

THE JOURNAL OF



THE ROYAL AIR FORCE COLLEGE

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CRANWELL
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Group Captain E. D. MacK. Nelson, C.B., Assistant Commandant
Royal Air Force College

The Journal

of the

Royal Air Force College

MARCH 1953

VOL XXV NO I

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THE ROYAL AIR FORCE COLLEGE
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THE EQUIPMENT & SECRETARIAL WING
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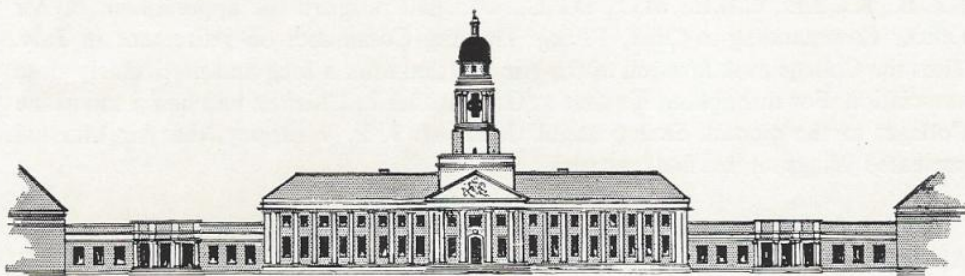
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COLLEGE NOTES

ON 5th February the College observed the thirty-third anniversary of its foundation. Among military academies a third of a century may not seem a venerable antiquity. At a comparable age the R.M.A. was watching the struggle for American independence, Sandhurst was preparing for the service of King William IV, and West Point was launching its graduates into the wars with the Cherokees and Seminoles. But, since air power is young, Cranwell's thirty-three years suffice to give it primacy as the first of the academies of air forces in the world.



Marshal of the Royal Air Force Sir John C. Slessor, G.C.B., D.S.O., M.C., greatly honoured the College by coming as Reviewing Officer to the Graduation Parade of No. 57 Entry and No. 8 (Equipment and Secretarial) Entry in December. For this was the Marshal's last parade function before his resignation of the post of Chief of the Air Staff. As befitted so important a Royal Air Force occasion, there was a strong attendance of senior officers, particularly of Old Cranwellians. The College remembered that Sir John Slessor had also taken as Reviewing Officer the first Graduation Parade after his appointment as Chief of the Air Staff, that of No. 50 Entry in July, 1950. It remembered also the deep personal concern with which, as Air Member for Personnel, he had brought about the reopening of the College after the war, and the many subsequent visits that had revealed his continued interest.

A narrative of the parade, and the text of the Reviewing Officer's speech, is given elsewhere. For this thirteenth Graduation Parade, the last to be so called, Cranwell's record of good weather was ended by a gale that made front-page news. For the first time the parade was held in a hangar, but lost little of its quality.

As a concession to winter, the ceremony of the award of Wings to the senior flight cadets of No. 57 Entry retired indoors to the College Hall. The Wings were presented, and the prizes given to both outgoing entries, by Air Marshal Sir Hugh S. P. Walmsley, K.C.B., K.C.I.E., C.B.E., M.C., D.F.C., who had resigned the appointment of Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Flying Training Command, on retirement in July. Thus the College took farewell of the Air Marshal after a long and particularly close association. For throughout his tour as Commander-in-Chief he had had a son at the College; to the second, Senior Flight Cadet M. J. P. Walmsley, the Air Marshal presented Wings on this final occasion.

At both the end-of-term ceremonies the College welcomed the presence of the new Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Flying Training Command, Air Marshal L. F. Pendred, C.B., M.B.E., D.F.C.

No. 57 Entry and No. 8 (E. & S.) Entry entered the College in April, 1950. Their strength on passing out was thirty and ten. They have been vigorous and enterprising in their contribution, and, if their farewell theatrical productions can be adduced as evidence, the commissioned strength of the Royal Air Force has gained a lively increment. The College wishes all success in their careers to these forty new pilot officers.

The parade for the passing out of No. 58 Entry and No. 9 (E. & S.) Entry will be held on 14th April. The Reviewing Officer will be Air Chief Marshal Sir Hugh P. Lloyd, K.C.B., K.B.E., M.C., D.F.C., LL.D., now Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Bomber Command.



Mr Antony Constant, M.A., Ph.D., has been appointed Director of Studies, and took up the post in January. Mr Constant, who is 36, was educated at Dover College and King's College, Cambridge. Specialising in historical geography, he was reading for a research degree when the war diverted him to the staff of the Director of Naval Intelligence. Since 1949 Mr Constant has been Rector of the Royal College, Mauritius. Previously he had been a master at Oundle and at Rugby, and from Rugby he had more than once come on visits to Cranwell. The College offers a very warm welcome to Mr and Mrs Constant, who are now resident in quarters at 2, Bristol House Road. Group Captain D. G. O'Shea left the Equipment and Secretarial Wing in November on promotion and on appointment as Command Education Officer. He had been Deputy Director of Studies, E. and S. Wing, since April, 1948. He had seen most of the formative days of the Wing and was principally responsible for the present form of its syllabus. His wise guidance as well as his wit and charm will be greatly missed. He takes with him the best wishes of the College, and especially of the Digby Wing, for the enjoyment of his new post and rank. His successor is Wing Commander F. Bartle.

With heart-felt sorrow the College learned of the death of Group Captain Ralf Harry Cleverly, Mess Secretary of the Flight Cadets' Mess, and the news will bring distress to a wide circle of friends throughout the Royal Air Force. Towards the end of the autumn term Group Captain Cleverly went to hospital for an operation, from which he was making a good recovery, but thrombosis, consequent upon war wounds, set in and he died suddenly on 23rd December. Group Captain Cleverly was Senior Accountant Officer at Cranwell when he retired from the Service in 1945. He was then appointed Mess Secretary at the College, and with quiet efficiency established the admirable system of messing and maintenance that the College enjoys. His good humour was unruffled by the stresses of graduation days and nights, of royal visits or of Old Cranwellian occasions. 'Pop' won the affection of every officer who served with him and the respect of the whole post-war generation of flight cadets, and governed patriarchally that unique body, the staff of College servants. He has been of the essence of the College. He was buried in Cranwell Churchyard with the honours of the Service. The deepest sympathy of all the College goes out to Mrs Cleverly, who is leaving the district and will be greatly missed, and to Group Captain Cleverly's two daughters.

In succession to Group Captain Cleverly, Group Captain F. E. Nuttall, C.B.E., R.A.F. (Retired) has been appointed Secretary of the Flight Cadets' Mess. Group Captain Nuttall was a flight cadet at the College in 1921-22, and retired in 1946.

With deep regret we record the death of Flight Lieutenant Anthony Robin Langley Chester and of Flying Officer Terence Patrick Joseph McGrath. These officers lost their lives in a flying accident on 6th January, when snowy weather closed in on them during mutual instruction. Thus it is not only in battle that the Royal Air Force enriches its service to the country. Flight Lieutenant Chester was a former flight cadet of No. 48 Entry, and was the winner of the Groves Memorial Prize. The College offers its sincere sympathy to Mrs Chester and Mrs McGrath and to their young families.

Flight Cadet Michael Robert Hammersley Heaney died in a traffic accident while returning to the College for the beginning of the spring term. He was in No. 60 Entry, and came to Cranwell from Marlborough College. Michael Heaney was a flight cadet of outstanding promise. He had charm of manner and independence of mind, and he excelled easily but modestly. With marked academic ability and a natural bent for many forms of sport, and the highest standards of character, he was of the material that the Service and the College could least afford to lose. All No. 60 Entry, with other cadets and flight cadets of 'A' Squadron, attended his Service funeral at Chappel, conveying to Brigadier Heaney and Mrs Heaney the deep sympathy of the College in their grievous loss.

The College shares with the Royal Pakistan Air Force its sense of loss in the death of Flight Cadet Mirza Mehde Ispahani. During the long leave he had flown to Lahore and, while waiting for a passage to his home in Eastern Pakistan, took ill-fated advantage of a chance trip in a freighter aircraft that was wrecked on the way to Peshawar. He was a senior and a leader among his compatriots at the College and well liked by all who knew him. He had the promise of being an able and popular officer.

In the present term the strength of the College at Cranwell is 313, with 85 cadets in the two Junior Entries and 228 flight cadets. There are 34 cadets in the new term, No. 65 Entry, including two of the Royal Pakistan Air Force and one of the Royal Ceylonese Air Force. The strength of the Equipment and Secretarial Wing at Digby is 66.



The machinery of staff postings has lost the high momentum of the previous six months, but some notable figures have gone from each Wing. Squadron Leader H. D. C. Webbe and Squadron Leader A. D. Button have taken their lively talents to the course at the Royal Air Force Staff College, Bracknell. Squadron Leader Webbe had been at Cranwell for four years and for the last two was Officer Commanding 'C' Squadron. He was unique in progressing to that post from Flying Instructor via Cadet Wing Officer. He is succeeded in 'C' Squadron by Squadron Leader P. F. Blackford, who has come from the Staff College, and as President of Cadet Games by Squadron Leader D. A. Young.

Squadron Leader Button was appointed instructor in aerodynamics in 1949. His going takes from the College much more than an interesting lecturer with a flair for the technique of demonstration. He was the mainstay of the musical interest at the College, with a versatility equally serviceable to the Church, the Musical Society or a passing-out revue. Most of all, the dramatic productions have owed their quality to him and to Mrs Button, the leading lady of every play of the last two years. Mrs Button's energies also found an outlet in the remarkable school for officers' children, for which many a family will remember her with gratitude. Wherever their future postings may send them, Squadron Leader and Mrs Button will take with them the thanks and good wishes of Cranwell.

From the Flying Wing Squadron Leader F. Symmons, D.F.C., D.F.M., Officer Commanding No. 3 Squadron, has gone to the Middle East, and from the Administrative Wing Squadron Leader P. I. Howard-Williams, D.F.C., College Administrative Officer, and Squadron Leader J. H. King, as ready to aid in matters of the Riding School as of Equipment. The smooth running of the Cadet Wing owes much to the urbane helpfulness of Flight Lieutenant N. O. S. Bayley, D.F.C. Cadet Wing Adjutant, now posted to the Central Flying School. Another key appointment changed is that of Personal Assistant to the Commandant, from which Flight Lieutenant R. H. Merrifield has been posted to the Middle East.



There has been little change in the outward appearance of Cranwell during the last few months, but an important one is imminent. The Sergeants have now vacated their Mess in West Camp, and the building that was the original College, the first Flight Cadets' Mess, is now in the breakers' hands. The early generation of Old Cranwellians cannot help regretting the passing of this monument, but decay would scarcely have given it more than a few months' grace, and none can fail to admire the scheme of the expanded College to which it gives place.

The Junior Flight Cadets' Mess is now well established, and the Third and Fourth Terms have no cause to envy their seniors. Much cleaning up has been done to the once forlorn dereliction of the area in front of it, and there is hope that purposeful work on its conversion to the intended parade ground may start before long. The first of the trees that will produce south of the Camp Road the avenue of the College enclosure was planted by Marshal of the Royal Air Force Sir John Slessor during his graduation visit.



The officers of the South African Air Force have presented to the College a portrait of Field Marshal J. C. Smuts, O.M., to complete the series of portraits of those to whom the Royal Air Force and the College owe their inception. The presentation was made on 4th February by His Excellency the High Commissioner of the Union of South Africa, Dr A. L. Geyer. A narrative of the ceremony of presentation is given elsewhere in the JOURNAL.

An interesting addition has been made to the historical exhibits in the College Library. Air Commodore C. E. Chilton, C.B., C.B.E., has presented a specimen of sand taken from the heart of the area blasted by the world's first atomic explosion at Alamogordo on 16th July, 1945. The sand, now an iridescent lump of fused matter, is set in a hemisphere of glass and mounted on an ebony stand, which bears an inscription recording its origin. For this unique gift the College is grateful to Air Commodore Chilton, whom it has already good cause to thank for his past kindness to College visitors to Gibraltar.



The College is fortunate in having enlisted the interest of an expert of the highest authority on artistic values. Sir Kenneth MacK. Clark, K.C.B., a Member of the Royal Fine Arts Commission and former Director of the National Gallery, visited the College in January and viewed the portraits and pictures on display in the College and in the Junior Mess. He enlightened the Pictures Committee with his expert opinion on each picture, advised on the hanging of the pictures and promised his future advice and assistance.



The Station Church and the College Chapel have been the focus of many events during recent months. The Mission to the Royal Air Force in November put at the service of Cranwell the Bishop of Grantham, the Right Reverend A. Otter, and the Minister of Kelvinside, the Reverend Alan Robson. Cranwell was also glad to welcome in that season the Reverend A. S. Giles, O.B.E., Q.H.C., who has since been announced as Chaplain-in-Chief designate. The Station Church played its part in the series of broadcast services arranged and conducted by the Bishop of Croydon. The Christmas season was precluded by the usual Carol Service, and by a nativity play delightfully acted by children of the station and produced by Mrs Eeles.

The College Chapel was used for a Confirmation Service for the first time when the Bishop of Lincoln there confirmed nine candidates in December. In observance of the thirty-third anniversary of the College, a Service of Commemoration was held in the Chapel on 5th February. The Service was attended by Air Vice-Marshal N. S. Allinson, C.B., and a number of other senior Old Cranwellians, and by H.E. the High Commissioner for South Africa. The smaller congregation of officers and flight cadets was representative of all squadrons, entries and wings. The Rev. B. E. Knight, W. E. J. Payton and Emrys Davies officiated, and the Commandant read the Lesson. The use of the Chapel for baptisms is a happy development of these times. Robert, son of Wing Commander and Mrs J. W. Sim, availed himself of the Maintenance Command font on Saturday, 28th February.

The Rev. B. E. Knight, who for two years has been Senior Church of England Chaplain R.A.F. Cranwell, has been posted to the Far East. Padre Knight must be happily aware how stimulating his ministry at Cranwell has been. He will be missed by all the Station and its families, not by the College alone, and the Rowing Club will have reasons of its own for regretting his going. He and Mrs Knight and their family take with them the good wishes of all Cranwell. With the passing of the Radio School, Cranwell also lost the Rev. J. H. Wilson, who was posted to the Middle East; and at the beginning of the year the Rev. J. E. Yates, valued and accomplished as a linguist no less than as a preacher, left Digby to become Director of Studies at the Royal Air Force Chaplains' School, Dowdeswell Court. The new Senior Chaplain at Cranwell is the Rev. W. E. J. Payton, with the Rev. V. J. E. Boatwright as assistant. The Rev. J. G. Sandford has gone from Cranwell to take up the post at Digby.



Air Commodore A. V. Harvey, M.P., attended a guest night at the College in November, and afterwards gave a most interesting talk on the history and procedure of Parliament. Another after-dinner lecturer whom the College was very glad to welcome was Lieutenant-Colonel P. D. Maud, M.B.E., a Director of the Outward Bound Trust. He spoke of the work of the Trust and illustrated his lecture with an excellent film. The College is also grateful to a team of the Leicester Rugby Football Club who, led by Mr Tom Berry, the England selector, came to give an informal talk, and to Lieutenant-Colonel H. Llewellyn for his tale of the prowess of Foxhunter.

The Headmasters of Repton School, and of Cheltenham, Plymouth and Wrekin Colleges visited the College during February and made the usual tour of inspection. There have been visits of Combined Cadet Force parties from Malvern School and Marlborough College.

Mr K. R. Stanley, Head of the Engineering Training Department of the British Broadcasting Corporation, and Mr A. E. Robertson, Assistant Head, visited the College in December. Visitors from the other Services who have been attached for brief periods have included Lieutenant E. Kronenberg of the Royal Netherlands Air Force and Lieutenant A. Badawi of the Lebanese Air Force.

Air Vice-Marshal L. J. V. Bates, C.B., C.B.E., Director-General of Equipment, attended the final guest night of the Autumn Term at Digby. Other guest-night visitors to the Equipment and Secretarial Wing have included Air Commodore C. H. Lowe, C.B., C.B.E., A.D.C., Director of Organization, and from Headquarters Flying Training Command Group Captain C. F. G. Rogers, O.B.E., Command Accountant, and Group Captain V. G. A. Bennett, Senior Equipment Staff Officer. On 11th November a special 'fathers' night' was attended by Air Commodore W. A. Opie, C.B.E., Group Captain T. G. E. Hutchinson, Wing Commander J. Bradshaw, C.B.E., and Squadron Leader C. E. Brown, all fathers of Digby flight cadets.

Le Collège s'attend à souhaiter la bienvenue aux équipages de l'Ecole de l'Air de Salon, visiteurs au mois de Mars.

The Belvoir Hunt met at the College on 25th November. The Blankney Hunt held its Christmas Hunt Ball at the College.



When future pleasure is certain, speculation about the details of its form makes an agreeable exercise. In such a light the College views its probable part on the day of the Coronation. As we go to press, it savours the aromas of rumour with no great certainty of what is cooking. Some two hundred flight cadets will be on duty in Parliament Square. While these seek their final training elsewhere, Flying Training Command's Coronation contingents will come for it to Cranwell. The Station will have its part in local municipal pomps, and later the College and Station will hold Cranwell's own celebrations. Next term will have an aura of royalty; there will be dislocation of all routine, and overwork among the planners, and no one views it with anything but delighted anticipation.



The College congratulates upon their promotion Group Captain D. G. O'Shea, Squadron Leaders K. J. Derisley, D.F.C. and H. D. Elmes, and Flight Lieutenant A. H. Craven. It took very great pleasure in the New Year appointment of Air Commodore W. H. Kyle, C.B.E., D.S.O., D.F.C., A.D.C., to be Commander of the Most Excellent Order of the Bath, and in the award of the Air Force Cross to Wing Commander J. L. Mitchell, M.V.O., D.F.C., and Squadron Leader D. M. Clause, former members of the College staff.

The College offers a warm welcome to :

Martin William Carr, born 23rd May, 1952
Graham David Garden Poole, born 19th July, 1952
Timothy James Allott Patterson, born 14th October, 1952
Penelope Jane Robertson, born 25th October
Timothy John Wood, born 11th November
Robert James Wyness Sim, born 22nd December
Katherine Dawes, born 22nd December
Nigel Dexter St. John Sweeting, born 4th March, 1953

and its congratulations to their proud parents.

The Portrait of Field Marshal Smuts

Presentation by Dr. A. L. Geyer,
High Commissioner for the Union of South Africa

THE portrait of Field Marshal J. C. Smuts, O.M., which now hangs in the College Hall in line with those of Mr Churchill, Lord Trenchard and the first Commandant, was the gift of the officers of the South African Air Force. The presentation was made on 4th February by His Excellency the High Commissioner for the Union of South Africa, Dr. A. L. Geyer.

When the guests had assembled for the College guest night on the eve of the 33rd Anniversary of the College, flight cadets in the senior year were marshalled in the entrance hall facing the portrait, which stood on an easel awaiting the act of presentation. Flight cadets of the intermediate year assembled in the Round Gallery to watch the ceremony. Officers and guests, including four visiting headmasters, emerged from the guest room and took up their position around the portrait and Dr. Geyer, attended by his Aide-de-Camp, Captain W. E. Bamford, was escorted by the Commandant to the picture.

The Commandant briefly introduced the High Commissioner and His Excellency then formally presented the picture to the Royal Air Force College. In making the presentation he said:

It is a great honour to fulfil the task assigned to me on behalf of the South African Air Force.

There are many links between the R.A.F. and the S.A.A.F., and let me say this. If the cold war were to turn into a hot war, which God forbid, the two will be found fighting side by side.

It would be presumptuous to tell you the history of the origin of the R.A.F., but I wonder whether I dare say that the R.A.F. was born of a headache! That first German air raid on an almost undefended London in July, 1917, caused a terrific headache, and I can almost hear the London Cockneys demanding to know of Lloyd George what he was going to do about it. Well, he asked a man called Jan Smuts to do something about it, and within three months there emerged out of that headache—the R.A.F.!

Having known Field Marshal Smuts as I did, I can just imagine how he must have

enjoyed that job. When necessary, he could be quite ruthless. He never suffered fools gladly, and I can visualise with what impatience he brushed aside the objections of too conservative generals and admirals.

In a large measure, therefore, one could call Field Marshal Smuts the father of the R.A.F., and he must have watched this offspring with increasing pride especially in his later years. How appropriate, then, that his portrait should hang in this College, and how inspiring for you, who study here, to have the portraits of two of the greatest men of our century looking down upon you!

Field Marshal Smuts was certainly one of the world's outstanding personalities, a great world figure. And what a momentous chapter of world history is spanned by his life—from the days that the brilliant young Cape lawyer became President Kruger's State Attorney to the time that he drafted the preamble to the Charter of the United Nations; unfortunately, also to the time when his high hopes of the United Nations had been so largely disappointed.

When I said goodbye to him in Cape Town before leaving for London nearly three years ago, he had planned to follow me a few weeks later. He very kindly suggested then that in London we should set aside a whole evening to discuss world affairs. How invaluable that talk would have been to me! But it was not to be.

The name of Jan Smuts will live on. I am glad that in this R.A.F. college, too, his name will not be forgotten. On behalf of the S.A.A.F. I have great pleasure in handing his portrait over to you. I know that you will value it.

The Commandant, gratefully accepting the portrait on behalf of the College, thanked the South African Air Force for a generous gift and a friendly gesture, and the High Commissioner for his kindness in coming to Cranwell to make the presentation.

Trumpets sounded the call to Dinner, and while flight cadets found their places in the

dining hall, His Excellency went to the Flight Cadets' Ante Room and the senior flight cadets of No. 58 Entry had the honour of being introduced. The High Commissioner dined in Hall at the table of the Sovereign's Squadron. After staying the night, he attended the parade and service in celebration of the Anniversary of the College.

The portrait is the work of Georges Duby, who was commissioned by the South African Air Force and painted the picture in South Africa. It is a half-length portrait of the Field Marshal in Service uniform. The high tone of scarlet hat band, gorget patches and medal ribbons, is the dominating colour of the foreground. The expression of the Field Marshal's familiar features is stern and commanding. The background to the central figure is a view of Table Bay with Table Mountain behind it.

The portrait so generously given by the South African Air Force, completes a series which tells the story of the inception of the Royal Air Force and of the College. History must always trace the original conception of an independent Air Force, first to the vision of Lord Trenchard and the practical, but brief, experiments of the First World War, and then to the realism of the Report of the Air Organisation Committee in November, 1917, which will always be known as the

Smuts' Report, with its prophetic words about air power: 'There is absolutely no limit to the scale of its future independent war use, and the day may not be far off when aerial operations, with their devastation of enemy lands and destruction of industrial and populous centres on a vast scale, may become the principal operation of war.' As Chief of the Air Staff in the established Royal Air Force, Lord Trenchard produced his famous Memorandum of 1919, in which he outlined the essential requirements of the small nucleus of the Royal Air Force that would be left when demobilisation had made the war-time force wither like Jonah's Gourd. A keystone of his structure was the Royal Air Force College. This Memorandum was submitted to the Secretary of State for War and Air, Mr Winston Churchill, who presented it to Parliament in a White Paper. The series is completed by Air Vice-Marshal Sir Charles Longcroft, who became the first Commandant of the Royal Air Force College, and in the Commandant's Report at the first inspection of the College, when the reviewing officer was Mr Winston Churchill, said: 'We have tried . . . to set ourselves a high standard, but we must remember that the standard can never be too high if we are to become, as we must become, a College worthy of the finest Service in the Empire.'





THE GRADUATION PARADE DECEMBER 1952

Above: The arrival at the hangar on the South Airfield of the Reviewing Officer, Marshal of the Royal Air Force Sir John Slessor, accompanied by the Commandant (left) and (centre rear) the A.O.C.-in-C., Flying Training Command, Air Marshal L. F. Pendred. Right: The Reviewing Officer, 'C' Squadron, Sovereign's Squadron for the Autumn Term



Left: Flt Cdt U.O. L. R. Davis receives the Sword of Honour. Above: The March Past. Below: Three photographs taken before the parade began. Air Marshal Sir Hugh S. P. Walmsley, who is seen in the centre photograph with Lady Walmsley, presented wings and prizes on the previous day to the graduating entries



The Graduation of Nos. 57 Entry and No. 8 (E. & S.) Entry

The Parade in the Hangar

WEDNESDAY, 17th December, the day of the graduation of the forty flight cadets of Nos. 57 and 8 (E. & S.) Entries, will long stand out in our memories. First, the College was honoured by the presence of the Chief of the Air Staff, Marshal of the Royal Air Force Sir John Slessor, who, as an earlier page of this issue of the JOURNAL records, was the Reviewing Officer on this occasion, his last parade before he retired from the Royal Air Force at the end of the year. Secondly the record run of fair weather, which the College has enjoyed for no fewer than fifty-six graduation parades, was at last broken. Never in recent memory have the elements so conspired together in the sky over Lincolnshire to overwhelm the plans and preparations of man; yet rarely could there have been so complete a rout of the elements by the twin qualities of human steadiness and quiet and efficient organization.

It seemed at first that rain might prove the worse enemy, but as the morning of 17th December dawned grey, exceptionally gusty and cold, it was already plain, even to the least skilled among us in the meteorologist's art, that the west wind, not rain, would drive ceremony and celebration indoors. The word 'wind' in this context is, perhaps, too mild, too feeble an indication; 'gale' would be more accurate—a gale punctuated with blasts at what seemed hurricane strength. The roar of the wind as it tore through the trees of West Avenue and Bristol Wood was a truly impressive sound. Its force was tremendous, and it came as no surprise to learn, shortly before the parade began, that that morning, at 0730 hours, a gust of 111 m.p.h. had been recorded by the Met. Office. Never before, since records were kept of these things, has Lincolnshire been subjected to so great a wind.

In such unhappy circumstances there was no choice but to put to the test the often practised, but never used 'wet-weather programme.' The dignity of the setting of the parade ground in front of the College was exchanged for a dignity of quite another order—the rectangular void of one of the modern hangars on the South Airfield. But where all wet-weather programmes presuppose rain as the major enemy, the pro-

gramme on this occasion had to meet the unparalleled situation created by the westerly gale. Thus, of necessity, the great doors at the west end of the hangar, open for wet-weather practice, were closed; thus too, was maximum freedom of manoeuvre to those on parade precluded at the start. Spectators sat or stood along the south wall of the hangar and in front of them, exactly opposite the central doorway on the northern wall through which the Colour was carried and through which the new pilot officers passed, stood the dais from which Marshal of the Royal Air Force Sir John Slessor took the salute.

Many of our readers will wonder what it was like participating in so exceptional a ceremony. The news that the parade was to be held in the hangar, and not on the usual parade ground, was received in the Cadet Wing quietly though it was realized generally that some of the smartness associated with the traditional ceremony would necessarily be lost. The march-on was accomplished in two stages. Buses were used to transport the four squadrons of the Cadet Wing to the hangar; flight cadets then marched individually to their places on parade. No greatcoats were worn.

In form the parade did not differ much from recent graduation parades. But there were many minor differences of emphasis. The Colour and Escort were denied a dramatic moment of entry by the lack of a broad, high stage from which to descend, but there was, for all that, something peculiarly appropriate and moving about the entry through the north door of the hangar. Did not the appearance of the Colour on this occasion gather up, as it were, the attention of guests and spectators, and concentrate it upon the ceremony that was to follow? It certainly dominated the scene and prepared all present in the hangar for the arrival of the Reviewing Officer. All the time, it must be remembered, the noise of the wind as it swept round the hangar or hurled itself against the great west doors, added a metallic cacophony to the proceedings, a noise that sometimes drowned the music of the College band and often, aided and abetted by the unusual acoustics of the hangar, made drill to music difficult. Sir John Slessor's arrival through the door on the south side of the hangar occurred

so quickly that one missed, perhaps, the anticipatory stir that goes with the slow drive round the Orange. Yet this sudden appearance was in no way out of keeping with a hangar setting on such a day. This was *not* a parade on the Orange, and the feelings appropriate to the Orange were out of place here. Against a sombre background of grey and in an atmosphere that itself seemed grey, the inspection took place. The march past followed and had to be carried out in half the usual space; and the 'eyes front' in the quick march past was followed immediately by a halt at the east door of the hangar. One final difference, perhaps, may be mentioned. After the parade had formed up once again, the presentation of the main awards made, the Chief of the Air Staff's inspiring address completed, and 'Auld Lang Syne' played, the hangar, suddenly, was filled with Service coaches which came between the parade and the guests and spectators. On this occasion, it was the guests and spectators who left first. Despite all the difficulties and hazards—and there were many—the parade went remarkably well.



The Address of the Chief of the Air Staff

In his address to Nos. 57 and 8 (E. & S.) Entries, Marshal of the Royal Air Force Sir John Slessor said:

You are here being trained to take your place—and you of the passing-out entries are leaving tomorrow to take your place—in the Royal Air Force as regular officers of the Queen.

I want to say something to you about what that means. I am not going to talk to you about your training as pilots. You G.D. cadets are getting superb training as pilots, and that is vitally important.

You will soon be taking a great responsibility as regular officers of the Queen in the Royal Air Force.

First, remember always that your first loyalty is to our gracious young Queen. That is not just a form of words—it is not a mere constitutional convention. It is a living human loyalty, something to which you must be prepared to dedicate your lives, and for which if necessary you must be ready to lay down your lives.

And it is something that demands of you the very highest standard of behaviour on and off duty.

You are taking Her Majesty's Commission as an officer, and that means you represent the Queen's authority and are answerable to her through your superior officers for the care of your men and the execution of your duty. As such you must be without fear and without reproach.

And you will be doing that in the Royal Air Force. For centuries there have been armies and navies in all countries. But only 34 years ago there came into being the first air force in the world—not as an independent Service, no Service is independent, all three are dependent on each other—but as an autonomous Service. Autonomous means self-governing. That was the R.A.F.

And in the years between, our example—the example of the R.A.F.—has been followed by other countries all over the world. We have established in those 34 years a fighting tradition that is second to none. Never forget that you are joining a Service that saved Britain in 1940, and in saving Britain saved the free world.

In the five years following, the R.A.F.—alongside the U.S.A.F. which followed our example in becoming an autonomous Service after this last war—established itself as the predominant factor in war. Mr Churchill said in 1949 'For good or ill, air mastery is today the supreme expression of military power.'

And I say to you that the Pax Atlantica today rests on Anglo-American air power just as surely as the Pax Britannica rested on the British fleet for 100 years before 1914.

What a record to be able to look back upon—what a position to have reached—in 34 short years!

Finally let me remind you that the symbol of your Service is the Ensign—that Ensign that flies and has flown over hundreds of R.A.F. stations great and small from the burning heat of the tropics to the waste of the Antarctic.

Soon after the first war, long before you were born, the late King George V established the R.A.F. Ensign, on the advice of Lord Trenchard, and in its corner is the roundel.

We do not carry our colours with us into battle as the old regiments did in the old wars. But that roundel on the Ensign is the marking of the aircraft in which thousands and thousands of airmen of the Empire have

fought and died in two great wars and a score of little wars.

That was why our present Queen's grandfather chose the roundel on the sky blue ground as the Ensign of the R.A.F., the Ensign that every year on Battle of Britain Sunday is laid on the High Altar of Westminster Abbey. Today it is the visible symbol of your loyalty.

In a fortnight's time I am leaving the active list of the R.A.F. after nearly 38 years in the Air Service under four sovereigns. I am proud that my last parade as C.A.S. should be here at Cranwell.

I can wish you no better than that you should have before you as full and as happy a life in the R.A.F. as I have behind me.



The Presentation of Wings and Prizes

On the eve of Graduation Day, at a ceremony held in the College, Air Marshal Sir Hugh S. P. Walmsley presented wings to No. 57 Entry and prizes to both Nos. 57 and 8 (E. & S.).

In a short address the Air Marshal spoke about the importance of maintaining high standards and of the need for making the country at large air-minded. High standards, he said, were the product of good leadership and good team work to which the Cranwellian added his determination to uphold the high traditions of the College.

Experience was of immense value also, and experience could only be gained the hard way. As 'Queen's men, on the Queen's business' the graduating entries should constantly remember that it was not what they got out of the Service that mattered, but what they put into it.

The Air Marshal was convinced that we all had 'a great responsibility nowadays in educating our friends in the facts of air power.' In air power our salvation lay, but, as a nation, we were still not air-minded enough. A third world war had so far been prevented by a combination of American and British air power. The lead our aircraft industry enjoyed would go a long way 'to help our economic recovery at home, and within the Commonwealth and Empire. . . . By and large, it seems to me that prep school boys *are* air-minded. Schoolmasters and parents, and those not directly concerned with aviation, are not.' We had to overcome this ignorance, apathy or prejudice by assisting in the cultivation of the right attitude of mind to air power.

Concluding, Air Marshal Walmsley said that enthusiasm and encouragement, thoroughness and accuracy were 'essential requirements in anything to do with aircraft, whether in the air or on the ground.' To achieve these, high standards of physical fitness and mental alertness had to be maintained. His best wishes went to the senior entries from Cranwell and Digby. 'May you,' he said, 'prove yourselves worthy of the honour of holding the Queen's Commission by your conduct and by the example you set.'





No. 57 ENTRY—DECEMBER 1952

Back Row : *Snr Flt Cdt A. C. Doggett, Snr Flt Cdt G. T. R. Pitts-Tucker, Snr Flt Cdt J. R. Harper, Snr Flt Cdt M. J. P. Walmsley, Snr Flt Cdt D. H. E. Hinton, Snr Flt Cdt D. F. Smith.*
 Third Row : *Snr Flt Cdt G. A. Coatesworth, Snr Flt Cdt B. Thrussell, Snr Flt Cdt J. B. Smith, Snr Flt Cdt R. R. Martin, Snr Flt Cdt J. L. Harrison, Snr Flt Cdt A. F. W. Keeley, Snr Flt Cdt M. J. Withey.*
 Second Row : *Snr Flt Cdt J. Hodgson, Snr Flt Cdt M. Sadruddin, Snr Flt Cdt I. F. Weston, Flt Cdt Sgt R. Humpherson, Flt Cdt Sgt P. H. Lewis, Flt Cdt Sgt J. C. Dunn, Snr Flt Cdt R. de V. Boulton, Snr Flt Cdt W. E. Woods.*
 Front Row : *Flt Cdt Sgt B. Huxley, Flt Cdt Sgt G. A. Muncaster, Flt Cdt Sgt I. C. B. Brettell, Flt Cdt U.O. L. A. Boyer, Flt Cdt U.O. L. R. Davis, Flt Cdt U.O. J. R. Robinson, Flt Cdt Sgt D. J. Edwards, Flt Cdt Sgt D. A. V. Clark, Flt Cdt Sgt G. Willis.*

Order of Merit

No. 57 ENTRY

- D. J. EDWARDS, Flight Cadet Sergeant : Queen's Medal; Hockey; Gliding; Sailing.
 J. C. B. BRETTELL, Flight Cadet Sergeant : Hockey (Captain); Athletics; Ski-ing; Sailing.
 P. H. LEWIS, Flight Cadet Sergeant : Abdy Gerrard Fellowes Memorial Prize; Cricket.
 G. A. MUNCASTER, Flight Cadet Sergeant : Engineering.
 J. HODGSON, Senior Flight Cadet : Air Ministry Prize for Imperial and War Studies; Boxing; Ski-ing; Photography; Field-shooting.
 L. R. DAVIS, Flight Cadet Under Officer : Sword of Honour; Soccer (Vice-Captain); Tennis; Cricket; Shooting; Cross-country; Athletics; Squash.
 I. F. WESTON, Senior Flight Cadet : R. M. Groves Memorial Prize; Dickson Trophy; Rugby; Cross-country; Mountaineering; JOURNAL; Choir.
 D. F. SMITH, Senior Flight Cadet : Soccer; Athletics; Cross-country; Sailing; Pot-holing.
 B. HUXLEY, Flight Cadet Sergeant; Aero-modelling (President); JOURNAL (Editor); Gliding.
 L. A. BOYER, Flight Cadet Under Officer : Philip Sassoon Memorial Prize; Rugby; Cross-country (Vice-Captain); Athletics; Tennis; Swimming; Gliding; Sailing; Ski-ing.
 J. L. HARRISON, Senior Flight Cadet : R.U.S.I. Award; Soccer; Cross-country; Sailing.

- D. A. V. CLARK, Flight Cadet Sergeant: Rugby; Athletics; Fencing; Aeromodelling; Dramatics.
 R. DE V. BOULT, Senior Flight Cadet: Rowing; Soccer; Swimming; Mountaineering; Photography; Ski-ing; Dramatics.
 R. HUMPHERSON, Flight Cadet Sergeant: Rigger; Athletics; Shooting; Dramatics; Sailing; Riding.
 J. C. DUNN, Flight Cadet Sergeant: Rowing; Athletics; Ski-ing; Dramatics (President); Sailing.
 J. A. ROBINSON, Flight Cadet Under Officer: Rugby; Rowing; Athletics; Dramatics; Sailing.
 J. R. HARPER, Senior Flight Cadet: Tennis; Soccer; Athletics; Archery; Sailing; Chess (Captain); Philately (Secretary).
 G. WILLIS, Flight Cadet Sergeant: Cross-country (Captain); Athletics (Captain); Swimming; Boxing; Pentathlon; Gliding; Field Shooting; Canoeing.
 A. F. W. KEELEY, Senior Flight Cadet: Tennis, Cricket; Chess; Sailing.
 M. J. WITHEY, Senior Flight Cadet: Fencing; Rowing; Cross-country; Sailing; Ski-ing.
 J. B. SMITH, Senior Flight Cadet: Squash; Shooting; Rowing; Dramatics; Pot-holing; Choir.
 M. SADRUDDIN, Senior Flight Cadet: Soccer; Swimming; Ski-ing.
 G. T. R. PITTS-TUCKER, Senior Flight Cadet: Cricket; Hockey; Rugby.
 M. J. P. WALMSLEY, Senior Flight Cadet: Cricket; Fencing; Squash; Boxing; Athletics; Rugby; Dramatics; Sailing; Angling (Captain); Field-shooting; Ski-ing.
 R. R. MARTIN, Senior Flight Cadet: Rugby; Athletics; Boxing; Tennis; Squash; Swimming; Cricket; Soccer.
 W. E. WOODS, Senior Flight Cadet: Soccer; Tennis (Vice-Captain); Squash; Athletics; Cricket; Pot-holing.
 B. THRUSSELL, Senior Flight Cadet: Shooting (Captain); Rugby; Dramatics; Sailing; Music.
 G. A. COATESWORTH, Senior Flight Cadet: Hockey; Cross-country; Cricket; Tennis; Athletics; Rugby; Riding (Captain); Gliding; Music.
 D. H. E. HINTON, Senior Flight Cadet: Squash (Vice-Captain); Cricket; Tennis; Athletics; JOURNAL (Deputy Editor); Sailing.
 A. C. DOGGETT, Senior Flight Cadet: Shooting; Swimming; Athletics; Aero-Modelling.

No. 8 (E. & S.) ENTRY

- D. V. JACKSON, Flight Cadet Sergeant: Athletics; Cross-Country; Pot-holing; Dramatics; Debating; Riding.
 B. W. OPIE, Senior Flight Cadet: Athletics; Rugby; Tennis; Squash; Hockey.
 J. R. BRADSHAW, Senior Flight Cadet: Swimming; Rugby; Water Polo; Photography.
 I. P. FARMER-WRIGHT, Flight Cadet Under-Officer: Cricket (Vice-Captain); Rugby (Captain); Hockey; Athletics; Boxing; Photography.
 R. S. HUTCHINSON, Senior Flight Cadet: Athletics; Rugby; Riding; Sailing; Skiing; Photography; Radio; Music.
 D. A. KITSON, Senior Flight Cadet: Cross-Country; Angling; Pot-holing; JOURNAL (Assistant Editor).
 R. H. FRANCIS, Flight Cadet Sergeant: Rugby; Cross-Country; Golf; Debating.
 M. S. BROWN, Senior Flight Cadet: Rugby; Cricket; Shooting; Sailing; Photography; Angling.
 D. J. ANDERSON, Senior Flight Cadet: Cross-Country; Athletics; Fencing; Cricket; Tennis; Pot-holing; Climbing; Ornithology.
 R. H. T. OVERALL, Senior Flight Cadet: Cricket; Ornithology; Sailing.

No. 8 (E. & S.) ENTRY

Snr Flt Cdt R. H. T. Overall, Snr Flt Cdt R. S. Hutchinson, Snr Flt Cdt M. S. Brown, Snr Flt Cdt D. J. Anderson, Snr Flt Cdt D. A. Kitson.

Snr Flt Cdt J. R. Bradshaw, Flt Cdt Sgt D. V. Jackson, Flt Cdt U.O. I. P. Farmer-Wright, Flt Cdt Sgt R. H. Francis, Snr Flt Cdt B. W. Opie.



A Cranwell Scrapbook

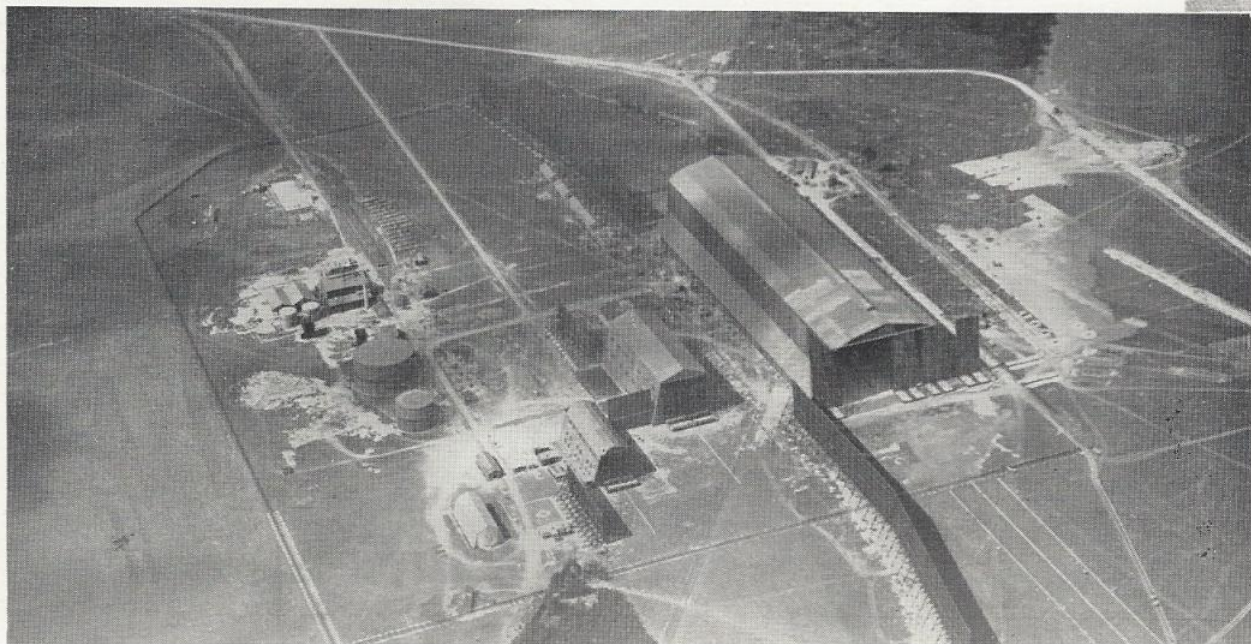
I — The Story of His Majesty's Ship Daedalus

Under the heading 'A Cranwell Scrapbook', 'The Journal' hopes to provide in this and subsequent issues a series of short articles dealing with episodes in the pre-war history of Cranwell. This series of articles does not lay claim to being, in any sense, an historical account. Each article will be based upon one or more of four scrapbooks which are at present in the College's possession. Like all good scrapbooks, these have been compiled, as far as it is possible to judge, sometimes with system, sometimes without; but even in their most halting moments, these books are full of interest and breathe a vital air which, it is hoped, this series will recapture.

IT was towards the end of 1915, as Captain de la Bere notes in his well known history of Cranwell, that the Admiralty took over the 3000 acres of farmland lying one and a half miles west of the village of Cranwell, on each side of the Sleaford-Byard's Leap cart track. A farmstead, which, with alterations and additions, was later to become the Commandant's house, and certain cottages and farm buildings were also taken over. The farmyard, as the earliest photographs show, was incorporated as an integral part of the camp and became the M.T. yard. The action of the Admiralty was prompted by the urgent need to make a change in the organization of the Royal Naval Air Service. Training was, at that

time, being increasingly and adversely affected by a lack of accommodation and by the dispersion of effort in various stations. In November 1915 a scheme, the child of Rear-Admiral Vaughan Lee, was put forward for centralizing the training of officers and men in flying aeroplanes, kites, balloons and airships. The new depot at Cranwell was to become the central unit for this training, as well as for training in navigation, bombing, armament, gunnery, torpedoes and wireless.

The main factors which led to the choice of Cranwell as a site for this new training unit were three in number. First, the station could be expanded in any direction very easily and quickly.

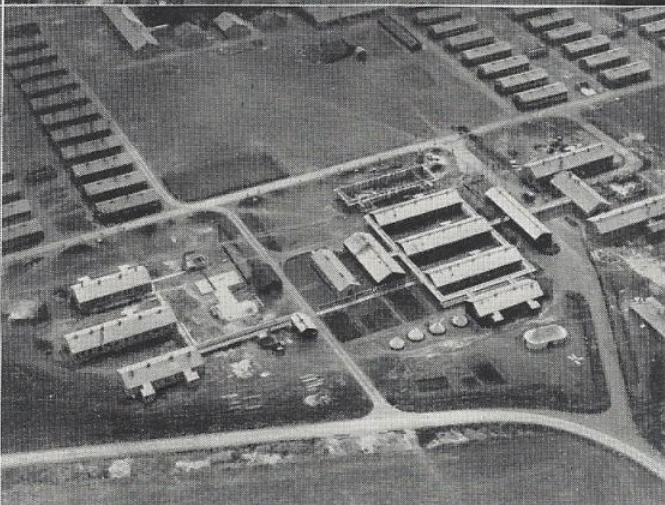




Above: Cranwell as it appeared in December 1917, just two years after construction of the camp had begun. Already the camp had assumed a shape familiar to us today. South of the Byard's Leap—Sleaford road lay the main part of the camp, with its headquarters in the building now occupied by the accounts section. Behind, as it were, and dominating the scene, stood the great airship hangar situated to the south-east of the Bristol plantation on the site of the new Officers' Married Quarters. Left: Another view of the Lighter-than-Air section of the camp, as it appeared in July-August 1917, showing the three main hangars

Secondly, the station was conveniently situated for feeding the naval air stations on the east coast. Thirdly, there were no outstanding features to act as guides to enemy raiders. The story goes that Air Vice-Marshal Halahan flew over Lincolnshire in 1915 and personally chose the actual site by aerial reconnaissance. But on a wet and gloomy day at the end of December 1915, Cranwell was born. A bald note on the inside of the front cover of one of the scrap-

books merely records: 'ADVANCE RNAS PARTY ARRIVED ON SITE IN DEC 1915 & FIRST SOD WAS CUT ON 28.12.1915.' There is, unfortunately, no photograph of this historic event. The construction of the huts to the south-west of the West Camp guard room then began, huts which were to survive for nearly four decades. The scrapbook shows a faded print of some of them, crisp, corrugated-iron structures—Nos. 3, 6, 9, 12, 15, 18, 21 and 24—each



Above left: The Officers' Mess, early July 1918. A note, inserted in the book from which this photograph was taken, observes: 'The gaff of the flagstaff points west. Subsequent to 9.7.18 it was altered to point east, as the Officers' Qrs. on a ship are in the stern.' Above right: The beginnings of East Camp, October 1917. A network of railway lines crowded with trucks gives a clear indication of the intensity of the building operations. Below left: The great airship hangar in course of construction, March 1917. Below right: The South Brick Lines and the present Sick Quarters, July 1918

separately appointed. The building of the camp went forward at high speed. Mr. E. Curt, B.E.M., then a rating in the Royal Navy serving as a steward with the R.N.A.S. at Cranwell and now Head Steward at the College, has recalled how night and day a service of steam traction engines carried building materials from Sleaford through a quagmire of mud, feet deep. On 1st April, 1916, the R.N.A.S. Training Establishment was opened under its first commanding officer, Commodore Godfrey Paine, R.N. Sixteen months later Cranwell was already a great and expanding naval training centre. The Electrical and Wireless School for training men and boys, started in the present East Camp in May 1916, was enlarged and rebuilt in brick in 1917. In 1916 the airship section was formed and two great sheds and three smaller ones were built near the Bristol plantation on the site where the new married quarters are at present springing up.

This was the beginning of H.M.S. *Daedalus*. In a sense it was to remain only a beginning, a beginning marked by tremendous building activity and the energetic prosecution of the naval air-training programme. *Daedalus* remained in being as a naval air station until the formation of the Royal Air Force as a separate Service in 1918. Here our scrapbook falters. There is no record of the actual date upon which *Daedalus* passed to the new Service as Royal Air Force, Cranwell, and the volume closes without warning or ceremony at photograph No. 118. The date on the back of the photograph reads '9.7.18.' There is no second volume of photographs bearing the stamp 'Cranwell unit, R.N.A.S.' It is only when we turn to the first of the R.A.F. volumes that we realize that there is now a new regime, and a new College as well.

Cranwell Camp, 1916

In 1916 these plaintive little verses were being sold at Cranwell, printed on the back of a postcard, under the title 'Cranwell Camp.' Its author is unknown, but one of these postcards was bought by Mr E. Curt, Head Steward at the College.

Mr Curt well remembers the life described in these verses. Despite the frightful conditions of mud created by the intensive building operations, the sailors were expected to perform smart

drill, and were often reprimanded for wearing muddy boots. They did indeed sleep on straw and boards, for a bed consisted of just three boards and a palliasse.

The isolation of Cranwell Camp was complete until the light railway was built to Sleaford. It is no wonder that such conditions, combined with the British sense of humour and possibly the study of Kipling, produced such a gem as 'Cranwell Camp.'

THERE'S an isolated desolated spot I'd like to mention,
Where all you hear is 'stand at ease', 'quick march', 'slope arms', 'attention'.
It's miles away from anywhere, by jove it is a rum 'un,
A man lived there for 50 years and never saw a woman.

There's lots of tiny huts all dotted here and there,
For those who live inside them I have offered many a prayer;
It's mud up to your eyebrows, it gets into your ears,
But into it you have to go without a sign of fear;
There's sailors living in the huts, it fills my heart with sorrow,
With tear-dimmed eyes they say to me, it's 'Cranwell Camp' tomorrow.
Inside the huts live rats they say as big as any goat;
Last night a sailor saw one trying on his overcoat.

For breakfast every morning it's just like Mother Hubbard,
You double round the hut three times and dive into the cupboard.
Sometimes they give you Bacon, sometimes they give you Cheese,
Which 'marches' up and down your plate, 'slopes arms' and 'stands at ease'.
At night you sleep on straw and boards, just like a herd of cattle,
And if by chance you should turn round your bones begin to rattle.
And when you hear 'Reveille' blown it makes you feel unwell,
You knock the icebergs off your feet and wish the bugler in hell.

