question. The Tactical Officer himself makes out a similar evaluation report. From these reports, the Commandant of Cadets determines whether or not the cadet in question is so weak in aptitude as to create real doubt as to his suitability for the military service. If this doubt exists, the case is referred to an Aptitude Board, consisting of experienced senior officers and at least one psychologist. This Board holds hearings with the cadet and goes into all aspects of the case. It then either passes the cadet in aptitude, places him on probation for a further term, or recommends his dismissal from the Academy. Dismissal must meet with the approval of the Superintendent of the Academy and of the Secretary of the Army to be effective. In actual practice, a cadet is seldom dismissed for inaptitude without at least one term’s probationary status, during which time he receives frequent advice and guidance from his Tactical Officer and from senior cadets. Everything possible is done to help him correct his weaknesses. If, however, at the end of this period of probation, he is again reported as deficient in aptitude, and if the facts of the case warrant such action, his dismissal will be recommended.

Needless to say, the system described above necessitates frequent self-evaluation on the part of individual cadets and results in their striving constantly for self-improvement in order to keep the hot breath of the Aptitude System off the back of their necks!

Even more completely and intimately is the cadet’s life dominated by the Honor System.

“Men may be inexact or even untruthful in ordinary matters and suffer as a consequence only the dis-esteem of their associates or the inconvenience of unfavourable litigation, but the inexact or untruthful soldier trifles with the lives of his fellow men and with the honor of his government, and it is therefore no matter of pride but rather a stern disciplinary necessity that makes West Point require of her students a character for trustworthiness that knows no evasions.”—*Secretary of War, Newton D. Baker.*

The above quotation from an outside observer serves to illustrate well the fact that the Honor System has its roots both in ethical considerations and in practical military necessity. Honor, as it is understood by the Corps of Cadets, is a fundamental and indispensable attribute of character. Its underlying principle is truth. It is not a complicated system of ethics, but merely honest dealing and clean thinking. If a cadet is true in thought, word and deed, there is no question about his meeting the standards of the Corps. On the other hand, quibbling, evasive statements, or the use of technicalities to conceal guilt are not tolerated at West Point.

General Eisenhower wrote to the Superintendent of the Academy a few years ago :

“I think that everyone familiar with West Point would instantly agree that the one thing that has set us definitely aside from every other school in the world is the fact that for a great number of years it has not only had an Honor System but that the system has actually worked. This achievement is due to a number of reasons, but two of the most important ones are: first, that the authorities of West Point have consistently refused to take advantage of the Honor System to detect or discover minor violations of regulations; and, second, that due to the continuity of the Corps and of the instructional staff we have succeeded early in the cadet's career in instilling in him a respect amounting to veneration for the Honor System.”

As General Eisenhower indicates above, the success of the Honor System depends more upon the Corps of Cadets than upon the supervision of officers. As a matter of fact, the system was originated many years ago by the cadets themselves in the form of a Vigilance Committee. This committee operated outside the law and was not recognized by the authorities. In more recent times, the Honor Committee has been set up as a recognized and respected agency within the Corps. Its procedures are codified and its members are clothed with responsible authority. Each year the cadets select from among themselves this Honor Committee for the purpose of interpreting the Honor System to the Corps of Cadets, explaining the principles on which it is based, and bringing honor violations into the open in order to get rid of the guilty by constituted authority. The committee has no punitive powers, its functions being merely investigative and advisory. If a cadet is reported to the Commandant by the committee as possibly guilty of an honor violation, the Commandant then sets in motion all the official machinery to make a careful investigation of the facts. In the course of this investigation, the legal rights of the cadet are protected in accordance with military law.

It is not within the scope of this article to deal extensively with the “nuts and bolts” of the Honor System. There are two points, however, which are essential to a broad understanding of its implications :

First, the system is not a means for disciplining the Corps of Cadets. If a cadet wishes to commit an offence against the regulations, he may take that chance. If he is caught,

he is punished for a violation of regulations without the Honor System becoming involved.

Second, a cadet's spoken or written word is always accepted without question. Therefore, if he indicates by a signature or statement that he has complied or will comply with a particular regulation, the Honor System automatically enters into consideration. Sometimes, for example, a cadet is required to give a promise to comply with regulations in exchange for a privilege. A cadet taking advantage of his occasional privilege of leaving the Academy grounds is required to sign his departure and return in a book. His signature means that he has taken no undue advantage of the privilege during his absence from barracks. If he is not willing to enter into this promise, he does not receive the privilege. Having once accepted the privilege, he is honor bound to report himself for any violation he commits while absent from barracks. He will then, of course, have to undergo the punishment meted out for his offence by a board of officers—be it walking a certain number of one-hour "punishment tours" with a rifle on his shoulder, or serving a given number of confinement periods in his room during free time.

It should be obvious from the above that the Honor System is a vital influence in the day-to-day life of every cadet. Instances constantly occur which show how much the system means to the Corps. Cadets frequently report themselves for unintentional violations of the Honor System. A cadet may, on the other hand, be reported by one of his closest friends for an Honour violation because the men of the Corps feel that the Honor Code is bigger than any individual or any personal friendship. For all who have had contact with the Honor System at West Point, the influence of this way of life has been marked and lasting.

Roughly 700 new cadets, or plebes, enter the Academy each July. These men are met by and taken completely under the charge of members of the First (Senior) Class, who spend the remainder of the summer academic break period training and indoctrinating them in every phase of basic soldiering and of cadet life. The pace set by the instructors of the First Class on the drill field, at physical training and games sessions, at weapons instruction, and, indeed, wherever they are called upon to lead, is a fast one. It is quickly realized by the newcomer that he has a long way to go to meet the standards of bearing, command and performance of duty set by his cadet superiors. Commissioned officers function only in supervisory capacities during this period. The bulk of the planning and scheduling, and all of the training are done by the First Class "Detail." This arrangement serves the dual purpose of having the Senior learn his material intimately by teaching it, and, more important, of putting his theoretical knowledge of leadership into productive practice.

The "learn by doing" approach is employed throughout the four-year course. It is particularly fostered by the organization of the Corps itself. The overall cadet establishment is headed by the Cadet Brigade Commander, who is assisted by his Cadet Adjutant, Cadet Supply Officer and Cadet Training Officer. Next in the chain of command come two Cadet Regimental Commanders, followed by six Battalion Commanders. The cadet companies, twenty-four in number, are the basic formations. They are run by Cadet Company Commanders, assisted by Cadet Lieutenants and N.C.Os. The "Tactical Officer" is primarily a trainer, supervisor, and inspector, who ensures that the cadets within his company's chain of command are performing their job of running the company to the maximum possible degree of effectiveness. The Cadet

Company Commander is, on the other hand, responsible for everything that goes on within his company—conducting of drill and parade formations; proper compliance with regulations and orders; proper administration of records and reports; proper behaviour of cadets in barracks; maintenance of high standards of appearance in barracks; and the training to ensure proper performance of duty by everyone below him in the company. Platoon and squad leaders are held similarly responsible by him.

In addition to the leadership positions afforded by the normal cadet chain of command, there are a number of special administrative tasks within the company which are handled by cadets. The Athletic Representative, for instance, plans and co-ordinates the company's intramural sports program. The Cadet in Charge of Academic Coaching keeps records of the academic standing of cadets in the company and arranges for the assignment of brighter cadets as academic coaches for those having difficulty with their studies. The Public Information Cadet arranges for cadet escorts for official visitors to the Academy, and assists in public relations work with the Press. Other responsible positions are Cadet Armorer, Cadet Transportation Sergeant, and Company Budget Officer—they must lay on all company arrangements within their respective spheres.

The climax of the practical side of the leadership program comes during the cadet's final summer when he is assigned for several weeks as a "third lieutenant" to a recruiting training unit of the Regular Army. During this period he is able to consolidate and evaluate his cadet outlook in terms of the conditions he will meet in the service later on.

Although the West Point cadet lives and works beneath a highly demanding and exacting set of controls, his life (exclusive of plebe year!) is a full and happy one. He works hard, plays hard at his games, and extracts the very maximum enjoyment from his small allowance of leisure time. It is safe to predict, however, that he will sigh a large sigh of relief on the final day of his West Point career—at which time he will gratefully pin on his second-lieutenant's bars, tuck his Bachelor of Science degree into his suitcase, and sally forth into the comparative peace and quiet of the Army or the Air Force.

H. L. H.

"THREE DUCKS STICKING THEIR NECKS OUT"

BY SQUADRON LEADER E. H. LYNCH-BLOSSE

THIS is hardly a dignified description of the armorial bearings of the R.A.F. Cadet College, but is doubtless adequate for those uninitiated in heraldry. The purpose of this article is to translate this short but expressive description of the coat of arms depicted below into the picturesque and romantic language of heraldry. To do this it is necessary first to have a brief outline of the origins and rules of this ancient art.

Heraldry is commonly supposed to have sprung from the seals with which kings and other V.V.I.Ps., from about the eighth century A.D., used to mark their letters and edicts. A seal became, in effect, a sort of signature, and with the passing of time became a means of identifying the owner. In the tenth and eleventh centuries, when "tin battledress" became the fashion, the need for some sort of identification became quite real in battle, as well as in letter writing, as the rank and file had to have some means of knowing whether the wearer of this armour was friend or foe. So the idea of a mark or symbol to act as a rallying point in battle spread from kings to knights, barons, earls and all "gentlemen at arms" who led their troops into battle. Normally, some form of emblem or design on the shield was adopted.

As this custom spread, the symbol or design came to be regarded as its wearer's property and as a pictorial version of his name. On a man's death, his son continued to use his father's shield, and so the idea grew up of hereditary rights to these symbols.

Eventually, in order to safeguard individual designs and to get some sort of order into the system, a set of rules was drawn up and nominal rolls were kept by heralds, who were responsible for registering coats of arms and for seeing that the rules were kept. By the twelfth century heraldry was an established practice, and in the next few hundred years it flourished, until, about the sixteenth century, not only individuals, but also corporate bodies, such as guilds, townships, etc., adopted coats of arms as symbols of their identity. Designs became very flowery and complicated, but from the seventeenth century onwards, with the passing of suits of armour, heraldry declined.

It is interesting to note, however, that a new form of heraldry is now springing up in the numerous badges adopted by Naval, Army and R.A.F. formations and units.

Before describing the Cranwell coat of arms a brief reference to the rules is necessary. They are few and simple and were designed principally to preserve the artistic values of heraldry.

The design must be depicted in one or more of five colours, two "furs" and two "metals." The colours—with their heraldic names—are as follows:

Red	Gules.
Blue	Azure.
Black	Sable.
Green	Vert.
Purple	Purpur.

The furs are "ermine" and "Vair," the first being self-explanatory and the second a representation of the skin of a squirrel, and depicted in alternate wavy bars of blue and silver. The metals are gold and silver, known heraldically as "or" and "argent."

The only other rule of importance is that the "charge" or symbol must not be of the same designation as the "field" or background. In other words, if you have a field of

gules, then the lion's head, or eagle or whatever it is, must be shown either in a metal or a fur.

Now a word about charges. A charge can consist of almost anything, but there are certain basic ones which are most commonly used. These consist of a broad, horizontal, vertical or diagonal band across the shield, known as a "fesse," a "pale" or a "bend" respectively; a "chevron," which is self-explanatory but upside down according to our ideas in the Service; and a "saltire," which is a diagonal cross similar to that of St. Andrew. Another very common charge is some form of cross, and you can get some idea of the size of the vocabulary of heraldry from the fact that there are over 100 different kinds of crosses, each described differently. Armed with this knowledge, it is now possible to pass on to the coat of arms of the R.A.F. College and describe it in detail in the curiously attractive mixture of English and French which makes up the language of heraldry. A picture of the coat of arms is shown below.



When describing a coat of arms, the field is referred to first, followed by the main charge and then the subsidiary charges. The most important part of a coat of arms is the shield. In this picture the shield has a blue background, upon which are depicted a chevron between three birds (which are meant to be cranes) on the wing; these are the main charges. On the chevron are shown three lions' faces of gold, each superimposed on a red disc (the subsidiary charges). One reason for the red disc is that it would be incorrect to have lions' faces of "or" on a background of "argent." There is another reason, but that comes later.

This combination is described in heraldic terms as shown in the right-hand column below :

The field.	Blue.	Azure.
The main charges.	A chevron and three flying birds all of silver.	A chevron between three cranes volant argent.
Subsidiary charges.	Three lions' faces on three red discs.	Three lions' faces or on three roundels gules (or tортаaux).

Connecting up the right-hand column with suitable prepositions and changing it slightly, the description becomes:

"Azure on a chevron between three cranes volant argent, as many torteaux each charged with a lion's face or."

Now, what does all this signify? The coat of arms was very carefully chosen after much consideration and correspondence with the Chester Herald, and everything shown on it has some symbolic meaning. Taking them in the same order:

The field	Represents the sky.
The chevron	A convenient background for the lions' heads, and one appropriate to the Service.
The cranes	The village of Cranwell was originally known as Crane-wel.
The lions' faces	These symbolize the Royal connections of the College.
The torteaux	These red roundels again symbolize the Royal connections of the College (cf. the three golden lions on a red background in the Royal Arms). In addition, some background for the lions' heads is necessary to conform to the rules.

After the shield comes the helmet, which is placed just above it. The interesting point about this is that different kinds of helmet denote different rank. In the Royal Arms, the helmet is of gold facing the front and has bars across the opening, and may only be used by the King. The helmet on the Cranwell Arms is of the kind normally allowed for a "gentleman" or "esquire."

On top of the helmet sits the "wreath," which looks rather like the coil of rope used in "tenni-quoits." Its purpose originally was to conceal the join of the crest to the top of the helmet. It usually consists of alternate plaits of the two principal colours on the shield and in this case would therefore be depicted in azure and argent. When this is so it is known as "a wreath of the colours."

Arising from the wreath is the crest. The word "crest" applies only to this device mounted on the helmet. Any other form of symbol—such as those representing R.A.F. units—are badges, and it is incorrect to refer to them as crests. The crest of the R.A.F. College is a figure of Daedalus, and, as it happens, a most appropriate one, Daedalus being one of mankind's very first known aviators—albeit not a very successful one. H.M.S. Daedalus was the name by which Cranwell was known during the First World War, when it was an R.N.A.S. Station. The original camp of those days was laid out to conform roughly to the silhouette of a ship, but after thirty-odd years this fact is now scarcely recognizable from the air. In this case, the figure of Daedalus is represented as "proper"—i.e., in natural colours as opposed to one or more of the five heraldic colours.

Next comes the "mantle," which is the name given to the flowery-looking design all round the shield. Actually, it has no floral significance at all, but represents the back half of a surcoat or tunic, of which the front was of chain or mail armour. It was made of felt or some such material and, naturally, after many campaigns used to become tattered and torn. Hence, the military prowess and experience of a gentleman-at-arms

was reflected in the rags and tatters of his mantle. A plain sort of drape round a shield would indicate that its owner was as yet inexperienced in battle—in other words, pretty “non-operational.” Like the wreath, the mantle is usually depicted in the principal colours of the shield.

Finally, on this coat of arms, is the motto, formerly known as the “*Cri de Guerre*,” and originally some bloodcurdling war cry with which the Commander and his men used to fling themselves into the battle. As heraldry acquired more peaceful characteristics, the nature of the “*Cri de Guerre*” changed and finally resulted in the motto. The motto in this case is “*Superna Petimus*,” a phrase which is extremely difficult to translate adequately into idiomatic English. Perhaps one of the best, if not the most accurate, is “We spurn the petty things.”

There are other additions to a complete coat of arms, such as “supporters,” which consist of two figures, one each side of the shield and supporting it. An example of supporters can be seen in the Royal Arms, namely, the lion and the unicorn. Other embellishments, such as orders, are also included when applicable, but, as the Cranwell coat of arms does not have them, they need not be mentioned.

The story is now complete, and the three ducks with which it began can be pushed into the background by this impressive example of the language of the ancient heralds :

“Azure on a chevron between three cranes volant argent as many torteaux each charged with a lion’s face or. And for the crest on a wreath of the colours a figure representing Daedalus proper.”

REHABILITATION

THE recent war was responsible for vast strides in the advancement of healing, and one of the most interesting branches which owed its birth to the war was that given the title “Rehabilitation.” Before the war, a person who had broken a limb was discharged from hospital, still in plaster, and was then told to report at the hospital as an out-patient for the subsequent removal of the plaster. At this date he was despatched as cured, and left to fend for himself. Consequently, that person was a liability, both to himself and to his fellow workers, for he had not regained the use of his damaged member, or the confidence in himself to use it once again.

This state of affairs came to a head during the war, particularly in the Royal Air Force, for not only were there limbs to mend, but minds too. Where injury had been accompanied by permanent or temporary disfigurement there was an urgent need for psychological treatment to restore the casualty and fit him to resume his task.

The Royal Air Force felt a keen sense of duty towards its damaged and disfigured pilots and aircrew, and decided that mending was but the first stage in the process of restoring them to their former occupations. It was from this decision that the Medical Rehabilitation Unit originated.

When an airman was considered fit to travel, or convalescent, he was despatched to

one of these units at Mongewell Park, Chessington, or Collaton Cross, and the task of restoring the full use of the damaged member was begun. If it was a damaged leg, the airman would be placed in a primary class and would do simple exercises to restore the use of the long-idle muscles. Gradually the exercises would be built up scientifically until full use of the leg was obtained.

This was by no means a hurried process, however, for no patient can spend the whole of the working day at bracing exercises and remain in a suitably happy and receptive state of mind. The day is broken up into periods of remedial games, interspersed with periods of complete mental relaxation, such as community singing and inter-class competitions. The patient, too, is treated with massage and physio-therapy to help build and strengthen the dormant muscles, a task accomplished by such devices as static bicycles, rowing machines, and as a Faraday machine which, electrically, causes the muscles to brace and relax without effort on the part of the patient.

Fresh air and sunshine play a large part in the rehabilitation of a patient, and every opportunity is grasped for exercise out of doors. During the summer months the patients at Collaton exercise on the Devonshire sands and bathe in the rivers and sea.

Where a tradesman or aircrew member is on the way to recovery he is transferred to a class doing occupational therapy, and there he reaccustoms himself to the use of the tools and instruments he formerly manipulated with dexterity. This enables him to regain his confidence and self-possession. Workshops and link-trainers are embodied in this division, and fit a man for immediate return to full duty, dispensing with the terrible periods of acclimatization that previously followed accidents.

Perhaps the most important and valuable side of rehabilitation, however, is its psychological one. This was the particular problem of the Royal Air Force, which had many cases of disfigurement through burns and severe cuts, and it became imperative that rehabilitation embraced these cases. The patient had to be made to understand that he was not abnormal or freakish, and would not be a liability to his family or friends when discharged from hospital. Many became embittered by their misfortune, and would not respond to normal treatment, and unless a patient is determined to recover, the finest doctors and nurses in the world cannot restore him to health.

Thus, a novel approach was adopted, and the Rehabilitation Unit became almost a holiday camp. Discipline was restricted to an absolute minimum, and all rank among patients was abolished in classes. Outings to the Devon beauty spots were arranged and carried out, sailing cruises and motor-boat cruises all formed part of the return to normal life. Dramatic societies and debating societies helped to restore the perspective of the patient. He was not abnormal among so many patients, and always there was someone worse than himself—a thought on the road to recovery.

Once the patient had recovered the use of his limb, or limbs, he was then despatched, in the case of Collaton Cross, to a further summer camp where his task was to make himself really fit. Here he lived under canvas and did a few camp duties, but his whole working day consisted of exercise and relaxation.

Today, rehabilitation in the Royal Air Force is the finest in the world, and has been copied in British hospitals and foreign services everywhere. It has obtained wonderful results, and there has been scarcely a case of a casualty being rejected as incurable. The Royal Air Force has certainly performed a wonderful task in supplying this service to its members and to the world.

P. G. N.

PRESIDENTIAL OCCASION

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

To be a President of the French Republic is no sinecure, but there are moments when Monsieur Auriol enjoys some relaxation at his country seat, the Chateau de Rambouillet, some forty miles west of Paris. Rambouillet has been a Royal hunting lodge for many generations of French Kings, and subsequently Emperors. This Royal heritage has now become the country residence of the French President, who still preserves its sporting traditions, as it has always been famous for its pheasants. On five occasions every winter (on Sundays) the President and his honoured guests shoot the famous coverts which, I am told, are as well stocked as ever they were before the war.

On this occasion the shooting party included the Minister of Defence and the most senior officers of the French Armed Forces. In addition, there were also representatives of the Allied Staffs of the Western Union. I had the honour of being invited, in company with my colleagues of the Army and Naval Staffs resident at Fontainebleau. It was a mild and bright Sunday morning when we drove up to the gates of Rambouillet to be directed by the police patrols to the chateau itself. Here we were received warmly and quite informally by the President himself and Madame Auriol in the midst of their guests. After a quick cup of coffee we were handed the day's programme by our loaders, dressed in green uniform, who had by that time assembled our guns and taken possession of our cartridge bags.

There were fourteen guns, and the programme indicated not only one's stand but also included a map of the coverts showing the positions of the guns for each drive. There were to be five drives in all, and the shoot was timed to finish for lunch at 1.30 p.m. The programme also included some hints and tips to guests which informed us that the game on this occasion would all be driven—mainly pheasants, but also some hares and rabbits. There were deer in the coverts but these were not to be shot. We were also cautioned that there would be a large number of beaters and other functionaries whose lives must be safeguarded. It was of great importance, therefore, that we should not shoot at any game in line with the beaters and we should reserve our shots for pheasant well above the heads of the beaters and other guns in the line. One began to wonder what we were in for, but it soon became obvious that the President had complete faith in his own instructions and in the discretion of his guests. On more than one occasion the President accompanied the beaters when he was not himself in the middle of the line of guns. He appeared to be well justified in his confidence because throughout the day the precautions were faithfully observed, both in the letter and in the spirit.

We then returned to our cars with our loaders and moved off in a cavalcade to the first drive. There were eleven stands lining a ride between two coverts, and the remaining guns were on the flanks or with the beaters. My stand was number five right (numbering from the centre), a position which I retained for the rest of the day. As soon as the guns were in position, the horn was sounded and the drive began. We did not have to wait long before the birds started to come over thick and fast, high and low. It was difficult to reload quickly enough even with a loader.

At the end of each drive we moved on in our own cars to the next, whilst the beaters were being formed up. There was a veritable army of beaters, at least fifty, in white

smocks. On each flank there were others carrying white flags, and the perimeter of each covert was also flagged. All were under the control of a head keeper, who sounded his horn periodically, and the results were excellent. Despite a strong cross wind, on most occasions the birds came forward remarkably well. I have never seen so many in my life, and at each drive the fun was fast and furious; in fact, better than the standard of the shooting.

An Admiral on my right maintained the prestige of the French Navy at a high pitch, but he was somewhat outclassed by a French General on his right, who was making good shooting with two guns. We Britishers were all single-gun men, even so, we preserved our honour by contributing an above-average score. This, I should add, is very carefully recorded by one's loader, who hands in the score at the end of each drive. There is no diffidence on the part of either host or guest when inquiring into individual scores. All this might be very embarrassing if the shooting had been of a higher standard, and perhaps we were lucky on this occasion.

The fifth and last drive was a grand finale in which we were beset by more birds than ever, and my own gun was almost too hot to hold. As soon as this was finished, the horn blew, the game was gathered, the guests assembled and we withdrew to lunch at the chateau. As we enjoyed our aperitifs before lunch in the ante-room overlooking the lake, the bag was being laid out on the lawn—over 300 pheasants, a number of rabbits and, lastly, one deer. Apparently it had lost its nerve completely and rushed headlong into a tree which broke its neck. An unusual event which I was told would be recorded in the game book as a suicide case!

The President and Madame Auriol were charming hosts who presided at what they chose to call a simple meal. As regards the number of courses, this might have been true by their standard, but it was certainly quality if not quantity in terms of food and wine, all of which was superbly served in the beautiful old dining-room looking out over the lake. After lunch we were conducted over the Royal apartments by our gracious hosts, who were also very accomplished guides. It was delightful to see how much they themselves appreciated their surroundings and the pleasure it gave to them to show these to their guests. At about four o'clock, flushed with good food and wine, to say nothing of the spirit of *La Chasse (à tir)*, we took leave of our hosts. It was indeed a unique occasion and one which I shall remember all my life, not only as an historic event but also as a shoot, the like of which I have never seen before and possibly will never see again. Furthermore, it was an occasion conducted throughout in an atmosphere of simplicity and hospitality characteristic of country life at its best.

R.A.F. COLLEGE SPORT

THE standard of the sport at the College is improving. The reasons for this are many, but perhaps the outstanding one is the wealth of notabilities to be found on the staff. Such a set-up, under the supervision of no less a sportsman than the Commandant himself, could hardly fail to produce a rise in the standard of College games. The cadets have responded to this guidance from above, and their efforts have produced a season's sport which the College should be proud of. Our success is usually measured by the results against R.M.A. Sandhurst, and this season these were favourable. Sandhurst were beaten at rugby and fencing, and we drew with them at soccer. They beat us by two points in a very close match at shooting, and it was only at squash that we were beaten decisively.

Now is not the time to rest on our laurels. We should look forward and, with expert coaching and advice, hope for even greater successes.

RUGBY

ONCE more the rugby season has ended in the defeat of our greatest rivals, but events leading up to it have been in marked contrast to the series of convincing wins of last year.

Comparison of results during the two Christmas terms show:

1948.—Played, 17; won, 13; lost, 3; drawn, 1; points for, 335; points against, 130.

1949.—Played, 14; won, 7; lost, 6; drawn, 1; points for, 154; points against, 197.

In 1949, however, the standard of opposition was infinitely higher. It was felt that the team would benefit more from being beaten by clubs playing good-class rugby than from defeating by thirty points or so those who played not-so-well. So the fixture list was radically changed, ambitiously, but not, I feel sure, too ambitiously. Defeats of 38—0 by the Greyhounds, and 41—9 by the LX Club look bad on paper, but the lessons learned from them were invaluable.

Nevertheless, defeats were partly due to defects in the team. Despite the abnormal crop of injuries, which meant that the same team did not play in two consecutive matches, something was seriously lacking in nearly all the games. Lack of fire in the pack led to much ineffectual and slow play in the middle of the field; improper understanding of the principles of (or failure to indulge in) three-quarter defensive play led to large gaps which opponents were all too quick to make use of; inability to finish off a promising movement all too often found the three-quarters stopped just short of the line when a score should have resulted. However, there are good points in plenty. The forwards developed to a fine art that most important aspect of play, the loose, and their loose heeling was nearly always exceptional. In line-outs they were never out-classed, and though a light scrum, they were only once overwhelmed in the tight, and that was through absence with injuries. Outside there was plenty of attacking spirit and more constructive play in making the opening than during the previous season.

The season began most encouragingly with a win over Leicestershire Colts before the term was three days old, and if things had continued as they had started we should have had a somewhat phenomenal term. Oundle, however, jolted us somewhat when we found ourselves 15 points behind at half-time. A second-half rally pulled us through, but this was the first indication of a serious fault that persisted throughout the season—a disinclination to settle down until the game was nearly half over.

Bedford Wanderers were comfortably beaten with the team playing well. Then the defeats started. Bomber Command beat us through our inability to finish off the movements; R.N.E.C., Plymouth, caught us with a drastically weakened pack; the Greyhounds could hold a slippery ball whilst our three-quarters could not get going. After half-term, defensive slips let through Northern Command; and in the worst display of the season behind the scrum, the LX Club piled on 33 points in the first half. The final score of 41—9 showed that we could do it once we had settled down. The R.A.F. match was a good one, especially by the forwards, but again gaps in defence which should not have been there made the score lop-sided. Greenwich should have been beaten, although they put out a strong side. Caius was intended to be a fairly easy loosener-up before the big match, but a win by conversion left nobody satisfied.

So the build-up to the Sandhurst game was by no means all that it might have been, and left many people with the uneasy feeling that, after a year of positive assurances that the result was a foregone conclusion, there might be a doubtful note creeping in. As in the year before, however, everyone pulled out that extra something which makes a potentially first-class side into the real thing, and the rigger captain did not have to go quietly into a corner and shoot himself after all.

R. P.

- 15/ 9/49.—v. Leicester Colts (away), won 15—12.
 1/10/49.—v. Stamford (home), won 28—6.
 5/10/49.—v. Oundle School (away), won 21—16.
 8/10/49.—v. Bedford Wanderers (away), won 21—3.
 12/10/49.—v. Bomber Command (home), lost 3—8.
 15/10/49.—v. Old Nottinghamians (home), won 15—0.
 22/10/49.—v. R.N.E.C., Plymouth (away), lost 0—20.
 26/10/49.—v. Oxford Greyhounds (away), lost 0—38.
 5/11/49.—v. Northern Command (home), lost 6—13.
 16/11/49.—v. R.A.F. (home), lost 10—31.
 23/11/49.—v. LX Club (away), lost 9—41.
 26/11/49.—v. R.N.C., Greenwich (away), drew 9—9.
 3/12/49.—v. Gonville and Caius, Cambridge (home), won 8—6.
 7/12/49.—v. R.M.A. Sandhurst (home), won 6—0.

SECOND XV

This season has been a very successful one for the Second XV. Out of twelve matches, nine have been won, and six of these games were against local club 1st XVs. Three matches were lost. Points scored were 192 for and 66 against.

The keenness shown and standard achieved give us high hopes for next year's Sandhurst match.

THE SANDHURST MATCH

Perhaps the largest crowd ever seen on a sports field at Cranwell assembled to watch the match between the R.M.A. and the College on 7th December. Many senior R.A.F. officers were present, Sandhurst sent 120 supporters by bus, and many Old Cranwellians flew here to see the match in which so much interest had been aroused by last year's contest. On the subject of the setting, D. R. Gent wrote in the *Sunday Times*: "The Cranwell ground was swept by an icy wind (as usual?) and there was rain most of the time. But how those youngsters stuck it!" The statement might well have been extended to include the spectators, for the built-in wind and Spartan conditions of the Cranwell rigger field were well up to standard.

THE SANDHURST MATCH



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THE SANDHURST MATCH



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Over all, the game lacked the excitement of last year's match, which was marked by high scores and by exciting dashes and last-minute saves. But the dour hard struggle, in which both sides spared nothing, was none the less intriguing.

The surface of the pitch was perfect, but the strong wind blowing straight up and down favoured Cranwell, as their opponents normally play on a very sheltered pitch in a less windswept part of the country. Sandhurst won the toss and chose to play down-wind in the first half.

Cranwell kicked off and from the start reversed their normal custom of failing to get down to it till nearly half-time. A forward rush, a tight scrum and Christie was very nearly over in the corner. Sandhurst cleared and almost immediately suffered a setback which must have seriously disrupted their plans. T. I. Robinson, their fly half, trying to exploit a gap in the College defences, pulled a hamstring and for the rest of the match was virtually a passenger.

Both sides then settled down to some really fast, open rugby, defence overwhelming attack. Cranwell were winning sixty or seventy per cent. of the tight scrums; they heeled better in the loose and shared honours with their opponents in the line-outs. The Sandhurst forwards, however, were superior in loose, fast rushes, and many times retrieved lost ground by dribbling the ball half the length of the field. The play was mainly in the Sandhurst half. One particularly agonizing moment for spectators occurred when a Sandhurst forward kicked the ball over Meredith's head and was beating him to the touch-down, when the wind carried it over the dead-ball line. On the other hand, Merriman dodged his way in from twenty-five yards out and flung himself over the line but failed to touch down properly. The half ended with a fine Sandhurst burst, when their wing was stopped only just short of the line by some forwards corner-flagging.

On the run of play, Cranwell looked the better team during the first half, and a little more ingenuity in attack and quickness in seizing opportunities would certainly have put them in the lead. Now they had the advantage of the wind, and by all the laws could feel fairly confident of crossing the line.

Sandhurst kicked off and straight away Fenner did what Sandhurst had curiously and perhaps disastrously failed to do during the first half—put in a long, high kick which gained over fifty yards and immediately put Cranwell in an attacking position not ten yards from their opponents' line. Fenner made ample use of the wind throughout the half, and so had much to do with the final outcome. There is nothing more disheartening and tiring for a side playing into a strong wind than to see the ball being booted back over it after it has slowly made ground. An important outcome of this was that Sandhurst looked far more tired towards the end.

Eventually, after pressing hard for some time, Cranwell made the first score. Macpherson went round the blind side, drew a number of opponents and sent Merriman away at full speed for the corner flag. He was stopped just short, but the ball went loose and Gordon-Johnson was there to put it over the line. The kick failed, but three points in this tremendous battle of desperate tackling and first-class covering were valuable.

Still the battle raged, with most of the twenty-fives being given to Sandhurst, and nothing escaping the eagle eye of C. H. Gadney, the referee. Cranwell's second try came after a lot of loose play in the Sandhurst twenty-five, when Fenner, always quick to seize a chance, grabbed the ball and hurled himself over the line. Again it was un-

converted, and the game ended shortly afterwards, with Sandhurst again desperately defending their line.

Of the Cranwell team as a whole it is fair to say that they showed themselves superior in every department of the game. Individually, Knapper and Gordon-Johnson played superbly in the pack and were always up with the ball. Macpherson played a brilliant game, and despite the wind combined perfectly with Fenner, who was also in grand form, never giving his opposite number half a chance on the few occasions he got hold of the ball. Of the three-quarters, Merriman was outstanding with his determined running for the line and his dogged tackling. Meredith's touch finding could not have been bettered.

Of the opposition, it is fair to point out that they were playing away, in conditions they were not used to, and that they lost their main attacking pivot almost as soon as the game had started. They proved themselves very gallant losers.

This is the first occasion upon which Cranwell has beaten Sandhurst twice in succession. No doubt the R.M.A. feels that this is the exception that proves the rule, but the College think that the hat-trick is more than a remote possibility. Without doubt, the match at Sandhurst next year will be well worth watching.

The teams were:

R.A.F. College.—I. N. Meredith, full back; H. A. Merriman, left wing; I. P. Farmer-Wright, left centre; R. J. Spiers, right centre; G. A. Christie, right wing; M. D. Fenner, fly half; I. S. Macpherson, scrum half; forwards (front row), D. C. Luck, P. M. Armour, G. O. Eades; (second row), W. F. Knapper (captain), I. Gordon-Johnson; (back row), H. E. Clements, L. C. Swalwell, G. H. Parkinson.

R.M.A. Sandhurst.—P. J. Hunt, full back; S. H. Fothergill, left wing; J. D. V. L. Phelps, left centre; J. H. Pegg, right centre; A. B. Horrex, right wing; T. I. McL. Robinson, fly half; F. C. Batten, scrum half; forwards (front row), M. J. D. Cawthorn (captain), T. J. K. S. Barrett, P. B. L. Hoppe; (second row), P. M. Hosea, E. B. Sims; (back row), J. B. Henderson, R. F. Richardson, R. W. Heath.

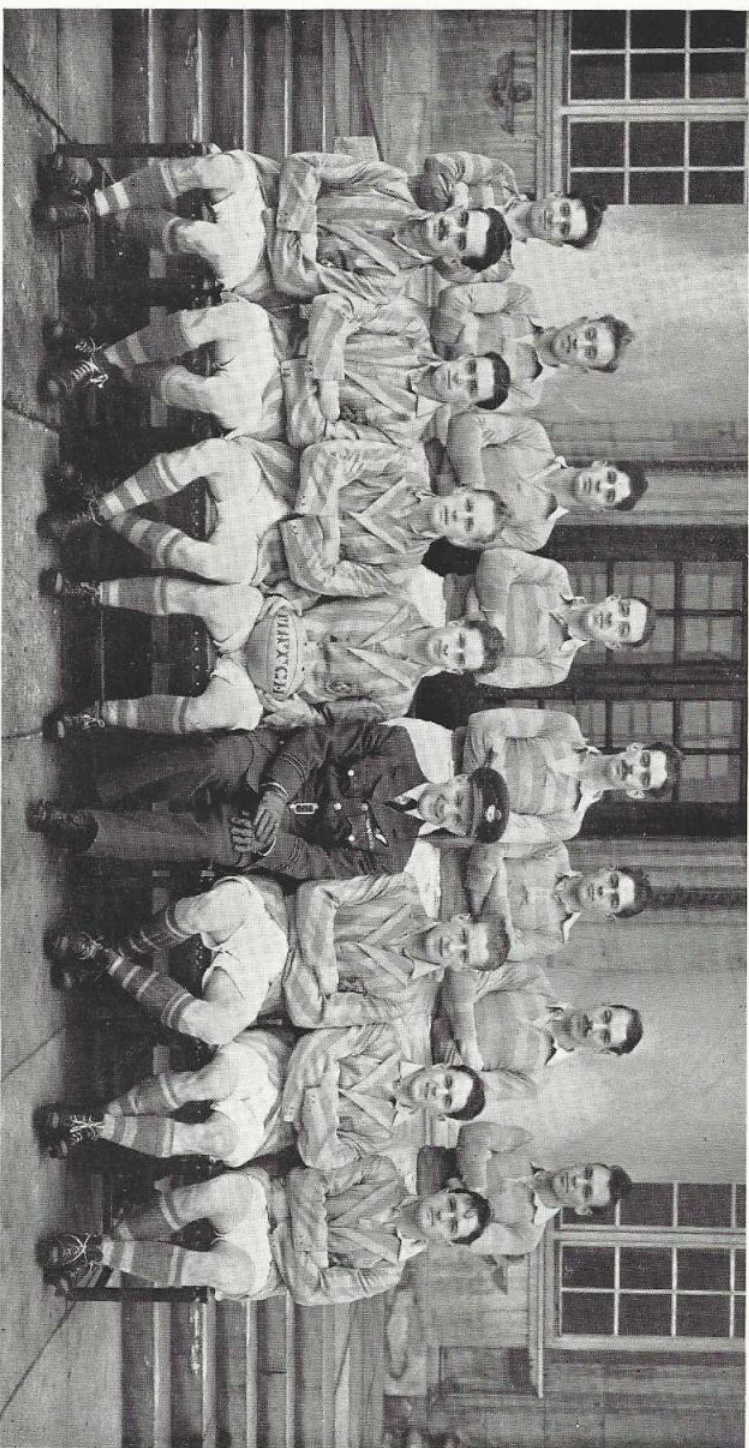
R. P.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

Although our opponents this term were the strongest the College has yet met, the team acquitted itself well. Of the thirteen matches played by the first eleven, seven were won, one drawn and five lost, with 35 goals for and 32 against.

The season opened with a very easy win against Horncastle Grammar School, the forwards scoring at a rate they never again achieved during the remainder of the term. Fielding a weakened team, the College lost to a strong team from Loughborough College, by six goals to two. The only players who enhanced their reputations were Perry, at right back, and Lee, at centre half, who often bore the brunt of the whole Loughborough attack. Then followed games against the three leading soccer schools of the country; against Shrewsbury the College won by the odd goal in seven, and against Wellingborough and Repton by two goals to nil on each occasion. During these three games it became increasingly obvious that the strength of the College side lay in its experienced defence, and that of the forwards only Bushe and Wood appeared to have acquired any ideas as to the whereabouts of their opponents' goal.

Against Cambridge University second eleven, "The Falcons," the College were perhaps unfortunate to meet such a strong side in conditions that were far from ideal,



[Photo: Gale & Polden Ltd, Aldershot

RUGBY TEAM—DECEMBER, 1949

- | | | | | | | |
|----------------------------|-----------------|----------------------|--------------|-----------------------|----------------|-------------------|
| Back Row—H. A. Merriman, | G. A. Christie, | I. P. Farmer-Wright, | G. O. Eades, | D. C. Luck, | R. J. Spiers, | P. M. Armour, |
| Front Row—G. H. Parkinson, | M. D. Fenner, | L. D. Meredith, | R. Pavey | Flt.Lt. W. T. H. Hay, | W. F. Knapper, | I. S. Macpherson, |
| Absent—J. Gordon-Johnson. | | | (Captain) | | | H. E. Clements, |



ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL XI—DECEMBER, 1949

Standing—Mr. W. F. Simpson, C. K. Bushie, R. D. Jones, L. R. Francis, D. A. Wood, H. J. Ridout,
Seated—R. G. Perry, G. W. F. Charles, J. R. E. Edmondson-Jones, Ptl.Lt. F. E. Smith, A. Turner, A. S. Lee, I. H. F. Wainstay,
(Captain)

[Photo: Gale & Polken Ltd., Aldershot]

and although "The Falcons" deserved their 4—1 victory, the College acquitted itself well. Three days later we again visited Cambridge to meet Downing College, whom we defeated by three goals to one, after a game which, judged on previous performances, can only be described as scrappy. For our next game it was the turn of a Cambridge side to visit Cranwell, and we entertained Queen's College. The game opened at high speed, and the Cambridge forwards frequently split the College defence, and scored four times before the interval. On resuming play the defence showed that they were not going to be outclassed, and eventually so dominated the middle of the field that our own forwards, playing fast football, scored seven times without further reply from the Queen's forwards.

Travelling once more to Cambridge for a meeting with our "bogey" team, St. John's College, we were again unable to win, losing by three goals to one. After the Queen's match the forwards were disappointing, their goal fever having been superseded by an unbelievable shyness, which was to prevail to a certain extent for the remainder of the term. Playing on the Stadium for the first time this term the College beat a Syerston eleven by two goals to nil. This game was played at half speed, and concern was expressed that this form might continue for the Sandhurst game the following week. A more detailed report of the Sandhurst match appears elsewhere, and it suffices to say here that although Cranwell dominated the play for long periods, the game resulted in a 0—0 draw. After this game the team failed to regain the confidence that it had displayed earlier, losing to Sheffield University and our great rivals, the College Instructors, the latter game by the customary odd goal in seven.

The team was captained by Edmondson-Jones, and it was he who supplied most of the skill in the forward line. Of the goals scored, Edmondson-Jones obtained twelve, Wood ten, Jones eight, Bushe two, Ridout, Craven-Griffiths, Ross and Turner one apiece. The defence, undoubtedly the stronger half of the team, by invariably playing coolly, was largely responsible for the success the team achieved. The wing halves, Turner and Charles, with their clever anticipation and shrewd passing, were usually instrumental in setting the forward line in motion. Goalkeeper Francis, with those three stalwarts, Perry, Lee and Walmsley in front of him, rarely had opportunity to display his positional sense.

After a poor start, the second eleven, under the captaincy of Mellor, played well as a team and brought off some good wins. Many members of this team have made remarkable progress since joining the College, and will provide an excellent basis for next season's teams.

The inter-Squadron senior finals produced two shocks; A Squadron, reputed to have the strongest team, crashed before C Squadron's team of unknowns, meanwhile, at Digby, B Squadron fought back a two-goal deficit to win by five goals to four.

The inter-Squadron final, on result of which hung the honour of becoming King's Squadron, was between B and C Squadrons. Turner won the toss for B Squadron and elected to play against the slope and a stiffish wind. C Squadron immediately swung into the attack, and the B Squadron goal, stoutly and determinedly defended, had some very narrow escapes. After twenty minutes, Ross scored for C Squadron, direct from a corner kick. Although still hard pressed, the experience of Perry and Lee in the B Squadron defence, infused a coolness which prevented a flood of goals. From the beginning of the second half, Turner's enthusiasm and unceasing efforts to set his forward line in motion began to pay dividends, and from this time practically all the play

was in the C Squadron half. Only a quarter of an hour from the end, Persse equalized with a great first-time shot, and with only five minutes to go, Smart forced a corner for B Squadron. From Turner's kick, Mellor, the B Squadron centre half, netted the deciding goal. Without their captain and centre half, Charles, whose performance was really splendid, C Squadron would perhaps have lost by more than the odd goal.

The thanks of all participating in College sports should undoubtedly be conveyed to Mr. W. F. Simpson for his fine work in the organizing of sports facilities at the College. In particular, his skill and enthusiasm whilst coaching the soccer teams has led to an increased interest in the game, and inevitably to a much higher standard of football than had ever been hoped for.

Full colours.—J. R. E. Edmondson-Jones (reawarded), C. K. Bushe, G. W. F. Charles, A. S. Lee, R. G. Perry, A. Turner and I. H. F. Walmsley.

Half-colours.—R. D. Jones (reawarded), L. R. Francis, E. V. Mellor, H. J. Ridout and D. A. Wood.

R. W.
A. T.

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

The annual match against Sandhurst took place on 26th November under appalling conditions. A high wind and pouring rain made ball control very difficult, but in spite of this the standard of play was high.

From the beginning it was clear that this was going to be a very even struggle. For the first fifteen minutes honours were even, but for the remainder of the first half the College took command of the game and looked as though they would soon score. The forwards and wing halves are to be particularly congratulated on opening up the game and producing some constructive football. At this stage, Edmondson-Jones made several fine runs through the Sandhurst defence, and from one of these D. Jones struck an upright with a fierce shot. Despite many clever moves the forwards seemed quite unable to score, and on three occasions the ball travelled across an empty goal, with the goalkeeper completely beaten.

Meanwhile, the College defence had found little difficulty in dealing with spasmodic Sandhurst attacks, and their long, accurate clearances were turning defence into attack. Immediately after half-time, the College swung into the attack, and we were to wait a long time before a Sandhurst attack was developed in the College half of the field. Charles, at left half, started many moves with some fine play, and twice sent Bushe away to fire in fierce drives that fully tested the Sandhurst goalkeeper. Charles himself later fired in a great shot from the edge of the penalty area, only to see it strike the cross-bar and rebound into play again. With the exception of these attempts, the College forwards all appeared goal-shy, and rarely tested the Sandhurst goalkeeper. As full time approached, the light became very bad, and Sandhurst, realizing that their record against Cranwell was in danger of being blemished, made one final assault on the College goal. This was repulsed by Francis, the College goalkeeper, whose anticipation of the shot must be commended.

Thus we came to the end of a hard-fought match, in which the College had outplayed their opponents but had failed to take their chances and score. The match was handled by Sergeant Barker, the A.F.A. referee.

College team.—L. R. Francis; R. G. Perry, I. H. F. Walmsley; A. Turner, A. S. Lee, G. W. F. Charles; R. D. Jones, J. R. E. Edmondson-Jones, D. A. Wood, H. J. Ridout, C. K. Bushe.

W. F. S.
A. T.

FIRST ELEVEN RESULTS

- v. Horncastle Grammar School, won 8—2.
- v. Loughborough College first eleven, lost 2—6.
- v. Shrewsbury first eleven, won 4—3.
- v. Wellingborough first eleven, won 2—0.
- v. Repton first eleven, won 2—0.
- v. Cambridge University second eleven, lost 1—4.
- v. Downing College, Cambridge, won 3—1.
- v. Queen's College, Cambridge, won 7—4.
- v. St. John's College, Cambridge, lost 1—3.
- v. R.N.F.T.S., Syerston, won 2—0.
- v. R.M.A. Sandhurst, drew 0—0.
- v. Sheffield University first eleven, lost 0—5.
- v. College Staff, lost 3—4.

Played, 13; won, 7; lost, 5; drawn, 1; goals for, 35; goals against, 32.

SECOND ELEVEN RESULTS

- v. Loughborough College second eleven, lost 2—8.
- v. Shrewsbury second eleven, lost 2—6.
- v. Repton second eleven, won 5—0.
- v. Leicester University first eleven, lost 3—4.
- v. Cranwell Apprentices second eleven, won 5—4.
- v. St. John's College, Cambridge, second eleven, won 2—1.
- v. E. and S. Wing, Digby, lost 1—2.
- v. King Edward VII School (a depleted College eleven), lost 0—16.
- v. Lincoln School first eleven, drew 2—2.

Played, 9; won, 3; lost, 5; drawn, 1; goals for, 22; goals against, 43.

INTER-SQUADRON SEMI-FINALS

- A Squadron, 0; C Squadron, 1.
- B Squadron, 5; E. and S. Wing, 4.

INTER-SQUADRON FINAL

- B Squadron, 2; C Squadron, 1.

HOCKEY

Played, 13; won, 4; lost, 6; drawn, 4. Such a record does not indicate a strong side. Nor was it. But it was a hard-working side, which, while never brilliant, was never outclassed.

We started with four of last year's colours and two other players with experience in the first eleven. The remaining gaps were only weakly filled for some time.

With this unbalanced team we lost to the Aircraft Apprentices 0—4, the Station 4—5 and Fitzwilliam House, Cambridge, 3—4. Walsh did as many people's work as he could from centre half, but our forwards were not fast enough in the circle, and the best we could do in the first half of the term was to draw against Long Sutton 0—0 and Bourne 3—3.

Meanwhile, our wing halves were improving, the right wing had settled down, and after half-term we began to look more dangerous. The tide turned when we defeated Kettering 2—1 in a very brief encounter.

On 26th November a depleted team lost 1—4 at Normanby Park, but we beat Selwyn College 4—1 at Cambridge and finished the term with a cold but fast drawn game against an unbeaten Lincoln Imps side.

There is now plenty of material from which to draw for next term's team, which promises well, but the loss of Walsh, centre half and captain, leaves a very large hole to be filled.

College first eleven.—K. E. Lee; J. A. Mansell, N. R. L. Saunders; J. A. Fryer, M. E. Walsh (captain), E. F. W. Gregory; R. M. Pearson, I. R. Hinde, A. Breakes, D. W. Lowes, P. J. Armstrong.

J. A. M.

SHOOTING

With the loss of No. 47 Entry, the .22 shooting team suffered a severe setback, but it is now slowly recovering. Much hard work has been devoted to coaching the junior cadets, and the reward is now forthcoming.

The term began with some very low scores, but our opponents were also suffering from the same complaint and fortunately we were able to keep a little ahead. In the 23 Group League the College has won twelve matches and drawn one.

- 7/10/49.—First round: College, 1,156; R.A.F. Little Rissington, 1,137.
 14/10/49.—Second round: College, 1,147; R.A.F. Wittering, 1,102.
 21/10/49.—Third round: College, 1,154; R.A.F. Syerston "A," 1,107.
 28/10/49.—Fourth round: College, 1,160; R.A.F. South Cerney, 1,133.
 4/11/49.—Fifth round: College, 1,173; R.A.F. Cottesmore, —.
 11/11/49.—Sixth round: College, 1,178; R.A.F. H.Q., 23 Group, 1,171.
 18/11/49.—Seventh round: College, 1,165; R.A.F. Manby, 1,161.
 25/11/49.—Eighth round: College, 1,163; R.A.F. Syerston "B," 1,137.
 2/12/49.—Ninth round: College, 1,181; R.A.F. Feltwell, 1,181.
 7/12/49.—Tenth round: College, 1,182; R.A.F. Driffield, —.
 25/11/49.—Eleventh round: College, 1,163; Syerston "B," 1,137.
 2/12/49.—Twelfth round: College, 1,181; Feltwell, 1,181.
 9/12/49.—Thirteenth round: College, 1,181; Driffield, 1,176.

Although, not being in 23 Group, the College team was ineligible to win the trophy, their average of 1,173 points was the highest in the competition.

Our matches against other teams have been almost as successful, the College having won three matches, drawn one and lost one.

- 10/10/49.—College, 746; Wellingborough, 699.
 21/10/49.—College, 768; Denstone, 732.
 16/11/49.—College, 757; Highgate, 757.
 17/11/49.—College, 732; Oundle, 727.
 19/11/49.—College, 764; R.M.A., 766.
 10/12/49.—College, 788; King Edward's School, 780.

The Sandhurst match was extremely close, and the College team would like to thank the R.M.A. for such a wonderful competition. The scores were within two or three points at the end of each detail.

Averages in competition shooting were:

C. Copping	97.32
M. Gill	97.28
R. L. Dimock	97.18
V. A. Southon	96.42
J. J. Guntrip	96.36
D. J. B. Keats	96.36
J. L. Price	96.00
G. A. Priechenfried	95.89
P. Gilliatt	94.39

Number of possibles (100's): 21.

M. G.

FENCING

Under the captaincy of Flight Cadet Corporal A. R. L. Chester and with tuition by Warrant Officer Smith, the team enjoyed a successful season. Eight matches were fought, and of these four were won and one drawn. The standard of fencing has now been raised, as team selection is based on match results. Junior Flights have produced two team members and several potential entrants for the Royal Tournament in June.

The most spectacular result was against Sandhurst on 15th October. The College won by 50—36, and its bayonet team won all their fights. This is the second time that the R.M.A. has been defeated at fencing by Cranwell.

The Cambridge fixture was held in a small room in Pembroke College, which meant staying put and fighting it out. The University won by 15 points to 12.

The season's results were:

- 28/ 9/49.—Cranwell F.C., 10 points; R.A.F. College, 17 points.
- 8/10/49.—Bedford School, 9 points; R.A.F. College, 9 points.
- 12/10/49.—Cranwell F.C., 23 points; R.A.F. College, 20 points.
- 15/10/49.—R.M.A.S., 36 points; R.A.F. College, 50 points.
- 22/10/49.—Loughborough College, 20 points; R.A.F. College, 10 points.
- 2/11/49.—Nottingham University, 11 points; R.A.F. College, 16 points.
- 5/11/49.—Cambridge University, 15 points; R.A.F. College, 12 points.
- 26/11/49.—Ericsson's F.C., 13 points; R.A.F. College, 14 points.

Full colours have been awarded to R. Watson and J. L. Price.

R. W.

SQUASH RACQUETS AND FIVES

The first half of the squash season was the most successful since the reopening of the College after the war. Thirteen matches were won out of a total of fifteen played, and these results give a direct indication of the rise in popularity of this sport. The team was nearly always composed of players on whom other sports made little claim.

Amongst all our successes the Sandhurst match came like a douche of cold water. Their team, fresh from victory at the Bath Club, proved too strong for us, and although some of the ties were very closely fought, we were beaten 0—5.

For next term some twenty fixtures have been arranged, and we can only hope that the second half of the season will be as successful as the first, and that we may even defeat Sandhurst.

MATCH RESULTS

- 20/ 9/49.—v. Flight Lieutenant Wakeford's V (home), lost 0—5.
- 5/10/49.—v. Loughborough College (home), won 5—0.
- 12/10/49.—v. Pembroke College (away), won 4—1.
- 15/10/49.—v. University College, London (away), won 4—1.
- 18/10/49.—v. College Instructors (home), won 6—0.
- 19/10/49.—v. Worksop College (home), won 5—0.
- 22/10/49.—v. Jesus College (away), won 3—2.
- 5/11/49.—v. Sherwood Foresters (away), won 4—1.
- 9/11/49.—v. Peterhouse, Cambridge (home), won 5—0.
- 12/11/49.—v. Corpus Christi College (home), won 4—0.
- 23/11/49.—v. Selwyn College (away), won 5—0.
- 26/11/49.—v. R.N.C., Greenwich (away), won 3—2.
- 2/12/49.—v. R.A.F. Syerston (away), won 4—1.
- 3/12/49.—v. Nottingham S.R.C. (away), won 4—1.
- 6/12/49.—v. R.M.A. Sandhurst (home), lost 0—5.

INDIVIDUAL SCORES

	<i>Played.</i>	<i>Won.</i>	<i>Lost.</i>
*A. A. Persse	13	9	4
*F. R. Lockyer	15	11	4
*R. L. Lees	10	7	3
*S. B. Smart	10	8	2
*W. L. Bull	11	8	3
A. D. R. Dawes	11	9	2
J. A. Mansell	2	2	0
J. M. A. Parker	2	2	0
I. H. F. Walmsey	1	0	1

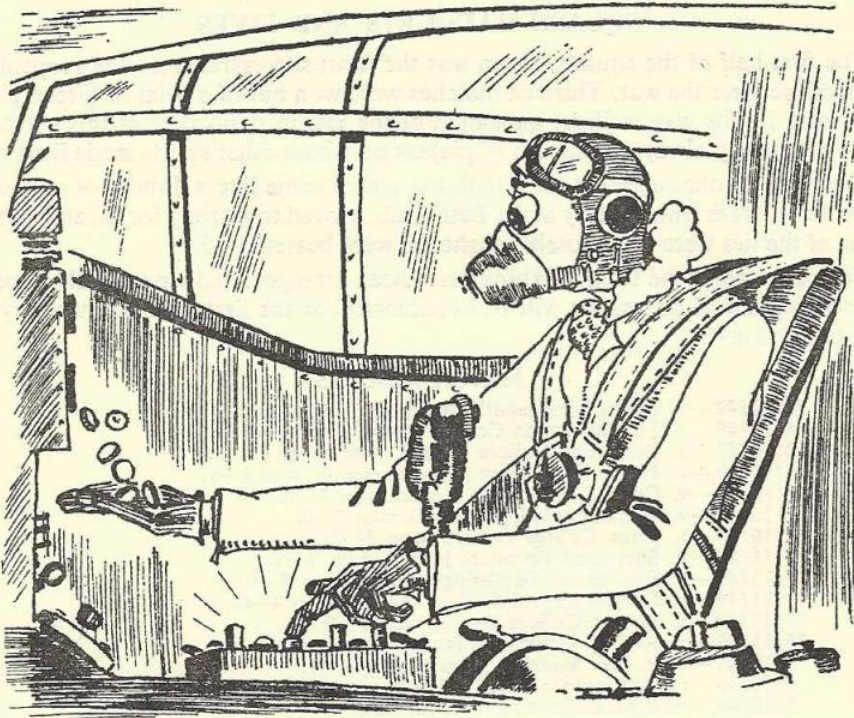
* Played against Sandhurst

Full colours were awarded to Persse and Lockyer.

Half-colours were awarded to Bull, Smart, Lees and Dawes.

We congratulate A. D. R. Dawes on winning the English Amateur Rugby Fives Championship, played at Alleyne's School, Dulwich, in January. Dawes was Public Schools' Champion in 1947-48.

F. R. L.



SPORT AT DIGBY

RUGBY

This season was the first in which the Wing has approached full strength, and we were able to select a strong side from the available material. Coaching from Flight Lieutenant Lowe moulded this into a fine team, and it was only an unfortunate succession of injuries which prevented us from fielding our strongest side on all occasions.

Eight matches were played during the term, and from six of them the Wing ran out the winners. In the first round of the inter-Squadron competition we were drawn against C Squadron, and after a hard game won by 9 points to 6.

The latter half of the term was hampered by the infantile paralysis restrictions, and both fixtures and practices suffered. At the end of the term came the inter-Squadron final against A Squadron. Disaster came early in the game, when outside half Lawrence was injured and had to retire from the game. From this blow the Wing never recovered, but it was A Squadron's superior football which gave them victory by the large margin of 26 points to nil.

During the season the Wing was represented by two players in the College 1st XV and five in the 2nd XV.

J. A. K.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

Most noticeable this season has been the great improvement in the standard of play as compared with that of last season. This has been reflected in the creditable performance of the Wing team, which has won three games and lost three; goals for and against were 23 and 25 respectively.

In the inter-Squadron match we started strongly, and persistent attacks were rewarded by two quick goals. B Squadron's attack, however, proved too much for us, and at the end of the game B Squadron had scored five goals to our four.

Some matches still remain to be played, and to these and those of next season we look forward with eagerness. Next year the Wing will be at full strength, and nothing is too much to hope for.

THE ROYAL AIR FORCE COLLEGE SOCIETY

LE MASSIF DE MONT BLANC



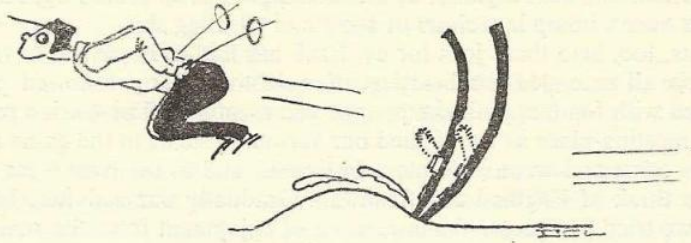
At five-forty on 17th December, Swindon station suddenly came to life as thirty-odd (very odd) flight cadets and a dozen officers and nursing sisters leaped out of a train, laden with boots, coats, ski-sticks and all sorts of cases. The station soon returned to normal, however, as we settled down amidst piles of luggage to await the arrival of a bus to take us to Cliff Pypard, where we were to spend the night before starting on the first part of our journey to Chamonix.

Nothing could ever match our fortitude as we waited for the bus, or our astonishment when it finally arrived. It didn't seem possible that so much baggage and so many people could be packed comfortably into so small a coach, and it wasn't. However, all the passengers managed to squeeze in and we drove quickly to Cliff Pypard, where, after the usual formalities, we settled down and relaxed in a pleasant bar in front of a roaring fire. A count of heads showed that only one person was missing, and we hadn't seriously expected him to be there on time.

After a pleasant night's sleep, we rose at dawn to eat, and jostle our way through Customs out to two waiting Dakotas. Although some had had their doubts about the Daks getting off, laden as they were, we finally became airborne and started trying to make ourselves comfortable on canvas seats. Ten hours later we were still trying to find a soft spot. We had by this time landed in France and were on a bus sauntering casually up the winding road that leads from Lyons to Chamonix.

I think it was the arrival in Chamonix at ten o'clock that night that convinced us we were actually in France. No sooner had we left the bus and bagged a room in the Hotel Astoria, than we were shepherded into a warm dining-room and served the most marvellous meal. We thought it might have been a special effort for our arrival, but it proved to be a mere foretaste of pleasures to come. I think it is sufficient to say that we did full justice to the efforts of an excellent chef. And so to bed.

Early next morning we appeared, stared and marvelled, first at our clothes, which ranged from Messrs. Lilleywhites' most fashionable creations to His Majesty's most serviceable issues; and, secondly, at the scenery. Surrounded by majestic snow-topped mountains and buoyed up by the champagne-like quality of the air, we felt that here indeed was Shangri-la. A short tour of the town only helped to confirm our suspicions. On every side were well-stocked shops, and bars in profusion, and in the very heart of the town, the Casino, which was to prove the biggest attraction of them all.



That afternoon we had our skis fitted and then we trudged off to a nearby nursery slope. It was here that we remembered how difficult it all was and how the old familiar snowploughs and traverses made jelly of our legs. It was here, too, that the beginners got their first taste of a wet seat and the icy trickle that runs down one's neck after the first attempt to control a pair of devilish and wilful wooden planks that seem so intent on plunging their wearers into the not-so-soft snow as hard and as often as possible. After an afternoon spent slithering wildly down the slopes on any part of our anatomy, but rarely on the skis, we returned to the hotel wiser, but not sadder, for it was all good fun.

The next day we started in earnest with a terrifying ascent to the top of Brevent, a nearby peak, and an even more terrifying descent down suicidal slopes. After this introduction, we were taken firmly in hand and taught the mysteries of "appel" and "rotation."