Now when the War is over and we've captured Kaiser Billy,
To shoot him would be merciful and absolutely silly,
Just send him up to 'Cranwell Camp', among the rats and clay,
And let the Crown Prince watch him as he slowly fades away.

How R.A.F. Digby Got its Name

WE are extremely grateful to Group Captain H. N. Hampton, R.A.F. (Retd), father of Pilot Officer A. G. N. Hampton who graduated with No. 56 Entry in July, for the following information on the origin of the name 'Digby.'

It is a matter of some regret that we passed over this important point in silence in the article on Royal Air Force Digby published on pp 155-160 in our last issue, but we feel that Group Captain Hampton's own recollection will more than make up for editorial oversight—

and, may we confess, our ignorance.

'You might like a brief note', Group Captain Hampton writes '... about the origin of the name "Digby".'

'Many of us older "R.F.C. types" will remember how it happened. I am not absolutely sure of the date—I think 1924 or 1925—when the name was first given. Before that, the aerodrome was known as "Scopwick". The station now known as Sealand was at that time called "Shotwick" and when No. 2 F.T.S. moved from Duxford to

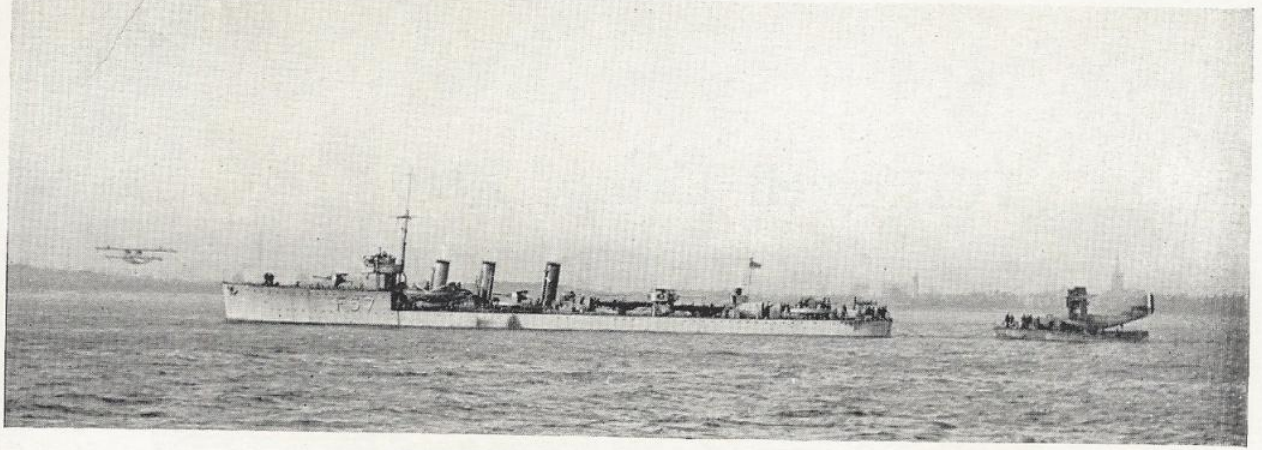
Scopwick, the list of Inland Area Flying Training Schools included:

No. 2 F.T.S. SCOPWICK

No. 5 F.T.S. SHOTWICK

'A good deal of confusion arose. Correspondence intended for 2 F.T.S. was sent to 5 F.T.S. and vice versa.

'It was decided to change the names of both stations, and so the neighbouring village names of DIGBY and SEALAND were chosen.'



H.M.S. 'Redoubt' with a seaplane on its lighter, off Harwich, 1918

Some Early Nautical Air Operations

The following article by Lieutenant-Commander John Holt, R.N., Naval Instructor at the College, is based upon an account recorded by his father who was Commanding Officer of H.M.S. 'Redoubt' towards the end of the First World War when the experiments and operations described below were being carried out.

WE hear much nowadays—especially at Cranwell—about inter-Service co-operation and how ships and aircraft must work together, but I do not think that this could be better illustrated than by the following account of certain early nautical dabbings with aeroplanes which took place at the end of World War I. (The official account of these episodes can be found in Volume 6 of 'The War in the Air' by H. A. Jones.)

The German High Seas Fleet based on the North Sea ports was still a very powerful menace to us and it was necessary to carry out a continual reconnaissance of the Heligoland Bight in order that we could obtain early warning of their approach. We had endeavoured to mine the Huns in, but our minefields were not very accurate and the enemy made great efforts to sweep them up. On account of all this mining, ships could not be used for reconnaissance, so thoughts naturally turned to aircraft. The flying boats of those days, however, did not have enough range to cover the Bight and return to base on the East Coast.

Towed Flying Boats

The idea was then hit upon to tow these flying boats nearer the scene of operations to increase their range. Trials were carried out in the spring of 1918 with a special lighter towed behind a

destroyer. These lighters could carry a flying boat which sat on a travelling carriage on rails, worked by a hand winch. The after part of the lighter could be flooded, allowing the flying boat to be floated onto the carriage, and hoisted up with the winch, the water being then blown out of the lighter by compressed air. The flying boat was launched by the reverse process. The first photograph accompanying this article shows the flying boat on its lighter astern of the destroyer H.M.S. *Redoubt*. These lighters, which were hard-chined, were designed for towing at high speed and it was found that with flying boat embarked they would ride steadily on the stern wash of a destroyer at 34 knots on a 60-foot towing wire. One reason for this short tow was that electric heating for the flying boat's engine and a telephone could be supplied.

The flying boats were based on Felixstowe and the destroyers at Harwich and trials were carried out in the North Sea. The drill for getting the flying boats airborne was fairly lengthy and took at least 40 minutes. When the flying boat was being towed, one officer and four men formed the crew of the lighter, but the flying boat's crew were kept on board the destroyer until it was time to start the engines. Emergency rations were kept on board the lighter in case it broke adrift and could not be recovered.

The first trip or two, when the weather was favourable, were successful. The aircraft were got afloat, took off, searched the area required, returned, were re-embarked on their lighters and taken back to base. On the next occasion, however, there was trouble. All aircraft were launched and flown off, but the wind got up, and although all aircraft were finally re-embarked, all of them were damaged.

As a result of this it was decided that all aircraft must carry sufficient fuel to enable them to fly back to base—with the result that none of them could take off and had to be re-embarked.

I presume the next move was to build a better aircraft.

A Towed Fighter

However, the idea of towing aircraft to sea had its merits and later in the summer of 1918 it was decided to build a platform on top of one of the lighters from which a small fighter could take off. The Huns had retaliated to our first attempts at aerial reconnaissance of the Heligoland Bight by having seaplanes and Zeppelins over the area. The Zeppelins had of late been becoming increasingly bold, due no doubt to the absence of effective anti-aircraft fire from our ships. One Zeppelin was always over the area at dawn, and it was hoped that the fighter, when towed out there, would be able to deal with this elephantine opponent.

The platform on the lighter was 60 feet long and sloped towards the bow, but it was practically level when towed at high speed (see second photograph). The aircraft chosen for this operation was a Sopwith Camel, and for launch-

ing it was secured as far aft on the lighter as possible. The engine was then revved up to full speed and the aircraft held finally by only one slip. The destroyer then went full speed—about 32 knots—and headed into the wind. When all was ready, the slip was knocked off and the aircraft took off, being airborne before reaching the end of the platform.

The lighter was towed at 100 fathoms (200 yards) for this caper—for obvious reasons. A portable derrick was fitted to the lighter for hoisting the aircraft in.

The first trial carried out was not very successful, as the aircraft fell off the end of the platform and went under the lighter which was, of course, being towed at 30 knots. The pilot, Colonel Samson, went down with the wreckage, but struggled free and was picked up. After modifications to the platform, the second trial was more successful and, on 10th August 1918, H.M.S. *Redoubt* was ordered to carry out the operation. She set forth, escorted by the whole Harwich Force, with the pilot of the Camel, Lieutenant Culley, a Canadian, on board.

By dawn the force was off Terschelling. It was a fine Sunday morning and almost a flat calm. Conditions were perfect for the operation. The Hun added to the success of the show by appearing in his Zeppelin exactly when expected. However it took a little time to get everything going, transferring the crew and pilot to the lighter, uncovering and starting the engine, veering the tow to 100 fathoms and then working up to full speed. The excitement and bustle in the *Redoubt* and the anxiety in the rest of the force must have been intense, as the



The Camel after recovery from the sea showing the lighter with derrick rigged astern of H.M.S. 'Redoubt'. Lieutenant Culley can just be seen on deck before the mast

Zeppelin was apparently rather suspicious of what was by now happening and was heading back to the Fatherland. All went well. The fighter took off and climbed slowly in the direction of the Zeppelin.

From the bridge of the *Redoubt* they lost sight of the plane and Zeppelin after about 15 minutes, and waited anxiously for something to happen, with one eye on the clock, as the Camel had an endurance of only one hour.

After about 40 minutes an enormous column of black smoke descended from the sky, maybe 50 miles away. This could, everyone hoped, mean only one thing, but it could not be confirmed until the fighter returned. The Force steamed round waiting for its return and started to make funnel smoke in case the pilot could not see the ships.

Nothing happened. Time went by. One hour passed, then one hour fifteen minutes. Hope had more or less been given up when suddenly the aircraft appeared flying low, one hour and twenty-five minutes after taking off. The ship's whaler was lowered and the derrick was rigged on the lighter for recovering the aircraft.

Lieutenant Culley was in good spirits and proceeded to do a few stunts before landing very neatly just ahead of the whaler, which picked him out of the water so quickly that he barely got his feet wet. The lighter was manœuvred alongside the aircraft and hoisted it on board. The state of its wings can just be seen if you look carefully at the second photograph.

A bottle of champagne was opened for the pilot's breakfast and the whole Force steamed past and cheered. His story was that after launching he went after the Zeppelin which started to climb. He manœuvred the Camel up sun and tried to keep above the enemy, but at about 20,000 feet he had reached his ceiling and was only a few hundred feet higher than his target. His position was now just north of

Borkum and he went in to attack. He came in from ahead, passing under the Zeppelin's nose and opening fire at 100 yards. Nothing seemed to happen except that one of the machine-gunners from the top of the Zeppelin took a running dive over the side! Culley's gun jammed and he stalled the Camel under the Zeppelin and fired with his other gun. Again nothing seemed to happen, and it took him all his time to get the machine on an even keel again. He was certain that he had made a mess of it and was cursing himself, when he was caught up by a mass of flame falling vertically past him. He had no time to stop to watch and started to return, noting which was Germany and which was Holland on the map in case he ran out of petrol. Before he left the Dutch coast he could just make out the black smoke from the ships, and decided to try to make it although he doubted whether he had enough petrol.

On investigation it was found that he only had a wine-glassful of petrol left in his tank.

Lieutenant Culley was recommended for the V.C., but was awarded the D.S.O.

It is interesting to note that the crews of Zeppelins were not allowed to have parachutes, but had their mackintoshes and linings made up as a form of parachute by their sweethearts and wives. It was learnt afterwards that there was one survivor from the Zeppelin, but it is not known whether this was the man who dived off the top!

On return to harbour, Rear-Admiral Tyrwhitt made the following signal:

'SEE HYMN 224, LAST VERSE'

—which, for those who have no Hymn Book handy, reads:

O happy band of pilgrims
Look upward to the skies
Where such a light affliction
Shall win so great a prize.





The opening meet of the 'Per Ardua Beagles' at Leadenham House on 17th October, 1951

Beagling at Cranwell

IT is, perhaps, not generally known that there has been a pack of beagles at Cranwell almost as long as the College itself has been in existence, and though it has never proved 'popular' in the sense that the many have supported it, yet it has undoubtedly been handsomely and loyally backed by the keen and—we like to think—the discerning few.

The pack was originally bought as a whole by Major Ellershaw in 1919 and was hunted after him by a succession of sporting officers including Marshal of the Royal Air Force (then Squadron Leader) Lord Portal and Flight Lieutenant Pyper, who was master for six years. This was fortunate since a Service pack usually suffers from frequent changes of master. In servants the hunt has also been lucky. One of the present batmen at the College gave long and valuable service as a whipper-in in pre-war days.

The pack height was originally 13 inches. This had gradually to be built up to the 15 or 15½ inches necessary for hunting the heavy local plough on Lincoln Heath. This is a plateau

five to ten miles wide, running from below Grantham almost to Lincoln, which is so overpopulated with hares as almost to be unfit for hunting. It is interesting to note, however, that one of the hunts that took place on the north airfield in 1930 did not produce a single hare, though the south, just across the road, simply abounded with them! (In that year the shooting club accounted for no less than 85 of these hares in a single day.) Similar conditions exist today, but there is still no explanation for this preference of the hares for the constantly-used airfield with aircraft always taxiing all over it.

Owing to lack of support the pack disbanded in 1935.

After the war a serious attempt was made to get beagling going again in the Service. The Royal Air Force Beagling Association was founded in 1951 to provide beagling for as many Royal Air Force stations as possible and Group Captain Levis, who had beagled before the war as a cadet here, was appointed chairman of the new association. The 'Per Ardua Beagles' were formed at Cranwell not only to revive a

pre-war tradition but to provide a new sport in the centre of an area notorious for its large number of Royal Air Force stations.

On 17th October, 1951, the new Cranwell pack met at Leadenham House. It is an interesting historical fact that this meet was the first of a Royal Air Force pack since 1935. Since then, the Royal Air Force Beagling Association's funds have been swelled by much local enterprise, including a ball at Digby last term at which the Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief was present, and a sweepstake. These efforts, together with subscriptions, have enabled a second Royal Air Force pack to be formed, at Bishop's Court, in Northern Ireland. This pack is flourishing and a large field turns out regularly, providing on an average £7 in 'cap' money which is considerably more than the 'Per Ardua' itself collects.

The number of kills by the 'Per Ardua' is not in itself impressive, yet several extraordinarily good days have been had and visits have been made to Manby, Waddington, Scampton, Cottesmore, Syerston, Swinderby, Spittlegate and Digby.

A meet was held at the College as recently as 11th February last when a bitter north wind and

a snowstorm turned what might have been a grand day into an incredibly difficult one for us. However we saw the pack stick to a hare under frightful conditions. There was some good hunting which unfortunately did not lead to the kill deserved as the hare ran into some lambing ewes which could not be disturbed.

Some facts about beagling as a sport may prove of interest to readers of the JOURNAL. Long before fox-hunting began, hares were hunted on horseback with large hounds. Nowadays, most packs forbid mounted followers and the beagle is a small hound that hunts almost entirely by scent. The size of a pack should be level and suit the type of country and hares hunted so that an even match is obtained.

A different hound for every different chase
Select with judgement,
Nor the timorous hare
O'er-matched destroy, but leave that vile
offence . . .

The hunting actually starts when hounds move off from the meet and draw a field—a root crop, old plough or young corn—which may harbour a hare. Soon the little hounds begin to cluster with sterns (tails) waving vigorously and show that a hare has recently been on the move. Suddenly she leaves her form, bursts through the pack and disappears through the hedge. The hounds immediately get their noses to the line and the chase is on.

Once through the hedge, the hare normally bears left or right and although the hound music and alerting blast on the hunting horn tempt one to dash wildly after her, a great deal of energy can be saved by not doing so. In fact one will probably see more of the hunt in the later stages if one anticipates the hare's course or, better still, follows the more elderly members of the field!

From now on, the hounds try to stick to the same hare until she gradually tires and runs short, twisting, turning and doubling back, relying more on her guile than on speed to escape. It is at this point that the real cunning of the quarry and the team work and determination of the pack can best be appreciated.

Perhaps they kill, perhaps they do not, yet one will have had a day in the open country and feel all the better for it. Moreover, if a new field of sport is not opened to you, dear reader, you will at least have a constructive answer to the time-honoured question, 'What is this beagling lark all about anyway?'

J. R. McE.



A meet of the 'Per Ardua Beagles' at Digby in the 1951-52 season



Autumn Contests against Sandhurst

THE final term of 1952 saw the College competing with Sandhurst in no less than eight sporting events. An innovation in our encounters with the Royal Military Academy was the Modern Pentathlon competition. The Modern Pentathlon is a competition in which teams compete in five events: riding, shooting, fencing, swimming and running. In this inaugural year the Pentathlon took place at Sandhurst on 5th and 6th December. The College had a good start and on the first day won two of the three events. Owing to the hard ground the riding was held in the indoors riding school. Although Sandhurst won the team event, D. Samuels was placed first. By taking the first, third and fourth places in the swimming, Cranwell won the team event, Samuels again being placed first. In the evening the College won a keenly contested fencing competition in which Miller secured second place. On the second day of the competition the balance changed. In the morning Sandhurst showed the value of an army training and outshot the College in the rifle event, winning both the individual and team events. Thus at the final event, the cross-country, both teams were level. Although Brett ran well to win, Sandhurst managed to snatch the team event and thus finally win the competition by 11 points to 13. The close result augurs well for the College in future Modern Pentathlon competitions.

Shooting and Cross-Country

The shooting and skill-at-arms encounters took place before the final hectic fortnight of Sandhurst-Cranwell sport. The shooting team were hoping to secure a victory in the .22 rifle competition. Though the scores were very close Sandhurst managed to win by 1739-1721. The

skill-at-arms was as keenly contested, ending in a draw, Sandhurst winning the light weapons and the College the bayonet.

Two strong teams entered the cross-country event, but again Sandhurst managed to win by a narrow margin. Willis was the individual winner for the second consecutive year. Running a really magnificent race he broke the R.M.A. course record previously held by C. J. Chataway.

The squash match proved to be rather uneven, the Sandhurst players proving too good.

A Boxing Win

In the boxing the College did very well and succeeded in winning by seven bouts to two. This victory fully justified all the hard work of the boxing team. The evening opened with a win for D. R. Burles, who defeated the R.M.A. light-middle weight, G. W. Ridnell. The boxers were evenly matched, but Burles made good use of his reach and won on points. Bantam weight S. M. V. Situnayake also had a considerable advantage in reach and succeeded in out-pointing the Sandhurst captain, R. St.L. Gordon-Steward. The R.M.A. regained a bout when P. H. Woodford knocked out J. T. Tuckey in the light-heavy weight contest. The Cranwell boxer rushed in with head down, but his cool opponent soon had him in grave difficulties and it was only the bell that saved him in the first round. In the welter-weight fight, N. R. MacNicol won after a very spirited bout. His opponent, Y. R. M. Wijekoon, won the first round and the second was even. In the third round MacNicol appeared to be fresher and was scoring at will at the bell. The light weight contest was a 'repeat performance' of the bantam weight. A. J. W. Whitaker outreached his oppo-

ment and had no difficulty in winning on points against a very plucky fighter, T. D. Kenyon. J. D. Langley repeated his achievement of last year by clinching the victory for the College. He outboxed his opponent, R. Bryant, but tired in the last round and only good boxing saved him from defeat. Sandhurst scored their second win when P. E. Willis-Fleming outpointed C. T. B. Peile. Both cadets were good boxers and the final result was in doubt right up to the end. J. Mackay proved too strong for C. G. C. Hosking and won a hard-hitting light-middle weight fight on points. In the final bout, E. S. Denson dramatically beat T. J. Knott by a knock-out in the second round. Knott was unable to hold Denson when he cut loose at the end of the first round, but was saved by the bell. Denson quickly finished the fight in the second period. Thus Cranwell were worthy winners for the second year running.

Soccer and Rugger

The football has almost come to be regarded as a Cranwell certainty, but this year the R.M.A. won by two goals to nil—their first victory since 1948. The game opened on a hard, frost-covered pitch, a surface which well suited the thrustful forwards of the R.M.A. Sandhurst settled down quickly and were soon one goal up. Cranwell seemed over-anxious and thus marred their goal-mouth finishing. However, in the second half the College came back with great gusto, but again marred many opportunities to equalise through poor finishing. Even so the result remained in doubt until shortly before the final whistle when Sandhurst scored again from a break-away.

Despite our hopes the rugger result went the same way. Unfortunately the match on 6th December had to be cancelled because of the frozen ground, but the thaw arrived in time to allow play on the 10th in the Aldershot Stadium. The ground was wet and a moderate wind was blowing down the pitch. Farmer-Wright lost the toss and Sandhurst elected to play with the wind. With the ball still dry Sandhurst played to their much-vaunted right wing three-quarter

who twice ran round his opposite number to be tackled magnificently into touch by McLeod. The stand-off also tried the Oxford tactics of the day before, kicking across to his right but Jones and McLeod were too quick to allow Sandhurst to take any advantage. The game, however, was barely five minutes old when Brand was caught with his foot up and spite of a terrific effort of will-power from three Cranwell Commandants, past and present, the ball passed between the uprights.

For the rest of the first half Sandhurst had the territorial advantage with occasional Cranwell forays up to the line. Briggs and Farmer-Wright in the centre never looked like missing their men and were always dangerous in attack.

Carter was off for ten minutes with a cut eye and the Cranwell seven for the first time held the Sandhurst pack in the tight. In the loose scrums Cranwell obtained more of the ball, being quicker off the mark. The line-outs were evenly divided.

Half time came with the score still a penalty goal (Sandhurst) to nil (Cranwell) and now Cranwell were playing down wind. In the second half it was nearly all Cranwell territorially. Martin was almost over in the corner and Fitzpatrick dribbled through only to lose possession to the full back. Time and again it looked as though Cranwell must score. Carse, well served by King and the forwards, kicked well and let the ball out in the right proportion. Farmer-Wright found gaps, but slippery ground made bursts of speed impossible and his opponent just caught his shots each time. Then King was just short with a long penalty kick and for the next ten minutes the quick-heeling Cranwell forwards were all over Sandhurst in the loose.

Time was running out and a good Sandhurst rush took them into Cranwell territory for the fifth time only in the second half. A low pass from King to Carse bounced off Carse's foot into the arms of an oncoming opponent. A swerve inside, a pass out, and Sandhurst were across in the corner! No time was left for us to retaliate and two minutes later the whistle went for 'no-side'.





RUGBY FOOTBALL TEAM — AUTUMN TERM 1952

Flt Cdt K. R. Briggs, Snr Flt Cdt B. Thrusell, Cdt B. B. Heywood, Flt Cdt Carter, Flt Cdt M. J. Goodall, Flt Cdt R. L. Cartwright,
 Flt Cdt B. Carse, Cdt D. R. B. Johnson
 Flt Cdt S. E. King, Flt Cdt J. B. Fitzpatrick, Flt Cdt J. D. Leary, Flt Cdt U.O. I. P. Farmer-Wright, Flt Lt A. T. Williams,
 Flt Cdt G. J. Brand, Snr Flt Cdt R. R. Martin, Flt Cdt B. K. Hinton, Flt Cdt J. McLeod

RUGBY FOOTBALL

THE 1st XV had a disappointing season with a record of five games won, seven lost and one drawn. The season opened very shakily with defeats from Stoneygate, the Harlequins and Cambridge University LX Club. After a keenly fought match with the R.A.F. the team seemed to settle down, and were unfortunate to lose to Northern Command by a goal to a drop and penalty goal. The improvement was continued against the Greyhounds whom we came nearer to defeating than in any game with them since the war. Prior to the Sandhurst match we showed our forces to the Navy by defeating them 33—8 and thus had great hopes for our final match, which though very keenly fought, we lost.

Although the results on paper do not look very good, the standard of football throughout the season was very promising. Next year, with ten of this season's XV still available, we look forward to defeating Sandhurst as we did Greenwich this year.

In the inter-Squadron matches the results were very much as expected. In the semi-final 'B' beat 'D' by 21-3 and 'C' beat 'A' by 8—3. The final was played in very poor weather with fog and snow, and the close game resulted in 'B' Squadron winning by 11—5.

Our thanks go to Squadron Leader Wilson and Flight Lieutenant Talbot-Williams for their help and patience throughout the season and their particular encouragement at 0630 on cold winter mornings.

P. J. A.

Full colours have been awarded to: Snr Flt Cdt B. Thrusell, Flt Cdts L. A. Jones, M. J. Goodall, B. Carse, K. R. Briggs, S. B. King, B. N. Carter, Cdts D. B. E. Johnson and B. B. Heywood.

Half colours have been awarded to: Flt Cdt U.Os L. A. Boyer, J. A. Robinson, Flt Cdt Sgt R. Humpherson, Flt Cdts P. G. Cock and R. L. Cartwright.

RESULTS

1ST XV

	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Points for	Points against	
	13	5	7	1	141	155	
Sep.	13	Harlequin Wanderers	...	(a)	3—21	lost	
Oct.	4	Stoneygate	...	(a)	6—15	lost	
	8	Oundle	...	(a)	12—9	won	
	15	Cambridge University LX Club	...	(h)	0—16	lost	
	22	Royal Air Force	...	(h)	8—8	drawn	
Nov.	1	Nottingham University	...	(a)	12—25	lost	
	5	Northern Command	...	(h)	5—6	lost	
	8	Cambridge	...	(h)	8—6	won	
	12	Oxford University Greyhounds	...	(a)	22—27	lost	
	15	London Scottish	...	(h)	16—0	won	
	19	College Staff	...	(h)	16—8	won	
	22	R.N.C., Greenwich	...	(a)	33—8	won	
Dec.	10	R.M.A. Sandhurst	...	(a)	0—6	lost	

2ND XV

	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Points for	Points against
	8	5	2	1	96	28



THE
COLLEGE
v.
LONDON
SCOTTISH

Carse, of the College, relieves a tense situation by making a good kick for touch against London Scottish on 15th November. The College won 16—0

E. & S. WING RUGBY

In retrospect it was a disappointing term's rugby, in spite of the record of matches played. We often had difficulty in getting a good team from such a small squadron, especially with all the other commitments of our good rugby players.

RESULTS

Sep. 24	R.A.F., Spittlegate ('A')	44—0	won
27	Skegness, R.F.C. ('A')	8—8	drawn
Oct. 12	King's School, Peterborough ...	3—9	lost
18	R.A.F. Kirton-in-Lindsey ...	9—21	lost
29	R.A.F. Hemswell ...	0—14	lost
Nov. 19	King's School, Grantham	25—0	won

P. McL.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

The team was very fortunate in the autumn term in having ten of the previous season's XI available, and as a result the team settled down quickly, winning four of its first five matches. Two notable victories were those against the Lincolnshire Constabulary (5—1), and Loughborough College (3—2). This was our first win against the latter for several years.

Halfway through the term injuries began to take their toll, resulting in constant rearrangement of the team and a consequent drop in the standard of play. Despite this, an excellent game was played against the Corinthian Casuals, who won by the only goal. In the first round of the Argonaut Cup competition against Cambridge Falcons, the College showed fine form in the first half. We were two goals ahead after only fifteen minutes, but failed to maintain the pace; Cambridge scored a deserved winner five minutes from the end.

At Sandhurst a slippery, frost-covered pitch made good football difficult and the team was unfortunate to be without its captain, Underdown, whose absence through injury was most noticeable. The Military Academy won by two goals to nil. A much depleted 1st XI played its last match of the term against a very strong Notts County XI, which included Frank Broome, the international, and five other 1st XI players. The experience gained from this match should prove to be invaluable.

The 2nd XI have inevitably been handicapped by the numerous demands of the 1st XI. However, Roberts has captained them very ably and keenly; at full strength they were a very useful side.

Both teams wish to thank Flight Lieutenant Sayfritz and Mr Simpson, our coach, for the excellent advice and attention which they have given throughout the term.

RESULTS

1ST XI

Sep. 9	No. 6 Radio School ... (h)	5—2	won
Oct. 1	Lincolnshire Constabulary (h)	5—1	won
4	Corinthian Casuals ... (h)	0—1	lost
8	Loughborough College (h)	3—2	won
11	Shrewsbury School ... (a)	1—0	won
15	Cambridge Falcons ... (h)	2—3	lost
22	Wellingborough School ... (a)	4—3	won
29	University C., Leicester (a)	0—6	lost
Nov. 1	R.N.C., Greenwich ... (a)	6—2	won
5	University C., Hull ... (h)	2—5	lost
8	Queens' College, Cambridge ... (h)	3—2	won
15	Officers' Mess ... (h)	0—1	lost
Dec. 7	R.M.A. Sandhurst ... (a)	0—2	lost
10	Notts County ... (a)	2—13	lost

Played 14, won 7, lost 7, drawn 0; Points for 33, against 43.

Full colours have been awarded to: Flt Cdt R. A. Edwards, G. Green, J. Watts and J. H. Whittam.

Half colours have been awarded to: Flt Cds A. J. Atken, M. A. Crook, R. J. Lord, A. Morgan, J. M. Pack, J. B. St. Aubyn and R. J. Roberts.

Full colours were already held by: Flt Cdt U.O. L. R. Davis, Snr Flt Cdt W. Woods, Flt Cds P. J. Underdown and D. J. Wyborn.

Scorers: Edwards 20, Davis 5, Atken 3, Underdown 2, Woods, Selby, Watts, Matthews, Crook 1. R. A. E.

BOXING

Despite a record of only two matches won and two lost the winter term has been a success, particularly as we gained a convincing victory at Sandhurst by 7 bouts to 2.

Unfortunately no matches took place until half-term when the team travelled to London to fight against the Belsize Boxing Club. The result (3 bouts to 6) was very fair and MacNicol and Mackay must be especially congratulated on putting up very good fights against more experienced opponents.

The match against Cambridge University was closer than the score of 8—2 suggests. Many of the bouts were very close, but most of the Cambridge boxers proved the harder hitters.

After the win against the R.A.F. Officers on 21st November the team started training in earnest for the Sandhurst match, and on 5th December they travelled down to Camberley feeling very fit and confident. This was well borne out in the ring where the College team in general proved much the more aggressive and the issue was settled for the second successive season by Langley when he won the sixth bout of the evening. Special mention must also be made of Situnyake who, in his first season of boxing, beat the Sandhurst captain, R. St. L. Gordon-Steward, in good style. (A full report of this match appears on page 29.)

Watson captained the team well throughout the term and it was unfortunate that he was prevented from boxing in the Sandhurst match by an injury. Redman and Tucker were likewise missed.

The Squadron boxing this year developed into a close match between 'A' and 'C' Squadrons. Both teams scored an equal number of points, but 'C' Squadron won on the result of the welter weight contest.

C. T. B. P.

RESULTS

1ST TEAM

Oct. 23	Belsize Boxing Club	... (a)	3—6	lost
Nov. 8	Cambridge University	... (a)	2—8	lost
21	R.A.F. Officers	... (a)	5—4	won
Dec. 5	R.M.A. Sandhurst	... (a)	7—2	won

Full colours have been awarded to: Flt Cds D. R. Burles, N. R. MacNicol, A. J. W. Whitaker, J. D. Langley, C. T. B. Peile, E. S. Denson.

Half colours have been awarded to: Flt Cds J. T. Tuckey, J. Mackay, Cdt S. M. V. Situnyake.

CROSS-COUNTRY

A departure from tradition was made this season by holding the annual match with R.M.A. Sandhurst during the winter term. However, in spite of a magnificent effort by Willis we were defeated 35—47.

The Sandhurst match apart, the team has had a fairly successful term, although on paper the results are not as good as they were last season. This is offset, however, to a large extent when it is remembered that our two other defeats were at the hands of Loughborough College, 1st team. This is the first season in which the College has had the opportunity of running against such opposition and the experience has proved invaluable.

The team itself has trained hard and good wins over Peterborough, Lincoln, No. 6 Radio School and Repton reflect credit on the standard of fitness achieved. Cranwell usually provided the winner in Willis, Goldring or Poyser, but solid team running by all members has been responsible for most of the successes.

These notes would be incomplete without a word of thanks to Willis for his enthusiastic captaincy, and both he and Jackson will leave gaps which it will be hard to fill. Cross-country at the College has now grown from a Cinderella sport, but if the high standard is to be maintained more recruits are needed from the junior entries. If this response is forthcoming then we may hope next season to lay 'the Sandhurst bogey' once and for all.

R. A. C. G.

RESULTS

Oct. 11	Peterborough Harriers	... (h)	25—66	won
15	Loughborough College	... (a)	41—37	lost
29	No. 6 Radio School	... (h)	34—46	won
Nov. 1	No. 6 Radio School	... (h)	32—50	won
8	Lincoln Wellington	... (a)	31—47	won
12	Loughborough College	... (h)	46—36	lost
29	Repton	... (h)	34—50	won
Dec. 6	R.M.A. Sandhurst	... (a)	47—35	lost

HOCKEY

There were few of the old teams left at the beginning of the season, but there was considerable talent among the new players. After a few practice games the teams were playing together well, and considering the high proportion of players unaccustomed to this standard of hockey the results were quite satisfactory.

The most important fixture against the Royal Naval College was played away, at Greenwich, this season. The pitch was extremely muddy and the College XI was most unfortunate not to do better than it did. It suffered a 5—4 defeat, but the standard of hockey in the match was high and the game gave the team the confidence that they needed.

Of the scheduled matches for the last month of the term only two were played owing to the state of the pitches. This was a great pity because it meant

that the team would be starting from scratch again at the beginning of this term, whereas normally after the short Christmas leave it is possible to jump back to form in a matter of days.

Throughout the term there were never more than 45 regular hockey players from whom to choose two teams, and as a result it was difficult to select a second XI as strong as would have been desirable. During the spring term, when hockey is the major sport, there should be many more players to pick the teams from and there is every prospect of a most successful season when the College play their most important fixtures against Northern Command, the Royal Air Force team and Sandhurst.

R. F. W.

RESULTS

1ST XI

Sep. 27	Long Sutton	(a)	4—4	drawn
Oct. 8	Pelicans	(h)	2—1	won
11	Pembroke College,					
	Cambridge	(a)	1—4	lost
15	Loughborough College	(h)	1—4	lost
18	Queens' College, Cam-					
	bridge	(a)	2—1	won
Nov. 1	R.N.C., Greenwich	(a)	4—5	lost
5	R.A.F. Cranwell	(h)	1—1	drawn
8	Lincoln Imps	(a)	1—1	drawn
12	No. 6 Radio School	(h)	4—3	won
22	Normanby Park	(h)	4—2	won

Played 10, won 4, lost 3, drawn 3.

2ND XI

Played 5, won 3, lost 2.

SKILL-AT-ARMS

Fencing this term has been popular, enjoyable and successful. The team has been more ambitious and travelled further afield to meet formidable opponents, new and old.

The season started with two heavy defeats from Leicester University and Birmingham Athletic Institute. This urged us to greater efforts and we won the next five matches against Nottingham University, Ericsson's Athletic Club, R.N.C., Greenwich, University College, London and R.A.F., Cranwell. With an 'A' team we unfortunately lost to Lincoln Sword Club.

In the yearly battle with the R.M.A. the result was a win in the light weapons for them and in the bayonet for us, thus resulting in a draw.

Half colours have been awarded to Snr Flt Cdt N. Withey and Cdt R. Jackson.

J. B.

SHOOTING

Shooting this term was confined to .22 rifle and pistol in the miniature 25 yards range. Competition shooting was limited to three shoulder-to-shoulder matches and the Nobel Cup (Rifle) and V.J. Competition (Pistol) in the Inter-Unit Small-Bore Rifle and Pistol Leagues postal competitions.

The results of the shoulder-to-shoulder matches were rather disappointing, especially after the high

scores attained at practices. We were hoping to repeat our .303 success against the R.M.A. in the .22 rifle competition, but they managed to shoot very steadily under very cold range conditions and eventually won by 18 points.

In the Small-Bore Leagues we were knocked out in the first round and thus did not achieve the success we had hoped for.

RESULTS

Rifle: Shot 8 Won 7 Lost 1 Average score 96.12
Pistol: Shot 8 Won 2 Lost 6 Average score 75.30

The inter-Squadron rifle competition provided a very keen and close afternoon's shooting. Flt Cdt Rose finished with the highest score of 194 points and helped to bring 'C' Squadron first, with 'A' Squadron a close second.

RESULTS

Oct. 22 Oundle ... (h) 1068—1063 won
Nov. 5 Highgate ... (h) 762—759 lost
22 R.M.A. Sandhurst (h) 1739—1721 lost

A. G. H.

SQUASH

During the first part of the season we met with little success, owing to the inexperience of the team. Of the thirteen matches played, nine were lost and only four won. As usual, our two most enjoyable matches were those against the Bath Club and the R.M.A. Sandhurst, both of whom, however, defeated us decisively.

Our thanks are due to Flight Lieutenant Miller and Flight Lieutenant Course for their help in coaching, and particularly to the present Service champion, Cpl Catharine, for his tuition.

Full colours have been awarded to: Snr Flt Cdt D. Hinton, Flt Cdt P. L. Gray.

Half colours have been awarded to: Snr Flt Cdt B. Opie, Flt Cds M. Lees, R. S. Blockey.

M. L.

RESULTS

Oct. 1	Loughborough	(a)	0—5	lost
4	R.A.F. Club	(a)	1—4	lost
8	Nottingham S.R.C.	(h)	1—4	lost
11	Leicester S.R.C.	(h)	1—4	lost
18	Jesus College, Cambridge	(a)	0—5	lost
Nov. 1	R.N.C., Greenwich	(a)	5—0	won
5	Jesters' Club	(a)	0—5	lost
8	London University	(h)	5—0	won
19	R.A.F., Upwood	(a)	3—2	won
22	Bath Club	(a)	0—5	lost
29	Nottingham University	(h)	5—0	won
Dec. 6	R.M.A. Sandhurst	(a)	0—5	lost
10	St. Peter's School, York	(a)	2—3	lost

E. & S. WING

This term eleven matches were played, six of which were won and the remainder lost.

Our opponents were some of the Royal Air Force stations within reach of Digby and included Hems-well, Scampton, Kirton-in-Lindsey, Cottesmore, Spittlegate and the E. and S. Wing Officers.



ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL TEAM—AUTUMN TERM 1952

Flt Cdt B. J. St. Aubyn, Flt Cdt G. J. Green, Flt Cdt J. R. Whittam, Flt Cdt J. R. Watts, Flt Cdt M. A. Crook, Flt Cdt P. H. Atken
 Flt Cdt D. J. Wyborn, Flt Cdt R. A. Edwards, Flt Cdt P. J. Underdown (Capt.), Flt Lt H. V. Sayfritz, Flt Cdt U. O. L. R. Davis,
 Snr Flt Cdt W. E. Woods

Snr Flt Cdt B. W. Opie, Flt Cdt R. Neves, J. E. Cooper, D. Ilsley and E. N. Carter were regular members of the team and Group Captain Hibbert, Flying Officer A. F. Grundy and Flt Cdt C. King backed us up when we were under strength.

J. E. C.

LAFFERTY CUP, 1952

In this year's Lafferty Cup, the postal sporting competition between the military academies of the Commonwealth, the Royal Air Force College came 4th of 8.

Each academy sends in its best results in eleven athletic and three swimming events. To allow for the different sizes of the various academies an average is taken of the best results for each college.

For instance the R.M.A. Sandhurst sends its best five for each event, the R.A.A.F. College, Point Cook, sends in its best two, whilst we send in our best three. When all the results have been accumulated the military academy with the best results wins the Lafferty Cup.

The results for 1952 were:

1. Royal Military College, Duntroon, Australia.
2. South African Military College.
3. Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst.
4. Royal Air Force College, Cranwell.
5. Pakistan Military College.
6. National Defence Academy, India.
7. Royal Military College, Kingston, Canada.
8. Royal Australian Air Force College, Point Cook.

THE INTER-SQUADRON COMPETITION

(For the Chimay Cup)

				'A'	'B'	'C'	'D'
Rugby Football	—	5	2½	—
Boxing	2½	—	5	—
Soccer	2½	—	5	—
Skill-at-Arms	3	—	—	1½
Rifle Shooting (.22)	1	—	2	—
Total points	9	5	14½	1½			

A Survey of Christmas Vacation Activities



View from the camp site looking south

Survival of the Fit

THE Derbyshire Heights, Norway . . . where next, some of us wondered, would we find ourselves 'surviving' under canvas in the open? In particular, where next *in winter*? Darwin's formulations about the 'survival of the fittest' are all very well, but did he ever dream of a day when men would be required to show how the fit survive?

We doubt it, but forty of us (flight cadets and cadets) set out from Cranwell on Saturday, 3rd January last, for Tal-y-Waen, a point on the map some 1000 feet up in the Welsh mountains not far from Capel Curig. With us were

our C.O. (Squadron Leader Roberts), four other officers, two n.c.o.s and five airmen.

The area chosen for testing our capacity to endure was completely devoid of vegetation and, in general, it was fairly wet. Tent sites, however, were on firm ground and were fairly well sheltered from the weather. Two small mountain streams afforded water for washing and cooking. And around us, in all directions, was magnificent scenery, and on three sides of us white-capped mountains.

We soon made the acquaintance of these mountains and the elusive lakes that lie among them. Having

set up camp on Sunday, our trekking began in earnest on the Monday. It was a relatively short trek of nine miles to get us used to conditions. The following day we were joined by the Commandant, Air Commodore Eeles, who came out trekking with us. He spent the night with us in camp and on the Wednesday, our 'domestic day,' judged our cooking competition, which produced several satisfying and surprisingly appetising meals.

The highlight of our programme was undoubtedly the day we spent on Snowdon (Thursday). We ascended by the Llanberis path, which runs beside the mountain railway. The pace was quite fast to begin with and after every half-hour of climbing we had five minutes' rest. At Clogwen Station, or just above it, the snowline started, and from here to the summit the way was hard. The snow gave us very poor footing. By 1230 we reached our goal, after three hours' climbing. Lunch (thirty minutes) consisted of self-heated soup and sandwiches, and then we



Rogers, Millward and Weedon cooking an evening meal in the open

Lunch before setting out on the second leg of the first major exercise.

From right to left: Squadron Leader Roberts, Air Commodore Eeles, Flight Lieutenant Sayfritz, Flight Lieutenant Fountain, Flight Lieutenant Barham and Flight Sergeant Holt

began the descent down the other side—and what a side! The leading man, an n.c.o. of the R.A.F. Mountain Rescue Team, cut steps in the frozen snow for close on 2000 ft. The path zig-zagged down the mountainside, and, as cloud obscured most of the mountain top, the first and last men were nigh invisible to the men in the middle. The slope is said to be one of the most dangerous around Snowdon, but we had no accidents, for which we must thank the Mountain Rescue Team. The descent took just over two hours and at the end of it we all had a bit of fun sliding down fifty yards of snow, using our seats for toboggans.

After Snowdon, other treks were bound to prove less exciting, although they were equally strenuous. By this time, however, we were becoming accustomed to the way of life, and hills, which before had seemed mountains, became molehills, and even the officers were heard to remark on our evident improvement.

On Saturday, 10th January, by way of a finale, Squadron Leader Roberts led a small representative team up Carnedd Llewelyn, which is second only to Snowdon. Although the actual peak is 200 feet less than that of Snowdon, a greater milage, and more strenuous climbing were involved. This day's trek brought our total mileage to the 70 mark.

On the Sunday, the moderately fine spell of weather ended, and we proceeded to strike camp in conditions more associated with North Wales. Driving rain and wind hampered our clearing activities. Monday morning found us rising very early to complete the packing of the remaining kit, although only the bare essentials had been left overnight.

Shortly after 9 o'clock we turned our backs on a once more desolate hillside, and settled down to an eleven-hour coach journey back to Cranwell.



Mountaining Section's Mid-Winter Mission in Wales

CAPEL CURIG, as it turned out, provided an area of operations for the College mountaineers also, from 2nd-8th January. Drama attended the start of the meet when two of our instructors were called to assist a mountain casualty in no way connected with our meet. We came through, we are glad to report, without damage.

The weather was kind, except for one rainy day, so the climbing was instructive and prolific, the descents usually being made by an eerie combination of moonlight, torchlight and sixth sense. Absence of the latter in the less experienced members often caused involuntary glissading and bruised hindquarters.

Glyder Fach, Y-Garn, Tryfan and Snowdon were all assaulted, especially Tryfan, up routes of varying difficulty, after demonstrations and practice had made the tenderpads proficient in belaying, tying various knots, coiling ropes and using ice-axes. On all except the last day most of the work was on snow and ice. Gully-climbing on Tryfan, with one or

two ice-walls, increased the excitement and interest, and in no way diminished our admiration for the wonderful scenery exposed at each pitch of the ascent.

On the last day the group refrained from striving 'per ardua ad astra' and tackled the lower strata of Glyder Fach. This was pure rock-climbing and was most enjoyable after the heavy labour of ploughing through soft snow. Demonstrations were given, in the twilight, of 'abseiling'—a means of safe and easy descent using a rope wound around the body in such a way as to provide for control of speed, or stopping, when required.

Mornings were gloriously late, reveille being about 0900 hours and at least two evenings were spent around the fire in the hut listening to tales of exploits in the mountains, and even to poetry of the same nature.

The holiday cost about £3 each, and was thoroughly enjoyed by all. Our most sincere thanks go to Flying Officer Barnes, the navigator, who led us, and inspired the whole party to achieve much, and aspire to more. R. C. MACD.

Uncontrolled Descent Through Snow . . .

GASCHURN, a village lying nearly at the head of the Montafon valley in the Vorarlberg district of Austria, is probably the most pleasant skiing resort the College has yet visited. We arrived on the afternoon of 29th December after a long but very smooth journey, and were welcomed with great warmth by the Burgomaster, the hotel proprietor and, rather discordantly, by the village band in full ceremonial order.

By mid-afternoon on the 30th all members of our party were ski-borne. Ski lessons were given for two-hourly periods morning and afternoon by instructors of the Ski Club of Gaschurn under the able leadership of the 'Wing Commander Ski-ing,' Herr Oscar Kessler. Within a few days the ski-lifts were being well patronised by expert and novice alike. We learnt to snowplough in a variety of attitudes and a few twisted ankles served to sober down the over-ambitious. *Hors de combat*, these unfortunates were enrolled in the Coffee Drinkers' Union, which began its life early in our stay as a gathering of the not quite so energetic and which ended as a league for the protection of the splintered-limbs men.

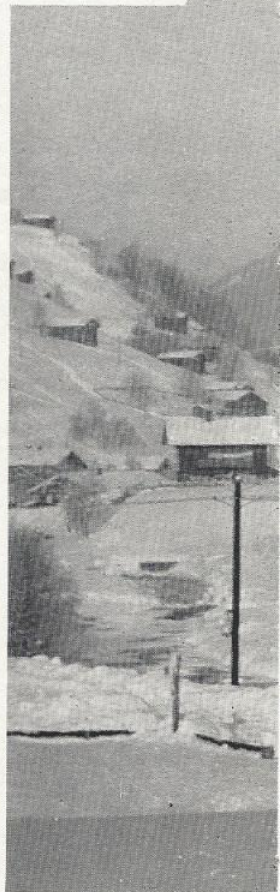
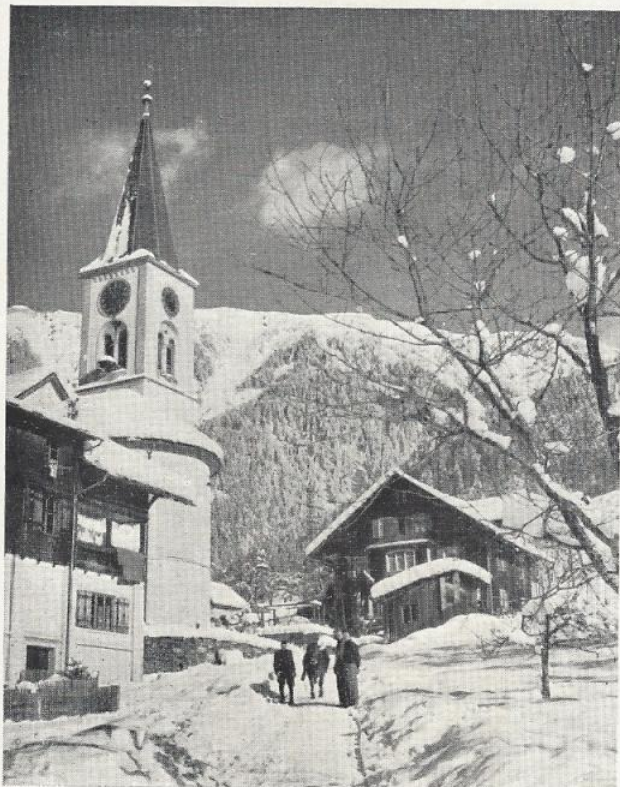
Hare and Sahibzada entered for the local ski-race early in our stay, and both won gold medals—an extremely meritorious effort, particularly since they had had only four days in which to practise. Later, there was a private ski-race for the Cranwell party, certain friends and one gate-crasher. This was won by Cartwright in a time that left even the experts amongst us sitting. Another big race was held on the day before we left. Of the twelve Cranwell competitors, two distinguished themselves by winning silver medals, five by winning bronze and one by seeking refuge in a snowdrift and arriving at the end of the course only after the removal of the finishing posts. He was graded 'time unlimited'!

Parties were held almost every evening, their size and scope diminishing with funds. New Year's Eve, of course, saw the biggest party of all. At a final fling on the last night we bade farewell to our few remaining groschen. The occasion was made memorable by the sight of the Wingco Ski-ing heading a conga round the hotel, while one member, plastered (Paris fashion), opened all the wrong doors, including one which led him into the snow outside.

Inevitably there were several minor accidents. Only one of our number, however, had to remain behind when we left. Considering the 'press on regardless' tactics of many members of the party, the accident/ski-er ratio was exceptionally low. The weather was kind and we enjoyed a lot of sunshine; and, if snowballing was not possible, the snow itself was excellent for ski-ing. The villagers of Gaschurn were considerate, understanding and very helpful, though they may have wondered whether we were quite normal when we tried to teach them an eightsome reel and the hokey-cokey. A successful mission? Undoubtedly, and we look forward to going back to Gaschurn, if we can, next year.

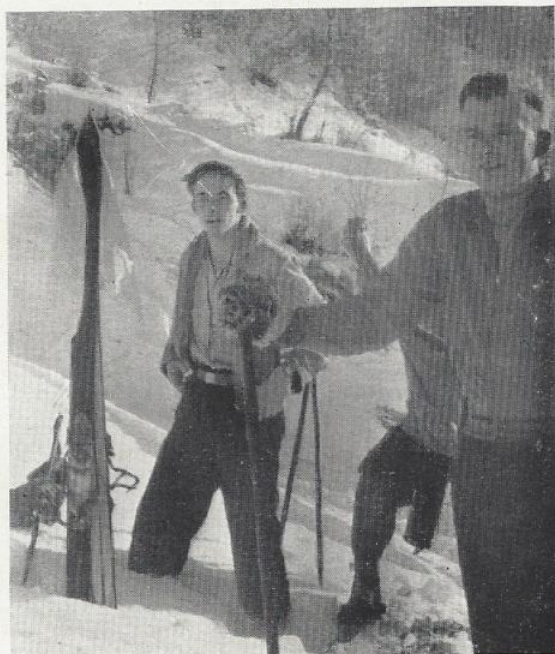
J. H., P. C.

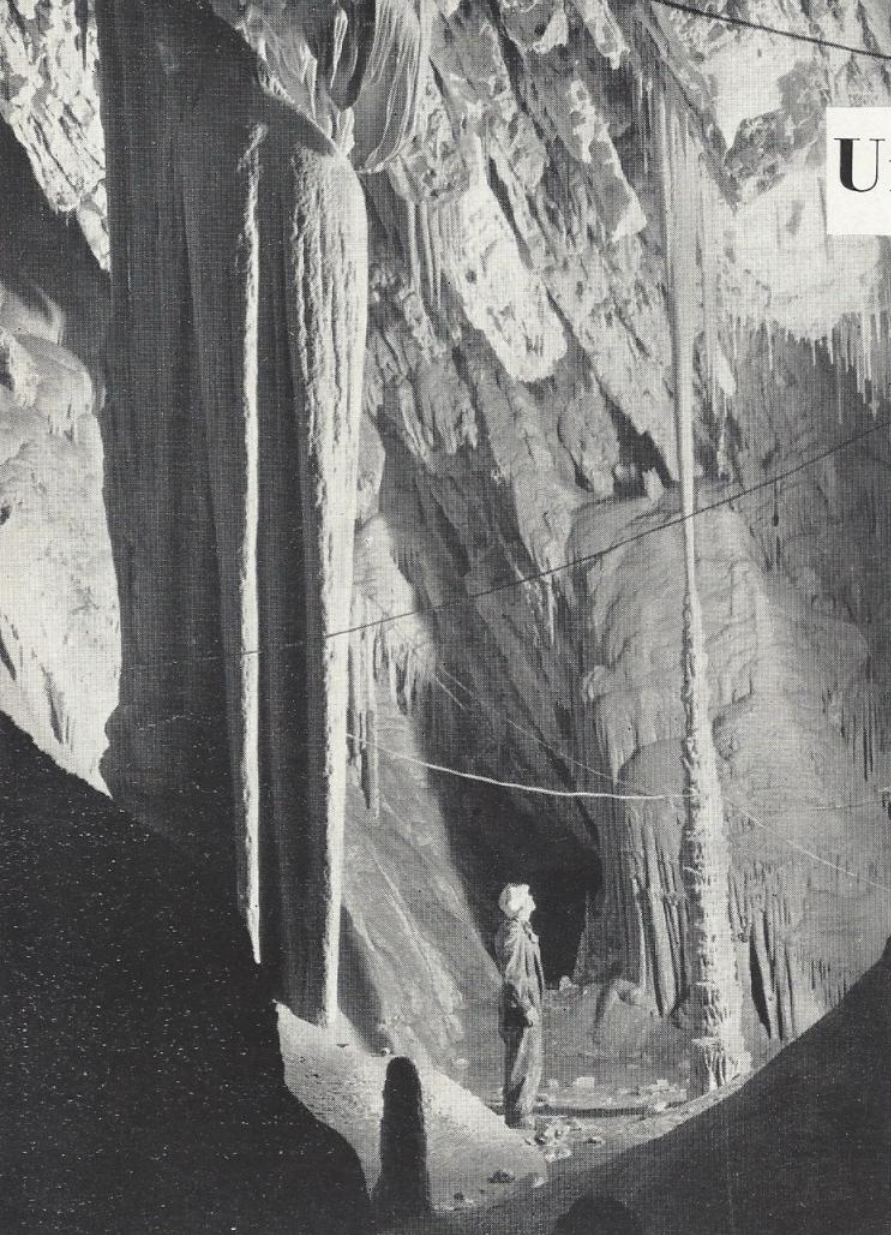
Gaschurn village church and, in the foreground, two members of the Cranwell ski-ing party with a villager and his cow





Above: A general view of Gaschurn, showing the nursery slopes in the foreground. Below (left): Squadron Commander in tow! From left to right: Letchford, Sinclair, Squadron Leader Thomas (seated), Hare and Hilton. Below (right): Chamberlain (left) and Flight Lieutenant Craven, ready for a cross-country





Underground at

College Pot-holers'

Energetic Week

THIS Christmas saw the pot-holing section off on its most ambitious meet yet—to Gibraltar. The object behind the visit was the complete survey of New St. Michael's Cave, and the making of a photographic record of the formations found there. Some photographs we took there accompany this article.

A party of seven took off from Swinderby at 1330 on 29th December, and flew to Lyneham. We left Lyneham at 0200 the next morning and seven hours later caught our first glimpse of 'The Rock.' Unfortunately we chose the wrong day to arrive and were greeted by a dull grey sky, fog, and drizzle that gave us the impression that we had remained on our native soil instead of having flown to Gibraltar.

We stayed in the Officers' Mess and were taken to the cave every morning by transport. The road up the Rock is steep and winding and quite unfit, we thought, for us to walk up. Instead we contented ourselves with walking down each afternoon after caving operations had ceased, and admiring the marvellous view over the Bay to Algeciras, on our right to San Roque and La Linea, and on our left to the clearly defined coast of North Africa.

Caving operations began on the first free day in Gibraltar and continued throughout our



Gibraltar



New St Michael's Cave, Gibraltar, explored, surveyed and photographed by the College Pot-holers in the Christmas vacation. Below: Approaching the lake in St Michael's Cave. Above: The lake. Opposite (above): Beyond the lake. Opposite (below): A group of pot-holers outside the entrance to New St Michael's Cave. From left to right: Neves, Allen, Air Commodore H. Eeles, Pilot Officer Anderson, Burnett: seated, Matthews

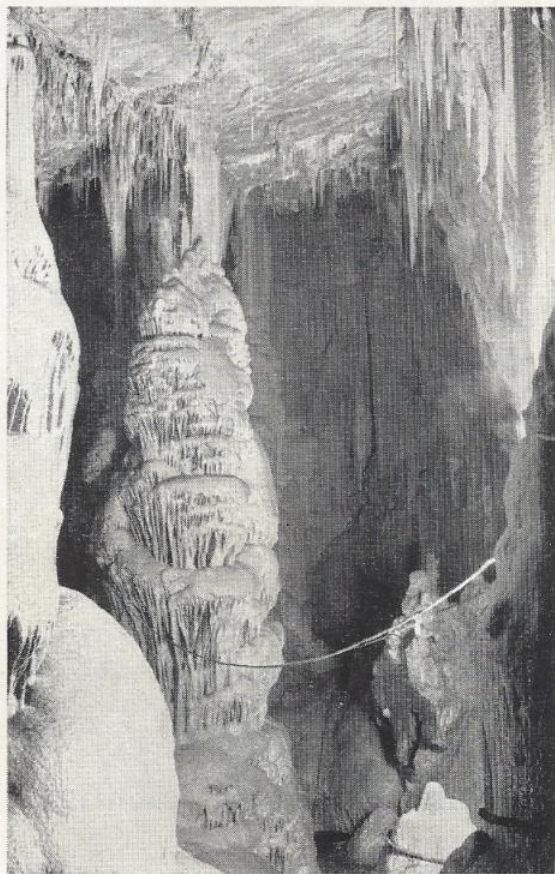
stay, save for a couple of rest days at the end of our visit. There are two caves on the Rock, Old St. Michael's and New St. Michael's Caves. The former has been known for centuries—it was mentioned as far back as 27 B.C. The latter was only discovered accidentally during the war when Old St. Michael's Cave was being used as an ammunition dump. A shaft was driven into the side of the Rock in order to dry out the large chamber, and the entrance to New St. Michael's Cave was inadvertently discovered. Both caves contain wonderful examples of stalagmites, stalactites, helactites, curtain and coral formations, cave flowers, hard flow, calcite covering, and a beautiful example of roof anastomosis. A complete survey of New St. Michael's Cave was made, and most of Old St.

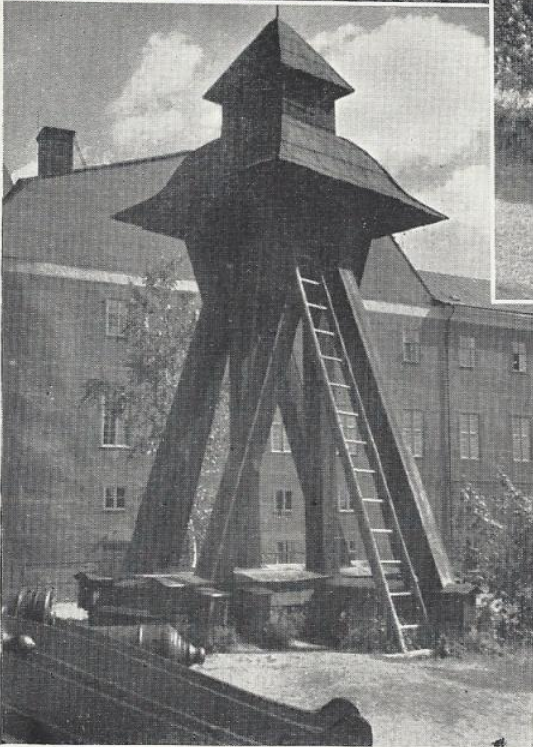
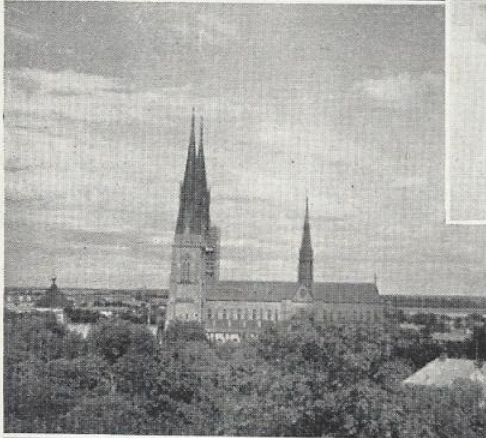
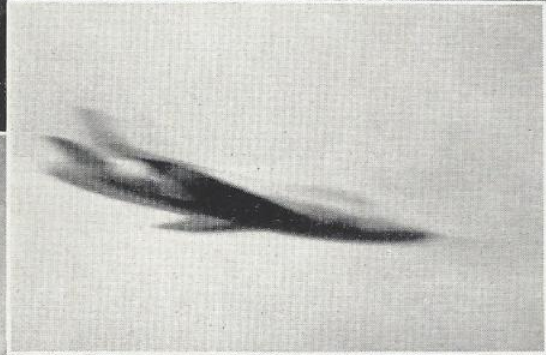
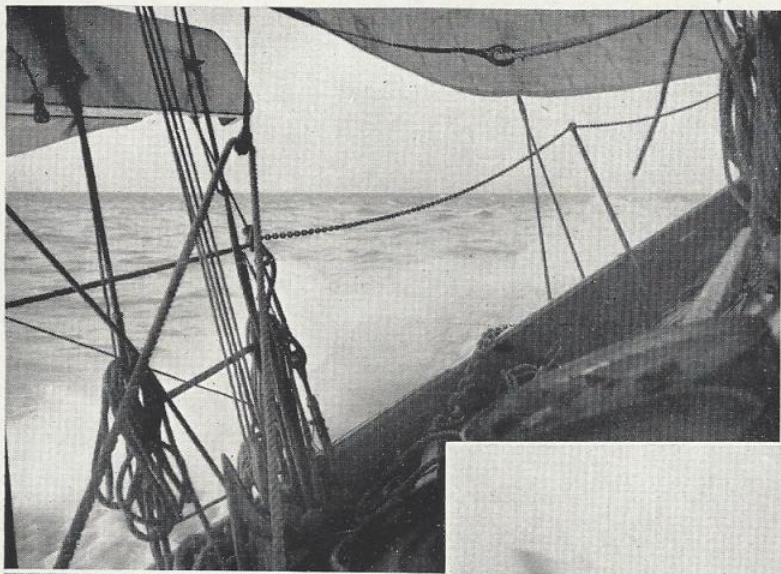
Michael's Cave was surveyed also. Many photographs were taken both inside the caves and out.

We had the privilege of the company of the Commandant on the last Saturday, and he was shown throughout both New and Old St. Michael's Caves. Not content with merely watching us he donned overalls, boots and helmet, and accompanied us over several tricky pieces of climbing, successfully avoiding a ducking in the lake after a fifty foot climb along a two-inch ledge to the other side.

Not all the time was spent underground, however. We had ample time to sightsee both in Gibraltar itself and in La Linea, just across the Spanish border. The New Year was heralded in at the Officers' Mess, where a fancy dress ball was held.

R. E. H. N.







ROYAL AIR FORCE COLLEGE ACTIVITIES & SOCIETIES

Autumn Term 1952



The College Activities Organization

Field Shooting

THE airfields of Cranwell and Barkston Heath, together with the land surrounding the College, gave the section a great deal of sport in the early part of the season. Partridge and hare were present in large numbers; pheasants were not quite so plentiful, although several brace were accounted for.

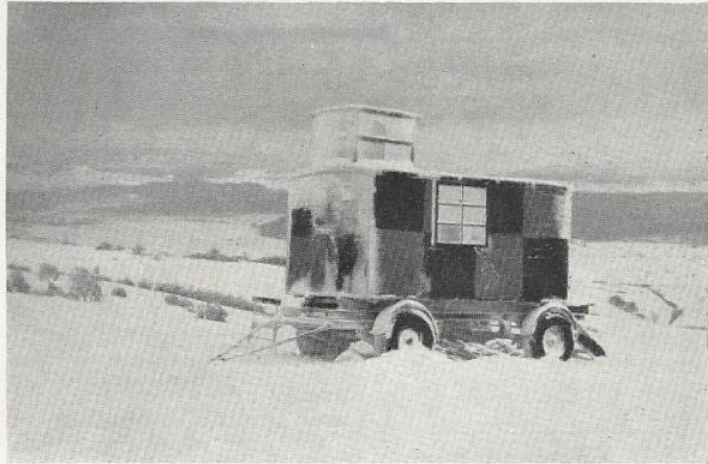
Shoots of eight and nine went out every Wednesday, Saturdays being reserved for the Station Shoot, to whom go our thanks for permitting us to share their land. They very unselfishly curtailed their shooting in our interests, since by half term the combined efforts of shooters, beaglers, riders and cross-country runners had made the game extremely wild, and even with beaters, bags got progressively smaller.

We have had a most enjoyable season, at surprisingly low cost. If the game multiplies sufficiently during the off-season, and it has every chance of doing so, 1953 should be even better.

G. S. C. M.

Gliding

Last term the ever-shortening days, combined with mechanical troubles and the usual winter hazards (such as airfield flooding, low cloud and generally bad weather), limited our flying. Nevertheless



Scharfoldendorf, Christmas 1952

there were some encouraging developments.

Soaring was not possible, but we carried on the routine training programme, gaining many more certificates than last winter, and carrying out a number of conversions, including some to the Kranich.

D. J. Edwards and Salmond gained the club's first two B.G.A.-approved instructor categories. Mr G. O. Smith, C.F.I. of the Derby and Lancashire Club, came over in October and tested four people. We hope to see him here often again.

The club took its usual place in the Battle of Britain Display in September.

During the vacation a party went to Scharfoldendorf, but snow limited them to 1½ hours' gliding; in consequence, most of the time was spent ski-ing, for most a new and enjoyable experience.

J. S. R. S.

Pot-Holing

The section held two meets during the autumn term, one at half term and the other on the weekend of 8th-9th November. Both were well supported by enthusiasts, and the thrill of 'going down' appears to have appealed to many newcomers, whom we hope to see at future meets.

The half term meet was held at Stainforth in Yorkshire. Members stayed overnight at a youth hostel just outside Settle, which proved very convenient as the cave system was not very far from the hostel.

The party that went to Peak Cavern on 8th-9th November was considerably larger, comprising twenty-three members instead of seven. This meet was held in conjunction with the Cave Diving Group and our job was to act as support party for the dives, with a possibility of attempting a bit of diving ourselves if so inclined. Unfortunately this was not pos-

OPPOSITE

A selection of the best photographs from the College Photographic Section's annual exhibition. Left. Top: 'Seascape Silhouette' (C. C. Taylor). Centre: Uppsala Cathedral (D. W. Molesworth). Below: Swedish Belltower (D. W. Molesworth). Right. Top: Cap d'Ail (J. N. Dymond). Centre: 'The Challenge' (R. B. Gubbins). Below: 'Chevaux à la Carte' (J. B. Gratton). Centre Panel. Above: 'Swift' (F. A. Mallett). Below: 'Pastoral' (J. N. Dymond)



The Riding Master and Flight Cadet Burles taking a jump together

sible as the 'Mucky Duck' was too dangerous to negotiate and further operations were rendered impossible. However most of the party had their first taste of underground demolition, which every-

body agreed amply compensated for the disappointment of not being able to get to the end of the system and help the divers explore further.

R. E. H. N.

The College Society

Chess

THE College Chess section has made great strides recently. During the autumn term seven matches were played against University College, Leicester, Oundle School, Nottingham University, the Officers' Mess and Brasenose College, Oxford (away), and against the R.M.A. Sandhurst and the Officers' Mess (home). Although the team were unfortunate in losing against Sandhurst, they showed improvement throughout the term and won three out of the last four matches.

When No. 57 Entry graduated we lost some of our best players but regular practice with our newly-purchased equipment should enable us to hold our own in 1953.

D. D. V.

Choral

The Choral section at Digby joined forces with the students of Lincoln Training College in the autumn term. They led the singing at the Digby Service of Nine Lessons and Carols, and gave a concert at Lincoln Training College. The works consisted of six

choruses from *Messiah* and some carols from the *Oxford Book*.

The standard of singing has been very high and all concerned have been most enthusiastic. Several members of the staff have sung and the full choir (male and female) is over 90 strong.

The thanks of the section are especially extended to Miss R. Finlay, the music lecturer at the Training College, and to Snr Flt Cdt J. Shearer, our accompanist. Both have worked very hard to make the term the best so far in the life of the section.

D. J. T.

Debating

We can report a very successful winter term. The numbers attending debates have risen considerably, and it has been particularly encouraging to see newcomers participating so vigorously in all five meetings held during the term.

At our first meeting, the motion that 'The Arrogance of Age must submit to be taught by Youth' was proposed and seconded by Goodall and Morgan. Despite their spirited arguments, the more experienced and sober views of

Flight Lieutenants Moss and Carryer, who opposed the motion, prevailed and the motion was defeated.

The most successful debate of the term was that in which Morgan and Sahibzada had the temerity to face the combined wrath of Lieutenant Commander Holt and Major Cotton, by proposing that the Royal Air Force now deserved the title of the Senior Service. There were several heated exchanges, and some extraordinary notions were divulged; most of us were astonished to learn of the following plan which the Admiralty was alleged to have perfected against atomic attacks: 'all ships are to be at least half a mile from the centre of the explosion.' The motion was, surprisingly, defeated.

'The Humanist is educated—the Scientist is merely a specialist' proved a very controversial subject, and the chairman eventually had to cut short what looked like becoming an 'all-night sitting.' Wing Commander Fulton and Wing Commander Sim consented to be the main speakers, and they were ably seconded by Stanning and Moors respectively. The erudite Greek quotations and scientific theories which were bandied about by several cadets seemed to astonish their Senior Tutors, but were condemned, perhaps unfairly, by the majority as Intellectual Snobbery.

The Digby section was invited to the final debate of the term. The motion that 'Marriage is an out-of-date institution' was proposed by Flight Lieutenant Reed and Flight Cadet Goodall of Cranwell, and opposed by Squadron Leader Daybell and Flight Cadet Green of Digby. The main speakers wrestled with their difficult subject most adroitly, and a surprising number of commonsense ideas were unearthed from among members of the House, most of whose knowledge of the subject was possibly theoretical rather than practical. The Digby contingent was victorious and the term closed on a vigorous note, which augured well for the future.

Natural History

The formation of a Natural

History section was announced in the November issue of the JOURNAL. Although perhaps not the best time of year for natural history, several expeditions were arranged during the autumn term, including a visit to the bird observatory and field centre at Gibraltar Point. Nineteen areas in Lincolnshire of particular interest to naturalists have been scheduled by the county planning authorities as areas of special scientific importance. Of these, two lie within easy reach of Cranwell, and we have been invited by the Lincolnshire Natural History Society to undertake an ecological survey of them. We have also assisted in the international wildfowl counts, and have started our own card index record system, which already holds records of around three hundred species in the local area. If accommodation can be found, it is hoped to start a representative collection of local flora and fauna.

W. K. H.

Photographic

The annual exhibition of photography was held on graduation day at the end of the autumn term in the Fiction Library, and the standard of prints, a number of which appear within these pages, was very encouraging. The interest shown by members of the junior year has warranted the opening of a new darkroom in the old Junior Entries mess building and we are confident that this expansion will bear fruit in the near future.

On 2nd February the section was visited by Mr C. K. Neale, A.R.P.S., F.R.S.A., of Ilford Limited, who gave an illustrated talk on printing and enlarging. We would like to thank Mr Neale for a very interesting and informative lecture as well as for answering our many questions.

P. G. C.

Printing

Much has been achieved in our first full term of operation and we are not displeased with results obtained. More than thirty printing orders were executed during the

autumn term. Our biggest single orders came from the Dramatic Society and College Headquarters. Our first two-colour order, tackled at the end of term, having proved tiresome to begin with, finally turned out a great success. Large orders came in for Christmas cards and we hope, with the experience we now have of fine line work, to produce a special card for 1953. Many small orders for address headings and sports notices were also executed.

Just after half term the section moved from its cramped quarters

(shared with the mountaineers and the sailing club) downstairs in the West Wing to the fine and spacious room next to the Chapel. Not only have our new quarters allowed us to see our equipment properly for the first time, but the extra space has enabled us to increase our rate of output from 300 copies an hour to between 8 and 900. Now that we are established with all essential equipment we need, we are ready to go ahead on any work of reasonable proportions with confidence.

J. McL.

Further Reports

OTHER sections of the College Society and Cadets' Activities Organization operated during the autumn term. Some have naturally found their activities restricted by the onset of winter, like the Angling, Archery, Canoeing and Sailing sections. These, however, spent their time well repairing and overhauling equipment.

Both the Dancing and the Jazz sections have been hampered by the lack of a suitable gramophone, but have made do very well with borrowed equipment. The Square Dancers performed at the Digby Annual Ball with considerable success. The Digby section of the Radio Society was extremely busy

assisting at the pantomime that the E. & S. Wing put on at the end of term.

The bird sanctuary at Gibraltar Point has been visited by members of the Ornithological section.

Members of the Music section have attended a number of concerts in Nottingham, including a performance of *Messiah*. Under the aegis of this section, it is learnt, the College orchestra is re-forming.

Among new sections, of which we hope to hear more in the future, are the Archaeology, Fine Arts and Cine Societies. At present these are all in the process of formation.



Flight Cadets D. R. Burles, M. A. C. Elliott, J. R. McEntegart, J. T. C. Lewis and the Riding Master



AT THE PLAY

Autumn Term 1952



'Travellers' Joy' at Cranwell

THE dramatic section of the R.A.F. College Society presented its autumn production on Tuesday, 4th November, and the play chosen was Arthur Macrae's comedy *Travellers' Joy*. A large audience attended and were rewarded with a fine performance.

The action takes place in the sitting-room of a suite at the palatial Hotel Gustav Adolph, in Stockholm. The suite is occupied, and has been for some time, by a Mrs Beatrice Pelham, known as 'Bumble' to her friends. But neither she nor her secretary, Tom Wright, have a kroner between them. Victims both of their own extravagance and currency restrictions, their plight is desperate. This has not passed entirely unnoticed by the manager of the Gustav Adolph. He shows that he is extremely suspicious of their ability to meet their bills and

Bumble and Tom are soon driven to selling each other's belongings to the maid, Eva, in a desperate attempt to save their faces. Hope, in the person of Bumble's former (and supposedly rich) husband, Reggie, appears on the scene and Bumble tries hard to interest him in the subject of money, without giving away the fact that she herself has none. Reggie, however, has also spent an exiguous foreign allowance and is clearly hoping to borrow from Bumble. The two join forces in an attempt to borrow from various people in the hotel, including the Fowlers, Sydney and Lil, a pair of objectionably vulgar nouveaux riches. But Sydney Fowler, after obtaining I.O.U.s from Reggie, tries to blackmail the unfortunate man by posing as a Treasury official. The plan is thwarted by Lil who, it seems, has grown a little tired of

her 'husband' and has made plans to go away with a rich male friend. All ends happily when Mr Olsen, an hotel owner, on the strength of the news that Reggie is destined for a peerage, offers Lord Pelham and his former wife a free holiday at his establishment for the sake of the publicity. Reggie asks Bumble to become the first Lady Pelham. Why should she refuse?

The part of Bumble, the central character in this piece, fell to Mrs Button who, incidentally, was appearing for the last time in a College play. Though her role was an onerous one, Mrs Button never once seemed ill-at-ease or unhappy; with tremendous spirit and feeling she carried the whole play along and gave it its momentum. It was, however, her ability to recreate so successfully a part tailored for a character actress that impressed one most. The male lead, Reggie Pelham, was taken by Julian Bowes. At first, though his movements were good, Bowes seemed a little shaky, nor did he appear to command a sufficient range of voice. By the second act, however, he had settled down and his acting was good, especially in the scene where Pelham is compelled to masquerade as a waiter at a supper party laid on by his ex-wife in honour of her old flame, Lord Tilbrook.

There were some fine character studies to be found among the portrayals of other parts, notably Mrs Peveler as the flashy, loud-voiced Lil Fowler. Dressed wonderfully aptly for the part (what a remarkable study the dress was!) Mrs Peveler made an excellent



Mr Olsen (M. J. Allistone) makes his dramatic and welcome offer of free accommodation to the penurious travellers (J. M. B. Bowes, Mrs Button and J. T. C. Lewis). Eva (Mrs Glover) looks on

first impression on the College stage. Her performance was a splendid caricature of a shameless, though often likable, gold-digger. Walter Close, in the role of Sydney Fowler, was well cast and made a convincingly detestable villain. He was obviously enjoying his part and played it to the full. Eva, the Swedish maid, was taken by Mrs Glover. Her Swedish accent seemed impeccable and her manner delightful and she managed, whenever she was on the stage, to give warmth and colour to the character she was portraying.

In the part of Tom Wright, James Lewis tended to underplay and did not seem to make the most of his opportunities. For all that it was a competent performance. George Mumford was sound in the role of Nicholas Rafferty, ex-R.A.F. and an old friend of Bumble's, though his was a study in poster rather than water-colour. The suave Lord Tilbrook was played by Trevor Hadley, who acted well, but his voice seemed strained and pitched rather too low. David Thomas coped well with the difficult part of the uncertain hotel manager, Mr Tilsen, and Michael Allistone made a brief appearance as Mr Olsen, the Pelham's benefactor.

Brian Reader was the stage manager for this production and our thanks go to him and his assistants, Brian Cox and John Hare, for a good job of work. Mr Carolan, assisted by Donald Selway, provided a fine set as always, and the excellent lighting was provided by George Turner and Geoffrey Morgan. Derek Renshaw and John Dunn were responsible for the indispensable 'music and effects' department.

Finally, we thank the man behind it all, producer Geoffrey Taylor, for a thoroughly enjoyable and successful play.

J. D. L.

The Digby Pantomime or *'Pantomonium'*

THIS truly atrocious pun formed the title of the Equipment and Secretarial Dramatic Society's autumn term production. Instead of the usual play, it was decided to stage a pantomime. The story (such as it was—but who worries about stories in pantomimes?) concerned the vicissitudes of two spivs with the melodious rames of Perce Wintervest and Fred Oligopoly. These two gentlemen were played with verve by Dufton and Allistone, who spent most of their time trying to elude the Demon King (Denny). In between the scenes were various sketches bearing no relation to the plot. Most of these were extremely amusing, especially Cash's demonstration of cake making without tears (and with vodka). Philip Harben has a serious competitor here and will have to look to his laurels.

Of the scenes themselves, undoubtedly the most successful were 'Paris, le Soir' and 'The Critical Stage,' a farcical interpretation of the BBC programme

'The Critics.' Dent gave a masterly performance as the somnolent Professor Eggstein. It would be unchivalrous not to mention the Fairy Queen (played by Hodgkinson) and the ladies of the chorus. Although no Fonteyns, they danced with enthusiasm. De'Ath and Cash were also effective in their feminine roles.

The script, which was the joint production of Shearer, Cash and Storkey, could have been more polished and slicker, but the production helped to overcome these defects. The main fault of the show was that it could not make up its mind whether to be a pantomime or a revue, and in consequence the series of short scenes and sketches, amusing though they were, lacked continuity. It would, however, be churlish to carp at an entertainment that gave so much enjoyment, and thanks are due to all concerned for the hard work that was put in to the scenery and the production.

F. A. G. P.



A scene from Digby's 'Pantomonium' produced by Shearer, Cash and Storkey towards the end of the autumn term



The Two Pongos

THE senior entry revue which was presented to the College after the final guest night at Cranwell on 15th December was, without doubt, the best of the renaissance (post-53 Entry) era.

The season was right and, of course, pantomime lends itself to this type of production. But these facts cannot detract from the excellence of the conception and performance of the show. Produced by Dunn with script by Huxley out of Boulton, the finished product was clearly the result of a hundred per cent. effort by all members of the entry.

Our hero, Split Whittington, was played by Boyer, and the plot concerned the struggles of this clean, upstanding young flight cadet to achieve the status of under officer next term. Flight Cadet the Hon. Jasper Schnide (Muncaster), determined to foil Whittington and gain the coveted post for himself, and was aided, abetted and egged on in his foul schemes by the Demon King (Doggett). It appeared that certain prerequisites could be gained by unscrupulous U.Os in league with unscrupulous demon kings (C.F.Is). We are still wondering. . . .

The 57 chorus regaled us with song at the rise of the curtain and thereafter at regular intervals throughout the performance. As usual they were ably accompanied by the College Band. During the

The 57 Entry Revue

'The Tale of Split Whittington'

or 'Little Tom Finger'

or 'Heinzel and Gretel'

first half of the show we were taken behind the scenes at Cranwell and treated to a merciless exposé of the true activities in such outwardly respectable places as a flying instructors' crew room, a control tower and a conference room. How did they find out? Needless to say the result was hilarious, in some cases a little damaging to our self-esteem. The Three Squadron Leaders, Martin (A), Brettell (B) and J. B. Smith (C), figured largely in these activities and their song, 'We Three,' accompanied by wicked mimes, brought the house down.

After the interval we were given a real taste of pantomime when Whittington, despondently cleaning his buttons, unwittingly summoned a Genie (Sadruddin) who materialized in true style from a puff of blue smoke. Shortly after this we witnessed the thrilling crash landing of a Fairy Queen (Clark) from high in the wings. The delicacy with which Clark handled his part more than made up for his extremely hairy legs and ammunition boots. When

during the next scene, depicting some obscure military establishment, a stage horse appeared, the requirements of old-fashioned pantomime were more than fulfilled. At this stage Huxley and Humpherson as Two Pongos reproduced the Western Brothers' style with great skill. In the ensuing scene we were delighted by some most interesting impersonations, notably Davis as an air commodore and Boulton as Buttons. The plot drew to its dramatic climax with right triumphing over wrong, the undoing of the villains and Whittington achieving his heart's desire.

The finale saw the whole entry on stage singing a revised version of 'Widcombe Fair.' They sang about us, they sang about themselves and our enjoyment was complete.

Who would have thought that such talent could lurk unseen for so long? 57 Entry left in a blaze of glory having raised the standard of the senior entry revue yet further.

L. G.

Some Do, One Don't

THE mountaineer

The ivy on the tower

The soaring swallow

And sun-seeking flower

The rocket ship

The motor on the hill

The social creeper

The miller in his mill

The steeple-jack

The monkey in his tree—

All climb.

O Prentice, why not thee?

DRAG.



Short Story

The Turn of the Tide

HE was unbelievably dirty. Greyish dirt caked his face and formed irregular plateaux on his neck, where a network of wrinkles showed red rivulets of cleaner skin. His hair was hidden by a greasy, blackened cap, pulled low over jutting brows, but the hair that straggled from his chin and sunken cheeks was grey, with streaked yellow stains. Cunning eyes, very clear and bright, with the abstracted look that comes with many years of gazing at sea and sky, stared over a thickened, beaked nose. Benjie was a Scillonian fisherman; or rather, had been, for, many years ago, when the first summer visitors had invaded the Scillies from the mainland, he had forsaken his nets for an easier life. For

twenty shillings a day he would take you sailing; for an additional five, he would use the ancient engine set amidships. This was far less bother to handle, and gave him nothing to do except sit at the tiller and drink beer. Since more beer can be bought with twenty-five shillings than twenty, Benjie always made certain that 'Puffin' never sailed. He was a happy man.

Nigel was not. He sat in the brilliant sunshine on 'Puffin's' bows, clad in swimming trunks. The prospect of another week of leave before him did nothing to alleviate his unhappiness. Ahead of him, crystal green sea sparkled among the grey, primeval rocks of the Scillies. John and

Alan, his two companions, backs against the mast, sat reading Seversky and Charteris respectively, through aircrew sun-glasses. The smell of hot paint and blistering tar filled the air, punctuated by occasional whiffs of beer and unwashed clothing from the stern. Nigel brooded.

John looked up at him with a worried expression. He said, 'Nigel, do snap out of it. Pat's obviously not interested and she's going back to London tomorrow, anyway. What's the sense in beating your head against a brick wall?'

'Press on!' said Alan. He took life as it came to him, and was usually amused. 'We'll sail into the west and drown her memory in black salt water. Extract some speed from this tub, Benjie, and take us to the Western Rocks.'

Benjie disliked orders. He spat disgustedly. 'an't take 'ee nowhere without I use the coffee grinder. That's foive shillin' extry,' triumphantly.

'That won't break us. Western Rocks it is, Benjie. Wind her up.'

'G'd dammee, thorns'ld get in the screw.' This was a safe excuse which he often used. 'Thorns' were anything from flotsam to seaweed.

'The Bishop,' suggested Alan, with the air of one who discovers continents.

'Ell, that's seven moile. No brandy in the moty toime we've got 'alfway.' He spat. 'Great Ganilly now. Tak'ee there.'

Great Ganilly lay to the east, in exactly the opposite direction.

'Take us out to sea somewhere.' This was John.

'An' end up in Americy? Never heard of currents, 'ave 'ee? Great Ganilly.' He spat emphatically.

So they went to Great Ganilly.

It was a small, narrow island. Its north-eastern side, which faced Land's End and the bitter winter winds, was barren and heather covered. The western side was a mass of deep, green bracken, hot and luxuriant in the summer sun. The contrast between the blazing heat and the cool fronds on one's skin gave the impression of tropical undergrowth, and to burst through the sharp dividing line at the crest of the island into the bare heather was to experience a physical shock.

They grounded on the white sand of the small, shingle beach. Was there a glint of satisfaction in Benjie's eyes? He drank a bottle of bitter, pouring it down in one movement, with a pleasant gurgling, reminiscent of the sound of bath

water running down the plughole. He waved the empty bottle at the island in mock salute.

There was a small motor boat drawn high on the shelving sand. Benjie was professional and unenlightening. 'E'll never get'n orf afore hoigh toide, anyway, 'n that's after dark,' was all the information that John could glean from him.

John and Alan left Benjie to his beer, and Nigel to his thoughts. They set off for the top of the island. The chatter died away.

Nigel stretched himself on the sand. The sun was very high now, and soaked into him, but the stupor it brought only accentuated his misery. A perfectly good leave, spoiled by a girl. Pat! The thought of her was like toothache; it nagged and would not go away. Grave eyes set wide in a smiling face, a sweetly serious face at times, at others, impish and sparkling. Her mouth was small and perfectly shaped, her nose turned up slightly at the tip, and she framed it all with a riot of short, golden hair. Even Alan had been impressed. He called her the '22-carat girl.' Nigel had tripped over her—literally—when he was wandering along the harbour beach of St. Mary's. That was five days ago. They had spent their time swimming, sunbathing, talking quietly in the evenings over long drinks in the hotel, and occasionally chugging among the rocks with the disreputable Benjie, a Benjie who forbore to spit, and who made a point of gazing at the horizon.

Yet, for all that, Nigel had learned very little of her. He was, despite a careless manner, deeply shy, anxious not to appear inquisitive or possessive. What he knew, she had told him spontaneously. She had no parents, and with their loss had gone a beautiful old house, and her means of support. She was now somebody's secretary, somewhere in London, her only link with the past an M.G., which she drove very fast to escape from her worries. (He had imagined the crisp hair flung back by the wind.) The rest was hidden by his shyness, and her own uncommunicativeness; but he knew that he was hers to command.

With the gentle sex, Nigel lacked finesse; this distinguished him among the pilots of his squadron. One evening, fighting with shyness, he had tried to tell her how he adored her, how he longed really to know her, but, floundering, had slithered into a torrent of aimless conversation about his friends on the squadron, about flying, anything to cover up his helpless embarrassment. She had suddenly become withdrawn, cold, a stranger, difficult to talk to. In a short while she left him, and he had gazed at two half-empty glasses, cursing himself for a blundering



GASCHURN, CHRISTMAS 1952

fool, with the unbearable fear that she belonged to someone else. Since then, she had avoided him.

The sun was very hot. Struggling with his thoughts, Nigel fell asleep.

A cold, clammy mass descended on his neck, and water trickled between his shoulder-blades and down his back. Half memory, half dream, he saw Alan capering on the sands at Nice, draped in seaweed, and surrounded by laughing girls with golden hair. The fool! Waking, blinded by salt water, he groped, found a pair of legs, and brought his tormentor down in a flurry of sand.

'Hullo,' she said, smiling. The impish sparkle was back in her eyes.

He could only stammer. 'You, Pat? What on earth are you doing on Ganilly?'

'I had to see you alone. Benjie has two boats, you know, and he's not above accepting a bribe.'

Nigel sat up. Benjie, perched on 'Puffin's' gunwales like some ancient gull, raised his bottle in a derisive toast.

'But—I thought—I mean, when you went away like that, I thought—well, you might be married or something.' The words came in a rush.

'I was; when I was seventeen. He was killed flying a Tempest over Germany, two months before the end of the war. I thought I could never bear anyone who flew, after that—until yesterday. Oh, Nigel, I'm sorry.'

Nigel did not see John and Alan come down to the beach. Nor did he hear 'Puffin' put to sea. When he looked again, she was sailing, silently, perfectly, towards the islands in the west.

G. S. C. M.

HELAS

Aujourd'hui
J'ai cassé mon ski—
C'est la vie.

P St. J. D

Statistical Self-Examination

Result of the Autumn Term Poll

BOWING as indeed we must every now and then to fashion, we have to report that a strictly statistical and scientific inquiry into College life was recently conducted by us. It was carried out under conditions which doubtless even Dr Gallup would approve, and the results are illuminating. Though veils, necessarily, must be drawn, for reasons either of policy or politeness or both, over some of the answers we received to a *questionnaire* circulated at the end of last term, we are convinced that our report is, speaking generally, a fair summary of the views expressed by the volunteers—no fewer than 85 per cent. of the College—who kindly consented to be our guinea pigs.

REPORT ON THE POLL

(Percentages correct to the nearest one per cent.)

1. We are of the opinion (even at the risk of upsetting some of our readers) that it is our duty to report that we of this College are predominantly Southerners by domicile. The meaning of the word 'South,' we realize, varies from person to person; to some anything south of the Border is south, to others south begins on the southern bank of the Thames. Sixty-four per cent. of the College, by a narrow interpretation, live 'in the South' and of this number, seven per cent. live in London. Doubtless these figures explain the preference of sixty-five per cent. of those answering our questionnaire for a more southerly siting of Cranwell. (For them, we

feel, the journey to London would cost much less if their pipe dream came true.) Fifteen per cent. of those answering our questionnaire came from Wales, the Midlands, the North and Scotland; and nine per cent. from abroad. We are chiefly town dwellers by birth and upbringing.

VITAL STATISTICS

2. We are proud to report that we are young. Seventeen per cent. of us are in our nineteenth year, twenty-nine per cent. in our twentieth, twenty-eight per cent. in our twenty-first, eighteen per cent. in our twenty-second and seven per cent. in our twenty-third. One of us is under eighteen; two of us are over twenty-three.

ALMAE MATRES

3. (a) We regret that it is impossible for us to disguise the fact that nearly thirty per cent. of our number have never revisited our old Seats of Learning, but we have come to the conclusion that this is not because of any ill will that we bear towards those places, but because both time and opportunity are limited. Thirty-five per cent. of us have managed to go back once since we left.

(b) Fifty-three per cent. of us came from public schools and forty-three per cent. from grammar schools. So far as academic bias goes, we must definitely state that sixty-one per cent. of us were on the science side at school, thirty per cent. on the classical or modern and nearly ten per cent. seemed from their answers to have been on both. We are happy to state that twenty-one per cent. of our school scientists have since been converted to the humanist outlook. Only sixteen per cent. of the humanists have gone the other way.

MAINLY MILITARY

4. We make up our minds early about the attractions of the Service life. Seventy-one per cent. of us decided to join the Royal Air Force before we were 16 and twenty-one per cent. before we were 17. For five of us, the Royal Air Force has been a lifelong ambition; not even the attraction of trains or trams seems to have affected the five at all. Two of those questioned admitted to having been in the Army before coming to Cranwell and two admitted to having been in the Navy, but we overlook these deviations in the sure knowledge that the right choice has now been made.



Look mummy! No Hans!

THAT OTHER CAREER

5. Most of us, at one time or another, have thought about 'the other career' that we may never follow. Thirteen per cent. of us are so Service-minded that we should seek a place in one of the other Services if that 'other career' became a possibility. Thirteen per cent. would emigrate. Eight per cent. would go to the university; eight per cent. to civil aviation, three per cent. to engineering. Eighteen per cent. with some reluctance admitted that they had no other ambition. The range of 'second choices' was very large and extended from beachcombing at one end to brewing at the other.

ACTIVITIES AND SOCIETIES

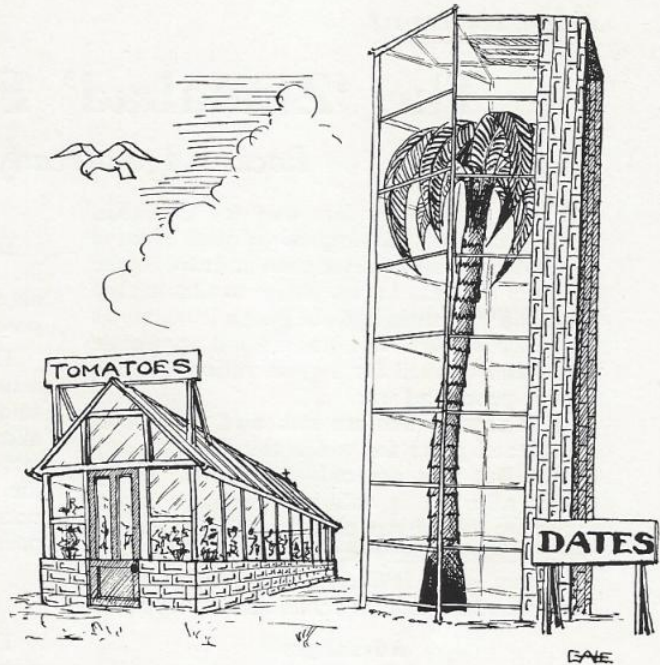
6. The support we give to the College Society and the College Activities Organization is, we feel, impressive. Eighteen per cent. belong to the Sailing Section—the highest proportion recorded. (Sailing undoubtedly ranks as the most popular spare-time occupation.) Others, in descending order, are ski-ing, music, gliding, dramatics, pot-holing, riding, photography and dancing. Twenty-two per cent. of us are active members of one section or society, twenty-three per cent. of two. Fourteen per cent. offered the opinion that the College was sufficiently served by its Society and Activities Organization, but this was a minority view. The most popular suggestion for a new section, for which fourteen per cent. voted, was cycling.

MONEY MATTERS

7. Forty-five per cent. of those questioned suggested that they overspent in the Fancy Goods Store or the N.A.A.F.I. We must report that no documentary evidence was offered in support of statements made.

SPORT

8. We are proud of our natural capacity for sport. Nearly forty per cent. of us are, or claim



to be, natural sportsmen. Each squadron possesses between nine and ten per cent. of these happy men.

SOME OTHER CONSIDERATIONS

9. (a) *Private Vehicles.* Fifteen per cent. of us own cars, twenty-six per cent. motor cycles and fifty-seven per cent. bicycles. Five per cent. own a car and a bicycle and eight per cent. own a motor cycle and a bicycle.

(b) We had many answers to question bearing upon our girl friends. Editorial discretion, however, does not permit us to make known the interesting facts that were laid before us.

(Signed) J. S. R. S.
J. A. M., R. H.

Cranwell
14 Dec. 52

Deep Black

IT is the custom on the Isle of Man at Christmas time to spend each night at one form of convivial gathering or another. On one such night I was standing in the corner of a room talking to a young man whom I had met a few nights before, when a sweet young thing came flouncing through the doorway. She was pretty and gave the

impression of being very well aware of the fact. I began to discuss her in somewhat disparaging terms, but he made little reply. Having ended my vilification and refilled our glasses I turned to him and asked who she was, for I had not yet met the girl. He grinned slyly and replied, 'The girl in yellow? That's my sister.' E. M.

Advertisement

The 'Zindabad' Flying Carpet

Rocket Age already Outdated

IT is a recognized fact that the Zindabad flying carpet is the simplest yet most effective gun platform that has ever been invented by the genius of the East. Let me hasten to add that the Zindabad craftsmen did not design it merely as a weapon of war. The student will appreciate that it can be used for a great variety of roles both in peace and war.

In its flowing lines are embodied the love of beauty and grace for which the East is justly famed. But it is not only a thing of beauty (which after all is only pile deep); it is the answer to the prayers of a speed-loving, space-conscious and thrifty generation. The Zindabad craftsmen have fulfilled all these needs, and have spared no pains to achieve their purpose.

Advantages

1. Its beauty permits it to grace the courts of Shahs-in-Shah and Caliphs.
2. Its speed can put to shame the fleetest monsters of the West.
3. The simplicity of its design outshines the clumsy contraptions of conventional aircraft.
4. Above all, it is within the power of any citizen to buy and to learn to fly this product of the looms of famous craftsmen and cunning weavers.

No longer will we worry about hangar and garage space, 'no parking' signs and fines. The housewife forgets the holes in linoleums and the stains on the floor, for the carpet will cover them all.

In this domestic bliss we must not forget the uses to which it can be put in wartime. The possibilities of a Carpet Curtain for defence is being searchingly investigated by our War Studies team at the present time.

The new socio-political pattern that will result below the stratosphere is being evaluated by two experts on our staff as a matter of the greatest possible urgency.

It is my firm belief that this carpet will take its place in history as the gods' best gift to flight cadets. In eliminating such things as propeller efficiency, thickness/chord ratios, degrees wash-out and wash-in, stresses and strains (structures), it will lift a great weight from the minds of future pilots.

Airframe and Engine

The present carpet was ordered straight off the loom and is woven of a new nylon-wool-fibre thread, specially developed for the purpose.

The main propulsive power is supplied from a single cylinder 'Hookah' engine developing a smoke-horsepower of 8/8 dense fog. This economical but powerful unit was designed by Professor Abdul Lebul-Boule Amir, who is one of the greatest scientists East of Suez. It uses 101 octane H₂O which, in combination with burning pellets of opium, produced a violent reaction.

Aerodynamic Theory

The theory of flight is very easy to follow. To climb, the carpet is rolled as shown in the diagram at Appendix. There is less pressure on top so it ascends. To descend it is rolled in the other direction. A turn is contrived by rolling the carpet on the side from which you want to turn away. This causes the pressure on top of that side to become less—the carpet banks and turns.

Checks

The checks before flight are listed below:

Outside Checks

1. Carpet unrolled and engine unit in place.
2. Inspect pile for damage (moths, etc.).
3. Fuel and opium tanks full.

Starting Checks

1. Thread switches off.
2. Select 101 octane fuel tank. Pump.
3. Prime with three pellets (.004. gm each) of opium.
4. Thread switches on.
5. Inhale deeply for 18-20 seconds.

(Note: It is dangerous to inhale longer than this as the fumes from the exhaust induce a feeling of drowsiness. Read 'The Lotus Eaters'.)

6. This sets the smokometer in motion as the powerful engine coughs to life.

Warming up Checks

1. Fuel pressure 100 lb/sq.cm.
2. Smokometer recording 8/8 dense fog.
3. Test for smoke drop (should not exceed 1/8 dense fog).
4. Mixture sweet and rich.
5. Test flaps—straight and flap.
6. Roll and unroll carpet for correct and free movement of controls.

Checks Before Take-off

(The mnemonic C.F.S. should be used.)

- C—Carpet 3/4 unrolled and set for climbing angle of attack.
Carpet pile fully fine.
- F—Fuel and mixture rich and sweet.
- S—Smokometer reading 7/8 dense fog.
Security of engine.

It should be noted that no harness is provided for the pilot. The reason is that he sits with his legs round the engine and so is secure.

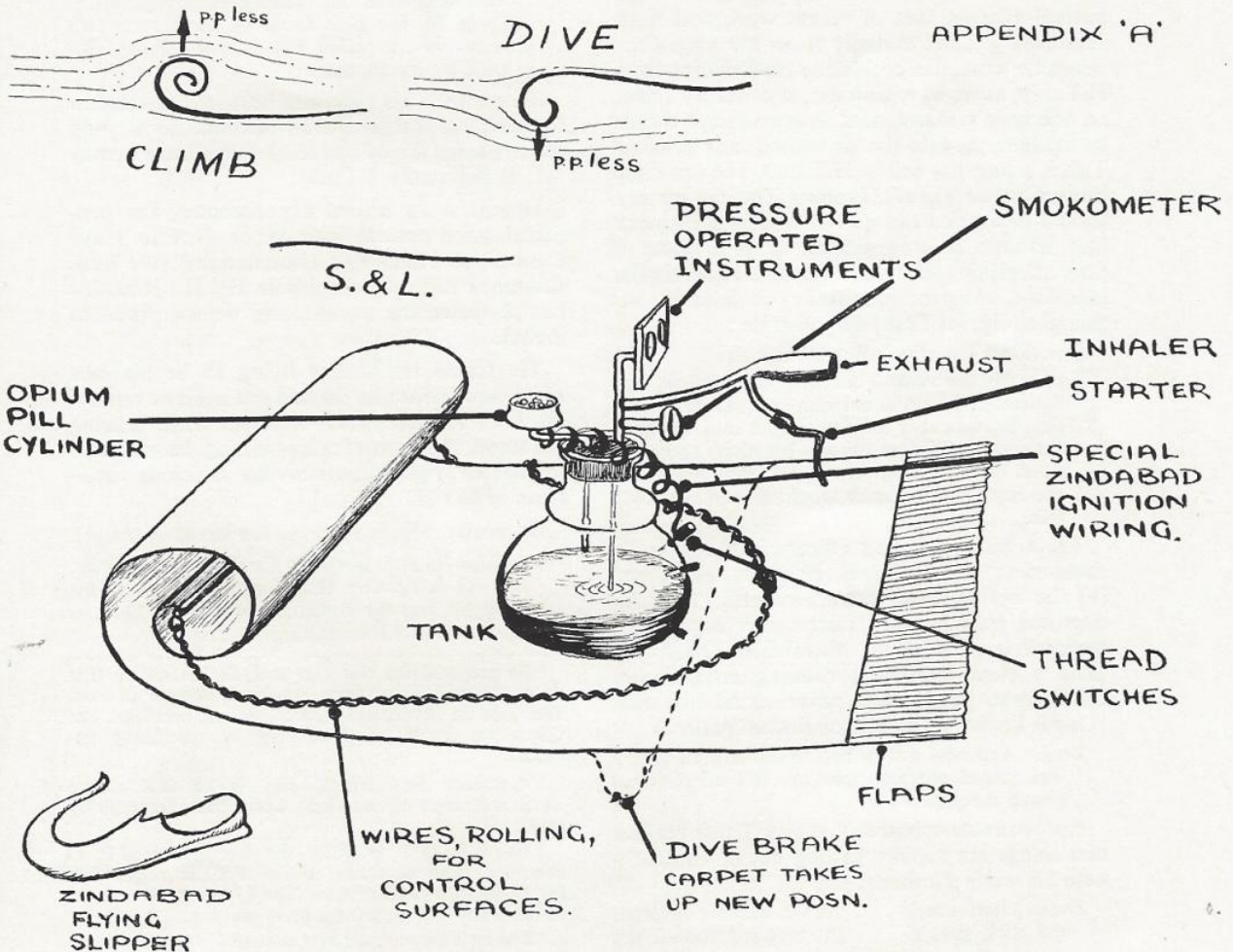
Flying Clothing

It is essential that all who fly the carpet should wear the Zindabad carpet cloak and slippers.