Day followed day as we motored now here, now there in search of snow and suitable slopes. We made a happy choice of Bellevue, where we found slopes to suit all tastes, and that most ingenious of labour-savers, the ski-lift. As the days progressed, lessons were dispensed with and we spent each day roaring up and down a mile-long slope as fast and as often as possible. The local population soon got used to this, and the cry

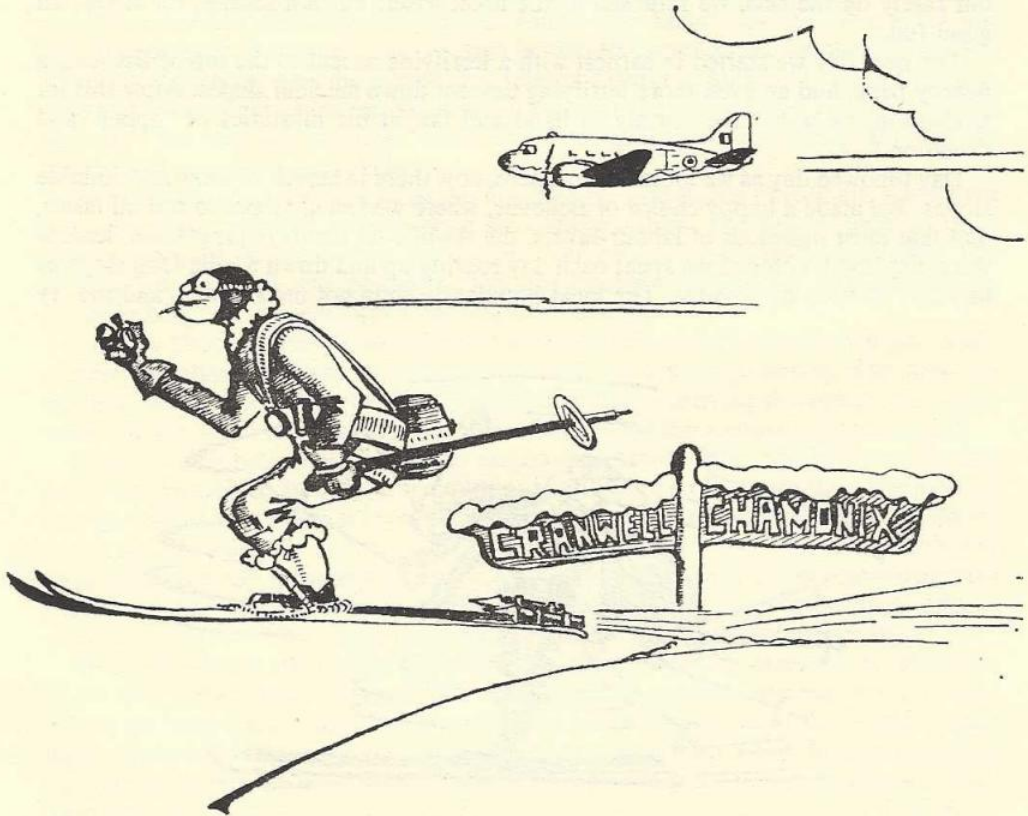


went up, "Attention, Les Anglais," as a dozen flight cadets roared by, out of control, to disappear over a bump in a cloud of snow and whirling skis.

The nights, too, held these joys for us. Each bar had to be visited in turn, and the largest hotels all extended the heartiest of welcomes. Party followed party, as we experimented with fondue, pink champagne and escargots. The Casino room became our nightly meeting-place as we applied our various systems to the game of "boule."

Christmas came and went, with more festivities, and as the New Year approached we began to think of England and Cranwell. Gradually our activities became more feverish as we tried to squeeze the last ounce of enjoyment from the remaining days, but it was no good. Our time was up. On the last day we took some French ski tests to provide proof positive of our ability, and we finished our ski-ing with a slalom race. This was won by Al Black, who had certainly led the ski-ing and probably the festivities, too, with his wild pranks and merry humour. The bottle of Cinzano, so kindly presented as a prize by Monsieur Simond, was a useful addition to our store, for that night we had our grand finale, a never-to-be-forgotten party at the Savoy, the biggest hotel in town.

After a day of rest, although a few brave souls ski-ed, we said good-bye to



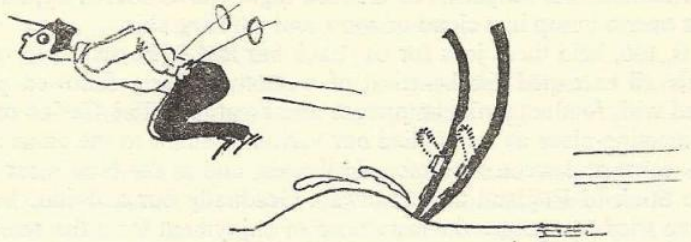
Chamonix, each in his own way. Some of us made a final wild tour of the town before arriving back at the Astoria at 0700 hrs. in time to board the bus. We had thoughtfully packed our pyjamas the night before.

I think we shall all remember Chamonix as a wonderful period in our lives, and especially will we remember, John, Jean, Jill and Ross, and all the good times we had together.

We should like to thank Flight Lieutenants Graves and Threlfall for all the hard and probably unappreciated work they did on our behalf, Monsieur Plottier for his generosity and hospitality, and finally, Mrs. Graves, for showing the boys a new way to ski down "la piste rouge."

P. McD. A.





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HUNTING THE FOX

One fine morning in November an unusual gathering was assembled on the College parade ground. The Blankney hounds had brought their followers to sample the Mess sherry. While the expert and élite talked technicalities within, the representatives of the College appeared, arrayed in full hunting blue. We tried to slip in unobserved, as we were afraid that some foxy odours might enrage the hounds. I understood that someone was going to draw a fox and thought that this was the opportunity for a quick lunch when, to my surprise, the whole company moved out across North Airfield.

After watching tails . . . er, sterna wagging in a cabbage patch for some minutes, we set off eastwards. Unfortunately, a hedge barred the way. I glanced round for the gate, when, to my astonishment, the Master proceeded to leap over it, and, horror of horrors, was closely followed by my horse. After a few minutes I returned my feet to the pedals and was somewhat encouraged to see a riderless horse thunder past. By this time we had reached another wood and now followed a very interesting half-hour in which I saw four handsome-looking foxes varying in colour from dirty grey to pale rust. However, no attempt was made to chase them, and although one sat down in a field to wait for us, we had to disappoint him as the hounds raced off in an entirely different direction. For what seemed an endless time, I was bounced about in the saddle while my horse chased the hounds round Lincolnshire. At one point a yawning chasm opened at our feet, the horse made up his mind a little faster than the rider, and I was just able to encircle his neck with an arm before we came to rest, undignified but undamaged. I then recalled the advice of a veteran cavalry relation: "Put one leg either side and look straight between his ears." From then on my ride was comfortable and smooth. I was told two days later, when my lower regions were recovering fast, that the quarry had eventually been killed.

Some two weeks later, assuming the nonchalant, I-do-it-every-week air, I ventured out once more, mounted on the pick of the College stables. The Belvoir pack led us to their celebrated vale, and here we chased over enormous hedges and ditches. The College five suffered one destroyed and one damaged before the fox escaped us. Looking back, the hedges seem to get bigger and bigger.

On 16th December the Blankney Hunt Ball was held at the College, six flight cadets remaining behind after the end of term to swell the august gathering. The most intriguing part was watching the vast quantities of liquor arriving throughout the afternoon and the speed with which it was distributed round the company in the evening.

Next morning I managed to find the stables successfully. The visibility was none too good, but we ambled steadily to the meet at High Dyke. Armed with the experience of two successful hunts, we surveyed the field with a critical eye, attempting to prophesy which saddles would be vacated. Unfortunately, two of the biters were bitten. This was to be a bumper day for prangs owing to a large field and heavy going across awkward country. We hunted a fox across North Airfield and beyond Cranwell village. After a two-hour run the fox was more tired than we, and he paid the supreme penalty.

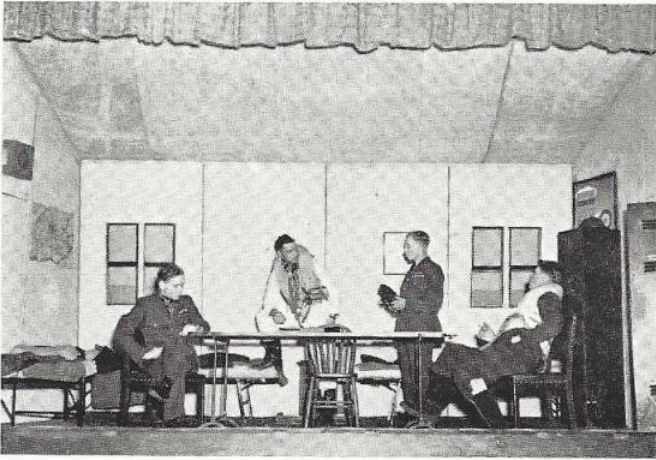
Five members of the College section were then blooded by order of the Master—"Give him some more, George." The sixth mud-bespattered member was the other side of the hedge, his vision obscured either by his bowler or one of the comely young ladies of the hunt. To round off the day, I was presented with a pad. My family assure me that this is indeed a fine trophy, intended for pickling, not eating, and soon it shall hang upon my wall.

J. R. R.

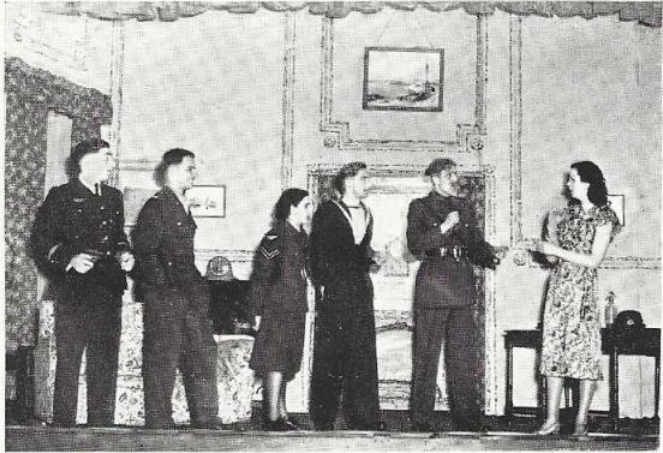


THE BLANKNEY HUNT AT THE COLLEGE—23rd NOVEMBER, 1949

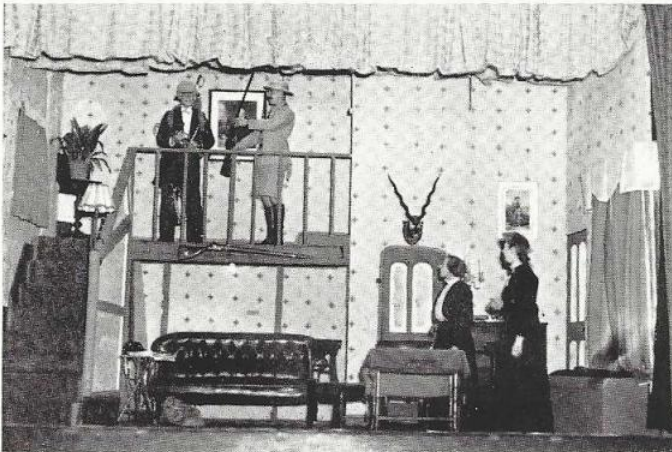
DRAMATIC PRODUCTIONS



ENGLISH
SUMMER



WHILE THE
SUN SHINES



ARSENIC
AND OLD LACE

[Photos: Crown Copyright]

DRAMATIC PRODUCTIONS

"ENGLISH SUMMER"

As the Dramatic Society's first regular production since "Murder in the Cathedral," "English Summer" marked a reversion to a more orthodox type of play.

The standard of acting throughout was good, and there were no obvious weak links. As Battle of Britain pilots, both Ian Worby and David Mullarky gave sincere and natural performances, while K. V. Gilbert made the most of his role as the local "Pilot Officer Prune."

"English Summer" was perhaps an unfortunate choice for presentation to a Royal Air Force audience, but in spite of this the play was very creditably presented, and the cast is to be congratulated on its treatment of what was by no means an easy work.

W. F. J.

"ARSENIC AND OLD LACE"

The December production of "Arsenic and Old Lace" was well received and most amusing. It was produced by Ian Meredith, who showed a good sense of timing, particularly in his handling of the numerous entrances and exits. The set, for which we have once again to thank Mr. Carolan, was one of the best yet seen upon the Cranwell stage. It was a truly Victorian interior, and the incidental effects were very well contrived.

The cast did its work well. Mrs. Champion and Sister Ashworth, as the Brewster sisters, were very much "dear old ladies," but they managed to bring in touches of the macabre at the right moments. Reggie Spiers, who was well cast as "poor Teddy," got the most out of his part and was very convincing. Arthur Wright, as Dr. Einstein, put Peter Lorre to shame with his nervous whinings, and Fred Knapper made a very natural Jonathan Brewster.

It was a most enjoyable play, and it is even rumoured that it contributed to the rugby win next day. Certainly, everybody was impressed by the sight of Knapper heaving bodies about the stage with such abandon.

M. S.

"WHILE THE SUN SHINES"

(Produced at Digby)

The section provided delightful entertainment with its production of Terence Rattigan's "While the Sun Shines," on 5th December, 1949. The play itself is not drama of a high order, but, as a combination of amusing trivialities, it is capable of raising many a laugh and of recording the lighter side of Allied relationships at a very critical period in our history. It would be difficult indeed not to make a success of such a play; nevertheless, the producers, M. G. Cottingham and B. J. Goatley, are to be congratulated on this, their first production.

The outstanding performances were those of J. Thomson, as the American Lieutenant Mulvaney, and M. Alderson, as the Free French Lieutenant Colbert. Their interpretations could hardly have been improved upon—accent, mannerisms and idiosyncrasies were just right. A sincere and convincing performance was also given by D. Bates, as the hospitable and charming young Harpenden. B. J. Longworth obviously enjoyed himself as the Duke of Ayr and Stirling, but at least one member of the audience found it difficult to believe that even Boodles could claim such a boisterous and mechanical Blimp amongst its members. A. Hickox, who stepped into the role of

Horton at the last minute, is to be commended; he clearly qualifies for a more prominent part in some future production.

And the ladies! Once again, the section has been very fortunate in the assistance of officers' wives. Mrs. Hills, as Lady Elizabeth, and Mrs. Dodd, as Mabel Crum, did well and are to be warmly thanked for the time and effort which they contributed to the production.

The set was a splendid piece of work, and, if any of those who were responsible for it are to be mentioned, perhaps D. Lloyd, L. Adams and J. Pratt qualify in that way.

C. P. L.

PLAY READING

With the exception of the casting readings of the Dramatic Society's productions, only one play was read this term, Noel Coward's ever-green "Hay Fever." The reading was well attended, and some twenty flight cadets passed an hilarious evening. The presence of many new faces from Junior Entries augurs well for the future of both this and the Dramatic Section.

M. S.

MUSIC

The Autumn Term of 1949 has seen an encouraging growth of the Music Section. There is now a regular attendance of about twenty, and the casual listeners have been waxing in number and waning in casualness. The informal and cosy atmosphere of the Sunday evening meetings in the Guest Room is reaping its reward.

This term the section has been encouraging its members to take an increasing part in the presentation of programmes. The result has been that several members have had opportunities to present programmes of their own choice. Among such programmes have been a Mozart evening by B. J. SurrIDGE, a Beethoven evening by M. Short, and an evening of Programme Music by G. S. Goodsell. These were very much enjoyed by the large audiences which attended.

A clue to the general musical taste of the College may have been found in the fact that over thirty people attended a recital of ballet music presented by R. May. Again, on the last Sunday of term, there was a very big attendance for a full performance of the "Messiah."

Unfortunately, through no fault of the section, arrangements for hearing "live music" during the term met with little success. The only concert that was attended was given by the Lincoln Symphony Orchestra. The performance of the cor anglais during Dvorak's New World Symphony was outstanding in an evening greatly enjoyed by the thirty-two people who travelled with the party.

Since the Dramatic Section has robbed us of the amplifier on one or two occasions, it has not been possible to run strictly to the programme that was planned at the beginning of term. However, those programmes that were postponed will be played next term. These include film music, a song recital, and, it is hoped, a programme of "live" music provided by the more talented members of the section.

At the moment, thanks to R. May, the entire record resources of H.M.V. are at our disposal, but this extraordinary privilege will, of course, cease when he graduates. Against this day the grant from College Society funds is being spent on records to increase our rather limited library.

G. S. G.

DEBATING

Activities this term consisted of an evening of informal snap debate, where the subjects ranged from "A sickly season and a bloody campaign" to "Should a W.R.A.F. College be formed at Cranwell?" and a formal debate on the motion, "That this house considers that in our present straits any government should economize first on social services." The cases for and against were admirably put by Messrs. Heap and Armour and Messrs. Black and Powell respectively. There were some lively speeches from the floor, and on division the motion was carried by 33 votes to 29.

Towards the end of the term a visit was made to the Cambridge Union to hear thrashed out the burning question, "That the artist is of greater value to the community than the politician." Outstanding was the suave speech of the proposer, a combination of all that is best in Ronald Frankau and Anthony Eden. The freshmen craved indulgence for maiden speeches—with one notable exception—interminably, and were still hard at it when we filed surreptitiously out to our waiting bus, with memories of a highly enjoyable evening and an extremely exacting standard to be attained in our future debates.

M. S.

RIDING

The Autumn Term was a very successful one for the College Riding Section. Some seventy members made varying progress and averaged about six rides each per month. Nine horses were available, and they gave upwards of 100 rides per week. Mr. Falconer introduced a great deal more ménage work into the training syllabus, and as a result the standard of riding has greatly improved. The officers for the term were J. R. Rogers (captain) and H. R. Radford (secretary).

The main event of the term was the annual Inter-Squadron Riding Competition. Major J. Hanbury, M.F.H., Major W. T. Pott and Major F. Horton kindly consented to act as judges, and their impartiality and expert opinions were of great value. The result was a clear win for B Squadron, with A and C gaining equal marks for second place. In future years it is hoped that Digby will be strong enough to enter a team.

On 23rd November the Blankney Hunt held a meet at the College, and the picturesque scene was further enhanced by the appearance of five flight cadets mounted on College horses. On 6th December the Belvoir hounds visited us, and a large field, including six members of the College section, moved off to the neighbouring coverts. After the College had gone down, six enthusiasts remained behind to attend the Blankney Hunt Ball and to hunt the following day. Seven hundred and fifty guests filled the College to capacity for the ball, and a very enjoyable evening followed, the festivities ending round 4 a.m. Next morning six surprisingly bright-eyed flight cadets turned out for the meet at High Dyke. A fox was drawn quite early and a long run ensued before a kill was made near Cranwell village, where five of the flight cadets were thoroughly blooded by the huntsman, George Turnbull.

J. R. R.

ENGINEERING

At the beginning of last year the society bought an old Austin "7" from a local garage with a view to rebuilding it as a 500-c.c.-class racing car. It had been used as an unofficial hen coop, and as a result looked in rather a sorry condition. The body was soon stripped off, the engine removed and the chassis broken down until only the bare frame remained. This was then turned upside-down and the springs rebuilt so that the ground clearance was reduced to about six inches. The section is at present trying to get a 500-c.c. motor-cycle engine as the Austin engine is too large to be mounted at the rear of the chassis.

There have been several visits to aircraft and component factories. British Thomson-Houston, of Coventry, was one of the first to be visited. Apart from the manufacture of magnetos for engines varying from the Gypsy Minor to the Griffon, we were shown electroplating and the assembling and testing of 16-mm. and 35-mm. film projection equipment.

During the summer vacation, a tour of Dowty Equipment Ltd., Rotol Ltd. and the Bristol Aeroplane Company was arranged for a party of officers and flight cadets. At Dowty's we were first shown a film illustrating the difficulties confronting the designer of undercarriages. The most interesting section contained the equipment for testing the surface finish of the completed undercarriage components. The testing machines could measure electrically variations as minute as two micro-thousandths of an inch. These extremely fine tolerances are necessary where the high pressure hydraulic rams slide through the sealing glands. After an excellent lunch, the party moved on to Rotol's. Here we were shown all the stages in the manufacture of airscrews. Of great interest was the analytical section, where all metal failures were examined under high-power microscopes. We were shown several examples of grain structure and grain flow in various metals.

The next day we visited Bristol's. In the morning we were shown the engine test beds, which are the only ones of their kind in the country. Here compressor and turbine efficiency tests were being carried out. The compressor was driven by an electric motor and the turbine drove a generator; a quick estimate of efficiency was given by the balance of electrical power. Combustion chambers and manifold designs were also being tested. A section of the Brabazon wing was being used as a test rig for the cooling of the coupled Centaurus. In the afternoon we were shown the Brabazon in its broodingnagian hangar. It was not possible to get inside the aircraft, but we were able to look around the wooden mock-up which included the well laid-out crew's quarters and the passenger accommodation. The chief of the aircraft division, Mr. Cheeswright, was asked many questions about the economics of operating an aircraft of this type. As a finale, the party had a very quick look at the car division. The standard of workmanship was extremely high, the car being truly "hand built."

The two-day tour proved to be of great interest, and everyone was most impressed by the very fine engineering of all three firms and also by the great amount of research being carried out.

We would like to express our thanks both to the engineers who showed us round and to the managements for organizing the visits and for providing such excellent accommodation.

G. B. S.

CHAMONIX



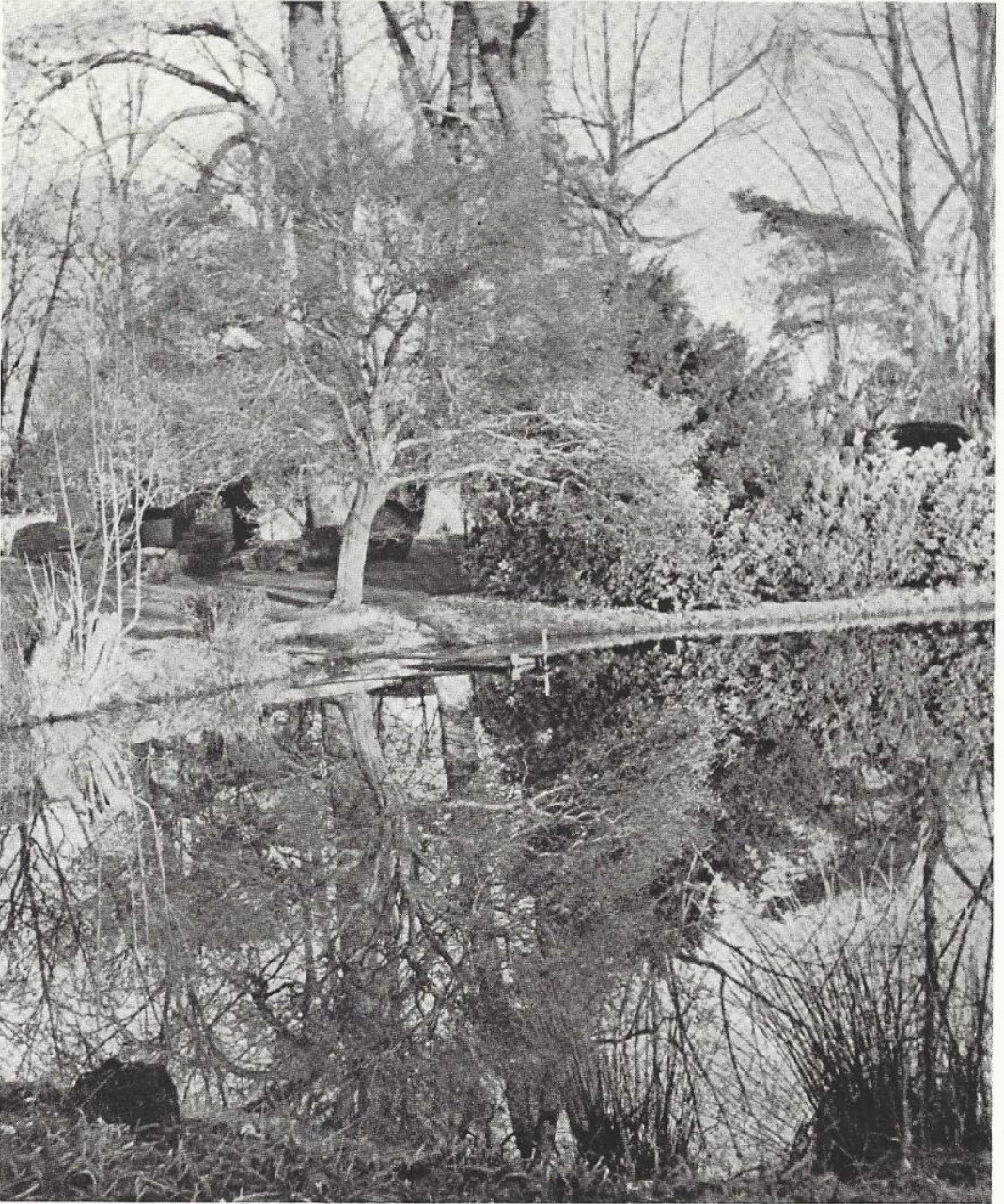
THE
EMETT
EXPRESS



FIRST CLASS
PASSENGER
(Major M. A. C.
Osborn)



JOURNEY'S END



[Photograph by R. May

REFLECTIONS

AIRCRAFT ENGINEERING

The section's hut has now lost most of its original bareness through the addition of pictures and plans to the walls, and the steady accumulation of models in various stages of construction. More important, central heating is available and club nights are now held on most Wednesdays.

"Power jobs" still predominate, as was obvious in the static exhibition which was arranged for the Commandant at the end of last term. The Commandant showed great interest in the section's efforts, and, despite wind and rain, was given an impressive, if unpredictable, display of flying. It was so impressive, in fact, that the Flying Wing immediately had all models confined to the lowest 300 feet of the atmosphere.

As during last term, the emphasis is on indoor work, which now includes indoor flying. The necessary financial backing has been obtained, and the plans drawn up for work on the "Prentice" to be started. Several enthusiasts are building powered model racing cars, for the scope of the section is by no means limited to model aircraft.

Outdoor flying continues when weather permits, and several cadets have watched with grave misgivings as their models have disappeared from sight. Attempts at rocket or jet propulsion have so far been disappointing because of the difficulty of igniting the rocket motor, but no doubt techniques will improve.

A series of records for the various classes is being compiled, the rules being slightly modified versions of S.M.A.E. regulations. It is expected that competition will be keener in the Summer Term.

E. M.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Although out-of-doors the section has been rather inactive, indoors its members have shown much industry. Unfortunately, it was found impossible to hold the competition at the end of this term, but it is hoped this is only postponed until next term.

The section has now obtained a first-class enlarger, suitable for negatives up to $2\frac{1}{4}$ in. square, which 35-mm. enthusiasts in the College have long needed. With its installation in the lower dark-room a complete reorganization of both dark-rooms has started. It is hoped that more members will soon be able to use the dark-room at one time.

Members of the section were much in evidence at the two hunt meetings held at the College, but the light at other College activities was usually too bad for much photography.

Next term we hope to hold several lectures, at which all Society members will be welcome.

J. W. P.

COLLEGE SOCIETY SECTIONS

The following is a complete list of the Sections of the College Society:

Debating; Dramatics; Engineering; Fine Arts; Fishing; Foreign Tours; Gliding; Mountaineering; Music; Photographic; R.A.F. COLLEGE JOURNAL; Sailing; Shooting; Ski-ing; Speleological; Stamp Collecting.

ACTIVITIES AT DIGBY

E. AND S. WING DANCE

On Saturday, 10th December, the third end-of-term dance took place at Digby, and like its predecessors, was a most enjoyable occasion.

For several weeks the carpentry shop had witnessed scenes of feverish activity, as cadets toiled at the preparation of the ornamental bar. The design chosen this time was an ancient castle, whose sombre walls and forbidding aspect caused some cadets at a late stage in the evening to wonder where their revelry had led them. Equally laborious, but more creditable (for the job was monotonous) was the turning out of decorations for the Mess. However, long hours were fully rewarded by the scene of gaiety and splendour which the Mess presented at 8.30 p.m.

The large number of guests quickly gave the Mess a party atmosphere, and soon the dance hall was filled with the strains of the College band, and, more important, the dancers.

Dancing continued till 11 o'clock, at which time the previously primed cadets needed no prompting to lead the way to the buffet. An excellent selection of fare was waiting, and all present enjoyed the refreshment.

Towards the end of the evening a presentation of "prizes" to certain staff officers occurred. Cadets had mercilessly made a list of gifts most calculated to afford embarrassment to the officers concerned, and amid scenes of hilarity the victims were tortured; all praise to them for taking it in such good part.

All good things must have an end, but none seemed to come as quickly as this. The guests departed; cadets removed themselves and their less agile comrades, and left a scene only comparable with the wreck of the *Hesperus*. Still, it was good fun, so who cares?

T. W. J. H.

MUSIC

Activities in the Autumn Term were confined to increasing the repertoire of the choir, under the capable guidance of the organist and choirmaster, Flight Cadet J. W. Milner.

On Thursday, 8th December, 1949, the Reverend Dr. R. L. Shields, M.A., D.Mus., gave another of his enlightening piano recitals, which was enjoyed by staff and cadets. For 12th December, 1949, a carol-singing party was formed, and occupants of the officers' married quarters heard a wide selection of carols, which they received with enthusiasm.

Concerts by famous orchestras are included in this term's programme of visits.

B. D. G.

DANCING

Various unforeseen happenings delayed the start of the dancing lessons until late in the Autumn Term. So many enthusiasts came forward that separate classes for the beginners and for the more proficient had to be arranged; and as Mrs. Brown, our instructor, could only attend once a week, fortnightly lessons for each class resulted. The infantile paralysis restrictions did not spare the dancing, and after only a few lessons, instruction had to be cancelled for the rest of the term. The grounding received was apparently sufficient to lure many to test their skill at the end-of-term dance, by which time the restrictions had fortunately been removed.

B. L. E. W.

ORNITHOLOGY

The section, although small, has been very active this term, and it is hoped that next summer may bring more members to swell the ranks of this section of the Society. Our main interest has been the care and maintenance of the Cranwell goshawk, or, more accurately, the feeding of this voracious bird.

She arrived at Digby in a non-operational state; so in the time not devoted to chasing pigeons for the ornithological table we started the laborious task of teaching her to fly once again. This was a tedious process which needed quantities of dead rabbits and pigeons for every extra airborne yard gained; by the end of the term she would fly (with encouragement) up to twenty yards.

Three films have been shown to the section this term, and it has since been realized what enormous propaganda and recruiting value these films have in the Mess. The subjects varied from the rearing of young ravens to the study of a pair of sparrow-hawks. Some members have made contact with the Ornithological Section of the Lincoln Naturalists Union, and several have been able to take advantage of film shows and lectures in Lincoln. This is proving to be a very useful way of widening our scope, and it is hoped that in the future a closer contact will be developed.

D. I. O'H.

AERO-MODELLING

An aero-modelling group was formed at the beginning of the Autumn Term as a part of the Engineering Section of the College Society. Little progress was made, however, owing to the lack of suitable accommodation. The necessary accommodation has now been found, and it is hoped that work on a number of models will start in the near future so that they will be ready for flying in the spring.

M. L. C.

RADIO

After overcoming many teething troubles, the future of the Radio Section appears promising. Good workshop accommodation is now available, and a bench has been prepared for operations. As more wireless enthusiasts arrive in each Entry we hope to begin work shortly on an amateur station, and to put Digby on the short-wave radio map.

R. S.

THE ODD SPOT

THE true story of "How I Entered Without Knocking" has never before been revealed. I have no false modesty in pointing out that it affords a remarkable instance of devotion to duty and the hazards of work as an Entertainments Officer in war time.

It began quite simply, as most great stories do, when I met the Producer and we spoke of drink.

"I don't mind the company having a drink between performances," said the Producer, "or even a little drink during the show. It helps to liven things up. You know what I mean?"

I did. The Producer, who rehearsed and sent out the E.N.S.A. players in that area (my area) had a wife who had never properly recovered from playing Lady Macbeth in her youth. The malady had lain long upon her. She continued to enjoy the largest roles in his productions partly because nothing less would have fitted her and partly because he was undersized, anyway. The lady had trouble with the "damned spot," which, in the course of years, had grown larger and larger—even as she herself had. The trouble was not that she could not get rid of it but rather that she could not get enough of it. It was never "out" but too often "in." So I knew quite well what he meant and the revivifying effects of even one quiet little spot.

The play then in production was "Pink Strings and Sealing Wax," in which Lady Macbeth played the Victorian matron. In due course it arrived at the Station. We were very proud of our little theatre, and the praise of visiting companies for the excellence of our dressing-room accommodation was sweet to us. But I detected an underlying gloom. Lady Macbeth was dourly and viciously sober. The Producer was a realist. I mean that he insisted on the utmost realism in his sets. This one (a chemist's shop, you will remember) simply teemed with real glass bottles, all completely empty. Unable to bear this with equanimity, Lady Macbeth retired to the ladies' dressing room and refused to be comforted. The girls had borne with her during a fifty-mile coach ride, so no one really wanted to comfort her. No one, in fact, wanted to comfort anyone. Lady Macbeth's accomplishments certainly included the creation of atmosphere. I made a quick appreciation of the situation and it was clear that something had to be done. I did the only thing possible and procured an opened bottle of whisky and three or four bottles of ginger ale.

The performance had begun when I opened the back door of our theatre as noiselessly as possible. It made most evil and metallic sounds. Otherwise, the deep religious silence of backstage was broken only by the voices of the players and the squeak of the boards as they moved. I crept towards the men's room on the left. A large masterful voice now dominated everything, ending suddenly on a note that cut, whip-like. A rectangle of light fell obliquely as Lady Macbeth made a tremendous exit. The bottles in the box set shivered. A surprisingly agile mass propelled itself down the short flight of stairs from the stage. She had seen or sensed the bottles I carried. She was upon me.

"I'll take the bottle."

I felt rather than heard her words. She seized the whisky bottle by the neck and base. I retained my grip on the middle. The fact that it was square gave me an advantage.

"Ssh!" I adjured. "I'll get the glasses from the men's room."

She was determined, and I equally. We strove silently in the gloom. In size and weight we were well matched. There is no telling how long we might have continued.

But I felt something slipping. In concentrating on the whisky bottle I had forgotten the others. One glided sinuously from inside my elbow and hit the concrete floor and exploded like a Molotov cocktail. As further evidence of venom the contents went on fizzing all over the floor.

The explosion unnerved us both. A player on the stage, thrown off balance, made a clumsy gesture which brought down a number of bottles on the set. The Stage Manager swooped like an avenging angel. Lady Macbeth and I had one instinct in common—to move rapidly. But since we also shared an instinct to grip the whisky bottle, we moved together. She sought the feminine sanctuary, and I, perforce, went with her. We burst from the gloom into the light and warmth of the ladies' room. It was, of course, occupied. One of the girls was at a mirror, one was reading, one was sewing. One, at least, was very thoroughly undressed. No one exclaimed, everyone read the situation accurately and immediately. Someone produced a teacup. Arrival in the room had given Lady Macbeth a false sense of security. She slackened her grip. I poured her a tot, and whilst she swigged it, escaped. In due course, everyone had a share.

The performance, I learned afterwards, was very good. Apparently some fool behind had at one point chosen to drop a ton of bricks. That was all. I said nothing. And that is the true story of "How I Entered Without Knocking."

But just why that particular play should involve such very thorough undressing remains a feminine mystery still.

A. W. H. M.

BULL-FIGHTING

THE bull-fight or *corrida* is the national sport of Spain and has its Mecca in Seville. I saw bull-fights in Madrid. It is a summer pastime, for the Spaniard is at his best in the heat, doing nothing.

The gala, as well as twice-weekly fights, take place in Seville and Madrid in magnificent bull-rings or *Plazas de Toros*. In provincial towns of any consequence, which all have their own *Plazas de Toros*, travelling companies of bull-fighters arrange to perform on *Fiestas*. On these days the whole town, from bank owners to boot-blacks, will close down, and in the late afternoon (much of the afternoon is occupied in *siesta-taking*) will watch the bulls parade through the town and then migrate *in toto* but not teetotally to the bull-ring.

The *Plaza de Toros* is a magnificent circular building built on the Roman amphitheatre pattern, with steeply tiered stone or wooden seats. This provides an admirable opportunity for hucksters to offer one, at exorbitant charges, hard little hassocks to sit on. The sandy arena in the centre has a five-foot wooden stockade encircling it, made low enough for the agile torero to mount with great speed if the pace in the arena becomes a trifle warm. Four more conventional exits, guarded on the arena side by short barricades, are cut in the stockade at strategic points. At one end two large swing doors are provided for the bull's entrance and subsequent retirement.

The whole *corrida* consists of six identical fights conducted by the same bull-fighting team, or *cuadrilla*, with only a change of *matador* from fight to fight. In the intervals a band plays. The show opens with a parade of the *cuadrilla*, and on festive occasions dusky *senoritas* garland the toreros as they march past. On their retirement the bull

snorts contemptuously into the ring. About half a dozen peones then issue into the ring, magnificently clad in close-fitting, gaily coloured garments and carrying with them their maroon, yellow-lined cloaks. Their purpose is to enrage the bull. This they do by advancing a short way into the arena, waving their cloaks, and retiring hastily as the bull charges. When this begins to pall, each tries to show off his skill by further baiting the bull with his cloak, which is waved out to one side, and which the bull conveniently charges; at the last moment the peone whisks the cloak over the bull's head or behind his own back and turns smartly about in preparation for the next charge from the opposite direction. Everything does not, however, turn out as the peone would wish. He may catch his cloak on the bull's horns, or the bull, not knowing better, may not charge as he should but lift the peone into the air. Then his comrades quickly come to the rescue.

The president of the corrida, who has a commanding position in a small box near the ringside, blows a bugle to usher in the picadores. This he does whenever he sees fit to pass on to the next phase of the fight. There are two picadores, armoured about the legs, carrying wooden steel-tipped lances and mounted on wizened relics of horses, which are padded on one flank and blind-folded. The peones adroitly manœuvre the bull towards one of the horses, which presents its padded side to the charging bull. If the bull is gentlemanly, it merely collides with the horse, and the picadore then digs the lance repeatedly into the back of the bull's neck. As often as not, however, the bull manages to upturn the horse, hugely to the delight of the crowd; the picadore is then helped to his feet and the flailing horse dragged upright by scarlet-dressed attendants who tug at the nearest protruding part of the animal, usually the tail. This part of the corrida is most distasteful to watch, but is necessary in order to break down the bull's resistance and tire his neck muscles. It is the only time during the fight when the bull is presented with something solid to charge.

The next action in the corrida is the most spectacular, and entails the placing two at a time of eight barbed and coloured darts in the neck of the bull by two banderilleros. Each, attired similarly to the peones, in turn trots warily up to the bull holding the darts by their extreme ends. As the bull charges he sidesteps and plants the darts in its neck, where they dangle, greatly aggravating the bull. The sidestepping part of the act is always performed with great alacrity, but the banderillero often fails to implant both the darts securely.

Finally, the matador himself enters, often banishing everyone else from the arena. A renowned matador is a notable public figure and would, in this country, melt the crowns of Dennis Compton and Stanley Matthews into one for himself. Before the fight he will usually throw his little black cap to one of the señoritas or a member of the crowd for safe keeping during the fight, and as a sentimental gesture. He is arrayed even more splendidly than the peones, and carries a sword and a muleta, which is a square, scarlet cloth hung over a stick. Holding the muleta and sword in one hand he plays the bull in much the same way as the peones did before him, but a great deal more deftly. On one occasion I saw an ardent amateur from the crowd leap into the ring, armed only with a muleta, and spar very ably with the bull, roundly applauded by the excited spectators. After his few brief moments of glory, he left the ring and was hastily escorted away by several gun-laden policemen.

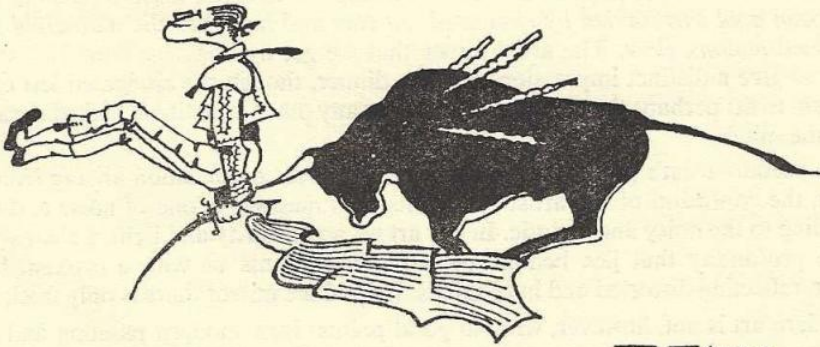
The culmination of the fight comes when the matador, discarding the muleta, places himself directly in front of the bull, and, raising his sword, minces up to within a few

yards of it, enticing the animal to lower its head for a charge. He then swiftly springs forward the last few steps and drives the sword down into the back of the bull's neck and through its heart. The bull flounders a few steps and then falls, weltering in a stream of blood. However, unless the sword has been most accurately thrust in, the bull is not likely to die immediately, and the matador must repeat the performance with another sword. The Spanish bull, unlike its more fortunate French and Portuguese cousins, is not allowed to leave the ring alive. A cuadrilla that allowed this to happen would be viewed in the same light as an international rugby team that left the field without the customary "three cheers." Moreover, should a bull ever emerge alive from the arena, he would never re-enter it; he would know too much.

As the bull is killed, the crowd rises to its feet, but whether in acclamation of the matador, in honour of the bull, to see a little better, or merely to ease the body, I was unable to discover. Three harnessed, well-bedecked mules enter the ring and drag the carcass out as the band rivals the noise of the cheering. After a particularly brilliant fight the matador may be awarded one of the bull's ears, and he will usually skip gaily round the arena, receiving applause and a shower of hats, coats, ties, boots, and so on, which he is expected to throw back. At the end of one corrida that I saw, the chief matador was mobbed by exultant fans and carried shoulder-high towards the centre of the city.

The corrida is very popular, and provides an opportunity for a display of considerable skill, but to me it smacks a little of the Roman arena. For though there is some danger in it, the whole fight conforms too much to set etiquette, and the bull is almost told what to do next. Bull-fighting is a colourful spectacle rather than an exciting sport.

R. T. M.



WHAT IS MODERN ART?

"Art, as far as it is able, follows nature, as a pupil imitates his master; thus your art must be, as it were, God's grandchild."—DANTE: "Inferno."

THE actions of nature follow certain rules, and these rules must be heeded by man if his sciences are to be exact. These rules have often been neglected. Trees and grass have been torn from the soil, and the soil has been washed away. The natural enemies of the rabbit, when that animal was introduced to Australia, were not to be found, and the rabbit became a scourge.

Like nature, art follows a set of rules, and man must heed these rules if he would become an artist. Modern art is not art. It does not follow nature, but is limited to the mood of the creator, a dealer in unreal shapes. This modern artist presents us with a mechanical puzzle. The solution to that puzzle reveals his mood. Consider, for example, a modern pseudo-artist who has been frustrated in love. In order to satisfy his tormented mind, he must paint his frustration in anguished colours. He paints a gigantic pack of cards, each card standing upright and separated from its neighbour, the whole stretching away into the far distance across a stark surrealist landscape. The last card, resting small upon the bright horizon, is the Queen of Hearts, the ambition of his love. He paints himself in the picture, a small figure clambering over the first huge card. He has fifty other such obstacle cards in his path, but satisfaction lies in the distance. The Queen of Hearts will be reached, although the way is rough. This painting illustrates the old English saying, "Unlucky at cards, lucky in love," and gives much encouragement.

The modern artist covers the whole range of arts. Picasso has even written a play. One might wonder how the modern artist could discipline his gaudy mind to write a play. Might it be presumed that the workings would be unpunctuated? Yes—and so is the play. The dialogue appears like the following: *The bread knife stretching across the frozen pool surrounded by elongated left ears and half eyes the moonlight silvers reeds and lemons glow.* The artist hopes that we get the message from his work. It seems to give a distinct impression of a fish dinner, though the elongated left ears do not seem to fit; perhaps the answer is a lemon or any other little tit-bit picked at random from the mind.

The pseudo-artist's puzzle is often complicated, the complication arising from confusion, the confusion of the artist's thoughts. His message is one of noise and chaos, appealing to the noisy and chaotic. In our art we want clarity and light, a clear window to the profundity that lies behind. Modern art presents us with a broken, frosted mirror, reflecting distorted and hazy minds. Behind the mirror there is only thick wood.

Modern art is not, however, without good points. Jazz, modern painting and sculpture are as comic and often as clever as the circus clown. Some say this is artistry, but it looks like fooling. In art, let the rules be followed. Let us have punctuation, faces that look like faces, possible landscapes, true inspired notes of music. Let us have beauty and grace, and not let the rowdy and sensational crawl in under the name of art.

G. W. P.

“A NEW APPROACH”

THE principle of the aircraft carrier as a floating aerodrome is now well established. The size and weight of the aircraft which can be operated must, however, always be limited by the maximum economical size of the carrier.

A more recent idea is that of using flying boats and operating them in conjunction with a “mother ship,” in much the same way as submarines operate from a supply ship. This really is something new. How new, I realized when I saw the first of these “mother ships” at Portsmouth, where she was being refitted for her new role. Built at Vancouver, she was commissioned by the Royal Navy as an assault craft repair ship, H.M.S. *Fifeness*, and as such entered the European War.

In 1948 she was handed over to the Royal Air Force and is now undergoing conversion. When this is complete she will be commissioned as H.M. A.F.S. *Adastral*, ready for her new role of a sea-going air base and group headquarters. As a self-contained fighting unit she will be able to operate her two squadrons of Sunderlands for a period of two months with no external aid.

She is to provide full servicing and maintenance facilities for her aircraft—as well as accommodation for both air and ground crews. Her equipment includes a complete marine section, with its own complement of seaplane tenders, motor launches, fire-floats and flarepath dinghies.

Adastral is of mixed construction—partly welded and partly riveted. Her steam propulsion machinery gives her a cruising speed of twelve knots. All the most up-to-date marine navigational aids are installed, and among other devices she carries three entirely separate depth-sounding equipments. To cater for a multiplicity of radio and electrical services the ship carries an extensive generating system; this is of such modern design that there are, so far, only two berths at Portsmouth capable of supplying the necessary shore-feed voltages to meet her harbour requirements.

Although she is manned entirely by Royal Air Force personnel, it is intended that both executive and engine-room officers shall be experienced ex-Merchant Service officers. She is commanded by Wing Commander R. D. W. Mackay, who was kind enough to show me over his ship and answer my questions. Her conversion should be completed by the early spring, when she will go into reserve as befits these days of economy and of less pressing need for mobility in the Pacific. When she goes to sea, H.M. A.F.S. *Adastral* will carry our very best wishes for a successful commission.

W. F. J.

FRESH-WATER FISHING

Now please do not pass rapidly to the next page, just because you have read the title. I only wish to correct a few erroneous ideas about fishing that are held by many non-fishers.

Fishing is neither a dull nor a lazy sport. Neither need it be expensive. Many people obtain these ideas from watching the old man sitting on his creel for hour after hour and watching a float in the same bit of static water; or because they hear of the prices paid for a week's salmon fishing. These are two extremes.

If you ever get an offer to go fishing with someone who really knows the ropes, accept it; you may strike a good day and get "bitten" yourself. Then you will begin to see the skill and knowledge that are essential for a successful fisherman. You may even understand why the old man is content to sit and watch his float all day. He is just as pleased with half a dozen roach as another man is with a 30-lb. salmon. If you play your cards carefully you may even get an invitation for a day's salmon fishing, for owners are very generous to those who have no fishing of their own.

Fresh-water fish can be divided into two sorts, coarse fish and the salmonidæ, which include trout, salmon and char. The latter sort can be distinguished by a small fin on the back of the fish between the tail and the dorsal fin. Coarse fish are found in every lake, canal, and slow-flowing river, and gravel pits frequently become stocked with them. The theory is that birds carry the spawn on their feet.

As for the methods of catching coarse fish, they are too numerous to list. The largest coarse fish is the pike, which is a predatory fish, eating anything it can get, including birds and small mammals, but it prefers weak fish as they are easier prey. Pike are caught mainly by spinning with an artificial bait, or by live baiting. This last consists of attaching a small fish to a hook, or a triangle of hooks, so that it is free to swim. This method usually produces a heavier weight of fish.

Now for the salmonidæ, the aristocrats of the fish world, who have earned this position by their fighting qualities. Brown trout fishing is most exciting. They can be caught in many different ways, but I will describe only two—fishing with the dry fly and with the wet fly. Dry-fly fishing is more usual in the South County chalk streams. The fly floats on the surface and represents the natural insect, usually the mayfly, to which many a trout has owed its downfall. You do not want a rapid-flowing river, as the fly will not float on these.

The method is to watch for a fish to rise. This leaves a ring on the water. You then approach upstream, for fish always lie with their heads facing upstream. They breathe by taking in water through their mouths and expelling it through the gills which extract the oxygen. It is possible to drown a fish by dragging it downstream, as it will be unable to get enough water into its mouth. To continue, you approach upstream and cast your fly so that it floats down over the rise. If you are lucky, things then happen fast and your fly is sucked in by the trout. You must strike as he takes it in order to drive home the hook above the barb. You then pray that the hook will not come unstuck.

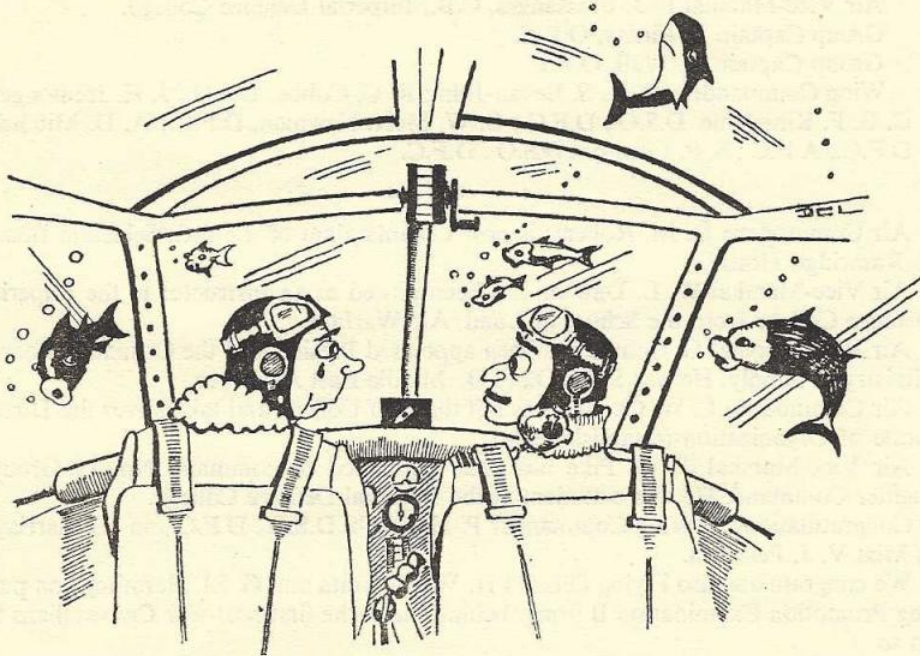
Then there is wet-fly fishing. Here the fly is either a representation of the normal insect in the nymph stage (i.e., before it hatches into a fly), or something that is supposed to be a small fish. Wet flies are usually brightly coloured in order to attract attention. The method is to cast them at random and work them towards you, hoping they will attract the attention of a feeding trout. They are fished about four inches

below the surface and you usually use three flies at once. Famous wet flies are the Jock Scott, Peter Ross, Butcher and Zulu.

The trout season varies from 1st March or April, according to local rules, until 30th September. During the close season you can amuse yourself by making your own flies. People are apt to think that this is a highly skilled operation, but it is not. A home-made fly looks just the same as a bought fly after its first dousing, and is very often more effective.

I hope you now realize that fishing is not a dull, monotonous sport. If you get a chance, have a go, and you will not lose by it. Beginner's luck can be a very real thing in fishing.

I. W.



OLD CRANWELLIAN NOTES

NEW YEAR HONOURS

WE wish to congratulate the following officers who received Honours in the New Year List:

C.B.—Air Vice-Marshal C. B. R. Pelly, C.B.E., M.C.; Group Captain J. O. W. Oliver, D.S.O., D.F.C.

C.B.E.—Air Commodore J. Marson; Air Commodore W. P. G. Pretty, O.B.E.; Group Captain E. H. M. David, O.B.E.

O.B.E.—Group Captain A. Wall; Wing Commander A. D. Panton, D.F.C.

A.F.C.—Wing Commander P. R. Hatfield, D.F.C.

* * *

HALF-YEARLY PROMOTIONS

Congratulations on their promotions to:

Air Vice-Marshal G. R. C. Spencer, C.B.E., A.O.C. R.A.F. Gibraltar.

Air Vice-Marshal F. J. Fressanges, C.B., Imperial Defence College.

Group Captain D. Finlay, O.B.E.

Group Captain A. Wall, O.B.E.

Wing Commanders D. R. S. Bevan-John; R. C. Cobbe, D.S.O.; J. H. Iremonger; C. B. F. Kingcome, D.S.O., D.F.C.; C. W. McN. Newman, D.F.C.; A. D. Mitchell, D.F.C., A.F.C.; S. P. Coulson, D.S.O., D.F.C.

* * *

Air Commodore D. M. Roberts is now Commandant of the P.C. Selection Board at Ramridge House.

Air Vice-Marshal W. L. Dawson has been posted as an Instructor to the Imperial Defence College from the School of Land/Air Warfare.

Air Vice-Marshal G. Combe has been appointed President of the Ordnance Board, Ministry of Supply. He was S.A.S.O., H.Q., Middle East Air Force.

Air Commodore L. W. Cannon has left the Staff College and taken over the Directorate of Organization (establishments).

Air Vice-Marshal T. G. Pike has been appointed to command No. 11 Group, Fighter Command. He was a student at the Imperial Defence College.

Congratulations to Wing Commander P. H. Cribb, D.S.O., D.F.C., on his marriage to Miss V. J. Peniston.

We congratulate also Flying Officers H. W. Cafferata and G. M. Hermitage on putting Promotion Examination B firmly behind them, the first post-war Cranwellians to do so.

* * *

We very much regret to record that Flying Officer L. S. R. Smith has been killed in Malaya. His squadron commander, Squadron Leader E. D. Crew, D.S.O., D.F.C., writes:

“Laurie Smith was posted to No. 45 Squadron in October, 1948, and quickly became a most valuable influence in it. His tragic death, which occurred while making a forced landing in a jungle clearing near Seremban, Malaya, shortly after leaving

the target on his fifty-second sortie against Communist bandits, was a severe loss to the Service, to his Squadron and to his friends, of whom I was very glad to be one.

"One year in an officer's first posting is not long enough to assess his prospects of reaching high rank, but there is no doubt that he had many of the qualities which would in due course have fitted him for it. He was able to combine great determination, purpose and energy with charm and good nature. His mind was very quick and clear, and his outlook more mature than his twenty-two years. His initiative, both on and off duty, was strong, and his power of leadership very well developed. He wrote well, and his conversation was always amusing, intelligent and most enjoyable.

"He played all team games with skill and spirit, and was a most attractive player to watch. At College he was Captain of Hockey and a Cricket Colour. When he was Cadet Under-Officer of A Squadron, it was Champion Squadron. He was Secretary of the Society, and passed out fifth of his term.

"Although he died so young, he was at least able to prove himself the very finest type of young officer and a great credit to the College, of which I know he was so proud."

* * *

OLD CRANWELLIAN DINNER IN THE FAR EAST

In October, 1949, a proposal was made at Headquarters, Far East Air Force, that an Old Cranwellian Association Dinner should be held in the Far East. A preliminary survey indicated that there were some twenty Old Cranwellians distributed over an area of about one and a half million square miles; a few of these were in Ceylon, Siam, Hong Kong and Shanghai, but the majority were concentrated in Malaya and Singapore. It was therefore decided to hold the dinner in Singapore and to rely on "out-station" members finding it necessary to visit that colony on duty or on leave at the right time. The fact that this hope proved groundless was not so much due to lack of ingenuity on the part of Old Cranwellians concerned as to the baleful influence of Mao-Tse-Tung.

Between October and 10th December, the date selected for the dinner, there were, of course, several arrivals in and departures from the Far East of Old Cranwellians, but on Saturday evening, 10th December, seventeen of them dined together in the Adelphi Hotel, Singapore, and were honoured by the presence of the Commander-in-Chief, Far East Air Force, Air Marshal F. J. Fogarty, C.B., D.F.C., A.F.C. A list of those present is shown below.

Air Vice-Marshal R. L. R. Atcherley, C.B.E., A.F.C. (September, 1922—July, 1924).

Air Commodore W. A. Opie (February, 1921—December, 1922).

Group Captain J. L. F. Fuller-Good (September, 1921—December, 1923).

Group Captain J. R. Mutch, C.B. (September, 1924—December, 1926).

Group Captain J. Whitehead (September, 1928—June, 1930).

Group Captain A. C. Kermodé, O.B.E. (Staff, 1938-39, and 1946-48).

Group Captain E. A. Healey (September, 1920—August, 1922).

Wing Commander G. A. Mills (January, 1932—December, 1933).

Wing Commander R. C. Keary (September, 1927—July, 1929).

Wing Commander B. H. Becker (September, 1931—July, 1933).

Squadron Leader P. de L. Le Cheminant, D.F.C. (November, 1938—December, 1939).

Flying Officer M. M. J. Robinson (April, 1947—April, 1948).

Flying Officer M. F. Aldersmith (F.T.S., September, 1945—June, 1946).

Flying Officer J. E. Williams (F.T.S., August, 1945—June, 1946).

Flying Officer G. W. Stroud (F.T.S., September, 1945—June, 1946).

Flying Officer D. A. Harker (F.T.S., February, 1947—March, 1948).

Flying Officer J. A. Ryan (F.T.S., September, 1945—June, 1946).

After the dinner, "The King," and "The R.A.F. College," Air Commodore E. A. Opie welcomed the C.-in-C. as guest of honour and remarked on the happy circumstances that had made possible the presence of Air Vice-Marshal R. L. R. Atcherley, C.B.E., A.F.C., the first ex-Cranwell cadet to have become Commandant of the R.A.F. College. He had landed in Singapore that morning on his way back from Australia to Pakistan, where he is at present Chief of the Air Staff of the Royal Pakistan Air Force. Air Marshal Fogarty and Air Vice-Marshal Atcherley, in their replies, recalled certain incidents when the former had been Senior Air Staff Officer of Flying Training Command and the latter was Commandant at Cranwell. Everyone then dispersed to various forms of entertainment in the city of Singapore.

It is intended to make this an annual event, and it is to be hoped that next year the political situation in the Far East may be somewhat quieter, which will enable a larger gathering of Old Cranwellians in the Far East to take place.

IN MEMORIAM

ALASDAIR SETON HAMILTON BLACK

Alasdair Black came to Cranwell from Radley, joining with No. 49 Entry in September, 1947. He soon made his mark in the Junior Entries and earned the second-term appointment of Leading Cadet. His attractive character developed in the atmosphere of the College. He was diligent and promising in his work and in flying, and was a keen athlete, representing the College in rowing and Rugby. He was Captain of Boats. His favourite sport was ski-ing, at which he was an expert, and it is largely through him that we have an active Ski-ing Section in the College.

In his final term he was promoted Flight Cadet Sergeant. On 6th January, 1950, a flying accident brought to a tragic end the career of a man in whom was the promise of an outstanding officer, a charming and loyal friend.

Sic itur ad astra.

STAFF APPOINTMENTS

The following list of appointments corrects to the date of going to press the lists in previous issues of the JOURNAL :

CADET WING

College Medical Officer . . . Squadron Leader D. Stevenson, M.B.E., M.D.

INSTRUCTIONAL STAFF

Chief Instructor G.S.T., Equipment and Secretarial Wing . . . Wing Commander W. E. Nicholas, D.F.C.
Army Representative . . . Major I. H. Battye, M.B.E., The Middlesex Regiment.
Chaplain (C. of E.) . . . Squadron Leader the Reverend E. W. L. May.
Senior Navigation Instructor . . . Squadron Leader D. A. Peacock, D.F.C.

Instructors :

Law and Administration . . . Squadron Leader D. H. Keary, D.F.C.
Mathematics Flight Lieutenant T. R. Harris.
History Flight Lieutenant R. E. Ladbrook.
Secretarial (E. and S. Wing) . . . Flight Lieutenant E. J. Baldock.
Technical (E. and S. Wing) . . . Flight Lieutenant R. M. Rose.
 Flying Officer V. J. Rees.

FLYING WING

Adjutant Flight Lieutenant K. A. W. Butcher.
Training Progress Officer . . . Pilot Officer N. M. Hughes-D'Aeth.
Flight Commanders Flight Lieutenant A. H. Chamberlain.
 Flight Lieutenant H. G. Davies.
 Flight Lieutenant A. C. L. Mackie, D.F.C.
 Flight Lieutenant F. Symmons, D.F.C., D.F.M.
 Flight Lieutenant H. D. C. Webbe.
Squadron Adjutants Flight Lieutenant P. E. Fahy, D.F.C.
 Flying Officer H. G. Dryhurst.
Flying Instructors Flight Lieutenant N. Q. S. Bayley, D.F.C.
 Flight Lieutenant D. E. Cooke.
 Flight Lieutenant B. R. W. Forster, D.F.C.

The following have left the College Staff :

Wing Commanders K. M. M. Wasse, D.F.C., and H. H. Mayoh.
 Major M. A. C. Osborn, D.S.O., O.B.E., M.C., The West Yorkshire Regiment.
 Squadron Leaders The Reverend E. W. P. Ainsworth, J. C. Hutton, J. L. Mitchell, M.V.O.,
 D.F.C., J. F. Powell and W. L. Price, M.B., B.Ch.
 Flight Lieutenants R. G. McN. Burton, F. H. D. Eades, J. R. Gibbons, P. G. Gladstone,
 C. P. H. Kunkler, J. A. McCleod, H. F. Orchard, A. Speake, H. E. White and C. A. Winch.

SQUADRON LISTS

PROMOTIONS, SPRING TERM, 1950

A SQUADRON

Flight Cadet Under-Officer R. Pavey.	Flight Cadet Corporal K. V. E. Gilbert.
Flight Cadet Sergeant P. Mc. D. Armour.	Flight Cadet Corporal G. S. Goodsell.
Flight Cadet Sergeant I. Gordon-Johnson.	Flight Cadet Corporal M. Short.
Flight Cadet Corporal R. H. Gidman.	

B SQUADRON

Flight Cadet Under-Officer W. F. Knapper.	Flight Cadet Corporal B. N. Bennett.
Flight Cadet Sergeant A. S. H. Black.	Flight Cadet Corporal R. Dyson.
Flight Cadet Sergeant I. A. N. Worby.	Flight Cadet Corporal P. F. Keeling.
Flight Cadet Sergeant A. Turner.	

C SQUADRON

Flight Cadet Under-Officer D. Mullarkey.	Flight Cadet Corporal A. W. Powell.
Flight Cadet Sergeant W. L. Bull.	Flight Cadet Corporal J. R. Rogers.
Flight Cadet Sergeant H. S. Carver.	Flight Cadet Corporal B. J. Ball.
Flight Cadet Corporal P. G. Nickoll.	

EQUIPMENT AND SECRETARIAL WING, DIGBY

Flight Cadet Under-Officer D. I. O'Hara.	Flight Cadet Corporal M. D. Fenner.
Flight Cadet Sergeant D. F. Bates.	

No. 56 ENTRY

A SQUADRON

P. J. Bogue, Churcher's College.	D. Harcourt-Smith, Felsted.
D. S. Burrows, Hampton Grammar School.	M. K. Khan, Burn Hall School, Srinagar,
J. D. S. Christey, Brentwood (Ternhill No. 6 F.T.S.).	Kashmir.
C. Crook, Bournemouth School.	P. Kennett, Halton.
N. H. Giffin, Bancroft's.	R. A. Streatfield, Eton.
A. G. N. Hampton, Mill Hill (Ternhill No. 6 F.T.S.).	M. J. Taylor, Southern G.S., Portsmouth.
	M. G. Tomkins, Haileybury.
	J. Wilkinson, Rugby.

B SQUADRON

A. E. Burch, Halton.	P. N. Legge, Shrewsbury.
P. Bureau, Cheltenham (Hullavington No. 1 A.N.S.).	G. S. Malik, Government College, Lahore.
G. H. Burleigh, Reading.	M. R. Martin, Sherborne.
J. H. D. Daly, Wellington.	I. A. Svensson, Portsmouth G.S.
P. E. Keen, Halton.	C. V. Symons, Redruth G.S.
	P. G. Walker, Northern Polytechnic.

C SQUADRON

D. M. K. Atherley, Belmont Abbey.	J. W. Heard, Kingham Hill School, Oxon.
C. I. Benson, Tiffin's.	J. R. Pearce, Wellington.
D. B. Birley, Repton.	A. J. Selwood, Whitchurch G.S., Cardiff.
D. R. K. Blucke, Malvern.	D. G. Slade, Merchant Taylor's (Feltwell No. 3 F.T.S.).
R. Dick, Beckenham C.G.S.	D. F. Smith, Ilford C.H.S.
R. Forrest, Wyld Green College, Sutton Coldfield.	D. H. Warren, Halton.

EQUIPMENT AND SECRETARIAL WING, DIGBY

No. 7 ENTRY

A FLIGHT

J. M. Boden (E.), Birkenhead.

J. W. Burgess (S.), Dynevor G.S., Swansea.

A. G. Hamilton (S.), Camphill, Paisley.

R. H. T. Overall (S.), Uppingham.

A. J. Scott (E.), Cranwell.

B FLIGHT

J. R. Davies (E.), Halton.

M. H. Davis (S.), St. Marylebone Grammar.

R. W. Lidstone (S.), Devonport High School,
Plymouth.

M. P. H. Pollard (E.), Kent College,
Canterbury.

T. M. H. Satterthwaite (S.), Uppingham.



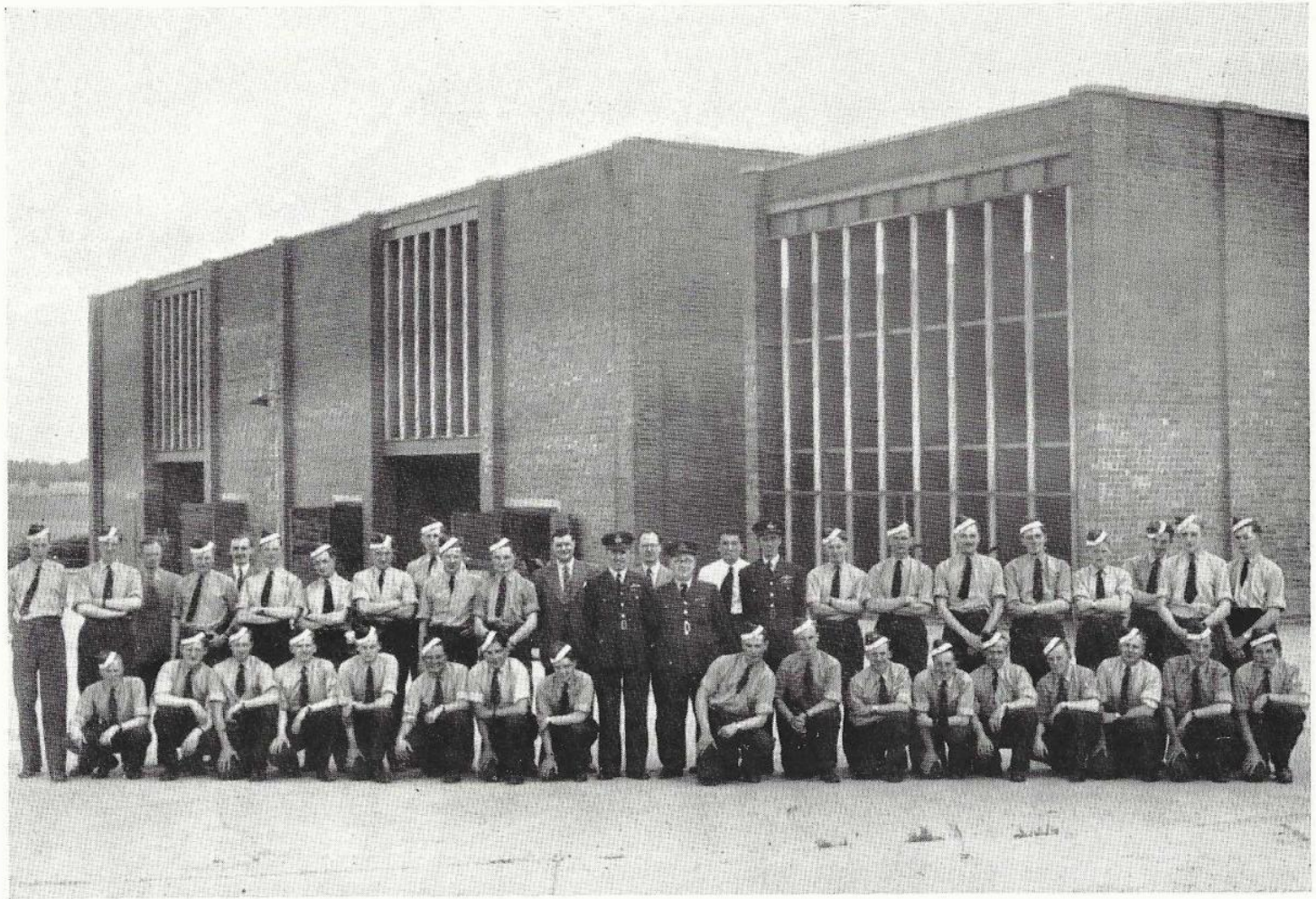
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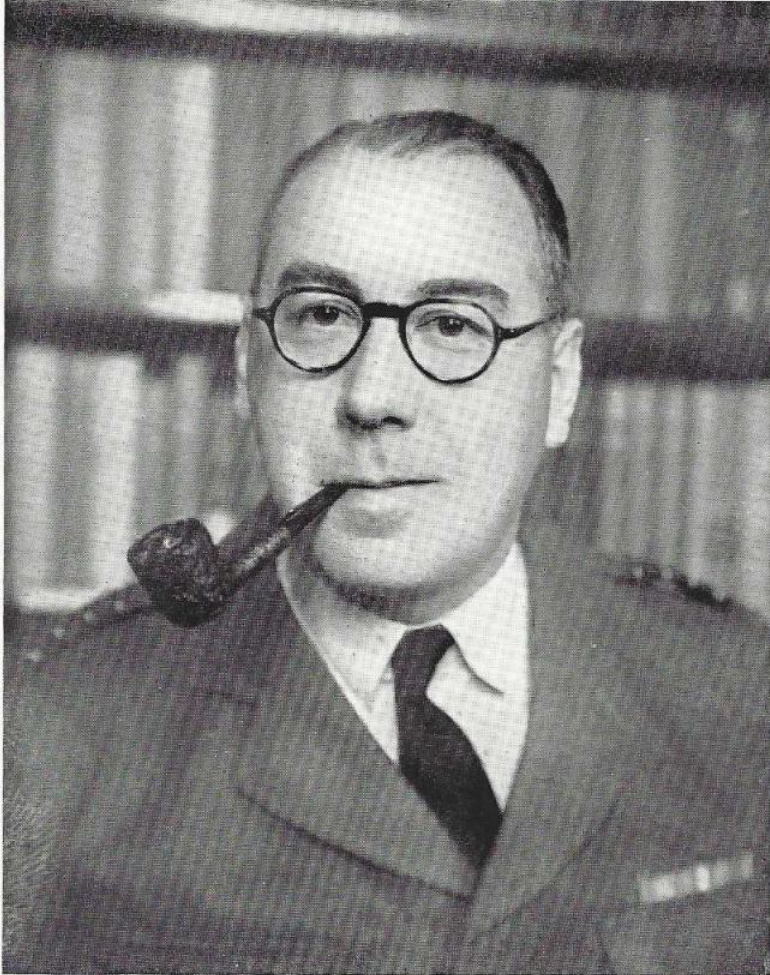
THE
ROYAL AIR FORCE
COLLEGE

VOL. XXII No. 2
JUNE, 1950

CRANWELL
LINCOLNSHIRE



Cadets of the 47th entry who visited Hawker Siddeley Group factories are shown here at the Armstrong Siddeley works, Coventry, where they studied turboprop production



[Photo: A. W. H. Macdonald, A.R.P.S.]

GROUP CAPTAIN D. LUMGAIR
Assistant Commandant, Equipment and Secretarial Wing

Frontispiece

THE JOURNAL OF



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(Telephone: Sleaford 300)

THE EQUIPMENT AND SECRETARIAL WING, ROYAL AIR FORCE COLLEGE,
DIGBY, LINCOLNSHIRE
(Telephone: Metheringham 391)

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Contributions are invited of articles, poems, photographs and drawings. These need not be confined to R.A.F. and flying topics, but should be of general rather than technical interest. They should be addressed to "The Officer i/c JOURNAL, Royal Air Force College," Cranwell, Lincs." Unsuitable material will be returned.

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COLLEGE NOTES.



THE Commandant, Air Commodore G. R. Beamish, C.B., C.B.E., will complete his tour of duty at the College on 31st July, and will then take up the appointment of Air Officer Commanding, Air Headquarters, Iraq, Middle East Air Force, with the rank of Air Vice-Marshal.

The JOURNAL copy was already in the printer's hands when the Air Ministry broke the conspiracy of silence and made this news public. Of necessity we must accept poetic advice and

"Sue not with praise who present governance holds,"

but await the opportunity of the next issue. Here we must be content to say that the Commandant will take with him the grateful appreciation of all the College, present and past, and its warmest good wishes for his success and happiness in so significant an appointment. The College offers him sincere congratulations on his imminent promotion.

* * *

His successor as Commandant will be Air Commodore L. F. Sinclair, G.C., C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., who is now Assistant Commandant of the Royal Air Force Staff College. Air Commodore Sinclair was a cadet at Cranwell from 1926 to 1928. We recall gratefully his kindness to a party of cadets on an early vacation tour in Germany, when he was commanding R.A.F. Gutersloh. The College will offer a warm welcome to Air Commodore and Mrs. Sinclair.

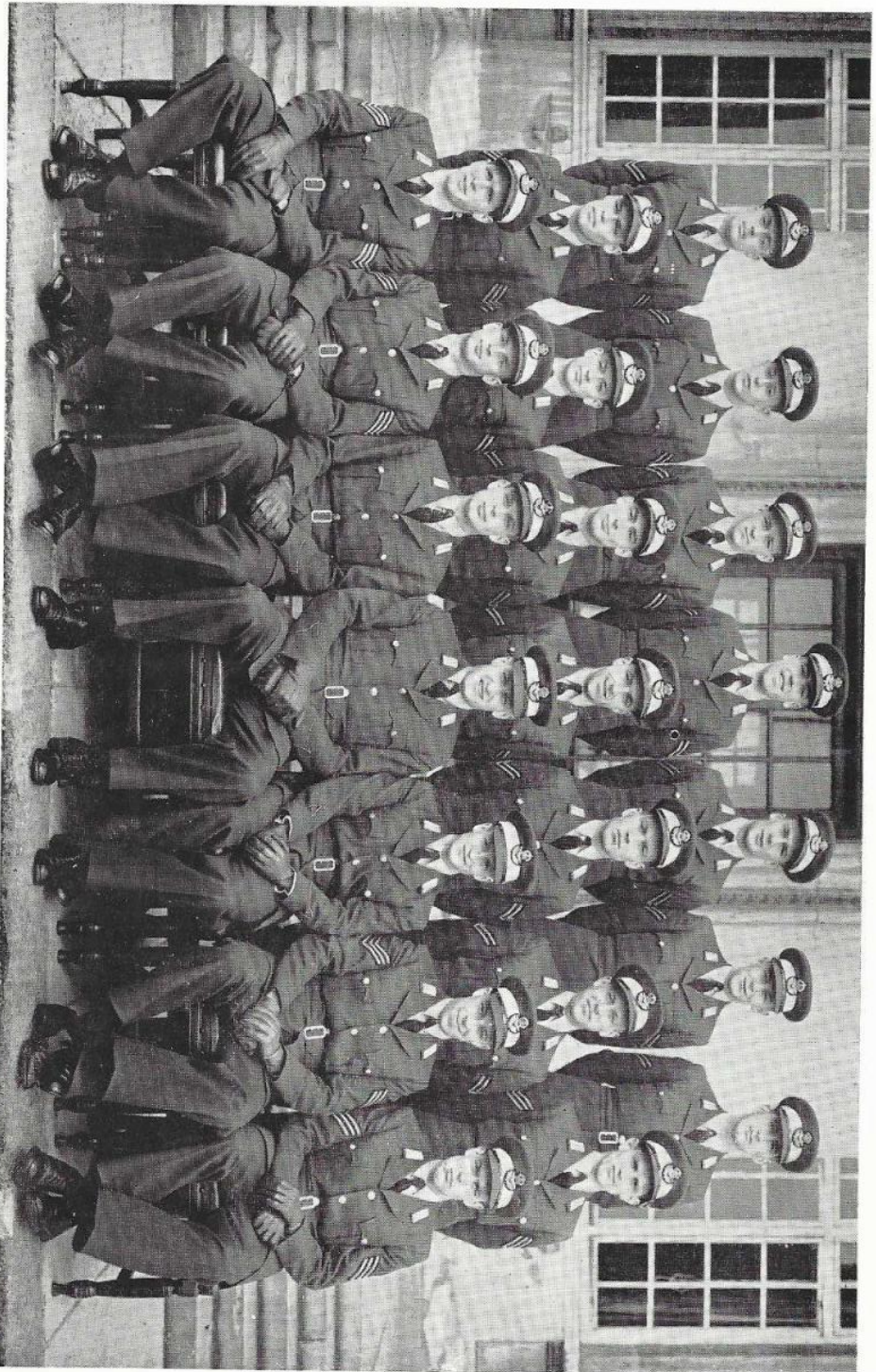


There might seem to be monotony in the cycle of term succeeding term through the years and of the regular phases within each term, from the induction of its new entry, through half-term leaves and squadron competitions and the clouded examination season, to graduation parade and dance. But in fact each term has something that gives it unique character for the College; the King's term, the term of the first passing-out, the term of the Tiger Moth's eclipse, terms of change of command, of outrageous weather, of triumphant games. Inevitably, too, the senior entry gives its own character to each term.

* * *

The Spring Term of 1950 was fortunate in its No. 49 Entry and was unique in being the first occasion on which the College sent into the permanent ranks of the Royal Air Force a trained body of officers of branches other than General Duties. No. 1 Entry of the Equipment and Secretarial Wing can claim to have set up an historical landmark.

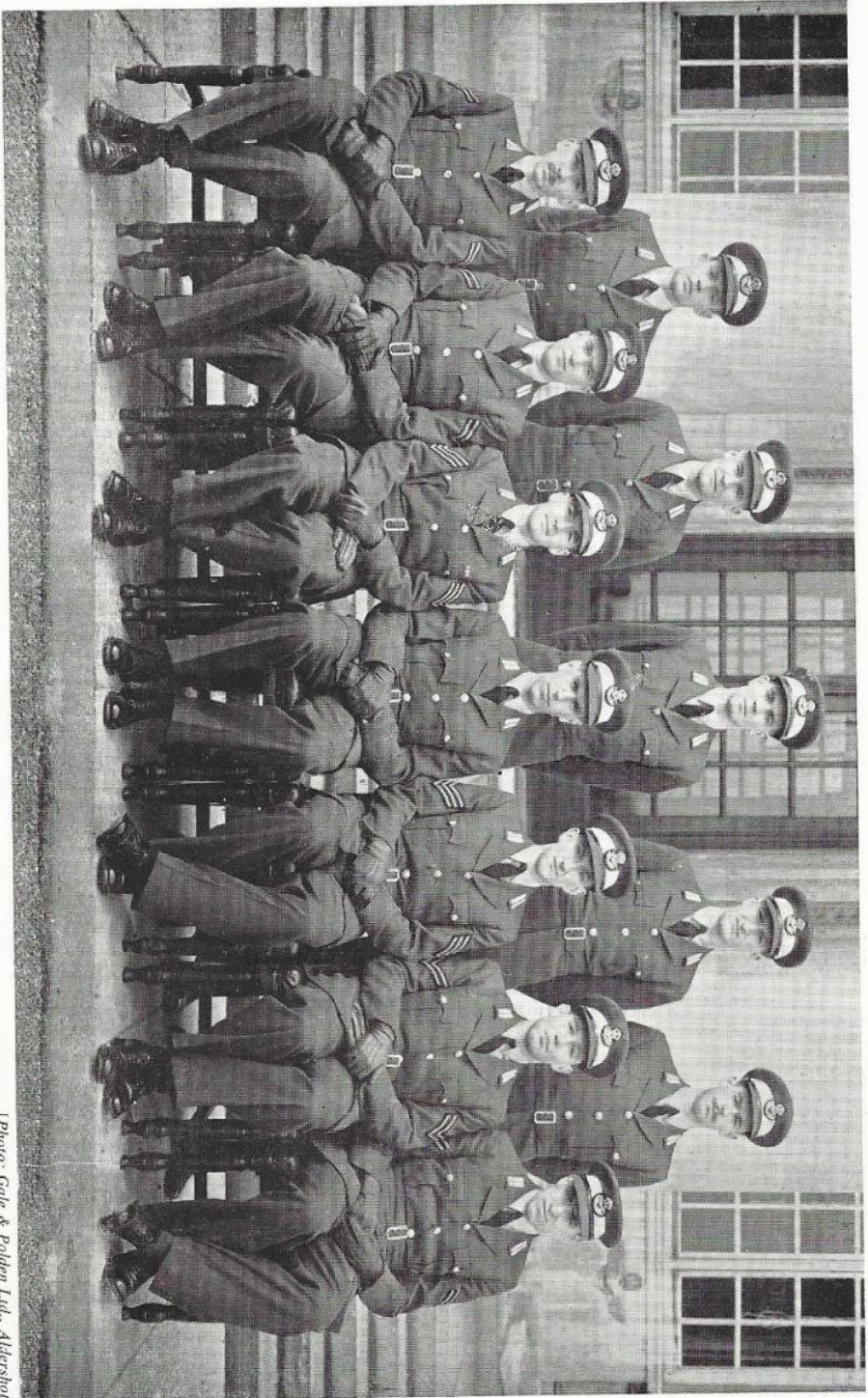
With especial warmth of feeling, too little reflected in Cranwell's April weather, the



SENIOR TERM, APRIL, 1950

[Photos: Gale & Pollen Ltd., Aldershot

- F. C. Cpl. P. F. Keeling. F. C. Cpl. R. Dyson. F. C. Cpl. R. H. Gidman. F. C. Cpl. R. W. Burgess. F. C. Cpl. M. Short. F. C. Cpl. B. N. Bennett. F. C. Cpl. J. R. Rogers.
- F. C. Sgt. P. D. Armour. F. C. Cpl. B. J. Bail. F. C. Cpl. A. W. Powell. F. C. Cpl. P. G. Nickoll. F. C. Cpl. K. V. E. Gilbert. F. C. Cpl. G. S. Goodsell. F. C. Sgt. W. L. A. Bull.
- F. C. Sgt. I. Gordon-Johnson. F. C. Sgt. H. S. Carver. F. C. U./O. D. Mulhoney. F. C. U./O. F. W. Knapper. F. C. U./O. R. Pavey. F. C. Sgt. I. A. N. Worby. F. C. Sgt. A. Turner.



[Photo: Gale & Polden Ltd., Aldershot

No. 1 (E. & S.) ENTRY

Back Row—F.C. A. Breaks, F.C. D. G. A. Lloyd, F.C. S. H. D. Weigall, F.C. T. G. C. Gaon, F.C. P. M. Randolph.
 Front Row—F.C. Cpl. A. B. McGuire, F.C. Cpl. B. J. Longworth, F.C. Sgt. D. C. Robinson, F.C. U./O. D. I. O'Hara, F.C. Sgt. D. F. Bates, F.C. Cpl. P. A. Richardson, F.C. Cpl. M. D. Fenner.

College welcomed at this graduation parade Marshal of the Royal Air Force The Lord Tedder of Glenguin, G.C.B. In frequent visits as Chief of the Air Staff, Lord Tedder had watched every phase in the rebuilding of the life of the College since 1946. At the first ceremonial opportunity after his relinquishment of that post, he showed how enduring is his interest in the College. Deeply and personally the College appreciated what it meant to Lord Tedder to be the Reviewing Officer on that day, and to Lady Tedder, *desiderio tam cari capitis*, to watch the graduation of No. 49 Entry.

* * *

No. 49 Entry came to Cranwell in September, 1947. In all its predecessors there was an element of the unusual, in composition or in the conditions of their course at Cranwell. The distinction of No. 49 Entry was that it had little or no such particular distinction. It was of approximately standard size, the outcome of the standard system of selection. If its Junior Cadet phase differed a little from the present form, by the time it came into College the College had found its feet. The Entry had sufficient top-weight above it to have no misleading sense of premature seniority. Teething troubles of the syllabus, and even the biplane era, were over before its day. For these reasons the College has reason to be gratified by the quality of its first standard production model, and it confidently wishes a successful career to a lively minded and characterful body of newly commissioned Pilot Officers.

* * *

For the flight cadets of the first Equipment and Secretarial Entry to pass out from the Royal Air Force College into the permanent commissioned ranks of the Service, all their course had a pioneer quality. It may well have seemed a long course; four of them came with Cranwell's No. 48 Entry in April, 1947, before the Equipment and Secretarial Wing was established; the remainder came in September of that year. All were expecting a course of five terms, and found it later extended to eight.

* * *

The Wing itself opened at Digby in September, 1947. The flight cadets of No. 1 Entry have gone through all the vicissitudes of incipience and experiment, and in the last year have borne the brunt of leadership, responsibility and the foundation of tradition. They are to be congratulated on the high standard that they have attained and on the example that they have set for their successors. The College, and in particular the Equipment and Secretarial Wing, bid them God-speed, assured that they will continue as worthily as they have begun.

* * *

The Air Ministry has inaugurated three special prizes for award to each successive graduation of the Equipment and Secretarial Wing. The Medal of Honour is awarded to the flight cadet who has most distinguished himself in leadership and influence for the good of the Equipment and Secretarial Wing of the College. The first winner of this award was Flight Cadet Under-Officer D. I. O'Hara. The other two awards are the Air Ministry Prizes for Equipment Studies and for Secretarial Studies. These were won by Flight Cadet Sergeant D. C. Robinson and Flight Cadet Sergeant D. F. Bates. We take this opportunity of congratulating these prize winners.

No. 1 (Equipment and Secretarial) Entry's graduation was a climax to an eventful term in which the Wing's ambition to be King's Squadron was frustrated only by the narrow margin of half a point. Such a standard of achievement is a fitting tribute to the leadership of the graduating Entry.



The Summer Term started in unseasonable blizzards and has progressed through the sort of May in which clouts are not cast to a June in which they are. There are 254 cadets at Cranwell and ninety-seven at Digby. The new Entry at Cranwell, No. 57, again includes two cadets of the Royal Pakistan Air Force. The senior No. 50 Entry is the smallest of the post-war entries, and there is no corresponding entry at Digby to join it in passing out. The Flying Wing has smoothly changed its organization from three to four squadrons, two for Prentice instruction and two for Harvard.

* * *

With this expansion have come some changes in the College staff. Squadron Leader J. C. Breesc, D.F.C., has been transferred from the command of C Squadron of the Cadet Wing to that of No. 2 Squadron, Flying Wing. He is succeeded in C Squadron by Squadron Leader M. D. Lyne, A.F.C., who was at Cranwell as a cadet in 1937-39. Squadron Leader P. W. Cook has been appointed to command No. 1 Squadron in the Flying Wing, and Squadron Leader D. T. M. Lumsden to No. 4. Squadron Leader J. S. Owen has been posted to the R.A.F. Staff College, Andover. He has played a great part in the development of flying instruction at the College, and the efficient and now extensive organization of gliding is almost entirely the product of his enthusiasm.

* * *

Major Henry L. Hogan III, just Lee Hogan to most of us, has completed his tour as U.S.A.F. Exchange Officer, a tour in which he earned the liking and respect of all the College and a very warm place in the hearts of many. Major Hogan was an officer in the true and strict West Point tradition, as his article in last term's JOURNAL showed. Characteristically he could be no less loyal to Cranwell, viewing it clearly and with frank judgment, and identifying himself completely with its life. His instruction was clear and memorable; he did much to bring West Point and Cranwell together, as well as to commend his own Service to the College and the best of Cranwell to his Service. But to thank him for this pays too little tribute to his outstanding quality of integrity and to his delightful personality. The College hopes that Major Hogan will find his way back, and wishes all happiness to him and Mrs. Hogan in their Florida posting. It welcomes his successor, Major W. F. Scott, and Mrs. Scott to Cranwell.

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Squadron Leader K. Ritchley was the first Aerodynamics Instructor appointed to the College. He has returned willingly to flying duties after his many years of Hullavington and Cranwell, but in those two postings he has founded the aerodynamic knowledge of a good proportion of the younger pilots of the Royal Air Force. His service to the College in the creation and evolution of the current syllabus was immense. His instruction was inspiring, and he filled the post of Senior Tutor (A.S.E.) for several

months after the posting of Group Captain Kermode. But instruction was not his only strength. The College Society owes its coherence and organization to the meticulous thoroughness and enthusiasm of Squadron Leader Ritchley as Secretary, and the sure progress and high standard of College athletics is the product of his effort. The College sincerely wishes him success, and enjoyment of his new appointment.

* * *

The Equipment and Secretarial Wing has lost one more of its "aboriginals" in Flight Lieutenant L. Kendrick. The Wing owes him its gratitude for the enthusiasm and ability with which he inaugurated and built up the Engineering syllabus, and for the acquisitive ingenuity that equipped the Technical Workshops with everything from hacksaws to a Nene engine. Flight Lieutenant and Mrs. Kendrick take with them the Wing's warmest wishes for success and for a happy life at Andover. Also from the technical staff, Flying Officer T. J. Hemsley, to whom music at Digby owes so much, has left on demobilization to take up the appointment of Vicar Choral of St. Paul's Cathedral.



The death of Field-Marshal Earl Wavell, P.C., G.C.B., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., C.M.G., M.C., is mourned no less by the Royal Air Force than by his own Service, and in him the College has lost an understanding friend. After the war Lord Wavell conceived the graceful idea of expressing in a gift his personal thanks to the Royal Air Force. And now among the most beautiful, and surely the most valued, pieces of silver in the College's possession is the fine rose bowl that bears, engraved in the Field-Marshal's own handwriting, the inscription:

"In grateful remembrance of
over 2,000 hours' flying with
the Royal Air Force during
the Great War, 1939-45.

"WAVELL, F.M."

* * *

The new Church of St. Michael and All Angels Within the Aerodrome at Digby was dedicated on 17th January by the Lord Bishop of Lincoln, the Right Reverend Dr. M. H. Harland, M.A., D.D., assisted by the Chaplain-in-Chief, Royal Air Force, the Reverend L. Wright, K.H.C.

The Commandant attended the ceremony, further details of which are given in another section of this JOURNAL.

* * *

At Cranwell, the project of a further memorial to those who gave their lives in the war has been much considered, and the trend of planning is towards a shrine or chapel set within the main building of the College itself. It is not easy at the moment to plan decisively the particular space that could be given to this purpose. Much of the West Wing is out of commission for some months for welcome reconstruction of the roof

and gable that were damaged by a Whitley early in the war. The future use of rooms is affected both by this and by renewed activity on the plan for a large instructional building.



The Easter Vacation belied its name as Cranwell vacations do. It was a period of activity elsewhere for many members of the College, while a nucleus remaining on the spot became active on others' behalf. The programme of visits, though much less extensive than that contemplated for the summer vacation, included gliding at the H.Q., B.A.F.O. Club at Scharfoldendorf, mountaineering at Ogwen, visits to the Royal Aircraft Establishment at Farnborough and the de Havilland works at Hatfield. A tour by sixty cadets covered the School of Infantry, School of Artillery, Royal Armoured Corps Establishment and School of Land-Air Warfare from a base generously provided by R.A.F. Andover. Narratives of each of these activities appear elsewhere, but here we take a collective opportunity of expressing the warm thanks of the College to our many hosts; and the hosts include the hundreds whose preparation, work and demonstrations gave such high training value to the tours.

* * *

Meanwhile at Cranwell an Easter camp was in progress for the training of air sections of the Combined Cadet Force in public schools. A further account of this is given in the JOURNAL. It was essentially an organization of the Station, but the College and the training staff were much involved. Some 230 cadets came to the camp for varying periods in the three weeks, and the Flying Wing gave them a total of 336 hours in Prentices and Harvards. Squadron Leader B. R. Champion commanded, and his Assistant Adjutant was Pilot Officer R. H. Gidman, newly commissioned from No. 49 Entry.

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At the same time Reserve Command held at Cranwell a course for forty-five officers of the Training (C.C.F.) Section, Royal Air Force Volunteer Reserve. The College was the base, and only one object of study in an interesting course that took these officers to Waddington, Lyneham, Old Sarum and Manby. Daedalus House provided comfortable accommodation.

* * *

A C.C.F. camp on a larger scale is planned for the summer vacation. It is interesting to see Cranwell becoming the centre of this development. For the whole movement to find a place for air training in the cadet forces of the public schools originated before the war as the product of the energy and imagination of a Squadron Leader R. L. R. Atcherley, then of Headquarters, Training Command. There were Air Wings of the O.T.C. camps of 1937 and 1938 and a memorable camp for the air sections only at Selsey in 1939, with its fleet of thirty-two Ansons at Tangmere under Squadron Leader A. P. Revington. Now Cranwell is taking up the task where the war broke it off.



Among the later events of last term were several visits which are recorded elsewhere, but for which again College Notes welcome the chance to thank our generous hosts. No. 49 Entry made instructional visits to R.A.F. Hemswell and Waddington,

and the now routine final-term visit to factories in the Armstrong-Siddeley Group, a tour on which the scale of hospitality is anything but routine. No. 50 Entry attended Exercise "Union," the demonstration of close support and transport support on Salisbury Plain. Dakota transport from Cranwell was provided by Transport Command. The rugby and fencing teams will long remember gratefully the magnificent welcome accorded to them by the Ecole de l'Air at Salon in March. It will be a great pleasure to the College if, as we hope, there is an opportunity of entertaining officers and cadets of the Ecole at Cranwell towards the end of the Summer Term.

* * *

Visitors to the College have as usual been many and welcome. Soon after the Governmental changes that followed the election Mr. Aidan Crawley, the new Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State came to make the College's acquaintance, which we hope he will develop in the guise of a Free Forester during the term. The most interesting mass visit was that of the Commandant, ten officers of the Directing Staff and thirty-nine student officers from the Royal Air Force Staff College, Andover, on 16th February. In the present term the College looks forward to receiving the larger body of the Royal Air Force Staff College, Bracknell, and was recently visited by six Army officers, students of the Staff College at Camberley.

* * *

The graduation parade saw the usual distinguished assembly at Cranwell, and our list of lecturers, to all of whom we here offer the thanks of the College, included Air Marshal Sir John Whitworth Jones, K.C.B., C.B.E., Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Technical Training Command, Air Marshal Sir Hugh Lloyd, K.B.E., C.B., M.C., D.F.C., Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Bomber Command, Air Marshal Sir Victor Goddard, K.C.B., C.B.E., Air Member for Technical Services, and Air Vice-Marshal G. Combe, C.B.

* * *

Air Chief Marshal the Hon. Sir Ralph A. Cochrane, G.B.E., K.C.B., A.F.C., Air A.D.C. to the King, paid a farewell visit to the College on laying down his appointment as Commander-in-Chief, Flying Training Command. The College is deeply appreciative of the constant interest and help which Air Chief Marshal Cochrane in his tenure of that office has bestowed upon it, and offers its congratulations upon his appointment as Vice-Chief of the Air Staff and on the high honour which the King's Birthday List added to his name.

His successor as Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Flying Training Command, Air Marshal Sir Hugh P. Walmsley, K.C.I.E., C.B., C.B.E., M.C., D.F.C., was a frequent visitor as Deputy Chief of the Air Staff. He is now trebly linked to the College, as a study of cadet lists will show, and he visited it to inspect the Flying Wing on 1st June.

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The College is particularly glad to be visited by those whose instructive hospitality is so often helpful to cadets. Such visitors were Mr. Lindsey and Mr. Sexton, of Armstrong-Whitworth. It was a pleasure to see at Cranwell a visiting party of executive apprentices from Messrs. A. V. Roe, and the Summer Term gave us the opportunity of welcoming two parties of management and miners from the Annesley and Newstead Collieries. We regretted greatly that we could not fly them, the true counterpart of their hospitality to our cadets.

The Headmasters of Dulwich, Haileybury, Belmont Abbey, Ardingly, King's School, Rochester, and Gordonstoun visited the College, and there have been many visits of school A.T.C. parties. The Air Officers in liaison with their old schools are becoming more frequent visitors, and there has been an interchange of visits with the Selection Board of Ramridge House.

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On 2nd May the College received a visit from the three officers who constitute the Air Training Panel of the Western Union Forces, General L. M. Chassin (France), Colonel B. E. N. L. de Soomer (Belgium) and Lieutenant-Colonel W. J. Reynierse (Holland). The Air Attaché, Royal Pakistan Air Force, Group Captain M. Rabb, visited the College on 9th February.

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Visitors from the Royal Air Force included Group Captain Hutchinson and Wing Commander H. R. P. Paterson, O.B.E., from the Instructional Staff of the R.A.F. Technical College, Henlow. For a week in Summer Term a course of senior R.A.F. Medical Officers was held, using the facilities of A Site and the Aviation Medical Display. Wing Commander C. C. Barker, A.F.C., of Headquarters, Flying Training Command, directed the course.

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Last term's College Notes misguidedly suggested that Field-Marshal Sir William Slim was the first executive head of another Service to take as such a graduation parade at Cranwell. A distinguished Old Cranwellian has pointed out the error and we hasten to correct it. On two former occasions Chiefs of the Imperial General Staff have been the Reviewing Officers, General Sir Cyril Deverell in 1937 and Field-Marshal Lord Gort in 1939.

* * *

Digby, in last term's notes, bade welcome to No. 2 Wing of No. 1 Initial Training School (Wittering). Now Digby bids them farewell on movement to Jurby, grateful for their stay, however brief, by reason both of the valuable work of rebuilding and re-decorating that they achieved and of their formidable opposition on the sports field. The Equipment and Secretarial Wing confesses that the rapidity with which units are posted in and out of Digby makes it wonder whether the Wing is difficult to live with.



The sum of £50,000 from Royal Air Force Prize Money has been allocated to the Royal Air Force College. A board of three trustees, including the Commandant, is responsible for the investment of this sum and for the allocation of the produced income for the good of the flight cadets of the College. It may be some time before this golden stream flows into such channels as sports, Mess and Society funds, but it will add a new fertility to all the ground that it waters.

* * *

Some of the walls of the College have taken on a new look from the loan of pictures by the Aswarby Estate of the family of Sir George Whichcote, Bt. Portraits in the ante-rooms now include a Gainsborough and a Hoppner. On the corridor walls between the Wings is a striking series of studies of horses and stable scenes by Ferneley. Hopes of a renewal of the loan of pictures from the Chantrey bequest have been raised.

Of other material changes the most important is the appearance of the scaffolding that will take away the reproach of the ironclad west roof and its ugly brick pediment. And hardly less important is the presence of a full complement of gleaming hands on the faces of the tower clock. By some unfathomable concatenation all the smaller dependent electric clocks within the College have chosen that moment to disappear, leaving blank and uninformative roundels to offend the eye. The Orange has returned to its full glory of use as a cricket pitch.

* * *

The Cranwell film, third or perhaps fourth in its series, has achieved finality and was viewed by a critical audience in the College this term. The result is satisfying, and warm congratulations are due to ACE Films Ltd., to Mr. Richard Green, the producer, to the Air Ministry's Central Information Office, and not least to Wing Commander W. F. Beckwith, O.B.E., to whom no credit-title before the film pays its due. The film has unity, and is an interesting and faithful presentation of well-chosen aspects of College life. It should have great value in its interest for schools, besides being a worth-while historical record of reality.



The present term has gone placidly on its way so far, with its usual special occasions of visits, and with the pleasant interruptions of the Whitsun break and the King's Birthday. At the parade on 8th June, the Flying Wing and Headquarters Wing were present with the Cadet Wing. The term will presently be interrupted again by a two-day break in connection with the Royal Air Force Display at Farnborough, an event which will presumably repeat itself in future years. All officers and cadets are being given the opportunity of going to the Display. During that week the College will have as its welcome guests one officer and twenty-eight cadets of the Royal Norwegian Air Force.

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A Hunt Ball of the Blankney Hunt was held in the Mess at Digby on 8th February. In the half-term break on 17th February the Belvoir Hunt held a Hunt Ball at Cranwell in the College.

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The College offers its congratulations and all good wishes for their happiness to Flight Lieutenant and Mrs. R. W. Freer, who were married on 25th March.

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It bids welcome to Joanna Wendy Sowman (born 30th April), Lindsey Battye (4th June), John Hay (25th May), and Gail Williamson (6th January), with congratulations to Wing Commander and Mrs. P. N. Sowman, to Major I. H. Battye, M.B.E., and Mrs. Battye, to Flight Lieutenant and Mrs. W. T. H. Hay, and to Flight Lieutenant and Mrs. S. T. Williamson. We regret that we overlooked Paula Blackham (29th October) in our last issue, but we bid her welcome, and offer congratulations and apologies to Flight Lieutenant and Mrs. T. H. Blackham.

COLLEGE LECTURES

THE lectures listed below were given on guest nights at Cranwell to the College as a whole, or at Digby to all the Equipment and Secretarial Wing:

CRANWELL

"Technical Training Command." By Air Marshal Sir John Whitworth Jones, K.C.B., C.B.E., Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Technical Training Command.

"South-East Asia." By Air Marshal Sir Hugh P. Lloyd, K.B.E., C.B., M.C., D.F.C., Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Bomber Command.

"Interests." By Sir R. Victor Goddard, K.C.B., C.B.E., Air Member for Technical Services.

"The Middle East." By Air Vice-Marshal G. Combe, C.B., Services' Ordnance Board.

"The All-Weather Air Force." By Group Captain C. G. Lott, C.B.E., D.S.O., D.F.C., R.A.F. Flying College.

"Power Controls." By Messrs. C. Barrin and P. Wicke, Lockheed's Ltd. (Senior Entries.)

DIGBY

"The Development of Air Staff Policy." By Air Commodore J. G. Weston, C.B., O.B.E., Director of Policy, Air Staff.

"As Seen by a Civil Servant." By Mr. W. G. Clements, M.C., Assistant Secretary, Air Ministry.

"An Exchange Posting with the Royal Australian Air Force." By Squadron Leader W. O. Hill.

"The Cotton Trade and How it Works." By Mr. A. Samuels, Vice-President, Liverpool Cotton Association.

"Western Union." By Squadron Leader D. McD. Jannaway, O.B.E.

"Play Production." By Mr. Andre van Gyseghem, Producer, Nottingham Playhouse.

THE GRADUATION OF No. 49 ENTRY AND No. 1 (E. & S.) ENTRY

A HUSH seems to fall over the whole of Cranwell for a second or two after the bugler has sounded the call that signals the approach of a reviewing officer's car to a graduation parade. On 5th April it was Lord Tedder's car that drew up at the west end of the parade ground, and it was the members of No. 49 Entry and No. 1 (E. & S.) Entry who more than anyone else felt the impressiveness of the moment.

The parade went through with the snap and precision that has become a matter of course, and once again the spectators were cheered by bright sunshine most of the time, although the Cranwell wind had not noticed that the month of March was past. Lord Tedder's inspection of the parade was marked by the personal interest he showed in the many cadets with whom he exchanged friendly remarks.

At the prize-giving ceremony everyone was obviously pleased by the reintroduction of the ceremony of the pinning-on of wings by the reviewing officer. Lord Tedder's dexterity was widely praised.

Lord Tedder's speech was remarkable for the way in which, while speaking words that came home to the whole audience, he yet seemed to be addressing personally each one of the cadets who were passing out. Reminding these cadets how much they owed to the spirit of Cranwell, Lord Tedder said :

"I sometimes hear people say, sympathetically, "It must be awfully difficult for the Royal Air Force, not having long traditions like the Army and Royal Navy," but, frankly, I find it very difficult to be patient with such muddleheadedness. It is the quality and not the age of the tradition which counts, and to me the only traditions worth having are examples from the past which will serve as an inspiration for the future, and Heaven knows that the thirty-odd years are literally crammed with countless examples, in peace and war, in the air and on the ground, of selfless courage and matchless endurance, of leadership and comradeship in the face of hopeless odds, of impossibilities achieved and lost causes won, of unquenchable faith in the face of losses, the example set to us not only by the men and women in our Service, but also by their mothers and fathers, by their wives and their children. To one like myself, who is at the end of his service, who has watched at close hand these traditions being built up and who knew so many of those who built them and those who, in doing it, gave all they'd got, their example cannot but make one feel very unworthy of them; one should have done more; one should have done better. To you they are a challenge, a challenge that in the spirit of Cranwell you have already accepted, and I am confident that now you are going out in the Service you will face the challenge in the same spirit, in the spirit of the Service."

In commending No. 49 Entry to Lord Tedder, the Commandant remarked on the high standard of their flying, and the way in which so many of them had excelled in various spheres, from academic studies to sport. Of No. 1 (E. & S.) Entry he said : "They are truly pioneers and have the right to share with Group Captain Seymour, the first Assistant Commandant, the credit for raising the Wing to the flourishing state in which we find it today. . . . These twelve can worthily take their place in the commissioned ranks of the Royal Air Force, and I am sure that they will derive nothing but benefit from having been reared alongside their fellows of the G.D. Branch that they

will now help to sustain. All share the bond of training at the College and a common bond of loyalty to the standards and traditions of the College. I feel that nothing but good can come from an extension of the fellowship of Cranwell to include these additional branches of the Service."

R. G. R.

No. 49 ENTRY

ORDER OF MERIT

W. F. Knapper	Sword of Honour; King's Medal; Rugby; Athletics; Boxing; Dramatics; Debating.
D. Mullarkey	Sassoon Memorial Prize; Chance Memorial Prize; Dramatics; Debating; Ski-ing; "C" Gliding certificate.
P. D. Armour	A. G. Fellowes Memorial Prize; Rugby; Sailing; Secretary, Ski-ing.
W. L. Bull	Squash; Mountaineering.
P. G. Nickoll	Air Ministry Prize; R.U.S.I. Award; Soccer; Dramatics; Debating; Editor, JOURNAL.
I. A. N. Worby	Ski-ing; Dramatics; Debating.
J. R. Rogers	Gliding; Mountaineering; Photography; Engineering; captain, Riding; "C" Gliding certificate.
R. Pavey	Captain, Rugby; Cricket; Sailing.
M. Short	Secretary, Dramatics; Secretary, Debating; JOURNAL.
A. W. Powell	Fencing; Dramatics; Debating; Sailing; Ski-ing.
I. Gordon-Johnson	Rugby; Athletics; Boxing.
P. F. Keeling	Secretary, Cross-Country; Athletics; Dramatics; Ski-ing.
K. V. E. Gilbert	Captain, Tennis; Squash; Dramatics.
R. H. Gidman	Secretary, Dramatics; Debating; Librarian.
H. S. Carver	Cricket; Ski-ing.
R. W. Burgess	Swimming.
B. J. Ball	Boxing; Sailing.
A. Turner	Ensign; captain, soccer.
B. N. Bennett	Gliding; Ski-ing; "C" Gliding certificate.
G. S. Goodsell	Secretary, Music; Dramatics; Senior Librarian.
R. Dyson	Captain, Cross-Country; Athletics; Dramatics; "C" Gliding Certificate.

No. 1 (E. & S.) ENTRY

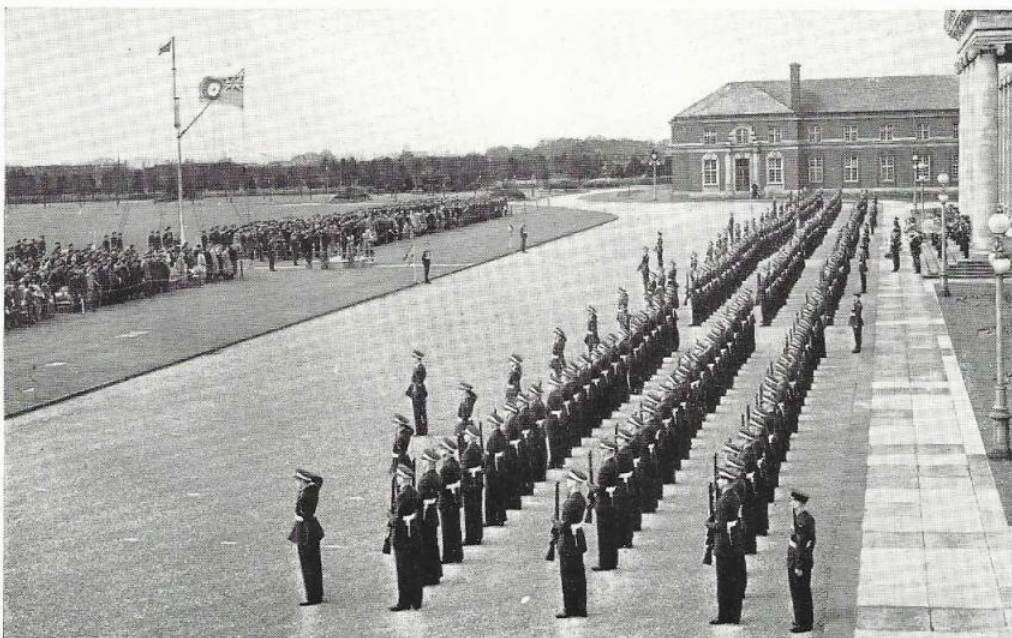
ORDER OF MERIT

D. F. Bates	Secretarial Prize; Cricket; Hockey; Dramatics.
M. D. Fenner	Captain, Cricket; Rugby; Soccer; Squash.
D. C. Robinson	Equipment Prize; Cross-Country; Athletics; Soccer; Photography.
A. B. McGuire	Rowing; Soccer; Dramatics.
D. C. A. Lloyd	Golf; Swimming; Tennis; Music.
D. I. O'Hara	Medal of Honour; Athletics; Squash; Rugby; Ornithology.
P. M. Randolph	Hockey; Soccer; Riding.
B. J. Longworth	Tennis; Dramatics; Rugby; Hockey.
P. A. Richardson	Swimming; Tennis; Athletics; Rugby.
S. H. D. Weigall	Cricket; Rugby; Soccer.
T. G. C. Caton	Athletics; Dramatics; Sub-Editor, JOURNAL.
A. Breaks	Hockey; Athletics; Boxing; Engineering.



LORD AND LADY TEDDER ON THE COLLEGE STEPS

[Crown Copyright]



LORD TEDDER RECEIVES THE SALUTE

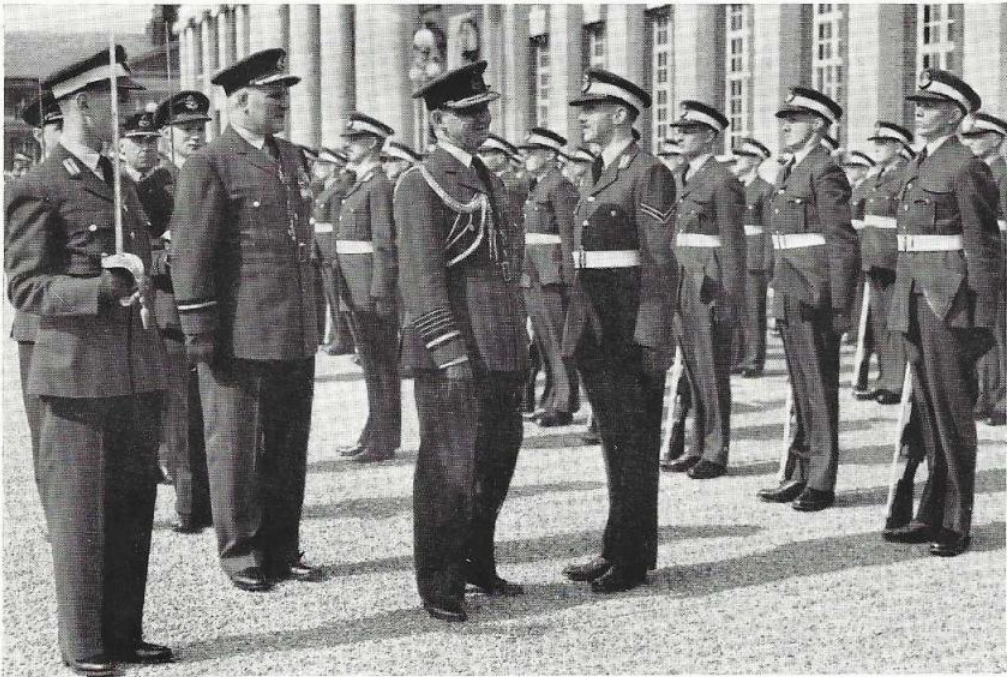
[Photo: Gale & Polden Ltd., Aldershot]

DIGBY'S FIRST GRADUATION



[Crown Copyright]

LORD TEDDER PRESENTS THE MEDAL OF HONOUR



[Crown Copyright]

LORD TEDDER INSPECTING THE DIGBY SQUADRON

THE LIFE OF A WEST POINT CADET

BY CADET P. F. GORMAN, U.S.C.C.

**This is the second of our two articles dealing with the
United States Military Academy**

ON the first day of July every year some seven hundred candidates report for admission at the United States Military Academy, situated at West Point, fifty miles above New York City among the Highlands of the Hudson. The candidate's first impression of West Point is one of grim strength. He looks at the grey granite bastions rising from the cliffs above the Hudson, at the squat, powerful mountains all about, and senses immediately that here is a soldier's place—built by soldiers, lived in by soldiers. At that point in his career, this martial aspect probably thrills him, but he is afforded scant opportunity to enjoy the moment. Soon after he sets foot on the military reservation he is ushered into his military career with an abruptness that leaves him gasping. In the space of a few hours—if he ever stops to think of it—he finds he has lost his individuality, clothes, money, and any ease of manner he may have possessed. In their stead he has gained a short haircut, an itchy grey uniform, a very exaggerated military posture, and an intense feeling that the world consists of glowering grey walls, glowering martinet cadets, glowering skies—all glowering at him. He is not likely to alter his opinion in the next eight weeks, for they are his period of trial, a period when West Point tests the mettle of its neophytes by exacting military discipline at its most uncompromising.

From 0550 until 2200 he is required to exert himself to the utmost to meet the demands of an unceasing procession of drills, inspections, parades, field exercises, and classes. He acquires the basic training of an infantry soldier, and the basic training of a cadet. He learns to maintain an erect military carriage, to answer promptly and concisely, to make no excuse, to be punctual and conscientious in the most minute duties. He becomes hardened by hours of running, hours of marching, hours of standing in the hot sun. There are some who find West Point too demanding, too difficult; they leave. For him who remains, the eight weeks drag. They are the eight longest weeks of his life.

But they pass finally, and September brings the upperclassmen back to the Academy from their summer assignments for the resumption of class work. The first-year cadet (plebe, as he is called) finds the outlook rather bleak. During the summer a handful of cadets on the New Cadet Training Detail had managed to make his life thoroughly miserable. Now he is confronted with the prospect of carrying on his activities under the supervision of 1,800 upperclassmen. He finds that the discipline exacted of him during those summer months is to continue until the following June, though somewhat mitigated by academic routine. However, his existence is even more complicated by a stiff schedule of mathematics, English, a course in graphics, and a foreign language.

At first his only relief from this regimen is athletics. Every cadet is expected to engage in some form of athletics, either on the crack intercollegiate Corps Squads, or on one of the highly organized intramural teams. A plebe has no social activities to speak of, being forbidden the weekly dances and any sort of leave. After the first few months, however, he finds other outlets. He is permitted the week-end movies, there

is a large library at his disposal, and the gymnasium is the most elaborate in the country. By that time, too, he is beginning to make friendships among his classmates which will last all his life. He learns that he is associated with men from all parts of the country, from all walks of life, from every social stratum. Most of them, like himself, received their appointments to the Military Academy in mental and physical competition with hundreds of other aspirants from their locality. He comes to realize that they are among the best America has, and as he does so, his friendships become the more valuable, his cadet life the more enjoyable.

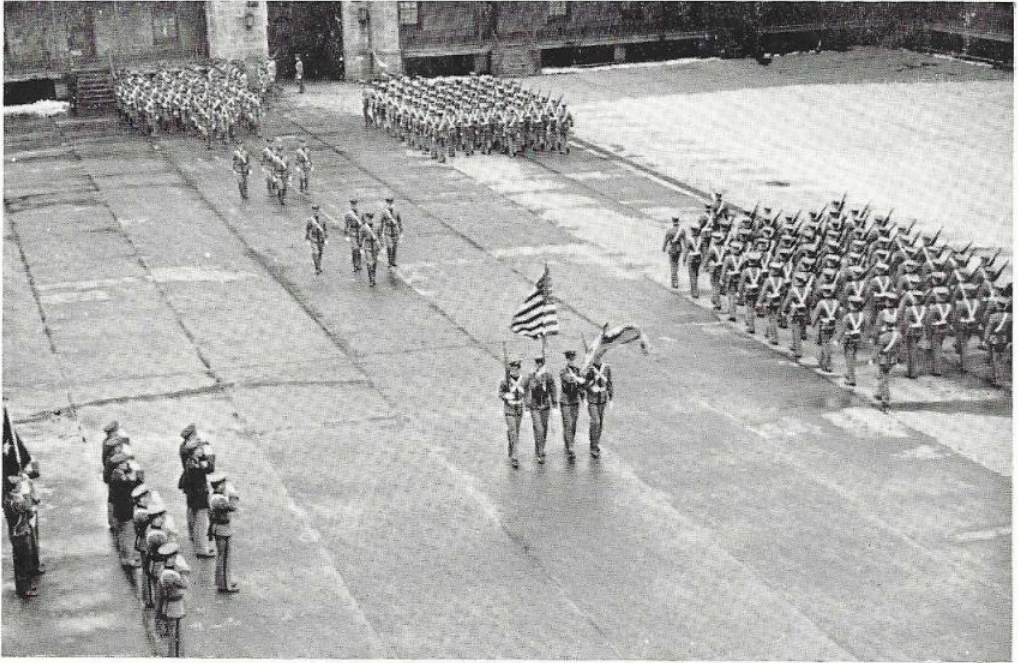
Soon the end of the first year is at hand, and the plebe looks to June for Recognition and his first furlough. Recognition is a ceremony in which the plebe exchanges civilities for the first time with the upperclassmen, who have not spoken to him except officially for a year. It means much to the plebe, for thereafter he is plebe no more; he has been accepted into full membership in the United States Corps of Cadets, and West Point is a vastly more tolerable place.

Soon thereafter he departs on his long-looked-for furlough. Thirty days later he reports back to West Point for two months of training in the functions and weapons of the ground arms. This second cadet summer is in direct contrast to his first—highly enjoyable, and filled with long-foregone activities of a social nature. Dances, picnics, and beach parties are the order of the day over the week-end, and the time goes by swiftly until September calls him back to the books.

This time he must master physics, chemistry, and topography, in addition to another dose of English, mathematics, and his foreign language, a formidable program lightened only by the fact that his recreation is so much more variegated. The week-end dances are now his to enjoy, he has ten days of Christmas leave, and a week-end away from West Point in the spring. He begins to learn the rudiments of leadership in carrying out his role in the education of the plebes. His life is livened by intense competition in his every activity. Every day he and every cadet is graded. Periodically all are arranged in an order of relative merit. At the end of each term a certain percentage of the cadets at the lower end of this order are dismissed from the academy. At Graduation each cadet is given his choice of available assignments in the Armed Forces in order of his individual merit over his four years. Throughout his cadet days, whether he is working to get some choice assignment for himself, or just to keep out of the fatal percentage, he must meet competition keen enough to eliminate much of the dullness of his routine. He finds that the days move swiftly, and that almost before he realizes it, June and furlough time are upon him once again.

At the end of his second year he again receives thirty days' furlough, but after his return to West Point he and all his classmates are sent on an airborne tour of the Air Force installations within the continental limits. For one month they see the Air Force, and they see America. Many of them acquire on that trip their first real appreciation of the country which they serve. At the end of their month in the air they take to the sea, in attack transports manned by midshipmen of the Naval Academy, to act as the assault troops in an amphibious invasion of Virginia. For a month embryo officers from both Academies study co-operation. They find the lesson pleasant, for usually they "invade" one of the biggest sea-resort areas in the country, at Virginia Beach. After the shooting is over, the occupation is fairly enjoyable. Once again, however, September calls a halt to their activities, and summons them back to the Academy for another year at the books.

WEST POINT



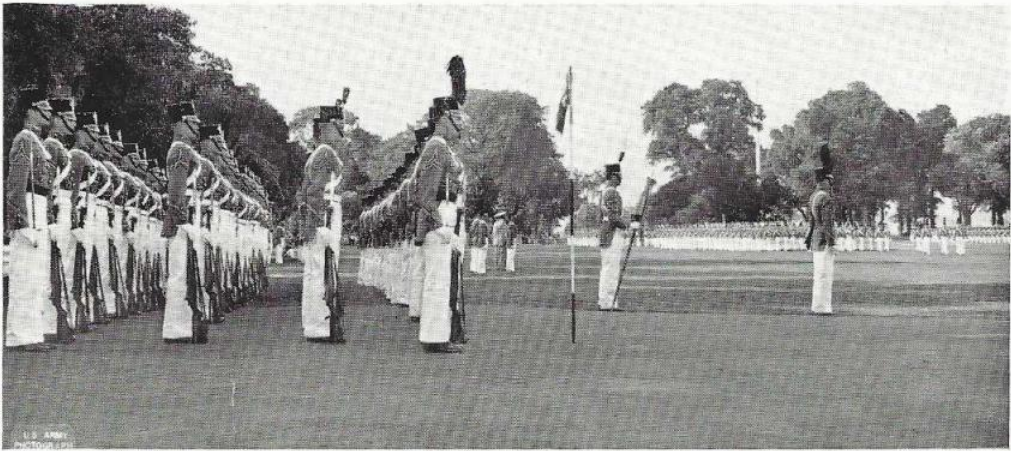
[U.S. Army Photograph

WINTER REVIEW IN THE AREA OF BARRACKS. TAKING THE REVIEW IS GENERAL TAYLOR
PRESENT U.S. COMMANDER, BERLIN



[U.S. Army Photograph

CADETS CLEANING THEIR ROOM. THESE THREE MEN ARE ALL COMBAT VETERANS.
ONE WAS A FLIGHT OFFICER WITH THE EIGHTH AIR FORCE IN ENGLAND



[U.S. Army Photograph

FULL DRESS PARADE, JUNE WEEK. THIS UNIFORM IS MUCH THE SAME AS THAT WORN BY AMERICAN INFANTRY A CENTURY AGO



[U.S. Army Photograph

AN AUTUMN "HOP." DANCES ARE HELD WEEKLY AND ARE ALL FORMAL. YOUNG LADIES COME FROM ALL OVER THE UNITED STATES FOR THE WEEKEND

The third-year cadet discovers that courses become progressively more difficult as he proceeds through his cadet career. Faced with extensive studies in history, electricity, geography, mechanics and electronics, he appreciates more than ever his recreation. Throughout his academic years, in addition to his formal courses, he is given instruction in the fundamentals of combat in all arms by officers who learned their lessons on the battlegrounds of the recent war. For the first time now he is eligible to hold the rank of a non-commissioned officer in the Corps of Cadets, which is self-administered. In such capacity he learns much that stands him in good stead when he later assumes the responsibilities of a fourth-year cadet. Actually, this third year is one of preparation for the last year. He is allowed occasional week-ends away from the Post and other privileges commensurate with his new rank. Aside from the onus of academics, West Point is now a very enjoyable place, and he can, for the first time, smile when he thinks of the anxieties of his plebe year. The advent of June at the end of that third year is an event of stature, for at last he has come into his own.

His summer as a First Classman (fourth-year cadet) will find him in practically any place in the world on a wide spread of assignments. Some members of the class fly to the New Development centers in the United States to inspect the latest means of warfare. Some are then assigned to the New Cadet Training Detail to shepherd the newest intake of plebes through their first eight weeks, others as instructors in the basic arms for the second-year cadets in their summer work, still others to Recruit Training Centers throughout the country to act as junior officers in training companies. All receive at one time or another their annual thirty-day furlough. All by the end of the summer are pretty thoroughly worn out to the point that even the resumption of academics is welcome.