Conclusion

It is hoped that the Flying Carpet will give satisfaction to all who use it. We at the Factory will do everything in our power to comply with any suggestions for its improvement or alteration.

I. A. Shortfellow,
President,
Zindabad Corporation



Twoupmanship

Being a Further and Positively Final Report on the Latest Researches into F.Cp.

MUCH research and, we like to think, useful development have taken place since November '51 when the fundamentals of F.Cp. (Flight Cadetmanship) first appeared in print. Those first notes, giving guidance for the future, and examples of ploys and gambits successfully introduced by former F.Cm. (Flight Cadetmen) were, perhaps, almost naive but the response was there, an awakening . . . 'One neophyte is worth two theodolites,' as Gattling-Fen would say with nauseating regularity.

These further notes (hardly more, be it admitted) give an idea of recent work and more examples gleaned verbally from the past. Considerable work has been done on handling tests, H.T.ship, as we have called it, after Harry Trout, an energetic researchman. Every attempt should be made to get into the air without any briefing. This is a *sine qua non* of H.T.ship. The pre-flight inspection, or Trout's Tapping Tour as we say, should be carried out quietly and in a business-like manner. It is considered to be a waste of time attempting to master the Vol. I and similar literature. Answer questions confidently yet thoughtfully; let Trout demonstrate:

Questioner (pointing): What is this pipe?¹

Trout: Ah, the ventral breather, or overflow. The American instructional film² we saw the other day, sir, was very enlightening; it said, in effect, that more oil is lost through breathers and overflows than through the engine. They are fitting the duple flow pressure relief valve to overcome this.

Trout divides testing officers into two main categories: (a) the silent, or pure, tester, and (b) the not-so-silent instructor-tester. Type (a) does not, frankly, offer much scope, but further research is proceeding. Meanwhile Trout suggests a clear, confident running commentary throughout, but it must never sound like one. (This is known in certain circles as 'patter'.)

Trout: And now a slow roll to the left, all clear? Yes, speed correct, nose up, left aileron and round she goes . . .

Approximately halfway round Trout realises that things are rapidly getting out of control—note his *mode d'attaque*:

Trout (continuing): . . . As we become inverted the stick goes right forward and—I say

I'm most terribly sorry, sir, my straps are slipping, would you kindly take control?

Sound, we think, but not satisfying.

Type (b) must be encouraged, but carefully. Don't give the appearance of needing instruction. This is not so difficult as it may seem, especially if the F.Cm. has knowledge of a favoured show-piece.

Trout (with deference): Now that I've finished my aerobatics, sir, perhaps you would show me an unusual manoeuvre or two? Is it possible to do a decent upward roll? (*This sounds very ordinary (it is), but give Trout an inch. . .*) (*He presses on carefully.*) This is really flying, sir! Could we try another?

Trout, with his carefully nurtured reputation for keenness and general air of enthusiasm, could usually carry this off for some time. But, one may ask, is this really F.Cp.?

Hinchley, an ardent experimenter, has produced good results with When Not to Have Control, or Hinchley's Hibernation.³ (We have shortened this considerably to H's H.) Hinchley has perfected the gambit, and we are proud to include it.

He found instrument flying to be his *bête noire*, and before he formed the habit of removing his L.H. (left hand) blue lens while taxiing out under the pretext of de-misting, he was able to shorten trips remarkably by judicious variations of H's H.

Typically, Hinchley is on the beam in cloud:

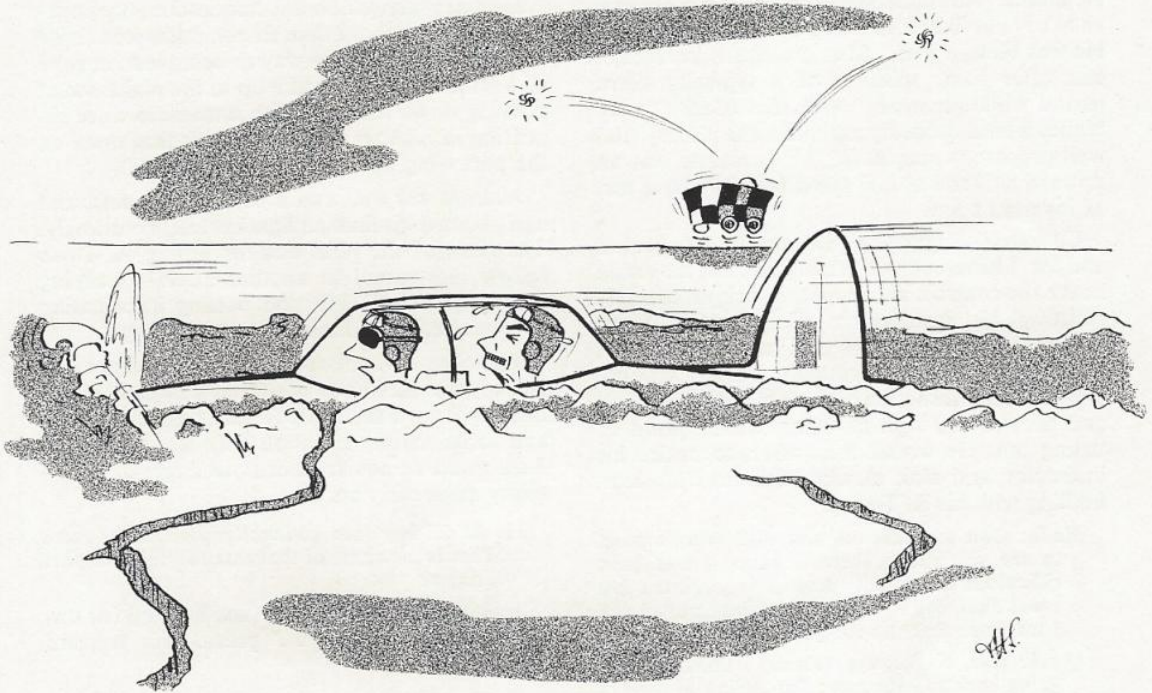
Hinchley (slightly anxious): Could you tell me, sir, are we icing up? Reaction to control seems sluggish and the controls feel heavy.⁴ Do you think the A.S.I. is reading correctly?

¹ Be prepared for this. An analysis has shown that this question, in some form, occurs on 80% of all tests. The pipe is invariably a breather or overflow, but unless you know (most unlikely) be specifically un-specific.

² 'American instructional film' is an O.K.-phrase which will cover all occasions. Learn this paragraph by heart.

³ This is N. Q. T. Hinchley, the elder brother of P. T. Hinchley, both successful F.Cm. P.T. is responsible for Hinchley's Hindsight, or 'But of course, sir it's so obvious now'—a ploy for general use.

⁴ The invitation to take over control.



'Pardon, Sir!'

Instructor: No, not a chance of icing; at least I think it is most unlikely. Can't see anything. (He tries in vain to remember the forecast freezing level, and suddenly recalls a certain article in 'Air Clues.') I'll have control for a minute.

Hinchley: Thank you, sir, I should like you to try it.

Instructor: Hmm, perhaps the elevators are . . . No, I don't think so. Seems all O.K. to me. Hinchley, you have . . .

Hinchley has been waiting carefully and interrupts here, without actually appearing to.

Hinchley: Thank you, sir, I'm sorry to appear nervous, but I like to be on the safe side. (He continues to talk, very slowly allowing the aircraft to develop a steep spiral. How far the spiral develops depends upon the expertness of Hinchley's patter.)

Instructor: Great grief, Hinchley, what are you up to? (He grabs the controls.)

Hinchley (plonking): Me, sir? I thought you had control, sir.

Instructor (still grappling): Didn't I hand over to you?

Hinchley (still plonking): No, sir.

The aircraft being now more or less under control, the instructor realises that he didn't hand

over, or, more precisely, that Hinchley had never taken over. He is left with a definite, irritating feeling that the whole incident was entirely his own fault, and yet . . .

Student F.Cm. are warned that Hinchley found himself counter-ployed (or de-ployed, as we sometimes say) most effectively once by a Yeovil-trained Lifeman Q.F.I. in the following manner. While Hinchley allowed the spiral to develop Lifeman Q.F.I. responded to his conversation most genially, apparently not noticing the aircraft winding up at all. At a thousand feet Hinchley lost control (of Hinchley) completely and nearly screamed 'Sir, you have control.' Whereupon L.M.Q.F.I. regained control immediately and gave the unnerved student F.Cm. a few strong words on pedantic verbosity.⁵

Hinchley had forgotten an axiom of our teaching: 'To every Ploy, a Deploy; to every Gambit, a Counter.'

Nailes (known as 'Coughin' or 'Coff') working independently on an opposite tack to H's H., developed a very successful gambit for the expert F.Cm., which he himself named 'Nailes's

⁵ Yeovil-recommended O.K. phrase for Q.F.I. Lifemen for the whole of 1953.

Nepenthe.' Not understanding this, we refer to it as N's N., or When to Have Control Regardless. He was blessed with rather a taciturn instructor, and after some minutes of a typically silent period while practising aerobatics (Coff's forte), Nailes would suddenly execute some ghastly (but well prepared) manoeuvre; his favourite was an upward half roll at low speed followed by a sort of inverted spiral.

Completely ignoring the shouts of protest and/or 'I have control!' from the rear, he would heave the controls all round the cockpit, strongly resisting his instructor's efforts. After some further frenzied yanking and making sure that the aircraft was at least roughly the right way up, Nailes would throw up his hands, open the hood and show every sign of being on the point of baling out. He would then affect to notice his instructor and sink slowly back into his seat, fiddling with his R/T plug.

Nailes: Can you hear me now, sir? What a relief to see you sitting there. I know it was quite ridiculous of me, but I had quite forgotten that I was dual. My R/T plug must have pulled out. I was sure that the controls were jamming, sir.

Q.F.I.: Aye, Nailes, aye. (Pause) I think we'll be going back to base now; I'm feeling in need of a cup of tea. I'll fly back myself.

Difficult, you say, and not a gambit for repetition. We agree, yet it is on record that Nailes's instructor was so unnerved that the incident was not mentioned for months. No successful counter to this is known to us at the time of writing; the crude idea of hitting the F.Cm. over the head with a removable control column or other object is no counter for the true Lifeman.

Temporary F.Cm. U. P. Jenkins has dropped into welcome obscurity, but let us learn from the mistakes of others. . . .

Jenkins's navigation was unquestionably hopeless. Anything more than fifteen miles from base and he was well on the way to being lost, in spite of a map. He would wake up in the night, sweat pouring down his face, with a metallic voice repeating in his ears, 'No. 3, what is that town on the port wing tip?'

Jenkins was well aware of this weakness, and had planned his final navigation test accordingly. The basis of the plan was for Smith, A. T., to follow him round in another aircraft, keeping discreetly out of sight and passing information as requested, as if Jenkins were speaking.

We, also, will follow ex-F.Cm. Jenkins as he sets course. He knows better than to glance continually from side to side (a sure sign of the lost), and so he mainly stares stolidly straight ahead. As a result he has an enormous circle of uncertainty quite early on.

Flt Lt Carboy (navigational expert in the rear):
What is the name of that smallish town to port, Jenkins?

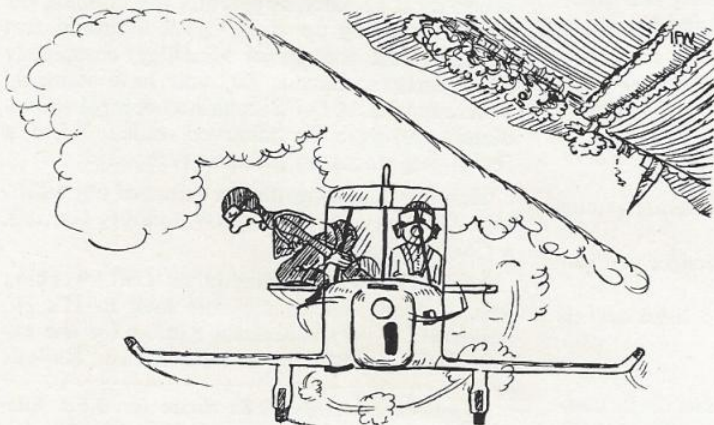
Jenkins has been waiting (and hoping) for this, and after 'What is . . .' presses his transmit button.

Smith, A. T. (bringing up the rear, you remember):
March, sir.

Flt Lt Carboy: Good!

Jenkins hurriedly finds March on his map, and is safe for another ten minutes. He might still be in the annals of F.Cp. if he hadn't made a steepish turn around cloud at the first turning point, causing Smith to jink wildly to avoid observation, and to tack on to another aircraft peacefully flying from A to B.

Fifteen minutes later Jenkins is in trouble again.



'You have control,
Smith!'

'Blue Section,
Instructors, 2 o'clock,
Break!'



Jenkins (rather desperately and transmitting):
Pretty little town with the river on the right, sir.
(*This is Huntingdon.*)

Ft Lt Carboy: Yes.

*Smith, A. T. (who sees no pretty little town with
a river, only Market Harborough ahead):*
Market Harborough, sir!

Ft Lt Carboy: WHERE?

Even Jenkins realises that this is wrong.

Smith (nettled): Market Harborough coming up,
sir.

Ft Lt Carboy: What the devil are you nattering
about, Jenkins? Are you orientated? Which
map are you using? It can only be Huntingdon.

Jenkins (with great relief): Of course, sir, I'm all
right now.

But Ft Lt Carboy decides to probe a little, and
as Lakenheath looms up:

Ft Lt Carboy: Jenkins, what (*Jenkins hurriedly
transmits*) is that enormous aerodrome?

Smith, A. T.: What aerodrome, sir? (*Apart from
the green field at Desford, over which he has
just passed, Smith sees nothing.*)

Ft Lt Carboy: For heaven's sake, Jenkins, that
blanketing great place ahead and to port?

Jenkins (semi-panicked and transmitting): Oh,
over there, sir. Of course, that can only be . . .
(*He pauses hopefully.*)

Smith, A. T. (puzzled but willing): Desford.

Ft Lt Carboy: Are you trying to be funny?

Jenkins realises that all is lost and transmits
finally 'If you can't do any better than that,
please keep quiet.' Needless to say this last re-
mark takes some explaining to Ft Lt Carboy,
who orders Jenkins to fly straight back to base
and reports him for insubordination, perman-
ently ending Jenkins's interest in Navigationman-
ship.

This episode is regretfully included out of
necessity, as an example of what we have found
again and again, that 'Fledgling Flight Cadet-
men must content themselves with lesser ploys
until real experience is gained.' To quote
Gatting-Fen again, 'The world may be divided
into the Haves and the Haves-Nots. The former
are classified as such mainly due to their own
perspicacity and positive positivism. The Have-
Nots are primitives, psychologically speaking.'⁶

P. H.

⁶ This is Gatting-Fen at his best, alliteration ad
nauseam. If committed to memory this may be used to
finish almost any discussion where the F.Cm. feels out
of his depth. In any case 'positive positivism' is definitely
an O.K.-phrase for 1953.

Explanation

THE Kinkajou is (roughly) brown,
And hangs forever upside down,
Suspended from the boughs of trees,
Except in the Antipodees

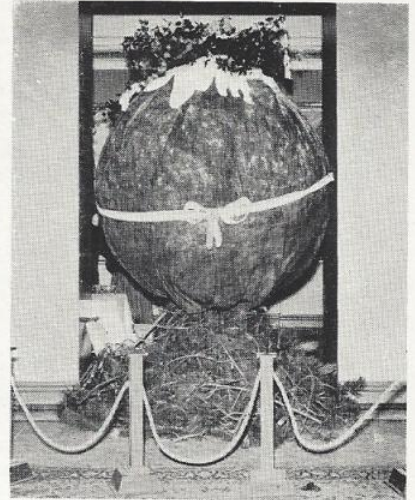
Where native hunters are acute,
And lay upon their backs to shute.
This may account for people's failure
To find the creature in Austrailure.

P. L.



No. 57 ENTRY'S GRADUATION BALL DECEMBER 1952

DECORATIONS were much in evidence at the most enjoyable ball given at the end of the autumn term. Some of the main motifs are included in the panel, *below left*. An idea, borrowed from p. 161 of the November issue of the Journal, caused the College's mammoth globe to be transformed into a huge Christmas pudding (*below right*). On such a scene the Commandant, Wing Commander Fulton, and members of the War Studies team, with their wives, look down on the festive scene from the Round Gallery



DANCING, which took place in the main lecture hall in the College, continued until the early hours of the morning under a specially constructed canopy. The ceiling of the hall was spangled with stars, each supported by fine black threads. Balloons and streamers added to the festive effect. For relaxation there were at hand the Parachute Bar and the Rustic Bar, the latter built into the Fancy Goods Store and complete down to the last detail





OLD CRANWELLIAN NOTES

HONOURS, AWARDS AND PROMOTIONS

THE College warmly congratulates Air Vice-Marshal Sir Dermot A. Boyle, K.B.E., C.B., A.F.C. (1922) on the honour of Knighthood conferred upon him by Her Majesty in the New Year Honours List.

We extend congratulations also to the following:

C.B.: Air Commodore W. H. Kyle, C.B.E., D.S.O., D.F.C., A.D.C. (1928).

C.B.E.: Air Commodore F. G. S. Mitchell, O.B.E. (1920), Group Captain R. J. A. Ford (1923), Group Captain F. A. Pearce, O.B.E. (1931), Group Captain J. H. McC. Reynolds.

The following promotions were announced in the January List:

Air Vice-Marshals H. H. Brookes, C.B.E., D.F.C. (1922), L. W. Cannon, C.B., C.B.E. (1923), W. H. Merton, O.B.E. (1924).

Air Commodores D. L. Thompson, D.S.O., D.F.C. (1921), E. L. S. Ward, D.F.C. (1924), H. M. Pearson, C.B.E. (1927), C. D. C. Boyce, C.B., C.B.E. (1925), R. C. Mead, C.B.E., D.F.C., A.F.C., A.D.C. (1927), T. U. C. Shirley, C.B.E., A.D.C. (1928).

Group Captains D. H. Lee, D.F.C. (1933), J. L. Crosbie, O.B.E. (1927), H. E. C. Boxer, O.B.E. (1933), P. W. Townsend, C.V.O., D.S.O., D.F.C. (1933), P. T. Philpott, O.B.E. (1933), T. B. de la P. Beresford, D.S.O., D.F.C. (1933), J. B. Tait, D.S.O., D.F.C. (1934), S. W. B. Menaul, D.F.C., A.F.C. (1935), P. E. Stokes (1929), J. E. Kirk, O.B.E. (1932), E. M. T. Howell (1933).

Wing Commanders J. O. Barnard (1936), P. R. W. Wickham, D.S.O., D.F.C. (1937), P. W. Cook (1937).

Squadron Leader T. de T. MacDonald (1939).

The College is proud to learn of the appointment of the first two Old Cranwellians to be designated as Commanders-in-Chief. We congratulate Air Vice-Marshal G. H. Mills, C.B., D.F.C. (1920), who is Commander-in-Chief designate of Bomber Command, and Air Vice-Marshal Sir Dermot A. Boyle, K.B.E., C.B., A.F.C. (1922), Commander-in-Chief designate of Fighter Command.

The current Air Force List shows ninety-two Old Cranwellians of Air rank. Of these, three are Assistant Chiefs of Air Staff, three are Directors-General and twelve are Air Officers Commanding Groups. All three Groups of Fighter Command are commanded by Old Cranwellians.

NEWS

The annual Old Cranwellian reunion will be held on 20th June, 1953.

Wing Commander A. D. Panton, O.B.E., D.F.C. (1936) has been appointed Old Cranwellian cricket manager for the annual fixture with the College 1st XI on 20th June, 1953. He is anxious to raise a really strong team for this match and especially invites post-war Cranwellians to play.

Will all Old Cranwellians who would like to be considered for a place in the team get in touch with Wing Commander Panton as soon as possible after 1st May, 1953? The address is:

Royal Air Force Staff College,
Andover, Hampshire.



'FORE!!!'

Flight Lieutenants A. B. Stinchcombe (1946), B. A. Phillips (1947) and A. Turner (1947) have returned to the College as Q.F.I.s and Flight Lieutenant L. G. Ludgate (1946) has returned as a navigation instructor. Flight Lieutenant H. R. W. Morris (1946) has been posted to C.F.S.

Group Captain F. E. Nuttall, C.B.E. (Retired) has been appointed Mess Secretary of the College. He was in 'A' Squadron from 1921-22 and has represented Great Britain in the Olympic Games as a high jumper.

Harry Lager has recently had a letter from Colonel Majdidin Naqib, Senior Staff Officer, Royal 'Iraqi Air Force. Colonel Naqib graduated from the College in 1931; his present address is:

Royal 'Iraqi Air Force,
Ministry of Defence,
Baghdad, 'Iraq.

We hear that there are eleven post-war Cranwellians at Royal Air Force Wattisham, namely Flight Lieutenant G. M. Hermitage (1947), Flying Officers J. A. Mansell, R. G. Perry, I. E. Barr-Sim, J. F. H. Chick, R. S. May and G. B.

Stockman (1948), Flying Officer D. H. Mills and Pilot Officer N. R. C. Price (1949).

Flying Officers Mansell and Chick are going to Korea, where they will serve with the United States Air Force.

Recent correspondence has located at Seletar Flight Lieutenant D. B. Robinson (1947), Flight Lieutenant L. C. Swalwell (1947), Flying Officers W. F. Jacobs and P. J. Gidden (1948).

Flying Officer P. J. Armstrong (1948) is with a squadron in Hong Kong and Flying Officer G. W. F. Charles (1948) is P.A. to the Air Officer Commanding, Hong Kong.

Flight Lieutenant I. S. MacPherson (1947) has just completed a tour on Brigands in Singapore.

We deeply regret to report the death of Flight Lieutenant A. R. L. Chester and Pilot Officer J. W. Ward. We offer our sincere sympathy to their relatives.

A report of the death of Group Captain R. H. Cleverly, Mess Secretary of the College since the war, appears elsewhere in this journal. The Old Cranwellian Association offers its deep sympathy to Mrs. Cleverly.



BY ROCKET INTO SPACE

Rocket Propulsion, by Eric Burgess, F.R.A.S. (Chapman & Hall, 21s.)

IN this book Mr. Burgess, who is one of the officials of the British Interplanetary Society, attempts to explain in terms comprehensible to the layman the problems of rocket motors, their fuels, and the possible applications of these propulsion units. In view of the author's particular predilection, it is not surprising that a considerable portion of the book is devoted to the question of interplanetary travel.

The layout impresses very favourably and the sequence of chapters appears most logical. Chapter 1 deals with the general principles of rocketry, Chapter 2 with fuels, Chapter 3 with rocket motors and Chapter 4 with fuel feed and tankage problems. The remaining chapters deal with the application of rocket motors to projectiles of various types; Chapter 5 with control of flight, Chapter 6 with long-range rocket projectiles. Chapter 7 considers the application to interplanetary travel and the final chapter is devoted to a brief discussion of the possibilities of atomic rockets.

Such a wide field can only be covered superficially in a single slim volume and there are bound to be some gaps, but on the whole it can be said that the author has succeeded in his original purpose which in his own words is to provide 'a necessary link between the non-technical and popular works concerning rocket propulsion and the highly technical papers and books which are now appearing.' It is difficult in a book of this nature to avoid completely the inclusion of material which would prove difficult for the average reader and it must be admitted that there are several passages which are very hard going.

Unfortunately, the accuracy of the book leaves much to be desired, and must preclude whole-hearted recommendation. The latter portion in which the author is 'on his own ground' of interplanetary travel is much sounder than the earlier part which covers basic principles. Some of the errors may with charity be attributed to the printer—e.g., 'mass' for 'length' (p. 10, line 3), 'attraction' for 'acceleration' (p. 17, line 27 et seq.), C_5H_{18} for C_4H_{10} (p. 41, line 11)—but it is impossible in that way to excuse the statement on page 11 that 'the force in pounds is found to be equal to the weight in pounds multiplied by the acceleration in feet per second per second.' Indeed there is a general weakness in the units which persists throughout the book—sometimes gravitational units are employed, i.e., the pound wt. or kg. wt. as the unit of force, and at others physical units, i.e., the poundal or dyne, for the same purpose. Equations are also stated which appear from the text to apply for one system while in reality they yield the correct answer only if the other system is employed.

Books and Periodicals Received

(up to the beginning of March, 1953)

History of the Second World War: The Campaign in Norway, T. K. Derry (H.M.S.O.)

**Rocket Propulsion*, Eric Burgess (Chapman & Hall)
The Study of Military History, Major E. W. Sheppard (Gale & Polden Ltd)

**The Wonder Book of Aircraft* (Ward, Lock and Co., Ltd)

**Wind-Tunnel Technique*, R. C. Pankhurst and D. W. Holder (Pitman)

Atomic Energy—Progress Notes (Association of Scientific Workers, London, W.); *New Era*, Journal of the World Veterans Federation (Nos. 12-14); The British Aircraft Industry Bulletin, January, 1953 (S.B.A.C.); *The Stabilizer*, Vol. 20, No. 3, Vol. 21, No. 1 (Lincoln Electric Co. Ltd)

(* indicates that the book is reviewed below)

Technical terms are incorrectly defined in some cases. An adiabatic expansion, for instance, is defined three times as 'an expansion in which no external work is done,' which is clearly nonsense, and once, correctly, as 'expansion where no heat is added nor taken from the gas.' Many other errors and inaccuracies may be found by the careful reader and there is no point in quoting further examples even if space permitted.

In conclusion it may be said that the book, in spite of its many faults, does give a general picture of the science of rocketry and one which is presented in logical sequence and attractive style. It is to be hoped that the more blatant inaccuracies will be corrected at the earliest opportunity—one feels that where space travel is concerned there is little margin for error.

J. Q.

Wind Tunnels

Wind-Tunnel Technique, by R. C. Pankhurst and D. W. Holder. (Pitman, 57s. 6d.)

Wind-Tunnel Technique is essentially of interest to those who are actively engaged in experimental aerodynamics, though there is much to interest and inform those whose association with the subject rarely brings them into direct contact with the experimental field. The authors are themselves both members of the aerodynamics division of the National Physical Laboratory and have written this lengthy volume in a pleasingly direct and convincing style.

The introductory chapter, consisting mainly of definitions and basic equations, is followed by a survey of the problems of wind-tunnel design. There is much of general interest in the chapters on flow visualization techniques, the measurement of flow velocity and the interpretation of pressure measurements. Of more specialized interest to the tunnel technician are the chapters on tunnel balances, manometers, tunnel interference effects and the reduction of observations. A lengthy chapter summarizing some of the more specialized techniques gives an insight into the very wide field of detailed investigation which now occupies research and development aerodynamicists.

A particularly valuable feature of this book is the extensive bibliography at the end of each chapter. The authors have included very little theoretical discussion in the text, the work being intended primarily for those with sound theoretical backgrounds who seek an introduction and guide to the experimental field. For almost every theoretical result which is quoted, however, there is given a reference in which the theory is developed, and where specialized techniques and apparatus are only outlined in the text a detailed reference is invariably

given. The delay between writing and publication, over four years, necessarily means that this bibliography is already out of date, though a few recent references have been added; the authors claim, however, that the bibliography is reasonably complete up to 1947.

The appendices include a wide range of miscellaneous functions, data, conversion factors, aerofoil notations, continental symbols, etc., which the authors' experience has shown them to be of constant value for reference. Comprehensive and clear subject and author indices complete a work which impresses by its general air of competence. It is alone of its kind in this country and may well serve as the standard reference book on the subject for many years to come. It is to be hoped that the authors will have the opportunity to produce revised and up-to-date editions at regular intervals.

H. D.

For the Modern Child

The Wonder Book of Aircraft (an entirely new edition). Ward, Lock and Co., Limited. 12s. 6d.

The Wonder Books, to the child, are an Aladdin's Cave full of riches of the most diverse sorts. No fewer than eighteen titles in this series have been published to date and all command respect from the young. The secret of Messrs. Ward, Lock's success is not hard to discover. The Wonder Book seeks not only to answer the questions a child asks in an adult and imaginative manner, but also to answer them authoritatively so that the child is satisfied with the answers it receives. To do this well for a whole generation of children, as Messrs. Ward, Lock have done, is a very great publishing achievement indeed, an achievement that rests, in no small measure, upon a systematic revision of material.

This the publishers have never sought to avoid and the reviser's hand is to be seen everywhere in their latest edition of *The Wonder Book of Aircraft*. It is the Comet that greets us as we open at the contents page of the book and a turbo-jet engine that faces us as we turn to Chapter I. This is not to say that historical narrative is forgotten; the first chapter rightly concentrates upon presenting a picture of the history of flying in the last half century. The chapters that follow deal, among other things, with the design and making of an airliner, power problems, airports, air lines of the world, and aviation as a career. The book closes with a useful list of dates of some notable flights. It may come as a surprise to even adult readers to learn that the first parachute descent was made over London in 1802 and that only 50 years later the first successful dirigible, propelled by a steam engine driving a screw, actually flew.

This book is profusely and well illustrated. Every advantage has been taken to strike the eye with conven-



tional and bled-off halftone and colour; but, wisely, colour has been restricted to artists' drawings, so that Nature is saved from the distortions that characterize so much colour work in printing nowadays. The type used through the book is the right size for the length of line, clear and well-spaced. What more, one wonders, could a child want or a parent buy, at so remarkably low a price?

J. L.

S.B.A.C. Bulletin

The British Aircraft Industry Bulletin, January, 1953. (Society of British Aircraft Constructors.)

This 32-page booklet gives details of some of the latest productions of the aircraft industry. In this issue the Alvis Leonides Major engine and the British 171 Helicopter are described fully with excellent diagrams. In the section on instruments there is an account of an ejection seat training tower which should prove of interest to the aspiring jet pilot. In all, this bulletin is a useful publication for anyone who wants that little extra that the popular aeronautical periodicals do not give.

A. C.

THE JOURNAL

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 Royal Air Force and flying topics, but should be of general rather than technical interest. They should be addressed to 'The Officer in charge of THE JOURNAL, Royal Air Force College, Cranwell, Sleaford, Lincs.' Unsuitable material will be returned.

The next issue of THE JOURNAL goes to press on Wednesday, 13th May and contributions intended for this issue must be in the hands of the Officer in charge by this date.

STAFF APPOINTMENTS

The following appointments to the College Staff have been made since the last issue of the JOURNAL went to print:

HEADQUARTERS, ROYAL AIR FORCE COLLEGE

Director of Studies	A. Constant, Esq., M.A., Ph. D.
Personal Assistant to the Commandant	Flight Lieutenant P. B. MacCorkindale.
Chaplains, C. of E.	The Rev. W. E. G. Payton. The Rev. V. J. E. Boatright.

CADET WING

Officer Commanding 'C' Squadron	Squadron Leader P. F. Blackford.
Cadet Wing Adjutant	Flight Lieutenant A. Talbot-Williams.
Cadet Wing Officers:	
'A' Squadron	Flight Lieutenant H. D. Hall.
'B' Squadron	Flying Officer M. O. Searle.

INSTRUCTIONAL STAFF

Senior Mathematics Instructor	Squadron Leader R. L. Smith.
Instructors:	
Humanistics	Squadron Leader G. C. T. Richards.
Weapons	Flight Lieutenant R. E. Pride.
Ground Combat Training	Flight Lieutenant V. H. James.
Officer i/c Cadets' Instructional Workshop	Flying Officer T. J. Darvell.
Equipment and Secretarial Wing:	
Chaplain	The Rev. J. G. Sandford.
Instructors—Equipment	Flight Lieutenant R. D. Feek.
Secretarial	Flight Lieutenant A. S. Gray.
	Flight Lieutenant P. C. Hunt.

FLYING WING

Officer Commanding No. 3 Squadron	Squadron Leader K. J. Derisley, D.F.C.
Officers Commanding Flights	Flight Lieutenants A. R. Taylor, A. Dunn, L. A. Ferguson, P. G. P. Henson, S. R. Kendal.
Flying Instructors	Flight Lieutenants V. Bridges, W. R. Carus, J. R. Cox, B. Harvey, J. A. Merrett, B. L. Partridge, E. J. A. Patterson, B. A. Phillips, J. P. M. Reid, F. H. Silk, A. I. Thompson, D. H. Wales.
	Flying Officer G. S. Cox.
Flight Planning Officer	Flight Lieutenant L. G. Ludgate.

ADMINISTRATIVE WING

College Administrative Officer	Squadron Leader R. Hewitt, A.F.C.
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DEPARTURES

The following have left the Staff since the last issue of the JOURNAL:

Squadron Leaders	A. D. Button, H. D. Elmes, P. I. Howard-Williams, D.F.C., J. H. King, Revd. B. E. Knight, F. Symmons, D.F.C., D.F.M., H. D. C. Webbe, Revd. J. H. Wilson.
Flight Lieutenants	E. J. Baldock, N. O. S. Bayley, D.F.C., A. T. Cleare, L. de Garis, A. A. J. Hudson, R. H. Merrifield, D. F. Miller, D.F.C., H. R. W. Morris, N. R. Moss, K. V. Panter, D.S.O., R. B. Weller, F. S. Wood, Revd. J. E. Yates.

ERRATA

We apologize for the following errors which appeared in the last issue of the JOURNAL:

Page 136, line 4—for home read Rome. Line 14—for task read taste. Page 143, line 17—for James read John.

CADET WING LISTS

PROMOTIONS, SPRING TERM, 1953

'A' SQUADRON

Flight Cadet Under Officer P. L. Gray.
Flight Cadet Sergeant R. G. Bowyer.
Flight Cadet Sergeant P. J. Underdown.
Flight Cadet Sergeant J. M. Pack.

'B' SQUADRON

Flight Cadet Under Officer J. D. Leary.
Flight Cadet Sergeant G. C. Taylor.
Flight Cadet Sergeant B. Watson.
Flight Cadet Sergeant W. Topping.

'C' SQUADRON

Flight Cadet Under Officer R. A. Calvert.
Flight Cadet Sergeant R. J. Roberts.
Flight Cadet Sergeant J. D. E. Renshaw.
Flight Cadet Sergeant J. S. R. Salmond.

'D' SQUADRON

Flight Cadet Under Officer W. J. Hodgkinson.
Flight Cadet Under Officer C. H. M. Holmes.
Flight Cadet Sergeant P. H. Allan.

No. 65 ENTRY

'A' SQUADRON

P. G. Biddiscombe, Taunton G.S.
A. G. Bridges, Whitgift School.
I. D. Bullock, King's School, Taunton.
P. Dunn, King James G.S., Almondsbury.
D. J. McL. Edmonston, Oratory School.
P. S. G. Jones, Haileybury and I.S. College.
J. P. T. O'Mahoney, Hitchin Boys G.S.
M. Osborne, Portsmouth Northern G.S.
J. E. M. A. N. Ratnayake, St. Joseph's College, Colombo.
J. H. Turner, Farnborough G.S.
J. J. Tyrell, Downside School.

'B' SQUADRON

J. A. Bell, Isleworth G.S.
G. B. Browne, Westminster City School.
H. T. M. Durnford, Lancing College and R.A.F. Halton.
Z. K. Feroze, R.P.A.F. College.
J. D. C. Hawtin, Culford School.
D. S. Hume, Repton School.
M. E. Kerr, George Heriot's School, Edinburgh.
J. L. Norman, Ipswich School.
D. T. F. Ozanne, Elizabeth College, Guernsey.

P. J. Rodgers, Kingswood School, Bath.
D. M. Taylor, Clifton College.

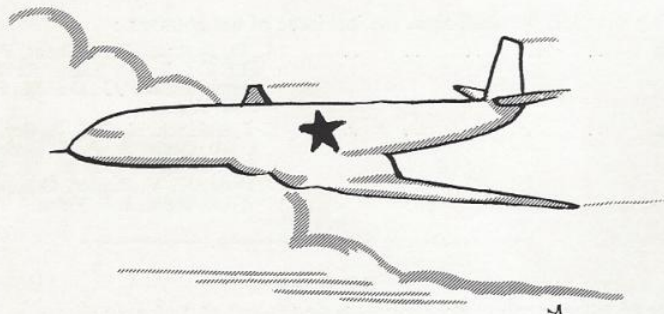
'C' SQUADRON

R. A. Brown, Workington G.S.
P. R. Evans, Cheltenham College.
G. A. Farlam, Hastings G.S.
M. Farmer, Royal Masonic School.
J. D. Harvey, Heanor G.S.
P. F. Hunwick, Eastbourne College.
S. W. R. A. Key, Harrow School.
J. F. H. Marriot, Loughborough.
S. T. Newington, Stamford School.
C. Richmond, Scots College, Wellington, N.Z.
C. H. Salwey, Charterhouse.
B. L. Shaikh, R.P.A.F. College.
A. M. Wraight, Whitgift School.

'D' SQUADRON

(No. 16 (E. & S.) ENTRY)

J. Fell, Tonbridge School.
B. J. McGill, Worcester Royal G.S.
J. W. F. Reed, Rendcombe College.
M. Fulljames, Cheltenham College.



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THE JOURNAL OF



THE ROYAL AIR FORCE COLLEGE

VOL. XXV No. 2
JUNE - 1953

CRANWELL
LINCOLNSHIRE

THE JOURNAL



OF THE

ROYAL AIR FORCE COLLEGE

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THE DAY OF THE CORONATION

2nd JUNE 1953

Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth the Second passes in the Coronation Coach between lines formed by flight cadets of Cranwell in Parliament Square under the shadow of Westminster Abbey

The Journal

of the

Royal Air Force College

JUNE 1953

VOL XXV NO 2

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THE ROYAL AIR FORCE COLLEGE
CRANWELL

(Telephone: Sleaford 300)

THE EQUIPMENT & SECRETARIAL WING
ROYAL AIR FORCE COLLEGE DIGBY

(Telephone: Metheringham 391)

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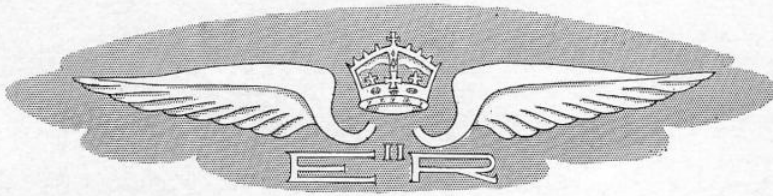
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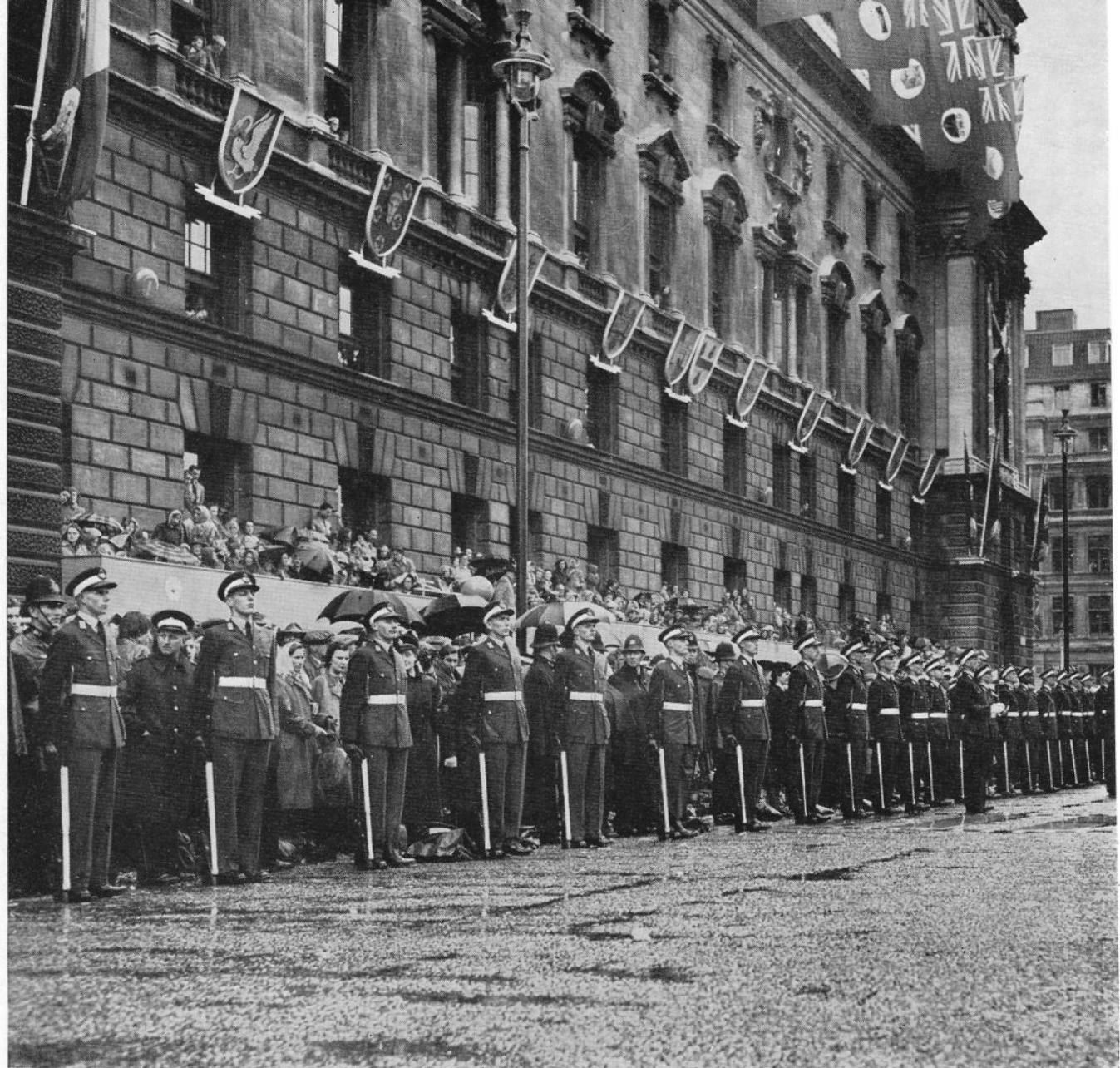


Cranwell's Part in the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth the Second

THE memory of the gracious presence of Princess Elizabeth as the Reviewing Officer at the Graduation Parade of No. 53 Entry and No. 4 (Equipment and Secretarial) Entry has become a living part of the Cranwell tradition, and we are proud to learn from her conversation during the evening reception at the Palace on 12th June that the Queen herself recalls this visit with pleasure. To Cranwell, therefore, the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth the Second was more than an occasion for the display of an impersonal national loyalty; it was the occasion for the re-declaration of a very real and personal devotion.

As far as the Station was concerned, preparations started with the selection and initial training of the Cranwell contingent of the Flying Training Command Coronation Wing. This Wing, some 700 strong, arrived in East Camp in May for a period of kitting and training. As the Royal Air Force College Band had left early in May to practise with other bands marching in the procession we were doubly glad to welcome the members of the volunteer band from Royal Air Force Hednesford who, in addition to their primary duty, managed to provide music for Cranwell occasions. An account of the activities of the Wing and the Band is given elsewhere. On Whit Sunday a special pre-Coronation service was held and Coronation Day itself was fittingly celebrated on the Station.

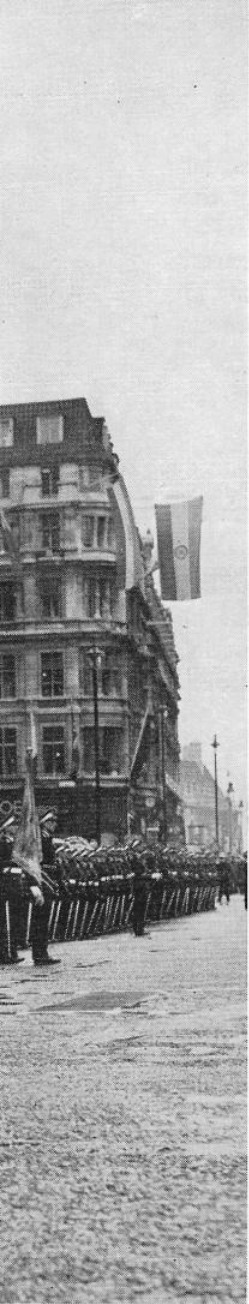
To the flight cadets fell the honour, for the second time since the foundation of the College, of holding part of the final approach of the Coronation route to Westminster Abbey. Two hundred and eight flight cadets and eight flight cadet under officers (four specially and temporarily created for the occasion) lined the north-west corner of Parliament Square. For the first time on such an occasion the Queen's Colour was paraded, the ensigns being Flight Cadet Sergeant Loveday and Senior Flight Cadet Weaver; the escorts were Flight Cadets Tucker and Letchford, Blockey and Briggs.



The day of the Coronation. The Sovereign's Squadron, with the Queen's Colour, at attention on the Home Office side of Parliament Square

Much preparatory work was put in at Cranwell, culminating in a full four-hour rehearsal on Whit Sunday. On Friday, 28th May, the detachment left by bus for Sandhurst, where final rehearsals and briefing were carried out, and where each individual cadet host looked after his allotted guest in the traditional Sandhurst style.

On Coronation Day the party was called by loudspeaker van at quarter-past three. A special train brought flight cadets to Vauxhall and breakfast was taken at Millbank Barracks. By eight o'clock the markers were getting into position through a final flurry of peers of the realm and by ten past eight the route-lining party was in position with



Colour uncased under the eyes of a huge crowd. (At this stage the crowd was viewed as something ominous and critical which might have to be held back with rifles.) Along the route tension grew steadily until the passage of the Queen. By quarter-past eleven the crowd were settling down to listen to the service over the loudspeakers.

The Queen's words of self-dedication were clearly heard. They evoked memories of her address to the Cadet Wing on 1st August, 1951. Her Majesty then spoke of the weight of responsibilities which flight cadets would have to bear in their sphere of service; responsibilities properly borne, however, should not oppress the spirit like a deadweight; if treated as an honourable charge, they would strengthen and uphold. Faced in so fine a spirit and with so high a heart, even the vast responsibilities laid upon, and cheerfully accepted by, the Queen might prove supportable. *Portatur leviter quod portat quisque libenter*. No subject can have heard the firm acceptance of the oath without resolving, however incoherent the thought, to fulfil more exactly his own far lighter duties, and to ease by all means possible the Queen's burden.

Meanwhile, outside the Abbey the route-lining parties continued to stand and wait. During the service each flight cadet fell out for ten minutes and had the opportunity to eat a packed lunch before the main burden of the day began. No sooner was the Queen crowned than the rain began in earnest. Soon, however, capes were laid aside and the head of the return procession began to pass. For one and a half hours the detachment was at the slope or at the present as contingent after contingent, including the Royal Air Force College Band, marched past.

By this time the crowd was on intimate terms with the route-liners. Every movement was followed with applause or banter. In places it had pressed forward and some flight cadets at the present, already troubled to retain their balance while squinting at a constant stream of marching troops moving across their front, were further discommoded by the hot breath of cheering mothers down their necks and flags waved by the children in arms under their noses.

By a quarter past three the party was formed up again with a final burst of applause from the crowd and the police. A single stentorian shout arose from an unidentified bystander, 'Well done, Cranwell!' The contingent returned to Sandhurst, marching from Camberley station, soaked and dishevelled, but conscious of an historic duty admirably performed.

The only flight cadet casualty throughout was one graze from a bayonet, though the rumour goes that our Senior Ground Combat Training Instructor was bitten to the bone during a rehearsal by a convulsed Sandhurst cadet. The cadet, we understand, has not permanently injured his jaw.

Not content with a seventeen-hour day including seven hours of route-lining, nearly all flight cadets, feeling bound to make a further display of loyalty, changed and returned as fast as possible to the West End.

Cranwell can look back with pride upon its share in the inauguration of the new Elizabethan era, in which it will undoubtedly be called to play so great a part. In

recognition of the contribution of the College, the presence of two flight cadet under officers at the Palace at the evening reception of 5th June was commanded by the Queen, and two at that held on 12th June. At the reception on 5th June, Admiral of the Fleet Lord Fraser of North Cape, formerly First Sea Lord, took particular interest in Flight Cadet Under Officers Henderson and King and recalled his two visits to Cranwell. On 12th June, Flight Cadet Under Officers Cock and Parker had the honour of being engaged in conversation by Her Majesty.

A Message from the Chief of the Air Staff

The following signal was sent by the Chief of the Air Staff to the Commandant on 3rd June, 1953:

'I noticed myself, and have since heard from all sides, of the splendid bearing of the flight cadets from the Royal Air Force College Cranwell who lined the route in Parliament Square. I was particularly glad to learn that the public showed its special appreciation at the end of the day when the cadets marched off parade. Well done, Cranwell.'

Award of Coronation Medals

The following flight cadets were awarded Coronation Medals: Flt Cdt U.Os S. E. King, J. M. Henderson, P. G. Cock, N. A. Parker; Flt Cdt Sgts C. T. B. Peile, R. A. Lees, D. Burles, A. Denny, E. C. Loveday; Flt Cdts R. Hoare, L. A. Jones, J. A. Tucker, E. S. J. Whitwam, J. E. Cooper, D. G. Letchford, K. Bichard, A. MacGregor, G. F. Poyser.

The Parade

The following were selected to line the Coronation route in Parliament Square:

No. 1 FLIGHT

Flight Commander: Flt Cdt Sgt Burles D. R. *Markers:* Snr Flt Cdts Baker G. H. and Chamberlain C. A.

Flt Cdts Dines M. J., Allison D., Gratton J. V., Maitland J. C., Vickers D. D., Whitwam E. S., Anstee P. J., Brown R., Hoare R., Marsh M. N., Champion J. H., Langley J. D., Saywell D. J., Mallett F. A., Cox B. G., Moseley E. P., MacDougal J. C., Tuckey J. T., Champniss P. H., Denson E. S., Dymond J. M., McLeod J., Martin I. R., Combe B. A., MacGregor A., Owen L. T., Bichard K., Burnett D. A., Pearson C., Keppie I. H., Gubbins R. B., Whittaker A. J., Ablitt B. R., Wright J., Robey M. V., Courtin D. M., Cousins D. M., Jackson R. A., Papworth P. M., Bruce B. S.