The cadet's last year is fantastically short. He can get a week-end leave almost as often as he wants one. He studies a wide variety of subjects: law, military engineering, military medicine, economics, ordnance, military history, psychology, and numerous sub-courses. He learns the management of an infantry battalion and the intricacies of aircraft procurement. He learns management of men in his job of cadet officer in the Corps. The days, weeks and months slip by, and soon he finds himself looking back at a cadet life, ahead to a Second Lieutenant's life.

In that backward look he probably doesn't think of his cadet career in the somewhat sterile outline given above. He'll remember football games, or his plebe Christmas, or his roommates. He'll remember a week-end in New York, or the girl he had up June Week, or the time he nearly flunked calculus. If you ask him what he remembers of the Academy itself, he probably won't be able to give a very satisfactory answer, because West Point has been many things over the years.

But this he will tell you: The Academy has a high-sounding motto inscribed on its coat of arms. That motto reads: "Duty, Honor, Country." In four years he has learned from West Point where his duty lies, and how to perform it honorably. His future career in the Service of his country has direction and meaning, whatever that career may be.

“AUTO-STOP!”



It started when Paddy told me, "My brother's just come back from a holiday on the Continent, and he says that if one keeps away from the tourist-frequented parts, living in Europe can be quite cheap. I can't possibly afford a decent leave in England, so what do you think of a cheap fortnight in France this vac.?"

It was pouring with rain as the Channel Islands express pulled out of the station, and we took that as an excellent omen. We travelled via Jersey as the crossing was a few shillings cheaper that way, our R.A.F. warrants taking us as far as St. Helier; moreover, we had it on good authority that the cost of living was three and six for fifty in the Channel Islands.

The kindness with which we were entertained and accommodated in Jersey by the parents of one of the flight cadets prepared us for the tone of the whole trip—even the way in which, unwashed, unshaven, salt-sprayed, in roll-top sweaters and filthy flannels, staggering under the weight of two tightly jammed ruck-sacks, we marched into the smartest restaurant in the town for dinner.

And the next morning, a bright and sunny one, found us on the way to St. Malo.

Customs and immigration formalities over, we stood beneath the shell-battered castle walls to take a last look at the Channel. Even the air seemed to have a Gallic tang, and across the bay Dinard sparkled and glittered in a markedly non-austerity manner. Then, after consulting our 1936 Michelin Guide, we shouldered our ruck-sacks and took the first steps of an unforgettable fortnight. We had only just reached the road to Rennes when a large black Citroen acknowledged an upturned thumb, and the little fat driver understood sufficient of my "Est-ce que vous allez vers Rennes?" to reply, "Oui." We returned Dame Fortune's smile and clambered aboard, and the Citroen set off at an alarming rate, blasting its horn every fifty yards. We managed to keep up a sporadic conversation, punctuated by the passing of duty-free Players, and must have understood one word in ten. Half-way to Rennes we stopped. The little fat man spread his hands in resignation. "Plus d'essence," he said. For some reason we understood first time—it was a phrase we were to remember. At last we reached Rennes, where our driver insisted on buying us a beer, putting us on the right road and wishing us God-speed. We prayed it was all to be that easy.

By various means, we reached a small town by about 7 p.m. that evening, and decided it was time we saw how *bien on mangeait en France*. The fact that we didn't understand the French method of serving each vegetable as a separate dish, and that we were convinced that *légume* was a sort of chop didn't in the least stop us from getting up an hour later much heavier, slightly tight, and very satisfied.

It was a five-mile walk to the next town, where we knocked up a café proprietor at midnight and got a room for the night. Early the next morning we were back on the road. It was a scorching day, and we abandoned our flannels and shoes for shorts and sandals, and looking very clean and new, turned our faces to the south-east once more. We made Tours in a lorry, where we bought the inevitable postcards and then fled from the American hordes with sun glasses and cigars. Again, at midnight, we reached Chenonceaux, a picturesque little town in the middle of the Loire Chateaux country. Here all we could see in the way of possible accommodation were two large, opulent and expensive-looking tourist hotels. Without a word we passed on. Then, seeing what appeared to be a woman of the village exercising her dog, I sidled up to her and asked in my politest French if she knew of a place where we could get a room for the night at a reasonable sort of price, and quoted the cost of the previous night's little café as an example. She thought a second and then said, "Venez," and led us back up the street. As we approached the two luxury hotels, she said, "Why didn't you ask here?" "Well," I stammered, "I mean, you've only got to look to see the exorbitant prices they'd charge here." "Pas du tout," she replied, "Moi, je suis la patronne." And she led the way into the more expensive-looking of the two, detailed a porter to carry up our luggage, and told him what price he was to charge us in the morning. In a daze we were shown into a room that might well have been numbered 504. Every mod. con. was included; we spent about half an hour arguing whether the little basin with the taps standing next to the wash basin, about two feet off the ground, was a foot bath or not.

The next day was a black one—Dame Fortune must have been preoccupied with some other couple who had just arrived at St. Malo. By six o'clock that evening we had covered some sixteen or twenty miles, mostly on foot in pulverizing heat. Then, as we were just about all in, a Ford pulled up to take us to Bourges. In the course of the journey we learned that the next day they were going on to Valence, but our French was not up to making a rendezvous. At Bourges a little greengrocer in a 1912 vintage van picked us up, although he was only going a few miles down the road. We got along famously with him, and he insisted on taking us home and sharing with us the family meal. It was a wonderful family—his wife, mother-in-law and four children, and I count that evening as among the most pleasant of our varied experiences. He was an ex-Maquis type, and regaled us with a store of anecdotes, and his wife was at length persuaded to sing a nursery rhyme in English for us. When we could find the energy to move, he drove us over to a nearby village to a friend of his, another ex-Maquis, who supplied us with a room for the night and would not dream of being paid for it. He spoke a little English and told us that he read quite a few English writings. When pressed for details, he said, "Oh, the *Daily Worker* and the writings of Harry Pollitt." Somehow we preserved straight faces.

The next morning we had but one idea—to get back on to the main road, for we were some eight miles to one side of it, in time to pick up the Ford that was going to Valence. After a two-hour wait we were getting desperate, as we calculated that they would be leaving their hotel in Bourges soon after ten—and then a French bus came

on the scene. In a matter of seconds, pride and principles were cast aside, and we jumped into the road and waved at it like madmen. Back on the main road we settled down to wait for a large grey Ford, with fingers, legs and everything else crossed hard. When a large blue American car came screaming towards us, we stuck up our thumbs with little interest and less hope. It was only as it came abreast us, and we saw a lady in front with large sun glasses waving furiously at us that we realized who it was. We saw the brakes go on hard, though it was a good 200 yards before the car actually stopped. By then we were haring towards it as fast as we could go, our bags as light as feathers. As we piled aboard somewhat breathlessly, we realized why we had been mistaken in the colour—it was the upholstery that was grey.

"Eh bien," the driver greeted as he let in the clutch, "Valence, ça va, eh?" "Ca va pas mal," I panted, and the Players began their rounds once more.

We stopped for lunch at Vichy. Details of what we ate escape me. I know that we sat down to the first course at about twelve, and with continuous and attentive service we were served with coffee shortly after two. I also know that when we rolled back to the car, Paddy and the lady fell fast asleep—and it was only the grandeur of the Massif country, with its sentinel chateaux, that kept me awake. It was getting on for six as we descended into the Rhone valley and darted backwards and forwards across the river until Valence was reached. We were sorry indeed to bid that Ford farewell, not to mention its delightful occupants, but decided to press straight on to see if Dame Fortune had anything else in store for us.



I popped into a shop to buy a kilo of irresistible fat rosy peaches, and we were just about to start on the first when a little baby Renault pulled up for us. Yes, he was going southwards; would Marseilles help us at all? It was unbelievable, but we didn't bother to stop and pinch ourselves. Somehow we got our joint seven feet of leg into the back and closed the doors. I was still nursing the bag of peaches. I realized later how unwise it had been of me, and if any reader knows of a way to remove fruit stains from white tennis shorts, I will be glad to hear from him.

The driver was again accompanied by his wife—a chic little thing who was the most

typically French woman, in looks, mannerisms and deportment we saw on the whole trip. She fed us solidly with *biscottes*—an extremely palatable sort of rusk—all the way to Marseilles. At Avignon we did not stop to dance on the bridge, though we lingered in Montélimar, where every five metres a large placard yelled “Nougat,” to sample the *pastisse*, the national drink of the Provençal. Passing through Salon at midnight we were amused to recognize a party of French cadets who had taught us the “Chevalier de la Lourde Table” the term before, having a mild sort of orgy on a *café terrasse*.

Of course it was inevitable. We were passing through wild, open country, with canes and other tropical vegetation overhanging the road, it was about 1 a.m., and we had just about forgotten the St. Malo—Rennes incident. But when the engine petered out, and the driver spread his hands and said, “Plus d’essence,” we howled. . . .

After pushing for miles we managed to stop a little truck, who sold us a litre to help us along to the nearest poste. My offer of a bottle of Ronsonol I had with me had been politely refused.

Having knocked up the patron of the filling station, we set off once more, and made Marseilles without further incident. Just above the port we stopped to look over at the magnificent sight of the Etang under an almost full moon. Arrived in the centre of the town, the driver helped us find a respectable hotel—one glance at the citizens of the night at every corner of the *cannebiere* was enough to show us that his help was more than necessary.

The next day was a Sunday, and there was nothing that could help us on the road. So once more we sacrificed all principles, with the tempting vision of a hot bath before our eyes, and took a train to Cannes, our destination. All along the line we were continually being presented with incredible views, as the red rocks fell away and the blue, oh, so blue, Mediterranean stretched before us under a crystal sky. And inland were rows and rows of stunted little vines in the red soil, with the Alpes Maritimes rising in the distance, crowned with small wisps of cotton wool that were trying hard to be clouds. And then there was Cannes station itself, with carefully tended beds of the most exotically coloured blooms along the platforms.

An account of our stay in Cannes would be out of place here. It is a complete story in itself. We fell in love with everything that means the Côte d’Azur, the food and drink, the gay atmosphere and people who sustained it, the air that seemed to brush your face like the sheerest gossamer and, above all, the two islands in the middle of the bay—did the helmsman of the little ferry always sing “Le bateau des Iles” in his fine tenor as Cannes harbour slid away behind?—and our own private little grotto at Théouille.



We were certain that the Riviera was the ideal place for us, but our boat left St. Malo on the 14th, and it was already the 11th.

Memories of that return journey crowd with no pretence at any form of order to my mind. Memories of the fruit lorry we helped load in the hope of getting a lift, only to find that we had packed it so efficiently that there was no room left in the back for an extra apple, let alone *les deux gros anglais*—of the filthy hotel in Avignon, where we were too tired to refuse the grubby bed the patronne offered us—of the next day, waiting some ten hours a dozen miles or so north of Avignon, and being picked up at about

midnight by a private-hire car that had just taken a party of *Anglais* to Nice. We drove all through the night, Paddy and I sleeping in the back, and being awoken just before dawn by the offer of a pull at a bottle of vin blanc. We managed to unglue our tongues from the roofs of our mouths long enough to refuse. The driver told us that during the occupation he had been a chauffeur in the service of the Vichy government and had been Pétain's and Laval's personal driver. That was by day, he said. "And by night?" I prompted. "Sabotage pour de Gaulle," he announced proudly. Somehow Dame Fortune had not been warned of the date of our departure, and to ensure arrival at St. Malo in time for our boat, we were compelled to make two train journeys. The first was fairly short, from Nevers to Tours. Unfortunately, we picked the compartment next to the convenience. The next day we got as far as Le Mans, where again we stuck. It was now the 13th; we consulted the list we had made out before leaving England, and saw that our boat left at 3 p.m. Could we expect to travel any distance in the morning? Eventually discretion prevailed, and we took the train all the way to St. Malo, arriving at 6.30 a.m. On the way I felt very proud of myself for carrying on a whispered conversation with our seemingly most attractive compartment companion whilst Paddy snored in the corner. When the lights came on at St. Malo I realized my mistake.

We washed and had breakfast, and wondered what to do until 3 p.m. At about nine we took a stroll down to the docks to see if there was any activity afoot. There was. We saw a large notice on our quay, "S.S. *Brittany*, St. Malo—Jersey, 11 a.m." Something had gone wrong. We didn't stop to consider what, but dashed back for our luggage, blessing the luck that had made us take the train all the way, and then stroll down to the docks. Dame Fortune had caught us up once more.

And punctually at 11 we started our tortuous journey through the St. Malo locks. As the coastline began to recede we waved like any nostalgic schoolgirls, and we really meant the *au revoir* we whispered.

It was raining as we docked at Weymouth the next day.

M. S.





[Photo: Gale & Polden Ltd., Aldershot

PRIZEWINNERS, 49 ENTRY, APRIL, 1950

Standing—F.C. Sgt. W. L. Bull. F.C. Cpl. P. G. Nickoll. F.C. Sgt. P. D. Armour.

Sitting—F.C. U./O. D. Mullarkey. F.C. U./O. W. F. Knapper. F.C. Sgt. I. A. N. Worby.



[Photo: Gale & Polden Ltd., Aldershot

PRIZEWINNERS, NO. 1 (E. & S.) ENTRY

F.C. Sgt. D. C. Robinson. F.C. U./O. D. I. O'Hara. F.C. D. F. Bates.

THE YOUNG IDEA

WE seldom properly understand what a politician means by the "cross-sections" he is so fond of talking about. But anyone at Cranwell between 28th March and 22nd April would easily have recognized "a cross-section of English schools," for at the Combined Cadet Force Camp there were contingents from seventeen schools in all parts of the country. Altogether, 219 cadets and sixteen officers attended; the largest party was from Whitgift School, which sent twenty-three cadets and one officer; and the smallest was the single gallant cadet from Cheltenham.

The cadets were presented with a programme that was full, varied and interesting. It was interesting largely because the organizers of the camp had wisely emphasized practical instruction; there were no purely theoretical lectures, nothing was described that was not there to be seen and handled, and the cadets were allowed to twiddle knobs to their hearts' content.

Flying was naturally the great attraction, and the weather was kind, for the cadets were kept on the ground for only two half-days during the whole period. Each cadet had two hours' flying instruction in the air in a Prentice or Harvard, and also some navigation instruction in an Anson. The back seat of the Prentice caused a good deal of air sickness, but this did not deter even some of the worst sufferers from staying on after their parties had left, in the hope of getting more flying. One young man remained for an extra five days, and then, having secured no less than seventy minutes' flying in a single morning, managed to drag himself away. He was one of the most excited of those who had watched, on two previous Sundays, examples of most current operational types of aircraft being flown in to Cranwell, and listened to the pilots talking about their aircraft.

The visits the cadets made were popular, one of the most successful being that to 1109 M.C.U. at Boston, to see something of air-sea rescue work. The cadets went to sea in a high-speed launch, and some even professed regret that the water was so smooth. Although they travelled at 30 knots, the launch did not leap and lunge as dramatically as the cinema had led them to expect it would.

It was perhaps through watching the No. 49 Entry Graduation Parade that the cadets became enthusiastic for ceremonial drill. Weekly drill competitions were held (won by Cranbrook, Royal Liberty and Portsmouth Grammar), and championships were awarded to the contingents that obtained the most marks for drill over the whole period of camp; these went to Cranbrook, Varndean, and Royal Liberty. Portsmouth Grammar School, having won the final week's drill competition, had to provide the guard of honour at the passing-out parade, which was taken by Group Captain Corbally. Without prompting from their officers, these boys volunteered for extra drill in preparation for the ceremony, and acquitted themselves very well indeed on the parade. The cadets also appreciated the honour of being allowed to conduct the ceremony of hoisting the Station Colour on most mornings during their stay.

The intricacies of radio, radar and elementary aerodynamics in no way daunted the cadets. They operated a mock fighter sector operations room, complete with dummy aircraft containing cadets, and their enthusiasm awakened war-time memories for some instructors. More than one cadet made his voice sound exactly like an irascible Group Captain with his P.B.X. in a tangle at a tense moment. The cadets were also introduced to "Gee" and "Rebecca," they used a Homer to bring in real aircraft, and

they were allowed to record their own voices. This last gave them the unpleasant shock we all feel when we first hear the horrible noise we are accustomed to inflict upon our fellow men. In the wind tunnel they saw how and why a plane stalls, and they learned about Bernoulli's theorem. It was here that the cadets with a bent for science surprised their instructors by their grasp of technical problems.

"Weapons" was a branch of training which the cadets tackled with enthusiasm. They made the acquaintance of the .5 Browning and the 20-mm. Hispano, and fired the .303 Browning on a 25-yard range. The R.A.F. Regiment instructors were suitably impressed by the savage expressions on the cadets' faces as they buried the bullets in the sand.

But the most exciting part of the ground combat training was the night operations. One group of cadets had to pass undetected over a frontier manned by their fellows and members of the camp staff. On the first operation, no one remembered to brief the R.A.F. Police, with the result that the security patrol was constantly being arrested by the frontier guards. It is also alleged that these cadets on one occasion behaved so ferociously that the dog-handler released his dog, which failed, however, to catch a cadet who had suddenly observed that the operation was becoming a trifle too realistic.

It was not surprising that the cadets showed little desire to go outside the camp for amusement and relaxation. There were games and swimming. Determined to extract the utmost experience from life at Cranwell, most of the rigger schools chose to play soccer, while the soccer schools played rigger. The cadets also made good use of the instruction offered at the swimming bath, and many obtained the A.T.C. Swimming Certificate. Informal talks and discussions in the evenings were a popular diversion, and such subjects as "Bomber Tactics," "The Work of Fighter Command," and "The Royal Air Force College" provoked some shrewd questions and comments.

The camp was commanded by Squadron Leader B. R. Champion, whose second-in-command was Flight Lieutenant A. R. Gordon-Cumming. Flying Officer R. I. Hudson, from No. 64 Reserve Centre, was Adjutant, and Pilot Officer R. H. Gidman, who had just passed out with No. 49 Entry, came back to act as Assistant Adjutant. Congratulations are due to these officers, and to all the others who helped to run the camp. They showed the schools what the Royal Air Force has to offer, and corrected false impressions of the Service which some of the boys had picked up from gossip.

The cadets naturally saw a good deal of the Royal Air Force College and acquired much official and unofficial information about the life and work of a Cranwell cadet. They showed great interest, and on their conducted tour of the College bombarded their hosts with questions. Some of the bolder spirits simply asked: "How do you get into Cranwell?" The more cautious asked first: "What's it like at Cranwell?"

The cadets are to be commended on their smartness and the keenness they showed to take advantage of all that was offered to them. But the camp can take only a small share of the credit for this. We must not forget the work which has been going on in the schools, and which provided the groundwork upon which a successful fortnight's training could be based. For example, two fourteen-year-olds from Portsmouth South Grammar School arrived at the camp as fully proficient C.C.F. cadets. The Air Force as a whole owes gratitude to the schools. Before long we shall be meeting these boys in the ranks of the Royal Air Force; some, we hope, will be cadets of the Royal Air Force College. We shall then fully realize the worth of the work of all those who shared in their preliminary training.

R. G. R.

THE C.C.F. CAMP AT CRANWELL



[Crown Copyright

Pupils change over: the smallest cadet at the camp (seated) is about to start on a training flight.



[Crown Copyright

Air-Sea Rescue. The cadets experience speed on the water in a R.A.F. launch.



THE GLIDER

[Photo: R. W. Fowler]

BOTH FEET ON THE GROUND

At the last moment few of the fifty-two flight cadets on the liaison visit to Army establishments in the Salisbury Plain area looked forward to it with enthusiasm, for it meant two days off the end of an all-too-short Easter leave. "The Army will have to be good to make this worth while," was the general view. But the Army came through with flying colours and none of us regretted the visit. From the Officers' Mess, R.A.F. Station, Andover, we visited the Tanks, Artillery and Infantry in turn.

On our first day we were roused at 0630 hrs. Those who managed to reach the breakfast table found the meal good, and by 0730 hrs. we were heading for Bovington. Here at the Royal Armoured Corps Centre we were introduced to the tank. The process was done gradually. First we went through their fine tank museum, then to demonstration halls where we saw the works of the machine, and finally to the real thing itself. Initially we were inclined, rather fastidiously, to keep our distance from such a clumsy, uncomfortable mode of transport—longing looks were cast at the patches of blue sky. But curiosity won; three cadets managed to lock themselves in a Comet



tank, and spanners were needed for their release. Another, starting the 800-h.p. engine, succeeded in blacking the face of one of his seniors who happened to be peering in at the wrong end.

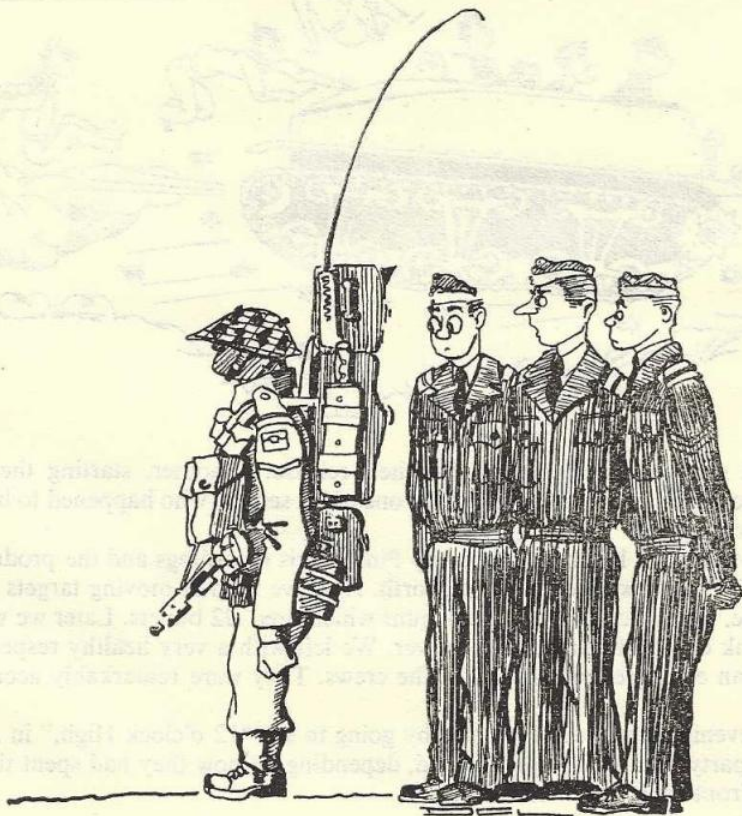
After a sandwich lunch, enlivened by Phil Harris recordings and the product of the "Strong Country," we moved to Lulworth. Here we fired at moving targets on an indoor range, using mock 77-mm. tank guns which fired .22 bullets. Later we watched a Comet tank demonstrating its fire power. We left with a very healthy respect for the tank and an even greater respect for the crews. They were remarkably accurate and efficient.

In the evening we reverted to type by going to see "12 o'clock High," in Andover. Here the party became sharply divided, depending on how they had spent their leave pay. The front stalls were well filled.

Our second visit took us to the Royal Artillery at Larkhill. After being welcomed by the Commandant, we were told of the roles of the Artillery in peace and war, and shown guns and ammunition. The anti-aircraft gun was of particular interest; it was said to be alarmingly accurate. After lunch we were taken to watch the various gun teams firing. The most impressive were the self-propelled 25-pounders. They easily convinced us that life in the Tank Corps appears to be short, and not very sweet. The display ended with a demonstration by Auster A.O.Ps. that work hand in hand with the gunners. The pilot, when asked how he managed such an extremely short landing, airily replied, "You land with both brakes full on."

On the Wednesday morning we went through a snow-covered countryside to Old Sarum. After two lectures, which were the potted content of a ten-day course, the friendly N.A.A.F.I. break with the instructors of the Land/Air Warfare School was very welcome. From there we went to a very good static display of Offensive Support as delivered from the air. The afternoon was set aside for recreation, which was mainly taken in Winchester and Salisbury.

Next day we loaded the coaches with all our personal baggage, squeezed in ourselves and headed for the School of Infantry at Warminster. During the morning we



saw two films about the Infantry, and a demonstration on the square of the complete support arms and equipment of an Infantry battalion. Some men were barely visible for the amount of equipment they carried. After lunch we boarded Armoured Personnel Vehicles and were carried two or three miles through the downs to the village of Imber. The journey was different from all our previous cross-countries; it was not exactly exhilarating, but good experience; numerous bruises were collected. Here we watched an extremely realistic street-fighting demonstration by The Royal Northumberland Fusiliers. Nothing was spared: tanks, anti-tank weapons, heavy and light machine guns, mortars, grenades, flame-throwers, in fact, all the weapons we had seen on the square in the morning were now seen in action. Even the opposition were in German uniforms. This fine, lively and efficient demonstration was very realistic. So keen were the troops to clear the village that a fire, accidentally started in a barn, was left until the battle was over and the enemy silenced.

This last exercise made a fitting climax to our visit, and left us with a deep impression of Army efficiency and thoroughness. We all thank those who made our four days so interesting and worth while.

R. J. L.

College Lecturer: E. V. Mellor, R. I. Saunders, J. A. Marshall, Captain E. F. W. Gregory, R. L. Jones, J. M. Boston, J. E. Harrison, J. M. A. Parker, C. B. Lawrence, J. R. Hyde, N. M. Pearson.



HOCKEY

THIS term has not been as successful for the 1st XI as we had hoped. Although we started the term with only three of last season's Colours, we soon had what promised to be a very good team, but we did not manage to win a match for the first month of the term and never really settled down until after half-term. The weather did not help, and a number of matches had to be cancelled. Our first victory came in a very good match against Gresham's School, whom we beat 3—2. After this we were rather more successful and won some very good matches, particularly the one against the Station, whom we beat 6—2. Our main strength lay in our three inside forwards, Hinde, Lawrence and Parker. They combined well and always looked dangerous.

Both our main matches, against Greenwich and Sandhurst, were at home this year. The match against Greenwich was played on 18th March. Conditions were not easy for hockey as there was a very strong wind, but in spite of that the game was fast and even. At half-time there was no score by either side, but in the second half Greenwich scored the only goal, so beating us 1—0. We were unlucky not to have scored, as we were often in the Greenwich circle. The 2nd XI won their match against the R.N.C. 6—0.

The match against the R.M.A. Sandhurst, played here the following Saturday, was our best match this season. It was a fast, hard-fought battle, played on a pitch that was in very good condition. In the first half Cranwell's determined attacks were matched by the brilliance of Sandhurst's defence, and at half-time the score was 1—1. In the second half both teams were playing full out. Cranwell scored first, after a penalty, but the Sandhurst inside right before long put in a shot that Mellor, in goal, had little chance of stopping. Thereafter, with everyone thinking of last year's draw, neither side slackened its efforts; some exciting moments followed, but when the final whistle blew the score still stood at 2—2.

The 2nd XI had a good season which ended in a convincing win over Greenwich 6—0.

College 1st XI.—E. V. Mellor; N. R. L. Saunders, J. A. Mansell (captain); E. F. W. Gregory, R. L. Lees, J. M. Boden; I. E. Barr-Sim, J. M. A. Parker, D. B. Lawrence, I. R. Hinde, R. M. Pearson.

RESULTS

1st XI

- 11/1/50.—v. Aircraft Apprentices, Cranwell (home), drew 1—1.
 - 14/1/50.—v. Long Sutton and Holbeach (home), lost 2—3.
 - 21/1/50.—v. Queen's College, Cambridge (away), lost 1—4.
 - 25/1/50.—v. Downing College, Cambridge (away), lost 0—5.
 - 8/2/50.—v. Gresham's School (away), won 3—2.
 - 11/2/50.—v. Bourne (home), won 2—1.
 - 15/2/50.—v. Selwyn College, Cambridge (home), won 6—2.
 - 22/2/50.—v. University College, Leicester (away), drew 2—2.
 - 25/2/50.—v. Lincoln Imps (away), lost 3—4.
 - 1/3/50.—v. R.A.F. Cranwell (home), won 6—2.
 - 4/3/50.—v. Emmanuel College, Cambridge (away), lost 1—2.
 - 11/3/50.—v. Flying Officer Schad's XI (home), lost 1—3.
 - 15/3/50.—v. R.N.C., Greenwich (home), lost 0—1.
 - 22/3/50.—v. Worksoop College (home), won 2—0.
 - 25/3/50.—v. R.M.A. Sandhurst (home), drew 2—2.
- Played, 15; won, 5; lost, 7; drawn 3; goals for, 32; goals against, 34.

J. A. M.

RUGBY

Unfortunately rugby cannot claim to be a major sport at Cranwell during the Easter term, but nevertheless the "A" XV has played a number of exciting and instructive matches. The "A" XV won seven and lost five of the twelve matches played during this term and finished with a total of 163 points for and 54 against.

Despite the loss of ten of last term's Colours, the XV has played good, hard rugby and shown that it has the makings of a very strong future side. The three-quarters have been running well throughout, but the forwards have shown that they need more practice in working together as a pack. The main difficulty this term has been the large number of players absent through injuries.

The term's rugby has shown that we can look forward to next season with confidence and hope that it will prove even more successful than the last.

RESULTS

"A" XV

- 18/1/50.—v. Wittering Cadets (home), won 21—0.
- 25/1/50.—v. University of London (away), lost 9—14.
- 1/2/50.—v. Jesus College, Cambridge (away), lost 0—13.
- 8/2/50.—v. University College, Leicester (home), won 3—0.
- 15/2/50.—v. Queen's College, Cambridge (away), won 10—0.
- 22/2/50.—v. Wittering Cadets (away), won 20—3.
- 23/2/50.—v. Spalding R.F.C. (away), lost 6—9.
- 8/3/50.—v. Peterhouse, Cambridge (away), won 14—13.
- 11/3/50.—v. Ecole de l'Air, Salon (away), won 14—6.
- 15/3/50.—v. Bomber Command (away), lost 6—11.
- 18/3/50.—v. Spalding R.F.C. (home), lost 11—14.
- 25/3/50.—v. R.A.F. Cranwell (home), won 25—5.

"B" XV

- 21/1/50.—v. King's School, Grantham (away), won 12—6.
- 4/2/50.—v. Grimsby 1st XV (home), won 14—12.
- 13/2/50.—v. E. & S. Wing, Digby (home), lost 3—5.
- 11/3/50.—v. Kesteven R.F.C. (away), lost 3—15.
- 25/3/50.—v. Boston R.F.C. (away), lost 6—11.

D. C. L.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

After a very shaky start the College soccer team went through the second half of the term without a defeat. The defence rarely failed, but the forward line took some time to settle down. Francis, Perry and Walmsley provided a strong rear line of defence; while the half-backs, Turner, Lee and Charles, always managed to help the attack as well as fulfil their defensive tasks. Once the forward line did settle down they always seemed dangerous to the opponents' defence. Goals were scored by Wood (26), Ridout (9), Woods (5), Marshall (4), Turner (3), Simmons (3), Bushe (1) and Lund (1).

The 2nd XI had an average season, their best performance being the 4—3 victory over R.M.A. Sandhurst 2nd XI.

The team wish to thank Flight Lieutenants Smith and Ladbrook, Warrant Officer Millis and Mr. Simpson for their help and support.

RESULTS

- v. Leeds University, lost 0—2.
- v. King Edward's School, Sheffield, lost 1—3.
- v. Wittering I.T.S., drew 3—3.
- v. Birmingham University, lost 1—3.
- v. King's College, Cambridge, won 3—1.
- v. Queen's College, Cambridge, lost 1—3.
- v. Loughborough College, lost 1—2.
- v. Daneshill T.C., won 2—1.
- v. University College, Leicester, lost 1—2.
- v. Wittering I.T.S., won 3—2.
- v. St. Catherine's College, Cambridge, won 5—2.
- v. Birmingham University, won 3—0.
- v. College Instructors, won 6—4.
- v. R.N.F.T.S., Syerston, won 5—1.
- v. Digby I.T.S., won 6—2.
- v. College Instructors, won 8—4.
- v. Cranwell Apprentices, drew 4—4.

R. W.

BOXING

Six of last year's team were still at the College when the boxing season opened. There were, too, quite a number of promising newcomers in the junior entries. Early in the term an individual championship was fought and this gave us a good idea of our potentialities. Some weights were well subscribed, particularly welter and middle, but there was evident weakness of numbers in bantam and fly-weights. This weakness gave considerable trouble all through the season. There were only three feathers in the whole College, and every one of these volunteered to fill the gaps.

In November, a team of ten boxed the Apprentice Wing at West Camp. Our lack of real fitness and training was brought out in this contest against the best Apprentice team for some years. Only Weerasinghe and Stevens managed to hold their own, and our defeat by 18 points to 12 showed us how far we had to go to reach a standard worthy of the Sandhurst match.

Early in the New Year a College team of nine fought at Cranwell in the semi-final of the Flying Training Command Team Championship. We drew Hullavington and had difficulty finding the lighter weights. Although we gave away two points at fly-weight, we won five bouts and the chance to meet Wittering in the finals.

The team was benefiting from increased training, and a fortnight later an encouraging number of supporters saw the College comfortably win the final, after rather a sticky start. The team received medals and a shield.

A week later the inter-squadron semi-finals were decided. Digby beat A Squadron by 25 points to 20, and B Squadron beat C Squadron by 25 points to 20.

Training became intensive as the R.M.A. fixture approached, but a week before it a team of fifteen lighter weights and novices went to St. Paul's School, to be soundly beaten by a very skilled and much younger team. It may have been that the fight was in daylight or that the train journey upset the boxers, but the youngest St. Paul's boxer knew more ringcraft than most of our team put together, and as both teams were equally fit, the result, 13—2, proves the value of experience. (One person was heard to claim that St. Paul's had youth on their side.)

A week later the fight on which we had been concentrating came off successfully. This proved a good climax to a successful season. An adequate reserve of young boxers has been built up and only three of the team will not be available next season, so our boxing prospects are growing brighter.

In closing the diary we must add our tribute to our very keen and tireless trainers, Mr. Donaldson and Corporal Henderson, and our very active Officer i/c Boxing, Flight Lieutenant Woods.

Colours were awarded as follows: Re-award, D. Arnott, O. M. Cruickshank and J. M. Tabernacle; full award, G. W. Judson, B. Ball and J. P. Stevens; half-colours, B. Mills, J. P. Farmer-Wright, N. E. Weerasinghe and R. Parker.

O. M. C.

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

THE annual contest against the R.M.A. was fought out and won at West Camp Gym on 1st March this year. The result was very heartening and has stimulated interest in College boxing enough to make lack of numbers no longer our major problem.

Training this year was conducted by Mr. Donaldson, whose services we were lucky enough to obtain for individual coaching as well.

In the week before the fight, members of the team could readily be distinguished from their more pacific fellows by their peculiar habits. Some surreptitiously swallowed vitamin pills at meals; others playfully punched doors, walls, furniture, friends, anything, in fact, that could be imagined as a military objective! The team trained regularly and hard, benefiting greatly from the extra rations, the early morning can- ters, the afternoon coaching and evening poundings. The team was genuinely fit and each man was capable of lasting the full distance.

When the fearful day arrived, our determination to win was increased by the threats from the Mess staff who had seen the egg rations so heavily depleted, and by the necessity of relieving the Sandhurst team of the huge and magnificent trophy which, they said, had proved very awkward to carry in the London tubes.

The programme opened with Officer Cadet P. C. Greenwood and Stevens, and this bout was won over three rounds by the R.M.A. Stevens had lost rather too much weight in training and lacked his usual snap, but the fight went on at high pressure all the way.

Farmer-Wright fought Officer Cadet D. L. Jordan, and his clean punching and good footwork gave us our first victory and evened the score.

Ball followed a hard day of final examinations with a clear victory on points in a very tiring fight against Officer Cadet T. E. Humpage. Judson, who was exceptionally fit, put up a good fight against Officer Cadet Sergeant Gunton, a boxer with a lot of experience and a heavy punch, but the decision was for Sandhurst, which evened the score again.

The fifth bout was between Officer Cadet Sergeant Gregory and Tabernacle, who fought it out to near exhaustion. Tabernacle, who enjoys all his fights, kept up the attack until his opponent was no longer interested.

The heavy-weight bout came next, and Officer Cadet Froud faced Mills, who had the advantage of a longer reach. The boxers closed early on and some hard punching slowed up both of them. Mills discovered just too late that he could keep Froud out of range with straight lefts. By this time heavy punching to his head had weakened his guard and in the second round Mills went down. The score was even once again. Two middle-weights, Officer Cadet Corporal Farmer and Cruickshank, now had the ring, and after some preliminary fast sparring both decided to stand ground and hit out. There were some heavy exchanges, and by round two Farmer was weakened and open. The referee stopped the fight in this round.

Officer Cadet J. Pedley, at welter-weight, then met Weerasinghe in what proved a very neat exhibition of good boxing, and Cranwell increased its lead.

The only light heavy-weight bout reduced our lead again when Officer Cadet Sergeant P. B. L. Hoppe downed Parker after some very gruelling scrapping. Parker stood up well against the Sandhurst captain, but went down to his heavy punch.

The last fight was a terrific climax. It had been agreed that in the event of a draw the decision should go to the team winning the last bout. Officer Cadet C. R. H. Sweeney and Arnott had the onus of deciding which side would win, and both boxed to the limit in a fight which was too important to show style. Arnott managed to get home enough telling blows to give us the fight, the contest, and the honour of being the first Cranwell boxing team to win the fixture for some time.

Every fight was closely contested and all the boxers were very fit. The Commandant said, in presenting the shield, that the standard of the boxing was the highest he had seen between the two establishments.

Next year's contest should prove a very exciting one as only three of this team will have left the College.

RESULTS

Light-weight.—Flight Cadet J. P. Stevens lost to Officer Cadet P. C. Greenwood.

Middle-weight.—Flight Cadet I. P. Farmer-Wright beat Officer Cadet D. C. Jordan.

Feather-weight.—Flight Cadet B. Ball beat Officer Cadet T. E. Humpage.

Middle-weight.—Flight Cadet G. W. Judson lost to Officer Cadet Sergeant N. M. Gunton.

Light-weight.—Flight Cadet J. M. Tabernacle beat Officer Cadet Sergeant A. J. S. Gregory.

Heavy-weight.—Flight Cadet B. Mills lost to Officer Cadet D. R. Froud.

Middle-weight.—Flight Cadet Corporal O. M. Cruickshank beat Officer Cadet Corporal T. W. G. Farmer.

Welter-weight.—Flight Cadet N. E. Weerasinghe beat Officer Cadet J. Pedley.

Light Heavy-weight.—Cadet R. Parker lost to Officer Cadet Sergeant P. B. Hoppe.

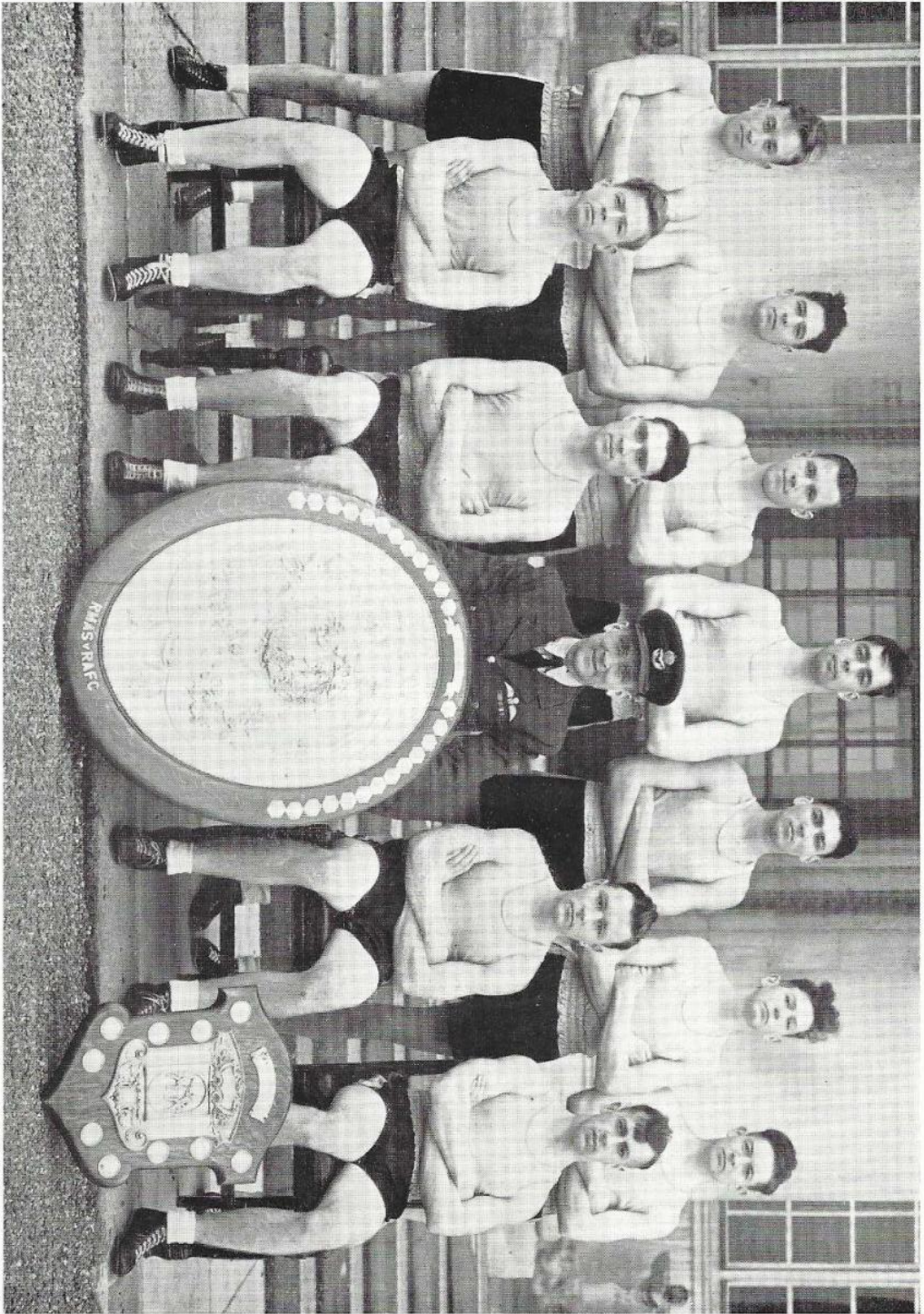
Welter-weight.—Flight Cadet Corporal D. Arnott beat Officer Cadet C. R. H. Sweeney.

Result.—R.A.F.C., 6 bouts, 16 points; R.M.A.S., 4 bouts, 14 points.

O. M. C.



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



BOXING TEAM, MARCH, 1950

[Photo: Gale & Polden Ltd., Ailershot]

Back Row—A. M. Christie, I. P. Farmer-Wright, G. W. Judson, B. C. Mills, N. E. Weerasinghe, G. M. Cowper, B. J. Ball.
Front Row—I. P. Stevens, O. M. Cruickshank (*Capt.*), Fl. Lt. J. C. Woods, J. M. Tabernacle, D. A. Arnott.

SKILL-AT-ARMS

Under the captaincy of R. Watson the team enjoyed a successful season. There were thirteen matches, of which eight were won, one drawn and four lost. The first team represented the College only five times as some members played prominent parts in other sports.

At the beginning of term the prospect of a first-class team was rather bleak, for some of our best fencers left us when No. 48 Entry passed out. But with the excellent tuition of Warrant Officer Smith and the enthusiasm displayed by the cadets, a team was formed which in the last weeks of term scored a decisive victory over Sandhurst. This is the third time running that the College has beaten Sandhurst.

During the term much attention was paid to the development of technique, and as a result of this the standard of fencing has improved. The bayonet was the only shaky part of the team; this may have been due to lack of practice, and next term it is hoped to remedy this.

The Sandhurst match took place in the College Gymnasium on Wednesday, 22nd March. Sandhurst were defeated by 29 fights to 14. On this occasion the bayonet team showed exceptional form, winning twelve out of sixteen bouts. The results were:

	Foil.	Epée.	Sabre.	Bayonet.
R.A.F. College	5	7	5	12
R.M.A. Sandhurst	4	2	4	4

During the term full colours were awarded to M. A. Innes-Smith, A. Powell and R. T. MacMullen.

RESULTS

- 1/2/50.—v. Cranwell F.C. Result: Cranwell F.C., 15 fights; R.A.F.C., 20 fights.
- 4/2/50.—v. Cambridge University. Result: Cambridge University, 12 fights; R.A.F.C., 12 fights.
- 8/2/50.—v. Loughborough College. Result: Loughborough College, 41 points; R.A.F.C., 43 points.
- 11/2/50.—v. Bedford School. Result: Bedford School, 10 fights; R.A.F.C., 8 fights.
- 15/2/50.—v. University College, Nottingham. Result: University College, Nottingham, 16 fights; R.A.F.C., 11 fights.
- 22/2/50.—v. Spitalgate F.C. Result: Spitalgate F.C., 10 fights; R.A.F.C., 16 fights.
- 25/2/50.—v. Eton College F.C. Result: Eton College F.C., 13 fights; R.A.F.C., 14 fights.
- 8/3/50.—v. R.A.F. Wickenby. Result: R.A.F. Wickenby, 20 fights; R.A.F.C., 15 fights.
- 11/3/50.—v. Ecole de l'Air, France. Result: Ecole de l'Air, France, 7 fights; R.A.F.C., 5 fights.
- 15/3/50.—v. Spitalgate F.C. Result: Spitalgate F.C., 18 fights; R.A.F.C., 29 fights.
- 18/3/50.—v. Cranwell F.C. Result: Cranwell F.C., 18 fights; R.A.F.C., 25 fights.
- 22/3/50.—v. R.M.A. Sandhurst. Result: R.M.A. Sandhurst, 14 fights; R.A.F.C., 29 fights.

INDIVIDUAL RESULTS

- R. Watson: won, 29; lost, 32 (foil, épée).
- J. L. Price: won, 10; lost, 7 (foil).
- M. A. Innes-Smith: won, 49; lost, 19 (foil, épée).
- D. A. Caris: won, 14; lost, 15 (sabre).
- F. R. Lund: won, 7; lost, 15 (foil).
- A. Powell: won, 8; lost, 6 (bayonet).
- J. N. Murphy: won, 9; lost, 5 (bayonet).
- G. D. Hammans: won, 7; lost, 4 (bayonet).
- R. T. MacMullen: won, 5; lost, 2 (bayonet).
- R. H. Bragg: won, 5; lost, 14 (sabre).
- P. C. Smith: won 3, lost, 10 (sabre).
- J. F. B. Jones: won, 39; lost, 14 (sabre, épée).

CROSS-COUNTRY

Cross-country has not been the unqualified success promised by the high standard of the team at the beginning of the season. We have suffered from lack of reserves and from injuries, the latter robbing us of our captain for several important matches.

Undoubtedly the most memorable match of the season was run against Lancing College over a course which seemed to consist of a series of large and very deep dykes. The match against R.M.A. Sandhurst was run at home for the second year in succession, and the team ran well to get second, fourth and seventh places against a strong R.M.A. team. Fixtures were also obtained with University College, Nottingham, Leeds University, Repton, Oundle, the Milocarians and Worksop College. Against Oundle, Pierce ran the home course of five miles in the very creditable time of 26 min. 52 sec. The season was completed by the Inter-Squadron Run, won by Digby in a hard-fought contest with A Squadron.

Colours were awarded to R. Dyson, H. H. J. Browning and R. C. Peirse; and half-colours to J. R. Thirnbeck, R. C. B. Ashworth and M. J. Corner.

The season's results were:

- v. Repton School, won 26—57.
- v. University College, Nottingham, lost 82—38.
- v. Lancing College, lost 57—22.
- v. Cranwell Apprentices, lost 48—30.
- v. Milocarians, lost 38—17.
- v. Leeds University, lost 50—28.
- v. Oundle School, won 38—40.
- v. Leeds University, won 44—48.
- v. R.M.A. Sandhurst, lost 50—32.
- v. Worksop College, won 33—49.

R. C. B. A.

SHOOTING

Having completed the first stage of the Nobel Cup the College team was selected to represent No. 21 Group in the second stage. The first round against R.A.F. Desford was won by a narrow margin, but the loss of our captain, J. J. Guntrip, with No. 48 Entry graduation, and the lack of practice after the Christmas vacation, contributed to our defeat in the second round.

The latter part of the term was devoted to the selection and training of a team to represent the College next term at the Flying Training Command Meeting at Bisley. The following were selected: M. Gill, V. A. Southon, G. Copping, R. L. T. Polgreen, D. J. B. Keats, G. N. Priecheufried, D. G. Slade, J. D. B. Christie, P. G. Walker and T. M. H. Satterthwaite.

G. C.

SQUASH RACQUETS

The results were not as gratifying as for the previous term. Sixteen matches were played, nine being won, one drawn and six lost.

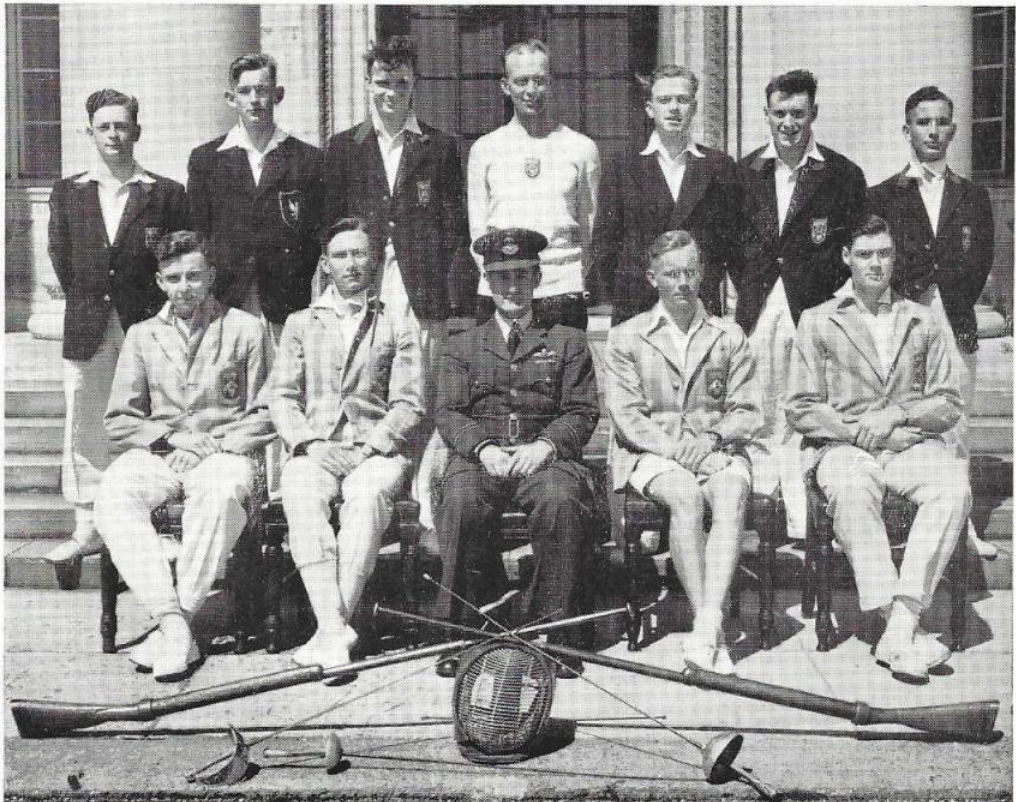
The team was well balanced but suffered considerably after half-term from the effects of preparation for examinations, and for four weeks it was impossible to put out a full side.



HOCKEY TEAM, APRIL, 1950

[Photo: Gale & Polden Ltd., Aldershot

Back Row—E. F. W. Gregory, D. B. Lawrence, E. V. Mellor, R. L. Lees, I. E. Barr-Sim, J. N. A. Parker, J. M. Boden.
Front Row—R. M. Pearson, J. A. Mansell, Squadron Leader D. R. Fayle, N. R. L. Saunders, I. R. Hinde.

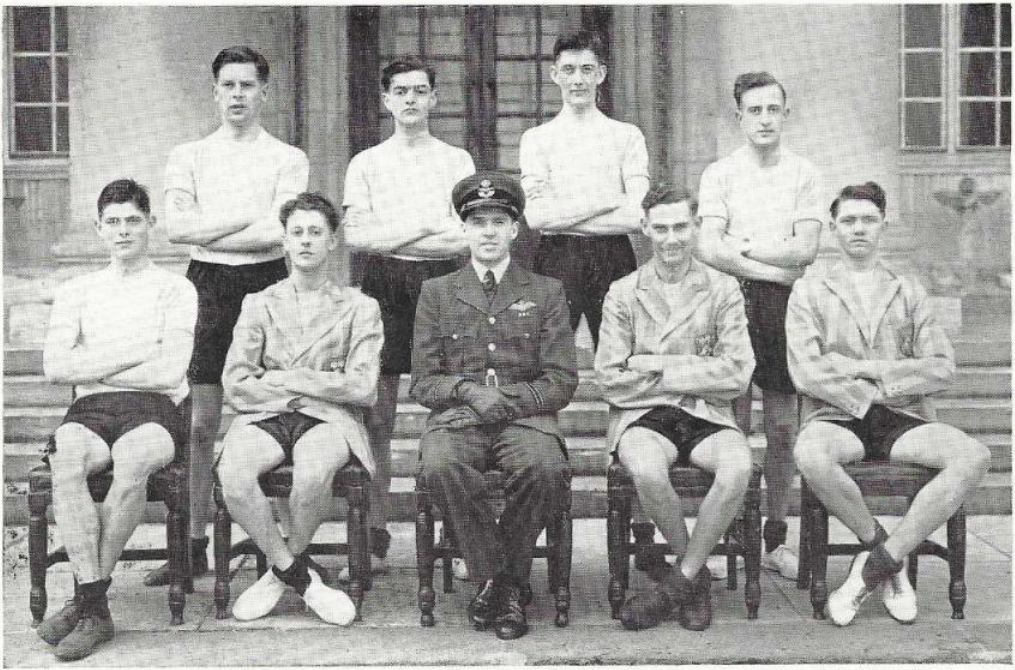


SKILL-AT-ARMS TEAM, APRIL, 1950

[Crown Copyright

Back Row—F. R. Lund, R. H. Bragg, F. J. B. Jones, W. O. R. J. Smith, J. N. Murphy, R. D. Jones, D. A. Caris.
Front Row—M. A. Innes-Smith, R. Watson, Ft. Lt. R. W. G. Freer, J. L. Price, R. T. MacMullen.

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[Photo: Gale & Polden Ltd., Aldershot

CROSS COUNTRY TEAM, APRIL, 1950

Back Row—J. A. L. Crawshaw. R. C. B. Ashworth. D. A. Lethem. M. J. Corner.
Front Row—J. R. Thirnbeck. R. Dyson. Ft. Lt. J. de M. Severne. H. H. J. Browning. C. G. H. Pierce.



[Photo: Gale & Polden Ltd., Aldershot

SQUASH TEAM, APRIL, 1950

Back Row—J. F. H. Chick. S. B. Smart. A. D. R. Dawes.
Front Row—F. R. Lockyer. S/Ldr. J. D. Blois. A. A. Persse.

As far as results went, the season's performance was good, but disappointing in that Sandhurst was not beaten. Some compensation can be derived from the "double" gained over the Royal Naval College, Greenwich.

The standard of squash in the College has visibly improved since last season. Coaching has been available and we are very grateful to Squadron Leader Blois and Corporal Catharine for their efforts on our behalf.

RESULTS

- 16/1/50.—v. Flight Lieutenant Wakeford's V, won 3—2.
- 18/1/50.—v. Sherwood Foresters, won 4—1.
- 21/1/50.—v. Trinity Hall, won 4—1.
- 25/1/50.—v. Downing College, won 5—0.
- 28/1/50.—v. Jesus College, lost 1—4.
- 1/2/50.—v. Corpus Christi College, lost 1—4.
- 8/2/50.—v. Loughborough College, won 3—2.
- 15/2/50.—v. Leicester S.R.C. 2nd V, won 3—2.
- 25/2/50.—v. R.A.F. "A," lost 2—3.
- 1/3/50.—v. Emmanuel College, drew 2—2.
- 5/3/50.—v. St. Catherine's College, lost 0—5.
- 8/3/50.—v. Peterhouse, lost 1—4.
- 18/3/50.—v. R.N.C., Greenwich, won 5—0.
- 25/3/50.—v. St. Peter's York, won, 4—1.
- 29/3/50.—v. Nottingham S.R.C., won 5—0.
- 31/3/50.—v. The Officers' Mess, lost 2—3.

INDIVIDUAL RESULTS FOR THE SEASON 1949-50

	Played.	Won.	Lost.
A. A. Persse	24	12	12
S. B. Smart	23	16	7
F. R. Lockyer	27	18	9
A. D. R. Dawes	26	21	5
J. F. H. Chick	15	8	7
R. L. Lees	10	7	3
W. L. Bull	12	9	3
D. L. F. Thornton	7	3	4

Full colours were awarded to Persse, Smart and Lockyer; and half-colours to Dawes, Chick, Lees and Bull. Mansell, Parker, Walmsley, Scarrott, Hughes and Burleigh have also represented the College during the season.

F. R. L.

INTER-SQUADRON SPORTS RESULTS

Spring Term, 1950

	A Squadron	B Squadron	C Squadron	D Squadron
Hockey	—	5	2½	—
Squash	1	2	—	—
Boxing	—	2½	—	5
Pistol Shooting	—	1	—	2
Cross-Country	1½	—	—	3
Total points	2½	10½	2½	10

SPORT AT DIGBY

HOCKEY

THE Wing hockey XI has had quite a good term, winning six, losing three, and drawing one of their matches. For nearly all these we were playing a team weakened by the absence of Hopkins, Lees, Boden and Lawrence, all of whom played regularly for the College 1st XI. It was a disappointment to be beaten 1—0 by C Squadron in the semi-finals of the inter-squadron matches. This was a very keenly contested and even game, but our particular weakness of being unable to convert attacks into goals manifested itself.

In the six-a-side festival held at Digby on 26th March, the "Digby Drones" acquitted themselves very well, beating the Cranwell "Cranes," Grimsby H.C., and H.Q., No. 21 Group, on their tour, and R.A.F. Cranwell in the semi-final. But by the final we were very tired and lost 0—3 to Skegness.

D. F. B.

BOXING

Boxing started at Digby a little over a year ago when we fought against A Squadron in the 1948-49 Inter-Squadron Boxing Competition. On that occasion we were well beaten, but, undismayed, we resolved to do better next time.

Since then our boxing team has increased both in numbers and proficiency. When we met again in this season's Inter-Squadron Boxing Competition, we were able to beat A Squadron. We went on to win a decisive victory over B Squadron in the finals, thus making D Squadron the Inter-Squadron Boxing Champions for the first time.

We have had three of the Digby boxers, Stevens, Yossava and Judson, fighting for the College during the past season.

G. W. J.

CROSS-COUNTRY

The College Run at the beginning of this term made the E. & S. Wing optimistic about the Inter-Squadron Run. After careful training, including a weekly run around the Cranwell circuit, the E. & S. Wing was able to bring another cup back to Digby. Mention should be made here of Pierce and Thirnbeck, who came first and second, and undoubtedly inspired the rest of the team.

During the season there were two runs at Digby against the I.T.S., which the Wing won comfortably. The Wing was represented by three runners in the College 1st VIII.

T. N. N. G.

R.A.F. COLLEGE SOCIETY

PEEPS INTO THE BACK ROOMS

THE College Engineering Section was indeed fortunate to be granted permission to visit on Monday, 24th April, the Royal Aircraft Establishment at Farnborough, the proverbial back room of everything aeronautical.

The party of about twenty flight cadets was conducted first through laboratories where experiments were being carried out on new metals, and the use of certain carbides for toughening. This work, we were told, was in its infancy and it would be many years before gas turbines in aeroplanes would have turbine blades of such metals as these. We were shown the effects on different metals of corrosion caused by sea water, and it was with a mysterious air of satisfaction that one boffin showed us an aluminium plate that had been all but corroded away by several months of immersion in sea water. Then we saw some standard tensile and fatigue tests being carried out on various metals.

After lunch we were shown into what appeared at first to be a miniature cinema, but what turned out to be part of the synthetic equipment used to determine the best approach lighting system for airfield runways. On show at that time was the system in use at London Airport. Sitting in a simplified "cockpit," the "pilot," gazing into an eyepiece and operating flying controls, had the sensation of coming in to land at night over the horizon-bar lights leading up to the runway. As yet, this apparatus has not been adopted for training purposes.

The party then saw round the test-rigs in which whole wings are subjected to severe bending loads, usually until complete failure of the structure occurs. Afterwards we were given the opportunity of seeing two of the big wind tunnels of the R.A.E., one for speeds up to about 300 knots and the other for speeds at a Mach number of about .8. Large models of the Canberra, Supermarine 510 and Comet had been tested, as well as the outer wing section of a full-size Kingcobra. There was some disappointment felt when we were not allowed to see all the aeroplanes on test, though we were allowed to gaze at a Canberra and Fairchild Packet after special permission had been sought.

On the next day the same party visited the de Havilland Co. Ltd., at Hatfield. Most of us expected to be there to see the Comet take off to fly to Cairo, but a notice at the gate at 10.15 proclaimed that the Comet had already arrived at Cairo after flying at an average speed of 427 m.p.h.!

During the course of the morning we saw Comets, Venoms, D.H.112's, Vampires and Chipmunks coming off the production lines. A good deal of disruption has been caused by the introduction of so many new types. All were being built under the same roof and six Comets take up an awful lot of room. We were allowed inside the second prototype, which is expected to fly later this summer. The full realization of how much the aircraft industry is doing to meet the demands made upon it by foreign markets was brought home to us when we saw Chipmunks being finished in Danish colours, Vampires destined for Switzerland, Sweden and Norway, and were told that one American Airline had already ordered two Comets.

In the afternoon we saw engines running in the test houses, and watched, with a certain trepidation, a Goblin being started and run up while we stood next to it in the same room.

Probably one of the most interesting sights of the two days was the blowing of a propeller blade. The system adopted could be superficially likened to that of blowing a glass bulb, and although quite a number of attempts have been made, an airworthy blade has yet to be completed successfully in this country, despite the fact that the Americans have been using the process for several years.

For such a thoroughly entertaining and instructive trip our gratitude must go to Squadron Leader Cleaver for his faultless administration and to the staffs at the R.A.E. and de Havilland's for showing us as much as they were allowed to and possibly just a little more.

GLIDING AT SCHARFOLDENDORF

THIS Easter a party from Cranwell once again spent ten days at the B.A.F.O. Rest Centre at Scharfoldendorf. The three officers and fifteen flight cadets had been told by those in previous parties that the gliding was too easy. All one had to do was to sit up in this ridge of rising air and wait for the hours to tick by. They talked in casual terms of Silver "C's," heights were mentioned in multiples of thousands, and they spoke of endurance records missed only by the necessity of catching the DAK back home! It would have been a trifle monotonous if it had turned out like that.

Although held up by a spot of ill-timed honesty at the Manston customs, we got away on the right day and in due course arrived at "Scharf" in time to see the last breath of a week's continuous west wind trickle out of the end of the windsock. The weather gods, in league with the East Wind, had heard over the British Forces' Network of our arrival and were determined to show us something different. They swung the wind round, and during the next ten days went carefully through the book, trying us with snow and fog, enticing us with spring breezes, but carefully avoiding the chapters marked "Soaring Winds." The absence of this elusive west wind produced a "flying circus" spirit and every day had its amusing, alarming, or plainly petrifying incidents.

One intrepid fellow convinced the galvanized spectators—and himself—that turns at low altitude are not really safe and only prove that matter, including gliders, is made up of small particles! We didn't like "56" very much, anyway.

The next day one light-weight carefully manoeuvred his Grunau over some power cables and a wood before releasing from the winch. There was a blast of pyrotechnics from the winch driver, a flash from the cables as part of B.A.F.O.'s fixer system closed down hurriedly, and a menacing roar of Anglo-German from the crowd. The combined effect of these explosions produced such a terrific thermal that the, as yet, unknown pilot was swept upwards in a bubble of purple air. Later, triumphant but half-clad, he said: "Of course, I only came down because I was cold!"

From that day onwards the knots and splices in the cables increased. They said it hadn't happened since Cranwell was here last time! But more and more of the party were scraping in their fifteen-minutes' endurance for "C" Certificate. The jeep drivers (U/T) were now at the dangerous, over-confident stage—"You can do *anything* with a jeep . . . er, let the workshops know, please!" The Silver "C" height aspirants were unfortunate enough to choose modest barometers and wildly enthusiastic altimeters—they *looked* very high, anyway. Despite a vengeful and deliberate attack on

the assembly by a very low-flying glider, the party remained up to strength, but for the most part on the ground. One very wet day, however, we nearly lost Flight Lieutenant Crawshay-Williams, who had to be levered out of his cockpit and rushed to an emergency first-aid post at the bar, having remained invisible but airborne for five hours forty-six minutes. Very well done, but why the forty-six minutes? Well, ask Myrtle!

The last flying day had its moments, too, when someone chose as his landing spot the only piece of grass in the district containing another glider. There was a tense five minutes, too, when the tail of the Minimoa was damaged on the launch.

Our thanks go to Flight Lieutenant Osland who, as C.F.I., remained benevolent while his gliders were carried back to the repair shops, and as C.O. of the camp did so much to make our stay both memorable and happy. We will remember, too, his ability in conducting the orchestra. To his staff, Andy, whom we left mentally scarred, the workshops which shared with the bar the motto "We Never Closed!", to the poor, long-suffering jeeps we say, "Thank you."

The air-lift back differed from the outward flight, when they had given us empty bags to be filled. This time they gave us full boxes to be emptied! Our transparent honesty so impressed the customs that we were hustled through without having time even to tell our little stories, and we were soon heading back to London and 1950 prices.

O. M. C.

"To make a mistake is human . . .

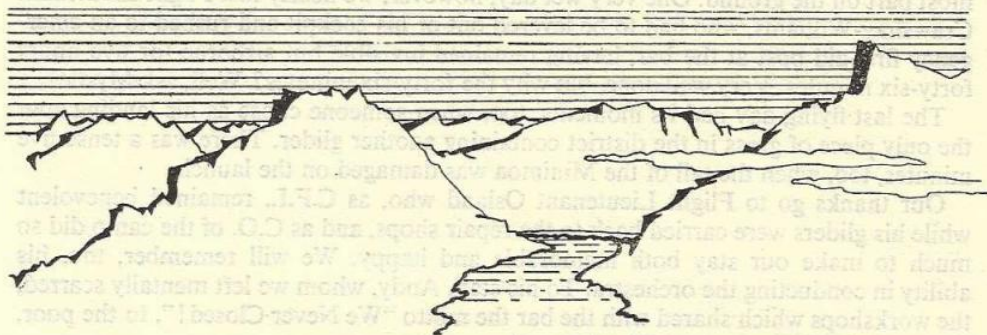


. . . but to cover it up . . .



. . . is criminal"

UP THE AIRY MOUNTAINS



NORTH WALES was again selected by the College climbers for their Easter meet. The party of seven flight cadets and two officers was divided, some staying at Helyg and the others about two miles down the valley at Glan Dena. This move was necessary because accommodation was short, as the R.M.A. climbers had also chosen to spend Easter in the same area. For the first time the College party was strengthened by leaders from the Royal Air Force Mountaineering Association: Flying Officer Haworth stayed at Helyg with Flight Lieutenant Clause and Flight Cadets Burley, Fox and Burchill, while Corporal Greatbatch stayed at Glan Dena with Flight Lieutenant Gordon-Cumming and Flight Cadets Littlejohn, Price, Belson and Deakin. This innovation was very welcome as we are short of leaders, and it certainly improved the standard of climbing at the meet.

The first few days were spent on the lower crags in teaching the novices technique, and allowing the more experienced members to find their form for more strenuous climbing. Although these small crag climbs often appear so artificial, a lot can be learnt from them: it is very necessary to know one's own ability and reactions when climbing. In mountains, where personality counts before everything, men are often forced back to their basic selves. This does not mean all climbers should be introverts, but it does necessitate a gradual introduction to climbing to gain an appreciation of the effect of these new and strange conditions upon ourselves. The leader must have time to judge the capabilities of each member of his party, for successful mountaineering depends upon effective combination. But we must not go to the other extreme; the beauty, the mystery and the strangeness of mountains can only be enjoyed by wandering and climbing as one wishes among them.

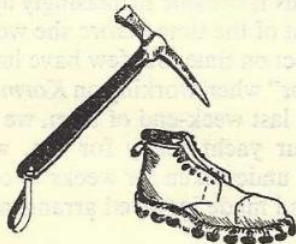
On the fifth day we struggled up Heather Terrace on Tryfan, and at the foot of Grooved Arete divided into three parties. Flying Officer Haworth led this classic climb, and it certainly tested the ability of those that followed him. The rock was cold and very wet, and there was a high wind blowing. The other two parties, under Flight Cadet Littlejohn and Corporal Greatbatch, continued up the Terrace to climb First Pinnacle Rib and Gashed Crag respectively. Both climbs developed an eerie character from the cloud which swirled around the ridges hugging the rock. Although the two crags are really close together, the deep cleft between them and the low-rolling cloud made each party of climbers feel very isolated. It seemed strange to hear voices, some-

times near at hand, and then as from far away, come from the moving mass of whiteness.

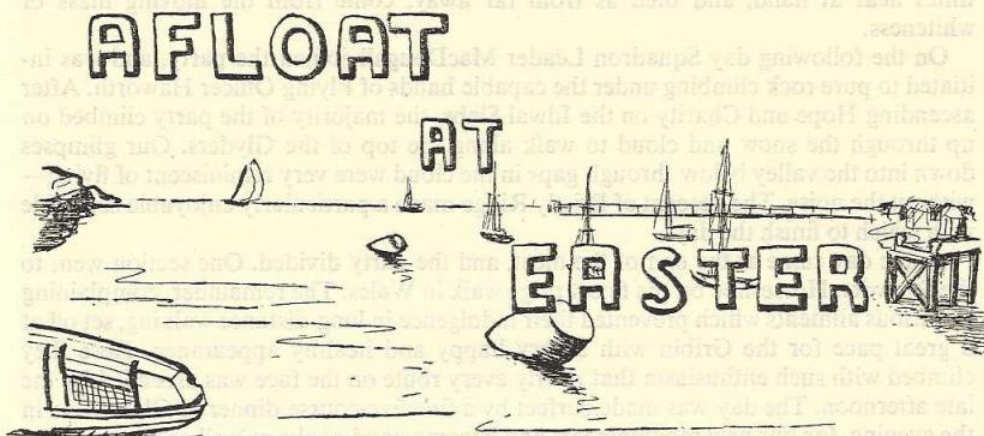
On the following day Squadron Leader MacDougall joined the party, and was initiated to pure rock climbing under the capable hands of Flying Officer Haworth. After ascending Hope and Charity on the Idwal Slabs, the majority of the party climbed on up through the snow and cloud to walk along the top of the Glyders. Our glimpses down into the valley below through gaps in the cloud were very reminiscent of flying—without the noise. The descent of Bristly Ridge made a particularly enjoyable scramble with which to finish the day.

A fine day came at the end of the meet, and the party divided. One section went to the Snowden Horseshoe on the finest ridge walk in Wales. The remainder, complaining of various ailments which prevented their indulgence in long-distance walking, set off at a great pace for the Gribin with a very happy and healthy appearance. Here they climbed with such enthusiasm that nearly every route on the face was ascended by the late afternoon. The day was made perfect by a fine five-course dinner at Glan Dena in the evening, for our new mountaineers had become good cooks as well as very promising climbers within the short space of a week. They are to be congratulated; may they be as successful in both during our summer meet in Scotland.

R. J. L.



At the eleventh hour an emergency plan was proposed. Instead of sailing in Kowloon the crew were to live at the Royal Air Force Youth Club, Canton, and to sail from there locally and help with odd jobs should it be necessary. This in essence was the plan, but in execution with all emergency measures it had many shortcomings. A few various individuals had previously visited Canton, Crows and Southampton, the parties began to assemble at Canton shortly after Easter. Group Captain Davis, the Youth Club secretary, had arranged excellent accommodations, but there were two slight inconveniences. Although the party was anxious to sail, there were for some time no sailing boats. There was of course work to be done



THE wind was gusting viciously and churning up a nasty lap on Southampton water. Occasionally the sun emerged, but for most of the time it rained and the wind was bitterly cold. After a stiff pull into wind and sea we found *Kormoran* lying alongside a smart motor cruiser. She was unpainted, with dirty rust streaks down her sides. She had no masts or rigging; her deck was littered with old paint tins and odd ends of rope. Opening a rusty padlock we slid back the main hatch, to be greeted by the musty smell of salt water rot.

After a little exploration below we found a part of the deckhead that was not admitting as much rain as the remainder, and sat in silent contemplation of the chaos.

There were four of us (two officers and two flight cadets) who had journeyed to Hamble on that last week-end of term to check up on last-minute details, so that *Kormoran* might sail without a hitch four days later. As we sat with water dripping through the deck seams on to us it became increasingly apparent that even four weeks would be an optimistic forecast of the time before she would be fit to move. No yacht yard has ever finished a contract on time, but few have had to deal with such a spell of bad weather as had "Tormentor" when working on *Kormoran*.

Consequently, when, on the last week-end of term, we made our final visit to "Tormentor" expecting to find our yacht ready for sea, we received a severe shock. Obviously no cruises could be undertaken for weeks to come, and yet, in all sincerity, some two dozen enthusiasts had made involved arrangements to sail in her during the Easter break.

At the eleventh hour an emergency plan was produced. Instead of sailing in *Kormoran*, the crews were to live at the Royal Air Force Yacht Club, Calshot, sail in craft hired locally, and help with odd jobs aboard *Kormoran*.

That, in essence, was the plan, but in common with all emergency measures it had many shortcomings. After various individuals had inadvertently visited Portsmouth, Cowes and Southampton, the parties began to assemble at Calshot shortly after Easter. Group Captain David, the Yacht Club Secretary, had arranged excellent accommodation, but there were two slight inconveniences. Although the party was anxious to sail, there were for some time no sailing boats. There was, of course, work to be done on

Kormoran, but she was some miles distant across Southampton water. There was a regular daily ferry service, but as it operated only at 0700 hrs. it was not popular with Cranwellians.

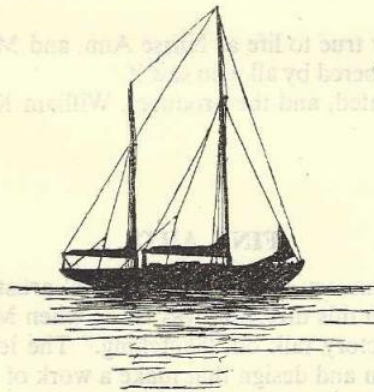
After a short time an X-boat (an attractive type of sailing boat some twenty feet long) became serviceable and was immediately commandeered by a party of aspiring yachtsmen who sailed with great fervour to Cowes, thus greatly annoying a certain officer who, unknown to Cranwell, had previously chartered the vessel.

Enthusiasm waned when, on the return voyage, she became becalmed. As she lay immobile in the busy shipping lane with no lights and darkness falling, the situation seemed depressing until a light evening breeze enabled her to sail to Calshot.

Although there were many difficulties, they were quickly overcome with the tolerant assistance of Group Captain David. Everyone managed to enjoy some sailing, and even *Kormoran* had an internal clean and coat of paint.

Since Easter *Kormoran* has again been smiled upon by the heavens, and has been once more in the hands of "Tormentor" for a really sound refit. When this is complete she will be not only seaworthy but comfortable—an unprecedented state of affairs. Anyone planning to sail in her in the summer leave can rest assured that he will be sailing in a sound and pleasant ship.

W. F. J.



DRAMATICS

The College saw two productions in the spring term, "Dr. Clitterhouse," and No. 49 Entry's revue, "The Last of the Roaring Forties." Many thought that No. 49 Entry were ambitious to rival the No. 47 Entry revue. Let us hope that the success of both these revues has started a tradition that will give the College a good laugh at the end of many a term to come.

Other activities of the section are theatre visiting and play reading. No visits took place last term, but there is a move afoot to reduce the costs this term, which seemed to be the trouble in the spring. The readings of "The Ascent of F.6," "Crisis in Heaven" and "Miss Mabel" were not particularly well attended, but pleasant evenings were passed by the few that were present.

We lost with No. 49 Entry many gallant supporters of the section but we hope they will be replaced by more junior members of the College.

R. V. S.

"THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE"

The March production of "The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse" was in all respects well up to the standard which the College has come to expect from its Dramatic Section.

It was a very ambitious attempt with regard to scenery as the three different settings with two major changes taxed the ingenuity of the "backstage boys" to the full. However, Mr. Carolan and his helpers proved more than equal to the task.

The cast was well picked and the acting was generally good, though one views with some apprehension the ease with which various cadets adopt the personalities of "criminal" types. Nigel Saunders handled the part of Dr. Clitterhouse very ably; Robin MacMullen, as "Pal," and David Luck, as Kellerman, stood out amongst a very fine supporting cast.

Mrs. Champion was very true to life as Nurse Ann, and Mrs. Button's portrayal of "Daisy" will be well remembered by all who saw it.

The play was well presented, and the producer, William Kelly, has good reason to be satisfied with his effort.

J. A. W.

FINE ARTS

The section started in January to foster the cadets' artistic interests and develop their talent. The first step in this direction was taken when Mr. Wheeldon came from Lincoln to give an introductory talk on "Sketching." The lecturer demonstrated the main aspects of composition and design that make a work of art, illustrated his points with examples of his own work, and afterwards drew further examples from reproductions of paintings by the great masters. All were impressed by Mr. Wheeldon's knowledge and by his real keenness to help budding artists devoid of professional interest and unhampered by customers' demands. This was the first of a series of monthly talks designed to increase interest in the various art forms and at the same time improve members' own skill.

A. F. B.

MUSIC

The Music Section is flourishing, and its numbers are increasing. The section's activities have consisted mainly of gramophone recitals on Sunday evenings. We are fortunate enough to be able to borrow records from the manufacturers' library, but we are also building up one of our own. At present we have two hundred records, and this number will increase until our library is large enough to make us independent of outside sources.

With these records we have been able to hear a variety of music. By badgering individual cadets into presenting programmes of their own choice it was hoped to suit every taste and to make the most of the limitless stocks of records at our disposal. We have listened to programmes ranging from Mozart and "La Boheme" to the "Saint Matthew Passion." Listening to music, drowsing in front of the guest-room fire, is very pleasant.

Recorded music is pleasing, but greater enjoyment comes from "live" music. At Cranwell we are unfortunate, for there are no musical towns near by, so concerts are infrequent. In four months we have heard only one concert—Sir John Barbirolli conducting the Halle Orchestra at Nottingham. We should like to hear a first-class orchestra more often.

R. S. M.

PHILATELY

The section was only formed at the beginning of this term. Twelve flight cadets and cadets were present at the first meeting, which was held at the end of January. As a result of the meeting it was decided to get three stamp magazines, and order a catalogue, all of which are now in the library. These will assist members to keep up to date with prices, which are changing so rapidly these days.

It was also decided to hold informal meetings in members' rooms for the purpose of comparing notes, and getting rid of duplicates. So far there have been two such meetings.

Next term it is hoped to arrange a visit to the International Stamp Exhibition which is being held at Grosvenor House during May. We also hope that more people will bring back their collections in order that (I hesitate to use the word) more swapping may take place.

I. H. F. W.

ANGLING

Fishing this term has been confined to the ballast pits at Sleaford and Culverthorpe lake. Several enjoyable days were had, but no noteworthy catches were recorded. The chief handicap at the moment is the shortage of tackle, as only one or two members have any tackle of their own.

Prospects for trout fishing in the Slea next term are still in the balance. The fishing has been bought by a private owner, from the S.U.D.C., but it is hoped to effect the same arrangement as last year, when we were allowed two rods per week.

Our thanks are due to Mr. Jessopp for very kindly giving us permission to fish and use the boat on the ballast pits.

I. H. F. W.

AIRCRAFT ENGINEERING

Summer is normally the most operational period for the aeromodeller, for then the results of his winter labour appear in their own element at last, to prove (or disprove) his capability as a designer and skill as a craftsman. Unfortunately this report is extracted very early in the term, before anyone has time to provide subject matter in the way of outstanding flights. At the end of last term, however, passers-by might have been startled to see a small light performing weird antics and emitting a vicious snarl. This was the innovation of "control-line" night flying. The "Prentice" plans were drawn up last term, for which the club is indebted to Browning, who scaled up his own design to the necessary eight-foot span. He was also awarded the prize for creative work for his aeromodelling.

The competition season is now upon us, and the fact that area eliminators for some national competitions are due to be held at Cranwell's airfield will interest enthusiasts and scoffers alike, attracted by professional interest and by the prospect of a "prang" respectively. The members of the club will be competing in a competition, arranged by Flight Lieutenant Blackburn, between several local clubs.

At the time of writing the weather shows no promise of lazy heat and gentle thermals, but the Balsa Brigade waits and hopes—are we to have a typical English summer, or shall we get some flying weather after all?

E. V. M.

SPELEOLOGY

Until recently the College Speleological Section had been a section in name only, but thanks to the persistent efforts of Flight Lieutenant Crawshay-Williams, first blood was drawn during the Easter break. We feel that but for the poaching of members by other sections whose meets coincided with our own, a much stronger party might have found its way on to the bleak but awe-inspiring slopes of Ingleborough.

As the members of the Society have as yet no experience of pot-holing, they relied entirely on the kindness of the Bradford Pothole Club, with whom they teamed up for the visit.

A wilder spot than a hollow on the slopes of Ingleborough could not have been found on which to camp out over the Easter week-end and brave the blinding rain, hail and snow. Near by was the blackness of the 365-foot deep main shaft of Gaping Ghyll, into which the stream disappeared as a cloud of spray.

Our first introduction to pot-holing itself was a descent down one of the most difficult pots in the North of England, namely, a descent down Flood Exit, a pot leading into the Gaping Ghyll system. Amongst the high-lights of this descent was the descent of "Agony," a 40-foot deep narrow fault, descended by letting oneself into the fault and sliding to the bottom, the speed of descent being checked by bracing one's body against the walls. An interesting but unidentified animal skeleton was discovered in a previously unexplored tunnel.

We would like to express our thanks to the Bradford Pothole Club for their kindness in allowing us to participate in these activities, and look forward to future activities when the installation of the winch and chair will make possible a direct descent of the main shaft into the main chamber.

Our thanks are also extended to Flight Lieutenant Crawshay-Williams, who unfortunately has to leave us on posting.

R. E. G.

ACTIVITIES AT DIGBY**MUSIC**

FOR some inexplicable reason the attendance at the Monday evening recorded programmes suddenly increased during the spring term. It may have been due to spring or to the resonant qualities of the newly acquired amplifier, but for fear of a reaction we have not inquired further.

On Tuesday, 17th January, the Bishop of Lincoln, The Right Reverend Maurice Harland, consecrated the Station Church of Saint Michael and All Angels within the aerodrome. The choir sang unaccompanied the introit, "Lead us, Heavenly Father, Lead us," and also the anthem, "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring," by Bach.

We regret that this term the choir will lose two of its members, Pilot Officer T. J. Hemsley and Flight Cadet Sergeant D. F. Bates. Flight Cadet Sergeant Bates is soon to enjoy the amenities of Nicosia, Cyprus, and Pilot Officer Hemsley is leaving the Service to join St. Paul's Cathedral as a "Vicar Choral." We wish them both success in their new appointments.

On 1st February a party of thirty-two officers and flight cadets attended a concert given by the Halle Orchestra at Nottingham. We arrived a little late, just after the National Anthem had been played, and we apologize to Sir John Barbirolli for this gaffe. However, this initial setback did not decrease our appreciation of the concert, and arrangements to attend the next concert by the Halle Orchestra, which takes place early in the summer term, were begun at once.

B. D. G.

DRAMATICS

The autumn term opened with a burst of activity in preparation for the production of "While the Sun Shines," at the College on 2nd February, following its previous success at Digby; parts had to be relearned and a new set had to be constructed. We should like to thank Mr. Carolan for his help with the latter task.

During the rest of the term the section's activities were confined to reading plays, one of which, "Grand National Night," was chosen for production.

Two visits were made to the Nottingham Playhouse, the first, on 13th March, to see "The Petrified Forest," in which David Tomlinson appeared, and the second, on 27th March, to see "The Rivals."

Members were fortunate indeed in being able to listen to an entertaining after-dinner talk by André Von Gyseghem, producer of both plays and member of the Arts Council, and hear his views on the modern theatre.

In conclusion, we must mention the debt which we owe to McGuire, who started the Digby section "way back in 48," and who has fostered it ever since.

L. P. A.

ARCHERY

Unperturbed by the latest news of bigger and better atom bombs, Digby has formed an Archery section of the College Society, and weapons and accessories are expected any day.

It was deemed advisable to make our own targets. This was for two reasons, to save money, and because it is thought highly improbable that targets of sufficient size are on the market. By the end of the summer term we hope to report considerable progress.

D. W. L.

No. 1 ENTRY REVUE

ON the last guest night of term, following the dining out of No. 1 Entry, the Station cinema (undergoing yet another phase in its varied existence) was filled by staff and flight cadets waiting expectantly for the first revue to be presented by the Wing at Digby. One cannot help wondering whether the officers waited with some trepidation for the assault on the features of training at Digby.

We were honoured by the presence in the audience of Air Vice-Marshal Trinder, Air Vice-Marshal Harcourt-Smith and Air Commodore Beamish.

The band played the Overture and the No. 1 Entry revue began. As the Senior Entry was not numerically strong enough to produce a revue on its own, No. 2 Entry assisted, and between them a most amusing programme was put on, with numerous noises off-stage—not all of them intentional.

There were the inevitable skits on life in the Wing, and somehow or the other thinly veiled references to certain well-known figures in our midst seemed to creep in, but all were taken in good part. The show was very varied, ranging from harmony singing to a "Hellzapoppin" type of humour, and was most enthusiastically received. We must not forget to acknowledge the invaluable assistance given to us by Flight Lieutenant Bangay and his "boys."

The party that took place later on in the Mess provided the grand finale, and it was generally agreed that the evening left nothing to be desired.

B. P. E.

RAUCEBY

The day has turned to evening. Now the night
 Has bidden the blustering winds at last to cease.
 An aircraft circles in the fading light,
 Sets course for home, and leaves the world at peace.
 All day the pigeons hidden in the firs
 Loaded the quiet air with rasping calls,
 But now are silent. Only a lone rook stirs,
 Flaps high in search of home, and wheels and falls.
 The man there on the distant eighteenth hole
 Squares for his drive, and swinging, smacks the ball
 Long, straight and high. A trickling putt just stole
 A birdie—his dream. For him golf cannot pall.
 And soon, companioned by his pipe and beer,
 He rests contented in his easy chair.

J. A. M.



BALE OUT FROM THE BACK SEAT

In the gathering gloom of a November evening a Harvard's engine spluttered to a stop as it ran out of fuel. The silence which followed was rapidly split by several hectic R/T messages, one of which was "Bale out."

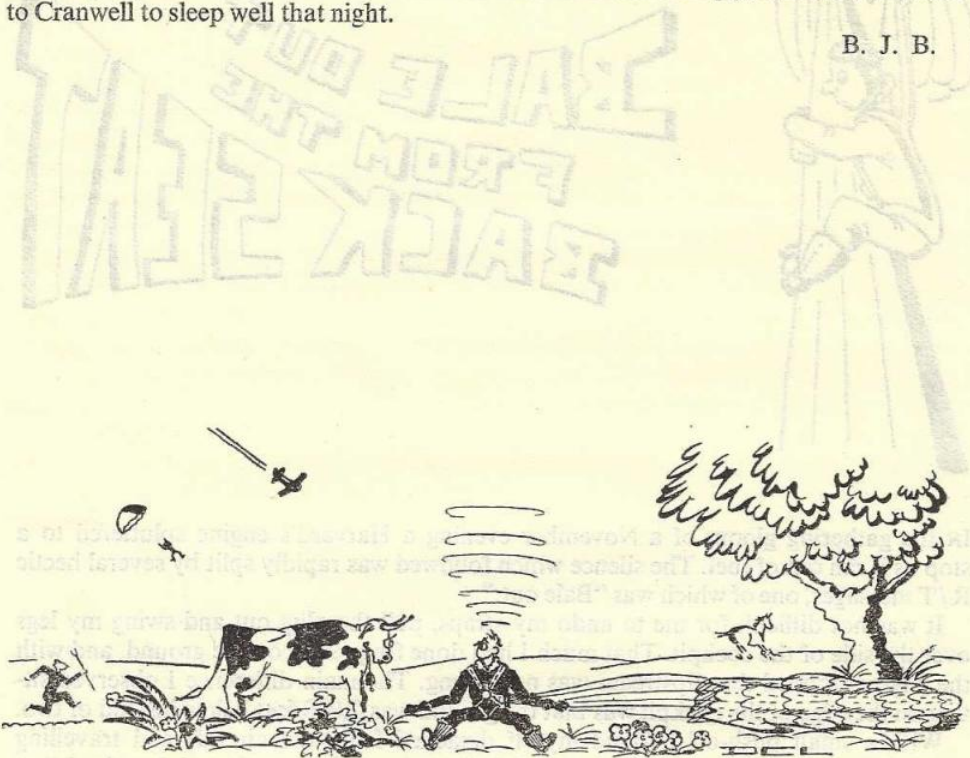
It was not difficult for me to undo my straps, pull the plug out and swing my legs over the side of the cockpit. That much I had done frequently on the ground, and with the engine stopped the slipstream was not strong. The main difference I observed sitting on the edge of the cockpit was that the ground was 2,000 feet below instead of two.

With a small push-off I found myself detached from the aircraft and travelling groundwards at a fast rate. Wind whistled through my flying suit and I noticed that somehow my legs had got higher than my head. The ripcord was pulled with a motion, which I must confess, was distinctly theatrical. Silk fluttered around my left leg, I kicked it clear, and then without a jerk, a smooth, steady, rapid deceleration pulled me into a normal upright position. When I looked, the white canopy seemed small and a long way away. I put my arms up to grasp the traces in the traditional manner and swung round to see my companion's parachute open several hundred feet below, and half a mile away from me. In the distance the aircraft hit the ground with a dull thump, and for a moment I grieved at *Dog Yoke's* untimely end.

The descent at this time was extremely pleasant, and I experimented cautiously with the side-slipping technique until the ground began to look close. I found myself drifting to the left, rather luckily, into a large meadow. The ground came up very fast and I hit it with a thump which was reminiscent of a hard tackle at rugger. Quickly rolling on to my back I turned and pressed the buckle, but part of the harness caught

my right leg and I was dragged for several yards. Finally I stopped and lay for a moment smelling the sweet grass and making sure that it really was Mother Earth beneath me. With wind and reason recovered I bundled the silk together and saw two horses, a herd of cows, and a farmer coming over the horizon. With the use of the farmer's car I quickly found the nearest pub and telephone. After making full use of both, I was reunited an hour later with my Squadron Commander, my pilot colleague, and a flying instructor, at the same inn. We celebrated accordingly, and then returned to Cranwell to sleep well that night.

B. J. B.



The forest at this time was extremely dense, and I experimented cautiously with the side-slipping technique until the ground began to look clear. I found myself falling to the left rather luckily into a large gap. The ground came up very fast and I hit it with a thump which was reminiscent of a hard tackle at rugby. Gladly coming on to my back I turned and pressed the weight of the harness against my chest. I was extremely surprised to find that the harness was still on my back. I noticed that the ground was very soft and I noticed somehow my legs had got higher than my head. The ground was pulled with a motion which I must confess, was distinctly theatrical. Silk bunched around my left leg. I looked it over, and then without a word, a speech, a steady, rapid description pulled me into a normal upright position. When I looked the white canopy stretched wide and long way away. I put my arms up to grasp the frame in the traditional manner and was glad to see my companion's parachute open several hundred feet below, and half a mile away from me. In the distance the aircraft hit the ground with a dull thump. and for a moment I gazed at Day York's university end.

POOH

UNDER the present radio system, a pilot's ears have three things to listen to. There is his crew or instructor on the intercom., there are other aircraft and ground stations, and there are homing beams and beacons. It was a Cranwell cadet who first had the idea of relieving the pilot's ears by using his sense of smell.

The system that took shape from this idea was as follows. Each homing station transmitted a distinctive smell, such as Eau-de-Cologne or fish and chips. The pilot tuned in to the desired station and followed the signal, by means of a modification to the ordinary oxygen mask. The first equipment was based on the well-known gas radio set, which used pipes instead of wires and transmitted on a wavelength of four gas metres. It was known as the Pilot's Olfactory Organ Homer, or P.O.O.H. Mk. I. A modified transmitter which had a limited-range output of sulphuretted hydrogen on all frequencies was introduced to keep aircraft away from prohibited areas and obstructions to navigation.

Service trials brought out certain troubles with the Mk. I. Teetotal pilots objected to alcoholic smells, while others were not attracted by wet paint, or Cheddar cheese. So a P.M.U. or Personal Mixer Unit was issued, to enable individual pilots to modify their receivers to suit their taste. But the common cold in the nose finally led to the scrapping of the P.O.O.H. Mk. I.

It was again a Cranwell cadet who solved the problem. The answer was to take the signal from under the pilot's nose and give it instead to the highly sensitive nose of a dog. Tests were made, and Dachshunds were selected as the most suitable breed. Special perspex bulges were fitted below the aircraft, in which the animals could turn around and "point." These may be seen under Lancasters and Lincolns which are fitted with P.O.O.H. The pilot can see through a periscope which way the smell is wafting.

Of course, the transmitters had to be retuned to suit the dogs. Aniseed and cats replaced bacon and eggs or roses in bloom. Special long oxygen masks were manufactured, and a static-line type of parachute was chosen, because the dogs proved too excitable to pull rip-cords at the right time. "G" was found to have little effect, because Dachshunds are invariably in the prone position.

But despite the success of the P.O.O.H. Mark II, research is still going on, since certain habits of dogs make them a nuisance in the air. They chew things, and want to go for walks. Moreover, it would be difficult to increase the supply quickly in time of emergency; the production schedule cannot be shortened.

Tests are therefore being carried out with artificial animals. As yet the work is highly secret, but we are permitted to state that results so far are very promising.

R. H. R.

FLIGHT CADET, O.C. DOWDERRY

I WAS spending my days quite comfortably at No. 2 Medical Rehabilitation Unit throughout July, when I was hustled off to the rigours of R.A.F. Dowderry. At the rehabilitation unit my day consisted of massage and spinal exercises to strengthen my fracture, followed by afternoons of leisure in the sun, bathing or sailing, and I was a little dubious as to just how strenuous this so-called "finishing-off" camp was likely to prove. My doubts were not relieved as the transport crossed the Tor Point Ferry at Plymouth and proceeded to hare along the narrowest of Cornish lanes at breakneck speed. Suddenly R.A.F. Dowderry appeared—five hundred feet below me at the foot of an enormous hill with a gradient of 1 in 5.



My first impressions were not at all reassuring, for instead of the comfort of the Officers' Mess, with tea in bed, I saw before me six neat rows of tents, at the head of which were three or four marquees. A further bend in the hill revealed three old caravans and the cookhouse. When the caravans were last on the road it is difficult to imagine. Creepers had curled round the wheels and were rapidly making their way up the walls to the roofs. Add to this three towering radar masts and you have R.A.F. Dowderry.

The object of this camp is to cut out sick leave. Men are sent there after a period at the main rehabilitation unit in order to fit them for active duties. All three Services are represented, and pay-parade looks rather like a combined operation.

When I arrived I was placed in an officer's tent apart from the other ranks, and ate in the Officers' Mess—a small marquee. The caravans I found were the C.O.'s quarters, S.S.Q., and the Orderly Room, and the other marquees formed the "other ranks' mess and the "N.A.A.F.I." The set-up was completed by a Corporal P.T.I., who looked after the Orderly Room, and took the "patients" for physical exercise.

I had been there for two or three days and was beginning to enjoy the company of the C.O., the only officer on the camp, and the other ranks, who numbered about thirty, when fate struck a strange blow. The C.O., himself a patient, was soon to return to his unit when by mishap he fell down two steps and broke his leg. Why he fell down I never really ascertained, but that night we packed him off by transport to hospital. The Senior Medical Officer came down the following day and said: "Nick, my boy, you'll have to take over," and then, having imparted a wealth of good advice, departed.

I was given a free hand—I could have little else since there was no such thing as a telephone on the station—and I sat down to think just what my law and administration lectures had told me about such a situation. I certainly had unity of direction, and the Corporal P.T.I. seemed a likely person to whom I could delegate some part of the task. I pondered the question of allotting some task to an elderly C.P.O., but as he seemed to spend most of his day gazing out to sea at the Eddystone Lighthouse, I decided against it.

With the task decided, I sought to find a niche in my précis which told me how to fill in a ration return. I knew instinctively that it must be in triplicate, but I could not for the life of me ascertain what was to become of the three forms when completed. However, it would never do to make a mistake upon such an important matter, for I would undoubtedly have been faced with a mutiny if the rations had failed to arrive. Consequently, I made out four forms for luck, and packed off the M.T. driver early next morning with three of them, giving him orders to return with the rations on pain of death. He did.

The most responsible task, however, was that of waking. There was no such thing as a guard at night (indeed, what was there to be stolen?), and as I was the sole possessor of an accurate watch, I had to awaken the cook before the day could begin. Breakfast began the day, followed by camp cleaning and the C.O.'s inspection. This tour included a visit to the ablutions in order to see that the hot-water system was functioning. This Heath Robinson apparatus comprised a fifty-gallon oil drum containing water, beneath which a fire was lit. Unfortunately, the problem of ventilation had not been fully understood, and consequently it was one man's task to mount the ramparts around the chimney and beat the air hurriedly with a tin tray until finally the fire caught.

The tour ended, work began, and here the P.T.I. took over, commencing with a sharp run down the road, through the village and down to the sands at Seaton, where a crowd would rapidly accumulate as the boys removed sweaters and began their exercises. Whether they regarded us as professional entertainers or "back to nature" enthusiasts I never discovered, though the way they shied off as I approached led me to believe that it was the former. After this period, break followed in the village café (the "N.A.A.F.I." boasted a dartboard and two and a half darts, but no nourishment), and then remedial games followed—a pastime which usually consisted of the dangerous pursuit over the cliff edge of our footballs and medicine balls. The afternoon was usually spent sunbathing and swimming in the sea, which formed a delightful bay at the foot of the cliffs, reached by stone steps cut by the Air Force.

When the day's work was completed, mine was beginning. A duty corporal was left in charge of the camp whilst the majority of the party set off on so-called "liberty runs." This was a case for my notes once again, and after much cajoling, the magic figures "658" flashed to the fore. There was the answer to my problem, and with a triumphant flourish I signed my name at the bottom, and added the proud "Flight Cadet, O.C." My task was not over, however, for I had to accompany this vehicle to ensure its safe return—we needed it next morning to fetch the rations. Our objective was the Ship Inn, Looe, where we had been challenged to a darts match. (Penzance was outside our radius.) We lost the match, but at the conclusion the landlord challenged the C.O. to a match for one gallon of his best ale. I took one look at my men, who obviously expected me to redeem the honour of Downderry—and accepted. By good fortune I won, and was greeted by cheers as the landlord proceeded to draw sixteen half-pints of ale to pass round to the boys.

Our journey back was at first quite uneventful, but suddenly an omnibus loomed out of the darkness, and we thundered by to the sounds of splintering wood and buckling metal. This called for an even more complicated form, and I spent many anxious moments filling it in. However, life went on quite smoothly for a few days until one morning a letter arrived which told me that the A.O.A. wished to visit our

camp. This was rather unexpected, and was certainly not covered by those weekly lectures. It was clearly an occasion for initiative and we set to work with a will. Everything went according to plan, with the slight exception of the V.I.P. falling down our newly repaired steps to the beach.

After this occasion, I felt that there was nothing with which I could not cope, and when I was relieved of my command I felt that at least I had achieved something—even if it was only the revision of my law and administration lectures.

P. G. N.

The most responsible task... was that of writing. There was no such thing as a... (faded text)



Our journey back was at first quite uneventful, but suddenly an ominous looking... (faded text)

THAMBIPILLAI

THAMBIPILLAI was a small man. Dark-haired and dark-skinned, he possessed a magnificent set of teeth which had never needed dental care, though he was way into his forties.

As he sat, one afternoon, idle on the doorstep of his hut watching the grazing cattle of the Killinochchi farm, he heard his mongrels yap of strangers.

He saw them enter his garden, two Englishmen and a young villager. Thambipillai knew what they wanted before they addressed him. Was he not the best tracker in the district? Did he not lead a party to the water-hole where two pigs and a bear were shot a week ago? Yes, he told these men, he was Thambipillai, the tracker. He would take them out tonight if they wished, but what did they want to shoot? Deer? The season was not good, and in any case rapid clearing of jungle round the farm had scared the herds away. But he would take them to another place where they might be lucky if the moon was good that night.

The evening bus was not too crowded when Thambipillai and the two Englishmen boarded it. It was quite light yet, but the sun was setting and in less than an hour it would be dark. The two hunters each carried a double-barrelled gun and cartridge belts, and Thambipillai noticed that the younger man had a hunting-knife, too.

A quarter of an hour later the delapidated old bus stopped at a roadside village which seemed to centre round a large tree with a shrine built into its side. A coconut-oil lamp burned yellow within. The bus driver broke a coconut at the shrine, and Thambipillai put a fragment of the kernel into his loin-cloth for luck. No bus passed that way without breaking a coconut for the deity of the road.

As he got into the bus Thambipillai noticed the sceptical look on the faces of his two companions. Their gods and his were different, and he and his people knew that this part of the jungle road was under the sole protection of the god that lived in that tree. Had not Nadaraja's bulls gone lame when he drove by without stopping? But then, these strangers would not know that.

It was dark when they got off the bus and entered the jungle that hugged the edge of the road.

"Quietly now," Thambipillai cautioned. His companions nodded and followed his slight figure as he padded on ahead of them.

The vegetation thickened and soon the Englishmen were sweating as they pushed their way through the jungle in the hot tropical night. Mosquitoes were there in swarms, but the men were too busy to notice them. Before long they came to a stream and Thambipillai pointed to two ropes that stretched across, one about four feet above the other. Nimble he walked across one, holding on to the higher one, and motioned to the others to follow. The younger man went first. His boots made the crossing difficult, but he got over. His friend was not so lucky and splashed into the stream just near the bank. The water was not deep and he clambered out, wet but unhurt. Thambipillai smiled to himself and was glad that his thick-soled feet were adequate even for the thorniest jungle. The unlucky hunter had soaked his cartridge belt; two cartridges were damp, the rest wet.

Thambipillai advised them to load their guns as they were now nearly in deer country. They had followed the sandy stream bank for a while when Thambipillai motioned them to stop.

"Elephants," he whispered.

They could hear a faint blowing and the flapping of giant ears. Occasionally a twig was snapped and torn off a tree as the great creatures fed themselves. But in the darkness their forms could not be seen. "Feed peacefully, Loku Ayia,"* Thambipillai muttered to himself, knowing that the herd was harmless as long as it was not disturbed. He then led the party away from the spot.

The jungle was thinner now and a newly risen half-moon shone into the scattered glades. Thambipillai turned round. "Be ready," he warned them.

He motioned them on after a while, but again he asked them to stop and disappeared on ahead.

The older Englishman was shivering now, for he was unpleasantly wet, and a jungle night can be very cold, even in the tropics.

Before they were aware of it, Thambipillai was with them again. "Deer," he said, excitedly. "In the next glade. A herd of eight, but there may be more in the shadows."

He pointed towards the wet cartridges of the older Englishman. "Don't shoot," he said. "No good."

They crept silently round a big thicket and peered into the glade, where a few light shadows moved occasionally. The young Englishman chose a deer that raised its head inquiringly, and fired. A form leapt into the air, and he fired again. For a moment there was a flutter of leaves as wild bodies fled in fear, and stillness seeped into the glade again. One form lay alone in the moonlight, dead.

The hunter ran forward eagerly to examine his kill.

"Stop," Thambipillai yelled. "Leopard!"

The beast was already crouching over the carcass of the deer, snarling viciously, its tail lashing slowly and defiantly as it faced him who had dared to shoot what it had been stalking. The young man dropped his useless gun and felt for his knife as he stared at the sleek, rippling muscles of the leopard as it prepared to spring. His friend's gun was already up. He cursed when the first wet cartridge misfired. He damned all streams as he tried the other at a leopard already in the air. The gun roared and the lithe ball of fury that hit his friend was dead before it reached him.

The men were satisfied. They gave Thambipillai a portion of the deer and ten rupees. He, too, was satisfied. He knew that his reputation as a tracker had gone up, and that for years those two men would talk about their extraordinary luck and the cartridge that dried in the nick of time. But as he fumbled at his loincloth and threw away a piece of coconut, he knew that luck had nothing to do with it.

C. J.

*Big Brother.

OLD CRANWELLIANS NOTES

It has just been announced that the Commandant, Air Commodore G. R. Beamish, C.B., C.B.E., has been appointed A.O.C. Iraq. Air Commodore L. F. Sinclair, G.C., C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., will succeed him at the end of the term as Commandant at Cranwell.

Much will be written elsewhere of Air Commodore Beamish's pride in Cranwell, his devotion to it and the achievements of his tenure of command. As President of the Old Cranwellian Association he has shown his great enthusiasm. He has taken every opportunity of promoting the good of the Association. By inviting members to the College and encouraging them to know personally the present generation of cadets, he has instilled a sense of unity between the pre-war and post-war members. This feeling of unity was inevitable while, without break in continuity, each cadet on leaving knew personally those two years ahead of him and behind him. The war years, however, might have left a tendency to division, but for the efforts of the President.

* * *

We offer congratulations to the six Old Cranwellians who received honours and awards on the occasion of the King's Birthday:

C.B.—Air Vice-Marshal R. L. R. Atcherley, C.B.E., A.F.C. (1924); Air Commodore A. P. Revington, C.B.E. (1921); Group Captain D. W. F. Bonham-Carter, D.F.C. (1921).

C.B.E.—Group Captain T. A. B. Parselle (1931).

O.B.E.—Group Captain W. K. Beisiegel (1927).

A.F.C.—Wing Commander J. H. Lapsley (1937).

It was a pleasure to see among the highest Service honours the elevation of Air Chief Marshal The Hon. Sir Ralph A. Cochrane, K.C.B., A.F.C., Honorary Old Cranwellian, from K.B.E. to G.B.E.

* * *

The JOURNAL would like to make these Notes a thrice-yearly Personal Occurrence Report that would keep all Old Cranwellians informed of the news of their contemporaries. In this hope the first issue after the war published as complete a posting list as possible. But the initiative in P.O.R. lies with the officer, and our expectations of a steady flow of amendments have not been fulfilled.

It would be most helpful if Old Cranwellians would develop the good habit of sending a postcard to the Editor to tell him of their major news, not limiting it to posting but including marriage and paternity and other major crises. We scrutinize honours lists and promotion lists with searching eyes that nevertheless too often miss an Old Cranwellian name.

In our list of those promoted on 1st January, we were guilty of several omissions. For these we apologize and belatedly congratulate:

Air Vice-Marshal F. J. Fressanges, C.B. (1923).

Air Vice-Marshal G. R. C. Spencer, C.B.E. (1920).

Air Commodore C. W. Gore (1921).

Group Captain R. H. A. Leigh (1931).

Group Captain M. F. D. Williams, D.S.O. (1931).

Wing Commander R. J. Burrough, D.F.C. (1934).

With Admiral Sir John Edelesten, K.C.B., C.B.E., Commander-in-Chief, Mediterranean Fleet, attending as guest of honour, the third annual reunion dinner of Old Cranwellians in the Middle East was held at R.A.F. Station, Ismailia, on Friday, 12th May. We are very grateful to Wing Commander H. F. Cox (1937) for sending us an account of this, but, unfortunately, the JOURNAL had gone to press when it reached us, and the following notes had already been printed.

Of a total of forty graduates of the Royal Air Force College now serving in the Middle East, twenty were present, and the number included three pilot officers—the first of the post-war R.A.F. College graduates to come to the Middle East.

Besides Admiral Edelsten, other specially invited guests were the Commander-in-Chief, Middle East Air Force, Air Marshal Sir John W. Baker; the Inspector-General of the Royal Air Force, Air Marshal Sir Hugh Saunders; Rear-Admiral I. M. R. Campbell, D.S.O., Senior British Naval Officer, Middle East; Air Vice-Marshal F. W. Long, Senior Air Staff Officer, M.E.A.F.; and Wing Commander A. J. Hicks, Station Commander, R.A.F., Ismailia.

Air Commodore H. A. Constantine, Senior Air Staff Officer, No. 205 Group, the senior Old Cranwellian in the Canal Zone, and Chairman of the reunion dinner, introduced Admiral Sir John Edelsten, and in his address outlined the main events which had taken place at the R.A.F. College during the past year. He also welcomed the three pilot officers to the Middle East.

In reply, Admiral Edelsten recalled that he had worked with the R.A.F. in the Eastern Mediterranean in 1941 and 1942, and declared that the co-operation between the Royal Navy and the R.A.F. had always been excellent.

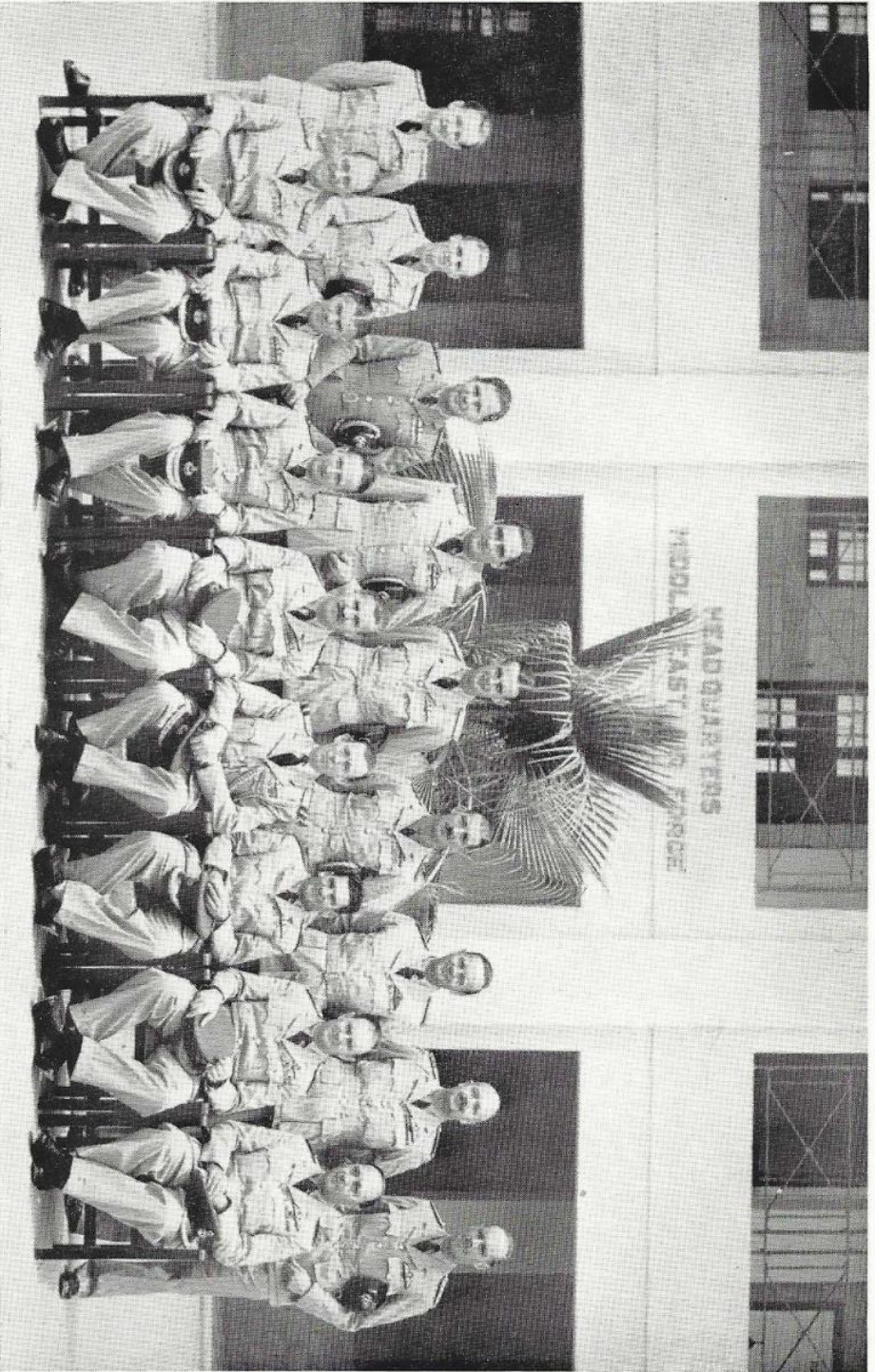
The Admiral proposed a toast to the R.A.F. College.

Our photograph shows seventeen of the Old Cranwellians who were present at the reunion. They are (back row, left to right): Wing Commander H. F. Cox, Pilot Officer P. M. Worthington, Group Captain A. G. Powell, Group Captain P. W. Bale, Pilot Officer H. A. Caillard, Group Captain M. K. D. Porter, Wing Commander H. T. Burwood, Wing Commander E. F. Wain, Pilot Officer P. V. Pledger; front row, left to right: Group Captain A. D. Messenger, Group Captain J. Mutch, Air Commodore G. P. Chamberlain, Air Commodore H. A. Constantine, Air Commodore G. W. Hayes, Group Captain W. H. Kyle, Group Captain H. A. V. Hogan, Group Captain B. A. Fraser, Group Captain R. C. Wilson, Wing Commander K. P. Mackenzie and Wing Commander K. F. Mackie were also present, but missed the photographer.

The next reunion dinner will be held at Ismailia in May, 1951.

* * *

Three more Old Cranwellians are now serving at Cranwell and one has left to fly Meteors. Squadron Leader P. I. Howard Williams (1940) has taken over the post of Administrative Wing Adjutant from Squadron Leader T. R. N. Wheatley-Smith (1940), who has returned to flying duties. Squadron Leaders P. W. Cook (1939) and D. T. M. Lumsden (1939) have taken over the new Prentice and Harvard squadrons.



OLD CRANWELLIANS NOW SERVING IN THE MIDDLE EAST (See *Old Cranwellian Notes*)



[Photo: I. R. Hinde

SCHARFOLDENDORF



[Crown Copyright

“THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE”

THE appearance of a new Air Force List prompted a little research into the present status of some of our senior members. There are in the List forty-seven Old Cranwellians of substantive Air rank. The List admits the existence of nine more as Acting Air Commodores, but there may, of course, be others holding acting rank. The number of Air Officers as a whole is about equivalent to that of members surviving in the Service from Entries before 1923. If this suggests that it may yet be a long way from the Junior Entry at Cranwell to substantive Air rank, we should add that Air Vice-Marshal Hudleston entered the College in 1927.

There are ten substantive Air Vice-Marshals and six Air Commodores with the acting rank of Air Vice-Marshal. The senior Old Cranwellian Air Officer, Air Vice-Marshal C. W. Weedon, is in the Technical Branch and was in the Naval element of the first Entry to Cranwell. Another Air Officer of the Technical Branch, Air Vice-Marshal G. Combe, comes next. The senior in the General Duties list, Air Vice-Marshal W. L. Dawson, was also in the first Entry, in the School element, as were Air Vice-Marshals G. H. Mills and W. A. D. Brook, who follow him.

* * *

Old Cranwellians command the Royal Pakistan Air Force, British Forces in Aden, Air Forces in Malta and Hong Kong and the Rhodesian Air Training Group. At the Air Ministry are two Directors-General (of Manning and Technical Services), and two Assistant Chiefs of the Air Staff (Policy and Technical Services), and the Directors of Armament, Organization, Flying Training and Manning are from Cranwell. Air Officers from Cranwell are Air Attachés at Cairo and Peking. In the Commands they hold senior staff posts—those of S.A.S.O., A.O.A. or S.T.S.O.—at Bomber, Fighter, Coastal and Reserve Command Headquarters and in the Far East Air Force. Old Cranwellians command Groups in Bomber, Fighter, Coastal, Flying Training, Transport and Reserve Commands and in British Air Forces of Occupation, Germany.

* * *

We deeply regret to report the death of Flying Officer A. K. McGrigor (No. 45 Entry) and of Pilot Officers M. B. Le Poer Trench, R. W. Jenkins, R. W. M. Dixon and R. J. Claridge. Our sincere sympathy goes to the relatives of these officers.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE COMPLETE AIR NAVIGATOR. By D. C. T. Bennett, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O. (Pitman; 25s.)

This is a new and revised edition of Air Vice-Marshal Bennett's well-known work which has long been recognized as the best all-round text-book for those taking the civilian flight navigators' licence.

The Complete Air Navigator fulfils a wider purpose than this, however, for although it differs from Service teaching from time to time, there can be few reference books that offer such a sound background to all aspects of the subject.

Apart from an intensive treatment of the standard elements of navigation, i.e., in maps and charts, in magnetism and compasses, instruments, radio, radar, astro and dead reckoning, there is a chapter on tides and summaries of the necessary mathematics and meteorology.

In this fifth edition the general arrangement differs slightly from the last one (published in 1942), and the revision, mainly on radar and modern instruments and methods, has added another fifty pages.

For the navigator wishing to extend his knowledge, or the less initiated intending to take up the study of navigation from all angles, there could not be a better book.

D. A. P.

THE MAGIC OF A NAME. By Harold Nockolds. (G. T. Foulis; 25s.)

One notices at once the quality of this book as a book: the printing, binding, and the reproduction of the illustrations are all strikingly good. It is, of course, appropriate that this book should be an example of good craftsmanship, for it tells the story of the firm whose name has come to mean "the best possible craftsmanship"—Rolls-Royce.

The material is excellent. In 1884, Henry Royce, at the age of twenty-one, had just started an electrician's workshop in Manchester, in partnership with A. E. Claremont and with a capital of £70. In 1940, when arrangements were being made for Meteor engines to be supplied for tanks, the firm of Rolls-Royce received a telegram: "The British Government has given you an open credit of one million pounds. This is a certificate of character and reputation without precedent or equal.—Beaverbrook."

Mr. Nockolds tells the fascinating story of how it all happened, and takes the reader up to the present day, to the development of jet engines and the post-war Rolls-Royce cars. He hints at important things to come.

Mr. Nockolds writes quietly and lets the facts tell the story. He presents the evolution of the Rolls-Royce car and aero-engine, and the development of the Rolls-Royce tradition of perfection. Behind it all is Henry Royce's insistence upon meticulous workmanship, hard work, and "the infinite capacity for taking pains." But otherwise the men who built up the firm are allowed to remain as rather shadowy figures in the background. This is not to say that the book lacks the "human interest" which the "general reader" is said always to demand. Mr. Nockolds writes of the Rolls-Royce engine as though it were a living, growing thing, almost with a character of its own; and for more violent drama there are the events of the two wars in which the firm of Rolls-Royce played so important a part. One does not need to be an engineer, nor even a motoring or flying enthusiast to enjoy this book.

The illustrations, from paintings by Roy Nockolds, are vigorous and colourful.

R. G. R.

STAFF APPOINTMENTS

THE following list of appointments corrects to the date of going to press the lists in previous issues of the JOURNAL :

CADET WING

<i>Officer Commanding C Squadron</i>	Squadron Leader M. D. Lyne, A.F.C.
<i>Cadet Wing Officers :</i>	
<i>A Squadron</i>	Flight Lieutenant A. W. Griffiths.
<i>C Squadron</i>	Flight Lieutenant P. F. Saunders.

INSTRUCTIONAL STAFF

Equipment and Secretarial Wing.

Instructors :

<i>R.A.F. Regiment</i>	Flight Lieutenant A. Cruickshank.
<i>Engineering</i>	Flight Lieutenant R. Howard.
<i>Mathematics</i>	Flying Officer N. Parker-Jarvis.

FLYING WING

Officers Commanding Squadrons :

<i>No. 1 Squadron</i>	Squadron Leader P. W. Cook.
<i>No. 2 Squadron</i>	Squadron Leader J. C. Breese, D.F.C.
<i>No. 3 Squadron</i>	Squadron Leader R. B. Cole, D.F.C.
<i>No. 4 Squadron</i>	Squadron Leader D. T. M. Lumsden.

<i>Flight Commanders</i>	Flight Lieutenant E. Gillies, D.F.C. Flight Lieutenant D. W. F. Muir. Flight Lieutenant R. C. P. Thompson.
--------------------------	--

<i>Flying Instructors</i>	Flight Lieutenant J. G. G. Beddoes. Flight Lieutenant A. F. Bell-Williamson. Flight Lieutenant D. L. Eley. Flight Lieutenant A. E. Henderson, A.F.C. Flight Lieutenant R. G. Honeyman, D.F.C., A.F.C. Flight Lieutenant B. G. Lock. Flight Lieutenant W. J. Marriott. Flight Lieutenant D. G. F. Palmer. Flight Lieutenant R. T. Saunders. Flight Lieutenant J. G. Wilson. Flight Lieutenant F. S. Wood. Flying Officer W. B. C. Young.
---------------------------	--

The following have left the College Staff :

Squadron Leaders J. A. C. Aiken, J. S. Owen and K. Ritchley.
Major H. L. Hogan, U.S.A.F.
Flight Lieutenants P. G. Crawshaw-Williams, L. Kendrick and J. J. W. Salmond.
Flying Officer T. J. Hemsley.

SQUADRON LISTS

PROMOTIONS, SUMMER TERM, 1950

A SQUADRON

Flight Cadet Under-Officer D. A. Arnott.	Flight Cadet Acting-Corporal R. D. Jones.
Flight Cadet Sergeant O. M. Cruickshank.	Flight Cadet Acting-Corporal D. C. Luck.
Flight Cadet Sergeant I. H. F. Walmsley.	Flight Cadet Acting-Corporal R. T. MacMullen.
Flight Cadet Corporal K. E. Lee.	Flight Cadet Acting-Corporal W. C. Milne.
Flight Cadet Corporal D. Nursaw.	Flight Cadet Acting-Corporal V. Southon.
Flight Cadet Acting-Corporal J. F. H. Chick.	

B SQUADRON

Flight Cadet Under-Officer R. G. Perry.	Flight Cadet Corporal E. V. Mellor.
Flight Cadet Sergeant W. D. Heard.	Flight Cadet Acting-Corporal R. J. Littlejohn.
Flight Cadet Sergeant H. R. Radford.	Flight Cadet Acting-Corporal R. S. May.
Flight Cadet Corporal P. Gilliatt.	Flight Cadet Acting-Corporal J. L. Price.
Flight Cadet Corporal A. S. Lee.	Flight Cadet Acting-Corporal J. A. Williams.
Flight Cadet Corporal J. A. Mansell.	

C SQUADRON

Flight Cadet Under-Officer G. W. F. Charles.	Flight Cadet Acting-Corporal W. F. Jacobs.
Flight Cadet Sergeant W. E. Kelly.	Flight Cadet Acting-Corporal N. R. L. Saunders.
Flight Cadet Sergeant F. R. Lockyer.	Flight Cadet Acting-Corporal G. B. Stockman.
Flight Cadet Corporal J. E. Elliot.	Flight Cadet Acting-Corporal K. A. Williamson.
Flight Cadet Corporal P. J. Elton.	
Flight Cadet Corporal G. W. Payne.	
Flight Cadet Corporal J. W. Price.	

No. 57 ENTRY

A SQUADRON

R. B. Cook, Portsmouth Grammar School.	T. A. Knights, Derby School.
D. J. Edwards, Cranwell.	R. B. Pyrah, Ashfield College, Harrogate.
J. R. Harper, Penzance County Grammar School.	J. A. Robinson, Sir Thomas Rich's School, Gloucester.
A. G. Harris, St. Michael's College, Hitchin.	M. Sadruddin, Prince of Wales's Royal Military College, Dehra Dun.
D. B. Hives, Repton.	B. Thrussell, Bedford Modern School.
R. Humpherson, St. Albans.	M. J. P. Walmsley, Bradfield College, Berks.
B. Huxley, St. Paul's School, West Kensington.	
J. C. G. Kerr, Fettes.	

B SQUADRON

I. C. B. Brettell, Cheltenham.	P. H. Lewis, Rye Grammar School.
L. A. Boyer, Cheltenham.	G. T. R. Pitts-Tucker, All Hallows.
J. L. Harrison, Saint Edward's, Liverpool.	D. Roberts, De Aston Grammar School.
D. H. E. Hinton, Charterhouse.	J. B. Smith, Peter Symonds School, Winchester.
J. Hodgson, Saint Bernadines, Bucks.	I. F. Weston, Merchiston Castle School.
G. Jones, Northampton Grammar School.	G. Willis, King's School, Ealing.
A. F. W. Keeley, King's Norton Grammar School.	