No. 2 FLIGHT

Flight Commander: Flt Cdt U.O. Henderson J. M. *Markers:* Flt Cdt Sgt Lewis A. R., Flt Cdt Sgt Mumford G. S. C.

Snr Flt Cdts Brand G. J., Butt W. A., Fitzpatrick J. B., Gilpin R. C., Hartnoll T. J., Neale A., Pugh A. C., Selway D. S., Flt Cdts Brown J. C., Chippendale M. J., Close W. E., Edwards R. A., McEntegart J. R., Whitson A. C., Allison D., Carse B., Dixon J. P., French T. J., Hymers J. N., McIntosh I. C., Newby J. G., Reader B. A., Briggs K. R., Brimson I. D., Cannon J. B., Crook M. A., Murman R. H., Richard D. M., Taylor B. E., Turner G. M., Barrow P. A., Campbell J. R., Goslin E. W., Herbert C. A., Jonklaas N. L., McLeod C. X., Parsons D. L., Rogers B. A.

Relief Flight Commander: Flt Cdt Sgt Lees R. A.

SOVEREIGN'S SQUADRON

Colour Party: Ensign—Flt Cdt Sgt Loveday E. C., *Escorts:* Flt Cdts Tucker J. A., Letchford D. G.

Relief Colour Party: Ensign—Snr Flt Cdt Weaver J., *Escorts:* Flt Cdts Blockey R. S., Briggs D. A.

(continued on page 98)



COLLEGE NOTES

THE metamorphosis of West Camp is now nearly complete. The last remnants of the original College and quondam Sergeants' Mess are now being carted away, and from the main road the broad conception of the College campus can be appreciated. Work on the new parade ground is under way, and the flanking avenues are extending southward as fast as distinguished visitors can be imported as tree-planters.

We illustrate elsewhere the dying agonies of the old College building and give a short memoir based on the reminiscences of some who lived in it and of one who served in it. The sole remnant of the naval corrugated iron perpendicular style of architecture remaining within the campus area is the Post Office, where Mr Robinson now commands a lonely ship in the midst of a grassy sea. Any loss in sentimental values occasioned by these changes is more than counterbalanced by the aesthetic gain. The sense of continuity in the life of the College is amply catered for in two remaining edifices of the naval period; one houses the Station Church and the other contains, in part, the flight cadets' garage; the latter used to be libellously labelled 'Guided Missiles' but is now more accurately described as the 'College Museum.'

The other outstanding change which strikes the returning visitor is the rapid growth of the Bristol Wood township. There are now nearly 130 officers' married quarters and 210 airmen's married quarters. As far as officers are concerned, this is in the neighbourhood of the fivefold increase in the number of quarters available over the past five years. Our communal and social life has been proportionately enriched.



The Passing-Out Parade of No. 58 Entry and No. 9 (Equipment and Secretarial) Entry took place on 14th April, 1953. Air Chief Marshal Sir Hugh P. Lloyd, K.C.B., K.B.E., M.C., D.F.C., L.I.D., returning to duty after only a few days' respite from the rigours of command, was the Reviewing Officer. The Reviewing Officer's address is given elsewhere; it is sufficient for College Notes to state that in the difficult con-

ditions occasioned by cold blustery showers the parade was competently executed. The bold decision to adhere to the 'fair' weather programme was well justified in the event. Though our guests were sprinkled, they were not damped, and a few fitful gleams of sunshine lit up the serried ranks. One of our distinguished visitors, Sir John Baldwin, commented on a misleading reference in the JOURNAL of last March which gave the impression that the Graduation Parade of No. 57 Entry was the first ever to be held in a hangar. Bad weather had in fact driven under cover the passing out parade in July, 1938. On that occasion the Reviewing Officer was Sir John Salmond.

The College noted with pleasure the appointment of Sir Hugh Lloyd in the Coronation Honours List as a Knight Grand Cross of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire.

On passing out No. 58 Entry numbered 33 and No. 9 (E. and S.) Entry 10.



College Notes takes particular pride in recording the award of the Distinguished Flying Cross to Flight Lieutenant I. S. MacPherson and to Flight Lieutenant P. B. Bardon, both of No. 48 Entry, in recognition of gallant and distinguished service in Malaya. They are the first post-war Old Cranwellians to be so decorated. Many will recall the exploits of Flight Cadet MacPherson on the rugger field; Flight Cadet Bardon performed more privately on the river; the writer at least recalls his extraordinarily mature performance as the Archbishop in *Murder in the Cathedral*.

In the Coronation Honours List Flight Lieutenant T. K. Kennedy and Flight Lieutenant D. Wright, both of No. 47 Entry, were awarded the Air Force Cross.

The College congratulates Squadron Leader D. T. M. Lumsden, Officer Commanding No. 3 Squadron, upon his appointment in the Coronation Honours List as a Member of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire.



Only one of the senior posts on the College staff was vacated at the end of the spring term; the sense of loss is great however since the officer departing was the last survivor of the post-war Founding Fathers—Wing Commander F. F. Fulton, O.B.E., T.D., M.A., the Senior Tutor (Humanistics). After a distinguished academic career at Oxford following upon demobilisation from an O.C.T.U. at the end of the First World War, 'Freddie' took up schoolmastering and was for a number of years Sixth Form Master and a housemaster at Wrekin. On the outbreak of the Second World War, Major Fulton was at Ternhill carrying out the annual training of the air-minded section of his contingent of the O.T.C. He rejected all appeals and commands to return to his scholastic duties and, determined to be in time for at least one World War, strove by every means to be accepted for training in any aircrew capacity. Rejected by doctors and statisticians alike, he continued to make so great a nuisance of himself that in self-defence Headquarters Training Command absorbed him into



Group Captain W. N. Hibbert, Assistant Commandant
The Equipment and Secretarial Wing, Royal Air Force College

their staff. For three years he was on the Directing Staff of the Royal Air Force Staff College. In August, 1946, he came to Cranwell as Senior Tutor. At the start, and towards the end, of his tour he doubled his task with that of Deputy Director of Studies. His sure touch will leave its imprint upon the College for many years; but his most lasting memorial, and the one which he will most proudly remember, lies in those minds which have been influenced by his clarity of thought and inspired with his perfectionism. To compare small things with great, he has been the author of 16 editions of College Notes, a record only exceeded by the 33 editions penned by the late Captain R. de la Bere. Wing Commander Fulton has taken up the command of the R.A.F. School of Education. The best wishes of the College accompany him and Mrs Fulton—whose gracious hospitality many will remember with gratitude—on their physical departure from Cranwell.



Wing Commander D. Peveler, D.S.O., D.F.C., who has been Officer Commanding Flying Wing and Chief Flying Instructor since 1st April, 1952, has left the College on promotion. During the war Wing Commander Peveler was a flight commander in Nos. 51 and 35 Squadrons; and later commanded the detachment of No. 10 O.T.U. which operated with Coastal Command. Wing Commander Peveler came to Cranwell from H.Q. No. 26 Group, having been on the directing staff of the Royal Air Force Staff College at Bracknell. In even so short a tour by a firm insistence on the maintenance of the aim, he has succeeded in setting the impress of a vigorous personality on the Flying Wing in particular and the College in general. He is posted to Headquarters Bomber Command. We offer Wing Commander Peveler congratulations on his promotion and wish him and Mrs. Peveler all happiness. Mrs. Peveler's enthusiastic and talented work for the dramatic society will be much missed. At the time of going to press we still look forward to her latest appearance on the Cranwell stage in the role of Miss Skillon in *See How They Run*.

Wing Commander Peveler will be succeeded as C.F.I. by Wing Commander I. N. MacDougall, D.F.C. Wing Commander MacDougall was until lately Assistant Air Attaché at Paris. He entered the College in April 1938 and was Air Staff Instructor from 1948 to 1950; he is, therefore, returning to familiar scenes and established friends.



Flight Lieutenant T. G. Moulds has left the College after serving for five years on the tutorial staff, during which time he has professed History and International Relations to the edification not only of cadets, but also of officers studying for Staff College entrance examinations. His help in the organization of tennis will be missed. The College congratulates Squadron Leader Moulds on his promotion and appointment to the Royal Pakistan Air Force College.

The College congratulates the Assistant Commandant, Group Captain E. D. MacK. Nelson, C.B., on his appointment as an Aide-de-Camp to the Queen and felicitates him upon taking up the appointment in time to march in the Coronation procession.

In May the Flying Training Command Coronation Wing some 700 strong took up residence in East Camp under the command of Wing Commander F. Hume. They carried out an intensive training programme of drill and P.T., and were kitted by the Equipment Section to a special Coronation scale. Their period of training culminated in an inspection by the Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief on 26th May; his appreciative remarks were a sufficient reward for the intensive effort made.

The Coronation Wing were accompanied by the voluntary band from Royal Air Force Hednesford under their bandmaster Warrant Officer A. H. Rogers. This band filled the gap left by the departure of the College Band for pre-Coronation training. It played for a guest night in the College, for a guest night in the Officers' Mess, for an Assistant Commandant's parade and for two church parades. It also gave a concert in the grounds of the Officers' Mess after the pre-Coronation Service on Whit Sunday. The B.B.C. made a recording of the band playing *Coronation Bells*.

The Coronation Party left Cranwell by rail, a special train being brought up the little used branch line from Sleaford. Its safety was assured by the presence of two senior officers on the footplate.



The early morning and late evening peace of Cranwell have been disturbed during May and June by the Chipmunk formation practising for the Royal Air Force Review. The Royal Air Force College Detachment consists of 12 aircraft flown by instructors of 'A' and 'B' Flights, led by Squadron Leader D. A. Young. Outlandish southern names such as Bracknell have been super-imposed upon the map of Lincolnshire and much abstruse navigation planning has been undertaken in order to guide the formation over the control tower within a second or two of H hour. During the later stages of their training they were joined by the Home Command Prentice formation.



The strength of the Cadet Wing at the start of the Summer term was 229 flight cadets and 57 cadets. The strength of the Equipment and Secretarial Wing was 59. With the disbandment of No. 3 I.T.S., the Equipment and Secretarial Wing is temporarily the sole occupant of Royal Air Force Digby. The Royal Air Force Selection Board has now moved to Cranwell and two of the vital processes in the production of permanent officers—original selection and training—are brought together.



On 2nd April Air Chief Marshal Sir Hugh W. L. Sanders, K.C.B., K.B.E., M.C., D.F.C., M.M., Air Deputy to the Supreme Allied Commander Europe paid a visit to the College. He dined in the Hall and afterwards lectured on S.H.A.P.E.

Visitors to the Equipment and Secretarial Wing in the spring term included, from the Air Ministry, Air Vice-Marshal N. S. Allinson, C.B., Air Commodore Blofeld, C.B.E.,

Group Captain L. A. Jackson, C.B.E., and W. G. Clements, Esq., C.B.E., M.C.; from Flying Training Command, Group Captain C. G. Prior, O.B.E.



The Ferris Drill Competition took place on 21st March and was won by 'A' Squadron. The Judges were Captain Taplin and Captain Potts and two R.S.Ms all of the Royal Marines, whom we thank for their help. This is the first occasion upon which officers of the Royal Marines have acted in this capacity.



We announce with deep regret the death of Senior Flight Cadet Sahibzada in a flying accident shortly before he would have passed out with his colleagues in No. 58 Entry. The loss to his Service and his country of a personality of such outstanding promise is incalculable.



On Whit Sunday a special pre-Coronation service of prayer for Her Majesty was held in the Station Church. Some 1,500 people were present. Visiting preachers at parade services have included the Right Reverend Anthony Otter, Bishop of Grant-ham, the Right Reverend Colin Dunlop, Dean of Lincoln, Mr R. S. James (when High Master of St Paul's, since appointed Headmaster of Harrow).

Canon Leslie Wright paid his last visit to the College as Chaplain-in-Chief on 29th March, and the sermon on Easter Day was given by the Rev. A. S. Giles, then Chaplain-in-Chief Designate. On 12th April we were glad to welcome the Rev. Martin C. Poch, Senior Chaplain of the United States Air Forces in Europe, as our visiting preacher.



A small but select gathering on Sunday, 21st March, attended a recital given by Cecilia Keating, Eve Maxwell-Lyte and Joan Davies. This combination had performed on many Royal Air Force Stations during the war and the artists' pleasure in being together again enhanced the enjoyment of their audience.

There was no lack of dramatic occasions during the spring term.

The Dramatic Section of the College Society maintained their high reputation in their presentation of *His Excellency* by Dorothy and Campbell Christie on 17th March, a full notice of which appears on a later page. The play was a brave but well-rewarded choice. All the members of a well-balanced cast bore part in the success of the venture but especial mention must be made of Flight Cadet Ball who carried the sustained effort required of 'His Excellency,' and of the ladies (Mrs. Peveler and Miss Sheila Cozens) as the wife of the career diplomat and the daughter of the trade union governor respectively.

At Digby the Equipment and Secretarial Wing Dramatic Society repeated a previous success, *While the Sun Shines* by Terence Rattigan. The pace of the play was well

maintained and an excellent evening's entertainment resulted. A notice of this play is also given on a later page.

The Little Theatre produced *Ten Little Niggers* by Agatha Christie. The War Studies team entered into this production so whole-heartedly that part of the audience expected a combined operations demonstration to start at any moment. The very early demise of Lieutenant-Commander Holt, however, and Squadron Leader Sweeting's fatal bear-hug, left Major Cotton as the sole survivor of the demonstration team.



The College has been glad to welcome once again a party of officers and cadets from L'Ecole de L'Air at Salon. The *poussins* brought their Rugby and fencing teams. Both engagements on 21st March were well fought, Cranwell having the advantage. Our visitors shared in the enjoyment of a high-spirited Guest Night and made a conducted tour of Lincoln Cathedral, where our kindly guide once more did the honours in imperturbable French ('Voici, élèves, regardez les buttresses volants'). At the start of the visit a few phrases in stilted and accurate French or English were being exchanged; by the end, conversation was general in fluent and grossly inaccurate Anglo-French. Such visits do more to foster genuine co-operation than a Blue Book full of clichés.



Welcome visits have been paid to the College by the Headmasters of Aldenham, Felsted and Royal High School Edinburgh. (We hope that Mr Imrie's memories of Cranwell were not marred by the fate of his country's representatives at Twickenham on the following day.) We have also welcomed C.C.F. parties from Marlborough, Strathallan and Bristol Grammar School.

On 13th May the Council of the Royal Agricultural Society of England were entertained at the College during the course of a tour in Lincolnshire.



The Easter vacation was short and as a consequence vacation activities were on a comparatively small scale. Brief accounts of these activities will be found elsewhere. The principal event was the visit of three officers and 50 flight cadets of Nos. 60 and 61 Entries to Army units of the British Army of the Rhine. The College thanks the hosts, and all those who made the visit possible, for this opportunity to see Army units of all sorts in the field.



The College extends a warm welcome in chronological order to :

Katherine Dawes
David Robert Severn
Stephen Charles Woodfield
Christopher Gerald Moore Lumsden

and felicitates their parents.

The Passing-Out of No. 58 Entry and No. 9 (E. & S.) Entry

AT the passing-out parade of No. 58 Entry and No. 9 (E. & S.) Entry, held on Tuesday, 14th April, the Reviewing Officer was Air Chief Marshal Sir Hugh P. Lloyd, K.C.B., K.B.E., M.C., D.F.C., LL.D., late Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Bomber Command. The day was a cold one, but, apart from occasional showers and an unpleasant wind, the elements did not, this time, prevent the Cadet Wing from parading before the main College.

Air Chief Marshal Sir Hugh Lloyd, in his address to the entries who were passing out and to the Cadet Wing, stressed the vital importance of flying and the need for all members of the Royal Air Force, if they were to discharge their duties properly, to fly. In a reference to the parade itself he complimented the Cadet Wing on the smartness of its drill and said that he had been most impressed by their fine turn-out and bearing.

The Address of the Reviewing Officer

In his address Air Chief Marshal Sir Hugh Lloyd said:

In talking to you today, I want to place emphasis on one word. That word is 'flying.' Behind every pilot in our Service there are 400 people on the ground and all of them have but one object in view—flying. The whole of the vast and complex organisation which goes to make this Royal Air Force as we know it exists for one purpose. That purpose is flying. Without flying there would be no Royal Air Force. I want to place emphasis on that word because nowadays we live so close to aeroplanes that we may well tend to overlook the vital importance of flying.

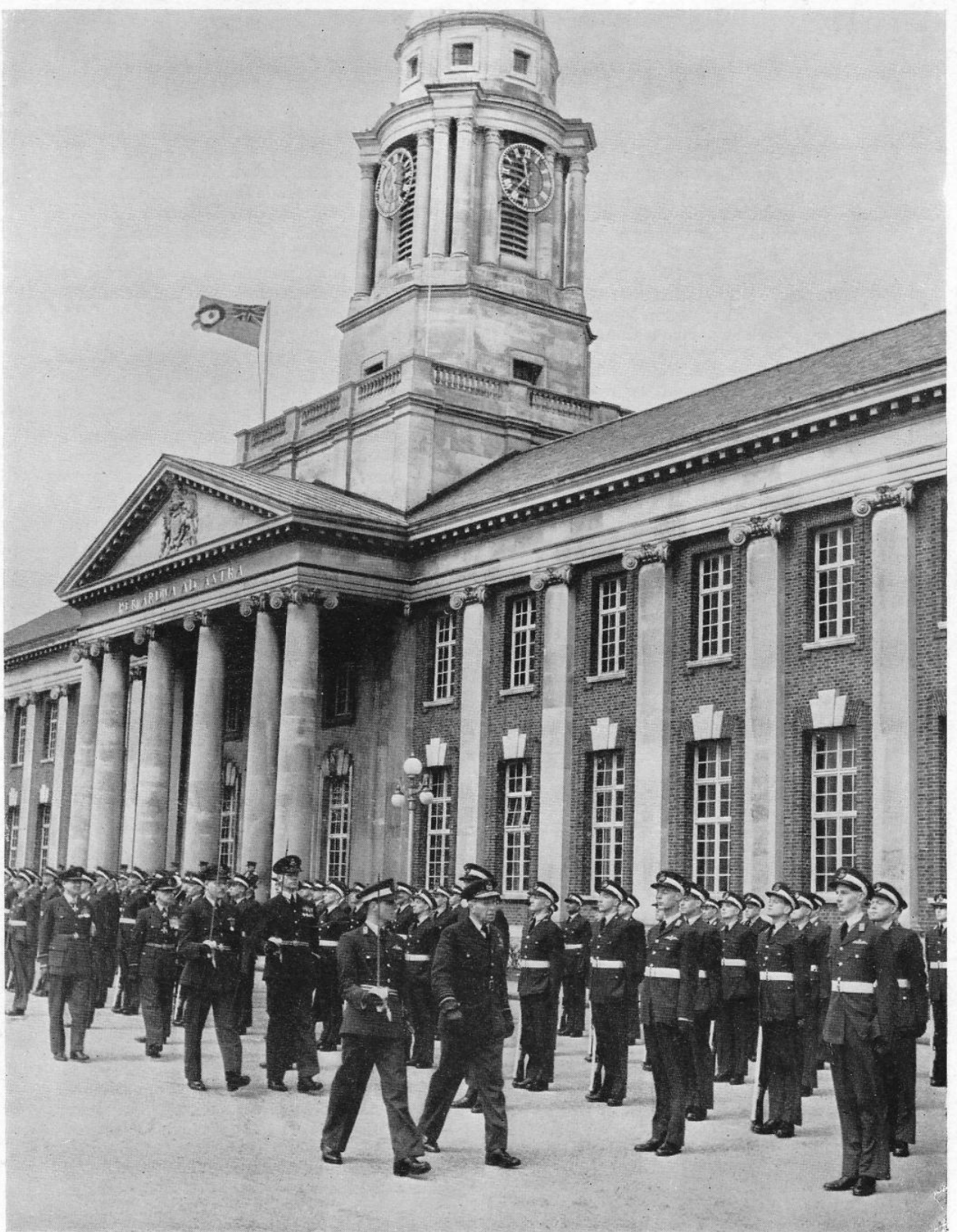
From now on for those of you entering the General Duties branch, your life is going to be intimately concerned with flying. For those of you destined for the Secretarial and Equipment branches I want to say a special word. However far removed your duties may appear to be from our splendid and vital business of flying you

will not find it hard to trace the link with what you are doing, whether with pen or with voucher, and our aeroplanes as they speed on their missions through our skies. You will, therefore (and this is important), take as much pride in a flying task well done as the aircrew themselves, and I earnestly advise you to fly whenever the opportunity offers. If there is no opportunity, make one; no one else will. I say that because you will never do your job as well as you should unless you fly. In the air you will share some of the discomforts and hazards of your colleagues as well as the achievement and exhilaration and intense satisfaction of flying.

I do not intend to talk for a long time. My intention is to emphasise four vital points. I do not want you to forget them.

My first point is that all good airmen are enthusiasts. They tackle their flying with determination, zest and energy. They have an urge to fly and flying is a pleasure. Do remember that when flying ceases to be a pleasure, the urge to fly has gone also. Once that urge has gone and regardless of experience and rank and appointment at the time, a very important quality as an airman has gone with it and thereafter we are only of limited use to the Royal Air Force. I must emphasise that by flying I mean flying as captain of aircraft.

My second point is the importance of keeping up your flying. We will never do our job as we should unless we do this. It is not the slightest use imagining that we can do so or that as we get more senior in the Service we can excuse ourselves. During the next few years you will not encounter difficulties with flying because your job will be with flying units, but as you get older more ground jobs will come your way, and it will become increasingly difficult to arrange your flying. Remember that the less one flies the less one wants to fly. Consequently, though the facilities are not good, we cannot sit back and do nothing. Enthusiasm makes light of difficulties.



THE INSPECTION

At one time staff officers were supposed to fly in any obsolescent aircraft so that we could put all our latest aircraft into squadrons and so boost our front-line strength. This was a very dangerous practice. Airmen are needed just as much on staffs as in squadrons and, with the advent of the jet engine, this is most important. In fact, orders to jet squadrons written by a staff officer who is ignorant of jet flying might just as well be written in Chinese.

A piston-engined pilot today is as much out of date as an archer from Agincourt. When you find yourselves on a ground job such as the staff, go to your stations by air or you will lose caste. Indeed, the only way to a station is straight down the centre line of the runway and the worse the weather the better.

My third point is that flying costs an awful lot of money. A Canberra, for example, burns 400 gallons an hour. Consequently flying must have an object and a purpose.

My last point is that years ago a pilot was looked upon as rather a wild young

man with dash and energy and probably little else. Today, however, our flying demands not only courage but skill, accuracy and concentration of the highest order. When you go out into the Service your jobs will be varied; it may be to drop a bomb, shoot a gun or take photographs, but whatever it is we must bring to it enthusiasm, skill, and a determination to be meticulously accurate in all we do.

In brief, therefore, my advice is this. Let nothing stand in the way of flying. Let your flying have a clear purpose. Let there be skill and accuracy in all you do. You will never do your job as well as you should, regardless of your rank and appointment, unless you fly. Never *masquerade* as an airman and never allow anyone else to do so. . . .

And now I must conclude. You have had the finest training in the world. The Royal Air Force wants you. Be sure throughout your career that the Service will continue to want you. It is up to you. Good luck and good fortune.

The Presentation of Wings and Prizes

On the eve of the passing-out parade, at a ceremony in the College attended by flight cadets of the senior entries, their relatives and College officers, the Commandant, Air Commodore H. Eeles, C.B.E., presented wings, individual prizes and squadron trophies.

In a short address the Commandant said that he took particular pleasure in presenting to the flight cadets of the senior terms the tributes and honours which they had earned during their period at the College. It was a happy and fortunate occasion, and one that was, in his opinion, 'essentially part and parcel of our life at Cranwell.' He warmly congratulated individual prize-winners whose success had been achieved in the face of very keen competition. The squadrons that had won the various trophies, also deserved congratulations. To 'A' Squadron fell the honour of becoming Sovereign's Squadron in the summer term. 'This,' the Commandant said amidst general applause, 'is a particularly happy occasion on which to achieve that honour since the Squadron . . . will have the honour of carrying the Queen's Colour during the Queen's Coronation.'

After the Parade (from left to right) Flight Cadet Sergeant R. J. Roberts (winner of the Queen's Medal), Flight Cadet Under Officer P. L. Gray (winner of the Sword of Honour) and Flight Cadet Under Officer W. J. Hodgkinson (winner of the Medal of Honour)



THE TREE PLANTING CEREMONY

The Reviewing Officer plants his tree in the new open space between the Senior and Junior Colleges, watched by Air Marshal L. F. Pendred (extreme left), Group Captain R. C. Keary, Wing Commander K. M. Crick, Flight Lieutenant P. B. MacCorkindale, Air Commodore H. Eeles and Mr H. Stratton



The Commandant had a special word to say to the flight cadets who were passing out on the morrow. For those who had just been awarded their wings the moment was one of the proudest in their Service career. But though the award of wings—symbol of the trained pilot—must in itself mean something to them, there were still a good many feathers that had to grow on those wings. It was worth remembering that the Royal Air Force had the finest pilots in the world and it was for those who were passing out to continue and maintain that reputation.

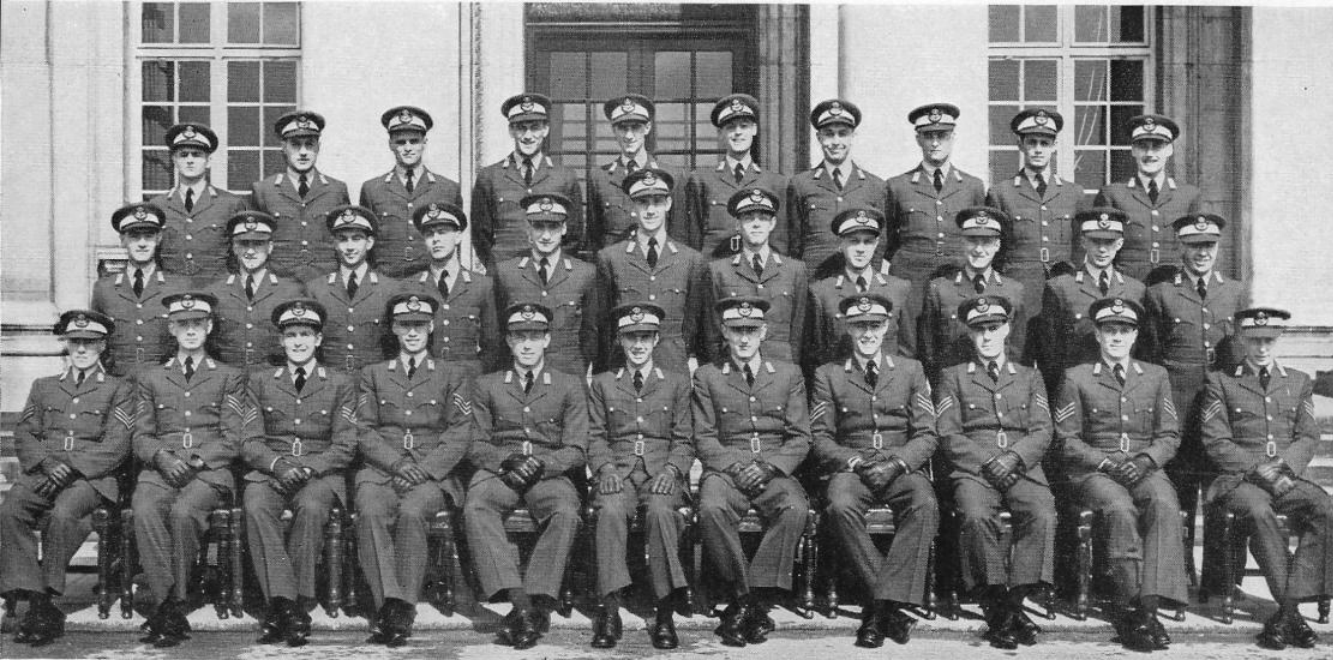
Those flight cadets who were destined to become officers in the Equipment and Secretarial branches had their own vital contribution to make to the efficiency of the Service. Without the Equipment and Secretarial branches, the Royal Air Force could neither fly nor fight.

The Commandant offered two pieces of advice to the senior terms. First, he hoped that, as officers, they would always stick to the standards which they had learnt at Cranwell. These were the very best that the Royal Air Force had to offer. In this way they could set the right pace

and the right example to colleagues and contemporaries who had not had the benefit of the same training. Secondly, he asked the new officers not to look down upon or despise those who had not had the advantage of a Cranwell training. There would be no distinctions made in the Air Force at large and the Cranwellian could learn as much from the non-Cranwellian as the non-Cranwellian from the Cranwellian. 'Be proud of the fact that you have been at Cranwell,' he said, 'but do not thrust it down the other fellow's throat.'

Concluding, the Commandant said that, although it was customary to wish the senior terms the very best of luck in their future careers, he, personally, thought it was wrong. If they were going to trade upon good luck, they were not going to do very well. What they had to do was to base their careers on their Cranwell training. He was sure that the flight cadets of Nos. 58 and 9 Entries would not fail in that respect. They could leave the College in full confidence that the Service was going to open up a magnificent career for them. 'We shall watch your careers from Cranwell,' he said, 'with the greatest pride and interest.'





No. 58 ENTRY—APRIL 1953

Rear Row: Snr Flt Cdt D. J. House, Snr Flt Cdt A. G. Harris, Snr Flt Cdt D. B. Hives, Snr Flt Cdt R. E. Pyrah, Snr Flt Cdt P. J. Goodall, Snr Flt Cdt D. J. Wyborn, Snr Flt Cdt G. S. Turner, Snr Flt Cdt J. F. H. Tetley, Snr Flt Cdt G. Jonas, Snr Flt Cdt G. C. Taylor

Centre Row: Snr Flt Cdt A. W. Ginn, Snr Flt Cdt B. W. Weskett, Snr Flt Cdt D. M. A. Samuels, Snr Flt Cdt B. S. Northway, Snr Flt Cdt R. M. Salt, Snr Flt Cdt D. B. Stacey, Snr Flt Cdt A. R. Hill, Snr Flt Cdt J. R. Johnson, Snr Flt Cdt R. J. L. Rose, Snr Flt Cdt M. Edwards, Snr Flt Cdt J. S. Boyle

Front Row: Flt Cdt Sgt B. Watson, Flt Cdt Sgt J. S. R. Salmond, Flt Cdt Sgt J. D. E. Renshaw, Flt Cdt Sgt R. J. Roberts, Flt Cdt U.O. J. D. Leary, Flt Cdt U.O. P. L. Gray, Flt Cdt U.O. R. A. Calvert, Flt Cdt Sgt R. G. Bowyer, Flt Cdt Sgt P. J. Underdown, Flt Cdt Sgt J. M. Pack, Flt Cdt Sgt W. Topping

Order of Merit

No. 58 ENTRY

R. J. ROBERTS, Flight Cadet Sergeant: Queen's Medal; Association Football.

P. J. UNDERDOWN, Flight Cadet Sergeant: Association Football (Captain).

W. TOPPING, Flight Cadet Sergeant: R. M. Groves Memorial Prize.

J. S. R. SALMOND, Flight Cadet Sergeant: JOURNAL (Editor); Gliding (Captain).

J. R. JOHNSON, Senior Flight Cadet: Dickson Trophy; Hockey; Engineering (Secretary).

J. M. PACK, Flight Cadet Sergeant: Association Football; Tennis; Choir.

G. C. TAYLOR, Senior Flight Cadet: Rugby; Swimming (Vice-Captain); Archery (Secretary); Canoeing; Dramatics (President).

M. EDWARDS, Senior Flight Cadet: JOURNAL (Assistant Editor).

P. L. GRAY, Flight Cadet Under Officer: Sword of Honour; J. A. Chance Memorial Prize; Athletics; Squash (Captain); Tennis (Captain).

R. A. CALVERT, Flight Cadet Under Officer: Rowing (Vice-Captain); Rugby.

P. J. GOODALL, Senior Flight Cadet: The Royal United Service Institution Award; The Air Ministry Prize for Imperial and War Studies; JOURNAL (Assistant Editor); Debating (President).

J. S. BOYLE, Senior Flight Cadet: Gliding.

J. D. LEARY, Flight Cadet Under Officer: Philip Sassoon Memorial Prize; Rugby; Boxing.

M. G. BOWYER, Flight Cadet Sergeant: Rowing (Captain).

B. S. NORTHWAY, Senior Flight Cadet: Rugby; Swimming; Photographic.

- G. S. TURNER, Senior Flight Cadet: The A. G. Fellowes Memorial Prize.
 G. JONAS, Senior Flight Cadet: Fencing.
 B. W. WESKETT, Senior Flight Cadet: Boxing; Association Football; Cricket.
 D. B. STACEY, Senior Flight Cadet: Engineering.
 D. M. A. SAMUELS, Senior Flight Cadet: Fencing; Hockey; Pentathlon (Captain); Riding (Captain); Swimming.
 J. D. E. RENSHAW, Flight Cadet Sergeant: Printing (Secretary).
 A. R. HILL, Senior Flight Cadet: Cross-country; Hockey.
 A. G. HARRIS, Senior Flight Cadet: Fencing (Captain); Shooting (Captain).
 D. J. HOUSE, Senior Flight Cadet: Hockey; Sailing; Librarian.
 R. M. SALT, Senior Flight Cadet: Association Football; Athletics; Canoeing (Captain).
 J. F. H. TETLEY, Senior Flight Cadet: Aero-modelling (Secretary); Gliding.
 A. W. GINN, Senior Flight Cadet: Association Football; Tennis; Canoeing (Secretary); Choir (Chairman).
 D. J. WYBORN, Senior Flight Cadet: Association Football.
 B. WATSON, Flight Cadet Sergeant: Boxing (Captain); Cricket; Mountaineering.
 R. I. L. ROSE, Senior Flight Cadet: Shooting; Aeromodelling.
 M. J. ARMITAGE, Senior Flight Cadet: Printing.
 R. E. PYRAH, Senior Flight Cadet: Rugby; Shooting; Archery (Captain).
 D. B. HIVES, Senior Flight Cadet: Hockey; Archery; Field Shooting.

No. 9 (E. & S.) ENTRY

- W. J. HODGKINSON, Flight Cadet Under Officer: Medal of Honour; Air Ministry Prize for Secretarial Studies; Boxing; Debating; Dramatics; JOURNAL (Assistant Editor).
 P. H. ATKIN, Senior Flight Cadet: Air Ministry Prize for Equipment Studies; Association Football; Cricket; Dramatics.
 J. SHEARER, Senior Flight Cadet: Choir (Secretary); Dramatics (Stage Manager).
 S. H. TOTTMAN, Senior Flight Cadet: Association Football; Dramatics.
 P. H. ELTON, Senior Flight Cadet: Sailing.
 C. H. M. HOLMES, Flight Cadet Acting Under Officer: Rowing; Archery.
 P. H. W. ALLAN, Flight Cadet Sergeant: Dramatics; Pot-holing.
 D. C. L. HOLMAN, Senior Flight Cadet: Chess.
 D. J. BRETT, Senior Flight Cadet: Cross-country; Pentathlon; Riding.
 R. A. MONTALTO, Senior Flight Cadet: Association Football.

It is very much regretted that the prize won by Flight Cadet Sergeant D. V. Jackson of No. 8 (E. & S. Entry) was not mentioned in last term's issue of The Journal. Flight Cadet Sergeant Jackson was the winner of the Air Ministry Prize for Secretarial Studies.

No. 9 (E. & S.) ENTRY

Standing: Snr Flt Cdt D. C. L. Holman, Snr Flt Cdt J. Shearer, Snr Flt Cdt D. J. Brett, Snr Flt Cdt S. H. Tottman, Snr Flt Cdt P. H. Elton

Seated: Snr Flt Cdt R. A. Montalto, Flt Cdt Sgt P. H. W. Allan, Flt Cdt U.O. W. J. Hodgkinson, Flt Cdt U.O. C. H. M. Holmes, Snr Flt Cdt P. H. Atkin



The French Visit

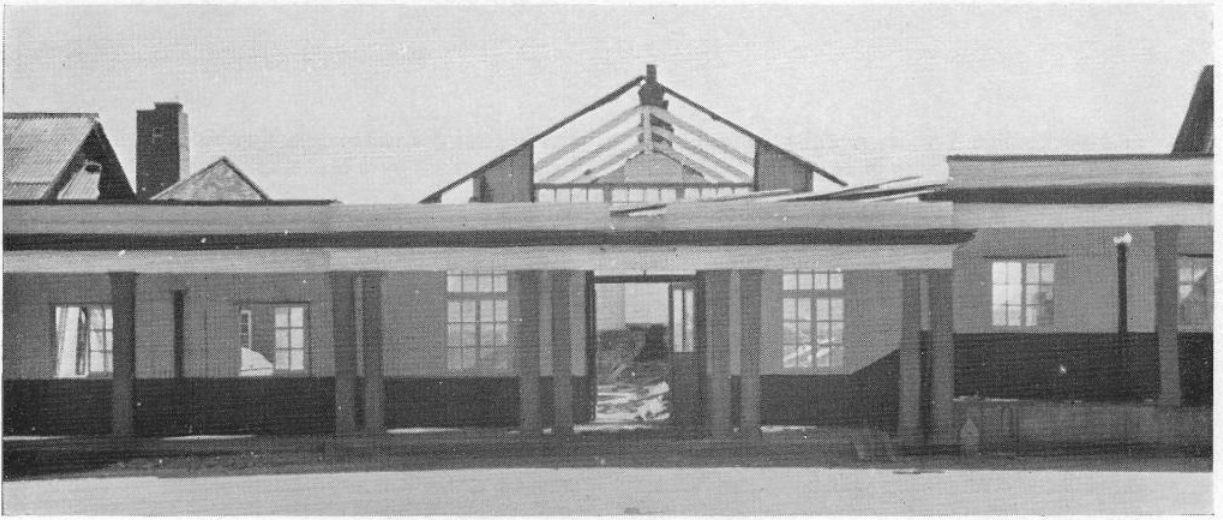
19th - 22nd March 1953

As an earlier page records, the College had the great pleasure of welcoming once again officers and cadets of L'Ecole de l'Air, Salon-de-Provence, in March. Our guests flew from Istres in two French Transport Command Dakotas, and arrived well in E.T.A. A boisterous Guest Night on the first night (the 19th) preceded a tour of the College and a visit to Lincoln Cathedral on the following day. On the 21st, after watching the Ferris Drill Competition in the morning in damp, cold weather (which, incidentally, led to the cancellation of an air display also planned for the morning) our friends became our adversaries on the rugger field and in the gymnasium. A festive evening followed, first at the Lodge and later, variously, at Woodhall Spa, *sous les toits de Sleaford* and elsewhere. Weather, it was hoped, might have delayed the departure of our friends on the 22nd, but both Dakotas took off in low cloud, one making an instrument circuit and diving, in a dramatic farewell gesture, to 50 feet over us as we took a last fearful opportunity to wave our *au revoirs*.



Right: The Commandant greets the Commandant of L'Ecole de l'Air, Colonel de Maricourt (back view), Capitaine Mazaron and Mr Acomb upon arrival. Centre left: Colonel de Maricourt with Squadron Leader Thomas in the Museum. Centre right: Flight Cadet Close shows a group of French cadets the album containing photographs of the Royal visit of 1948. Below left: 'C'est la Cathédral de Lincoln.' Below right: The camera-man occasions some mirth on the Admiral's Walk.





The Old Mess in the hands of the house-breakers—a picture taken in April 1953

Farewell to the Old Cadets' Mess

THIS term has seen the rapid disappearance of the old Cadets' Mess, for 37 years a notable feature of West Camp, Cranwell. It will be remembered with strong nostalgic feelings by many, not for its architectural beauty (which few indeed would champion), but for the times it has seen, and the memories it holds. For the present writer, a spectator only of the decay and the demolition of the old building, it has naturally been difficult to recapture these memories. Many anecdotes, he realises, could be related about life in the former Mess, and much more written about the amenities of the place: but he hopes that any deficiencies that may be detected by O.Cs in the narrative will be repaired by readers themselves in a 'letter to the Editor.'

The Mess, together with the rows of huts which flanked it, was erected in 1916. It was used for meals by the ratings of the station. The R.N.A.S. knew it, of course, as the 'Mess Decks.' At that time a detachment of W.R.N.S. occupied the iron huts.

The Cadet College opened on Thursday, 5th February, 1920, with an entry of 52 flight cadets of whom 15 were ex-Naval midshipmen. These 15 formed the Senior Term and did only one year's training. There were two squadrons, 'A' and 'B,' who were quartered in the black iron huts to the east of the Mess. When 'C' Squadron was formed in the summer of 1930 from selected cadets of 'A' and 'B' Squadrons, 'A' moved into the brick huts to the west of the Mess while 'C' Squadron occupied the iron huts on the east of

'B.' Five flight cadets were quartered in each hut, which comprised a dormitory, bathrooms, and a sitting room. The Senior Term had the privilege of separate cubicles.

The Mess itself contained, at the back, the dining hall, an ante-room (subsequently the tea room) and Fancy Goods Store; in the centre the lounge hall fronting the kitchens, and in the front three ante-rooms (one of which became a billiards room), and the library. Those who inhabited the Mess were well contented with the standard of comfort, though the food was not perhaps all that it might have been. One flight cadet of the early years claims to remember being served with figs for pudding every day for seventeen weeks!

Life was very full, and even in those days flight cadets found that sports and activities were abundant. In the earliest issue of the *JOURNAL*, for instance, a contributor sums up camp life as having 'more opportunity for games than we have time to play, rather more work than we think we can do, the whole leaving us barely sufficient time to tie our G.S. ties for dinner.' Apart from the anachronism in dress, those might be the words of any present-day flight cadet.

The lecture subjects in the Ground School were much the same as those studied now, except that flight cadets worked in the College workshops all through their two years' course learning carpentry, rigging, and the mechanics of the aero-engine. Those workshops stood on what is

now the Orange. Lecture rooms were in the huts behind the West Camp guard-room, and in the present Science Block.

Until the summer of 1923 flight cadets were not taught to fly in their first year, and comparatively little flying was done, for pilots were very much at the mercy of the weather. In cloud one had only a spirit-level bubble and a compass to assist one to keep straight and level, so the Flying School was very much handicapped by the winter fogs and low cloud. Group Captain F. E. Nuttall, who was a flight cadet in 1921-22, and who is now Mess Secretary at the College, remembers that he thought himself lucky to pass out with a total of 56 hours, of which nearly nine hours was passenger time picked up during the first year. By 1930, however, flight cadets having learnt to fly in their first term, were passing out with 100 hours. During that time they soloed on such types as the Avro 504, the Bristol Fighter, and the D.H.9a, some after only half an hour's dual instruction.

The College in the early days was surrounded by a fence of spiked iron railings standing six feet high—some still survive around the Medical section—and though these were frequently scaled, flight cadets were officially strictly limited in their freedom. The bounds were a 30 miles radius, excluding Sleaford, and only the Senior Term were allowed to go into Lincoln. Everyone had to dine in every night, and pocket money was in any case limited. Cars were not allowed, but motor-cyclists were encouraged. Up to 1930 every flight cadet was issued with a set of parts of a 'P and M' service motor-cycle, which he

had to assemble and maintain by his own efforts. Reliability runs were organised to test efficiency; and as a further encouragement a free tank-full of petrol was issued every week to each rider. This custom apparently continued for some years after the last of the 'P and Ms' had been reduced to scrap.

Discipline, then as now, was strict; flight cadet under officers and n.c.os would order extra drills with just the same inevitability as they do today. The modern cadet, assisted by that modern fairy godmother, the public purse, to attend the College, might well wonder that voluntary pupils, whose parents were paying £200 a year for their instruction, would bear so willingly such strict control for two long terms every year. The fact remains, however, that such was the enthusiasm of the flight cadets that they thought nothing of it.

The greatest bugbear in cadet life seems to have been the wearing of puttees, which had to be applied to the legs with mathematical exactness. Great was the anguish of the poor defaulter, who had to change from his mess kit after dinner, back into his uniform with breeches and puttees for roll call parade in a seemingly impossible space of time.

From the beginning, a high standard of drill was set. After that first term, when a motley crowd assembled on the parade ground variously dressed in civilian clothes and naval uniform, everyone worked hard, and in the second term, when they paraded for the Chief of Air Staff and the Secretary of State for Air, Mr Winston Churchill, they won the latter's congratulations on their bearing and deportment.

At eight o'clock in the morning the flight cadets would parade for colour hoisting and prayers. Half an hour's drill followed the parade.

If it rained, drill would take place in the drill shed which stood at the eastern end of the parade ground. This shed, now used by the Fire Section, is surmounted by the same clock tower whose clock was the final arbiter of whether or not a flight cadet was late on parade. This clock naturally became the especial target of the flight cadets; many curious forms of decoration were draped across it, and many missiles were surreptitiously hurled at it. One group of marksmen used to pepper the clock face with small-bore rifles from the roof of the Mess 200 yards away. Another

The 'unofficial house-breakers' try their hand. From left to right: Group Captain Nelson, Group Captain Nuttall (about to be struck), Group Captains Levis and Keary (heaving) and Air Commodore Eeles



group even went so far as to construct a giant catapult from aircraft undercarriage elastic, upon which four stout men would heave in order to launch a boulder at the clock. It is not recorded whether these efforts were rewarded by any success, but the clock still stands.

An early adjutant at the College was Flight Lieutenant A. Ferris, who firmly believed that the College should have an inter-Squadron drill competition. In

1930 he was able to present a trophy to the College for this purpose. The cup is surmounted by a statuette of a flight cadet, for which a flight cadet in his second term was chosen to pose. This first competition for the Ferris Trophy was judged by Flight Lieutenant Ferris himself.

In 1929 the foundation stone of the new College was laid, and the present familiar building, as designed by the late Sir James G. West, began slowly to take shape. A model of the building took the place of honour in the entrance hall of the old Mess. The *JOURNAL* at that time proudly and, as it turned out, hopefully described how the erection of the new College would be followed by the clearing of the old one, a plan which has taken so long to materialise that one who was a flight cadet when the foundation stone was laid is Commandant as the second part comes true.

The move from the old College to the new was accomplished smoothly, but not without regrets. Small numbers—thirty to a squadron and five sharing a hut—had given rise to an intimate bond of comradeship and almost family loyalty that the large edifice could never quite foster. However, an institution that ranks with Sandhurst and Greenwich needs more inspiring surroundings than tin huts, and the move was necessary.

Then the old Mess was put to various uses. In the period before the war a Roman Catholic



The Old Mess, barely recognizable, stands open to the sky

Chapel was made in the east wing, and the other wings were used for stores. In 1940 the camp was once more occupied by women: this time by the W.A.A.F., whose dormitories were in the Mess. From 1945 to 1952 the Mess once more performed its original function and became the Sergeants' Mess. In 1947 the entrance of the Mess was adorned by a figurehead representing Pegasus, presented without ceremony by Air Commodore R. L. R. Atcherley. This figurehead is believed to have come from the Royal Barge of King George V, but since records have escaped the present writer's eyes, it is hoped that readers may, possibly, be able to fill in this gap in the story.

On the morning of Christmas Day, 1952, after Church, the last official gathering took place in the black and rusty building. In accordance with the custom of the Service, the officers foregathered in the old Mess as the guests of the Sergeants. For many who were present on that occasion feelings must have been mixed. A most important part of the original College was on the verge of disappearing. Just a week later the sergeants moved out.

The demolition took place without excitement, and a persistent fable that treasure was buried under the bar turned out to be without foundation. Now only the freshly turned soil shows like a grave the site of the Cadets' Mess, old College.

N. R. MACN.

involved flying in conditions of severe icing and turbulence and, in spite of the mass of heavy clothing worn, life for the crews aboard the draughty, and unheated Sunderlands in temperatures sometimes as much as -20 degrees Centigrade became very miserable. Furthermore, a safe return to base enclosed by mountains as high as 4000 ft. might have to depend on a good instrument let-down to round off a twelve-hour flight. The normal approach aids were V.H.F./D.F. and G.C.A. The former was used to bring the aircraft onto the holding pattern over the airfield at 4000 ft. and the G.C.A. did the rest. Because of the high mountains near the base the only practical method was to come down onto the runway to a height of 200 ft., turn 70 degrees and carry out a night-type landing on the alighting area straight ahead. American controllers operated the G.C.A. equipment and were very good indeed.

The heat and humidity of the summer had its compensations in the typhoon season in the autumn and early winter. Typhoons periodically provided an excuse to divert to a base near Tokyo, in South Korea or, on some occasions, as far south as the Philippine Islands. Typhoons, modestly known by the Japanese or European girls' names officially given to them, frequently cause great havoc and loss of life on land and

In summer the Sunderlands frequently took off in daylight so as to be on patrol by nightfall. This crew about to be ferried out to their aircraft by a Japanese coxswain, would be ready for a late breakfast on their return



sea, but are less dangerous to aircraft in the air. Sunderlands have flown through the centre of several of these formidable depressions to provide data for the meteorologists. However, the path, position and intensity of a typhoon can be plotted with a reasonable amount of accuracy and the 'cultural' visits to Tokyo and other areas were thus very short-lived.

These are but a few brief sketches of life and conditions in flying boat squadrons in Korean waters, but no doubt when such Old Cranwellians as Wing Commander P. de L. le Cheminant (1938) and Flight Lieutenant Swallow (1947) return from their tours of duty in this theatre they will be able to add to them. Those readers who incline to 'web-footedness' can be assured that life in flying boats is an experience worth having and those who think that they might have difficulty with seamanship will very soon appreciate that the International Code is much simpler than the Cranwell Flying Control flag system.

B. J.

A Cranwell Scrapbook

Owing to the startlingly sudden disappearance of the Old Cadets' Mess and the need to mark the occasion by a special article, the Editor has been obliged to hold over the second part of *A Cranwell Scrapbook* until the next issue of THE JOURNAL.