C SQUADRON

G. R. Birchall, Queen Elizabeth's, Barnet.	W. E. Kirk, James Watt Technical College, Smethwick.
R. de V. Boulton, Shrewsbury.	J. D. Mackessack, Fettes.
D. A. V. Clark, Woking Grammar School.	R. R. Martin, Royal School, Dungannon.
G. A. Coatsworth, Queen Elizabeth's, Wakefield.	G. A. Muncaster, Gillingham Grammar School.
L. R. Davies, Bede Grammar School, Sunderland.	I. M. Powell, Wanganui Collegiate School, N.Z.
A. C. Doggett, Gresham's.	I. A. Sahibzada, Bishop Cotton School, Simla.
J. C. Dunn, King Edward VI School, Bury St. Edmunds.	M. J. Wither, Worcester Royal Grammar School.

EQUIPMENT AND SECRETARIAL WING, DIGBY

No. 8 ENTRY

- | | |
|--|--|
| M. S. Brown, Brighton College. | P. E. G. Hunt, Minehead Grammar School. |
| D. J. Anderson, King Edward VI Grammar School, Totnes. | D. V. Jackson, Richmond Grammar School. |
| R. H. Francis, Penzance County Grammar School. | J. K. Kerr, St. Cuthbert's Grammar School. |
| J. R. Bradshaw, King's School, Peterborough. | D. A. Kitson, St. Peter's College, Freshfield. |
| | B. W. Opie, Radley College, Abingdon. |

MISS ABERGAVENNY, 1949

Miss Aber-one nine-gavenny four nine,
Her blood-trembling beauty will twist a first line.
The pout of her lips puts the roses to shame,
For the flash of her smile so enchanting a frame.
What perfection her figure! Of sure-moulded charm
The delicate shoulders, the curve of her arm.
And round those smooth shoulders lying yellow and rare
As a tulip in winter, the fairest of hair.

But take all the powder, peroxide and padding,
The lipstick, the suntan applied with the wadding,
The fashion designers, the alchemists, all
The servants of glamour, the great and the small.
Go back to the days before monkeys were men,
When amoebæ were kings of miasma and fen;
Life stirred in the slime—oh, the terrible chasm
'Twixt the beauty queen and the protoplasm.

G. W. P.

7

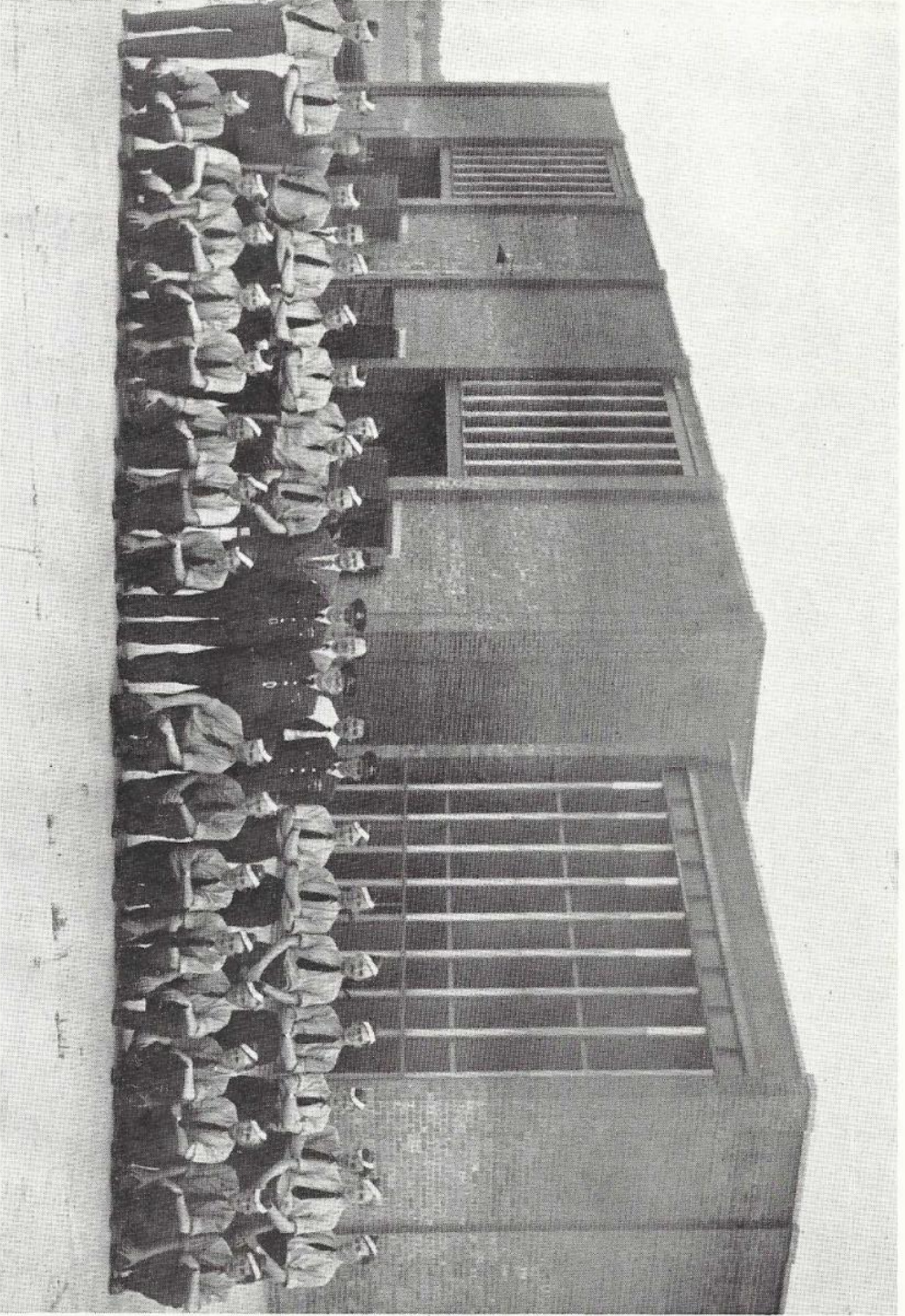
THE JOURNAL OF



THE ROYAL AIR FORCE COLLEGE

VOL. XXII No. 3
NOVEMBER, 1950

CRANWELL
LINCOLNSHIRE



Cadets of the 47th entry who visited Hawker Siddeley Group factories are shown here at the Armstrong Siddeley works, Coventry, where they studied turboprop production



[Photo: Navana Vandyk, Ltd., London, W.1

AIR COMMODORE L. F. SINCLAIR, G.C., C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O.,
Commandant of the Royal Air Force College

Frontispiece

THE JOURNAL OF



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THE EQUIPMENT AND SECRETARIAL WING, ROYAL AIR FORCE COLLEGE,
DIGBY, LINCOLNSHIRE
(Telephone : Metheringham 391)

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THE JOURNAL OF THE ROYAL AIR FORCE COLLEGE is published three times a year, in March, June and November.

Contributions are invited of articles, poems, photographs and drawings. These need not be confined to R.A.F. and flying topics, but should be of general rather than technical interest. They should be addressed to "The Officer i/c JOURNAL, Royal Air Force College, Cranwell, Lincs." Unsuitable material will be returned.

The Journal of the Royal Air Force College

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COLLEGE NOTES.



ON the conclusion of the Summer Term, Air Commodore L. F. Sinclair, G.C., C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., assumed the duties of Commandant of the Royal Air Force College.

Official news of the impending change of command caught the last issue of the JOURNAL between printer's wind and binder's tide, and a stop-press slip did only scant justice to the occasion of the posting and the promotion of Air Vice-Marshal G. R. Beamish, C.B., C.B.E.

The nineteen months during which Air Vice-Marshal Beamish held the office of Commandant form an important phase in the history of the College. When he assumed command the rebuilding of the College from a single entry to its full strength had been completed, and it had settled into its regular and balanced stride. The zest of renewal was spent, and it fell to his time to make a like enthusiasm and pride of achievement continuous in the spirit of the College.

* * *

The task came appropriately to an officer devotedly loyal to the ideals of Cranwell. Every facet of College life reflected his high standards, his careful judgment and the depth of his interest. He was in his element most of all in the world of sport, and the year's successes in rugby football and boxing gratified him deeply; but his pride was in every Cranwell achievement.



Air Vice-Marshal Beamish came to the College as a cadet in 1923, one of the remarkable band of brothers who were to make the name "Beamish" illustrious in international as well as Service sport. At the outbreak of war in 1939 he was a squadron leader, with Staff College and the specialist "E" Course behind him. He commanded the Royal Air Force in Crete in 1941 and left in the famous Sunderland on 31st May, the final day of evacuation, to serve with distinction in the Western Desert and the subsequent Mediterranean campaigns.

He attained Air rank in 1942. After the war, as President of the Selection Board, he was responsible for the selection of the early entries to the reopened Cranwell. In 1948 he went to the Air Ministry as Director of Weapons, and was appointed Commandant of the Royal Air Force College in January, 1949. The College gratefully wishes Air Vice-Marshal Beamish all success and happiness in the post of Air Officer Commanding Royal Air Force, Iraq, to which his promotion has now carried him.

The College is perhaps less aware of the outline of its new Commandant's career than of the deed of conspicuous gallantry which in 1940 earned him one of the earliest awards of the George Cross. He was then commanding No. 110 Squadron at Wattisham and the aircrew whom he rescued belonged to the squadron commanded by Wing Commander Basil Embry. Air Commodore L. F. Sinclair, G.C., C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., brings to the College the leadership of brilliant example. He came to the College as a cadet in 1926. His pre-war service was divided between Bomber, Army Co-operation and Flying Training experience and staff work. In 1942 he went to North Africa in command of a light bomber wing, and in 1943 was Air Officer Commanding the Tactical Bomber Force, N.A.A.F. In 1944 he went to the Balkan Air Force as S.A.S.O. After a year at the Air Ministry as Director of Postings he attended the Imperial Defence College course of 1946, and then went to a series of appointments in B.A.F.O. The cadet party that visited Germany in 1947 will gratefully remember his command of R.A.F., Gutersloh. He became Air Officer Commanding No. 2 Group, and in 1949 Assistant Commandant at the Royal Air Force Staff College.

* * *

The JOURNAL takes this opportunity of offering a very warm welcome to Mrs. Sinclair and to their daughter, noting with pleasure that "The Lodge" has found its rightful status, and wishing to them all the happy enjoyment of their years at Cranwell.



At the passing-out of No. 50 Entry in July the College had the honour of receiving as reviewing officer the Chief of the Air Staff, Marshal of the Royal Air Force Sir John Slessor, G.C.B., D.S.O., M.C. As Air Member for Personnel the present C.A.S. had been deeply concerned with the policy and process of reopening Cranwell after the war. Several visits had shown his continued interest, and he now came to take the first passing-out parade after his appointment as Chief of the Air Staff. Summer, that reluctant visitor to Cranwell, helped to make the occasion fittingly a great one, although the entry passing out was the smallest of the post-war courses and there was no graduating entry from the Equipment and Secretarial Wing. A narrative of the day and an account of the Chief of the Air Staff's address are given later in the JOURNAL.

* * *

No. 50 Entry came to Cranwell in January, 1948. Although its numbers were few, it had, as the Commandant related in his speech, contributed much to the College and fulfilled the task of seniority well. The College wishes all success and happiness in their careers to these seventeen pilot officers.

* * *

In the present term there are 276 cadets at Cranwell, including eighty-three in the Junior entries. The last four entries were all of full strength, and the new entry, No. 58, creates the precedent of exceeding its limit and is forty-three strong. It includes the second entry of two cadets from Ceylon. The Senior Term, No. 51 Entry, is again a small one, but it will be joined at graduation by No. 2 Entry of the Equipment and Secretarial Wing, which begins this term its regular flow of output. With the arrival of its No. 9 Entry, the Equipment and Secretarial Wing is built up to its full strength for the first time since its inception in 1947. It now comprises 102 cadets and flight cadets and a staff of twenty-six officers.

Changes in the College this term have been concerned chiefly with a stream-lining of the higher organization. A fusion of three staffs into a single Headquarters, R.A.F. College, has restored the position of the principal office building in West Camp as the seat of all authority. The advantages of this unification are quickly making themselves felt. Since the JOURNAL'S short amendment lists of staff postings referred to the former staff structure, a complete list of the Headquarters staff appointments in the new structure is printed in this issue.

* * *

In August Group Captain E. J. Corbally left Cranwell to command R.A.F., North Luffenham. As Group Captain, Administrative, he was head of a staff then nominally detached from the College. But the College intimately depended on his efforts, and he, an ex-cadet of 1927 and a squadron commander at the College before the war, seemed always to be part of it. Together with Mrs. Corbally he will be greatly missed, and they and their family take with them all the good wishes of the College. Group Captain Corbally is succeeded by Group Captain J. Heber-Percy, whose post in the new structure is that of Group Captain, Executive. He comes to Cranwell from the Joint Services Staff College, and was a cadet of the same period as the Commandant.

* * *

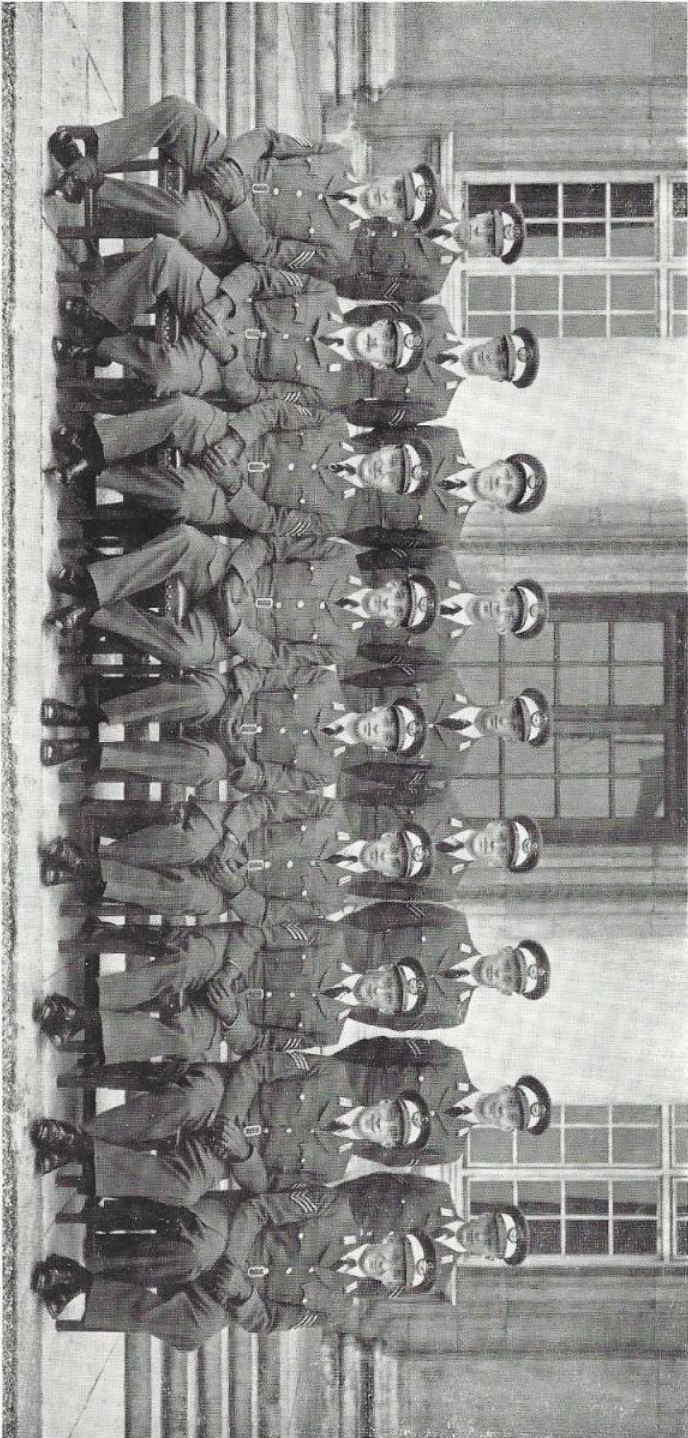
There have been several changes on the College staff at Cranwell. Recently the Chief Flying Instructor, Wing Commander A. R. D. MacDonell, D.F.C., decided to renew his youth and is now *in statu pupillari* at Cambridge, studying Russian. During the summer leave the Air Staff Instructor, Squadron Leader I. N. MacDougall, D.F.C., was appointed to the staff of the Air Attaché in Paris. As if not satisfied with the monument of his admirable work in the development of war studies at Cranwell, he had at his dining-out welded wit and sincerity to achieve a reputation as a model of oratory also. His successor is Squadron Leader A. R. Wright, D.F.C., A.F.C.

* * *

In September Lieutenant-Commander A. C. D. Leach, D.S.C., R.N., returned to his own element. Cranwell would be reluctant to admit that it was his own, so closely had he for the past two years identified himself with the College, its interests and its way of life. Naval studies and his unwearying labour for the *Kormoran* represent only part of the debt to him, and he takes with him the very good wishes of all the College. He is succeeded by Lieutenant-Commander J. W. Millar, R.N., who comes to Cranwell from H.M.S. *Duke of York*. The College offers its welcome to Lieutenant-Commander and Mrs. Millar.

* * *

From College Headquarters both members of the adjutantal team have been posted. Flight Lieutenant D. M. Clause was the first commander of Junior entries in 1946. After a short posting to C.F.S. he returned as a flying instructor and for the past year has been an able and energetic College Adjutant. His partner in Headquarters, Flight Lieutenant R. W. Freer, is almost equally a foundation member, first as a flying instructor and then as College Administrative Officer. Both have returned to flying duties. No less central to another part of the College life was the work of the Librarian, Mr. A. W. Acomb, who has left on appointment as Professor of English at the Ecole



[Photo: Gale & Polden Ltd., Aldershot

SENIOR TERM—JULY, 1950

Standing—F.C. Cpl. J. E. Elliott. F.C. Cpl. P. J. Elton. F.C. Cpl. A. S. Lee. F.C. Cpl. G. W. Payne. F.C. Cpl. J. A. Mansell. F.C. Cpl. D. Nursaw. F.C. Cpl. E. V. Mellor. F.C. Cpl. J. W. Price. F.C. Cpl. P. Gilliant.
Seated—F.C. Sgt. I. H. F. Walmsley. F.C. Sgt. W. D. Heard. F.C. Sgt. W. E. Kelly. F.C. U./O. R. G. Perry. F.C. U./O. G. W. F. Charles. F.C. U./O. D. A. Arnott. F.C. Sgt. H. R. Radford. F.C. Sgt. O. M. Cruickshank. F.C. Sgt. F. R. Lockyer.



PRIZE WINNERS—JULY, 1950

[Photo: Gale & Polden Ltd., Aldershot

Standing.—F.C. Sgt. O. M. Cruickshank (Philip Sassoon Memorial). F.C. Cpl. J. W. Price (Imperial and War Studies).
Seated.—F.C. Cpl. E. V. Mellor (King's Medal, Abdy Gerrard Fellowes Memorial, R.U.S.I., Dickson Trophy). F.C. U./O.
 G. W. F. Charles (Sword of Honour, Robert Marsland Groves Memorial, John Anthony Chance Memorial).

de l'Air, Salon. Flight Lieutenant J. de M. Severne, Cadet Wing Officer of B Squadron, has also been posted away. To all these officers the College wishes success and enjoyment of their new appointments.



Owing to a reorganization on the professional side the Equipment and Secretarial Wing lost an unusual number of officers of the staff. These were Wing Commander W. J. Maggs, O.B.E., Chief Instructor, Equipment, Wing Commander W. E. Nicholas, O.B.E., Chief Instructor, G.S.T., Squadron Leader S. Shields, Senior Instructor, Secretarial, Flight Lieutenant D. C. Lowe, D.F.C., A.F.C., Wing Adjutant, Flight Lieutenant D. W. H. Smith, Cadet Squadron Commander, and Flight Lieutenant W. H. Smith, R.A.F. Regiment, Instructor, G.S.T.

It would be impossible in the space available to pay adequate tribute to them all, but special mention must be made of the work of Wing Commander Maggs, who, after more than two years at Digby, has gone to command No. 9 Maintenance Unit, Cosford. The Wing will greatly miss him in the lecture room and on the games field, where his enthusiasm and flair for imparting knowledge did much to foster keenness and talent. It is to be hoped that the annual Digby Hockey Festival, which he was the first to conceive and organize, will be a permanent monument to his energy and initiative.



All the College learnt with deep regret of the death of Flight Lieutenant F. Okely. For two and a half years he had served the College as Instructor in English and Modern Languages. His work had been divided between Cranwell and Digby and he will be missed by both alike. He sustained for nearly three months a most gallant struggle against desperate illness, but died on 9th October. The College offers its most sincere sympathy to Mrs. Okely and to his family.



The College is rapidly regaining the dignity of Mr. James Grey West's original design. Its war scar of unbalanced iron gable and new brick pediment has disappeared. Though still under scaffolding and tarpaulins, the roof of the west wing has regained its symmetry of outline, and its frieze of fine stone is again in place. The lustre of gold has been restored to the ball and vane, the clock face and the cupolas, and is returning to its points on the railings and the main gates. Apart from this restoration, an invasion of notably vigorous Irish labour has added thirty feet to the width of the parade ground. If the Orange has thereby been down-graded to a pumpkin, the phenomenon is observable only from the air or from the Admiral's Walk, and the benefit to ceremonial parades fully compensates.

At this point College Notes must apologize for the misinformation of the paragraph in the last issue on the project of the memorial to ex-cadets who gave their lives in the war. The error was speedily corrected by the circular sent out to the Old Cranwellian Association. It is decided that the memorial shall take the form of bells and a striking and chiming mechanism in the Clock Tower, together with a plaque in the Hall. A fund was opened in July and there has already been a good response to its appeal, which can be more appropriately renewed in the Old Cranwellian Notes of the JOURNAL.

* * *

The thanks of the College are again due to many benefactors whose help, in term and in vacation, has added breadth and value to the training. No. 50 Entry, like its predecessors, enjoyed the remarkable hospitality and instruction of a visit to the works of the Hawker-Siddeley group. The Engineering Section visited Messrs. Ransome & Marles and the Appleby-Frodingham Steel Company. The Annesley and Newstead Collieries continue to widen the experience of each entry in turn. The Royal Navy, from the Flag Office, Ground Training, and the Commodore, Royal Naval Barracks, Lee-on-Solent, to the ships' companies of a dozen of His Majesty's Ships, has made seventy cadets' vacation memorable and instructive. A hundred or so more owe to Royal Air Force formations and units their experiences at Shawbury and Malta, Scharfoldendorf and Gibraltar, Abingdon and Singapore, and on the sharper parts of improbably named Scottish mountains.



In the narratives of these events we thank our hosts more individually, but a collective acknowledgment of our indebtedness is not out of place in College Notes. Here also is an opportunity to thank Major C. Earle, D.S.O., O.B.E., and those officers and warrant officers of the Royal Military Academy Sandhurst whom he brings to face, term after term, the cold of a Cranwell dawn and to judge the drill competition for the Knocker Cup.

* * *

At the Old Cranwellians' week-end and at the graduation parade the College received the large assembly of distinguished visitors usual on these occasions. During the term the Under-Secretary of State for Air, Mr. Aidan Crawley, M.B.E., M.P., paid a formal visit. He also visited the College less formally but no less impressively as a member of the Free Foresters' team, of which Air Marshal Sir Brian Baker, K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O., M.C., A.F.C., was captain.



In June the College was visited by Mr. Mian Sadruddin, Minister of Pakistan without Portfolio. Another welcome guest of that month was Sir Frederick Handley Page, whose lecture on "Achievements in Aviation" was as entertaining as it was informative. Other visitors included Major Habiba, of the Royal Egyptian Army Medical Corps, and Lieutenant-Commander Hayward and Mr. Case, of H.M.S. *Thunderer*.

The lecture list at Digby has been fuller than that at Cranwell, and the Equipment and Secretarial Wing offers its thanks to the following visitors for their lectures:

Group Officer Lady Seton, M.B.E.: "The Women's Royal Air Force."

B. L. Hallward, Esq., M.A.: "The Problems of a New University."

W. A. Scholes, Esq.: "Australia's Antarctic Expedition."

The Reverend W. B. Hughes, O.B.E., M.A., K.H.C., Assistant Chaplain-in-Chief (retired): "Reminiscences of a Padre."

Wing Commander W. H. Tebboth: "Pakistan and the Start of the Royal Pakistan Air Force."

The Reverend J. Melhuish, M.A., D.A.C.G.: "Palestine."

W. G. Clements, Esq., M.C., Assistant Secretary, Air Ministry: "Civil Administration."

* * *

High summer and early autumn are good times for collective visits. The Royal Air Force Staff College, Bracknell, in force of some 120 officers, flew to Cranwell for the crowded hours of a day in June. Seven officers of the Army's Staff College had preceded them a week earlier. In the present term twenty-four officers of the Royal Air Force Staff College, Andover, came on a two-day visit, spending the night at Digby. Press visits to Cranwell are frequent and welcome, but there was an unusual note about last term's visit of a representative body from the Colonial Press.

* * *

Visiting headmasters have included those of Gordonstoun, Tonbridge, Framlingham, King's School, Rochester, Maidstone Grammar School and, in this term, Winchester. There have been several of the A.T.C. or C.C.F. parties that are a feature of schools liaison, and a party of thirty boys from Uppingham came during the Summer Term.

* * *

Among the College's most welcome visitors there came a party of officers and cadets of the Royal Norwegian Air Force. They stayed with us long enough to gain an impression of the life at Cranwell and at Digby, and then with some Cranwell cadets in escort enjoyed the hospitality of the Staff College at Bracknell as a base for the Royal Air Force Display at Farnborough and some sightseeing in London.

A fine painting of a scene on a Royal Air Force station in the Battle of Britain has been presented to the College by the artist, Mr. Gilroy. The presentation was made on a guest night, when Mr. Gilroy was the guest of honour. Group Captain D. R. S. Bader, D.S.O., D.F.C., himself the central figure of the group depicted, unveiled the picture in No. 1 Ante-Room.

* * *

The College has received from Mrs. Spratt, of Ipplepen, Devonshire, several bound volumes of the early issues of *Flight* and *Aeronautics* from the collection of the late Group Captain N. E. Spratt, O.B.E. For this welcome addition to the Library, the College is sincerely grateful to Mrs. Spratt.

The Equipment and Secretarial Wing has had another change of neighbours, the fourth within twelve months. No. 2 Wing of No. 1 Initial Training School left for

Jurby in June, and the Wing welcomes their succeeding unit, the Instructors' Leadership School, commanded by Wing Commander H. J. Edwards, V.C., D.S.O., O.B.E., D.F.C. The School's Chief Instructor, Squadron Leader J. M. O. Dyer, D.F.C., A.F.C., needs no introduction to Cranwell.

* * *

Air Commodore J. L. Hurley, C.B.E., Royal Canadian Air Force, visited Digby in June, when he came to unveil the Cross of Honour in Scopwick Churchyard. The Commandant attended the ceremony, which was conducted by the Bishop of Lincoln. A guard of honour was provided by flight cadets of the Equipment and Secretarial Wing under Flight Cadet Under-Officer B. G. Cooper.

A contingent from the College took part in the Battle of Britain parade in Lincoln on 16th September and attended the service in Lincoln Cathedral. Cranwell held its own service of commemoration a week later, conducted by the Chaplain-in-Chief, the Reverend Canon L. Wright, K.H.C. The station "At Home" in Battle of Britain Week was cancelled owing to the epidemic of poliomyelitis recently prevalent in the district.

Another successful camp for cadets of the Combined Cadet Force was held at Cranwell at the end of last term. Squadron Leader B. R. Champion was again in command. Pilot Officer W. E. Kelly, late of No. 50 Entry, started his commissioned service as Adjutant and several flight cadets spent the first part of their summer leave taking part in the work of the camp.

* * *

In October a rally of the National Society of Model Aircraft Engineers was held at Cranwell. The meeting was well attended and the station provided accommodation overnight for some competitors from distant places. The meeting revealed remarkable advance of the craft of aeromodelling. The station presented a challenge cup for the best performance in competition open to all comers, and the College one limited to entrants in the Royal Air Force.

* * *

In the general urge for defensive rearmament in July a body of cadets demonstrated on the parade ground of the College a field piece of 1812 pattern. This reactionary tendency did not find favour, and a guard and polishing party were sent to convey the piece to the Royal Military Academy Sandhurst, where a deficiency of this type of armament was felt at the time. The party enjoyed the traditional and remarkable hospitality of the R.M.A.S., whose representatives later paid a courtesy call in return.

Flight Lieutenant J. H. Lewis, of the Flying Wing of the College, took part in the relief of the Falkland Islands Dependencies Survey base. He has now returned to Cranwell and his account of the expedition appears in this issue of the JOURNAL.

The College congratulates upon their promotion Wing Commander J. N. C. Law and Squadron Leaders P. C. Cleaver, O.B.E., A. C. L. Mackie, D.F.C., F. Symmons, D.F.C., D.F.M., R. W. H. Forster, D.F.C., V. J. G. Cole and A. C. Kerr.

* * *

Justine Juanita Lyne, born on 26th June, 1950, was christened in St. Christopher's, R.A.F., Cranwell, on 23rd October by the Chaplain-in-Chief, the Reverend Canon L. Wright, K.H.C. The College bids her welcome, and congratulates Squadron Leader M. D. Lyne, A.F.C., and Mrs. Lyne.

Why should I
Learn "thermo-dy . . ."?
No one taught Mama
PV ?

K. A. W.

THE GRADUATION OF No. 50 ENTRY

ON 26th July, 1950, Cranwell achieved its half-century of "passings-out." Only a modest number of cadets had the distinction of graduating at this milestone in the history of the College, for No. 50 Entry was a small one, the smallest of the post-war entries, and it was unsupported by a graduating entry from the Equipment and Secretarial Wing.

The reviewing officer was Sir John C. Slessor, G.C.B., D.S.O., M.C., Chief of the Air Staff.

It has not yet been necessary to use the wet-weather programme on any of the post-war graduation days, but on most of these days, irrespective of the season, hosts and guests have wished for warmer weather. The 26th of July, however, was both fine and warm; and with the Cranwell wind hardly strong enough to stir the ladies' summer dresses the guests were able to enjoy to the full the pomp and ceremony of the parade, and the stirring and melodious airs provided by the College Band.

A much-appreciated innovation on this graduation day was the display of aerobatics and formation flying by Meteor aircraft of No. 263 Squadron. This took place after lunch, and it was indeed pleasant to sit on the Orange and be thrilled by the faultless precision and hair-breadth accuracy of the aircraft hurtling overhead.

Presenting the prizes, Sir John Slessor stressed the importance of leadership, and spoke of the responsibilities of the young R.A.F. officer. "Another essential for an officer who is going high in the Service," he said, "is to think."

"I don't mean you should always be thinking about Service matters—God forbid; a man whose whole horizon is limited by the Service will never be any good, and I hope you will always give a lot of your mind and time to the other important things of life, like good literature, cricket, good pictures and music, sailing and fishing, and the ways other men live, in our country and abroad. I go so far as to say that no one can be a really good officer unless his outlook and interests are wider than the Service. But the Service must be your first interest, your first devotion; and that means thinking about the Service, what can be done to make it more efficient, more fit for the object for which it exists—which is the prevention of war. Good ideas are not the monopoly of high rank—far from it; and I think our Service does encourage its younger members to put up their ideas. And in the Service you will never give of your best or fulfil your duty if you think *solely* of flying. The R.A.F. is first and foremost a flying, fighting Service. But it is far more than that—which is not always understood by the people outside the Service. The R.A.F. is a vast and complex *organization*—something like a great nationalized industry with a turnover of £250 million a year. And to run a show like that one must have men of the highest administrative and organizing ability."

In his address Air Vice-Marshal G. R. Beamish, C.B., C.B.E., reviewed the progress of the College during the eighteen months during which he had been Commandant. "The spirit of the cadets is splendid," he said, "and I believe, just as you would wish to see it. They demonstrate their pride in the College and their interest in their training in very many ways. The staff know that they are going to continue to carry this spirit and pride into the Royal Air Force, and this provides our real satisfaction."

Of No. 50 Entry the Commandant said: "This small band has every right to be proud of its achievements at Cranwell, and I personally will always be pleased to be associated with the passing out of No. 50 Entry from the College." R. G. R.



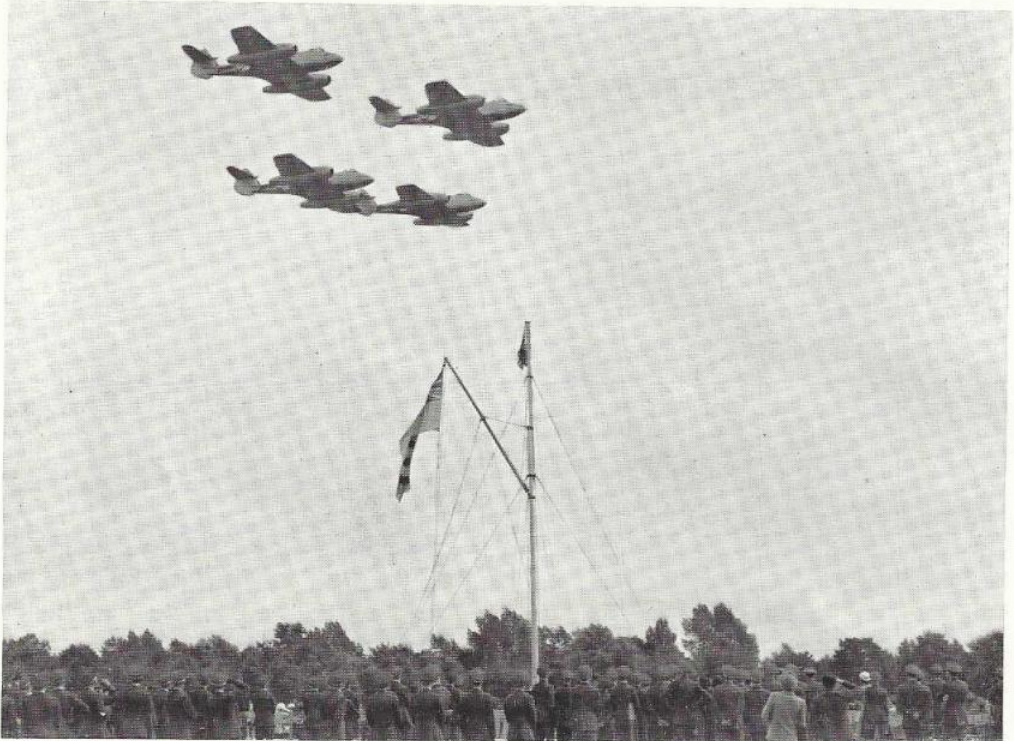
[Crown Copyright]

SIR JOHN SLESSOR ARRIVING AT THE PARADE GROUND



[Crown Copyright]

SIR JOHN SLESSOR PRESENTS THE SWORD OF HONOUR



DISPLAY BY METEORS OF No. 263 SQUADRON

[Crown Copyright



GRADUATION NIGHT, JULY, 1950

[Crown Copyright

No. 50 ENTRY GRADUATION

ORDER OF MERIT

- E. V. Mellor King's Medal; Dickson Trophy; A. G. Fellowes Memorial Prize; R.U.S.I. Award; Association Football; Hockey; Secretary, Engineering.
- H. R. Radford Captain, Riding; President, Debating.
- W. E. Kelly Editor, JOURNAL; Dramatics.
- O. M. Cruikshank Sassoon Memorial Prize; Captain, Boxing; Secretary, Skiing; Dramatics; Sailing.
- J. W. Price Air Ministry Prize; Dramatics; Debating.
- R. G. Perry Captain, Athletics; Association Football; Dramatics; Advisory Committee.
- G. W. F. Charles Sword of Honour; Groves Memorial Prize; Chance Memorial Prize; Association Football.
- D. Nursaw Photography; Debating.
- W. D. Heard Librarian.
- A. S. Lee Association Football.
- F. R. Lockyer Squash; JOURNAL; Librarian.
- I. H. F. Walmsley Association Football; Riding; Sailing; Secretary, Angling; Secretary, Philately.
- J. A. Mansell Ensign; Captain, Hockey; JOURNAL; Librarian.
- D. A. Arnott Secretary, Boxing; Rugby; Secretary, Advisory Committee; Sailing.
- J. E. Elliott Rowing; Secretary, Photography.
- G. W. Payne Dramatics.
- P. J. Elton Dramatics.

ANTARCTIC RESCUE

BY FLIGHT LIEUTENANT J. LEWIS

THE Falkland Islands, lying 300 miles east of the Straits of Magellan, are the most southerly organized colony of the British Commonwealth. From the Falkland Island it is another 800 miles in the direction of the South Pole before one reaches the Falkland Island Dependencies, the best known of which is probably South Georgia.

The Falkland Island Dependencies Survey, usually abbreviated to F.I.D.S., is an organization devoted to exploration and research in these Antarctic and sub-Antarctic regions. It is financed by the Falkland Island Dependencies, whose revenue is derived from an export tax on the whaling industry of South Georgia.

The Survey works for bases at various points in the South Orkneys, South Shetlands and the coast of Graham Land.

These bases are maintained by the Survey vessel *John Biscoe*, an ex-naval net-layer of 870 tons, which leaves the United Kingdom in October each year with relief personnel and a year's supply of food, fuel and equipment for each base. The summer season in the Antarctic is very short, lasting only from the beginning of March to the end of May, and during this brief period, when the ice is breaking up, the *John Biscoe* must relieve all the bases.

The 1948-49 winter was unusually severe, and the ice in Marguerite Bay, where the most southerly F.I.D.S. base was situated on Stonnington Island, did not break up. The *John Biscoe* was forced to return to the Falkland Islands without relieving Base "E," as Stonnington was called.

Base "E" was manned by eleven men, five of whom were beginning their third year in the Antarctic. The base had sufficient food and fuel for the following year, but it was imperative that it should be relieved during the next summer season if the men were not to starve.

The Governor of the Falklands and Commanding Officer of F.I.D.S., Sir Miles Clifford, therefore decided that during the 1948-49 season the *John Biscoe* must take two aircraft, a Norseman and an Auster equipped with floats and skis, to provide ice reconnaissance; if the ship could not get into Marguerite Bay these aircraft would have to fly out the Base "E" personnel.

Sir Miles asked the R.A.F. and R.C.A.F. to provide two pilots and two fitters to fly and maintain the Norseman and Auster during the ensuing year, and these were duly selected. The pilots were Flying Officer P. B. St. Louis, an experienced "bush pilot" of the R.C.A.F., and myself, representing the R.A.F. The fitters were Sergeants Hunt and Bodys, both ex-Halton apprentices.

The Norseman was built in Canada, crated with sufficient spares for one year's operation, and shipped to the United Kingdom. The Auster, which had been specially designed for work in the Antarctic, was also crated with spares for the same period and sent to Southampton, where both aircraft were loaded on to the *John Biscoe*. Meanwhile many preparations were going forward. There were tool and medicine kits to be assembled, spares and stores to be checked, and clothing, which included the new R.A.F. winter flying suit, had to be obtained. But at last all was made ready, and the ship sailed.

The *John Biscoe* left Southampton on 11th October, 1949, bound for Deception

Island in the South Shetlands, via St. Vincent, Montevideo and the Falkland Islands. We arrived at Port Stanley in the Falklands on 13th November, having spent one day at St. Vincent for fuel and four days in Montevideo loading supplies which had been flown out from the United Kingdom. During the two weeks we spent at the capital of the Falklands we were issued with kit and had lectures on various aspects of Antarctic life.

On 26th November the *John Biscoe* sailed on the first of its southern voyages, to take the aircraft and spares to Deception Island, which was to be the air base. She arrived there on 2nd December after some difficulty in navigating through the pack ice in the Boyd and Nelson Straits. During the whole voyage the food, accommodation and spirit of the party had been excellent and everyone arrived in the Antarctic 100 per cent. fit.

The plan now was to get ashore and pick a suitable site on which to build the aircraft, to unload the aircraft, spares and fuel, and to get the air party settled ashore in the base hut. This all went off like clockwork; while the two sergeants supervised the breaking open of the packing cases, the building of the floats and the assembling of the fuselages on them so that they could be floated ashore, Flying Officer St. Louis and I ran a shuttle service between the ship and shore, taking all the spares, equipment and fuel, and storing them in an old water boat which was high and dry on the beach.

The job of unloading and establishing Deception as an air base was completed by 8th December. The *John Biscoe* then departed to relieve two other bases before sailing back to Port Stanley. She was scheduled to arrive back at Deception to pick up the aircraft for the relief of Base "E" about 20th January, 1950, and in the next six weeks the aircraft had to be built and tested, and if possible two or three ice reconnaissances had to be made as far as Base "F," which was in the Argentine Islands and half-way to Base "E."

The party at Deception consisted of five members of F.I.D.S. plus the four Air Force men. The members of the Survey had a tremendous task organizing food, fuel and other supplies in dumps for the coming winter; in addition to this they sent a meteorological report every six hours to Port Stanley.

We all took our turn at cooking, washing-up and keeping the base hut clean and tidy. The hut, which was of wood, was quite large and very strong; it contained a kitchen, radio room, meteorological office, larder, two store rooms and three bedrooms. Of these the kitchen and the radio room were the only rooms that contained stoves, but this was rectified after two extremely cold nights; within three days all the bedrooms had efficient heating.

The Air Force party divided itself into two teams. Sergeant Hunt and myself were to sort out all the Auster parts and spares and then assemble the aircraft, while Flying Officer St. Louis and Sergeant Bodys were to work on the Norseman. We hoped to assemble the Auster in about ten days, after which the whole party would work on the larger aircraft.

By 18th December the Auster was ready to fly, and the mainplanes and tail assembly were on the Norseman. The Norseman proved a more difficult job to assemble than the Auster, and called forth some ingenuity in the fashioning of home-made equipment. We had, for instance, to erect a large home-made derrick in order to hoist the Norseman's wings into position before they could be attached to the fuselage.

The weather was not too good during this period and on only five days was it

possible to work on the aircraft. However, the party averaged twelve to fourteen hours' work on these good days, and on the other days, when blizzards and gales prevented outside work, it helped the F.I.D.S. personnel to sort out and store the food, fuel and clothing.

On 18th December I took off from Whaler's Bay in the Auster and gave it its first test flight. I flew for one and a half hours, did six take-offs and landings, and found everything perfect. This was the first time I had flown a float plane and the sensation was a very pleasant one. The Auster on floats takes an extremely long run to get off compared with the land version, but pulls up incredibly quickly on landing.

The sight of the Auster flying acted as a tonic. The idea was to finish the assembly of the Norseman by Christmas, and we worked with renewed vigour in all weathers and finished the assembly of the Norseman's flying controls, wiring and cowlings. We filled her with fuel and oil, tested the engine and by the evening of 23rd December she was ready to fly. Unfortunately the weather clamped overnight and Christmas Eve and Christmas Day were truly white. We celebrated with a jar of ship's rum and a very enjoyable sing-song.

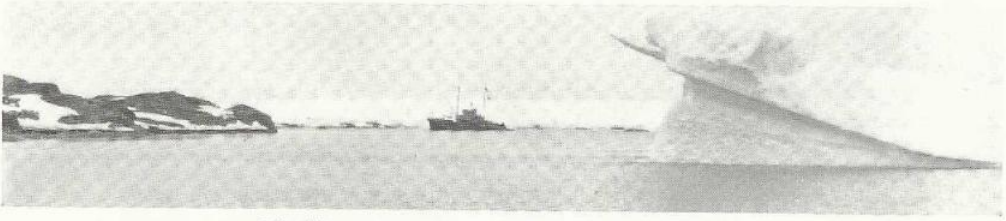
On Boxing Day the weather was perfect, so in the morning I took off with Sergeant Hunt to test the Auster's fuel consumption and radio. Flying Officer St. Louis and Sergeant Bodys did a check on the Norseman and took off after lunch, on what proved to be a completely successful test flight, the aircraft being 100 per cent. serviceable when they landed.

The few remaining days of 1949 were spent clearing up the beach, sorting out the spares and tools, and making up emergency food packs for the aircraft. The weather during this period was unfit for flying, so the daily programme included fishing, ski-ing, sledging, climbing and seal-hunting.

The *John Biscoe* signalled that she expected to be at Deception on or about 15th January to start the voyage to relieve Base "E." It was decided that the aircraft might find out whether the Weddell Sea ice pack was breaking up and if so how much of it had entered the Bransfield Straits. Accordingly the Norseman, with Flying Officer St. Louis and Sergeant Bodys as crew, made its first long reconnaissance on 7th January, and confirmed that the ice was breaking up in the straits close to the mainland and in the channels between the islands. A week later Sergeant Hunt and myself did a three-and-a-half-hour trip in the Auster over Hope Bay, where we took forty photographs. Several other reconnaissance flights were made and then, on 20th January, both aircraft flew out to welcome the *John Biscoe*. It was the first time the crew of the ship saw the aircraft in their right element and they were all proud of the part they had played in shipping the aircraft, spares and fuel safely to the Antarctic.

The Governor, the Captain of the *John Biscoe*, Flying Officer St. Louis and I had a conference and it was decided that the ship would sail for the Port Lockroy base, which would be remanned and victualled as quickly as possible. The ship would then go to Base "F," in the Argentine Islands, where a suitable anchorage for the seaplanes would be found and on the first good day the aircraft would fly down and so establish themselves within striking distance of Base "E." The *John Biscoe* would take all the spares, fuel and landing equipment that might be required.

This plan having been adopted, the ship sailed on 23rd January in a howling gale, and arrived at Port Lockroy at 0400 hrs. on the 24th. It took five days to establish



The "John Biscoe" anchored in the Meek Channel



The Castle Iceberg



Pack Ice; the wake of the "John Biscoe" can be seen in the foreground

[Photos: J. Lewis



Base "E," Stonnington Island



The Norseman and the Auster being assembled on the beach at Deception Island



The home-made derrick for hoisting the wings on to the Norseman

[Photos: J. Lewis

the Port Lockroy base, and at 0400 hrs. on the 29th the ship sailed for the Argentine Islands.

After some difficulty in navigating through broken pack ice and small bergs she arrived in the Penola Strait at 0900 hrs. She immediately made contact with Deception Island by radio and gave us at Deception a comprehensive report of ice and weather conditions. We were waiting for the word to move, and Sergeant Hunt and I took off in the Auster at 1100 hrs. and set course for the Austin Rocks. Flying Officer St. Louis and Sergeant Bodys followed an hour later in the Norseman, flying the same route.

We arrived at the Argentine Islands three hours after take-off and the Norseman thirty minutes later. The landings had to be made with great care because of the large amount of brash and glacier ice floating about in the straits.

The aircraft were moved into a very snug anchorage in a creek off the Meek Channel and the ship moved to a position about 200 yards away. The fuel and a rotary pump were off-loaded and put into a scow, which was anchored in the creek with the aircraft. On the next day, 30th January, the planes were refuelled, and after speaking to Base "E" on the radio it was decided that the Norseman should fly to Base "E" on reconnaissance, while the Auster flew out west as far as the edge of the pack ice and then south to Adelaide Island to report on the ice conditions over the route which the ship intended to take to Base "E."

Flying Officer St. Louis and Sergeant Bodys took off in the Norseman at 1100 hrs. The Norseman had just arrived over Base "E" when the Auster became airborne, and Flying Officer St. Louis reported that there was a clear stretch of water in Neny Fjord, about three miles away from the base, and that he intended to land.

We completed our reconnaissance, which had taken three hours. Just before we landed we heard Flying Officer St. Louis saying that he had just taken off from Base "E" with two of the scientists on board. The Norseman landed in the Meek Channel two hours later and after welcoming the two men who had been away from civilization for three years the Governor called a conference to discuss the next moves.

The information obtained from both reconnaissances confirmed that it might be possible to get the ship into Stonnington Island and take off all the heavy base equipment, dogs, sledges, geological specimens, etc., which would otherwise have to be left behind. It was also decided that advantage should be taken of the strip of open water at Neny Fjord; the Norseman could make one more trip and take off the remaining men who had been in the Antarctic for three years, leaving the six two-year men to be collected by the *John Biscoe*. If ice prevented the ship from getting all the way to Stonnington Island she would go as far as possible; then the Auster, which was to be slung on deck, would do a shuttle from the ship to the base and fly out the remaining six men two at a time. The Norseman would return to Deception with the five men it had picked up and stand by in case of emergency.

Unfortunately the weather clamped and for the next six days there was no chance of flying because of fog, low cloud and occasional blizzards.

The summer in the Antarctic is so called because the temperature is at its highest and almost the whole of the twenty-four hours is daylight. But the weather bears no relation to summer as we know it, and conditions are, in fact, often better in winter, although the temperature is sub-zero and most of the twenty-four hours is total darkness.

This period of waiting was not entirely dull. On one occasion the aircraft were

hurriedly moved to the other side of the Meek Channel to prevent them from being trapped by ice when a sudden 180-degree wind change occurred; six hours later the wind returned to its original vector and the aircraft were now well and truly bottled up. The Norseman was extricated with great difficulty and eventually a safe anchorage for her was found. The Auster in the meantime had been hauled on to the snow-covered slope of a small island and I taxied her across this island for a distance of about a mile "on floats" and eventually launched into some ice-clear water on the far side. This sort of incident kept boredom away.

On 6th February the weather cleared and the Norseman took off early with the same crew to pick up its three eager and waiting passengers. With the Captain as observer I took off again and followed the course that the ship would have to take. Both these sorties went off without a hitch and the Norseman then returned to Deception, and the Auster was loaded on to the ship with fuel and spares. The anchor was weighed and we set course for the Bismarck Strait.

The next four days were the most hazardous and exciting of the whole trip. Every sort of ice was encountered, from small "bergy bits" to icebergs towering up to 100 feet and 200 to 300 yards long. The pack ice was grinding and crunching into incredible shapes and forming a solid undulating surface to the sea. At times this was left behind and for some hours the ship would be in clear water except for numerous icebergs of all shapes and sizes, some of them really huge and fantastic. One, for example, we christened "The Castle" because of its uncanny resemblance to a medieval stronghold.

Eventually the ship entered Marguerite Bay. Stonnington Island lay only fifteen or twenty miles ahead, but a huge area of blocks of shelf ice, each piece as large as a football pitch, had to be negotiated at a speed of no more than a knot. On 10th February, in the early hours of the morning, the ship dropped anchor about one and a half miles from the base hut, and a party with the base personnel commenced.

At dawn the *John Biscoe* crashed through a mile of sea ice and came to rest fifty yards from the shore.

The job of loading all the base equipment now had to be carried out as quickly as possible so that the ship could get clear of the bay before the conditions became worse. The loading was complete by the morning of 12th September and the ship moved to an open patch of water, and dropped the Auster over the side. I took off, this time accompanied by the First Lieutenant, on a two-and-a-half-hour reconnaissance of the bay to the west as far as Adelaide Island; our object was to make a map of the best route for the ship to take on its return voyage.

The ship sailed at 1200 hrs., but the ice encountered was practically the same as on the inward voyage. The Norseman did a reconnaissance of the Bismarck Strait from Deception, and reported fairly heavy pack ice, so the Captain decided to return to the Argentine Islands via Melchior and Port Lockroy. The ship arrived at Port Lockroy at 0100 hrs. on 15th February and Sergeant Hunt and I took off as soon as it was light to fly back to Deception Island. Unfortunately the weather clamped and a diversion to the Argentine Islands was carried out. The fuel and spares which had been left at the Argentine Islands were picked up and course was set for Deception, where we arrived late in the evening on the 17th.

The Base "E" personnel and the Governor returned direct to the Falklands in a naval frigate, H.M.S. *Bigbury Bay*, which had been sent specially for the job from the

South Atlantic Squadron, while the *John Biscoe* returned to Port Stanley via Signy Island in the South Orkneys.

We were now left at Deception with the task of carrying out photographic and meteorological reconnaissance and then spending two weeks dismantling the aircraft and packing them up with all their spares and equipment ready to ship back to the Falklands on the *John Biscoe*.

The Norseman was not fitted with camera mountings or hatches and so the job of dismantling this aircraft was started early in March. Measurements of the space available on the *John Biscoe's* deck had been taken and the Captain agreed that the Norseman could sit on its floats on the fore deck, facing forward, with wings, elevators and rudders removed.

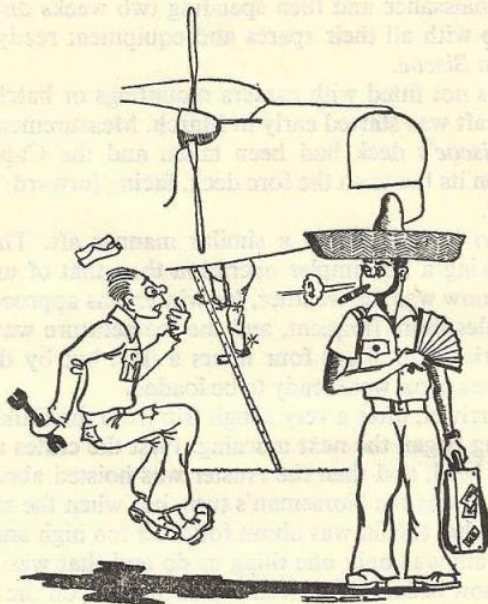
The Auster was to be shipped in a similar manner aft. This made the task of dismantling and packing a far simpler operation than that of unpacking and assembling. The only snag now was the weather, for winter was approaching. The days were becoming shorter, gales more frequent, and the temperature was dropping. Work on the aircraft was restricted to about four hours a day, but by the end of March the two aircraft and all the spares were ready to be loaded.

The *John Biscoe* arrived, after a very rough trip from the Falklands, on 31st March and the job of loading began the next morning. First the crates and the Auster wings were loaded into the hold, and then the Auster was hoisted aboard and tied down in its position aft. Then it was the Norseman's turn, but when the aircraft was slung into position it was found that the fin was about four feet too high and would not clear the auxiliary derrick. There was only one thing to do and that was to remove the floats. Speed was essential now because the aircraft was hanging on the main topping lift and if any sort of gale started it would be smashed to pieces. Fortunately the wind remained calm and after six hours' work the Norseman was lashed down with its floats and main planes alongside. Within an hour of the aircraft being tied down a howling 70-80-knot blizzard had started and went on for five days. When the blizzard had blown itself out course was set for the Falklands.

The *John Biscoe* arrived at Port Stanley on 13th April and by the 18th the aircraft had been off-loaded with all their spares and equipment and taken up to the slipway which had been specially built for them. During the next six weeks the aircraft were built, test-flown and handed over to the Falkland Islands Government Air Service.

We had now completed our task and settled down to enjoy the hospitality of the island. Shooting, fishing, riding and many dances and parties passed the time agreeably until the *John Biscoe* sailed from Port Stanley on 18th June, bound for Southampton via Montevideo and Madeira. Flying Officer St. Louis left the *John Biscoe* in Montevideo and flew back to Canada, while the R.A.F. party remained on the ship and arrived back in the United Kingdom on 22nd July.

MEDITERRANEAN FLIGHT



A TRIFLE bleary-eyed, we left for Shawbury on the morning after Graduation Day in two Lancasters. We were the third of what we devoutly hope will be a never-ending stream of strictly navigation trips organized by the Central Navigation and Control School. With us were Squadron Leader Peacock, Flight Lieutenant Tooke and the Assistant Commandant.

At Shawbury we spent two necessary days trying to remember the intricacies of Gee, Astro and Air Position Indicators. But this was not all, for Shawbury does nothing by halves. The Mess lavishly entertained us to a guest night, which never looked back from the moment after dinner when Group Captain Roberts gave us the history of O'Leary's frolics.

We were paired off to fly in three Lancasters and six Wellingtons, under the masterly guidance of C.N.C.S. officers and aircrew. These included an American liaison officer, who was himself an expert navigator; he had even learned to operate in nautical miles instead of kilometres (pronounced to rhyme with gasometers). One flight cadet was supposed to navigate whilst the other drove—at least, that was the idea. Not a little disturbing was the fact that they seemed to think we knew all about navigating.

Apart from one abortive beginning by a Wellington whose "screen navigator" quickly became coated with a layer of machine oil as the aircraft became airborne, we all got away to an early start on the morning of Saturday, 29th July. Passing over Portland Bill, we set course for Istres in brilliant sunshine. Amazement turned to

frank incredulity as first the French coast and then the various pin-points on the route actually appeared. Gee really did work, and to lay off winds was not just something your nanny told you to do at tea. This was better than a thousand hours at the radar site or in the navigation room; it was live practice and experience. Istres was reached and the Lancasters steamed on in proud contempt while the lesser breed of Wellingtons put in to refuel. Some cadets made their first acquaintance with French lavatories; others who had previously visited Istres on their way to Salon or Berlin renewed acquaintance with the R.A.F. liaison officer.

Navigating to Gibraltar was a little more harassing, with no Gee coverage and Q.T.Es. from Spain guaranteed to be a minimum of ninety degrees out. But with the aid of a little judicious track crawling along the coast, we sighted Gibraltar Rock, looking unexpectedly small from the air. We made a circuit round the Rock and landed at North Front, where the runway is generally into wind at one end, and down-wind at the other. We were told that another runway could be built with all the aircraft in the sea at either end of the present one. Then again there was a large stain on the rock face to remind us of another aircraft which had swung when it over-shot. But tea and a bathe soon banished all these thoughts from our minds.

Flying Officers Pendry and Finch, from No. 46 Entry, received us and laid on a very comprehensive and interesting programme for us. In the absence of the A.O.C. we were warmly welcomed the next morning by the Commanding Officer, and were then taken on a tour of the Rock. The Army most expertly conducted us through the maze of tunnels and excavations, which held not only guns and offices but whole workshops and hospitals. We were also privileged to visit the uttermost top, whither we were borne by valiant but groaning trucks. The view from this eminence was more than enough to requite us; we were exhilarated and spellbound. However, we soon felt at home again when, during our descent, we made contact with the famous apes.

The afternoon was spent eating up the local water in an R.A.F. high-speed launch and drinking up the local beverages back at the Mess.

In the evening we either explored the compact little town of Gibraltar, with its tiers of tall, jumbled houses, and shops whose pleasant tradition it is to serve the customer with locally brewed coca-cola while he waits for attendance, or we sampled Spanish delicacies in La Linea across the border. There were no bull fights to be seen, but we all enjoyed ourselves and spent our pesetas freely, and we returned to midnight bathes with the words "Not a word to Bessie about this" still simmering in our ears.

Sombreros rather than flying helmets were the order of the day as we became airborne early the next morning. With a last look at the Levanter, infamous cloud-cap of Gibraltar, flowering over the Rock, we set course for Malta. We were, however, a depleted party, for one of our number had been stricken with the well-known tropical disease tonsillitis.

After an exhausting flight along the sun-baked coast of North Africa and over Pantelleria, we touched down at Luqa airfield to encounter the greatest heat we had yet met. The crew of one Wellington which had landed because of a defective fuel gauge had considerable fun scorching up the already parched peri track at Tunis in a jeep full of jabbering Frenchmen, in an attempt to prevent one of the Lancasters, which had been diverted to help, from landing.

We were met by Pilot Officer Brown, from No. 47 Entry, who ably looked after our affairs during the stay. While there we also met Pilot Officers Hemming, of No. 47

Entry, Meredith of No. 48 Entry, and Knapper, of No. 49 Entry, all in the best of health. The island is small and, like Gibraltar, overcrowded; thus every cultivatable piece of ground is fully used, and the undulating countryside is quilted with innumerable terraced fields, and dotted with dirty villages and large, grotesque churches.

Our two days were all too quickly spent. We were shown some of the work carried out on the station. The Navy was kind enough to take us over the aircraft carrier H.M.S. *Glory*, in the Grand Harbour. After this experience we regaled ourselves in one of the numerous quayside pubs, only to find that it was owned by a most courteous ex-R.A.F. officer. We visited the Area Combined Control Centre, embedded deep in the rock of Valetta, and then watched practice interception actually taking place on the G.C.I. radar equipment. One afternoon was spent bathing and consuming a bumper tea at the Officers' Rest Centre in St. Paul's Bay, and another at Comino, the tiny island between Malta and Gozo.