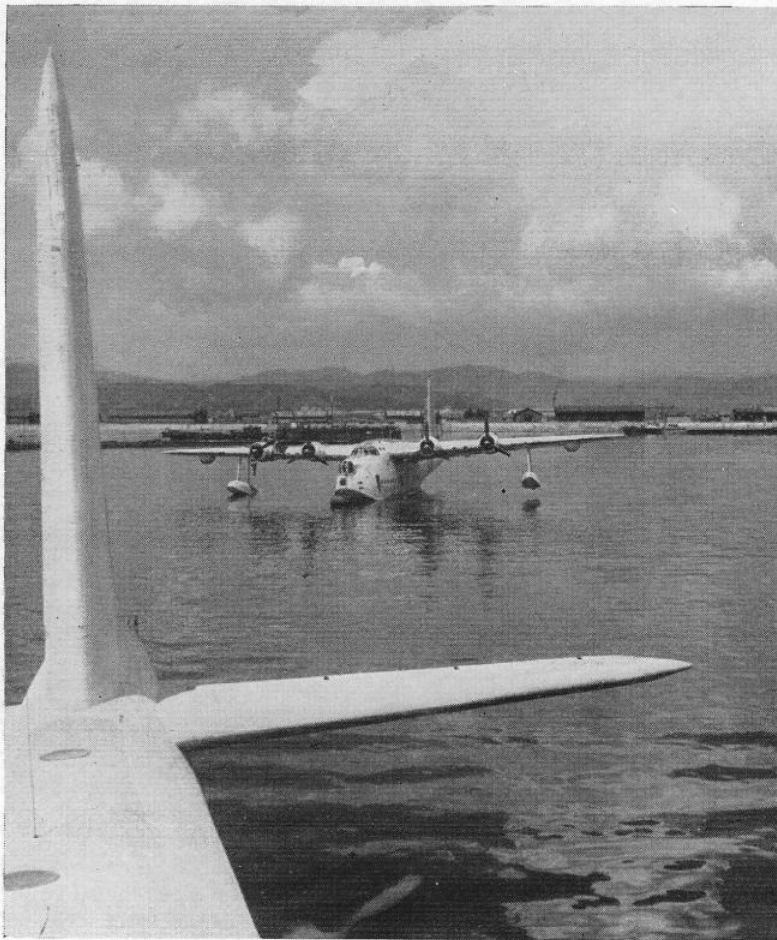
The Trent Meteor

(See photograph opposite)

The Trent Meteor was the first turbo-prop aircraft to fly (1945). More properly a 'prop-jet' because small diameter five-bladed props absorbing only 500, 600 and 700 h.p. were in turn geared to otherwise normal Derwent turbo-jets. This test bed somewhat forcibly demonstrated the fundamental differences between the two applications of the turbine power plant to aircraft propulsion, and presented handling characteristics which required intense and prolonged development. With the latter now largely overcome and with the development of supersonic propellers, it appears likely that the turbo prop will oust the pure jet from many types of Service aircraft.

The 'tail-tip' fins, a prominent feature of the illustration opposite, have been added to the Trent Meteor to counteract the aerodynamically destabilising effect of the propellers.

Grey Skies



FROM time to time in one of the numerous journals which interest themselves in the aviation world one may see a few brief lines about one of the Royal Air Force units serving in the Korean War. Very little, however, seems to be known, even within the Service itself, about the unspectacular yet valuable work on which the three squadrons of the Far East Flying Boat Wing have, in turn, been continuously engaged since July, 1950.

The squadrons concerned, Nos. 88, 205 and 209, are actually based at Singapore and take turns in providing a detachment of three or four aircraft in Japan, usually about six weeks at a time. When not operating as maritime reconnaissance aircraft in Korean waters, the flying boats are employed, in addition to their normal functions at Singapore and Hong Kong, as tactical bombers in the Malayan campaign.

The flying boat in use in the Far East is the Sunderland Mk. 5 which, although it has been in use now for nearly twenty years, is still admirably suited to maritime operations. The crew numbers ten, but this may be reduced or in-

creased as the sortie requires. There is ample room for exercise within the spacious hull, as well as lavatory facilities with running water, four bunks for resting and a well-appointed galley. All crew members quickly qualify in the additional trade of cook, and some excellent spreads are produced. In addition to the turrets fore and aft there are four forward-firing fixed machine guns and two waist guns. The boat carries a variety of loads, but for the patrols carried out in Korean waters the load was 300 lb American depth charges. The maximum fuel load of 2550 gallons gave the flying boat a comfortable endurance of sixteen hours with a large safety factor on return to base, a very necessary consideration in view of the weather experienced in winter in Japan and Korea.

Normally the flying boat detachments are based at Iwakuni, on the picturesque coast of Japan's Inland Sea, not far from the atom-bombed city of Hiroshima. This base was used to launch the Baka piloted flying bombs against the allied navies in the latter part of the Pacific war and the launching crane and catapult are there today as a grisly memorial to Japanese fanaticism. The pilots were housed in the officers' mess for about ten days prior to their last trip; during this time they were granted any request they made—except, presumably, to be taken off flying—and the shrine at which they performed their last rites is in the garden near the mess.

During the period covered by this article (1950-52), Iwakuni was a busy airfield and flying boat base. The U.S.A.F. were operating B.26 intruder and light bomber aircraft; R.A.F. and R.A.A.F. transport aircraft were running scheduled services to Korea and Hong Kong; the S.A.A.F. Fighter Squadron passed through in their Mustangs to Korea, and No. 77 Squadron R.A.A.F. converted from Mustangs to Meteors at the airfield. In addition, the British Army

and Yellow Sea

A.O.P. Flights were formed and completed their training there before moving to the front line. On the maritime side the Sunderlands and U.S.N. Mariner flying boats used the alighting area. All this, coupled with the arrival of an occasional aircraft of the Royal Navy from Sasebo, made an excellent opportunity for the various services and nationalities to get together and understand each other's problems.

The flying boat detachments were administered largely by the R.A.A.F. and operational control was vested in the U.S. Navy at Tokyo, through the Commodore flying his flag in the Depot Ship at Iwakuni. Four main types of patrol were called for—anti-submarine, anti-shiping, anti-mine and weather reconnaissance. In addition, there were such lighter duties as freight lifting, V.I.P. movements, and escort work with Auster aircraft crossing to the Korean Peninsula. This last duty provided great entertainment because the old Sunderland, outclassed in speed by almost all other aircraft it ever meets in the sky, was never slow to realise unexpected superiority and, on at least one occasion its pilot, in an attempt to recapture former glory, was unable to resist the temptation of bringing his aircraft round in perfect curves of pursuit on the Auster, his eye squinting through the ring and bead sight and thumb poised over the button of the Sunderland's fixed forward firing guns.

Anti-submarine and anti-shiping patrols were sometimes carried out in direct support of naval forces close to the east and west coasts of Korea. In refuelling operations the aircraft engaged in anti-submarine and anti-shiping

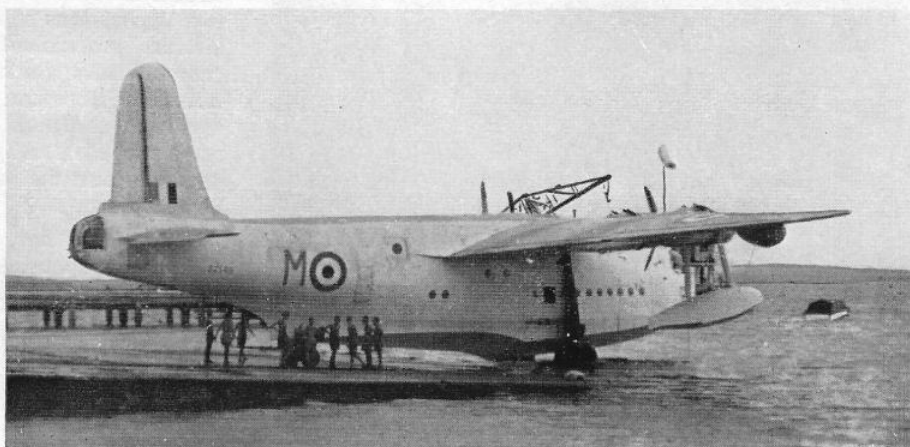
patrols came under the control of the flagship of the Task Force and the main function was to augment the radar screen of the force. Although the menace from submarine is an ever-present one, none has been sighted in the war zone. Nevertheless, with their two depth charges, all patrols were ready for such an occasion. The blockade of the United Nations has been effective in preventing the passage of supplies from China and Manchuria to Korea and also in preventing any illegal traffic by sea from Korea to Japan. This is due in no small measure to these patrols. Other patrols took the aircraft on long sorties to the northern part of the Yellow Sea or up the north-east coast of the peninsula as far as the Russian border.

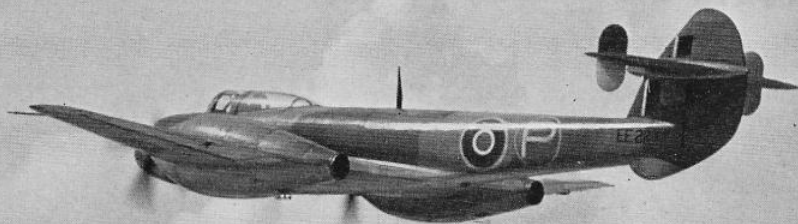
During the early part of the war mines were laid by the Communists with some initial success. Keen spotting from the air and some excellent gunnery practice soon eliminated the menace. If the mine could not be destroyed by gunfire or if it had been punctured and sunk, its position was logged and reported for the mine-sweepers to clear. This was necessary in the case of sunken mines because a considerable number were of the magnetic and acoustic types, and therefore still live.

Although the Search and Rescue service is the responsibility of the U.S.A.F., the R.A.F. were occasionally called on for assistance. On one occasion a Sunderland alighted in almost pitch darkness to rescue an American Corsair pilot who had ditched close to the shore behind the Communist lines. This prompt and skilful rescue from the icy sea undoubtedly saved the American's life.

The weather certainly proved a greater hazard in flying operations than Communist aerial activity as this was almost entirely confined to the extreme north of Korea itself. In the winter months the long weather reconnaissance sorties

Opposite: Japanese Landscape: The Sunderlands at their moorings at Iwakuni were protected by a stone breakwater, and an old sunken battleship was used as a Jetty. Right: Launching Ceremony: For second-line servicing the flying boats were beached—generally a very lengthy process. The ground crew, seen here adjusting the tail-trolley, invariably breathed a sigh of relief when the aircraft had once more taken safely to the water. In the background the crane used by the Japanese for launching their Baka piloted flying-bombs may be seen





Test Flying Experience

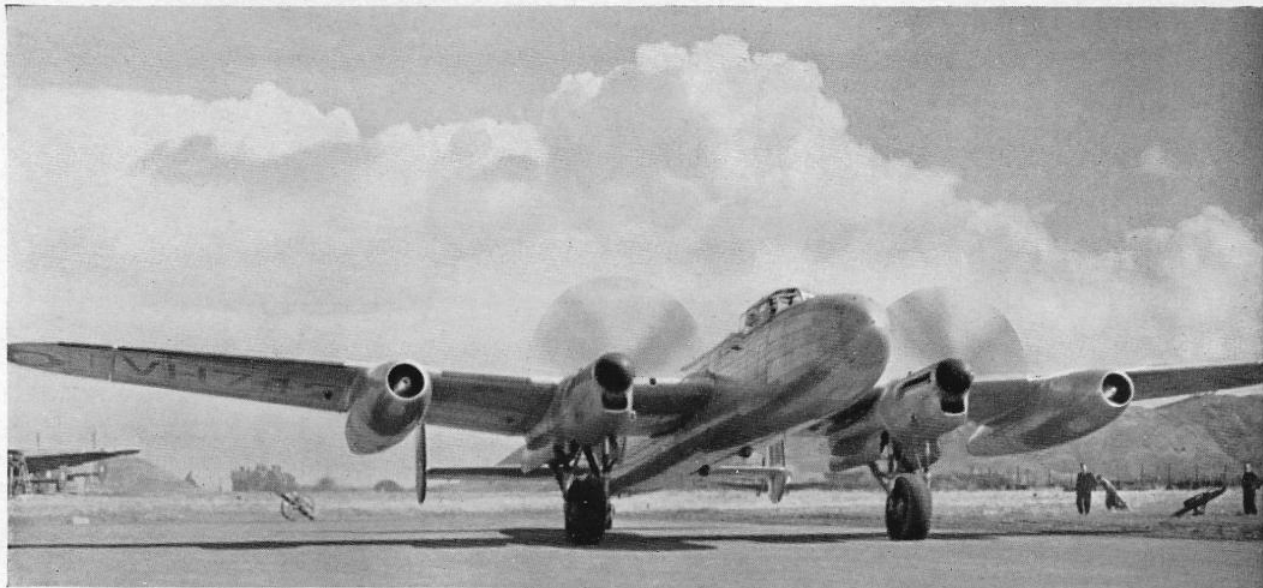
The Trent Meteor

YOU will observe that the title of this article is not 'My Test Flying Experiences,' on which subject I promised some months ago to write for THE JOURNAL, but 'Test Flying Experience,' and you are now forewarned that you will be sadly disappointed if you hope for tales of wild excitement. Test flying today can be just as thrilling—and possibly even more frightening—than it used to be, but it is not with this aspect of the matter that I wish to deal in this article. Accounts of being 'upside down in ten-tenths cloud without a motor and with nothing on the clock' are rather dated anyway. Nowadays it is a much more scientific matter of 'eight-eighths cloud and inverted flight under zero power conditions at an airspeed approaching the stall!' The bronco busting days have gone.

In spite of this it is surprising (and not a little disconcerting) to realise just how little science is taught to, and applied by, the pilot in modern flight testing. Flight instrumentation and automatic recording have been developed in recent years, but while expert analysis of the data provided can produce academically near-perfect aeroplanes, until flying machines are produced for one hundred per cent remote control (and the existence of the Valiant, Victor and Vulcan

prove amply that this stage in development is still far away) there are many considerations, such as the problems of control, which are best solved by a fully competent human tester. When an aircraft is to be assessed *qualitatively*—on its handling properties, for instance—by Service pilots, its standard of excellence can only be determined, developed and proved by men who possess, first, an intimate knowledge of operational requirements from past practical experience and, secondly, a flying technique and technical ability of the very highest quality.

In the United States, in addition to a chief test pilot who performs the same social, business and liaison flight functions as that of a chief test pilot in this country, each aircraft corporation almost invariably employs an engineering test pilot who undertakes research flying and the development and testing of new projects. Besides having had a long and varied flying career this man has a scientific background of, at least, engineering degree standard. His contribution to the curtailment of development test programmes is enormous. He knows not only *what* happens in the air but *why*. But he is a very rare bird. It takes years to acquire sufficient flying experience, especially in peace-time and, in addition,



THE AVON LANCASTRIAN

Flying test beds with mixed power plants contributed greatly to the extremely rapid development of turbo-jet engines. The roomy fuselage of the Lancastrian permitted extensive flight instrumentation and enough technicians for piston and jet development at the same time—sometimes to the utter consternation of the pilot!

One of these aircraft met the first squadron of B.29s to cross the Atlantic and went to investigate at about 27,000 ft. After a few minutes, shyness evidently overcame the B.29s, and they climbed to 35,000 ft. The old cigar gently pursued the Superfortresses until they were obviously quite terrified and proceeding at full throttle. The awful climax came when the Merlins were feathered and the 'Avon Lanc' climbed away into the eternal twilight at 45 degrees, apparently without power.

the growing complexity of the engineering sciences means that at least four years must be spent in academic study (preferably in addition to a practical apprenticeship) in order to equip the engineering test pilot thoroughly for his task. The problem is to locate the bird, to catch him young and to train him adequately.

In this country we have a school for training pilots to test aircraft, the Empire Test Pilots School, and this school has no equal anywhere in the world. The American Army and Navy send their brightest young men to its courses. In the air the test flying student is given experience on every principal type of aircraft and is instructed in all the facets of analytical flying technique. On the ground he is given at least the rudiments of those aspects of aeronautics which are directly applicable to his job, for instance the principles of stability and control, problems like wing flexing and flutter, and so on. However, it cannot be hoped that he will learn more than the *language* of the aeronautical engineer in the time available.

What sort of background and training would be looked for in the test pilot I have in mind? Certainly for sufficient flying experience it is practically essential that they should be members of one of the flying Services. Most university entrants into the Royal Air Force are

capable of being taught how to handle an aircraft in flight, but there is no guarantee that they will be capable of flying to the exacting standard demanded of a test pilot. By far the best way, I feel, to select a pilot is to take a man of really outstanding natural ability who also possesses a first-class brain and to train him for the technical side of the job. The alternative of taking a 'plumber' and teaching him to fly is equally valuable only if he proves to have exceptional ability and can obtain the necessary flying experience before he becomes too old for testing.

Cadets from Cranwell receive an excellent and broad instruction not only in basic scientific subjects but also in those which every pilot needs, such as navigation and meteorology. The test pilot must be able to use the latter instinctively while concentrating on his proper tasks. The cream of ex-Cranwellians are destined, as we know, to become responsible for policy-making in the Service after they have obtained practical and flying experience in squadrons and as instructors. But in the very nature of things future policy will be much more intimately bound up with technicalities than ever before. This in itself presents a very difficult problem, for the technician's point of view will become increasingly difficult to understand when operational policy is becoming much more closely

dependent upon technical achievement and application.

Perhaps there is an answer to this problem. By the time flight cadets are due to leave the Royal Air Force College, it is known whether they have an above-average ability as pilots and whether they have an aptitude for the sciences. For those few—and they can only be few—who do superlatively well on both sides it would seem that a short period of intensive squadron flying might well be followed by an engineering degree course, or its equivalent. If possible, a post-graduate course in aeronautics at Cranfield could be taken after the degree course.

The flying experience chosen for these very carefully selected above average pilots should, in my opinion, aim at wider variety than is possible in the normal two-year tour of duty on one type unless this can be undertaken with a Service Trials or Development Squadron. But it must first include the training normally given to operational pilots, since a personal knowledge of the tactical fighting qualities demanded of an aircraft will be invaluable. If economy in time and cost is a factor to be taken into account, the greatest economy might be achieved by sending pilots on an instructors' course at the Central Flying School, followed by a year's instructing at Cranwell. In my own experience, after ten years of very varied flying, I have learnt—or re-learnt—many fundamental principles of flying and aeroplane design in trying to impart the elements of the art of piloting to my cadets.

There is plenty of opportunity as well as sufficient leisure in Service life for private study, a way to knowledge which should by no means be despised. To assist the private student there are a number of correspondence colleges which provide excellent courses of instruction for such examinations as that of the Royal Aeronautical Society (of degree standard and recognised universally) and for an external B.Sc. degree at London University. A man who qualifies in this way not only proves his technical ability, but he demonstrates also his tenacity of purpose and other qualities of character valuable in any

officer and in particular a modern test pilot, for nowadays there is less of the glamour and much more of the hard, solid grind in test flying. His acceptance for the E.T.P.S. course, given the necessary flying ability, would almost certainly be a foregone conclusion, and in a Service of the future, dependent upon scientific apparatus, his career would be assured. His admission to Cranfield would be practically guaranteed, enabling him to qualify for the valuable 'E' Specialist Symbol with its grant of seniority.

A number of graduates from the test flying course leave the Service and enter the aircraft industry. This must continue to be so because there is no other source from which the industry can recruit its test flying personnel. At first sight it might seem that the Service is losing valuable material on which the outlay had been considerable, but their services are by no means lost. The Air Ministry pays, and very heavily, for flying development on prototype aircraft and the contribution of these technically qualified pilots would far outweigh the expenditure incurred in their training. Moreover, war is today a business involving the entire resources of the nation, the leadership of its aircraft industry being not only complementary to, but essential to the victorious Service operation of its aircraft. Those who leave the Royal Air Force to serve in industry as experimental and development pilots share equally in the immense satisfaction of being a vital cog in maintaining Britain's lead in a highly competitive industry in time of peace as well as in our main bulwark of defence in time of war. They can command a very high salary at an early age together with many perquisites and privileges, and they receive the respect rightly due to a position of considerable responsibility.

Hitherto, it was widely felt that a test flying career was very limited in scope, and that at an early age one could no longer cope physically with the arduous task of experimental aircraft testing so that one was forced prematurely into a sedentary occupation. But this was never true. Two chief test pilots of my acquaintance were still actively engaged on development work long after their fiftieth birthdays. One of them subsequently became director of flight test and ulti-

THE NENE VAMPIRE

Only the "elephants' ears" reveal the unorthodoxy of this Vampire, which conceals a 5,000 lb. thrust Nene in its slight swollen posterior. While the maximum speed increase was small owing to the airframe limiting Mach number, the rate of climb was materially improved and the ceiling raised, both vital performance criteria for an interceptor.



mately a managing director of his company, but he had specialist qualifications. The other simply will not stop flying and nearly ten years later is a test flying consultant, who not long ago took a jet up to forty thousand in about four minutes to prove the new engines before sending the prototype back to the airframe manufacturer for the officially timed publicity climb. The 'secret' is to keep in constant practice; if you do this, you can fly jets as long as you can drive a Bentley on the road!

The professional background which the engineering pilot possesses, allied to his actual test flying experience, will fit him admirably for senior appointments in both industry and the Service, in which he will be better equipped to

control technical policy than the engineer who has never flown at all. There is every reason why the test pilot who has been trained in this way should rise to the very highest ranks of the Service or of industry. The reward, whichever choice you make, is very great, but it demands years of training and continued enthusiasm and it is necessary to make up your mind at an early age; as soon, in fact, as you know that you have the necessary potential in flying ability and mental capacity. Speaking personally, I hope that the very best pilots and science students who pass out from Cranwell will think seriously about including engineering test flying in their careers, and that their ambition will be blessed with encouragement and adequate reward.

J. R.

THE CORONATION PARADE

(continued from page 74)

No. 3 FLIGHT

Flight Commander: Flt Cdt U.O. King S. E. *Markers:* Flt Cdt Sgt Witty R. F., Snr Flt Cdt Molesworth D. W., Snr Flt Cdt Organ P. D., Flt Cds Bowes J. M., Boyce T. S., Hancock R. M., MacNicol N. R., Reynolds S., England D. C., Grierson G. S., Holmes R. L., Kelly M. A., Lees M., Lewis P. J., Miller J. I., Southgate M. R., Bates R. D., Dobson J. B., Eden D. F., Edwards D. G., Food A. R., Hardy M. J., Kearl I. M., King P. J., Miller C. J., Sheppard T. H., Stanning P. H., Ball M. J., Bond T. A., Curtis M. L., Green L. J., Johnson D. R., Kent B. R., Abeysinhe J. M., Burrage D. J., Cresswell J. S., Hines F. M., Horsfield R., Lea N. G., McArthur D. A., Meeks A. D.

No. 4 FLIGHT

Flight Commander: Flt Cdt. U.O. Parker N. A., *Markers:* Flt Cdt Sgt Quayle C. E., Snr Flt Cdt Ilsley D. J., Snr Flt Cdt Neves R. E., Green G., Taylor D. J., Cash P. B., Lim C. S., Flt Cdt Bright A., Pringle R. B., Vella J. F., Watts J. R., Woods D. J., Barnard J. B., Bourne D. R., Cooper J. E., De'Ath J. G., Green R., Rehan A., Allisstone M. J., Dufton A., Gale R. A. A., Howells M. A., James C. P., King C. E., Kerrigan J. G., Tierney J. E., Welby P. J., Wilkinson I. D., Austin K. P., Chandler A. M., Craig A. R., Hollis D. J., Sandle J. R., Scroggs T. W., McLelland-Brown A. J., Serrell-Cooke A. J., Stables D. P., Whimman D. C., Weight A., Weeden B. A.

Relief Flight Commander: Flt Cdt Sgt Denny A. C.

No. 5 FLIGHT

Flight Commander: Flt Cdt U.O. Cock P. G. *Markers:* Flt Cdt Sgt Ayres J. R., Flt Cdt Sgt Reypert. Snr Flt Cds Foster D. J., Newton B. H., Nowell J. W., Pickersgill J. W., Flt Cds Coleman A. K., Drummond J. M., Field G. P., Goodall M. J., Moors E. H., Morgan J. A., Taylor C. C., Harding W. K., McInstry P. E., Naismith D. J., St. Aubyn B. J., Seneviratne B. D., Sinel M. L., Spatcher J. L., Cooper A. C., Farwell J., Forse B. E., Goldring R. A., Jennings J. K., Jones M. L., McIntyre D., Moore M. A., Morgan A. G., Poyser G. F., Whittam J. R., Heyward B. B., Hutchinson J. D., Phillips C. J., Pugh J. D., Richardson C. G., Snare R. T. F., Tomlin B. F., Wallingford J., Walpole N. J., Waters J. C., Salter A.

The following also took part in the parade:

Squadron Leader D. G. Roberts, W.O. R. A. Masters, B.E.M., Flt Sgts Lune R. J. and Holt J.



New Rules for the Chimay Cup

THE rules for the competition for the Chimay Cup have been modified this term. With the old 'knock-out' system it was possible for a squadron with, for instance, a good hockey team, to lose in the first round, though it might have been capable of winning against either team in the other game of the first round. In this way the luck of the draw played a part in the competition. Because it was a 'knock-out' competition points were awarded only to those who were first and second and there was no ruling for settling a tie.

To overcome these drawbacks the league system was introduced. A squadron now plays each of the other three squadrons in turn and points are awarded in the ratio 5:3:1 to the squadrons which come first second and third in each sport. Each term five sports make up the

Chimay Cup and these sports are graded by their importance so that, as an example, in the summer term cricket is worth 25 points, swimming 20, rowing 15, and tennis and shooting are each 10 points. If two squadrons tie for a position, the points are shared.

The contest for the Prince of Wales Trophy, the winner of which has the honour of becoming Sovereign's Squadron in the following term, remains unchanged and consists of the Chimay Cup, worth 25 points, the Ferris Drill Trophy worth 15 points, and the Knocker Cup for Physical Training, worth 10 points; the points for second and third places, as in the Chimay Cup are in the ratio 5:3:1. If a tie occurs the trophy is awarded to the squadron with the most wins and if this leaves the problem undecided, to the squadron which wins the Chimay Cup.

NEW POINTS SYSTEM FOR THE CHIMAY CUP

<i>Autumn Term</i>	<i>Spring Term</i>	<i>Summer Term</i>	<i>1st</i>	<i>2nd</i>	<i>3rd</i>
Rugby	Athletics	Cricket	25	15	5
Association Football	Hockey	Swimming	20	12	4
Boxing	Cross-country	Rowing	15	9	3
Fencing	Squash	Tennis	10	6	2
Shooting	Shooting	Shooting	10	6	2

Prince of Wales Trophy

	<i>1st</i>	<i>2nd</i>	<i>3rd</i>
Chimay Cup	25	15	5
Ferris Drill Trophy	15	9	3
Knocker Cup	10	6	2

The Rugby Match against Salon

THE rugby match between the Royal Air Force College and L'Ecole de l'Air, Salon-de-Provence, played at Cranwell on 21st March, had the atmosphere of an international which it indeed deserved. The day was calm and warm with sunny periods, the ground perfect for an interesting, open game. The two teams were very evenly matched and what advantage the College team gained by experience it lost to the superior speed of the Frenchmen. The College pack played a first-class game against heavier opponents and the share of the ball from the set-scrums was even. The Salon three-quarters were very fast and it was only the strong, consistent tackling of the College backs which averted defeat. The tempo of the game increased in the second half and reached a peak at the finish. 'No side' came with the scores at five points each, although the College came close to scoring before the final whistle blew.

The two teams lined up to be presented to the Commandants of Salon and Cranwell and then, the presentations over, the national anthems of England and France were played. There was a large crowd along the touch-line to give moral support to both sides. The Frenchmen looked formidable in their padded jerseys and brief shorts, and their loosening-up antics before the game delighted the crowd. The College kicked off facing the sun and from that moment the two teams played hard rugby. After

five minutes the Salon scrum half gathered a loose ball and jinked through our defences to score between the posts. The kick was easily converted and the Frenchmen were five points up. This spurred the College team on to play harder and they kept the game in the French half until half-time, but bad finishing and poor handling spoiled many good openings. The College backs were cramped by the speedy Frenchmen and the wing often received the ball to face three of the defenders. The French forwards shouted amongst themselves and the College pack found it hard to hear the scrum half's signal as he put the ball into the set-scrums. Ten minutes before half-time the College captain, Carse, at fly-half, took a pass from the scrum, beat his man, and went through to score a neat try beneath the posts. K. Briggs converted and put the scores level at five points each.

The second half was more intense and the touch-kicking in defence was good on both sides. The College pack-leader, Johnson, had the bad luck to dislocate his shoulder when magnificently tackling the French left-wing who had broken through and was sprinting for the line. The French, a few minutes later, also lost a forward who went off with a thigh injury. The handling of our backs was still nervous and many chances were missed by dropped passes. They practised the kick-ahead along the ground,



SALON V. THE COLLEGE

A Cranwell attack is subdued by the sound tackling of the French backs

but the French covered too quickly. Three penalties were missed and the score stayed level at five all. During the last minutes the College made a desperate attempt to cross the French line and at one moment the right wing, P. McLeod, looked as if he was going over, but was pulled down at the last minute. It was a fine game to watch and spectators agreed that the score was a fair result. We understand that

the usurping of the fixture by the athletics team in 1952 was only temporary and that the 1954 fixture at Salon will be rugby football.

J. M. McL.

Fencing v. Salon

This well-fought match was won by Cranwell 14—13.

Inter-Squadron Athletics, 1953

THE annual inter-Squadron sports were preceded by the standards competition. Despite the raised standards in some events, 65 per cent of all cadets in the College managed to obtain one or more standards and, in so doing, assisted their squadrons. In the early stages all competition seemed to be between 'A' and 'C' Squadrons, but in the last week 'D' Squadron made a magnificent effort to win by a margin of 5 per cent. over 'A,' with 'C' and 'B' following closely behind. It is interesting to note that this year nine cadets obtained a standard in all five groups, while fourteen obtained four standards. If the standard continues to rise it will soon be the turn for the College to carry home the Triangular Shield, a feat which to our knowledge has yet to be accomplished.

The day of the athletics match was perfect, with warm sun and a light breeze. After the arrival of the Commandant and Mrs. Eeles, the meeting began with an exciting race in the 120 yards high hurdles, which was won by Wallingford from Turner. In the 2 miles which followed, the tireless Goldring raced home in 10 min. 10 sec., followed by his team-mate Poyser. The same cadet was later to win the mile in 4 min.



Whitman of 'B' Squadron wins the 440 yards comfortably from Ablitt of 'A' Squadron



Briggs of 'A' Squadron just fails at 9 ft. 6 in. in the pole vault

34 sec., a remarkable double at this early stage of the season, as in both events Goldring easily beat the times set up last year.

The 100 yards was won by Whitwam, and this was followed by a thrilling half-mile which produced not only fast racing, but was an object lesson in tactics. At the gun, Lewis took the lead and was closely followed by Hollis of 'D' Squadron, who forced him to run the first lap in the fast time of 58 sec. At the bell De'Ath challenged the leader and, with a fine piece of running, passed him on the back straight. The effects of the fast first lap were now felt by Lewis, who was unable to catch De'Ath, who won in 2 min. 2.6 sec., with Jennings finishing just ahead of Lewis. All three runners bettered last year's result.

Within the next half hour Whitwam completed an excellent treble, adding the furlong and the quarter mile titles to his 100 yards victory.

Over in the jumping pits Ablitt and Allison (60), assisted by the recent improvements in the pits, both cleared 20 ft. in the long jump and Whitson pole-vaulted within four inches of the College record. Clearing 5 ft. 4 in., Hancock

won the high jump. In the hop, step and jump the efforts of Jones were sadly missed by his squadron. The event was won by Allison (60).

In the throwing events, the standard was low in the shot and the discus. However the javelin event produced the best individual effort of the day, when Lord broke the College record, which had stood for four years, with a throw of 165 ft. 4½ in. As Lord is still a junior at the College he should achieve great things.

An exciting interlude was provided by the final of the tug-of-war between 'A' and 'C' Squadrons. Eventually the better co-ordination

of the 'A' Squadron team won them the contest.

The competition for Sovereign's Squadron was now at its peak, as a victory in the athletics would decide the winner. The relays were both won by 'D' Squadron, with 'A' second. This made 'A' Squadron easy winners of a very enjoyable afternoon's sport.

At the final reckoning it was seen that of the fourteen events contested the results of eleven of them were better than in 1952. The fixture list for the current season is full and varied and we look forward to a continued improvement.

F. W. R.

INTER-SQUADRON RESULTS

Event.	1st	2nd	3rd	Time Dist.
120 Yards Hurdles	Wallingford	Turner	Reypert	17.6 sec.
Pole Vault	Whitsun	Briggs (61)	Reynolds	9 ft. 8 in.
Two Miles	Goldring	Poyser	Robey	10 min. 10 sec.
Long Jump	Ablitt	Allison (60)	Bichard	20 ft. 2¼ in.
Discus	Pyrah	Brown, R. (60)	Bourne	102 ft. 4 in.
100 Yards	Whitman	Organ	Sawyer	10.7 sec.
High Jump	Hancock	Coleman	Walpole	5 ft. 4 in.
880 Yards	De'Ath	Jennings	Lewis (61)	2 min. 2.6 sec.
Hop, Step and Jump	Allison (60)	Salt	Atkin	41 ft. 1 in.
220 Yards	Whitwam	Organ	Kirby	23.7 sec.
Javelin	Lord	Whittam	Salt	165 ft. 4½ in.
Mile	Goldring	Serrell-Cooke	Bond	4 min. 34 sec.
440 Yards	Whitman	Ablitt	Kirby	53.4 sec.
4×110 Yards Relay	'D'	—	—	—
Tug-of-War	'A'	'C'	—	—
Medley Relay	'D'	—	—	—

Full Bore Shooting: A Summary

AS we go to press news has been received of the Shooting team's progress during the 1953 season. Team averages reveal an interesting pattern. (Figures quoted, except where stated otherwise, are the aggregates of the best eight shots with a maximum possible score of 1600.)

March training	1096
April training, including Bisley Camp	1169
Flying Training Command Meeting	1190
June training	1210
R.A.F. Meeting (Sweepstakes)	1221
R.A.F. Meeting (Non-Tyro/Tyro Competition)	1230
R.A.F. Meeting (Rifle Championship)	1256
R.A.F. Meeting (Trenchard Cup)	1238†
R.M.A. Sandhurst Match	1234†

(†Nominated Eight)

In the Station (rifle) team match for the Trenchard Challenge Cup the scores of the winners (Locking) and the College team (2nd) were records. In the past a score of 1200—1210 was considered a certainty to win, but on this occasion the College team's score totalled 1238 points, made up as follows:

	Delib- erate	Run- down	Rapid	Snap	Total
Sqn Ldr Thomas	43	44	43	42	172
Flt Cdt McIntyre	44	43	39	38	164
Snr Flt Cdt Gilpin	44	45	38	31	158
Flt Cdt Boyce	45	37	34	42	158

	Delib- erate	Run- down	Rapid	Snap	Total
Cdt Salwey	41	36	32	42	151
Flt Cdt Wallingford	43	44	33	30	150
Cdt Biddiscombe	42	40	35	29	146
Cdt Taylor	42	36	39	22	139
	344	325	293	276	1238

Team successes were:

S.R. (a)	2nd out of 136
S.R. (b)	25th out of 148
Revolver	2nd out of 48
Combat Snap	3rd out of 60

Individual successes were gained by Biddiscombe who won the Tyro Challenge Cup and the Young Officers and Airmen's Cup. Stanning won the Revolver Tyro Cup.

The following cadets made up the team:

Snr Flt Cdt Gilpin	S.R.(a), Captain, Combat Snap Captain.
Flt Cdt Boyce	S.R.(a), and Revolver Captain.
Flt Cdt McIntyre	S.R.(a), and Combat Snap.
Flt Cdt Gale	S.R.(a), Revolver and Combat Snap.
Flt Cdt Wallingford	S.R.(a), and S.R.(b) Captain.
Flt Cdt Burrage	S.R.(a) reserve.
Cdt Biddiscombe	S.R.(a), S.R.(b) and Combat Snap.
Cdt Salwey	S.R.(a) and S.R.(b).
Cdt Taylor	S.R.(a).



HOCKEY XI — APRIL 1953

*Standing: Flt Cdt I. A. Quereshi, Flt Cdt B. R. J. Ablitt, Flt Cdt J. Farwell, Flt Cdt B. N. Carter, Flt Cdt J. R. Wetts
Seated: Flt Cdt A. R. Food, Snr Flt Cdt D. B. Hives, Flt Cdt R. F. Witty (Capt), Flt Lt L. J. Clancy, Flt Cdt R. S. Blockey, Flt Cdt C. J. Miller, Flt Cdt G. A. P. Chamberlain*

Reports on Sport in the Spring Term

HOCKEY

WE did not have a brilliant season. At the beginning of the term we were saddened by the loss of our captain, M. R. Heaney. His inspiring example, both on and off the field, was greatly missed.

Although it was the main hockey term, only ten more players were available than in the previous term. This often made it difficult to run a practice game as well as two elevens. Both the first and the second teams had difficulty in settling down during the term. It was, therefore, not surprising that neither played as a team in our big match of the term against R.M.A., Sandhurst. Nevertheless, the match was most enjoyable and we did not lose through lack of individual effort. Team work, so essential, remains our chief shortcoming.

The Royal Air Force team gave us a sound beating as well as an opportunity to learn from some really first-class hockey players. There were times, however, as in the match against the Royal Artillery, when the team pulled together; the match against the Northern Command was another occasion when our team fought strongly, maintaining a lead until late in the game.

The second eleven had a good season, but showed the same inherent faults as the first.

We look forward to fielding a strong team in the coming season, since few of our players will be leaving. Among the leavers, though, will be our captain, R. F. Witty, who took office at an extremely difficult time, and whose reward is the high spirit the team achieved under his leadership.

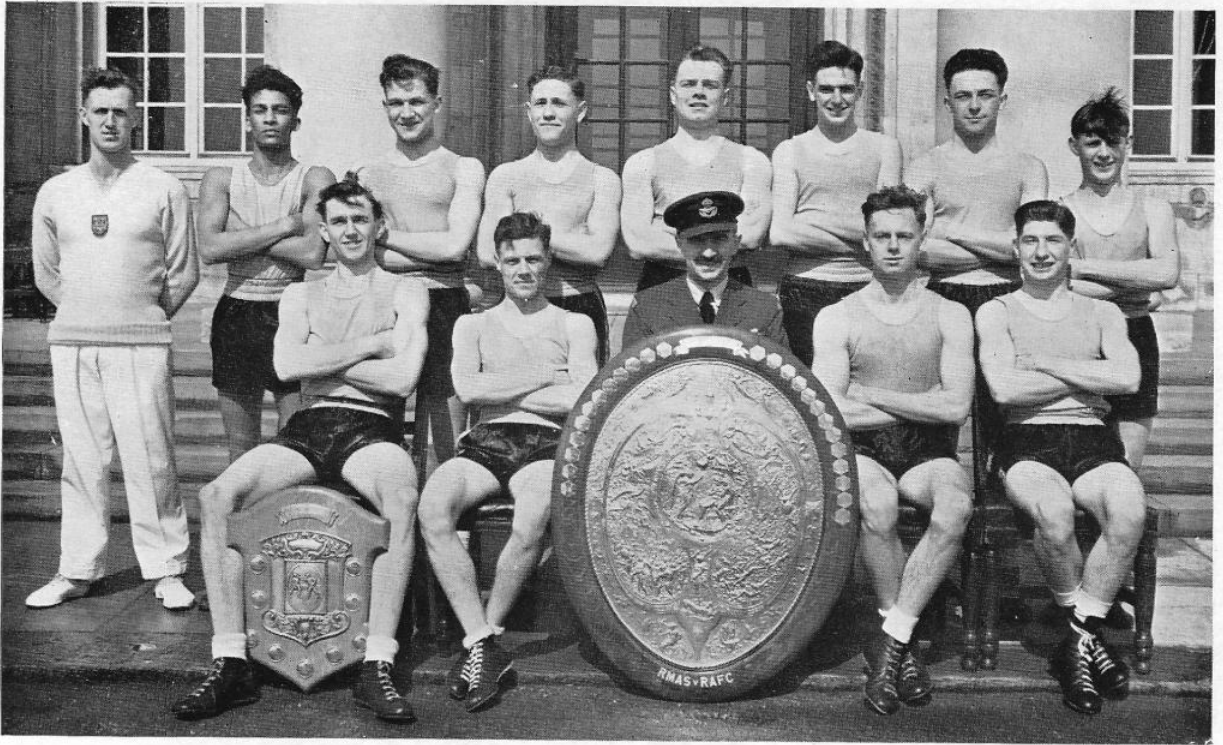
Full colours have been awarded to: Snr Flt Cdt D. B. Hives, Flt Cdt G. A. R. Chamberlain, R. S. Blockey, C. J. Miller, A. R. Food.

Half colours have been awarded to: Snr Flt Cdt Johnson, Flt Cdt I. A. Quereshi, J. Farwell, B. R. J. Ablitt.

A. R. F.

E. & S. WING

At the beginning of the winter term we had ahead of us a considerable fixture list of matches with Royal Air Force and civilian hockey clubs. The term proved to be an excellent training period for our team, although we lost a considerable number of games. When No. 8 Entry graduated we lost Farmer-Wright and Opie from our forward line, and



BOXING TEAM — APRIL 1953

Standing: Sgt C. R. Free, Cdt S. M. V. Situnayake, Cdt D. A. MacArthur, Cdt P. M. Pabworth, Flt Cdt J. A. Tuckey, Flt Cdt A. J. W. Whitaker, Flt Cdt E. J. Denson, Cdt P. W. Monteith
Seated: Flt Cdt D. R. Burles, Flt Cdt Sgt B. Watson (Capt.), Sqn Ldr D. G. Roberts, M.M., Flt Cdt C. T. B. Peile, Flt Cdt N. R. MacNicol

we had to hope that the new entry would provide replacements. We were lucky, and Reed and Full-james proved extremely able successors.

The matches before the inter-Squadron competition welded us together into a team. Our match against Normanby Park proved that we worked well together. This was the only team on our fixture list that the College 1st XI also played, and the result of their match was extremely heartening to us, as we had beaten Normanby Park. Because of the demands made by rugby and association football on our team we had very few matches before the inter-Squadron competition where the whole team played together, but our Sunday games gave us the practice we needed.

The Digby Hockey Festival was the finale of our hockey season. Although we were knocked out in the early stages of the competition the team thoroughly enjoyed the matches they did have. We met some of our old friends from Brigg and Alford and next season we hope to have some more fixtures with them.

Thanks must go to Pringle for his excellent work as Secretary. During the season he has kept us up to the mark and is responsible for a lot of our

success. Our captain, Ilsley, has been an able leader, and has held us together during the harder games.
 D. R. B.

RESULTS

1ST XI

Jan.	21	Loughborough	1—1	drawn
	24	Appleby Frodingham	0—3	lost
	21	Normanby Park	2—2	drawn
Feb.	7	R.A.F. Cranwell	2—4	lost
	18	Downing C., Cambridge	...	1—1	drawn
	21	Royal Artillery	1—5	lost
Mar.	7	Wisbech	1—3	lost
	11	King's Lynn Pelicans	3—0	won
	14	Royal Air Force	0—6	lost
	18	Northern Command	3—4	lost
	21	Lincoln Imps	2—1	won
	28	R.M.A. Sandhurst	1—4	lost

'A' XI

Apr.	4	Skegness	0—6	lost
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2ND XI

Jan.	24	Lysaghts	3—2	won
	31	R.A.F. Cranwell 1st XI	1—5	lost
Feb.	18	Downing C., Cambridge	...	3—2	won
Mar.	7	Long Sutton	4—2	won
	21	Long Sutton	3—3	drawn
	28	R.M.A. Sandhurst	2—5	lost



CROSS-COUNTRY TEAM — APRIL 1953

*Standing: Flt Cdt J. D. Pugh, Flt Cdt B. F. Tomlin, Flt Cdt T. A. M. Bond, Cdt M. V. Robey, Flt Cdt J. K. Jennings, Flt Cdt Barnard
Seated: Flt Cdt G. F. Poyser, Flt Cdt R. A. C. Goldring (Capt.), Flt Lt R. Colbeck, Flt Cdt J. De'Ath, Flt Cdt P. St. J. Dawe*

CROSS-COUNTRY

'Our strength lies in quality and not quantity' is a phrase which has been the slogan of the cross-country team for many seasons in the past, when a small body of cadets ventured forth weekly in an attempt to gain victories for the College, along muddy lanes or across frozen plough.

The spring term has been rather the exception, as not only has the quality prevailed, maintained by conscientious and continuous training, but the quantity has increased, providing a reserve of members who have always acquitted themselves well whenever called upon to do so.

It has been a successful season, as reference to the results will indicate, and much of this success has been due to the efforts and fine example of the captain, Goldring, ably assisted by the vice captain, De'Ath.

The most ambitious fixture of the season was the Hyde Park Road Relay, a national event, in which

29 teams participated. The College team attained eighth place, a commendable result in view of the stiff competition. All members of the team are to be congratulated on their stout efforts. In addition to the team deriving benefit from such an event the spirit displayed and the results achieved certainly provided excellent publicity for the College.

The inter-Squadron cross-country produced exciting moments, although 'C' Squadron were the favourites in view of the monopoly they hold in seasoned cross-country runners. It was interesting to note that this annual event was not only an exciting one (because of the spirited efforts of the runners), but also offered plenty of amusement to the spectators, who had many opportunities of observing the special, and often individual, tactics of squadron officers urging their respective teams to try that little bit harder when coming up to the post.

The climax of the season came in the form of a run on that formidable and heart-rending course at Sandhurst. Our memories of the course are not

happy ones, but this time the College team set forth in confident spirit to run against the Milocarian 'A' and 'B' teams and the Royal Navy Engineering College, Keyham. It may have been the development of course tactics, brought about by bitter experience, or even possibly the result of the team's spending the previous evening in London; but whatever the reason, our opponents had ample opportunity to study the College running colours throughout the run. The day went to the College and the season closed, giving well earned rest to all members of the team. Rest, at least, from climbing hills and running through streams, for now most members of the team turn to track events in preparation for the athletic season. It is hoped that the athletics coach will not have too much trouble in converting robust hill climbers into speedy track runners.

Full colours have been awarded to: Flt Cds R. A. C. Goldring (Captain), J. De'Ath (Vice-captain), G. F. Poyser, P. Dawe.

Half colours have been awarded to Flt Cdt J. Jennings.

G. F. P.

RESULTS

Jan.	27	Peterborough Harriers ...	(a)	35—44	won
Feb.	7	University C., Leicester ...	(a)	29—48	won
	21	Oundle School ...	(h)	30—48	won
	25	Caves' Grammar School ...	(h)	26—52	won
	28	Hyde Park Road Relay ...	(a)	8th (out of 29)	
Mar.	7	Inter-Squadron ...		'C,' 'D,' 'A,' 'B'	
	14	Uppingham School ...	(h)	32—47	won
	21	Boston Athletic Club ...	(h)	46—35	won
	28	Milocarian Athletic Club and R.N.E.C., Keyham	(a)		won
					1st, R.A.F.C.
					2nd, R.N.E.C.
					3rd, Milocarrians 'A'
					4th, Milocarrians 'B'

SQUASH

This season the squash team has again suffered from lack of match experience, and from the loss of one player to the hockey team. Although the final results were anything but encouraging the individual improvements shown by all members of the team, especially the newer men, were considerable and most welcome. For this we must thank our coach, Corporal Catharine, who has throughout the term shown great patience and perseverance in trying to form a team out of the limited material available. Of the fifty cadets who played squash as a major sport this season, seven received team coaching while many others were also able to gain valuable coaching.

Of our thirteen matches this term eight were lost, three were cancelled, and two were won. The Abbeydale and Nottingham Squash Rackets Clubs provided two strong matches early in the season, and to each we lost 0—5. To London University, whom

we had beaten the previous team, we were unfortunate to lose 2—3; Nottingham University we defeated 3—2. There followed a series of close matches, Worcester College, Oxford, Corpus Christi, Cambridge, and Royal Air Force Upwood all defeating us by 3—2. With a very weak team we did well to beat St. Peter's School, York, by 4—1, but were well beaten by Eton College 0—5, and by Loughborough 0—4.

In the inter-Squadron squash competition 'D' Squadron were unfortunate, as their best players were ill when they lost to 'C' Squadron in the semi-final. 'A' Squadron beat 'B' in the semi-final and went on to retain the cup by beating 'C' in the final.

The team consisted of P. L. Gray, M. Lees, R. A. Neves, T. Cohu and B. Jones, while P. G. Cock and N. Pickersgill also played for the College.

M. L.

E. AND S. WING

Six matches were played during the spring term, three of which were won and the remainder lost. Our opponents included Royal Air Force Stations Waddington, Syerston and Scampton and the officers of the E. and S. Wing.

The team wishes to thank Flying Officer A. F. Grundy and Corporal Catharine for the generous help they have given us throughout the season.

J. E. C.

BOXING

In the 1952-53 season the College had probably the strongest fixture list it has ever had; despite this the team had the good record of 5 matches won to only 3 lost. That this was so was due to the hard work put in during training and also to the expert coaching of Sergeant Free, the team's trainer.

During the spring term the College had three matches, two of which they won.

After winning against R.A.F. Cottesmore by 3 bouts to 2, the team travelled to Oxford University on 18th February. The University were both fit and strong, and they won the match by 8—3. The College gained some valuable experience from this contest and McArthur is to be specially congratulated on a very good fight which he narrowly lost on points. In the final match of the season the College gained a convincing victory over St. Paul's School by 7 fights to 2.

Coaching will be continued through the summer in preparation for next season when it is hoped we will have another strong team.

C. T. B. P.

RUGBY FOOTBALL

The 'A' XV, which consists only of those players who will still be at the College next winter term, has had quite a successful season. Out of eleven games played five were won, five were lost and one drawn.



MODERN PENTATHLON — APRIL 1953

Standing: Flt Cdt T. W. Nowell, Sgt A. Bendelow, Flt Cdt J. B. Cannon

Seated: Flt Cdt C. J. Miller, Sqn Ldr D. W. Bedford, Snr Flt Cdt D. M. A. Samuels, Flt Lt R. MacDonald, Snr Flt Cdt D. J. Brett

At the beginning of the term the team did not play well together and as a result we lost our first two matches. As so often happens, good opposition brings out the best in a team and our defeat of Caius College, Cambridge, was no exception. In this game the team really played as a team and gave a wonderful exhibition of fast open rugby. From then on the team settled down and won most of the remaining fixtures.

One of the best days of the term was 11th March, when the 'A' and 2nd XV's went down to Henlow. The 2nd team gave a very spirited display of fast open rugby against the Technical Cadets' team. The 'A' team watched this game and were determined to show that they too could play determined ruggar and they beat a strong team convincingly 11—0.

After the game both teams were very well entertained in the Cadets' Mess.

There has been an increase in the number of 2nd and 3rd games and, although more points were scored against us than we scored ourselves, much valuable match experience was gained by players of both teams, and it is hoped that this may raise the standard of future 1st XV's.

The 'bloodbath' was between 64 and 65 Entries this term and was won by 64.

We are very grateful to Flight Lieutenant Williams for his constant help and guidance and for the many hours he has spent coaching the teams in the basic arts, and in tactics. Our thanks are also due to Squadron Leader Wilson, who has helped with

coaching and who has refereed so many of our games.

B. B. H.

'A' XV RESULTS

Jan. 17	Jesus College, Cambridge	(a)	0-6	lost
24	Oundle School	(h)	5-6	lost
Feb. 21	Caius C., Cambridge	(h)	19-9	won
Mar. 4	Loughborough Vandals	(a)	5-14	lost
7	Stamford	(a)	23-0	won
11	R.A.F. Tech. C., Henlow	(a)	11-0	won
14	Stonygate	(h)	30-8	won
18	College Staff	(h)	6-8	lost
21	L'Ecole de l'Air, Salon	(h)	5-5	drawn
25	Loughborough Vandals	(h)	10-8	won
28	Kesteven	(h)	0-9	lost

Played 11; Won 5; lost 5; drawn 1; points for 114, against 73.

2ND XV RESULTS

Jan. 17	Belgrave	(h)	0-6	lost
24	Rolls Royce	(h)	5-13	lost
Feb. 7	Boston	(a)	0-17	lost
14	Skegness	(a)	0-8	lost
Mar. 7	Ruston and Hornby	(a)	9-6	won
11	Henlow Cadets	(a)	15-10	won
14	University C., Leicester	(h)	0-3	lost
28	Wisbech	(h)	3-6	lost
Apr. 4	Grimsby	(h)	12-6	won

Played 9; won 3; lost 6. Points for 44, against 75.

3RD XV RESULTS

Jan. 28	University C., Leicester	(a)	3-23	lost
31	Henry Mellish Old Boys	(a)	17-16	won
Feb. 7	Newark 'B'	(a)	9-0	won
Mar. 3	Newark 'B'	(h)	0-35	lost
28	Wisbech 2nd XV	(a)	25-6	won

Played 5; won 3; lost 2. Points for 54, against 80.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

As the results printed below indicate, the College soccer team did not have a very successful spring term. The defence never settled down, the attack seemed able to do everything except score goals, and

a series of injuries did nothing to help matters. Occasionally the team did play well together, as was shown in the match against University College, Hull. We had never previously won at Hull. Several times we were beaten by the odd goal and yet the team never seemed to play at full stretch. But in the last two games of the season the team really showed their worth. They obtained their revenge by beating the Officers' Mess and the game was fast and hard fought throughout.

Against a selected schools' side at Cambridge the whole team played brilliantly and were unlucky not to win. In particular Edwards played with great skill and was congratulated by everyone in being chosen for a Youth Trial match to be held in August. Thus a poor season ended on a high note.

The second XI never had a stable team and their play consequently suffered. They, too, had a poor season.

The future for the soccer teams, however, so far as recruitment goes, seems much brighter, since recent entries have yielded a useful number of players. But successful teams must train hard, and until this is taken to heart by players it is doubtful if even an improvement in numbers will lead to an improvement in results.

L. G. H.

RESULTS

Jan. 17	Gainsborough	(a)	2-2	drawn
21	University C., Hull	(a)	5-2	won
28	University C., Leicester	(h)	0-8	lost
31	Birmingham University	(a)	1-2	lost
Feb. 7	King Edward VII School, Sheffield	(a)	2-2	drawn
18	Loughborough	(a)	3-4	lost
Mar. 7	Birmingham University	(h)	1-8	lost
11	College Staff	(h)	2-3	lost
18	Sheffield University	(h)	1-6	lost
25	Officers' Mess	(h)	3-2	won
Apr. 9	Selected Schools' side (Cambridge)	(a)	1-1	drawn

THE CHIMAY CUP

Summary of Points Scored in Spring Term, 1953

	'A'	'B'	'C'	'D'	Points Awarded	
					1st	2nd
Hockey	—	—	2½	5	5	2½
Athletics	7	—	—	3½	7	3½
Shooting	2	—	1	—	2	1
Cross Country	1½	—	3	—	3	1½
Squash	2	—	1	—	2	1
	12½	—	7½	8½		



ROYAL AIR FORCE COLLEGE ACTIVITIES & SOCIETIES

January-April, 1953



The Cadets' Activities Organization

The Easter Vacation

OWING to the shortness of the Easter vacation this year it was not possible for sections of the Activities Organization to execute any ambitious plans and the programme drawn up was, of necessity, limited in comparison with last year's. Nevertheless, the sailors, canoeists and pot-holers carried out interesting and useful sorties.

Six members of the Sailing section faced the rigours of the English Channel and went cruising to the Channel Islands from Salcombe. They were lucky with the weather, and although some were not so lucky with their stomachs, all came back keen to go again in the summer. Four other members of the section, able dinghymen, joined up with the Royal Air Force Yacht Club to race against the Royal Lymington Yacht Club at Lymington in Fireflies on 13th April. The match was won by Lymington, but much experience was gained by the Cranwell crews.

The College pot-holers, after an absence of two vacations, went back to Southern Ireland to explore once again the 'Per Ardua' cave system discovered by them on their previous visit.

Four members of the Canoeing section in two canoes went to Anglesey to put in some serious practice as a prelude to an attempt to cross the Channel in the summer. (During the spring term the section as a whole fell to the task of ensuring that all canoes were seaworthy and many were the spectators who thronged to see the strange sight of animals, half boat,



Canoeists Turner, Cox and Richard relax in a miniature Sargasso Sea after some strenuous vacation canoeing at Holyhead

half cadet, walking down the road from the Senior College past College Headquarters to the Instructional Workshops where the 'plumbing' was actually done.) Using Holyhead as a base for canoeing as well as for sightseeing, the canoeists spent a most interesting and useful time, and came away grateful for all the help that

was given them locally, especially by H.M. Coastguard and the captain of the Royal Air Force rescue launch stationed at Holyhead. Other parties chose the upper Thames as a vacation rendezvous and the section can now boast of having covered the distance from Windsor to Lechlade, some 100 miles.

The Mountaineers, who had hoped to go to the Lake District, were obliged to cancel arrangements made on account of the Service visits, which drew off most of the available membership.

Spring Term

The very paucity of reports received from secretaries of sections on activities in the spring term might suggest that little was going on. But this would be a wrong conclusion to draw. Preparations went forward steadily during the term for summer missions and, in several instances, sections can report outside activity.

Eight members of the Mountaineering section spent an enjoyable weekend at the end of March climbing at Black Rocks near Cranford in Derbyshire. Though conditions were difficult on the wet and dirty gritstone, members had a number of exhilarating climbs, on one of which they noticed a new style in climbing gear—a gritstone climber in a bowler hat! Members of the E. and S. Wing Ornithological section paid a visit to the bird sanctuary at Gibraltar Point and engaged in local observation. Their new officer in charge is Flight Lieutenant F. A. G. Poole. The Gliding section, in spite of weather and other difficulties, managed to do a little gliding during the term.



Richard and Cox preparing to leave Holyhead Harbour for Church Bay. Soldier's Point and the Holyhead mountain can be seen in the background

The College Society

The College Orchestra

LATEST and a most welcome newcomer to an already impressive list of sections of the College Society is the College Orchestra. Formed recently after many months of hard propaganda and effort by a handful of keen musicians, the new section, though small, has already settled down as a corporate body. Practices under Flying Officer Lemmon have been held in a room kindly made available by Flight Lieutenant Bangay, and great progress has been made in a short time by the ensemble. The orchestra can boast, at the time of going to press, four flutes, four clarinets, a viola, 'cello, trumpet, tuba and percussion. Violin strength, at three, is rather alarmingly low, but the section hopes that volunteers may yet be found from within the College itself or from among the families of members of the staff. An earnest request for help has gone forth for instrumentalists of all sorts, from the brilliant to the merely energetic. All who have played an instrument (including those who have not played for years) are asked to assist in the worthwhile object of building up a well-balanced combination. Flight Cadet Champion is the secretary

of the section and Flight Lieutenant Reid its officer in charge.

Choral

Vocal cords at Digby became a little tarnished last term as the choir met, apart from church services, infrequently. Enthusiasm remained, however, and on the few occasions that we held rehearsals with the ladies' choir at Lincoln Training College *Hiawatha* was tackled with great gusto. The choir led the service on Easter Sunday and rendered an Easter Anthem.
A. D.

Dancing

The arrival of a record player and amplifier at the beginning of the term proved a great boon, and it was not long before an improvement in dancing standards could be discerned. Classes were very well attended during the term. Professional dancing instruction was given to the more advanced members of the section and great progress was made by all.

M. H. K.

Debating

The spring term again proved a success for the Debating Society and, though only three meetings were held, they were well attended.

The first motion read that 'The "Un-English" element in the country should be ejected.' This provoked much discussion, especially from the 'foreign' element in the House, and the motion was, fortunately, rejected.

The motion, 'This House believes that boxing should be prohibited' attracted a large and interested audience. The Boxing Club provided the backbone of the opposition in Flight Cadets Watson and Peile, who showed that their success was not entirely confined to the ring. After a very brisk verbal battle the boxers themselves were, metaphorically, knocked out, for the motion was eventually carried.

At its next meeting, the Society debated the motion that the country had derived more benefit from the Public House than from the

Public School. Some able advocacy from Squadron Leader Richards, speaking first, put to flight a skilful opposition led by Flight Lieutenant Pride.

We were fortunate in that Flight Lieutenant Long was able to arrange a visit for us to Cambridge in February, to attend, as privileged spectators, a Union debate. This proved very enjoyable and instructive, and has done much to raise the standard of our own debates, most notably in matters of procedure.

With the departure of Senior Flight Cadet Goodall we have lost a president who has contributed much to the renaissance of the Debating Society at Cranwell. Though we are bound to miss his energy and his fund of ideas, the Society can now look to the future with every confidence.

A. M.

Fine Arts

In the spring term the Fine Arts section finally achieved, with Major Cotton's assistance, an important objective. Art classes were for the first time arranged for members of the section at the Lincoln School of Art, and on 13th March, despite the twin threats of the Ferris competition and the Intermediate examinations, a party of twelve flight cadets left for Lincoln. Since then trips have been made regularly once a week.

The lessons at Lincoln have already had a good effect and the fact that a very fine selection of artists' materials have been bought for members' use combine to make the hope of an exhibition of drawings in the summer at last a firm one.

M. A. K.

Jazz

The Jazz section increased its membership considerably during the term and the guest room in the Senior College has been the scene of many not-so-formal gatherings. The new Decalium record player has proved a great asset and we hope that our constantly increasing library of



The new College orchestra rehearsing under its conductor, Flying Officer Lemmon

records will encourage many more flight cadets to join the section.

J. C. N.

Music

The Cranwell section is able to record a very successful spring term. Well-attended gramophone recitals were given by members of the section every Sunday evening in the guest room. A concert deserving special mention was that given by Flight Lieutenant Morrice which consisted of selections from the operas of Gilbert and Sullivan.

Towards the end of the term an enthusiastic audience welcomed Cecilia Keating (violin), Eve Maxwell-Lyte (soprano) and Joan Davis (piano). They entertained us with a selection of short pieces for violin and piano. A number of folk songs were brilliantly rendered by Eve Maxwell-Lyte and her dramatic interpretations of the songs caused much laughter.

We are purchasing more long-playing records to add to our library. This, we hope, will enable us at our weekly recitals to cater for a wider range of varying, yet discerning, tastes.

D. R. B.
N. J. R. W.

Activity at Digby was limited to a visit to the Albert Hall at Nottingham and to several record recitals held in the Card Room. The section has purchased a long-required record case and additions have been made to our collection of long-playing records.

L. D.

Natural History

The section has had the good fortune to be allotted a room of its own in the College. This has increased the scope of our activities, for the room now provides a permanent meeting place, a laboratory, and much-needed storage space for apparatus and specimens. Some of the more essential items of collecting and preserving equipment have already been purchased and are being continually added to. Work has begun on a collection of local fauna and flora, and full records of all observations made are kept in a card index.

Last term we made a start on ecological surveys of areas at Ancaster and High Dyke, Leadenham. Unfortunately, we found that the latter area had been ploughed up and we have had to abandon it in favour of the area at Ancaster, which has the added attraction of boasting the only

colony of Chalkhill Blue butterflies in Lincolnshire. We hope to publish an account of this work at a later date.

Work on the survey leaves us little time for other organised activities. However, despite transport difficulties, a visit was arranged to Haverholme Park, where there is a heronry of seventeen nests and a lake which is the home of several kinds of wild duck. A coach trip to a trout farm near Nottingham had to be cancelled as no guide was available.

W. K. H.

Printing

Membership of the Printing section, which has been operating for a year, now stands at ten, but despite our numbers, we have been able to keep pace with the jobs which the College has entrusted to us. We should be less than frank, however, if we did not admit to being very hard pressed at times. We now have a regular

number of important orders to execute each term and a much larger number of private orders. The former include the programmes for the dramatic section's termly play and the list of prizewinners for the end of term ceremony. In all we have executed nearly 70 orders in our first year.

Our membership shows signs of increasing, though the increase is on the slow side. The training of new members continues and a steady output should be maintained in the future.

J. McL.

Photographic

Now that the darkroom in the College is fully equipped, the Photographic Society has been able to concentrate upon improving its technique and preparing material for the summer exhibition. A Junior Mess darkroom has been established, but it is not expected that it will be in operation before the autumn term. This is

intended not only for the use of flight cadets in the Junior Mess, but also for the cadets of Junior Entries. This will get over one of the main difficulties created by the geographical location of the 'three Colleges' and will enable all cadets to make use of facilities offered by the Society.

Radio

The Radio section at Digby were fortunate in being able to start work on a television set during the spring term. In addition the section installed a public address system for the Hockey Festival held at Digby and have been responsible for the maintenance of the Mess radiogram. Efforts to include a Tannoy service for the out-blocks have been forestalled by the changes in accommodation, but there is still hope that the section may see the job through.

P. McL.

Service Visits

With the British Army of the Rhine

THE usual yearly visit of a number of flight cadets to Army units took on a new and more interesting form this year. Through the courtesy of H.Q., B.A.O.R., a party of two officers and thirty-four flight cadets were able to visit various artillery, armoured and infantry units in

Germany, from the 23rd to 28th April, the whole party being flown to Bückeburg by Varsity aircraft of No. 201 A.F.S., Swinderby. After a pleasant and, for most of us, uneventful flight, we arrived at Bückeburg where we were met by representatives of the various Army units which were to be our

hosts. Here we split up into unit parties and set off on our various ways.

It would be impossible in the space available to describe the activities at each unit, but those of the party entertained by the 1st Royal Horse Artillery are probably a fair example of the work and play of most of us.



Centurions ready to move

'When we reached our destination we were confronted by a veritable city of tents set up on a former airfield. We were then further separated and "grafted" onto different troops of the Regiment. Next morning after a good breakfast we went out to where "B" Battery guns were parked. Soon, amid clouds of dust, the self-propelled guns moved off led by the Battery Commander in his Cromwell tank. As this area has been used by tanks for a long time, all paths had become a series of violent switch-backs, completely outdoing those at a fairground.

The object of the morning's exercise was to train the raw National Servicemen in the movement and deployment of a force such as ours in time of battle. The terrain was ideal, made up, as it was, of forest, plain and valley. Speed seemed to be the essence of all movements and control by R/T was very effective. We were shown every aspect of the movement of a battery of guns. First, we travelled in the "Gam," the nerve centre of the troop of guns, moving with the guns and watching the operation of "laying" and sighting. The highlight was undoubtedly the time we spent in the Cromwell with the Troop Commander, Captain Haddows. Scouting ahead of the guns, moving at speeds of up to 40 m.p.h., we saw the Army really at work. But the most nerve-racking experience was in the light bren carrier, which went on well ahead of the guns at maximum speed to prepare positions for them and calculate the line of fire. A ride in one of these vehicles has to be felt to be believed.

These manoeuvres continued all day until darkness fell when a move by the whole battery took place. This included digging in, camouflaging the new position and making it as realistic as possible. By midnight we were ready to snatch a few hours' sleep before rising at daybreak to camouflage the position against "enemy" air attack. Here, we must admit, we were quite astonished at the expert cunning displayed by the Battery. They asked us, as airmen, to judge the position; from the branches of a nearby tree little could be seen, from the air presumably nothing. It was an excellent piece of work.

On the long trek back to camp that day, one of us tried his hand at driving a small light gun carrier. An unsuccessful first attempt brought us head on into a large tree at 15 m.p.h. Trying again in a Cromwell tank he did well until he hit a water splash at 40 m.p.h.

More complicated and more vigorous exercises followed, descriptions of which we must suppress for want of space. When the



Planning positions for the self-propelled guns

time came for us to leave the Battery it was with much regret that we parted from our new friends. As our hosts they had been magnificent, making our visit an enjoyable and memorable one.'

From every party reports confirmed that the visit had been most successful. Some had lived in greater comfort than others, some had worked harder, but all were

agreed that the visit had been not only enjoyable but instructive. We are extremely grateful to all the Army units who were responsible for looking after us, and to Swin derby for their co-operation in flying us there and back. We hope that it will be possible for this new and more interesting form of Army visit to become a regular feature.

A. M.

Flight to Gibraltar

THE popular navigation exercise to Gibraltar, made possible once again through the kind co-operation of the R.A.F. Central Navigation School at Shawbury, began as term ended. This is no figure of speech, for six flight cadets, under Flying Officer Williams, snatched a hurried buffet luncheon after the passing-out parade, were airborne before even the V.I.Ps, flown to Shawbury, and kitted, briefed and bedded there in what seemed the twinkling of an eye. As Cranwell was preparing to retire after the Ball, members of the navigation party were rising at Shawbury in preparation for their long flight.

'Our pilot,' writes one of the flight cadets who went on this mis-

sion, 'looked at us askance and positively wilted when told that we would get to Gib. somehow, even if we had to fly along the French and Spanish coastline. After customs clearance we went out to take some photographs of our Lincoln, "C" for Charlie. Take-off was at 0700 hours and course was set immediately for a point on the French Riviera. Much of the flight over France was above broken cloud, but south of the Massif Central the air was clear and soon we found ourselves over the Mediterranean. From there we flew along the coast, over the Balearic Islands, and arrived at last at Gibraltar in the early afternoon. The circuit at Gibraltar was very awe-inspiring, since it goes

OFF GIBRALTAR

Four of the party who went on the navigation flight to Gibraltar in April photographed during a sea trip in an Air/Sea Rescue launch. From left to right—Neale, Weaver, Fg Off Williams and Pugh. The Rock is just visible in the background



round the Rock, and the runway stretches out into the sea.

'After landing, we had a meal at A.H.Q. and went for a short walk in the town of Gibraltar, successfully avoiding being bitten by either the "sharks" or the monkeys. On return we were greeted by two Old Cranwellians, who, perhaps not surprisingly, were determined to exchange news for booze. At 9.30 p.m. came the

move for which we had been waiting: it was announced that we were off to the Spanish town of La Linea, whose attractions many of our readers will know only too well. May we say that we were much impressed by the expert guidance of Flying Officer Jevons, formerly of No. 54 Entry, who led us there and back with remarkable ease.

'Next day we were taken on a

jeep tour of the Rock by the Army, in the course of which we were able to inspect some of the defences of the Rock, both inside and out. By way of contrast, in the afternoon we went to sea in an R.A.F. pinnace—only one of our party succumbing to mal-de-mer. A final sortie into Spain that evening brought a fascinating visit to a close.'

J. B. W.

THE SOVEREIGN'S SQUADRON

Summary of Points Scored in Spring Term, 1953

	'A' Sqn	'B' Sqn	'C' Sqn	'D' Sqn	Points Awarded	
					1st	2nd
Ferris Drill Trophy	3	—	2	—	3	2
Knocker Cup	1	2	—	—	2	1
Chimay Cup	5	—	—	3	5	3
	—	—	—	—		
	9	2	2	2		
	—	—	—	—		



AT THE PLAY

Spring Term 1953



A Successful Production of 'His Excellency' at Cranwell

ON Tuesday, 17th March, the dramatic section of the Royal Air Force College Society presented *His Excellency* by Dorothy and Campbell Christie to a large and appreciative audience.

The curtain rises on the Herald's Room of the Monasta Palace at Salva, a British naval base. We soon learn that the newly-elected Labour Government has appointed a new governor, whose arrival is awaited by his staff with considerable anxiety and misgivings. For this man, we hear, is no ex-public schoolboy, like the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir James Kirkman, C.M.G., but an ex-docker, whose energy and initiative in trade union affairs have won him his new post.

It is soon obvious to the audience that the whole action of the play is to revolve round this central figure and his ideals. This bluff, stolid and irrepressible Yorkshireman is determined to rule in his own way; ignoring the advice of his staff, he confidently sets out to apply the lessons learnt amid the unemployment and strikes of dockland to the new struggle against the hide-bound traditions of his immediate subordinates, and political intrigue and unrest among the native population. The play reaches its first climax, when His Excellency, after refusing resolutely for humanitarian reasons to call out the troops to quell a riot, is forced at last to do so. The first round is

lost and the policy of the pundits, based on past experience, has been apparently justified.

The Governor, however, is not the type of man to throw in the towel so early in the fight. It is his firm belief that more can be achieved by getting out among the people than by sitting at the end of a telephone. While the Governor is absent on his mission, his military secretary takes the opportunity of relieving the tedium of his duties by a mild and necessarily intermittent love affair with His Excellency's daughter, Peggy.

After bribing the Chief of Police with the promise of a C.B.E. and putting the Vice-Admiral under arrest, the Governor with his ever-faithful A.D.C., has the temerity to address the rioting natives in the dock area. When all seems lost the resourceful Governor, amidst flying bricks and other missiles, has the presence of mind to blow hard on a whistle and shout out in his broad Yorkshire accent 'Alf time!' The battle is won and all ends happily.

The success or failure of the play depended very largely on the central character, and Michael Ball played this extremely arduous part with distinction. From his first appearance he made the character live; the impeccable Yorkshire accent was sustained throughout and if, at times, the subtleties of the part, both in ges-

ture and intonation, were beyond him, his enthusiasm, energy and convincing interpretation of the part dominated the stage.

Mrs Peveler gave a most talented performance as Lady Kirkman; she managed to portray perfectly the superciliousness and studied condescension of a frustrated woman who is trying hard to disguise her chagrin and disappointment.

Sheila Cozens acted the part of Peggy Harrison with ease and sympathy that were wholly delightful. She succeeded in combining the careless exuberance and naïvety of youth with that earnest idealism and rugged determination which she has obviously inherited from her father, the Governor, in whom she has a simple, unwavering faith.

Peter Lewis gave a polished performance as Sir James Kirkman, while Geoffrey Morgan, who obviously found his additional forty years a heavy burden, was competent as G.O.C. Troops, Salva. Julian Bowes, who looked very convincing as the most cantankerous and officious of all vice-admirals, tended to overact and mumble his words indistinctly at times. Walter Close was well cast in the part of the Military Secretary, which he played with admirable assurance, except perhaps during the scenes in which the love interest predominated, when a trace of diffidence and uncertainty could be detected.



The cast of 'His Excellency.' From left to right: Jonklaas, Morgan, Mrs Peveler, Lewis, Ball, Miss Cozens, Close, Bowes, Whitson and Kent

The native parts were played with great zest. Michael Jonklaas captivated the audience by a most able performance as Fernando, the butler. During his brief appearances, he sustained most successfully an atmosphere genuinely oriental. Morgan as the boastful and 'indeflatable' Chief of Police was obviously enjoying himself; his bowing and heel-clicking were irreproachable and he spoke his lines well. One felt, however, that he was not quite capable of losing himself in the part. Beverley Kent was suitably cunning and obsequious as the Prime Minister, and Andrew Whitson as the A.D.C., after a slow start, rose to the occasion magnificently in the last act, when, during the description of the dockyard triumph, he translated with compelling fluency each passage of the Governor's harangue into the Salva language.

But the success of a production of this kind does not depend wholly on the characters. Much credit is due to John Hare and Brian Cox, stage and property managers respectively. An excellent set was the result of hard work by Mr. Carolan and Nigel

Walpole; John Walters was responsible for the very effective lighting, Derek Renshaw and Geoffrey Taylor for the efficient music and sound effects.

This was not an easy play to produce; the pitfalls of monotony and banality were just around the corner, but not once was this production in danger of falling into them. After a most successful first act, the play seemed to falter a

little in the second, which seemed perhaps slightly under-rehearsed. Any shortcomings were soon forgotten, however, in the final act, a triumph for all concerned. The producer, Donald Selway, is to be congratulated on a very fine production; to him are ultimately due the thanks of actors and audience alike for a most enjoyable and successful evening.

C. C.

The Digby Play

MOST theatregoers will admit that in *While the Sun Shines* Terence Rattigan has served up for our enjoyment a lightly-whipped theatrical soufflé. Unfortunately, past experience has too often proved that, in the hands of amateur actors, as in the hands of amateur cooks, a soufflé has the disconcerting quality of emerging as a suet pudding.

Arthur Denny, who produced the Equipment and Secretarial Players' presentation of Rattigan's play, avoided this pitfall most

skillfully. Played in an atmosphere of consistent laughter, the production had that air of gay nonchalance which the play merits. This tongue-in-the-cheek attitude was admirably sustained throughout, with the result that the soufflé frothed delightfully and left a very pleasant taste in the mouth.

In the leading role of the Earl of Harpenden, Philip Cash gave a polished performance. His air of bewilderment at the turn of events was shot with a well-balanced

struggle between the tolerance of good breeding and a natural anger at his guests' peculiar behaviour. Even when, in the presence of Colbert, Harpenden whips himself into a rage, one felt that he was aware of a breach of good taste. His management of the proposal scene with Mabel Crum was masterly. At times there was movement with no apparent purpose, but this could not detract from an excellent performance.

James Dinnis as Lieutenant Mulvaney, the American Air Force officer, proved the perfect foil to Harpenden. This was a worth-while performance, well sustained, though somewhat lacking in the boisterous good spirits which the part demands. Particularly good was the scene where he apologised for his behaviour with Lady Elizabeth. It was delightfully off-hand and yet contained an undertone of sincerity. His American accent was maintained with commendable ease throughout.

Undoubtedly the performance of the evening was Anthony Chandler's portrayal of the Duke of Ayr and Stirling, a magnificent part and played to the full. Here was an actor who, one felt, was secure in his part and enjoyed every moment on the stage. The varying shades of light and colour he brought to his playing were a delight to see. If one must choose a high-light in this performance, it will be that wonderful moment when he realises that he has been fooled by Mabel Crum. Here, as indeed during the entire play, the young actor made full use of his highly expressive eyes.

Michael Allisstone gave us a delightful vignette as the little French officer, Lieutenant Colbert. His 'Toujours la Cuisine' was a gem of enraged dignity, and his 'Vive la France!' reminded one of the braggadoccio of a bantam in the face of a pair of game cocks. His brisk exits were superbly done.

Horton, the butler, was capably played by Desmond Hollis. Although his voice was not always under control, his gestures were neat and conveyed purpose,

and his walk was all that could be desired.

Of the ladies, Joan Newcombe as Lady Elizabeth gave a sincere performance. Her conception of doe-eyed innocence was very well portrayed. Her best moments were in the very natural way she said good-bye to Mulvaney and her duologue with Harpenden after Mable Crum's exit.

In the role of Mabel Crum, Judith Gilbert, after a slightly flat start, gave a pleasantly modulated performance. Her slightly husky voice and her rare ability to give subtle point to a line, coupled with

a most audacious grin, soon won over an already appreciative audience.

David Wood and his able assistants produced a fine set. They made sure that doors and curtains did not spoil the performance by refusing to function properly, as happens at so many amateur shows.

One final credit must go to Flight Cadet Matthews and the members of the Equipment and Secretarial Wing Printing Section for their neatly produced and readable programmes.

J. G. S.

The 58 Entry Revue

'Take Us From Here'

NO. 58 ENTRY'S revue, which took place after the final guest night on Friday, 10th April, was a great success.

The wonderful show put on by 57 Entry the term before had set a very high standard and it is to 58's credit that, having suffered a severe setback in the loss of two of their leading script writers a few days previously, they carried on and produced a show which, if not always perfect, was most entertaining.

The revue depicted the Cranwell of the future—heaven forbid!—the 'N.A.T.O. Air College.' We were warned on the programme that any similarity between characters in the show and officers at Cranwell was purely intentional and many of the impressions were wickedly accurate. The show opened with a scene set in a Satanic Orderly Room, complete with a devil, an adjutant, Hell's Regulations and amongst other things, Ivan (a comrade). Taylor's study of the adjutant was beautifully done, his bowler hat and umbrella drill deserving special mention.

From here he passed on to Sheepbridge House, the N.A.T.O. Air College Selection Board,

where Wing Commander 'Freddie' Bulton, played with gusto by Watson, was the dominant personality. Having seen the selection process working as we believe it does and selecting the most improbable candidates, we moved to the parade ground and, to the theme of 'Mad dogs and flight cadets parade at the crack of dawn,' were treated to some more delightful character studies. Ivan (Ginn), who had made brief and mysterious appearances in each scene, now showed his true colours in an Air Traffic Control scene, by producing a bomb and trying to blow up the College. Needless to say he was foiled but at the ensuing court martial the job was done for him when a witness pronounced the bomb a dud and cast it aside. Unfortunately the carefully-prepared off-stage explosion did not materialize but we used our imagination, and enjoyed the 'Back in Hell' scene that followed.

The revue ended with a farewell in song from the entire entry and we went away with memories of a show that had been brimming over with laughter and pleasant music.

Congratulations to producer Taylor and to the rest of No. 58 Entry.

L. C. G.

First Term

*or Part of the Story
Dared not*

THE rigours of his first six months
Were truly left behind;
He hadn't aviated yet
But didn't really mind.

Impulses of most frantic joy
Consumed his waking hours :
For, now he was a flight cadet
His world was filled with flowers.

One little thing there was, alas,
To cause his bliss to wane—
'Initiation' often caused
Recipients some pain.

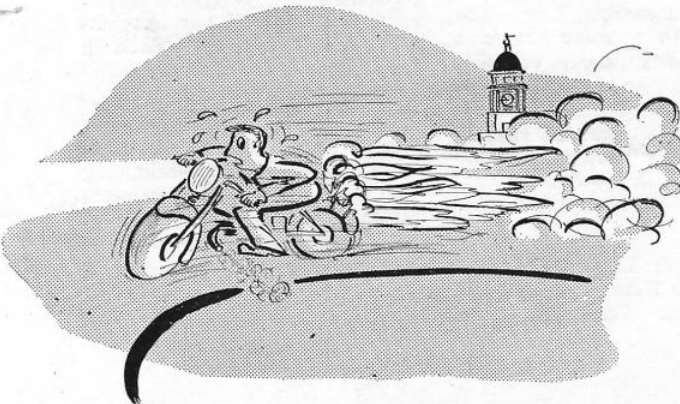
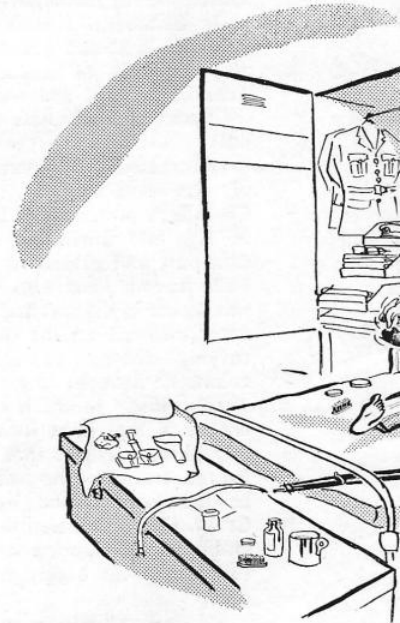
Indeed this very prospect was
Upon his glee a blight,
For impending on the morrow was
The First Term Dinner Night.

The Night had come, the Hour was near,
The Dinner struggled through;
The Senior Entry were surprised
At what he planned to do.
And cynical indeed were they
(But with his wish complied)
When asked to pass their judgement on
A motor-cycle ride.

His act was last upon the list,
His motor bike resigned
To face a fate befitting this
First night on which they dined.

His means of transportation was
Insured for fire and theft—
(He wasn't optimistic as
To how much there'd be left!)

Despite his apprehension he
Proceeded with the plan :
His audience now quite ready was,
And waiting—to a man.



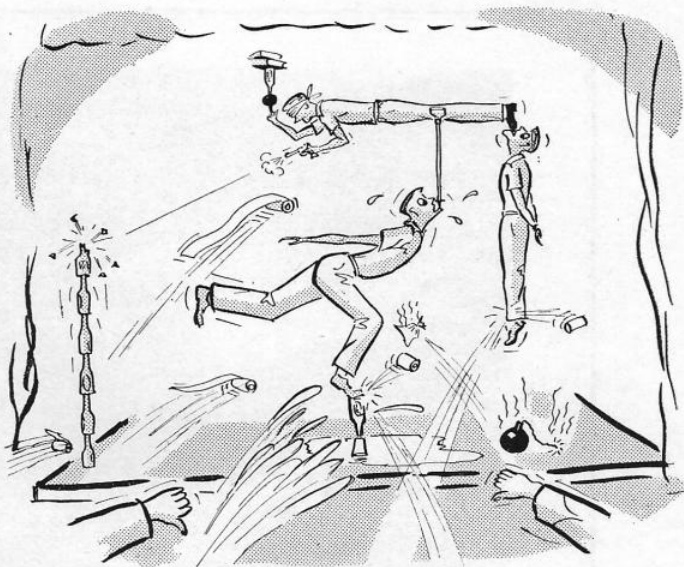
Guest Knight

that "Illustrated"
Publish

The strain was not unbearable,
No sooner was he due
Than quite the most fantastic sight
Came roaring into view—

A flaming motor-cycle with
Its silencers removed
Surrounded by a brilliant glow
The heat of which was proved

By the rider's desp'rate language,
(Strong words and foul he used),
And by pungent emanations
As paint and metal fused.



The apparition circuted
The Orange at a speed,
The very magnitude of which
Was governed by a need
To overtake the flames and thus
Reduce the mass of heat
That flowed per second upwards from
The saddle to his seat.

It wasn't very long before
His act had won applause:
Nor was it very difficult
To ascertain the cause.

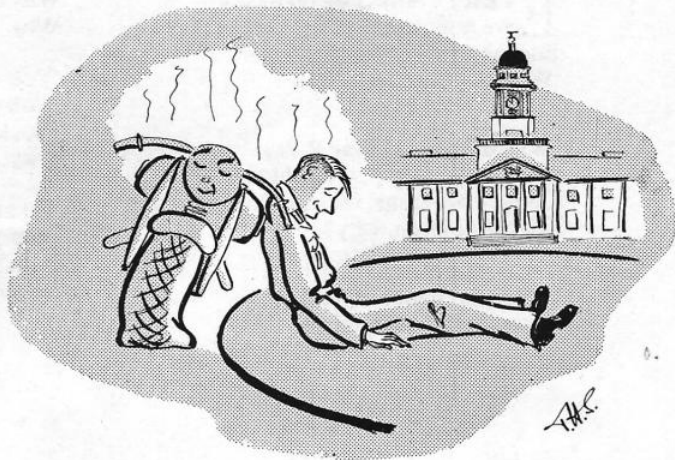
The consternation visible
Upon our hero's face
Procured for him an amnesty
From forfeits or disgrace.

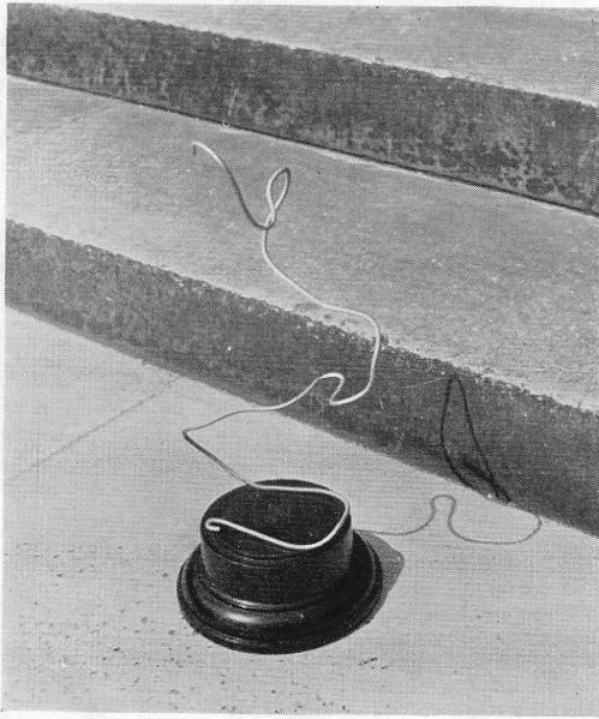


His audience considered his
Act punishment enough
And so refrained from pitching rolls
Or more unpleasant stuff.

From all sides came the thumbs-up sign:
His fiery show had passed!
The magic hour was here—he was
A flight cadet at last!

T. H. S.





★
*The
 Unknown
 Flight Cadet
 on
 Restrictions*



*(As yet this daring avant-garde sculpture has not been shown
 at The Tate Gallery)*

Why, Robinson, Why?

EVERYTHING we do or say
 We must qualify,
 For somebody is bound to ask:
 'Why, Robinson, why?'

'Why did you join the R.A.F.
 You thought the pay was high?
 Come, answer me, why did you join?
 Why, Robinson, why?'

'Was it for glamour, foolish boy?
 Come, lad, don't be shy!

Why did you join the R.A.F.?
 Why, Robinson, why?

'You want secure, monastic life
 With plenteous beer supply?
 Speak up, my boy! I want to know
 Why, Robinson, why?'

'What? Robinson, you cannot mean . . .
 You *did*! You joined to *fly*?
 You're mad! You're MAD!—*Why* are you mad?
 Why, Robinson, why?'

N. MACN.



OLD CRANWELLIAN NOTES

HONOURS AND AWARDS

WE congratulate the following Old Cranwellians who received Honours and Awards in the Coronation Honours List:

C.B.: Air Vice-Marshal W. H. Merton, O.B.E. (1924), Air Commodore A. D. Davies, C.B.E. (1921), Air Commodore J. Marson, C.B.E. (1924), Air Commodore T. B. Prickman, C.B.E. (1921), Group Captain D. J. P. Lee, C.B.E. (1930).

C.B.E.: Air Commodore W. E. Oulton, D.S.O., D.F.C. (1929), Group Captain C. E. J. Baines (1928), Group Captain L. Crocker (1927), Group Captain J. A. C. Stratton, O.B.E. (1926).

O.B.E.: Group Captain R. A. C. Barclay, A.F.C. (1931), Wing Commander R. C. Cobbe, D.S.O. (1936), Wing Commander R. T. Frogley, D.F.C. (1935), Wing Commander D. R. S. Bevan-John (1936).

M.B.E.: Squadron Leader D. T. M. Lumsden (1936).

A.F.C.: Flight Lieutenant T. K. Kennedy (1946), Flight Lieutenant D. Wright (1946).

The following is an extract from the London Gazette dated 6th March, 1953:

'The Queen has been graciously pleased to approve the following awards in recognition of gallant and distinguished service in Malaya:

D.F.C.: Flight Lieutenant P. J. Bardon, Flight Lieutenant I. S. MacPherson.'

Flight Lieutenants Bardon and MacPherson (both 1947) are the first post-war Old Cranwellians to receive decorations.

FAR EAST OLD CRANWELLIAN DINNER, 1952

We are grateful to Wing Commander D. R. S. Bevan-John, O.B.E. (1936) for the following

account of the Far East Old Cranwellian Dinner held in December, 1952.

'The Fourth Annual Dinner of the Old Cranwellian Association (Far East) was held in the Roman Room of the Adelphi Hotel Singapore on Saturday 6th December 1952. The Association were fortunate this year in having the C-in-C FARELF General Sir Charles Keightley as guest of honour. A list of members who attended will be found below.

'The venue was changed this year from R.A.F. Changi to Singapore and it was agreed by everyone present that the Adelphi Hotel put on an excellent dinner. It was pleasant to dine in an air conditioned room, and to speculate on the temperature of the College Dining Hall at that moment.

'After dinner, and the toasts of "The Queen" and "The College" had been drunk, the President of the Association, Air Vice-Marshal H. L. Patch, C.B., C.B.E., proposed the health of our Guest of Honour. Sir Charles replied with a most excellent speech and told us that but for a disparity of marks between his results and those required as a minimum, he would have gone to Cranwell. We all felt that our loss had been very much the Army's gain.

'We then adjourned and recalled the "good old days" at Cranwell. Some of the older members were much surprised to learn that the good old days of our youngest members seemed to have been very like anyone else's "good old days"—except that the cost of living had risen. So, after old friendships had been renewed and fresh ones made, we made our farewells.'

The following were present at the dinner:

Air Vice-Marshal H. L. Patch—Sep. '23—Jul. '25

Air Vice-Marshal W. J. M. Akerman—Feb. '20—Dec. '21

Air Vice-Marshal G. H. Mills—Feb. '20—Dec. '21

Air Commodore G. B. Beardsworth—Jan. '23—Dec. '24

Group Captain R. G. Seymour—Jan. '47—
Aug. '49
Wing Commander P. De L. Le Cheminant—
Nov. '38—Dec. '39
Wing Commander D. R. S. Bevan-John—Jan.
'36—Jul. '38
Wing Commander G. A. Knyvett—Sep. '31
Aug. '33
Squadron Leader J. G. Haigh—Aug. '40—
Jul. '41
Flight Lieutenant M. G. Waudby—Jan. '47—
Jul. '49
Flying Officer P. J. Giddens—Sep. '48—Apr.
'51
Flying Officer W. F. Jacobs—Apr. '48—Dec.
'50
Flying Officer F. R. Lockyer—Jan. '48—Jul.
'50
Flying Officer P. J. Elton—Jan. '48—Jul. '50
Pilot Officer N. A. Innes-Smith—Apr. '49—
Dec. '51
Pilot Officer J. H. Martin—Apr. '49—Dec.
'51
Pilot Officer C. E. F. Cooper—Apr. '49—Dec.
'51
Pilot Officer E. A. Peters—Apr. '49—Dec. '51
Pilot Officer M. J. D. Alderson—Jan. '49—
Aug. '51.

Though this year's Reunion will have been held by the time these notes are read, it will be too late for an account to appear in this issue of the Journal.

NEWS

Korea

Ten post-war Old Cranwellians are at present serving in Korea:

Flight Lieutenants J. H. G. White (1946), I. Gordon-Johnson (1947), J. H. J. Lovell (1947) and J. A. Mansell (1947); Flying Officers J. F. H. Chick (1948), J. R. Murphy (1948) and M. G. King (1949) are attached to the U.S.A.F. Flying Officers D. A. Arnott (1948), J. L. Price (1948) and B. M. Burley (1948) are attached to the R.A.A.F., flying Meteor 8s.

Cranwell

We welcome Wing Commander I. N. MacDougall, D.F.C. (1938) on his reappearance at Cranwell this time as C.F.I. Members of Nos. 46—50 Entries will associate Wing Commander MacDougall with 'A' Site and lectures on air power.

We congratulate Flight Lieutenant J. W. Morrice (1946) upon his marriage, and Squadron Leader D. T. M. Lumsden (1936) and Flight Lieutenant J. E. Dawes (1946) upon the additions to their families.

News by Correspondence

Air Vice-Marshal W. A. Opie, C.B.E. (1921) has recently been appointed Assistant Controller of Supplies (Air) at the Ministry of Supply.

Group Captain E. S. Finch (1924) commands Royal Air Force Manston.

Group Captain D. J. P. Lee, C.B., C.B.E. (1930) has recently taken over the command of Royal Air Force Scampton. Pilot Officers J. A. Tulk and R. P. McCormack (1949) are serving in one of the squadrons at Scampton.

Wing Commander S. B. Grant, D.F.C. (1937) tells us that no less than eight Old Cranwellians are serving at Manby.

The following Old Cranwellians are stationed at Royal Air Force Gutersloh: Wing Commander M. M. Stephens, D.S.O., D.F.C. (1938), Flight Lieutenant C. M. C. Scott (1947), Flying Officers R. J. Littlejohn, S. J. Wert and J. A. MacArthur (1948), I. R. Hinde and B. Meadley (1949).

Our best wishes go to Air Commodore D. W. F. Bonham-Carter (1920) on his retirement.

We deeply regret to announce the deaths of Flight Lieutenant A. Turner, Flight Lieutenant M. C. B. Mitchell, Flying Officer O. M. Cruickshank, Flying Officer A. J. Rosser, Flying Officer K. B. Bones, Flying Officer E. W. F. Gregory and Pilot Officer G. T. R. Pitts Tucker. We offer our sincere sympathy to the relatives of these officers.

G. K. M.





Books and Periodicals Received

(up to the end of June, 1953)

- Most Excellent Majesty*, Dermot Morrah (H.M.S.O.)
The Campaign in Norway, T. K. Derry (H.M.S.O.)
I Flew for the Führer, Hans Knoke (Evans Bros., Ltd.)
The Study of Military History, Major E. W. Sheppard, O.B.E., M.C. (Gale & Polden Ltd.)
Korea through British Eyes, Whang-Kyung Koh, M.A., Ph.D. (privately published)

(All these titles are reviewed below)

THE MEANING OF MONARCHY

Most Excellent Majesty, by Dermot Morrah. (Her Majesty's Stationery Office, 2s.)

NOW that the Coronation is over some of the books on the subject published beforehand take on a new significance. Having watched, or seen pictures of the service and the processions we turn back to them with a new interest and appreciation and enjoy them the more for the background they provide to an ancient and moving ceremony.

One of these is Professor Dermot Morrah's *Most Excellent Majesty*. In this attractively-produced booklet he explains the development of kingship in this country, and its function in modern times. He begins with the primitive idea of leadership from which the mystical conception of kingship developed through the centuries into the constitutional monarchy we now know.

Professor Morrah shows how, little by little, the Crown gained power and authority, culminating in the supremely autocratic reigns of Henry VIII and Elizabeth I. He says 'In terms of personal power the fifteen years following the defeat of the Spanish Armada in 1588 represent the highest point reached by the English monarchy. It had been lifted to this political eminence by the subservience of a clergy and an aristocracy which by the circumstances of their creation owed everything to the Throne.' The throne to which Charles II was restored after Cromwell's death did not bear much resemblance to that occupied by the Tudors. 'Though the King retained a special control over foreign policy and the unchecked right to make peace or war, the right of Parliament to be heard in every branch of government was established. . . . By 1702, when Queen Anne came to the throne, not only the power but also the prestige of the monarchy had declined very considerably, and although it began to revive under George III such personal powers as were left to the monarch were slowly disappearing. William IV in 1834 was the last king to dismiss a government from office, and Anne was the last queen to refuse royal assent to a Bill already passed by both Houses of Parliament.

Professor Morrah also deals with the relationship of our present Queen to the modern state, the Commonwealth and the people. The only political function left to her is that of selecting her own Prime Minister. The choice must obviously be limited, but it does finally rest with her. Where public affairs are concerned, the Queen must always be consulted. Her advice, if she gives any, must be considered; but in the last resort her Minister's decisions are final. The awarding of the very highest honours, too—the Orders of the Garter, the Thistle and St. Patrick, and the Order of Merit—are reserved for her decision.

The Queen is, above all, a figurehead; she personifies the grandeur and the tradition of our country. 'The stately and glittering ceremonial, the magnificence of scarlet and gold, would be vulgar ostentation if they were intended for the personal glorification of one human being, however eminent or beloved.' She must appear on formal public occasions as a monarch, but at the same time must satisfy the simpler conception of herself as 'the idealization of the average woman of her time,' equally important in a modern queen.

With its many illustrations of kings and queens past and present this booklet provides an interesting thread of information linking Egbert, Alfred and Edward the Confessor with Queen Elizabeth II. It is eminently readable, not only on account of Professor Morrah's masterly reduction of centuries of history to a simple and coherent shape, but also on account of the dignified typography that Her Majesty's Stationery Office have employed. It is perhaps not too much to claim that this little book is unique of its sort.

P. L.

Norway, 1940

The Campaign in Norway, by T. K. Derry, D.Phil.(Oxon.) Her Majesty's Stationery Office, 35s.

Even thirteen years after it requires a great effort of will to consider dispassionately the ill-fated campaign of the Allies in Norway, and a still greater effort of memory to recollect what precisely took the Allies to Norway at all. In retrospect one recalls, probably, the headlines of the popular press and the general optimism of its editors. Had not Hitler, after all, made a colossal mistake? Would we not now finish the war very quickly? Had not the enemy played right into our hands? The rhetorical questions were no sooner asked than they were answered. Hitler had *not* made a mistake. The campaign in Norway, which may be said to have begun on 8th April, 1940 with the mining of the area north of Bodö, ended on 8th June with the final evacuation of troops from Narvik and the loss of the aircraft carrier *Glorious*. No strategical advantage had been gained, no political objective attained, no economic end achieved. At home the blow to morale was great, as doubt about our ability and our capacity to wage war crowded in upon doubt. The moments of great heroism—and there were many—tended in the circumstances to be effaced by feelings of guilt that sprang from a recognition of the real causes of the desperate plight of our armed forces, a plight that soon afterwards was underlined by the debacle in France. These feelings of guilt were both



Flight Cadets Heywood and Waters watch the dancing from the musicians' gallery in the ballroom. The Boxing Shield, won in this year's contest against Sandhurst, hangs from the balustrade



THE PASSING-OUT BALL

The Commandant and Mrs. Eeles, with other senior officers and their wives, relax together in the early hours of the morning. From left to right: Group Captain Nelson, Mr Antony Constant, Mrs Sim, Wing Commander Crick, Mrs Crick, Mrs Peterson,

general and personal; and it is the latter sort that have persisted to mar our vision of what actually happened in Norway.

Whether these feelings were justified we now have the opportunity of judging for ourselves by the publication of *The Campaign in Norway*, the first of the official military histories of the Second World War. Dr Derry, author of the volume, begins at the beginning and, in a clear, crisp and straightforward style that is at all times commendably free of artifice, provides his readers with a brief geographical picture of Norway itself, stressing the importance of physical features and climate and, more especially, the position of the country in relation to belligerent and not unmindful neutral states. To British interests, as he is at pains to point out, Norway seemed more remote than it was. Our Army had never served there and opinion in Britain 'was coloured by Norway's reputation as a tourist country.' But if we had little idea of what conditions were really like there, we tenaciously clung to the dangerous belief that Norway was 'easy to defend.' There could not have been a more wrong-headed view.

When war, came, we became interested in Norway for two reasons. First we were anxious to protect our eastern flank by preventing German ships from taking advantage of the safe sea passage *via* the Norwegian Leads and, secondly, we were eager to cut Germany herself off from the supposedly vital high grade iron ore mined at Kiruna in northern Sweden. This situation was further complicated by the Russian attack on Fin-

land in November, 1939. The Allies (France and Britain) found themselves aligned with Norway and Sweden 'as eager supporters of the Finns.' But neither Norway nor Sweden, with the Polish example before them, wished to be implicated in the war with Germany. They stood out against the suggestion that French and British 'volunteers' should be allowed to cross their territory into Finland. The Allies, for their part, sincere though they were in their desire to help Finland, undoubtedly saw that such help would enable them to secure Scandinavia against Germany. Plans went forward for a big defensive operation in Norway and Sweden, to begin in April 1940, on the grounds (to quote the Chiefs of Staff) that this was our 'first and best chance of wresting the initiative and . . . shortening the war.' When we remember that we aimed at putting some 100,000 men in the field backed by 6½ squadrons of aircraft, the full extent of this operation will be readily appreciated. As it happened, altered circumstances called for a modified plan requiring the mining of the Leads, and subsequently an occupation by the Allies of Narvik and three other important Norwegian ports.