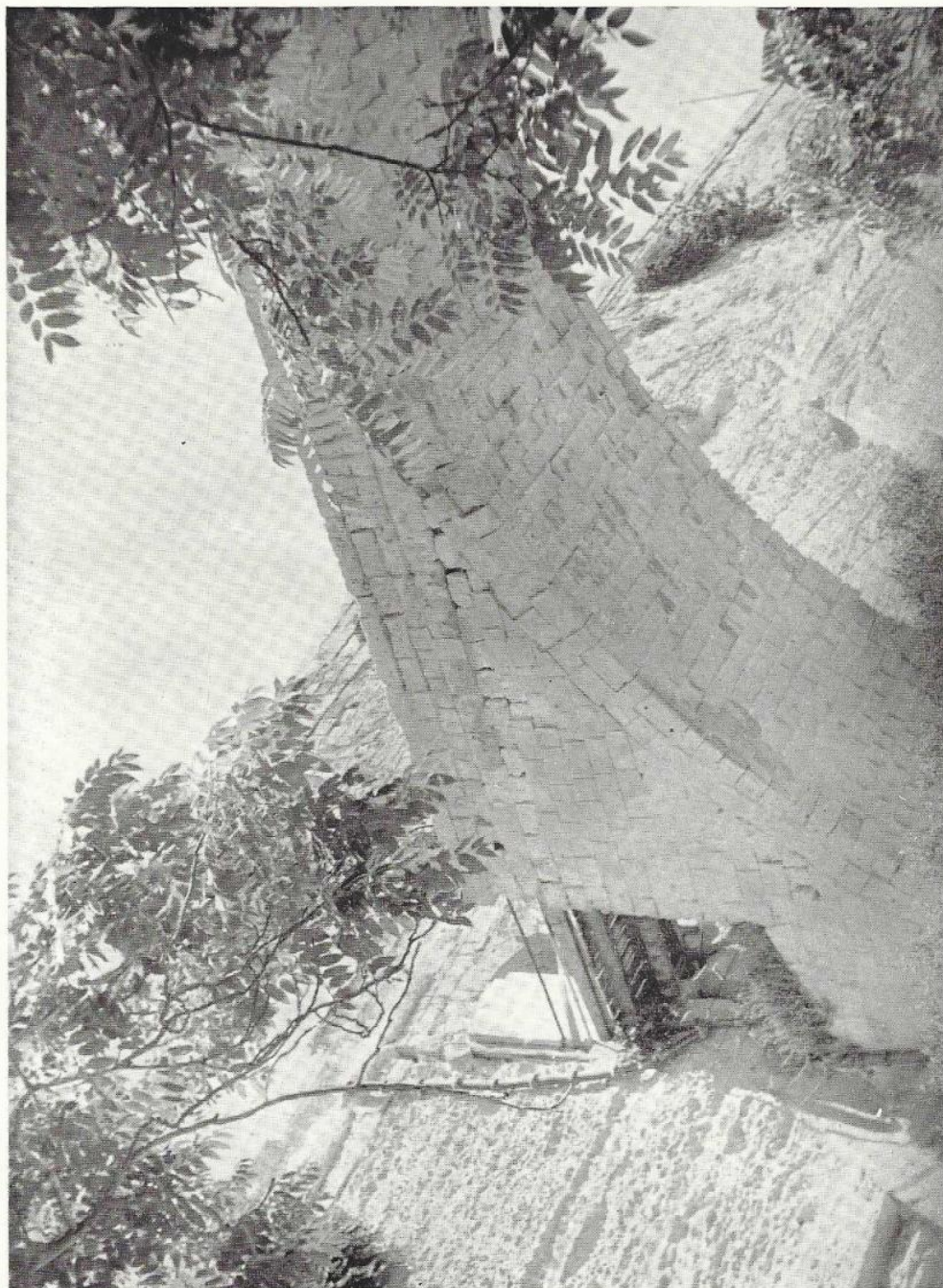
A few foolhardy flight cadets ventured on to the Maltese buses—an experience not to be lightly undertaken. At source the driver will clamber aboard, illuminate a row of saints' images above the windscreen, mutter a prayer and cross himself. Friends and relations wave heartfelt good-byes to the passengers, who also cross themselves, and the bus moves off. Every prayer is needed, for the roads are narrow, the buses fast and the drivers unscrupulous; they have a special horn code to announce the approach of policemen, a most necessary precaution.

Most of us viewed well the streets of Valetta and Sliema, and took full advantage of the well-established Mediterranean custom of closing one's shop officially at 6 p.m. and unofficially at about 10 p.m. Some of us renewed friendships with previous acquaintances. One of us, however, had to go no farther than the Transit Mess confectionery store for his sweets from the sweet.

Thursday brought with it the more important business of flying and navigating ourselves home. The mountainous island of Sardinia was crossed, and we safely arrived at Istres again, where a dainty-footed individual put his boot through the wing of a Wellington which was refuelling. The Assistant Commandant and the flight cadets in his aircraft paid a surprise visit to L'Ecole de L'Air, Salon, where, as always, they were most hospitably entertained. Weather over the Massif deteriorated, giving the now slightly over-confident cadet pilots quite a tussle, but all aircraft returned without further mishap and disgorged bundles of shivering, khaki-clad figures on to the Shawbury tarmac.

Our trip was ended. We should, however, like to thank very much all those who entertained us at Gibraltar and Malta and also Group Captain Roberts and the aircrews from Shawbury who so nobly bore with our ham-fisted muddlings. We can assure them that their efforts were not in vain; they gave us an experience of inestimable value, and we only hope that judgment of Cranwell navigation will not be based solely on a quotation from the *Malta Times* which reads: "Flight cadets from the R.A.F. College, Cranwell, Lincolnshire, set course from Shawbury for Gibraltar on Saturday, and arrived here today [Monday]."

R. T. M.



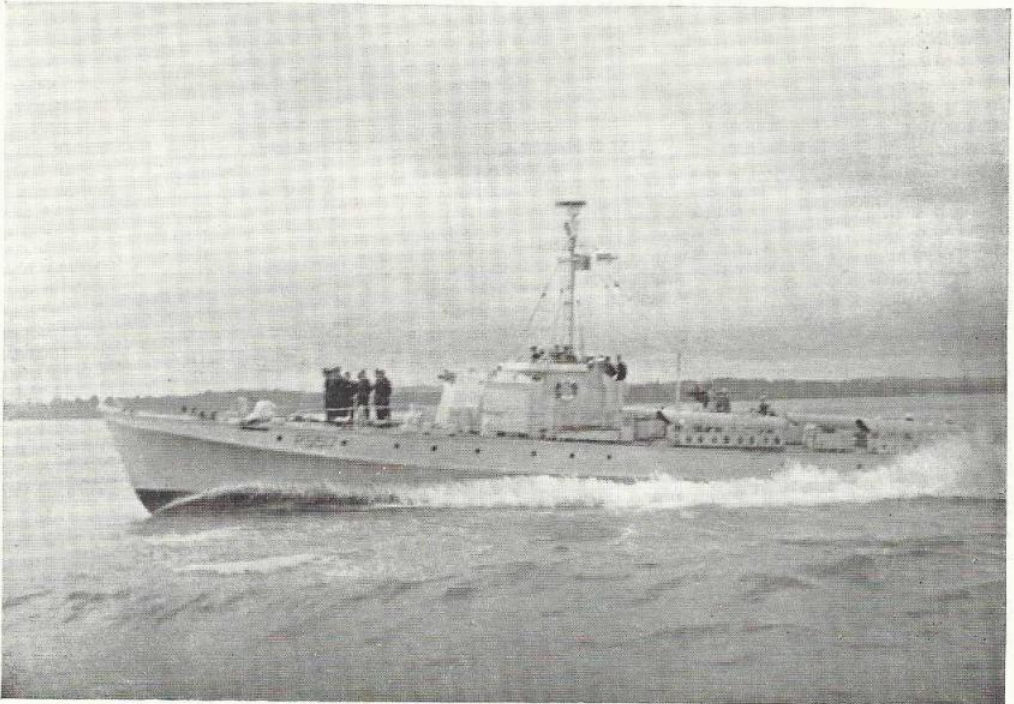
[Photo: R. S. Mzy

VALETTA



[Photo: R. Watson

ON THE BEACH AT ST. PAUL'S BAY, MALTA



CRANWELL CADETS ON BOARD AN M.T.B. AT PORTSMOUTH

GUESTS OF THE NAVY

On Sunday, 10th September, two parties of flight cadets made their way by various means to H.M.S. *Daedalus* and H.M.S. *Siskin*, both of them "stone frigates," i.e., shore-based establishments, a short distance from Gosport.

After partaking of a meal which was awaiting us on arrival everyone was free to settle in for the three-day stay, and to find his own amusement. The majority went out, lured by the bright lights of Portsmouth and Southsea.

On Monday morning we made our way to H.M.S. *Dolphin*, the submarine base at Portsmouth. In small groups we were allocated to submarines and soon were well on our way out to sea. One unusually bright cadet was heard to ask what "the pole with the saucepan on top" was for. This proved to be the Schnorkel device, one of the Navy's pet playthings, and the remark, together with others such as "How do you tell the sharp end from the blunt end?" served to demonstrate to the crew our knowledge of submarines.

When the submarine submerged there were cries of disappointment when it was discovered that there were no portholes through which we could look at the fishes. Nevertheless, the experience of being "down under" proved extremely interesting. We were all shown the workings of each section of the ship, and the job of each member of the crew. Needless to say, the periscope was well used, if only to make sure that the air still existed. Some consternation was caused when certain cadets took control of the hydroplanes and insisted on going below "snort" level. This caused everyone's ears to pop and clouds of condensed water vapour to rise within the submarine. When we finally surfaced, after four hours below, there were not many cadets who were anxious to exchange jobs with members of a submarine crew.

We then went back to harbour and H.M.S. *Siskin*. Once more we spent the evening seeing the high-lights of Portsmouth and proving to the Navy that there will always be an Air Force.

The following morning the party set out across the harbour for H.M.S. *Excellent*, on Whale Island, the home of naval gunnery. There we were greeted by the announcement that we should have to attend divisions. A certain amount of chaos was created when it was found that naval drill timing did not coincide with that of the Air Force, but it was quite an effective parade in spite of this small difference.

During the morning, lectures on naval gunnery were given to us, and models were used to illustrate tactics and methods. We inspected various guns of different calibres and studied the technicalities involved in firing a "15-inch." Those who had formerly believed that one just put a shell in the hole at the back and applied a match had their ideas changed when the various devices and gadgets were shown to them. After lunch more guns were inspected and also the equipment used in aiming and directing the guns. For our benefit, a pom-pom gun was demonstrated and it was obvious that it could be an extremely unpleasant weapon to encounter in an aircraft.

On our return to Portsmouth we had a grand view of H.M.S. *Vanguard*, which had entered harbour that afternoon and secured alongside at South Railway Jetty astern of H.M.S. *Implacable*.

The third and last day of our visit proved to be the most interesting. The two parties combined and made their way to H.M.S. *Hornet*, the headquarters of the little ships of the Royal Navy. After being split into smaller groups we were shown the

various torpedo and mine rooms and gun-repair rooms, and then each group made a tour of the various types of ship in the establishment. Each ship appeared quite different from its neighbour; one of the most impressive, and, so we were told, the most effective, was an ex-German E-boat.

We then went for a trip in four sleek M.T.Bs. When moving out of the harbour we had to line one side of the boat and stand to attention as we passed H.M.S. *Dolphin*. This was quite a difficult task, as the boats rocked in each other's wake, and more than one cadet would have fallen overboard but for the strong arm of the Navy.

The next hour was spent in a most exhilarating fashion, racing round the Solent at breakneck speed performing all kinds of manoeuvres. It was a most impressive sight to see these powerful boats in line ahead or line abreast, forcing their way through the water and sending up great bow waves and clouds of spray. Some of our daring characters who stood near the bows found themselves a little damp after some of the more violent manoeuvres.

The final afternoon was spent at the naval air station of Lee-on-Solent. Here we visited various sections, taking particular interest in the torpedo and mine sections, and others peculiar to naval air warfare and especially in the types of aircraft in the hangars. Our guide, a naval pilot, said that their jet aircraft would not interest us, as we were flying them ourselves. We held our heads a little higher and said nothing, thinking of our Prentices and Harvards back at Cranwell.

In the short flying programme which followed, everyone was most impressed by the rocket-assisted take-off by a Firebrand; and the movements of the pilot with a twitch who guided the aircraft down on their practice carrier landings provided the lighter side of the show. The grand finale was a fire-fighting display which was very effective; a fire in a petrol-soaked aircraft was put out in under a minute.

And so ended our visit. We were slightly disappointed not to have had the opportunity of visiting any of the aircraft carriers in the locality, but nevertheless it was an extremely enjoyable and interesting visit, and our thanks are due to our friends in the Royal Navy for making it so.

A. J. M.

While these two parties were journeying to Gosport yet another Cranwell contingent was bearing down on the ever-helpful and more-than-hospitable Navy. Squadron Leader Weighill and twelve members of No. 51 Entry arrived at Portland at about 1815 hrs. on Sunday, 10th September. We were met by Sub-Lieutenant Bingham, R.N., and were allocated two per ship to the two destroyers and four frigates of the flotilla. Some were in ships alongside, others, less fortunate, were at a buoy. The latter embarked by "trot boat," a form of marine bus which runs hourly round the fleet, picking up liberty men and bringing them back again. On going aboard the ships we were introduced to the wardroom and made to feel at home from the start.

Accommodation for us was varied. It depended largely upon how many officers were natives and how many slept aboard. It ranged from the captain's sea cabin to the lowly hammock. Most of us, however, slept in married officers' bunks. The evening was spent profitably in the wardroom.

On Monday we visited the shore base of the flotilla, where we were initiated into the intricacies of the "kipper" (torpedo to you). We then went to H.M.S. *Osprey*, the anti-submarine school, where we had a lecture on the Battle of the Atlantic, and, in

preparation for some practical sub-hunting on the morrow, visited a mock-up of a ship's Asdic cabin. We then returned to Flotilla Headquarters for a lecture on the anti-submarine tactics of convoy defence.

In the afternoon we went to sea in an M.A/S.B., which is a motor anti-submarine boat. This proved exhilarating and rather wet, as the boat appeared to be trying to imitate a submarine in a fairly choppy sea and strong wind.

On Tuesday we went to sea with the flotilla to do anti-submarine exercises. We were up at an early hour to be instructed in the system of casting off and leaving harbour. We were impressed with the "head ropes" and "stern ropes" and "fore springs" and "slow ahead starboards" and "slow astern ports." Our frigate had only one screw, so the last remarks were rather lost on us. However, when we nearly hit a dry dock we heard something we more easily understood. We were also impressed with the ceremony of leaving harbour with bosun's pipes screaming and ships saluting each other.

During the day we saw the Asdic operations at work and went for a general tour of the ship, including the engine and boiler rooms. It was all very interesting.

Before starting an A/S exercise you throw four hand grenades overboard to let the submarine know that you are ready. To get the submarine to surface after an exercise you bang on the ship's hull with a sledge-hammer. This tells the submarine to come up quickly because if it does not the escort ship will be coming down with a hole in her bottom.

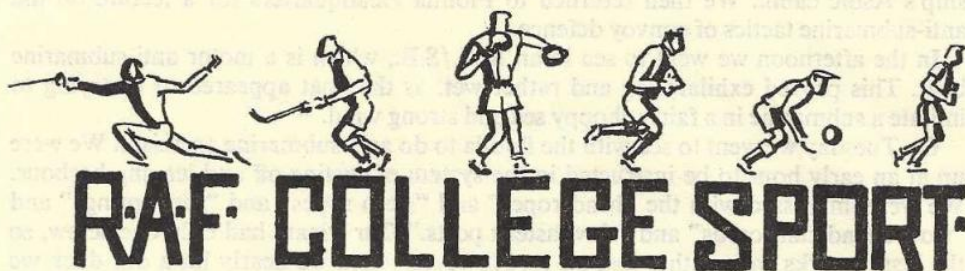
On Wednesday we saw the exercises from the other end when we went to sea in "T" and "S" class submarines. Again we were shown all round the boats. One flight cadet was very impressed by the Klaxon which gives the warning to dive. His ear was within two inches of it when it sounded. We were also allowed to operate the hydro-planes, which showed a rather touching faith in our nerves and intelligence. However, we managed to remain at approximately the right depth.

In the afternoon we were shown over H.M.S. *Gabbard*, one of the newer destroyers. This was interesting to us because she was at the time doing anti-aircraft exercises with a Seafire.

We were free to do as we pleased every day from about four o'clock onwards. Some stayed on board, while others sampled the delights of Weymouth. Whatever it was we chose to do, the officers of the ships were most helpful and made us feel quite at home.

We should very much like to express our thanks to the officers of the destroyers and frigates of the Second Training Flotilla for a very enjoyable and instructive visit.

N. R. L. S.



CRICKET

ON the whole the College XI had a most successful season, losing only three of the sixteen matches played. Of the remainder, seven were won and six drawn. The match against Sandhurst was a great disappointment, as the College was defeated by an innings and 155 runs; this was chiefly because Sandhurst was given an extremely good start and scored 327 for 7 declared in their first innings. The College was unfortunate in not having a slow bowler who could turn the ball and keep an accurate and consistent length.

The weather at the start of the season was appalling and it was not until the end of May that the College sides could get any match practice. This considerably handicapped A. A. Persse, the captain of the XI, in getting his side together, and it was not until after the Sandhurst match that the side really settled down and started to show what they could do. Outstanding amongst their achievements was a nine-wicket victory over the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, a narrower but no less gratifying win by 36 runs over the Free Foresters and a most creditable performance against the M.C.C., who scored 206 for 6 wickets in reply to the College's 229 for 5 declared. In this match D. H. Mills followed a delightful innings of 82 not out with a spell of fast bowling which gave him 3 wickets for 74 runs. It was a pity that I Zingari match had to be cancelled owing to rain, as it would have been interesting to see how the College would have fared against them. The Old Cranwellians match ended in an easy victory for the College by 7 wickets. Other College matches played during the season were against Adastrians, Queen's College, Cambridge, Lindum C.C., The Wanderers C.C., University College, Leicester, Loughborough College, Leicestershire Gentlemen, Leeds University and the Lincolnshire Gentlemen.

The season has seen two major developments in College cricket. For the first time the full benefits have been derived from the laying of a first-class table on the Orange and all the principal matches have been played in this delightful setting. The second is that with the arrival of a professional coach, Mr. W. F. Simpson, who came to us from the M.C.C., the standard of cricket throughout the College has improved considerably. The benefits of his coaching experience have appeared in the improved technique and style of the members of the College teams.

A. A. Persse, the captain of the XI, bowled well throughout the season and took 39 wickets for an average of 15.36 runs, and proved his batting ability by an aggressive

half-century against the Free Foresters. He is to be congratulated on the high standard of keenness and enthusiasm shown by the College side in all their matches.

R. Hollingworth headed the batting averages with 39.75. He batted with great confidence this year and completed a good season by making a fine century (116) against the Adastrians.

D. H. Mills showed great versatility, for, although primarily a bowler, he played a number of good innings, and was second in the batting averages with 35.78. He bowled well throughout the season and took 33 wickets for 16.93 runs. He bowled faster and more accurately than last year. Lawrence was a sound opening bat, and Dawes, Foster, Wood and Farmer-Wright each played several good innings. Lees kept wicket throughout the season well.

Full colours have been awarded to V. J. Lawrence, R. L. Lees and M. M. Foster, and half-colours to A. D. R. Dawes, I. P. Farmer-Wright, R. A. Streatfield, D. Harcourt-Smith, R. Wood and L. R. Francis.

The College 2nd XI also had a successful season, losing only two of the ten matches played; of the remainder, five were won and three drawn. K. A. Williamson, the captain of the XI, showed keenness and ability in getting the side playing together as a team, and they put up a very good performance against the Sandhurst 2nd XI. Sandhurst batted first and made 168 runs in their first innings. Francis bowled well and took 7 wickets for 53 runs in 22 overs. The College replied with the small total of 77 runs in their first innings. The Sandhurst second innings produced only 119 runs and Francis again bowled well to take 4 wickets for 42 runs in 13 overs. The College went in again and required 211 runs to win the match. Farmer-Wright played a fine aggressive innings of 83 not out, and the match ended in a draw after the College had made 144 for 6 wickets.

AVERAGES

BATTING

(Qualification: 7 innings)

	No. of Inns.	Runs	Most in Inns.	Times Not Out	Average
R. H. Hollingworth	18	636	116	2	39.75
D. H. Mills	14	322	82*	5	35.78
I. P. Farmer-Wright	7	167	48*	2	33.40
A. D. R. Dawes	11	252	79	2	29.11
M. M. Foster	11	218	61	2	24.22
A. A. Persse	12	196	55	2	19.60
V. J. Lawrence	18	298	67	2	18.61
R. Wood	10	168	89	0	16.80
R. Streatfield	8	83	35	1	11.85

*Not out.

BOWLING

(Qualification: 10 wickets)

	Overs	Maidens	Runs	Wickets	Average
L. R. Francis	40	9	117	11	10.36
A. A. Persse	265	52	598	39	15.36
A. D. R. Dawes	64	5	248	15	16.53
D. H. Mills	232	53	559	33	16.93

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

The match against the R.M.A. was played at Cranwell on 17th and 18th June. Sandhurst won the toss and elected to bat on a good wicket. The College started well by dismissing the R.M.A.'s opening bat for only 30 runs, but this success was short-lived. As soon as Proctor and Barnes came together runs came quickly, and 136 were scored in 105 minutes. However, in the last over before lunch Proctor was bowled by Persse after having made a fine 77. At lunch time the score had reached 166 for 3, with Barnes 62 not out. After lunch he continued to score quickly and made a brilliant century (138) before he was caught by Dawes off Burleigh. He was well supported by Stephenson (23), Pegg (16) and Dawnay (12), and Sandhurst were able to declare their innings closed at tea time with the formidable total of 327 for 7 wickets.

The College started badly and three wickets fell quickly for only 6 runs. Foster and Lawrence managed to make a stand and added 43 runs, but when stumps were drawn at the end of the day seven wickets had fallen for only 64 runs. The next morning the College were all out for 98 at ten minutes past one o'clock. Saunders was the only batsman on the College side who confidently faced the slow bowler Roberts; he made 21 not out. The College followed on and fared even worse in their second innings, as the side was dismissed for 74 runs in two and a quarter hours. Sandhurst gained a convincing victory by an innings and 155 runs.

Scores:

R.M.A. SANDHURST	
1st Innings	
D. H. Clegg b Mills	6
P. M. James c Wood b Persse	13
R. T. Proctor b Persse	77
J. D. K. Barnes c Dawes b Burleigh	138
J. R. Stephenson lbw b Saunders	23
P. H. Pegg b Burleigh	16
R. W. Dawnay b Burleigh	12
C. J. Edwards not out	11
N. Roberts not out	14
Extras	17
Total (for 7 wkts dec)	327
J. A. Jefferies and R. A. Quinlan did not bat.	

R.A.F. COLLEGE	
1st Innings	
V. J. Lawrence b Roberts	14
R. Hollingworth b Jefferies	4
A. D. R. Dawes c Stephenson b Jefferies	0
R. Wood c James b Edwards	1
M. M. Foster st Pegg b Roberts	21
D. H. Mills b Roberts	14
A. A. Persse c Quinlan b Roberts	4
R. L. Lees c Quinlan b Roberts	3
N. R. Saunders not out	21
G. M. Burleigh b Roberts	2
D. A. Atherton run out	2
Extras	12
Total	98

2nd Innings	
V. J. Lawrence c Proctor b Quinlan	11
R. Hollingworth c Quinlan b Jefferies	13
A. D. R. Dawes b Roberts	14
R. Wood b Edwards	2
M. M. Foster lbw b Jefferies	12
D. H. Mills b Roberts	1
A. A. Persse c Quinlan b Roberts	2
R. L. Lees b Jefferies	7
N. R. Saunders st Pegg b Roberts	1
G. M. Burleigh st Pegg b Roberts	0
D. A. Atherton not out	20
Extras	11
Total	74

R.A.F. COLLEGE v. M.C.C.

The College in this game had against them a fairly strong M.C.C. side which included W. H. Griffiths (Cambridge University, 1948) and Harrington (a member of the ground staff at Lord's). The College batted first and made a very slow start against the M.C.C. opening bowlers, Griffiths and Harrington. Two wickets fell for 21 runs before Farmer-Wright and Foster increased the rate of scoring with a stand of 48 and improved the College's position. After lunch Foster figured in a further stand of 87 for the fifth wicket with Mills, and when Foster was bowled, having made 61, Mills went on to be undefeated with 82 runs. The College then declared their innings closed with the score at 229 for 5 wickets.

The M.C.C. were left with three hours to get the runs and, like the College, started badly. A stand of 43 for the third wicket consolidated the position, and while Crwys-Williams scored a good 63 not out he had solid support from the middle-innings batsmen; this enabled the M.C.C. to reach a total of 206 for 6 before stumps were drawn.

The match was played at Cranwell on 14th July.

Scores:

R.A.F. COLLEGE		M.C.C.	
V. J. Lawrence c Harrington b Griffiths	2	C. J. Harrison c Lees b Persse	2
R. Hollingworth c Clarke b Robinson	9	N. A. Robinson c Persse b Mills	11
I. P. Farmer-Wright b Crwys-Williams	28	J. A. Harrison b Francis	44
M. M. Foster b Clarke	61	C. G. Toppin c Hollingworth b Mills	26
R. Streatfield c Livock b Clarke	6	G. Crwys-Williams not out	63
D. H. Mills not out	82	J. D. Blois c Persse b Mills	11
A. A. Persse not out	27	Harrington c Mills b Persse	30
Extras	14	G. E. Livock not out	6
		Extras	13
Total (for 5 wks dec)	229	Total (for 6 wks)	206
N. R. Saunders, R. L. Lees, D. Harcourt-Smith and L. R. Francis did not bat.		J. H. L. Blount, P. M. H. Clarke and W. H. Griffiths did not bat.	

R.A.F. COLLEGE v. FREE FORESTERS

The College batted first and started badly by losing four wickets for only 19 runs. Then Streatfield joined Hollingworth and they made a stand which produced 81 runs. Hollingworth was then bowled by Dean, having made a good 58. Persse then batted well, and at lunch the score was 105 for 5 wickets. After lunch Persse continued his innings and made a fine, aggressive 55 runs before being caught by Dean; he was ably supported by Mills, who made a useful 25. The College were all out for 216 by four o'clock, and this was quite a formidable score after their shaky start.

The Free Foresters also started badly and by tea time had lost two wickets for 15 runs. Persse and Francis continued the good work after the interval, and by six o'clock the side was all out for 68 runs. Persse took 5 wickets for 35 runs in 12 overs, and Francis 4 wickets for 13 runs in 7 overs.

Lawrence and Hollingworth opened the College second innings confidently, and when stumps were drawn the College had scored 22 runs without the loss of a wicket. On the next day this partnership continued until a further 26 runs had been added, when Lawrence was caught by Spray off Dean. Four more wickets fell for the addition of only 23 runs, and then Mills and Farmer-Wright carried the score along until Persse declared the innings closed at lunch with 112 runs for 6 wickets. This left the Free Foresters 261 to get in just under five hours.

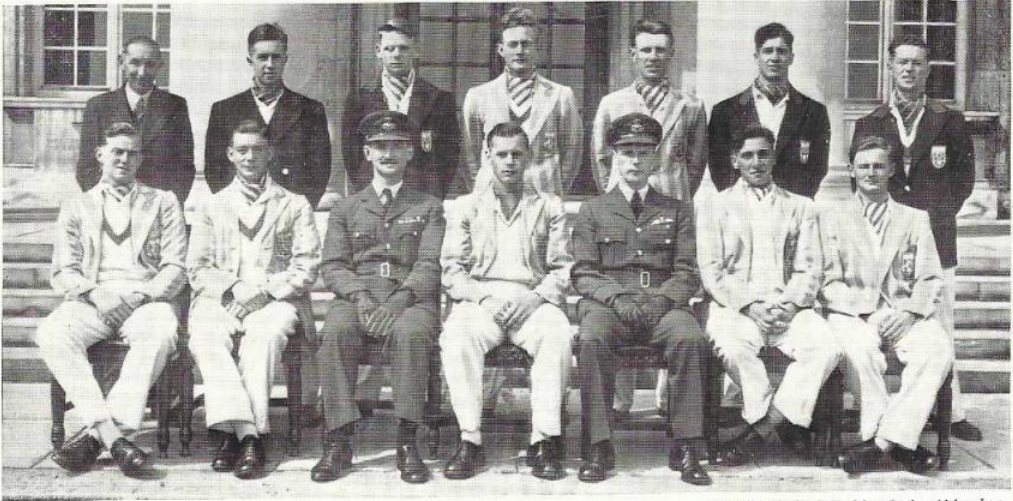
They started slowly, but as soon as Barber and K. Crawley were together the score rose rapidly. When Barber was out at five o'clock five wickets had fallen for 134 runs. Three wickets then fell quickly for the addition of only 39 runs, and the College seemed set for a comfortable victory. But Baker and Swiney made a remarkable stand which produced 51 runs, and when Baker was out at 6.28 p.m. the Foresters were only 36 runs behind the College total.

This was the most exciting match of the season and in many ways the most enjoyable. The College thoroughly deserved their victory, especially after Persse's declaration, which allowed the Free Foresters plenty of time to get the runs required.

The match took place at Cranwell on 1st and 2nd July.

Scores:

R.A.F. COLLEGE		FREE FORESTERS	
<i>1st Innings</i>		<i>1st Innings</i>	
V. J. Lawrence b A. Crawley	2	G. Crwys-Williams b Francis	17
R. Hollingworth lbw b Dean	58	R. E. Ladbrook b Persse	1
A. D. R. Dawes b Dean	0	P. G. Barber b Persse	0
I. P. Farmer-Wright lbw b Dean	0	A. Crawley c Streatfield b Persse	11
M. M. Foster lbw b A. Crawley	0	K. A. G. Crawley c Farmer-Wright b Francis	6
N. A. Streatfield lbw b A. Crawley	35	P. Dean c Hollingworth b Persse	0
A. A. Persse c Dean b Blois	55	M. J. Swiney c Farmer-Wright b Francis	25
D. H. Mills b Crwys-Williams	25	J. D. Blois c Francis b Persse	1
R. L. Lees c Spray b Blois	9	B. Spray run out	4
D. Harcourt-Smith b Blois	4	B. E. Baker b Francis	1
L. R. Francis not out	8	R. Wood not out	0
Extras	20	Extras	2
Total	216	Total	68
<i>2nd Innings</i>		<i>2nd Innings</i>	
V. J. Lawrence c Spray b Dean	27	G. Crwys-Williams b Mills	7
R. Hollingworth lbw b Crwys-Williams	22	R. E. Ladbrook c Hollingworth b Mills	12
A. D. R. Dawes b Dean	6	P. G. Barber b Persse	44
I. P. Farmer-Wright not out	26	A. Crawley c Persse b Francis	17
M. M. Foster b Crwys-Williams	0	K. A. G. Crawley c Mills b Persse	48
R. A. Streatfield lbw b Crwys-Williams	0	P. Dean b Persse	7
A. A. Persse lbw b Crwys-Williams	0	M. J. Swiney not out	20
D. H. Mills not out	21	J. D. Blois b Persse	5
Extras	10	B. Spray b Persse	8
Total (for 6 wkts dec)	112	B. E. Baker b Francis	41
		R. Wood c Lees b Streatfield	2
		Extras	13
		Total	224



[Photo: Gale & Polden Ltd., Aldershot

CRICKET XI—JULY, 1950

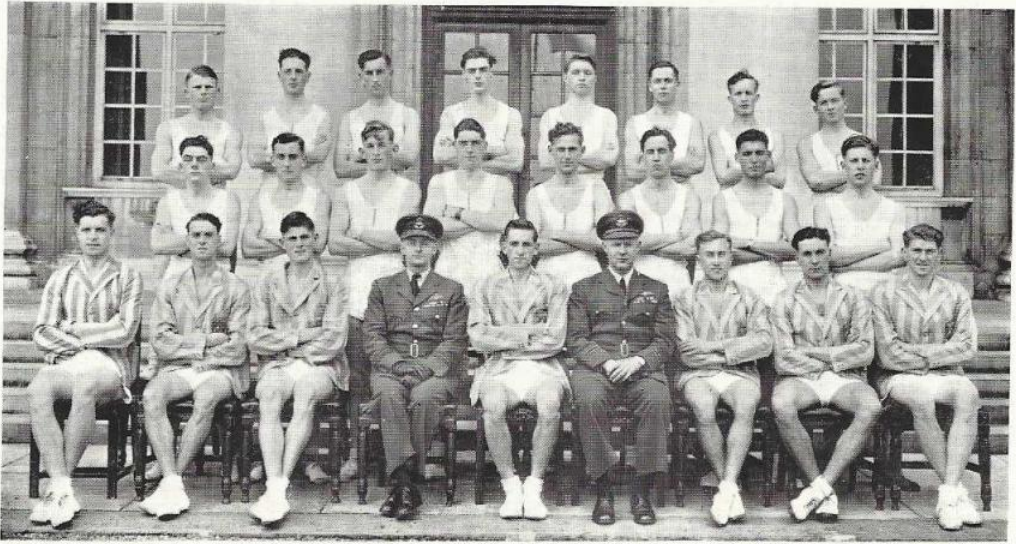
Standing.—Mr. W. F. Simpson. R. A. Streatfield. A. D. R. Dawes. R. L. Lees. M. M. Foster. I. P. Farmer-Wright.
R. Wood.
Seated.—N. R. L. Saunders. R. Hollingworth. Sqn. Ldr. J. D. Blois. A. A. Persse (Captain). Fg. Off. M. J. E. Swiney.
D. H. Mills. V. J. W. M. Lawrence.



[Photo: Gale & Polden Ltd., Aldershot

TENNIS VI—JULY, 1950

Standing.—J. M. A. Parker. R. D. B. Marshall. C. K. Bush. W. E. Woods.
Seated.—J. F. H. Chick. Flt. Lt. T. G. Moulds. D. L. F. Thornton (Captain).



[Photo: Gale & Polden Ltd., Aldershot

ATHLETIC TEAM—JULY, 1950

Back Row.—M. E. Dark. G. W. F. Charles. J. A. Mansell. R. T. MacMullen. C. Pierce. Opie. J. A. Hodgkinson. I. P. Stevens.
Centre Row.—W. F. Nuthall. S. J. West. R. H. Bragg. P. J. Bulford. H. H. J. Browning. T. W. Smith. N. E. Weerasinghe. J. A. Crawshaw.
Front Row.—B. A. Spry. A. L. Loveland. J. R. Thirnbeck. Sqn. Ldr. M. D. Lyne, A.F.C. R. G. Perry (Captain). Flt. Lt. A. W. Bower, D.F.C. A. M. Christie. K. B. Smith. N. K. Hopkins.



[Photo: Gale & Polden Ltd., Aldershot

SWIMMING TEAM—JULY, 1950

Standing.—J. D. Ross. W. I. Worsley. F. D. Hoskins. D. P. Hall. B. C. Mills. J. B. Bradshaw. J. A. Williams.
Seated.—D. H. Warren. R. Birchall. J. B. Lightfoot (Captain). Flt. Lt. J. Walker. G. O. Eades. P. J. Armstrong. C. I. Benson.

SCORES AND RESULTS OF OTHER MATCHES

- v. Queen's College, Cambridge. Scores: R.A.F. College, 134 for 9 (dec.); Queen's College, 136 for 3. Lost by 7 wickets.
- v. Lindum C.C. Scores: Lindum C.C., 115 for 8 (dec.); R.A.F. College, 116 for 2. Won by 8 wickets.
- v. The Wanderers C.C. Scores: R.A.F. College, 100; Wanderers C.C., 101 for 5. Lost by 5 wickets.
- v. University College, Leicester. Scores: University College, 124 for 6 (dec.); R.A.F. College, 70 for 3. Match drawn.
- v. R.A.F., Jurby. Scores: R.A.F., Jurby, 173; R.A.F. College, 179 for 4. Won by 6 wickets.
- v. Loughborough College. Scores: R.A.F. College, 121; Loughborough College, 118. Won by 3 runs.
- v. Leicestershire Gentlemen. Scores: Leicestershire Gentlemen, 274; R.A.F. College, 258 for 6. Match drawn.
- v. Royal Naval College, Greenwich. Scores: R.N. College, 95; R.A.F. College, 104 for 1. Won by 9 wickets.
- v. Lincolnshire Gentlemen. Scores: Lincolnshire Gentlemen, 151 for 9 (dec.); R.A.F. College, 153 for 4. Won by 6 wickets.
- v. Leeds University. Scores: R.A.F. College, 142 for 7 (dec.); Leeds University, 104 for 4. Match drawn.
- v. Old Cranwellians. Scores: Old Cranwellians, 73; R.A.F. College, 74 for 3. Won by 7 wickets.
- v. Adastrians. Scores: R.A.F. College, 207 for 5 (dec.); Adastrians, 76 for 4. Match drawn.

J. D. B.

TENNIS

The season started off somewhat disappointingly with a series of cancelled matches. It took the team some time to settle down, and the first three matches of the season were lost.

The team made up for its early losses by convincing wins over R.M.A. Sandhurst and R.N.C., Greenwich, the two main matches of the season.

The standard of play throughout the term was a great improvement over that of last season. Corporal Catherine, who coached the 1st and 2nd VIs, did much to improve the standard of stroke play and court craft, and we are indebted to him for his keen interest and friendly advice.

The 2nd VI are to be congratulated on their fine record of winning every fixture this season.

Full colours were awarded to Chick, Thornton, Marshall, Bushe and Woods. Half-colours were awarded to Parker, Fryer and Cooper.

Results:

1ST VI

- 6/5/50.—v. Emmanuel College, Cambridge, cancelled.
- 10/5/50.—v. Queen's College, Cambridge, cancelled.
- 13/5/50.—v. Eton College, lost 4—5.
- 20/5/50.—v. University College, Leicester, cancelled.
- 7/6/50.—v. University College, Leicester, cancelled.
- 10/6/50.—v. Boston L.T.C., lost 3—6.
- 14/6/50.—v. Officers' Mess, lost 3—6.
- 17/6/50.—v. R.M.A. Sandhurst, won 8—1.
- 24/6/50.—v. R.N.C., Greenwich, won 9—0.
- 28/6/50.—v. Stowe School, won 5—4.
- 1/7/50.—v. Boston L.T.C., lost 1—8.
- 15/7/50.—v. Emmanuel College, Cambridge, cancelled.

SWIMMING

Out of the ten matches, the team won eight, losing to R.M.A. Sandhurst and Loughborough College. The match against Sandhurst was as exciting for the spectators as it was those taking part, and was lost by only three points. The half-time score in the water polo was 4—2 in the College's favour, but after a hard second half Sandhurst managed to win by 7 goals to 5. On the whole, the team was as strong as last year's, the water-polo team being slightly stronger.

Three new records were set up during the season. Lightfoot recorded 80 sec. for the 110 Yards Back-stroke; Hall covered 44 yards, free style, in 22.3 sec.; and Benson recorded 69.7 sec. for the 110 Yards Free Style and 82.4 sec. for the 110 Yards Breast-stroke.

Full colours were awarded to Lightfoot (captain) and Eades (vice-captain). Half-colours were awarded to Armstrong, Birchall, Warren and Benson.

Results:

- v. Loughborough College: swimming, lost 34½—42½; water polo, lost 1—13.
- v. R.A.F., Cranwell: swimming, won 31—22; water polo, lost 2—10.
- v. Charterhouse: swimming, won 25—13; water polo, won 9—0.
- v. Newark S.C.: swimming, won 31—7; water polo, won 7—4.
- v. Felsted: swimming, won 41—13.
- v. Cranwell Apprentices: swimming, won 26—17; water polo, won 7—1.
- v. R.M.A. Sandhurst: swimming, lost 19—22; water polo, lost 5—7.
- v. Oundle School: swimming, won 45—26; water polo, won 19—0.
- v. Newark S.C.: swimming, won 32—14; water polo, 7—0.
- v. King's School: swimming, won 28—16; water polo, won 8—3.

G. O. E.

ROWING

This year the College was affiliated to the Boston Rowing Club, and started training in February. In spite of wintry weather the attendance on the opening day was good. By the end of the Lent Term we had settled down on our new site, and had mastered the technique of putting the tub pair on and off the water.

The first fixture of the season, the R.A.F. Regatta, was in the first week of term, so we did not have much opportunity for training. We entered two fours and two scullers. The scullers and the "B" crew were soon knocked out and "A" crew were just beaten by Benson "A" in the semi-finals. Other contests were:

	<i>Heats won.</i>	<i>Heats lost.</i>
Nottingham	1	1
Newark	2	1
Boston		1
Haileybury College	1	

Our sculler R. D. Jones graduated from the Maiden to the Junior Class at Newark, and went on to win the Junior events at York, Boston and Peterborough.

The Inter-Squadron Races, on 12th July, were the last event of the season. The results were:

Clinker Four.—1, B Squadron; 2, D Squadron.

Light Pair.—1, B Squadron; 2, C Squadron.

Open Sculls.—1, A Squadron; 2, D Squadron.

Coxes Sculls.—1, D Squadron; 2, B Squadron.

The final result was:

1. B Squadron.

2. D Squadron.

3. A Squadron.

4. C Squadron.

The thanks of the Club are due to Mr. Patrick Johnson for his valuable coaching and for providing transport for evening coaching, and to Squadron Leader Champion, Padre May, Flight Lieutenants Blackburn and Wildey, and Mr. Moffatt for their invaluable advice and assistance. We look forward to a renewed interest next season and confidently await increased success in our future ventures.

J. L. P.

SKILL-AT-ARMS

Fencing in the Summer Term takes only a minor role, as it is strictly a winter sport. The two main features of the term's activities were the Royal Tournament and the Inter-Squadron Fencing.

At the Royal Tournament the cadets' pools took place on Saturday, 17th June, at Earls Court. Eight out of the eleven cadets who entered from the College fought their way to the final pools of the three weapons. After some very interesting fencing the College attained a second place in each weapon. N. A. Innes-Smith, J. F. B. Jones and J. G. Scroggs were second in the foil, sabre and bayonet respectively.

It was decided to hold the Inter-Squadron Fencing on three separate dates, in the form of two eliminating rounds and the final.

In the first round D Squadron, who were competing for the first time, were beaten by A Squadron by 10 fights to 5, and B Squadron were beaten by C Squadron by 11 fights to 5. In the final C Squadron beat A Squadron by 10 fights to 6.

Individual results were:

A SQUADRON		C SQUADRON	
FOIL			
R. Watson	1 win	N. A. Innes-Smith	2 wins
C. H. Foale	1 win	D. J. SurrIDGE	0 wins
SABRE			
R. L. T. Polgreen	0 wins	N. A. Innes-Smith	2 wins
R. T. MacMullen	0 wins	R. H. Bragg	2 wins
EPÉE			
R. Watson	1 win	R. H. Bragg	1 win
P. Kennet	0 wins	J. N. Murphy	2 wins
BAYONET			
R. T. MacMullen	2 wins	J. N. Murphy	1 win
R. D. Jones	1 win	D. S. Lilley	0 wins
Total	6 wins	Total	10 wins

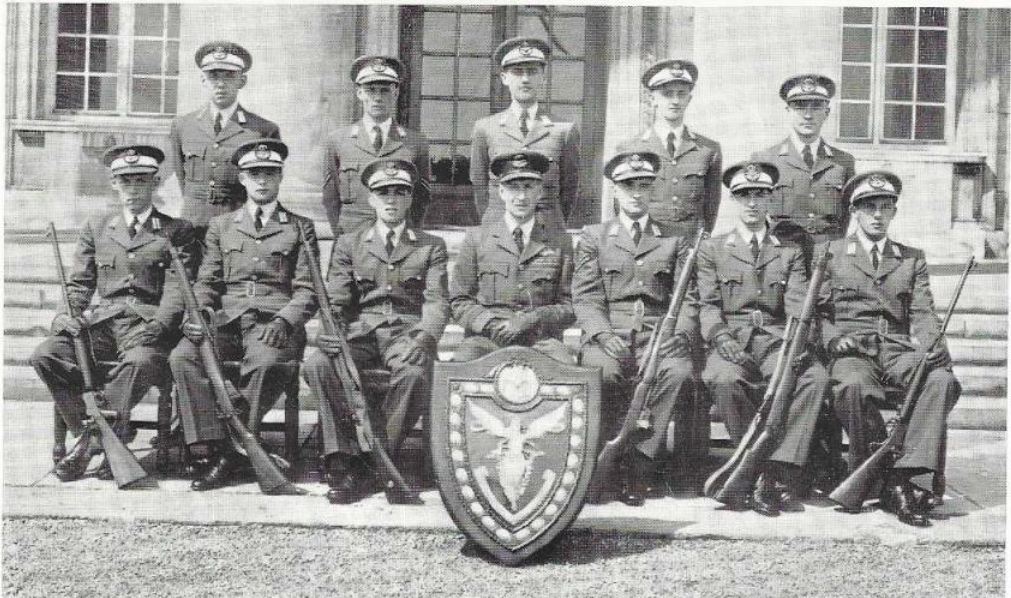
N. A. I-S.



ROWING TEAM—JULY, 1950

[Photo: Gale & Polden Ltd., Aldershot

Standing.—P. W. Rose. D. B. Durrant. R. P. J. King. D. G. Gregory. G. M. Cowper. Flt. Lt. E. P. Wildy.
Seated.—G. V. M. Huckler. G. McA. Bacon. Sqn. Ldr. B. R. Champion. J. L. Price (*Captain*). R. D. Jones. A. H. P. Cornish.
 P. N. Legge.



[Photo: Gale & Polden Ltd., Aldershot

SHOOTING TEAM—JULY, 1950

Standing.—P. G. Walker. J. L. Price. J. D. Christey. D. G. Slade. R. L. Dimock.
Seated.—R. L. T. Polgreen. G. Copping. M. Gill (*Captain*). Sqn. Ldr. H. A. Jenkins, D.F.C. V. Southon. D. J. B. Keats.
 G. A. Priechenfried.



THE BOSTON REGATTA
Flight Cadet Corporal R. D. Jones winning the Junior Sculls



Facing page 157

"THE TAMING OF THE SHREW"

[Crown Copyright]

SHOOTING

The term started with extensive .303 training on both the 25-yard and 300-yard ranges, and this practice proved invaluable in the F.T.C. Meeting held during the week commencing 10th May at Bisley.

A team consisting of Gill, Copping, Keats and Slade scored 349 and were placed second in the Beamish Challenge Cup Match. R.A.F., Jurby, were first with the same score, but they had a better average on the 500-yard range. In the Station Team Match the College was again second, being only a few points behind the leaders. This was a remarkable achievement, as there were no fewer than seventeen full-strength stations entered. The College team for this event was Gill, Copping, Polgreen, Slade, Priechenfried, Satterthwaite and Christey.

In the individual events Gill won the Cadet Championship for the second consecutive year and Gill and Slade were placed fourth and fifth respectively in the Young Officers' and Airmen's Competition. The S.R. (b) shooting proved an easy task for Satterthwaite, who was second in the Open Junior Match, and also second in the F.T.C. Championship.

The month following the meeting was devoted to a further period of training for the R.A.F. Week at Bisley, commencing on 10th June. The successes in this meeting were also very good, although not spectacular because of the increased competition. The College team, with the addition of Southon, this time came thirteenth out of the 104 stations entered. Gill obtained his R.A.F. Rifle Hundred Badge and was selected to represent the Command in the Challenge Cup Match.

The meeting ended with the annual match against our noble opponents, Sandhurst, and, although the College lost by a narrow margin, the standard of shooting was an improvement on last year's. We wish to thank the members of the R.M.A. team for the competition and hope that next year we may succeed in winning the match.

M. G.

EQUIPMENT AND SECRETARIAL WING SPORT

CRICKET

THIS year matches were arranged with Lindum C.C., Bishop's Hostel, Lincoln, Apprentice Wing, R.A.F., Digby, R.A.F., Digby, Leadership Course, Mr. Eric Parker's XI, O.C.T.U., Spitalgate, the Lincolnshire Regiment, and I.T.S., Wittering. Unfortunately those against Bishop's Hostel and I.T.S., Wittering, had to be cancelled because of inclement weather.

The Wing XI did not have a very successful season, for it won only two matches, those against R.A.F., Digby, and R.A.F., Digby, Leadership Course.

This lack of success can largely be attributed to the demands of the College teams on the Wing; moreover, because of the limited number of players available it was not always possible to field a good side.

On several occasions fixtures ended in a close finish, particularly those against Lindum C.C., Mr. Eric Parker's XI and the Inter-Squadron semi-final.

Once again we had a good day for our annual fixture with Mr. Eric Parker's XI. This time Mr. Parker, who brought along a powerful side, reversed last year's defeat,

and in an exciting finish won by 18 runs. After the match the Wing XI was handsomely entertained by Mr. Parker, a fitting finish to a very enjoyable day's cricket.

A. M. McC. H.

TENNIS

Unfortunately the Wing team has not fulfilled the promise which was shown at the beginning of the season. However, it has amply compensated by keenness for whatever it lacked in ability.

The fixture list was a full one and, despite bad weather, which curtailed many matches, valuable experience was gained.

The Inter-Squadron semi-final was lost to B Squadron 3—6. However, this was a great improvement on the previous seasons, and all matches were keenly contested. Two of the team have represented the College during the season.

Outside the team a great interest has been shown in the game and there was some trepidation when it was realized that a majority of cadets preferred tennis to cricket. These were all catered for, many having benefited from coaching conducted under Flight Lieutenant Rees.

R. B. D. M.

ATHLETICS

During the first few weeks of the term the Wing concentrated on training material for the triangular athletic contest. As a result of this, eight places were obtained in the College team. Three College records were established. Flight Cadet N. K. Hopkins jumped 42 ft. 0½ in. in the Hop, Step and Jump against Sandhurst, and at later meetings Flight Cadet B. A. Spry put the weight 38 ft. 6½ in., and Flight Cadet J. R. Thirnbeck ran the Half-Mile in 2 min. 1.5 sec.

The Station and Cadet Wing Sports were held on the afternoon of Wednesday, 28th June. The Secretarial team beat the Equipment team, and from the results of the afternoon's games the Wing was able to select a team for the Inter-Squadron Athletic Competition.

A concentrated period of training followed, and the result of the Inter-Squadron Competition proves that the efforts were not in vain. The Tug-of-War team distinguished itself, its success being largely due to the high standard of training achieved by Flight Lieutenants Howard and McDonald and Warrant Officer McMullen.

J. R. T.

ROWING

In spite of keen competition from many hopeful oarsmen, Flight Cadets Bastin, Gregory, Grose and Rose were picked to represent the College at a number of regattas throughout the season. It was the first complete season in which the Wing participated at rowing, and it is to be hoped that the high standard will be maintained in years to come.

The Inter-Squadron Regatta was a successful one for the Wing this year: it would, in fact, be true to say that the other squadrons were considerably surprised to discover that we had come second. Next season, however, Digby will be second to none.

Thanks are due to all members of the team for their co-operation, and also to Pilot Officer Parker-Jervis for his most useful advice and coaching.

All members of the D Squadron crews wish to express their gratitude to the spectators who came along to urge on, and to witness, their success in the regatta.

M. H. S.

SKILL-AT-ARMS

The beginning of term found the Wing with eleven flight cadets and cadets who possessed more enthusiasm than skill. The prospect of forming a team this term looked rather bleak, but under the expert guidance of Warrant Officer Smith we were able to represent D Squadron in the Inter-Squadron Skill-at-Arms Competition. Although the match resulted in a win for A Squadron by 10 points to 5, the team acquitted themselves creditably, considering their lack of fighting experience.

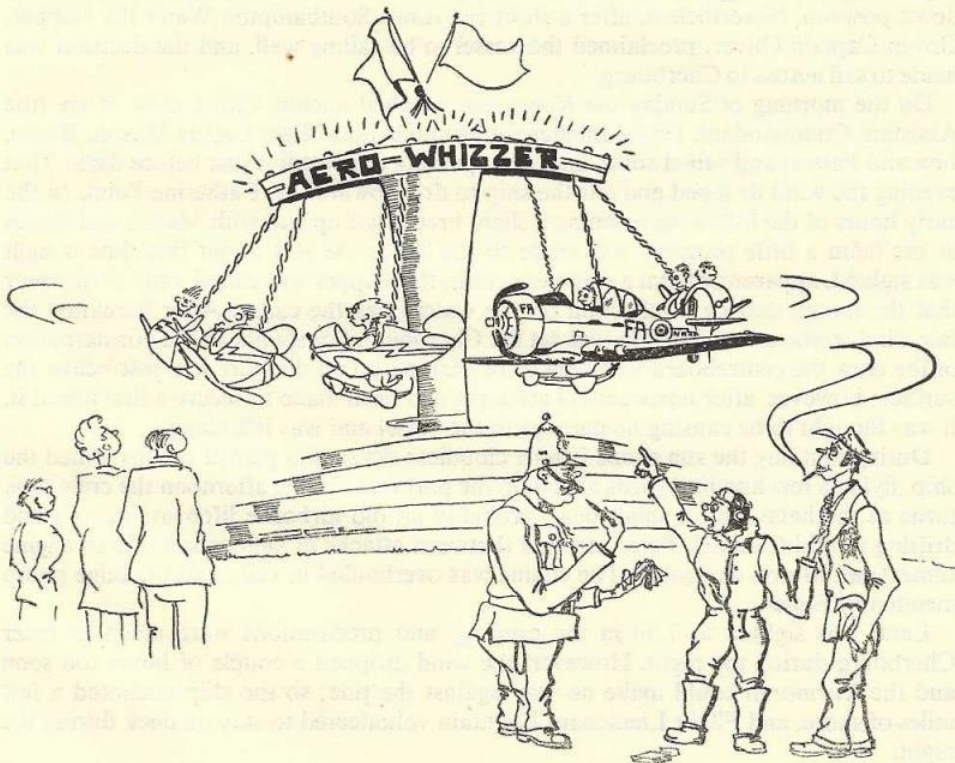
Next term we intend to improve the standard of fencing by arranging more matches, and to start a training programme for new members.

K. F. E. M.

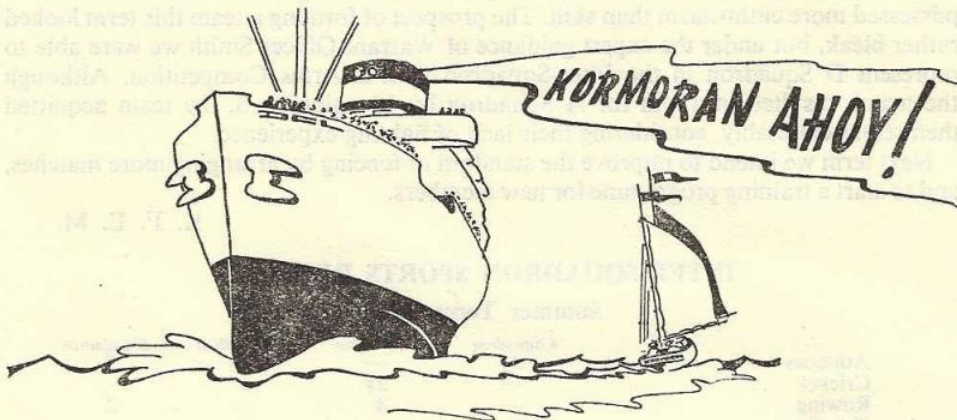
INTER-SQUADRON SPORTS RESULTS

Summer Term, 1950

	<i>A Squadron</i>	<i>B Squadron</i>	<i>C Squadron</i>	<i>D Squadron</i>
Athletics	3½	—	—	7
Cricket	—	2½	5	—
Rowing	—	4	—	2
Shooting	1	—	2	—
Skill-at-arms	—	1½	3	—
Swimming	—	3	1½	—
Tennis	—	1	2	—
Totals	4½	12	13½	9



R.A.F. COLLEGE SOCIETY



It was perhaps with feelings of uncertainty that the second crew went aboard the *Kormoran*, moored off Calshot, on Saturday, 5th August, for they had heard that the engine was not to be relied upon and that the centreboard was hanging free, in the fully down position. Nevertheless, after a short run down Southampton Water the skipper, Group Captain Oliver, proclaimed the vessel to be sailing well, and the decision was made to sail across to Cherbourg.

On the morning of Sunday the *Kormoran* weighed anchor with a crew of six (the Assistant Commandant, Flight Lieutenant Fountain and Flight Cadets Mason, Bones, Fox and Peters) and sailed south and west, passing the Needles just before dark. That evening the wind dropped and left the ship to drift towards St. Catherine Point. In the early hours of the following morning a slight breeze got up and with Mason and Bones at the helm a little progress was made to the south. At just about this time a light was sighted, apparently from a ship very close; the skipper was called, only to discover that the moon, casting a reflection on the water, was the cause. After breakfast the fair wind freshened and course was set for Cherbourg. Somewhat to the consternation of the crew the centreboard was seen to be planing up on the port side just below the surface; however, after unsuccessful attempts had been made to secure a line round it, it was thought to be causing no damage to the vessel and was left alone.

During that day the sun shone from a cloudless sky, and a pair of puffins joined the ship, flying a few hundred yards ahead on the port bow. In the afternoon the crew took turns at the helm, and a small boat, probably an old airborne lifeboat, was sighted drifting in mid-Channel. Peters cooked (between attacks of suffocation due to engine fumes) and Mason navigated. The engine was overhauled in vain, and the bilge pump mended by Bones.

Land was sighted at 7.30 in the evening, and preparations were made to enter Cherbourg during the night. However, the wind dropped a couple of hours too soon and the *Kormoran* could make no way against the tide; so the ship anchored a few miles offshore, and Flight Lieutenant Fountain volunteered to stay on deck during the night.

The following morning, Tuesday, the *Kormoran* sailed into the outer harbour in company with the *Queen Mary*, only to discover the French Navy indulging in some gunnery practice; what at, we never discovered.

Then, to add injury to insult, the *Kormoran* ran aground in the inner harbour, possibly as a result of Mason mistaking the G.M.T. of the tide tables for B.S.T. However, with the help of a not inconsiderable sum of English money and a French motor-launch, the *Kormoran* was towed into the yacht basin, where she tied up.

Cherbourg, at the time of our visit, was in the throes of some public holiday, and, thanks to cafés being open until late, the crew of the *Kormoran* was afforded quite an extensive sample of French fashions and food. After the ship's stores had been replenished and preparations made to sail on the following afternoon, the French customs official came aboard, armed with the usual mass of documents.

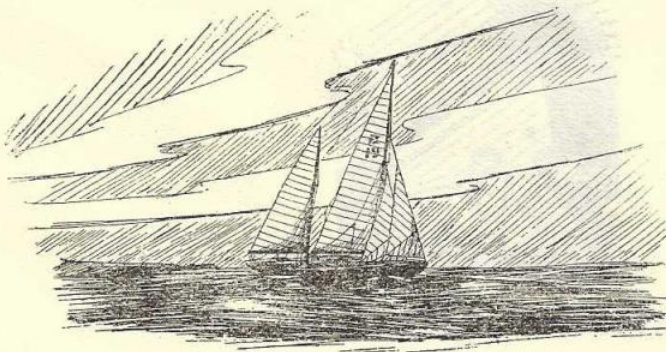
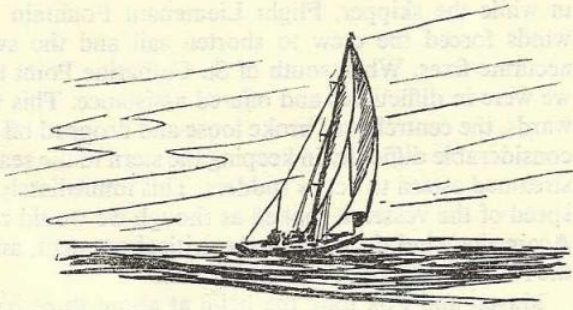
Again with the help of another vessel, this time an English yacht, the *Kormoran* reached the inner harbour and sailed out of Cherbourg, but foul tides and winds prevented her passage into Ormonville, as was intended. And so, with a rising swell and gathering dusk, course was set for St. Catherine Point.

That night the wind rose and the swell increased. The bilge pump again got blocked and Bones succumbed to *mal de mer*. The skipper and Flight Lieutenant Fountain remained at the helm all night, and when Thursday broke, the swell remained. However, the sun came out, and partly by means of following the route of Channel Island Airways' aircraft, a rough course was maintained.

On sighting land again in the afternoon the puffins, which must have been with the *Kormoran* throughout the voyage, flew off to the west. At first the navigator was unsure of our exact position, but after sailing on for a couple of hours we found that we had more or less maintained the required track; the land was, in fact, the Isle of Wight.

However, owing to a foul tide and lack of engine power, the skipper decided to go about and make for the eastern end of the Island and sail up off Portsmouth.

And so, with a following wind and tide, the *Kormoran* sailed round the south of the Isle of Wight. A running fix was taken by the various lights; Bones and Fox turned

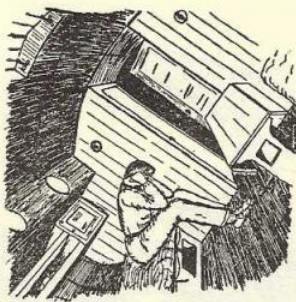


in while the skipper, Flight Lieutenant Fountain and Peters stayed on deck. High winds forced the crew to shorten sail and the swell made it difficult to maintain accurate fixes. When south of St. Catherine Point the coast guard asked, by Aldis, if we were in difficulties and offered assistance. This was gratefully refused. Soon afterwards, the centreboard broke loose and dropped off for good. The skipper experienced considerable difficulty in keeping the stern to the sea and ordered two stout warps to be streamed astern to act as rudders. This immediately solved the problem and, from the speed of the vessel, it looked as though we would reach the Nab Tower before dawn. Again the wind dropped at the critical moment, and at six o'clock the next morning the Nab was still about three miles off.

Mason and Fox took the helm at about three o'clock that morning, and six hours later all hands were called on deck to tidy up the ship ready to sail into Cowes. This was reached late in the afternoon of Friday, and the *Kormoran* anchored here among the other yachts. The following day she sailed down the Solent to Yarmouth, where the crew bathed and had tea. With the fresh winds and choppy seas this was probably the most enjoyable sailing of the cruise, despite the chaos that reigned below in the galley, with bilge water and broken crockery everywhere.

On the last day, Sunday, the *Kormoran* sailed up and moored off Calshot Castle after a thoroughly enjoyable week at sea. On the whole the weather had been kind, which was indeed fortunate, since there had been no regulated system of watches during the whole cruise to alleviate fatigue.

F. K. M.



“THAT SINKING FEELING”

**A FAIR BREEZE
IN MID-CHANNEL**

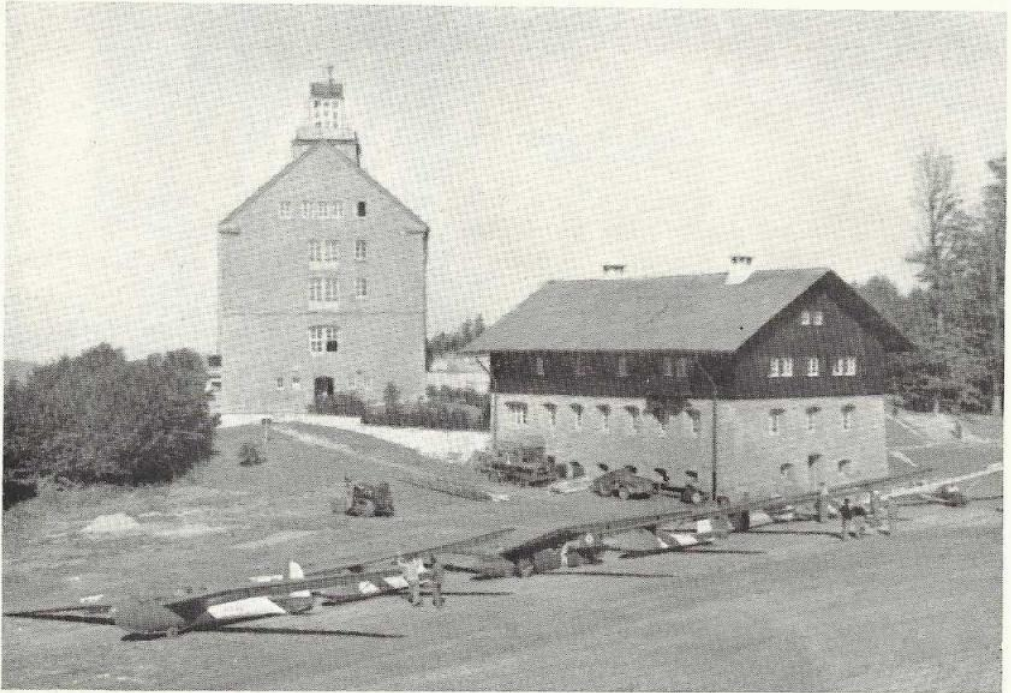


**CHANNEL
SWELL**



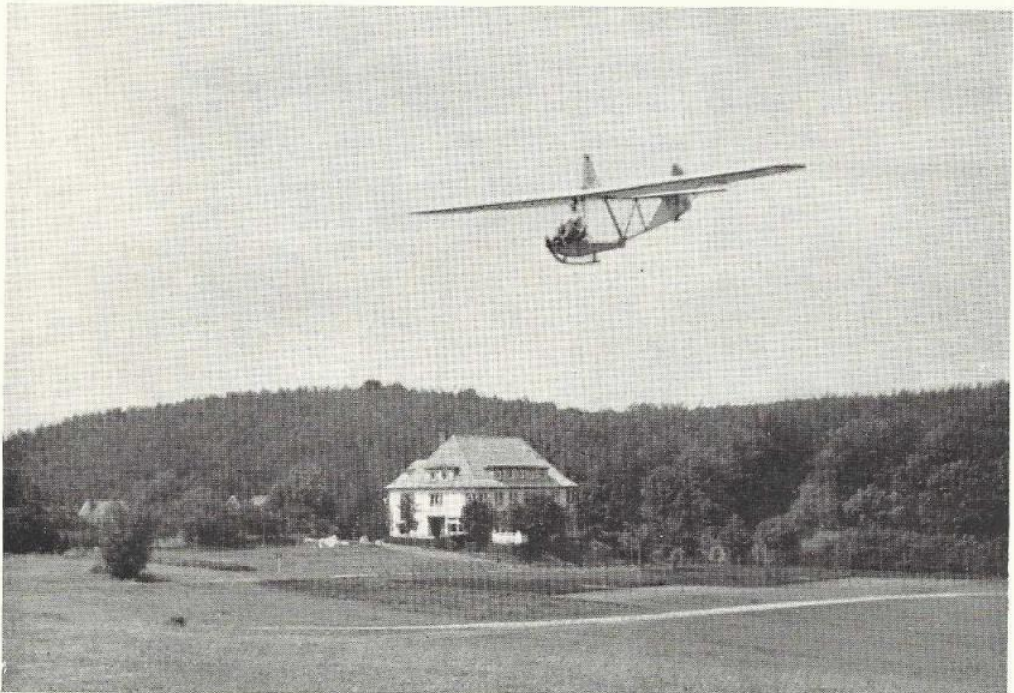
**GROUP CAPTAIN OLIVER AND
FLIGHT CADET BONES**

Photos: F. K. Mason]



MORNING LINE-UP, SCHARFOLDENDORF

[Photo: I. R. Hinde



COMING IN TO LAND, SCHARFOLDENDORF

[Photo: I. R. Hinde

SILENT FLIGHT

THERE must be few Service pilots or cadets at Cranwell who have not experienced the joy and exhilaration that come from climbing up through the overcast, and bursting out into that empyreal world of blue sky and white clouds; some will wistfully recall the fleeting visions of towering cumulus clouds with their interconnecting valleys, ridges, peaks and tunnels inviting the pilot to pause a while, and, disregarding flying regulations, explore those mysterious, vaporous canyons and caverns; other pilots would wish that the principles of aerodynamics could be dispensed with, that the engine could be silenced and the speed reduced to that of walking so that the splendour of the view, the detachment from earthly things and the peace of the heavens could be appreciated to the full.

In recent years these wishes have, to some extent, been fulfilled for those who soar in sailplanes and fly in gliders; for sheer exhilaration gliding ranks equal only with such pastimes as sailing and ski-ing, whilst for those who soar greater joys than ever are added. It is a sport in which effort and enthusiasm bring rich rewards, and in which a very high standard of skill and judgment is demanded.

As a section of the Royal Air Force College Society, gliding is a relative newcomer, but far from suffering as a result it has shown almost phenomenal growth. A nucleus of flying instructors were indoctrinated during the 1949 Easter vacation at White Waltham airfield by day, and in the clubs and pubs of Maidenhead by night. During the Summer Term that year equipment started to arrive: a couple of winches which ten years earlier had frantically paid out thousands of feet of cable attached to balloons to protect our cities, a few gliders of very limited performance and intended to be flown without a single instrument for reference—a dreadful shock for power pilots—and sundry lengths of cable intended to reach from winches to gliders. A start was made on the north airfield, but soon operations were transferred to the south airfield, where there was a larger selection of hangars in which the equipment could be permanently stored. Low hops, high hops and circuits continued each Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday all the summer; cable breaks, overshoots, undershoots and cross-wind landings added variety to the routine and scarred a few cabbage patches and corn, beet and pea fields—which were the only casualties. Just before the end of term the first of many T.XXI Sedburgh dual gliders arrived, and *ad initio* instruction was greatly speeded up. The Gliding Section was on a sound footing.

As gliding is essentially a summer sport, and is also handicapped by the short hours of daylight in the depth of winter, no records were set up during the Autumn and Spring Terms, although on every possible occasion the equipment was brought out and gliding carried on.

By the beginning of this Summer Term the Section was getting well organized, with three new winches designed for the purpose of launching gliders. A Prefect sailplane arrived, but it met an untimely end in a most fascinating manner; however, out of beer, cigarette and whisky taxes the Treasury soon found a replacement. The Assistant Commandant, one of gliding's most ardent enthusiasts and the Section's staunchest supporter, organized the exchange, to the mutual advantage of both parties, of one of the Sedburghs for a Kranich and a Grunau from Halton. The Section could claim with pride a "stable" unequalled elsewhere in the British Isles, and active personnel numbered in hundreds.

The weather generally this summer has been disappointing, and the best days for gliding and soaring have been spent in the Science Block, "A" site or crew rooms. Summer came and went whilst most of the College were watching our Service put on its Farnborough display, but the handful of enthusiasts who remained at Cranwell were not disappointed in their decision and enjoyed perfect conditions, and by the Sunday evening could claim four "C" certificates, a couple of height climbs and a forty-mile cross-country flight by Flight Cadet Hinde, who landed on the sea-shore only because he had run out of land.

These pages have previously recorded details of one of the most popular of all vacation activities, the visits by gliding members to the Headquarters, B.A.F.O., gliding site at Scharfoldendorf. During the summer break two parties again visited that ridge-top site, but a new venture was the decision to hold a gliding camp at one of the few suitable ridge sites in this country—Sutton Bank. At comparatively short notice a detachment was formed which air-towed, truck-towed, transported or carried five gliders, a winch, and all domestic requirements and rations up to Yorkshire. In the succeeding month over 200 glider hours were flown, and thirteen "C" and several "legs" of Silver "C" certificates were obtained. Again the Treasury had to dig deep into the coffers to find the wherewithal to replace another Sedburgh which had been badly damaged, its exit being credited to experience. Life at Sutton Bank was somewhat Spartan and catering was not at the same standard as the College Mess. Fray Bentos worked overtime to produce the enormous quantities of their product which constituted a major portion of the daily ration, and, served in its processed slab form, looked less appetizing at each meal. The limited variety of the cooks' preparations was expanded when free rein was given to flight cadets to help with their own recipes for sweets and other dishes. For some reason or another similar ingredients never produced articles that resembled those produced by chefs or mothers, and the insight gained by some into such domestic problems as laundering and washing-up produced theories on what constitutes a fair wage for the job. Still more cadets gave heartfelt thanks that modern sanitation exists at most places apart from Sutton Bank. The little town of Thirsk came to life for a while, but, on 26th August, as the local publicans called "Time, gentlemen, please," after a boisterous evening, they knew that by the following night all would be quiet and Cranwell would have claimed back its own for another eleven months.

In all, six parties of officers and flight cadets have now been to the Headquarters, B.A.F.O., Gliding Club at Scharfoldendorf and on each occasion the visit has been profitable, enjoyable and valuable—at least from the Cranwell end. After a series of broken skids, lost cables, valley landings, low turns and a couple of write-offs, the staff at Scharfoldendorf began couching their welcome in more apprehensive terms, but by such methods are lessons learnt and the last party to visit there maintained impeccable performances—at least as far as the flying aspect of the visit was concerned. Full details will not be revealed of the weakness of the method used to calculate the rotational velocity of a chandelier, the storming of the main gates by moonlight, the potency and effects of "Scharf Specials" or "Smoothies," or the ill-conceived wild-pig hunt which commenced at 4 a.m. after an all-night session with relays of barmen.

The second party to visit Scharfoldendorf this summer consisted mainly of those flight cadets who have had considerable experience in the gliding world. Most already had their "C" certificate, and several were returning for a second visit in the hope of

gaining sailplane experience and Silver and Gold "C" certificates. An unfortunate accident in a Grunau a few days earlier gave rise to rumours about the flying programme and such phrases as "circuits in the Schule" and "hops in the Grunaus" could often be heard. However, the next day each member of the party did one circuit in the S.G.38 and immediately everyone wanted another. One of the party, of much experience in the machine, attempted to soar it and consequently undershot. Some soaring was done in the Grunaus that the previous course had left intact, and their theories about the weather were soon disproved; a couple of "C's" were collected, which was a good start. On the second day conversion flights were done on the "Shmoo," the pet name of the Mu13. Everyone eventually converted on to the Mü and the Minimoa, and over half on to the Meise Olympia. One day there was a glorious west wind and advantage was taken of it to the tune of some "five-hour" legs for Silver "C." One member actually survived a cockpit full of rain water to add to the burden of the already overloaded Grunau.

When the wind dies on the Scharf ridge it can be somewhat embarrassing, as the Weihe and two Grunaus can testify. However, the frustrated five-hour merchants were recompensed with Silver "C" heights. One Grunau tried the power of prayer and came home polishing the ridge when the others were already in the valley. Whilst the experts were soaring and piling up the hours, the Schule was working hard, and one lady we know was doing faultless circuits, once with the handicap of about 150 yards of cable.

The Saturday night dances were a roaring success (literally), and not one of the least entertaining sights was an air commodore playing a saxophone accompanied by an amusing American guest on the humba-jumba. Eventually the party took over the whole band and performed tolerably well, aided by the Cranwell Choral Society. One of the disadvantages of the visits to Scharfoldendorf is the unbalance amongst the sexes. One or occasionally two seats in different parts of the room would be the target of a nonchalant scramble after every meal, and one is still left wondering if Edna really enjoyed the fortnight.

There is no doubt that this past term has been a most successful one from the point of view of the gliding and soaring results achieved. Many of the earlier plans have come to fruition and it is time to start looking ahead and making more ambitious plans still. To date College members of the Gliding Section have acquired 158 "A" certificates, 150 "B" certificates, fifty-one "C" certificates and four Silver "C" certificates, plus some twenty "legs" towards Silver "C" certificates.

There have been many notable individual exploits. The most outstanding was that of Flight Cadet Dimock, flying a Cadet Mark II glider at Sutton Bank this summer. He remained aloft for twelve hours five minutes, and, although he had taken no food with him, he only landed when the officer in charge of the party had reluctantly to order him to do so because darkness was falling. This was easily a record flight for this type of glider, and Dimock was given due credit for it in the Press.

Cranwell is indeed making its mark in the gliding world. Mr. Philip Wills, C.B.E., the famous sailplane pilot, has taken a great interest in Cranwell's activities both at the College and at Sutton Bank, and he is hopeful that it may be possible for the College to take part in the national contests next year, and also to staff the ground team for Britain in the 1952 international soaring competitions.

One thing is certain, that the College gliding and soaring have proved the most popular of sports and vacation activities. In these days of noise and speed the pleasure

of the silent flight of a sailplane transcends most earthly pastimes. The detachment from Mother Earth is more real, more complete than in any powered plane at any height, and the thrill of getting to know our own peculiar element, the air, with its thermals, its standing waves, its clouds and its winds helps us, as power pilots, to improve our knowledge and to be happy at the same time, studying aloft among the white clouds and the blue skies to the envy of all earth-bound mortals.

H. G. D.

R. L. D.

I. L. S.

CLIMBING AT GLENCOE

The Mountaineering Section of the College Society visited Scotland for the first time when they held their Summer Meet in Glencoe, Argyllshire. Squadron Leader Peacock was in charge of the party of nine flight cadets, the full complement of thirteen being made up by three leaders from the R.A.F.M.A., Wing Commander Smythe, Flight Lieutenant Parish and Sergeant Lees.

After three weeks' holiday and an overnight journey, most of the party felt like resting for the day, or more, on arrival, but these hopes were soon dispersed by the all-too-energetic leaders. Soon all were climbing Beinn-a-Chrulaiste with only the distant view of the Kingshouse Inn to keep them going.

This initial shock gave certain members of the party the excuse for "light duties"; nevertheless, we climbed, or attempted to climb, on every day of the ten-day meet. On the easier rock climbs, which entail plenty of steep scrambling, the Alpine technique of moving together while roped was practised to a large extent. This was a new experience for the College climbers, since there is little need for the technique in either North Wales or the Lake District. It would be tedious to mention all the climbs, but the most noteworthy were Grieg's Ledge, Hyphen Rib, Lagangarbh Chimney, Arrowhead Groove, Crest Route, Cuneiform Buttress, Crowberry Gully, Agag's Groove, Great Ridge at Ardgour, and Blaeberry, or West Rib. The last-named was a first ascent by J. R. Lees, J. G. Parish and R. J. Littlejohn, a notable achievement since the climb is rated "very difficult to severe."

There were occasions when some of the party chose to go ridge walking instead of rock climbing. It is thought that any of the half-dozen who walked the Aonach Eagach Ridge is a potential fell-racing champion, given the right incentive. The descent, of well over two thousand feet, down the side of Clachaig Gully, was made in fifteen minutes; if it had taken five minutes longer the threshold of the Clachaig Hotel would have been reached to no purpose at all.

We experienced a delightful Scottish summer, in which regular soakings with rain precluded the necessity of washing. This was fortunate, as our bathroom was sited under a rowan tree by the nearest burn, and to stand within splashing distance was to invite swarms of midges to a feast. As this was our only water supply they fed well during our visit.

The climbers also fed well in spite of amateur cooks and primitive kitchen arrangements. The cooking was all done on Primuses in very varying states of serviceability,

and which were all very temperamental; despite this the caterers coped admirably, except when hampered by the "dieticians" of the party, who preferred their porridge to distil for a week or two. These rather primitive conditions provided an excellent excuse for a beard-growing contest. It was apparent after several days of egotistical boasting that Welsh ancestry is an advantage in competitions of this nature.

All the members of the party are indebted to Wing Commander and Mrs. Smythe and Squadron Leader Peacock for the use of their cars. They kept the party well supplied with provisions, and saved us many wearisome foraging sorties, for the nearest shop was ten miles away.

P. J. D.
D. J. B.

ARCHERY

The Archery Section was formed last term under Squadron Leader MacDougall. Many cadets tried their hand, but unfortunately many arrows were broken through lack of knowledge and bad shooting. It was then decided that each member should provide his own arrows.

Facilities are available for coaching and for making the arrows, but the Club has so far received little support. It is hoped that in the future a team may be trained to compete with Digby and even Sandhurst.

M. C. C.

RIDING

During the Summer Term we catered for over seventy riders, including a keen Digby contingent and a promising "young entry." Several of the new riders show great promise already, which speaks well for Mr. Falconer's instruction, which is much appreciated.

We were unlucky to lose "Tony" through lung trouble, and "Susan" also "went her way," which was, perhaps, not so unlucky. The remaining horses stood up (nearly always) to the task magnificently, and all credit is due to Arthur King for the excellent condition in which he keeps them.

Near the end of the term we entered a team of four—"Flora," "Cæsar," "Ginger" and "Careless"—at North Hykeham. The rain was not the only dismal thing about that day; however, we enjoyed ourselves and gained some experience. Next year we hope to make up for it, and also enter for the County Show.

We are sorry to have to say good-bye to Flight Lieutenant Clause, who has done a tremendous amount of hard work for the Club. We are happy to welcome Flight Lieutenant Ralph as officer in charge, as he is a keen, practical horseman who hunts and "does" his own horse.

We also have a new horse, as yet unnamed, which promises to be a good 'un. We are all looking forward to the hunting season, and hope to mount cadets whenever the meets are near.

I. L. S.

ENGINEERING

The Engineering Section this term has mainly concerned itself with factory visits, progress on the 500-c.c. car having slowed almost to a standstill.

During the Easter leave a party of some thirty officers and cadets paid a visit to the Royal Aircraft Establishment, Farnborough, and to the de Havilland Aircraft Company at Hatfield.

At Farnborough many interesting "back rooms" were inspected, including one containing a high-speed wind tunnel; de Havilland's showed us Vampire and Venom production lines and also allowed us to clamber over the No. 2 Comet.

In the first half of the term a party visited the ball-bearing works of Messrs. Ransome & Marles, of Newark. The visit was very interesting, though the noise-level in most of the shops was rather high. Everyone seemed willing to answer questions, which were many and varied.

The final visit was at the end of the summer leave, when several cadets went to a steel works at Scunthorpe. The buildings and the machines they contained were somewhat awe-inspiring, and one felt rather insignificant beside them. However, an enjoyable and instructive, if rather dusty, visit was completed to everyone's satisfaction.

We would like to express our thanks to the firms concerned for their help and kindness on these visits and to the officers who organized them.

We hope that next term progress will be resumed on the car and that it will be more or less complete by the end of term.

D. B. D.

MODEL AIRCRAFT

The most important event this term is undoubtedly the Model Rally to be held on 14th October on the North Airfield, at which the Section will be hosts to many hundreds of entrants. It is hoped that spectators will witness excellent flying, especially in the control-line stunt and team-racer contests.

The Radio Control Unit, a subject of much controversy in the Club, has been acquired and seems likely to be first operated in a flying scale D.H.C. Beaver. This model has been flown without R/C apparatus, but suffered superficial damage when making sudden and violent contact with the College buildings.

A flying scale Prentice has been flown, but went the way of all flesh. Judging by the state of some of the models in the club-room the sudden stopping of model aero engines has not always been caused by lack of fuel. In fact, it seems that a smashing time is being had by all.

H. H. J. B.

MUSIC

During the summer months music tends to be pushed into the background by fair-weather activities. While one does not admit that summer ever reaches Lincolnshire, it is certainly lighter in the evenings between May and July. The Music Society appreciates this gesture and in return holds fewer meetings. Nevertheless, cadets presented several gramophone-record programmes. The aim of these evenings is for individuals to play music of their own choice, so that every taste may be satisfied.

Mr. Acombe has now left us. He had been President of the Society for over a year and in that time its membership had doubled. His place is taken by Flight Lieutenant Griffiths.

Soon we hope to buy a slow-speed record player. Not only will this enable us to play normal records at half-speed and make them last twice as long, but it will open up a whole range of new recordings with far finer reproduction.

R. S. M.

Choral

The great volume of sound emanating from the main hall during the Summer Term was created by the newly formed Male Voice Choir. Since the grand beginning, other summer activities have sapped our strength; but the enthusiastic nucleus has spent the remainder of the term in building up a repertoire.

At present we are concentrating upon so-called "students' songs." "Men of Harlech" has become the signature tune, being sung at the beginning, the end, and often also in the middle of rehearsals. But already we can perform passably in songs to suit a large variety of tastes; and we hope fairly soon to have reached a standard sufficiently high to warrant their infliction on the more tolerant members of the College.

R. D. J.

DRAMATICS

It may have been the Cranwell summer and the attraction of the open air, or it may have been the magnitude of the term's production, but during the Summer Term neither the play-reading nor the theatre-visiting sections of the Society functioned. All the Society's attention was turned to the production of "The Taming of the Shrew." The quite considerable set and the large cast taxed the energies of most of the active members of the Society, so it is perhaps excusable that other things were left in the background. Nevertheless, we hope the other sections will be revived during the Autumn Term.

J. A. W.

"THE TAMING OF THE SHREW"

The Summer Term saw the most ambitious production yet attempted by the Dramatic Section—William Shakespeare's "The Taming of the Shrew." There had been a movement within the Section for some time previously to "do Shakespeare," but it was with some doubts that the company assembled for the two casting readings.

The final production silenced all such doubts—doubts which, in the interim, had spread outside the Dramatic Section, with the result that many of the audience arrived in some trepidation. But the appropriate atmosphere was created as soon as the house lights dimmed, by the intoxicated arrival of Christopher Sly, and maintained throughout the play by the many colourful characters who followed him.

The domineering Petruchio (Robin MacMullen) quite obviously enjoyed every moment of his flamboyant and carefree career on the stage; and so did the audience. Katharina (Eira Button) did everything to be expected of a Shakespearian shrew except to spit fire; and the standard set by these two leading characters was, almost without exception, well supported by the remainder of the large cast.

The Dramatic Section has now discovered the fascination of rehearsing and performing Shakespeare. We know that the audience enjoyed itself a great deal more than it expected to. And if there are any critics who consider that the general light-heartedness of the production was carried too near the borderline of burlesque, let them take comfort from this year's London production, in which Petruchio, shouting at his man-normal records at half-speed and make them last twice as long, but it will open up a whole range of new recordings with far finer reproduction.

A. D. B.

DEBATING

The Debating Society has gained much popularity during the past term, judging by the number of people who took part in the debates.

Three meetings were held during the term. The first was an informal one, when officers for the term were elected; a series of snap debates was then held and lively discussion followed, during which everyone present had something to say. The other two meetings were formal ones, after dinner on guest nights, and the subjects were "That in the opinion of this House an economically strong Germany is essential to the security of the Western Powers" and "That this House prefers the role of player, however bad, to that of spectator." The former motion was a little heavy for an after-dinner debate and was passed without any great enthusiasm being shown, but the latter was introduced in a light-hearted vein by the principal speakers and discussion carried on with great gusto by many members of the House. It was only the insistence of Father Time which finally brought a division, when the motion was defeated by a fair majority.

J. A. W.

EQUIPMENT AND SECRETARIAL WING ACTIVITIES

DRAMATICS

THE audience which assembled at Digby on 14th July had, by reason of previous high standards, the right to expect much of the E. and S. Wing Dramatic Section in their production of "Grand National Night," and it was not disappointed.

The level of acting was so high that to single out individuals for praise or blame is difficult or invidious. But bouquets certainly go to the ladies; to Mrs. Dodd for courage and sheer ability in tackling so well the unsympathetic part of the besotted Babs; to Mrs. Hills for her careful study of the woman who loves so anxiously; and not least to Mrs. Kerr for a completely delightful rendering of the vague, blowsy, warm-hearted Pinkie Collins—sister of Babs, and so unlike her. Of the male cast, M. Alderson, who bore the main burden, made Gerald just a trifle too tight-lipped. Otherwise his picture of the cool gambler making throw after throw was excellent. There was a quiet distinction about the lawyer of A. Hickox; and R. Birchall, as the egregious Buns Darling, received his reward in full measure from an appreciative audience. M. Cottingham was refreshingly unlike the detective of fiction and gave a convincing portrait of the alert

young men who populate our Criminal Investigation Department. Of B. Goatley as Sergeant Gibson (who had not succeeded quite so well in the Force) it can only be said that he was a "natural."

Production was by L. Adams and B. Goatley, who skilfully handled a by no means easy piece. Mention must be made of the work of B. Greenhalgh as stage manager, of R. Smith, who was responsible for the lighting, and of J. Broad, J. Pratt and L. Adams, who constructed the set.

R. Marshall was responsible for the properties and A. Hickox for the make-up; and R. Mason, as prompter, played an essential if silent part.

A. W. H. M.

RADIO

Early in the term the Society moved into its new workshops, and a considerable amount of time has been spent in equipping this accommodation. Tools have been obtained and some test equipment installed.

It is intended that the Society should become affiliated to the R.A.F. Amateur Radio Society, and a visit was made to the Headquarters at Cranwell, where twenty-three flight cadets spent an interesting afternoon being introduced to the sphere of amateur radio.

A further visit was also made to Station G8FC, competing at Cranwell in the R.S.G.B. National Field Day.

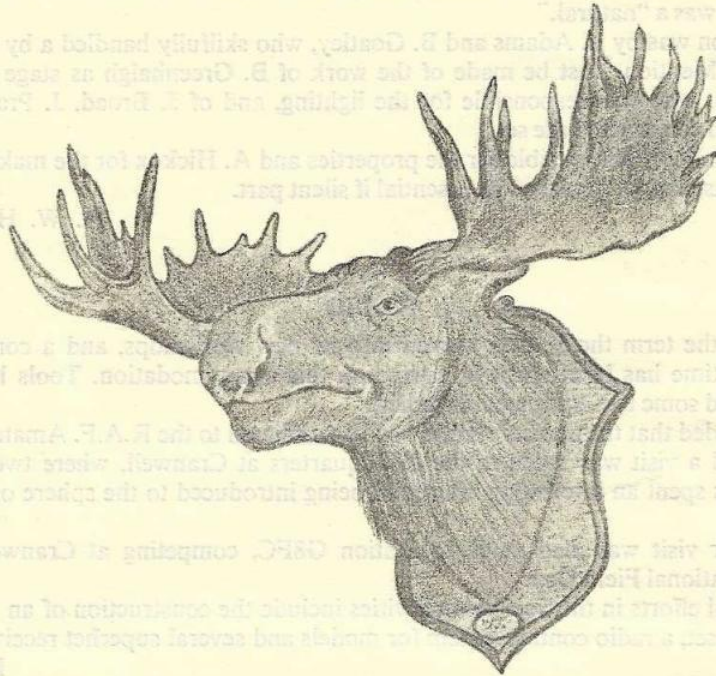
Individual efforts in the Society's activities include the construction of an amplifier, a television set, a radio control system for models and several superhet receivers.

R. S.

Yawning,
As day was dawning,
I heard a voice that bellowed "As you were!"
I didn't even stir,
Because, you see,
It was our morning for P.T.

J. M. T.

THE DIGBY MOOSE



V.S.L.

The noble animal whose head you see here is the Digby moose. He is presented in honour of Nos. 1 and 2 Entries of the Equipment and Secretarial Wing, to whose days at Digby he is a memorial.

His origin is legendary, and his appearance within the Digby Flight Cadet Mess, like that of Nos. 1 and 2 Entries, was utterly mysterious. No one—except the members of Nos. 1 and 2 Entries—knows, or can even imagine, how it happened. Rumour has it that the moose first came to Digby during the war as the pet of a Canadian squadron and was left behind, when they departed, to roam the neighbouring parklands in antlered solitude. Then one day a cadet of No. 1 Entry, whose name shall be for ever a hallowed secret, went out after rabbits with his gun. . . .

The moose, the mysterious gift from Nos. 1 and 2 Entries to their Alma Mater, now confronts you as you enter the Mess with a stare so proud, so challenging, so morose and yet so strangely blank, that it cannot but remind you, if you knew them, of those entries whose lasting monument it shall be.

P. C. W. L.

FISHING THE KAGAN



THE only trout river in Pakistan outside Kashmir is the Kagan, which roars from the snow-clad rocks of Babu Sar for nearly a hundred miles before joining the Jehlum River near Muzzahabad, in Azad Kashmir.

The Kagan Valley is very narrow, with almost perpendicular crags which rise to dizzy heights on either side of it. Until very recently the only means of travel in this valley was by animals or on foot, so only a few energetic sportsmen had ever visited it, and the river was teeming with trout. We were lucky

enough to be one of the first parties to use the jeep track that has recently been constructed.

Glad to escape for a while the scorching heat of Risalpur in summer, I went to Abbottabad, where I was joined by my father and my brother, who had assembled tackle, fishing licences, provisions—and a jeep.

We set off from Abbottabad on the hundred-miles trip in the early morning, hastening towards the cool mountain air before the sun became too hot. After nearly thirty miles we turned off the main road and began to follow the Kagan River. In a few hours we reached Balakote, at the foot of the mountains, and saw a narrow track winding up through the haze. Beyond this point the road was one of those mule tracks from which one hears of pack animals falling to their deaths on the rocks thousands of feet below. It was so narrow most of the way that pedestrians had to cling to the rock wall to allow the jeep to pass. It was frightening to look over the side of the jeep and notice that only a couple of inches were between the outer wheels and the edge of the road, beyond which the river could be seen lashing up foam on the rocks far below.

For the most part we went at a crawling pace. When we met pack ponies, which was often, they sometimes bolted at the sight of the jeep, scattering their loads. When the drivers had got them under control we had to follow them for miles until we came to a part of the road wide enough to allow us to pass them. As our jeep was one of the first vehicles ever to come to this part of the world the few inhabitants would rush out of their mud huts as soon as they heard the roar of its engine. Most of the children would then run to cover behind the nearest rock, and watch us with wide, curious eyes.

This portion of the valley is completely barren. At one place the water of the river was coloured blood-red, and a vast cloud of red dust, nearly twenty miles long, was rising up the valley. The whole surface of the mountain was slowly crumbling down into the river. The process was apparently started by small pieces of rock rolling down from the top and raising the fine red dust. On our return the erosion was still continuing, and we were told that it had been going on for years.

By the evening we had left behind the worst part of the road, and were entering pine forests intersected by mountain streams and noisy with waterfalls. Enormous flocks of goats and cattle being driven to summer pastures at the head of the valley

made our progress very slow. The driver would accelerate the engine as he approached and the flock would scatter up the mountain-side, leaving the astonished shepherds to gather them as best they could. We were now above the snow line and began crossing melting glaciers. In some places these had slipped down nearly ten feet during the night, and men were busy cutting a new road through the rocks and frozen snow.

That evening we stayed at the Kagan rest house, and rushed down to the river to try our luck at fishing before it was too dark. In spite of the rough water leaping over the boulders we managed to bag a dozen fish within half an hour. They seemed hungry, for they would bite immediately the fly settled on the water. To our surprise these fish were more like eels than the usual plump trout. As the river was too fast for good fishing we decided to go farther up the next morning, where the prospects were said to be better.

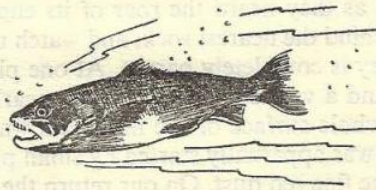
The next morning we set out for a rest house about twelve miles farther up the valley. We fished leisurely all along the route, and found that an average of ten casts was sufficient to hook a fish. The valley was broadening now, and the country was quite green. When we drove into the rest-house compound in the evening the floor of the jeep was littered with nearly thirty fish.

For the next few days we fished in every approachable part of the river. Here the fish were in good condition, and weighed up to six pounds. Our cook became very tired of cleaning and frying trout.

It was great fun fishing among these melting glaciers. Once, strolling up to a shallow, sheltered place, I surprised about a dozen trout packed there as tightly as sardines in a tin. At my approach they scattered, leaving a pool of muddied water behind them, but when I returned to the same place about two hours later they were there again, packed as tightly as before. Apparently it was their afternoon resting place.

After four days our stock of flies had begun to diminish, as we had lost many in battles with the stronger fish, who often got away with an ornamented hook. Eventually, and only just before our petrol was exhausted, we returned home with a bag of over two hundred trout to the credit of our three rods.

M. K. K.



1950, AND ALL ROADS LEAD TO ROME



HAVING been assured by a beautiful young receptionist at the Italian Tourist Office that all roads really did lead to Rome, Joe and I determined to test this statement for ourselves during the summer leave. We reviewed the situation thoroughly and came to the conclusion that the best and cheapest way would be to cycle. We purchased a second-hand tandem, and equipped it with a home-made tent, numerous bottles of embrocation and a couple of changes of clothing. We had spent some six months planning out our route and compiling a log book filled with every scrap of information available on the subject; but when we were about to leave London

we remembered with horror that our "gen" book was still at Digby.

With this fine beginning to cheer us up we left Charlton at 7 p.m. on Thursday, 27th July. During the night we were thrown off once by tram lines, and were forced to walk up a number of long hills because our lowest gear had failed. On top of this, the only place we could find to sleep in at Dover was a bus shelter, which offered us one narrow and very hard bench. On the Friday morning we crossed to Calais, turned our noses towards Brussels and pedalled as fast as we could along the beautiful pavé roads about which we had heard so much. Our forward speed must have been at least eight kilometres an hour: the cobbles for the most part were so bad that we frequently had to dismount and nurse the heavily laden rear wheel over the cruel bumps.

We spent a day in Brussels and left on the Sunday morning, just as the riots caused by King Leopold's return began to get out of hand. The road surface to Luxembourg was quite good; and had we not had a puncture, and also had to get off and push up the hills, we would have made good progress. Oh, how I loved the Ardennes! They are no doubt very beautiful, but not the sort of country I like for cycling.

In spite of a continuous head wind we advanced rapidly from Luxembourg, passing through Metz, over the Vosges to Strasbourg, and then up the Rhine Valley, only to arrive at Basle to be greeted by a thunderstorm and torrential rain which lasted for the next twenty-four hours. In view of the bad weather, and also because we were a day behind schedule, we decided to take shelter in a train going to Airolo, at the southern end of the St. Gotthard Tunnel. This journey of just over a hundred miles cost us the modest sum of over two guineas each. On emerging from the tunnel we found the weather in our favour and were able to free-wheel for most of the fifty kilometres down the Alps. Although our brakes were working well, we frequently had cause to wish that we had packed a couple of parachutes, just in case. By nightfall we reached Lugano, where we had our first plate of spaghetti—eating time, one hour.

Friday, the 4th—our "lazy day"—we moved very slowly round the shores of Lakes Lugano and Como. The weather was very warm and we were able to have our first

swim. We also spent most of that day's allowance on ice-cream; the Italians certainly know how to make it, and it is cheap, too. The next morning we arrived at Milan, where we had a look at the famous cathedral, which is wonderful from the outside but disappointing inside. In the afternoon we did an excellent run across the valley and just after nightfall climbed the Giovi Pass, without lights and along a very little-used road. On the way down we had to keep the brakes on all the time because we were unable to see the treacherous hairpin bends until we were right on top of them. This caused the rims of our wheels to get so hot that the rear inner tube burned through and we had to pitch tent for the night.

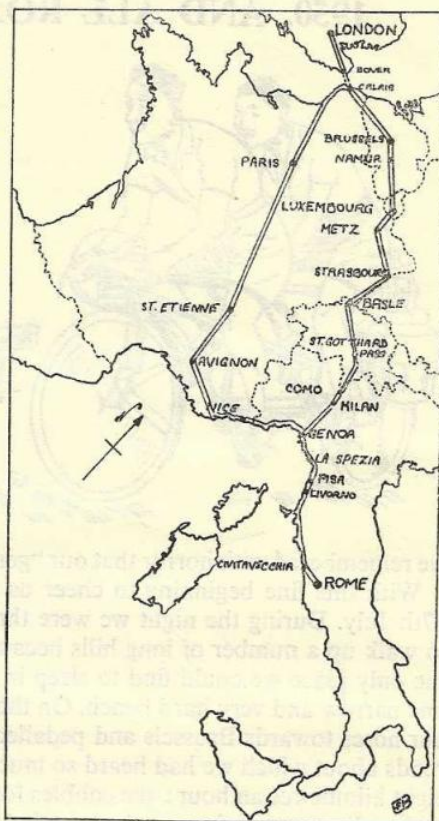
The next morning, after repairing the puncture, we passed through Genoa, the worst city on earth; the roads are absolutely hopeless. We then went by a very hilly road along the Mediterranean coast. Once again in the evening we struck a mountain, most of which we climbed before stopping for the night. Early on Monday morning (7th August) we completed our climb to La Spezia, where we entered a wide plain which stretched past Pisa right down to Grosseto. However, it was not all as easy as that: on

the Tuesday we had our third rear-wheel puncture. Both the inner tube and the outer cover were in such a terrible condition that we ditched them and fitted the only spares that we were carrying. In the process we lost one of the rear spindle nuts and we were delayed for some five hours before we could obtain a new one.

On Wednesday morning we were due in Rome, and we still had 185 kilometres to go. However, with a lot of hard work over an undulating road we were able to arrive at St. Peter's at 4.30 p.m. on 9th August, thirteen days after leaving home.

Soon after our arrival we were interviewed by a reporter, who took a photograph of us which appeared in *L'Osservatore Romano*, the Vatican newspaper, a few days later. We went to the Holy Year Central Committee offices to make a few inquiries and were told that we were entitled to five days of free board and lodging, but as we could not prove that we had cycled they only gave us one free night, some "free meal" tickets and some reduction tickets for the buses and museums. The buses caused us tremendous amusement: they are made to seat twenty and stand about seventy, and the fighting that goes on in them at rush periods is nobody's business!

Rome is really an amazing city and, although we spent a week there, we did not see half of it. We were so enchanted by the splendour and terrific size of St. Peter's that we had to go there four times to see even a little of it. We spent a very interesting



morning in the Vatican Museum and on other days we visited the Catacombs and the three major basilicas, all of which are very beautiful and have a wealth of history attached to them.

On the Saturday evening we went to St. Peter's for the public audience. The interior of the basilica, lit by literally hundreds of chandeliers, presented a sight which I will never forget. When the Pope was carried in, there were about 40,000 people waiting for him, and the deafening cheer which greeted him must have stirred even the coldest of hearts.

We left Rome on Thursday, 17th August, and retraced our tracks along the Via



Aurelia. At La Spezia we took a train for some seventy-five miles to Genoa to avoid reascending the uninteresting Bracco Pass. From Genoa we followed the Mediterranean coast, making reasonable progress until the left-hand prong of the front fork snapped neatly in two. As all garages were closed, the local policeman rendered us temporary aid in the form of soft solder, and we pushed on to the Italian-French border with due care. We arrived in Menton just in time to get involved in the colourful and gay "Battle of the Flowers" carnival.

Early the next morning we cycled into Nice, where we had the front fork brazed while we enjoyed the wonderful weather on the beach. That night we spent on the shore, lulled to sleep by the strains of dance music coming

from an hotel across the road. On Tuesday we slowly moved towards Cannes, where we spent another gloriously lazy day. Wednesday evening found us doing a quick tour of Avignon—rather a pleasant old fortress town—and on the following day we did some excellent riding, marred only by the rain in the evening. That night we were guests of an old soldier who had fought in 1914 alongside the British. He gave us so much home-made wine that when the next day we had to tackle a small hill (3,700 feet) we felt quite ill. I felt too sick to cycle and Joe was too ill to walk; so it resulted in my pushing while Joe cycled. In this way it took us some six hours to reach the top.

Passing quickly through St. Etienne and Fontainebleau, we arrived in Paris on Monday morning, 28th August. Here we stopped at a cheap hotel (bed and breakfast in bed for 6s. 6d. each) for three and a half days, during which time we developed quite a taste for Parisian pastries, and in fact for everything we saw there.

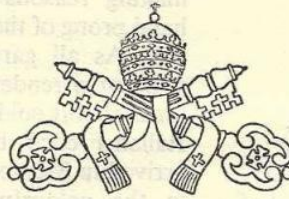
Early on Friday morning we left Paris, but about fifteen kilometres outside, the walls of our rear tyre burst. We were unable to find a new one to fit our wheel so had to change front and back tyres, repairing the split as best we could. We pushed on again until we reached Abbeville, where we slept at the railway station. The next morning we took a train to Calais (some sixty miles), where we spent the last few francs we had on food. Leaving Calais by the afternoon boat we had quite a comfortable crossing, arriving at Dover at 4.45 p.m. By the time we had sent a couple of telegrams and bought a new outer cover for the front wheel, we were left with fivepence, which we

spent on chips at Canterbury. We left Dover at 6 p.m. and had a good run (this time with the top gear "U.S."), to arrive at Charlton at 11.30 p.m. on Saturday, 2nd September. We were penniless, except for one five-lira note (3/4d.).

In all we cycled 2,300 miles, travelled 270 miles by train and spent £35 each.

M. H. S.

E. F. B.

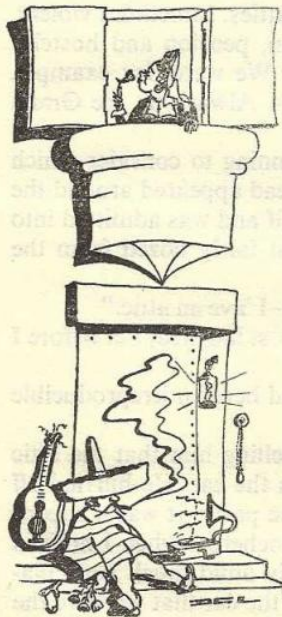


DRIVING IN MEXICO CITY

THE art of handling motor vehicles has never been developed anywhere in the world to such an extent as in Mexico City. To handle a car in this busy city one has to be almost superhuman. For proof of this one has only to investigate the manner in which a driving test is conducted.

The test consists mainly in parking a car in a rectangular area. Three sides of the rectangle are marked with white lines, and one of the longer sides is unpainted. At first sight the manœuvre appears to be an impossible feat, but it can be done, and after about three attempts success is yours. This, of course, involves taking the test, and paying the fee, three times. Having obtained the licence you are thrown into the great multitude of cars careering around the city. Nearly everyone possesses an automobile, as bus travel is uncomfortable—one bus ride and you have a sympathetic feeling for sardines for ever after.

The traffic police do their best to control all these machines at cross-roads. If kept waiting too long you immediately rest your elbow on the horn until the policeman takes notice and allows you through. When approaching a crossing, with a policeman on duty, the normal speed is about 40 m.p.h. You brake hard when about five yards from the crossing—this method naturally saves time. To signal to the driver behind that you intend stopping would only show that you are a sissy; he should constantly be ready for anything.



If there are no policemen at the minor cross-roads you commence sounding your horn at fifty yards' distance. If you can hear no other horn above your own you put your foot hard on the accelerator and regard yourself as having the right of way. One of the objects of life in Mexico City is to obtain the loudest horn possible.

Driving at night is even more of an art. Traffic lights are looked upon as rather pretty street lamps. If you stop when the light is red, Mexican drivers consider that you are either idling away the time or insane.

Taxi drivers have a unique method of driving. They have complete trust in their cars. When the car is moving they treat it just like a horse, and let it find its own way in and out amongst the other vehicles. This is not their only peculiarity. They have a favourite sport. It is to catch pedestrians attempting to cross the road, and to see how far they can make their victims jump to reach the pavement before being clipped by the taxi. Never let the roadways of England be called dangerous or difficult to drive upon. By comparison with those of Mexico they are like the quiet backwaters of a slow-moving river.

C. E. F. C.

"I 'AVE AN ATTIC!"

THE Hotel de la Poste at Saulieu ranks rightly as one of the top five restaurants in France; le Guide Michelin, that strangely incorrupt public service, decorates its name with all the symbols of greatness. It was essential for us to have dinner there, and, as I innocently remarked when we entered the town, "We may as well sleep there, too."

It was eight o'clock and a glorious evening. Paris lay behind us, the Mediterranean was before us, and in the immediate foreground, as it were, we could almost smell the Tournedos Henri 4, the Truite Meunière and all the other *specialités du maison* which the Guide described. The Studebaker slid into the courtyard, and the *maitre* opened the door.

"Dinner? Certainement, monsieur, but rooms—ah, non, we are full." We were not worried. In France one quickly learns that the best of machines will not run without oil. The *maitre* was supplied with his particular brand of oil, and we hurried into the bar. Dinner was at nine, and the thought of dry Martinis had been haunting us all long enough. We were four: Brian and I and the two girls, one American, one English. We wanted two twin-bedded rooms, and the grouping, contrary to French expectations, was as I have given it. The second Martini was on order before Monsieur could convince us that he meant what he said: the hotel was indeed full. During the next half-hour, with the aid of the ubiquitous Michelin, we flung a succession of telephone numbers at the perspiring staff. On our behalf verbal battles, sometimes violent, sometimes tearful, always noisy, were fought with every inn, pension and hostelry within reasonable range. But all in vain. All was *complète*. We were, for example, on the Grand Route. It is necessary to make the reservations. Always on the Grand Route; it is like so.

They were running out of Martini glasses and I was beginning to consider which seat in the car was the most comfortable, when the *maitre's* head appeared around the door. With a conspiratorial leer he beckoned; I excused myself and was admitted into a tiny office. The leer became even more sinister; vile intent fairly oozed from the man's face.

"Monsieur, I 'esitate to mention it in front of the ladies, but—I 'ave an attic."

This last was on such a note of suggestive inquiry that I almost laughed, but before I could interrupt:

"I could put there two double beds with, if you prefer" (and here an irreproducible note of scorn) "a screen down the middle. . . ."

I accepted the attic gladly. I would not spoil his fun by telling him that the attic would do splendidly for the ladies while Brian and I slept in the car. He hurried off in high fettle while I communicated my news to the rest of the party. It was a superb and hilarious dinner, and we were just about to tackle the Rochefort when I noticed the *maitre* in the courtyard arguing with a fierce-looking lady amid much gesticulation. It was obvious from the looks cast first at us and then at the car that we were the subject of the disagreement, and sure enough as we left the dining-room a sad face greeted us, and I was again beckoned into secret conclave.

"My wife, m'sieur, 'eard of your contretemps, and has erected a bed in the staff dining-room—voici——"

He opened a door leading off the courtyard. What had once been an eating place for the servants had been transformed into a quite presentable bedroom.

"Of course" (this, oh, so eagerly), "if you prefer my previous idea . . ." I disappointed him firmly. The ladies were to have this room and my friend and I would be very comfortable in his excellent attic.

He stood in the courtyard shaking his head as I began to unload the car. His glance swung from the open doorway in the yard to the closed one at the top of the attic stair; I could almost hear him reckoning the distance. The first breath of the cold night murmured round the yard. He shivered slightly and turned on me a look of complete reproach and utter disappointment. And as he turned away I caught the echo of that salacious, garlic-laden whisper :

"M'sieu . . . I've an attic."

J. H. B.

QUESTION AND ANSWER

What is it that brings good cheer?
 What is it you hold most dear?
 Which word would you like to hear?
 What is it you do not fear?
 Why upon your face that leer?
 One guess what I'm holding here.
 Yes, you're getting very near.
 Ah! your face begins to clear.
 "Sacre nom" and "Mamma mia,"
 Any further rhymes for "-ia"?
 No? Well, then, the answer's "Beer."

R. L. T. P.

A GREAT RACE

IN a sports handbook recently published at Cranwell, details are given of some of the College athletic records. Half-way down the list is the rather startling statement that the Two Miles was once won in 15.9 seconds. Nothing else is said about it, beyond these bare figures, but since they represent an average speed over the course of 453 m.p.h. the race must have created something of a sensation at the time. It is possible, by applying a few aero-science formulæ, to look back and deduce a certain amount of what must have happened.

The sports stadium at Cranwell is a quarter of a mile in circumference, and since 100-yard sprints are run along one of the straight sides, a bit of arithmetic, guesswork and gross approximation gives the radius of the rounded corners as about 100 feet. Running round these at 453 m.p.h. would give an inward acceleration of $137.5G$, which would almost certainly cause blacking-out, so presumably they ran the race along a special straight track, and not around the stadium. Besides, it would have been too rough on the runner's ankles, as he would have had to lean inwards at an angle of $89^{\circ} 35'$.

Then there is the question of how he started. Suppose it was the usual sprint start. Then if he accelerated constantly all the way he would be doing 453 m.p.h. half-way and no less than 906 m.p.h. at the tape. This is obviously absurd; no human being can run at 906 m.p.h. Maybe they gave him a sort of negative handicap which enabled him to run and pick up speed before crossing the starting line. However, this particular point threatens to bring in calculus, so let us leave it. While mentioning handicaps, though, it may be estimated that ordinary competitors would need starts of about 3,400 yards to make it a fair race. This would only leave them 120 yards to run, so they might as well not have entered for the two miles, anyway.

Now the average human body falls in air at about 120 m.p.h., when its drag equals its weight. If drag is proportional to the square of the velocity, and this athlete weighed 150 pounds, he must have created an air resistance of 2,140 pounds as he ran along. To overcome the friction of the air alone, neglecting the friction of the ground, he must therefore have exerted 2,580 horse power, and become extremely hot and breathless in the process. He would need to have eaten a large number of calories beforehand, too.

If his stride was about nine feet when all out, he must have been making seventy-five strides a second. So the pattering of his feet must have merged into a low hum, barely audible above the astonished gasps of the vast crowd which gathered to watch.

Yes, it must certainly have been a great occasion. And there are so many fascinating questions which have not been answered. How did he protect his face from the furious slipstream? What was his diet during training? Did he drag a chain behind him to get rid of the static electricity generated, or did he just electrocute the first man who ran to shake his hand? How did he manage to pull up at the end—with a tail parachute perhaps? It is all so fantastic that one almost doubts that it ever really happened.

R. H. R.

OLD CRANWELLIAN NOTES

OLD CRANWELLIAN REUNION

THE reunion was held this year on 26th July. Many ex-cadets were able to come to Cranwell, and this year was notable for the exciting forms of air transport used by the younger members, as opposed to the more usual Ansons and Proctors of the older generation.

The weather was not cold enough to spoil the cricket match, which was won again by the cadets in spite of the efforts of Air Vice-Marshal Beamish before the match to rouse a powerful team, and on the field. However, with our membership increasing each year, the problem of finding a sound team is becoming easier, and our prospects more hopeful.

As usual, the annual general meeting was held after the cricket match, and those members who were unable to attend will be able to read of the business done in the next annual report.

We were privileged to have the C.-in-C., Fighter Command, Air Marshal Sir Basil Embry, K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O., D.F.C., A.F.C., as our guest of honour for dinner, and he has accepted honorary membership of the Association.

Also it is with great pleasure that we announce the following new associate members:

Group Captain D. Lumgair, Assistant Commandant of the Equipment and Secretarial Wing.

Group Captain R. H. Cleverly, P.M.C. of the College, since the reopening.

Flight Lieutenant D. M. Clause, sometime Flying Instructor, Adjutant, Junior Entries, and College Adjutant.

Flight Lieutenant W. J. Bangay, M.B.E., College Bandmaster, who has recently achieved his fiftieth passing-out parade.

AWARD

We offer congratulations to Wing Commander D. Wykeham-Barnes, D.S.O., O.B.E., D.F.C., on his award of the United States Air Medal for operations in Korea.

PROMOTIONS

The following promotions were announced on 1st July, 1950:

To Air Vice-Marshal.—G. R. Beamish, M. H. D'Aeth and T. G. Pike.

To Air Commodore.—G. P. Chamberlain, C. E. Chilton, J. Marson and G. I. L. Saye.

To Group Captain.—K. W. Niblett, J. N. H. Whitworth, W. R. Brotherhood, W. G. Abrams, D. R. Shore, E. C. Harding, N. T. Bennett, J. P. Cecil-Wright, E. D. McK. Nelson, D. J. P. Lee and D. Finlay.

To Wing Commander.—W. Pitt-Brown, P. H. Cribb, E. A. Johnston, H. J. Cundall, T. C. Murray, D. W. Steventon, R. C. Rotherham, S. B. Grant, J. R. Armitstead, H. N. Garbett, M. M. Stevens and D. D. Haig.

CRANWELL STAFF

Since the last issue of these notes there have been a number of changes among the Old Cranwellian members of the staff.

Air Vice-Marshal Beamish has handed over the College and chairmanship of the O.C.A. Committee to Air Commodore L. F. Sinclair.

Group Captain E. J. Corbally has taken over North Luffenham, and Group Captain Heber-Percy is now Group Captain Executive.

Squadron Leader I. N. MacDougall has joined the staff of the Air Attaché in Paris, and Squadron Leader A. R. Wright is now a member of the War Studies team at Cranwell.

Finally, Flight Lieutenant D. B. Hamley, of No. 45 Entry, has been posted in as a Q.F.I. and has the privilege of being the first post-war graduate to join the staff.

We have just learned that Harry Lager will retire from the Civil Service early next year at the age of 65. However, we are not to lose him completely, since he has agreed to carry on as Secretary of the Association.

He has asked me to add a postscript to these notes for the benefit of members wanting new ties. The price of the Association tie has now risen to 18s. 2d.

STAFF APPOINTMENTS

HEADQUARTERS, ROYAL AIR FORCE COLLEGE

<i>The Commandant</i>	Air Commodore L. F. Sinclair, G.C., C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O.
<i>Assistant Commandant</i>	Group Captain J. O. W. Oliver, C.B., D.S.O., D.F.C.
<i>Assistant Commandant, Equipment and Secretarial Wing</i>	Group Captain D. Lumgair.
<i>Group Captain, Executive</i>	Group Captain J. Heber-Percy.
<i>Director of Studies</i>	P. Johnson, Esq., O.B.E., M.A.
<i>Officers Commanding</i>	
<i>Administrative Wing</i>	Wing Commander N. Adams.
<i>Technical Wing</i>	Wing Commander J. N. C. Law.
<i>Flying Wing</i>	Squadron Leader R. B. Cole, D.F.C.
<i>Senior Equipment Officer</i>	Wing Commander P. N. Sowman.
<i>Senior Medical Officer</i>	Wing Commander P. A. Wilkinson.
<i>Senior Dental Officer</i>	Wing Commander C. H. Beamish.
<i>College Medical Officer</i>	Squadron Leader J. A. Wheeler-Bennett.
<i>P.S.O. to the Commandant</i>	Squadron Leader C. F. Bradley, D.S.O.
<i>P.A. to the Commandant</i>	Flight Lieutenant C. O. Ellison, D.F.C.
<i>College Adjutant</i>	Flight Lieutenant C. P. H. Kunkler.
<i>Training Plans and Progress</i>	Flight Lieutenant H. G. Davies.
<i>Director of Music</i>	Flight Lieutenant W. J. Bangay, M.B.E.

CADET WING

<i>Officers Commanding</i>	
<i>A Squadron</i>	Squadron Leader H. A. Jenkins, D.F.C.
<i>B Squadron</i>	Squadron Leader R. H. G. Weighill, D.F.C.
<i>C Squadron</i>	Squadron Leader M. D. Lyne, A.F.C.
<i>Cadet Wing Adjutant</i>	Flight Lieutenant J. R. C. H. Graves.
<i>Cadet Wing Officers</i>	
<i>A Squadron</i>	Flight Lieutenant A. W. Griffiths.
<i>B Squadron</i>	Flight Lieutenant R. F. H. Martin.
<i>C Squadron</i>	Flight Lieutenant R. T. Saunders.
<i>Adjutant, Junior Entries</i>	Flight Lieutenant J. C. Woods.
<i>Senior G.C.T. Instructor</i>	Squadron Leader J. D. Blois.
<i>Instructor, G.C.T.</i>	Flight Lieutenant R. A. Hudson.
<i>Physical Fitness Officer</i>	Flight Lieutenant W. T. H. Hay.

The following appointments in other branches of the College staff have been made since the last issue of the JOURNAL :

CADET SQUADRON STAFF, EQUIPMENT AND SECRETARIAL WING

<i>Cadet Squadron Commander</i>	Squadron Leader W. R. Assheton.
<i>Deputy Squadron Commander</i>	Flight Lieutenant L. J. Otley.

INSTRUCTIONAL STAFF

<i>Chief Instructor, E. & S. Wing</i>	Wing Commander F. H. Shutt.
<i>Chief Engineer Instructor</i>	Squadron Leader R. E. W. Harland.
<i>Senior Tutors, E. & S. Wing</i>	
<i>Secretarial</i>	Squadron Leader J. R. Pullan.
<i>Humanistics</i>	Squadron Leader A. C. Kerr.
<i>Instructors</i>	
<i>Aerodynamics</i>	Flight Lieutenant J. Quick.
<i>Humanistics</i>	Flight Lieutenant J. F. L. Long.
<i>G.S.I.</i>	Flight Lieutenant R. A. Hudson.
<i>Aero Science</i>	Flying Officer A. H. Craven.
<i>Librarian</i>	Flight Lieutenant F. G. Carter, D.S.C.

Instructors, E. & S. Wing

<i>Secretarial</i>	Flight Lieutenant D. J. C. Moore.
	Flight Lieutenant R. B. Weller.
<i>Equipment</i>	Flight Lieutenant H. D. Elmes.
<i>Humanistics</i>	Flight Lieutenant D. G. A. Barham.
<i>Languages</i>	Flight Lieutenant J. F. M. Lawrence.

The following have left the College staff :

Wing Commanders A. R. D. MacDonell, D.F.C., W. J. Maggs, O.B.E., and W. E. Nicholas, O.B.E.

Squadron Leaders F. S. Bloomfield, P. C. Cleaver, O.B.E., V. J. G. Cole, R. W. H. Forster, D.F.C., A. C. L. Mackie, D.F.C., I. N. MacDougall, D.F.C., and S. Shields.

Lieutenant-Commander A. C. D. Leach, D.S.C., R.N.

Flight Lieutenants D. M. Clause, R. W. Freer, D. C. Lowe, D.F.C., A.F.C., D. W. H. Smith and W. H. Smith.

Pilot Officer M. N. Hughes D'Aeth.

A. W. Acomb, Esq.

SQUADRON LISTS

PROMOTIONS, SPRING TERM, 1950

A SQUADRON

Flight Cadet Under-Officer R. T. MacMullen.	Flight Cadet Corporal V. A. Southon.
Flight Cadet Sergeant J. F. H. Chick.	Flight Cadet Corporal R. Watson.
Flight Cadet Sergeant R. D. Jones.	Flight Cadet Acting Corporal M. McA. Bacon.
Flight Cadet Corporal R. E. Gamble.	Flight Cadet Acting Corporal J. A. Fryer.
Flight Cadet Corporal D. C. Luck.	Flight Cadet Acting Corporal P. J. Giddens.
Flight Cadet Corporal L. J. Russell.	Flight Cadet Acting Corporal J. M. Preston.

B SQUADRON

Flight Cadet Under-Officer J. L. Price.	Flight Cadet Corporal R. J. Littlejohn.
Flight Cadet Sergeant R. S. May.	Flight Cadet Acting Corporal G. O. Eades.
Flight Cadet Sergeant J. A. Williams.	Flight Cadet Acting Corporal M. M. Foster.
Flight Cadet Corporal B. A. Cochrane.	Flight Cadet Acting Corporal J. B. Lightfoot.
Flight Cadet Corporal G. Copping.	Flight Cadet Acting Corporal A. A. Persse.
Flight Cadet Corporal D. C. Walker.	

C SQUADRON

Flight Cadet Under-Officer G. B. Stockman.	Flight Cadet Corporal J. N. Murphy.
Flight Cadet Sergeant N. R. L. Saunders.	Flight Cadet Corporal G. M. Scarott.
Flight Cadet Sergeant K. A. Williamson.	Flight Cadet Acting Corporal M. Gill.
Flight Cadet Corporal I. E. Barr-Sim.	Flight Cadet Acting Corporal R. Hollingworth.
Flight Cadet Corporal J. F. Gale.	Flight Cadet Acting Corporal D. L. F. Thornton.
Flight Cadet Corporal W. F. Jacobs.	Flight Cadet Acting Corporal S. J. West.

D SQUADRON

Flight Cadet Under-Officer B. G. Cooper.	Flight Cadet Corporal B. P. Eastmead.
Flight Cadet Sergeant L. P. Adams.	Flight Cadet Acting Corporal E. F. Banks.
Flight Cadet Sergeant A. S. Loveland.	Flight Cadet Acting Corporal B. E. F. Faulkner.
Flight Cadet Corporal P. J. Broad.	Flight Cadet Acting Corporal J. A. Kiely.
Flight Cadet Corporal M. L. Cann.	Flight Cadet Acting Corporal V. J. W. M.
Flight Cadet Corporal A. W. Cartledge.	Lawrence.

No. 58 ENTRY

A SQUADRON

R. G. Bowyer, Shrewsbury.	W. R. Sowrey, Tonbridge.
G. A. P. Chamberlain, St. Edward's.	D. B. Stacey, Archbishop Holgate's Grammar School, York.
P. J. Goodall, Eltham College.	R. P. Strange, Midhurst Grammar School.
P. L. Gray, Dulwich.	P. J. Underdown, Tewkesbury Grammar School.
J. R. Johnson, Rugeley Grammar School.	D. Walter, St. Peter's, York.
P. R. Lockwood, Bournemouth School.	D. J. Wyborn, Chichester High School.
B. S. Northway, Merchant Taylors'.	
J. M. Pack, Administrative Apprentices' Training School, St. Athan.	

B SQUADRON

J. S. Boyle, Enfield Grammar School.	R. M. Salt, Sutton High School, Plymouth.
A. M. E. Deutrom, St. Anthony's College, Kandy, Ceylon.	D. M. A. Samuels, Marlborough.
J. B. Fitzpatrick, Halton.	J. R. Sandle, Cranbrook.
A. W. Ginn, Southgate County Grammar School.	D. S. Selway, Simon Langton, Canterbury.
D. J. House, King Edward VI's, Southampton.	G. E. Taylor, Darlington Grammar School.
J. D. Leary, St. Edward's.	W. Topping, King Alfred's School, Wantage.
F. R. Micklewright, Hurstpierpoint.	B. Watson, Lower School of John Lyon, Harrow.
	B. W. Weskett, Cirencester Grammar School.

C SQUADRON

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| M. J. Armitage, Halton. | R. I. L. Rose, Lancing. |
| R. A. Calvert, St. Peter's, York. | J. S. R. Salmond, Uppingham. |
| M. Edwards, Bablake School, Coventry. | J. F. H. Tetley, Malvern. |
| P. H. Elton, Bristol Grammar School. | G. S. Turner, Beaumaris Grammar School. |
| G. Goonesena, Royal College, Colombo. | J. Walker, Grove Academy, Broughton Ferry. |
| A. R. Hill, Magdalen College School. | N. B. S. Wilder, Wellington. |
| J. D. E. Renshaw, Marist College, Hull. | |
| R. J. Roberts, Hursh's Grammar School, Taunton. | |

EQUIPMENT AND SECRETARIAL WING, DIGBY

No. 9 ENTRY

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| P. H. W. Allan, City of Oxford School. | D. C. L. Holman, City of Norwich School. |
| P. H. Atkin, Bedford Modern School. | C. H. M. Holmes, Bedford. |
| D. J. Brett, St. Michael's College, Hitchin. | J. Shearer, Westcliff High School. |
| A. C. H. Denny, Edmonton Higher Grade School. | A. C. Storkey, Queen Elizabeth's, Barnet. |
| W. J. Hodgkinson, Hilburn Grammar School. | S. H. Tottman, Sir Joseph Williamson's Mathematical School, Rochester. |