Scandinavia, however, was not far from German thoughts either. Admiral Wegener, as far back as 1929, had pointed out that occupation of Norway would allow Germany to 'outflank the English strategic position to the north.' To Hitler, apparently, Wegener's writings were a 'naval bible'; and in October, 1939, the Fuehrer promised Grand-Admiral Raeder that he would consider his suggestion of 'how important it would be for submarine warfare to obtain bases on the Nor-



Mrs Constant, Mrs Fulton, Wing Commander Peterson, Group Captain Keary, Mrs Eeles, Air Commodore Eeles, Mrs Nelson, Mrs Keary, Mrs Nuttall, Group Captain Nuttall and Wing Commander Sim

14th-15th APRIL 1953



There were several original decorative features that distinguished the April Ball. Here Pilot Officer Hill and partner are seen admiring one of these features—a specially constructed water garden and fountain

wegian coast . . . with the help of Russian pressure.' Study began for a possible operation against Norway in December, 1939, and arrangements were complete by 1st March, 1940. Thus it was that by one of those odd coincidences of war the Allies and the Germans were poised for a move against Norway at almost the same time.

Both British and German plans were put into execution in the first week in April, 1940. But the Germans seized the initiative at the start and, except occasionally, kept it throughout. Our master plan comprising a military expedition to Norway covered by strong naval forces was scrapped as soon as German intention became clear. As Dr Derry points out, this decision to scrap the master plan was taken not by the Prime Minister, but independently by the Admiralty whose 'measures adopted to secure the traditional object of a decisive encounter at sea . . . deprived us of our best chance to restore the position on land' (p. 26). Inevitably our plan, R.4, gave way to counter-measures against *Weserübung*, the German plan. *Weserübung* worked brilliantly. The enemy swooped on and established himself at a number of points from Oslo to Bergen, at Trondheim and at Narvik. Only at Oslo was there delay; otherwise the initial success of this spectacular *coup* was complete. Having failed in our attempt to prevent the German invasion by naval action, we turned to counter-invasion instead.

As one reads through Dr Derry's narrative of the preparation for, and the execution of, this counter-invasion, one cannot fail to be struck by the ill-fortune

that attended us at every turn, ill-fortune for which we can only blame ourselves. According to our plans, about 14,000 Allied troops were available to face 24,000 German; on the incorrect hypothesis that they would land in friendly ports, they were equipped lightly. There were countless mistakes. The commander of the 146th Brigade, for instance, was embarked in a different ship from his troops and was carried on the expedition to Narvik instead of to Namsos. A demi-brigade of Chasseurs Alpains set out leaving much of their essential equipment behind. There was our pathetic lack of transport and A.A. There was the shortage of aircraft and the unsuitability of the existing aircraft for use in operations over Norway; there was the muddle over the stores required to keep No. 263 (Gladiator) Squadron in the air at Lake Lesjaskog. There was the confusion over the landings at Narvik and the final humiliation of evacuating Narvik on 8th June after capturing it from the Germans only ten days previously. Dr Derry's narrative is studded with references to shortcomings such as these, shortcomings which, as he emphasises in his conclusions, were due to the deficiencies in our Intelligence on Norway, to our misappreciation of the need for air superiority by land and sea, to our 'comparative slowness and vacillation' at home in reacting to German enterprise, to our inadequate ideas of military training and 'our failure to prepare for action by applying to the age of mechanised and aerial warfare that technique of combined operations, which British sea power had in former war established as a world-ranging instrument of conquest' (p. 242). 'The

entry into Scandinavia was thought of as the concern of the Army, to which the Navy contributed mainly a service of convoy protection and the Royal Air Force a token support which it could ill afford to spare. That in the sequel this proved to be the first campaign in European history requiring the full combination of all three Services took us by surprise' (p. 238).

And yet, severe though he is in his criticism, Dr Derry does not allow the many feats of arms of the three Services to be obscured. Indeed his factual style serves, if anything, to enhance them without glamourising or vulgarising them. Some of these feats, like the gallant attempt of a handful of Territorials to hold the enemy in the Gubrandsdal or the efforts in the Kvam area of unarmed pilots to turn enemy machines off their course, have tended to be forgotten as the campaign recedes into history; others, like the magnificent action of H.M.S. *Glowworm* against the *Hipper* or the fierce and largely successful engagement fought by Captain Warburton-Lee against enemy destroyers in Narvik Fjord, have been too indelibly impressed on the memory to suffer. All are worth remembering as examples of great heroism exhibited in conditions of great adversity.

There is much to thank Dr Derry for in this admirable account of a well-fought, if ill-planned and unhappy campaign, and much to be learnt from his meticulous attention to fact. If several of the big issues which are raised must remain open despite the author's persuasive arguments in favour of his own clearly stated opinions, no one will quarrel with the general tenor of his account. *The Campaign in Norway*, beautifully produced and lavishly mapped, is a most valuable contribution to our knowledge of the last war, and deserves the closest attention by all who have taken up the profession of arms.

J. L.

A German Fighter Pilot's Story

I Flew for the Führer, by Heinz Knoke. Evans Bros., Ltd. 12s. 6d.

This book tells us the story of the war as seen through the eyes of Heinz Knoke, one of the outstanding German fighter pilots still alive who fought in the Second World War. It is not the high level reminiscences of generals and politicians, but the authentic story of a pilot who flew over 400 operational sorties and shot down fifty-two enemy aircraft.

Narrated in diary form, *I Flew for the Führer* gives an excellent picture of Germany before the war—the feelings and the emotions of Germany's youth effected by the Nazi's rise to power and the preparations for war. It also reveals how propaganda was used to form German opinion to start the war.

Knoke's story reveals the German Air Force's reactions from their moments of glory and their times of stress. His account of the changes and technical developments that took place in aerial warfare gives us a much clearer picture of our own air effort. The author also gives an interesting account of what it felt like to face the huge air armadas launched toward the close of the war. Another noteworthy point is the indignation of the German airmen over the German High Command's lack of air appreciation and Hitler's failure to understand air power.

Quite unintentionally, the author reveals the psychological reaction of a nation that is drawing near to defeat. Sense of time is lost and this is shown by an entry in his diary dated just before the Normandy

invasion in which he describes the mounting defeats in Russia and the loss of North Africa as just happening that spring, while they had in fact occurred over a year before. The author, as a fighting man, foresaw the defeat before it was felt in Germany, and his description of the change that took place makes fascinating reading.

Knoke spent his early life in Hamelin, the town where the fairy tale story of the Pied Piper took place. In his book Knoke tells of a real Pied Piper-like disappearance of German youth as the ever-increasing demands on all fronts reach their peak in the last year of the war. Those who would like to know more of Germany's role in the war will find this book most interesting.

W. E. C.

Introduction to Military History

The Study of Military History, by Major E. W. Shppard, O.B.E., M.C. Gale and Polden Ltd., 15s.

This is a new edition of the book published in 1931 as an aid to Army candidates for the staff college examination. Some campaigns from the Second World War have been added, and the book is now designed as an introduction to general military history rather than as a specific aid to examination candidates. It fulfils this new purpose admirably; succinct accounts of campaigns and studies of leadership continue to illustrate the principles of war, and should make it easy for the reader to proceed to the more detailed accounts suggested by the useful book references in each chapter. The author does not enter into any controversies about recent campaigns and is content to let the reader judge for himself after further reading. The book gains considerably from its wider horizon and if it is successful in arousing the interest of new students in military history it will have achieved much. It is only an introduction to the subject, but as such it should be very useful to serving officers.

R. E. L.

Limelight on Korea

Korea Through British Eyes, by Whang-Kyung Koh, M.A., Ph.D. Privately published, London 1953. No price stated.

This pamphlet of 32 pages, written by Madame Whang-Kyung Koh, a Korean living in London, is a well-meaning attempt to present not only a truthful picture of conditions in Korea today but also the essential facts upon which an understanding of the Korean problem may be based. Apart from the brief introduction, in which Madame Koh employs straightforward narrative, the pamphlet is entirely in the question and answer form. Madame Koh has clearly allowed her experience of 318 lectures given in 209 cities, towns and villages in the British Isles to dictate to her in this, and it is a great pity she has not entirely refashioned her many interesting observations in a more permanent and less irritating form. Sometimes the questions and answers descend to a superficial, almost flippant level, as in the discussion on American bombing policy, and occasionally to the irrelevant, as in the question 'Is there asthma in Korea?' But it would be uncharitable to niggle at blemishes of this sort when Madame Koh's intention is so transparently sincere and worthy. She obviously has the interests of her country at heart and has earnestly stated her country's case.

J. L.

STAFF APPOINTMENTS

The following appointments to the College Staff have been made since the last issue of the JOURNAL went to print:

HEADQUARTERS, ROYAL AIR FORCE COLLEGE

Statistics and Progress	Flight Lieutenant W. R. Barrow.
Chaplain R.C.	The Rev. M. J. McDonnell.

CADET WING

Cadet Wing Officer 'B' Squadron	Flight Lieutenant W. R. Carus.
Equipment and Secretarial Wing: Cadet Wing Adjutant	Flight Lieutenant B. W. Mullen.

INSTRUCTIONAL STAFF

Senior Tutor (Humanistics)	Wing Commander J. F. Powell.
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FLYING WING

Chief Flying Instructor	Wing Commander I. N. MacDougall, D.F.C.
Officers Commanding Flights	Flight Lieutenants L. J. Browne, A. G. Woods, P. L. Burke, D.F.C., A.F.C., R. Griffin.
Flying Instructors	Flight Lieutenants A. B. Stinchcombe, R. S. Brand, D.F.C., J. P. Britton, L. J. Day, A. Turner, K. W. Johnson, J. L. Farr.
Air Traffic Control	Flying Officer R. C. Green.
Link Trainer Instructor	Flight Lieutenants H. E. Breeze, H. D. Newman, J. Scott.
Adjutant	Pilot Officer J. E. Lewis.
	Pilot Officer M. W. Liddington.

TECHNICAL WING

Senior Signals Officer	Flight Lieutenant K. G. Hinnell.
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ADMINISTRATIVE WING

Equipment Officers	Flight Lieutenant T. P. McCarthy.
Medical Officers	Flying Officer K. E. M. Hobson.
Assistant College Admin. Officer	Flying Officers H. G. Hall, R. A. Davidson.
Education Officer	Pilot Officer W. D. R. Chalmers.
	Flying Officer S. P. Hutton.

DEPARTURES

The following have left the Staff since the last issue of the JOURNAL:

Group Captain	The Revd. B. E. Knight.
Wing Commander	F. F. Fulton.
Squadron Leaders	T. Clitheroe, The Revd. J. G. Sandford.
Flight Lieutenants	A. Bond, J. C. Dargan, R. A. C. Dupre, A. L. B. Faucett, L. A. Ferguson, P. G. P. Henson, T. G. Moulds, J. T. Pearson, K. J. Salisbury, J. J. Taylor, C. E. Teall, A. Toynbee-Holmes, W. B. C. Young.
Flying Officers	L. S. Davey, J. W. Goulstone, C. V. Heap, A. E. Kell, M. O. Searle.

ERRATA

We apologise for the following errors which appeared in the last issue of the JOURNAL:

Page 8, lines 10, 11—*delete the words* via Cadet Wing Officer.

Page 10, line 36—*for Stanley read* Sternley.

Page 14, caption top left, line 5—*delete the comma after the words* Reviewing Officer *and add the word* inspects.

Page 15, 1st column, lines 12, 13—*delete for* no fewer than fifty-six graduation parades *and add* since 1938.

Page 17, 1st column, line 21—*add after* 8 (E. & S.) *the word* Entries.

Page 18—*After the name of* Flight Cadet Sergeant D. V. Jackson *add the words* Air Ministry Prize for Secretarial Studies.

Page 29, 1st column, line 23—*for rifle read* pistol.

CADET WING LISTS

PROMOTIONS, SUMMER TERM, 1953

'A' SQUADRON

Flight Cadet Under Officer S. E. King.
Flight Cadet Sergeant C. T. B. Peile.
Flight Cadet Sergeant R. F. Witty.
Flight Cadet Sergeant E. C. Loveday.

'B' SQUADRON

Flight Cadet Under Officer J. M. Henderson.
Flight Cadet Sergeant R. A. Lees.
Flight Cadet Sergeant A. R. Lewis.
Flight Cadet Sergeant G. S. Mumford.

'C' SQUADRON

Flight Cadet Under Officer P. G. Cock.
Flight Cadet Sergeant D. Burles.
Flight Cadet Sergeant D. V. Reypert.
Flight Cadet Sergeant J. R. Ayers.

'D' SQUADRON

Flight Cadet Under Officer N. A. Parker.
Flight Cadet Sergeant A. Denny.
Flight Cadet Sergeant C. E. G. Quayle.

No. 66 ENTRY

'A' SQUADRON

T. A. P. Hamilton, Enfield Grammar School.
M. J. Harvey, Finchley Catholic Grammar School.
G. C. Hubbard, Marlborough College, N.Z.
H. G. S. Marasinha, Ananda College, Colombo.
P. O. Raeburn, Seaford College.
A. J. S. Whittaker, Radley College.

'B' SQUADRON

J. Armstrong, Newcastle Royal Grammar School.
A. V. Bennett, King Edward's School, Birmingham.
S. J. G. Card, Penzance County Grammar School.
P. Carter, Drayton Manor County Grammar School.
G. C. Derby, New Plymouth Boys' High School, N.Z.
N. P. May, Cranbrook School.
P. J. Sawyer, Preston Manor County Grammar School.
C. J. Wilmot, City of Bath Grammar School.

'C' SQUADRON

A. J. E. Allen, Wellington College.
T. J. Burns, Andover Grammar School.
N. M. J. Fraser, Colchester Boys' High School.
M. J. Griffiths, Peter Symonds' School, Winchester.
F. R. Kelly, King's College School, Wimbledon.
B. W. Schooling, Sir Walter St. John's Grammar School.

'D' SQUADRON

(No. 17 (E. & S.) ENTRY)

J. I. Barrow, Merchant Taylors'.
B. F. Eley, Derby Grammar School.
M. J. H. Walker, Eltham College.
A. L. Watson, Bedford Modern School.

THE JOURNAL

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 Royal Air Force and flying topics, but should be of general rather than technical interest. They should be addressed to 'The Officer in charge of THE JOURNAL, Royal Air Force College, Cranwell, Sleaford, Lincs.' Unsuitable material will be returned.

The next issue of THE JOURNAL goes to press on Friday, 18th September, and contributions intended for this issue must be in the hands of the Officer in charge by this date.

All opinions expressed in THE JOURNAL OF THE ROYAL AIR FORCE COLLEGE are those of the authors and do not necessarily represent official policy.

THE JOURNAL OF



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HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH
INSPECTS THE CADET WING
OF THE ROYAL AIR FORCE COLLEGE

Cranwell Tuesday 28th July 1953

The Journal

of the

Royal Air Force College

NOVEMBER 1953

VOL XXV NO. 3

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All opinions expressed in The Journal are those of the authors and do not necessarily represent official policy

EDITED AND PUBLISHED
AT THE ROYAL AIR FORCE COLLEGE CRANWELL

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THE JOURNAL

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 Royal Air Force and flying topics, but should be of general rather than technical interest. They should be addressed to 'The Managing Editor of *The Journal*, Royal Air Force College, Cranwell, Sleaford, Lincs.' Unsuitable material will be returned.

The next issue of *The Journal* goes to press on Thursday, 21st January, 1954, and contributions intended for this issue must be in the hands of the Managing Editor by this date.

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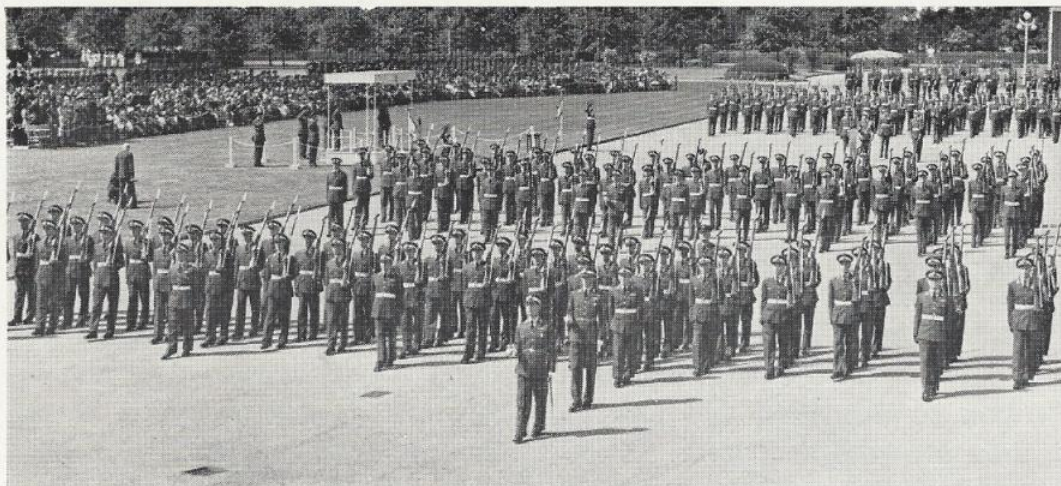
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The Passing-out Parade, July 1953: The March Past in Slow Time

The Address of H.R.H. The Duke of Edinburgh

AT Odiham some days ago, the Royal Air Force put on a display which will take its place as one of the great reviews of history. In conception and execution, in smartness and spirit, it was in the best British tradition.

Even though equipment displayed on the ground demonstrated the enormous complexity and diversity of the Air Force, it could not hope to show the full technical and organizational background which alone can turn the Squadrons we saw flying past into an effective weapon in the air.

In the process of making you fit to become officers in this great Service, you have been subjected to strict discipline and trained to instant obedience. This is most necessary if you are to be a useful member of the fighting team, but at the same time don't forget that no Service wants automatons as officers. You may be passing out

from here in a block, but you join the Service, and you are only wanted in the Service, as individuals.

Every year nearly 10,000 cadets join the three Services as officers. They leave their colleges or training establishments dressed in the uniforms and steeped in the traditions of their particular Service, each group jealously thinking that on their Service falls the main burden for the defence and security of the United Kingdom and dependencies. I am sure this is a very good thing up to a point, but it ignores the fundamental principle that sound defence depends upon co-ordination and teamwork between the three Services in thought, word and deed. As the equipment becomes more complicated, so the tendency to grow apart increases; this must be resisted at all costs.

You have joined the Air Force to become specialists in air warfare or some part of it and for the time being you can do no better than master your own branch. That mastery must include leadership and tactical skill as well as a thorough grasp of the technical and scientific background of the Service. But the demand for the specialists tapers off with seniority. You will never, or perhaps, as it is only my personal opinion, I should say you *ought* never to reach the top unless you have a proper understanding of the art of war as a whole.

There will always be a strong tendency to assume that any future war will start where the last one left off. We should learn our lessons from what went wrong at the beginning of the last war and not from what went right at the end of it. One of those lessons was that the national weapon can only be effectively wielded by the three Services working as a team. If you think I am harping on this point, I can only say that history is full of cases where co-operation ceased the moment the dire necessity had passed.

One last point. I want to suggest that specialization, whether within a Service or as between Services, should not be exclusive. The Services have frequently been accused of having a very narrow outlook. If this is true, it is certainly quite unnecessary. There seems to be no reason why officers should not take an intelligent interest in

the industrial and commercial problems of this country as well as the economic and political problems of the world.

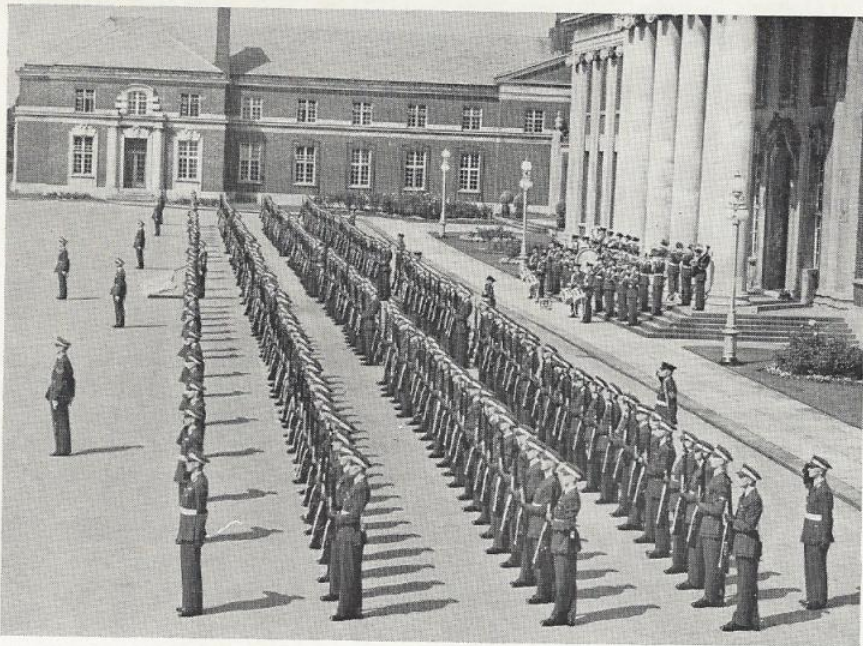
Indeed, military and economic problems are very closely associated and I believe that every officer should have a reasonable acquaintance with those problems, from the very first. How else can you expect to make the right decisions later on, which may react on the whole economy of the country? When the time comes for those decisions to be made you will be too busy, and it will be too late anyway, to try and grasp the problems.

To sum up, then. Make yourselves thoroughly acquainted with your profession and serve it as individuals with the best interest of the Royal Air Force always at heart.

Secondly, never lose sight of the fact that war is total and demands that the three Services fight as one team.

Thirdly, try and see the defence organizations and problems of this country as part of the broad picture of national and international conditions.

Good luck to you all!



The Royal Salute

COLLEGE NOTES

THE Coronation Summer at Cranwell was crowded with events which will live long in the memories of those privileged to participate in them. Never has such a variety of loyal duty been so admirably performed at so little cost in normal training time.

The part played by the College on Coronation Day itself was recorded in our last issue. At Her Majesty's Coronation Review of her Royal Air Force the College was represented both in the air and on the ground.

The third detail in the fly-past was a formation of sixteen Chipmunks from the College led by Squadron Leader D. A. Young with Flight Lieutenant R. Colbeck as his navigator. The Section Leaders were Flight Lieutenants D. A. Lewis, L. A. Robertson and F. A. Abbott, D.F.M. The other pilots were Flight Lieutenants A. R. Taylor, J. E. Dawes, J. Severn, V. Primrose, W. N. Waudby, D.F.C., D. P. Spencer, W. H. Jackson, A. M. Ross and D. A. Cree; Flying Officers B. W. Woodfield, R. C. Simmons and L. J. A. Maisonpierre. The other navigators were Squadron Leader R. H. Steele, O.B.E., and Flight Lieutenant L. G. Ludgate. Skill and weeks of practice brought the formation over the Saluting Base at Odiham with not a second's error.

In the parade accompanying the static display the College was represented by ten Chipmunks, four flying instructors and six flight cadets, under the command of Flight Lieutenant (now Squadron Leader) J. L. Bayley. Flight Lieutenant Bayley and Flight Cadets I. D. Brimson, R. A. C. Goldring and P. H. Stanning had the honour of being engaged in conversation by Her Majesty and the Duke of Edinburgh during their inspection of the display.



The Queen's Birthday was celebrated on 11th June with a full parade of the whole station on the grass to the north of the College building.



A party of ten flight cadets led by our late editor were the guests of the Royal Navy for the Royal Review of the Fleet on 15th June. They were lodged aboard H.M.S. *Indefatigable* and admirably placed to view a great occasion.



On 28th July Marshal of the Royal Air Force His Royal Highness The Duke of Edinburgh, K.G., P.C., K.T., G.B.E., honoured the College by his presence as the Reviewing Officer at the Passing-Out Parade of No. 59 Entry and No. 10 (E. & S.) Entry. The occasion was in many ways unprecedented; never before had a Royal visitor arrived flying his own aircraft; never before had so distinguished a gathering (including seven members of the Air Council and three former Chiefs of the Air Staff) attended a passing-out parade. In addition to acting as Reviewing Officer at the passing-out parade, the Duke of Edinburgh planted a commemorative tree, inspected the Flying Wing, took luncheon in the College and watched a flying display in the company of No. 60 Entry. An account of this visit is given later in the JOURNAL.

The College buildings and surroundings have never shown to better advantage than

on the occasion of this Royal Visit. The last vestiges of the old College building had gone; the newly planted grass and the newly laid parade ground in front of the Junior College Mess were fresh for the occasion and the many newly planted rose bushes were in full bloom. The area around the Orange was gay with marquees for the entertainment of our two thousand guests. The principal rooms in the College were freshly decorated. The dining hall, in particular, is now resplendent in delicate lime green with the beams and pillars in ivory. The panels in the ceiling are sky blue with the Tudor rosettes at the corner of each panel picked out in gold. The curtains and hangings are in maroon brocade edged with gold. This noble room was first used in this guise for the final Guest Night of No. 59 Entry.



THE CORONATION REVIEW AT ODIHAM

Flight Lieutenant Bayley presents Flight Cadet Goldring to Her Majesty the Queen

At the conclusion of the day's ceremonies a commemorative tree was planted by Marshal of the Royal Air Force The Viscount Trenchard, G.C.B., O.M., G.C.V.O., D.S.O., D.C.L., LL.D.



Wings and Squadron Prizes were presented to No. 59 and No. 10 (Equipment and Secretarial) Entries by Air Chief Marshal Sir John Baker, K.C.B., M.C., D.F.C., on 27th July, 1953. In the introduction to his inspiring and memorable address, a summary of which appears later in this JOURNAL, Sir John Baker said: 'I would like to say how very much I appreciate the privilege of coming to Cranwell today to give your Wings to all of you who are passing out with No. 59 Entry, and more particularly because, as you all know so well, my son is numbered among you and therefore it is more than ever a proud moment for me.' Six of the flight cadets passing out on this occasion were the sons of serving Royal Air Force officers.



THE THIRD DETAIL
RETURNS FROM
ODIHAM

*Sixteen Chipmunks,
led by
Sqn Ldr D. A. Young,
formed the third detail
in the fly-past
at the Coronation Review
of the Royal Air Force
at Odiham.
Here they are seen
making a circuit
over the College
upon their return
from Odiham*

Observant readers may have noticed that with this issue, which is Vol XXV No. 3, the JOURNAL completes its twenty-fifth year of publication. Our circulation is increasing and, while we cannot yet dream of a return to our pre-war girth owing to the present day costs of production, we hope in the New Year to be able to give our readers even better value for money.



In the autumn term the main change in the life of the College is the assimilation of the Equipment and Secretarial Wing into the parent body of the Cadet Wing. The Equipment and Secretarial cadets have joined (in some cases rejoined) the three squadrons of the Royal Air Force College. Loyal members of 'D' Squadron may mourn its passing, but among the advantages must be reckoned the fact that the Equipment and Secretarial flight cadets are no longer impeded in their full participation of College life by a six-mile gap.

At the start of the autumn term the College numbered 268 flight cadets and 51 cadets; of these 40 were of the Equipment branch and 20 of the Secretarial branch. 'C' Squadron is Sovereign's Squadron.



The rank of flight cadet sergeant has followed that of flight cadet corporal into limbo. Each squadron now has one senior under officer and three under officers. Flight cadet senior under officers are distinguished by flying officer ranking braid worn in the same manner as the flight cadet under officer's pilot officer ranking braid.

At the end of the summer term the inevitable exodus of staff occurred.

We congratulate Wing Commander R. W. Pye on his promotion, but regret that it leads to his departure. In addition to his direction of 'B' Squadron, Wing Commander Pye had charge of the Cadet Activities Organization. The unprecedented scope and success of these activities during the summer vacation are the measure of the drive which Wing Commander Pye imparted to the organization and are the most acceptable farewell presentation which the College could have made to their co-ordinating organizer. On his departure Wing Commander Pye offered, and the Commandant accepted, an addition to the College plate in the form of a cup to be awarded for the most outstanding deed of personal enterprise in the course of any vacation (provided, of course, that any should merit this award, which is already being irreverently referred to as the 'Pie Dish.') Wing Commander Pye has been appointed to command the Flying Wing at South Cerney.

The command of 'B' Squadron has been taken over by Squadron Leader E. H. Taylor, A.F.C.

Another departure was that of Squadron Leader D. R. Fayle, M.C. For five years at the College Squadron Leader Fayle has professed Geography and Economics; in addition, he did much to re-establish a high standard of hockey at the College. That he kept the Canoeing Section on an even keel is illustrated by the successful triple crossing of the English Channel during the summer vacation. The imperturbable figure of Squadron Leader Fayle will long be remembered coping with the crises of hosting at passing-out parades. We wish Squadron Leader and Mrs Fayle (whom we thank for her work on our behalf in Sick Quarters) all success in their new environment in Malta.

At the start of the autumn term Squadron Leader P. E. H. Thomas, A.F.C., was left doyen of the corps of Squadron commanders. At the time of going to press however, we learn that the command of 'A' Squadron is being taken over by Squadron Leader R. D. A. Smith, D.F.C., and that Squadron Leader Thomas is departing to Headquarters No. 66 Group. Throughout his tour he has been the mainstay of the College shooting; he has introduced many to the joys of skiing and been the organizer of our reciprocal liaison with l'Ecole de l'Air.

Space permits a bare mention only of the many other departing officers. We have lost our late Old Cranwellian editor, Flight Lieutenant G. K. Mossman, whose place has been taken by Flight Lieutenant A. B. Stinchcombe; and the College Medical Officer, Squadron Leader R. E. Woolley, G.M.

The Flying Wing has lost, amongst others, Flight Lieutenants R. B. Sillars, J. B. Bayley, D. R. George and B. L. Partridge whom we congratulate upon their promotion.

Those leaving the Equipment and Secretarial Wing include Squadron Leader J. R. Pullan, the energetic honorary treasurer of innumerable funds, and Flight Lieutenant J. F. Lawrence, who, with Mrs Lawrence, did much to further the study of languages at Cranwell.



We congratulate Wing Commander D. T. M. Lumsden, M.B.E., on his promotion, and note that he has now received our congratulations three times for different reasons in two consecutive numbers of the JOURNAL.

We regret to announce the death of Flight Cadet M. J. Goodall in a night flying accident on 12th June. Flight Cadet Goodall entered the College in the summer term of 1951. He quickly established himself as an athlete, as a popular member of his Entry and Squadron, and as a flight cadet of great promise. We extend our sympathy to the relatives of Flight Cadet Goodall in their loss which we, as his friends, share.



We record with gratitude an addition to the furnishing of the College Chapel. The Chaplains Branch have presented a Wedgwood vase.

The vase itself is about 2 ft 6 ins in height and stands on a pedestal. It takes the form of a lidded urn and was designed by Mr Victor Skellern, the Chief Designer at Wedgwoods. The urn itself bears an achievement of the College arms supported by four cherubim in a relief executed by Arnold Machin and Eric Owen. The vase was turned by Mr H. Longshaw who has served Wedgwoods as a craftsman for thirty-six years.

The vase was presented to the Commandant by the Chaplain-in-Chief on 6th October, in the presence of Mr John Wedgwood. It now stands within the sanctuary in the Chapel.



Various contemporaries have been publicizing Cranwell. *Illustrated*, on 8th and 15th July published two articles on the Royal Air Force College; and *Sport and Country* on 19th August published an article on the use of land at Cranwell. In his *New Elizabethans* Sir Philip Gibbs, K.B.E., has given a generous account of a visit to the College. Visits have been made to the College by Mr H. E. Bates, the novelist, and Mr John Pudney, the poet and novelist, with a view to future publications.

The Station Sports were held on 11th June. The weather was typical of the summer of 1953; that is, unpleasant but not quite disastrous. The ardour of the competitors was undamped and the representative team was selected for the Flying Training Command Championships held on 24th June. For this occasion the weather was excellent. The Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief took the salute at the march past of competing teams. The prizes were presented by Mrs McKee, to whom Miss Harriet Eeles presented a bouquet.

The Flying Training Command model aircraft trials were held on the north airfield on 13th and 14th June.

We have been glad to welcome the following guests during the summer term :

On 12th June members of the Directing Staff and of No. 43 Course at the Royal Air Force Staff College, Bracknell.

On 26th June Colonel Lindskog, Commandant of the Royal Swedish Air Force Staff College.

On 2nd July the following Headmasters visited the College and dined in the Junior Mess: Mr T. W. Taylor of Haberdashers' School, Mr R. D. Thomson of Bloxham and Mr K. T. Topliss of Royal Naval College Pangbourne, together with Mr E. A. Malaher of Charterhouse and Mr C. N. Burton of Clifton.

On 7th July Air Chief Marshal Suen R. Riddhangni, Commander-in-Chief of the Royal Thai Air Force.

From 26th—29th July a reciprocal visit of two instructors and eight cadets of the Royal Norwegian Air Force.

Old Cranwellian Day took place on 20th June.

On 18th June Air Commodore H. I. Cozens, C.B., A.F.C., dined in College and showed his colour film of Bomber Command war-time operations.

On 23rd July the demonstration team of the R.A.F. Regiment gave a Drill display on the Junior College Parade Ground.



The Dramatic section of the College Society presented *See How They Run* by Philip King with great éclat on 13th July. A full report on the performance appears on a later page.

The Ferris Drill competition took place on 26th June. The inspecting party was formed by the adjutant and members of the Staff of the Royal Military Academy. 'C' Squadron were the winners. 'B' Squadron were the winners of the Klocker Cup which was competed for on 10th June.

Visiting preachers at Parade Services include the Right Reverend the Bishop of Derby, and the Reverend A. Robson, Minister of Kelvinside Church of Scotland at Glasgow. At the final parade service in the summer term the preacher was the Right Reverend the Bishop of Lincoln.

On 20th September a special parade service was held in commemoration of the Battle of Britain.

We welcome to Cranwell Danielle Christiane Bullen, Charles Cotton, Peter Joseph Clancy and Peter Nigel Ludgate, and congratulate their parents—Squadron Leader and Mrs Bullen, Major and Mrs Cotton, Flight Lieutenant and Mrs Clancy and Flight Lieutenant and Mrs Ludgate—upon their arrival.

The range of activities during the summer vacation exceeded even the record set up last year. Accounts of these visits are given later in the JOURNAL but we offer here collectively the thanks of the College to all those many hosts who made these visits possible. We thank also those aircraft firms, factories and mines, who entertained parties during the term. It is only by virtue of their hospitality that the Cranwell training can maintain its width of interest.

THE SOVEREIGN'S SQUADRON

Summary of Points Scored in Summer Term, 1953

	'A' Sqn	'B' Sqn	'C' Sqn	'D' Sqn	Points Awarded		
					1st	2nd	3rd
Ferris Drill Trophy	9	3	15	—	15	9	3
Klocker Cup	—	2	10	6	10	6	2
Chimay Cup	25	5	15	—	25	15	5
	—	—	—	—			
	34	10	40	6			
	—	—	—	—			

The Visit of H.R.H. The Duke of Edinburgh To the College, July 1953

The Parade

THERE could have been no more fitting a close to a Royal Term than the visit to Cranwell on 28th July of Marshal of the Royal Air Force His Royal Highness The Duke of Edinburgh, K.G., P.C., K.T., G.B.E., who honoured the College by his presence at the passing-out parade of No. 59 Entry and No. 10 (E. & S.) Entry.

Fitful though the summer of 1953 had been till then, the day itself proved warm, with a noticeable touch of dampness in a wind which persisted throughout the morning. As the time approached for the march on of the Cadet Wing, grey clouds began to heap in the west and rain seemed, momentarily, to threaten. But a sky that was all but covered fifteen minutes before His Royal Highness drove through the Main Gates had almost cleared by the time the inspection was over. Once again Cranwell's extraordinary good fortune with the weather held. This was an April day in high summer.

In many ways the occasion of the visit of His Royal Highness was remarkable. Coming as it did at the end of a term that had been punctuated by loyal preparation for the Coronation, one might have expected an air of strain within the College, an air that might very easily have been communicated not only to staff but also, imperceptibly, to the many guests and spectators who came to Cranwell to witness the parade and to participate in the ceremonial. Taut nerves might have betrayed their presence in over-organization and elaborate and unnecessary preparation. But, if memory can be trusted in the comparisons it automatically makes with

former occasions of like moment, it was with a minimum of fuss and with tremendous *élan* that the College received the Royal Visitor. The crowds, one noticed, outside the gates took up their position in an orderly manner without official assistance of any sort, and inside one could plainly see in the parade itself an air of confidence and buoyancy of spirit which made this occasion unique. Was it for this reason that an Old Cranwellian, a member of No. 46 Entry, was heard to remark after the ceremony that this had been the best passing-out parade he had ever seen?

His Royal Highness arrived at Cranwell in a Devon aircraft flying his own personal standard. As it came to rest outside Air Traffic, His Royal Highness could be seen at the controls with his flying instructor, Flight Lieutenant C. R. Gordon, in No. 2's position. Upon descending from his aircraft His Royal Highness was greeted by the Lord-Lieutenant of Lincolnshire, the Earl of Ancaster, the Secretary of State for Air, Lord De L'Isle and Dudley, the Chief of the Air Staff, Air Chief Marshal Sir William Dickson, the Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Flying Training Command, Air Marshal L. F. Pendred, and the Commandant of the Royal Air Force College, Air Commodore H. Eeles.

His Royal Highness was driven to The Lodge. Lord and Lady Ancaster, Lord and Lady De L'Isle and Dudley, Marshal of the Royal Air Force Lord Trenchard and Lady Trenchard, Air Chief Marshal Sir William and Lady Dickson, Air Chief Marshal Sir John and Lady Baker, and Air Marshal and Mrs L. F. Pendred assembled there.



The arrival of H.R.H. The Duke of Edinburgh

Meanwhile, on the parade ground outside the main College building, the Cadet Wing of the Royal Air Force College had marched on to the tune of the Royal Air Force College Quick March and formed up in line under Flight Cadet Under Officer P. G. Cock, the parade commander, and his adjutant, Flight Cadet Sergeant D. V. Reypert. Commanding the respective squadrons were: 'A' (Sovereign's Squadron), Flight Cadet Under Officer S. E. King; 'B,'



The Inspection of the Cadet Wing: His Royal Highness The Duke of Edinburgh passes down the supernumerary rank of 'C' Squadron, accompanied by Flight Cadet Sergeant D. R. Burles

Flight Cadet Under Officer J. M. Henderson; 'C,' Flight Cadet Sergeant D. R. Burles; and 'D,' Flight Cadet Under Officer N. A. Parker.

More than 2,000 guests had already assembled on the Orange, among them many representatives from the other Armed Services of the Crown and from the Armed Services of friendly foreign Powers. Noticeable were the two officers and eight cadets of the Luftkrigsskolen, Norway, who were on a brief visit to the College at that time. Last-minute arrivals were discreetly made by several guests who had been delayed in their journeys to Cranwell. Last of all, as is their prerogative, came the guests from The Lodge to take their places in front. Notwithstanding the uncertainty of the weather, the blend of colour in the scene was very striking. The blue-grey uniforms, the dark blue and the khaki, the summer dresses, the brick-red of the College, the pale green of the canvas chairs with the darker green of the Orange itself (unscorched as yet by a summer sun)—all com-

bined to produce a vivid and lasting impression on the mind.



With the parade in review order the Colour and escort marched on under its ensign, Flight Cadet Sergeant E. C. Loveday, and escort, Flight Cadets J. A. Tucker and B. C. Letchford, with Warrant Officer Masters as Colour Warrant Officer. This was a dramatic moment before the pause that heralded the arrival of His Royal Highness and, even as the band played the traditional 'Greensleeves,' the Colour caught the wind and unfurled, flapping heavily.

Punctually at 1058 hours His Royal Highness arrived at the west flank of the parade ground and was escorted to the saluting base by the Commandant and other officials. The parade then greeted His Royal Highness with a triumphal fanfare, played on this occasion on the seven silver trumpets recently presented to



H.R.H. The Duke of Edinburgh presents the Sword of Honour to Flight Cadet Under Officer P. G. Cock

the College. The Royal Salute followed, majestically, and at this moment, high above the parade, His Royal Highness's personal standard was broken at the masthead. As the last strains of the National Anthem died away, Flight Cadet Under Officer Cock stepped forward and reported in a firm, strong voice to His Royal Highness that the Queen's Colour and Cadet Wing were now ready for inspection. Hardly had Flight Cadet Under Officer Cock completed his report when His Royal Highness began to descend the steps of the saluting base. He halted for a fraction of a second, it seemed, on the imperative 'Sir!' and then quickly moved across the parade ground with the parade commander to begin his inspection of the Wing.

From afar it was difficult to pick out the faces of those to whom His Royal Highness spoke in the course of his progress down the ranks, but it was observed that he paused for a long time in conversation with several senior cadets before reaching the Colour party. The Colour itself, ensign and escort clearly caught His Royal Highness's attention; and, subsequently as he passed down the rest of the supernumerary rank, he stopped with a jerk more than once to speak to certain senior cadets, among them Senior Flight Cadets Organ and Butt. He had many questions, also, for the

recipients of Coronation medals and for cadets from overseas.

After the inspection the Cadet Wing formed close column on the west flank in preparation for the march past, first in slow time and then in quick. Hardly had the order 'Close order' been given and dressing taken up to a drum roll when a Meteor carried out an unrehearsed fly-past to the south-west of the parade ground. Coordination between the band and the parade was excellent, and, though there appeared to be a certain amount of exaggerated movement to the rear and left of the parade as dressing was taken up before the slow march past, there was an unusual sprightliness in the way commands were obeyed by the parade; bearing, generally, was very good, and the marching was firm, confident and full of the pride of Service.

At this point, the climax of the parade, the sun came out. It picked up the whites, greys, yellows and blues in the Royal Standard. The Cadet Wing reformed line and advanced in review order, halted and presented arms in a second Royal Salute. The presentation of awards then followed. For this His Royal Highness descended once more from the saluting base. As the Assistant Commandant, Group Captain E. D. McK. Nelson, read out the names of the winners of awards, so each stepped smartly up to His Royal Highness. The Sword of Honour went to Flight Cadet Under Officer Cock, the Queen's Medal to Flight Cadet Under Officer Henderson, and the Medal of Honour to Flight Cadet Under Officer N. A. Parker.

The presentations over, His Royal Highness moved to the saluting base and delivered his inspiring Address.



The ceremony was now reaching its close. The Colour was marched off, as tradition demands, up the steps into the College and, as tradition also demands, the passing-out entries followed slowly up the same steps into the Entrance Hall, now commissioned officers of the Royal Air Force.

Watched by His Royal Highness the Band played the Cadet Wing off parade. The echo of the boom and crash of drums and cymbals from the west flank wall suddenly reminded spectators that the parade ground was almost empty. From behind the College itself came the words of command of a new senior term dismissing the squadrons for the first time and it was at this moment, from an easterly direction, that a

second intruding Meteor flew, in accidental salute, over a now empty parade ground.

His Royal Highness Enters the College

His Royal Highness, accompanied by the Royal Party consisting of the Chief of the Air Staff, the Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief Flying Training Command, the Commandant, the Assistant Commandant and the Aides-de-Camp, crossed the parade ground to the steps where Flight Lieutenant W. J. Bangay, Director of Music, and Warrant Officer R. A. Masters, Cadet Wing Warrant Officer, were presented.

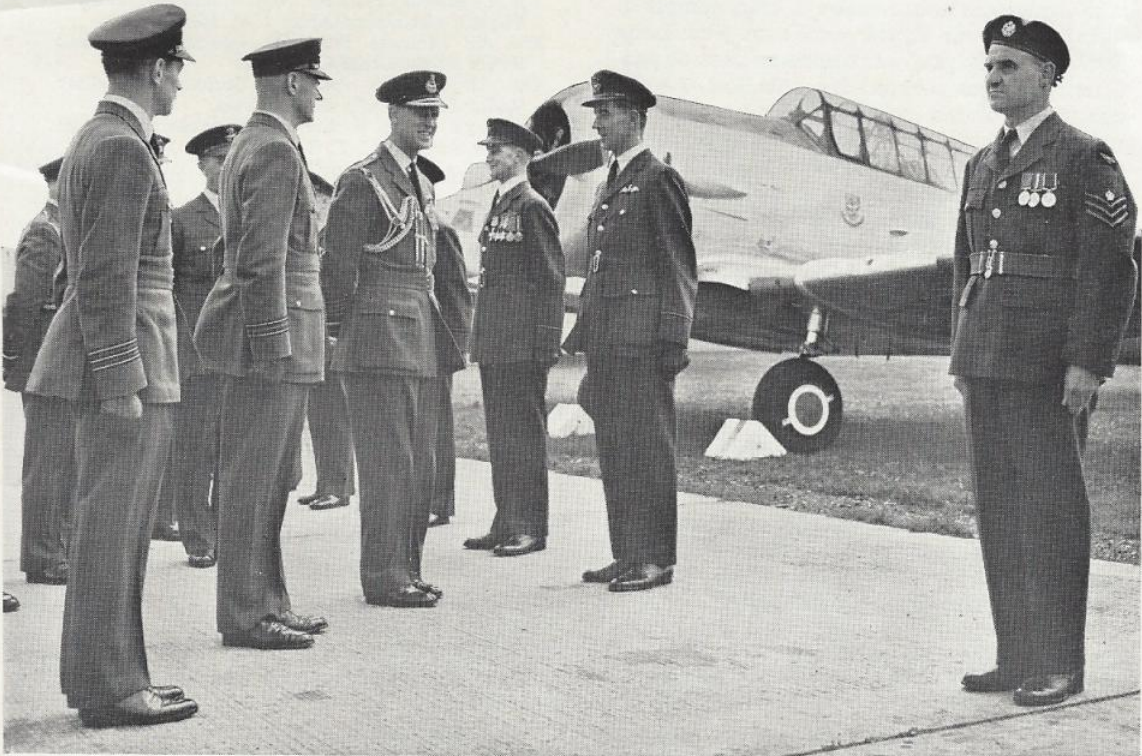
The Royal Party entered the College and passed into the Guest Room, where senior officers of the College staff with their wives, together with the wives of those senior officers on the Flying Wing parade, had assembled. The following presentations were made to His Royal Highness: Group Captain and Mrs E. D. McK. Nelson, Group Captain and Mrs R. C. Keary, Group Captain and Mrs W. N. Hibbert, Mr and Mrs A. Constant, Mrs I. N. MacDougall, Mrs G. W. J. Cozens, Wing Commander and Mrs K. M. Crick, Wing Commander A. E. Davey, Wing Commander and Mrs F. H. Peterson,

Wing Commander and Mrs J. W. Sim, Wing Commander and Mrs J. F. Powell, Wing Commander and Mrs F. Bartle, Wing Commander and Mrs R. W. Pye and Mrs Lumsden. His Royal Highness conversed individually and collectively with the company and took refreshment.

Half-an-hour later the Royal Party moved off to the west flank of the Junior Mess area where His Royal Highness planted a commemorative tree under the surveillance of Mr H. Stratton. The Warrant Officers of the Royal Air Force College and their wives were then presented to His Royal Highness.

The Flying Wing Parade

At 1230 hours His Royal Highness The Duke of Edinburgh arrived on the tarmac to inspect the Flying Wing Parade. The Commandant presented Wing Commander I. N. MacDougall, Officer Commanding Flying Wing, and Wing Commander G. W. J. Cozens, Officer Commanding Technical Wing. His Royal Highness then passed slowly down the long line of officers, n.c.os and airmen drawn up by squadrons in front of their aircraft. Squadron Commanders presented their officers to His Royal Highness



The Flying Wing Parade



His Royal Highness watches the flying display given by Meteors of No. 203 A.F.S. from the steps of the College, with the Commandant (left) and from the parade ground, with members of the new Senior Term (above)

who evinced in conversation a keen interest in flying and in the Royal Air Force. Few Long Service medals, post-war campaign stars or proficiency badges escaped his attention. At the conclusion of his inspection His Royal Highness drove slowly back along the tarmac to the accompaniment of cheers from the Flying Wing. The Royal car then returned to the College by a route which led through the East Camp. This gave the married families an opportunity of expressing their loyalty and their appreciation of the Royal visit.

The Prizegiving and Luncheon

During the inspection of the Flying Wing parade those of our guests who could be accommodated for luncheon in the College had congregated in the main lecture hall and in ante-room No. 4. On his return to the College His Royal Highness entered the ante-room and presented the following prizes in the presence of our most distinguished guests and of the relatives of the prizewinning flight cadets:

The Philip Sassoon Memorial Prize: Flight Cadet Under Officer J. M. Henderson.

The Robert Marsland Groves Memorial Prize and Kinkead Trophy: Flight Cadet Sergeant R. A. Lees.

The Dickson Trophy and Michael Hill Memorial Prize: Flight Cadet Sergeant R. A. Lees.

The John Anthony Chance Memorial Prize: Flight Cadet Under Officer S. E. King.

The Abdy Gerrard Fellowes Memorial Prize for Aeronautical Studies: Flight Cadet Under Officer J. M. Henderson.

The Air Ministry Prize for Imperial and War Studies: Flight Cadet Under Officer J. M. Henderson.

The Air Ministry Prize for Equipment Studies: Senior Flight Cadet C. S. Lim.

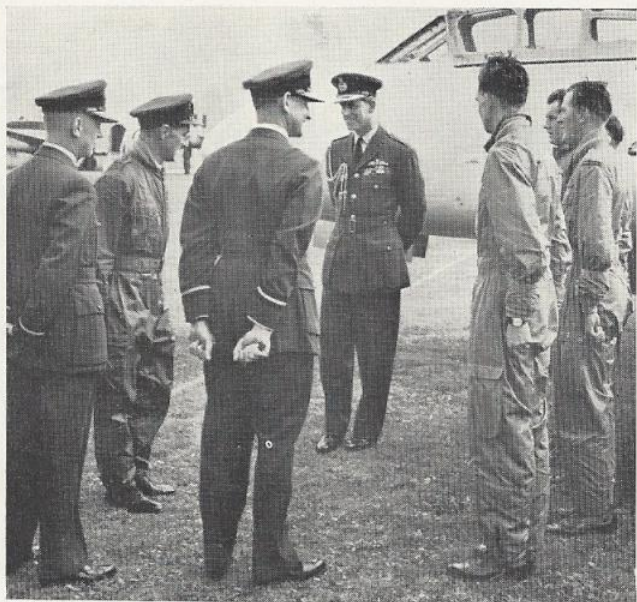
The Air Ministry Prize for Secretarial Studies: Senior Flight Cadet R. A. Neves.

The Royal United Service Institution Award: Flight Cadet Sergeant C. T. B. Peile.

The Duke of Edinburgh then passed into ante-room No. 5, where further presentations were made, including from the College staff Squadron Leader and Mrs P. F. Blackford, Squadron Leader and Mrs P. E. H. Thomas, Lieutenant-Commander and Mrs J. G. V. Holt, R.N., Major G. J. S. Cotton, and Major and Mrs W. E. Charlson, U.S.A.F., together with those guests to be seated at the high table, Marshals of the Royal Air Force and members of the Air Council. Luncheon was announced by a fanfare and, when our other guests were in their places, those to be seated at the high table moved into Hall. The seating plan at the high table is shown opposite.

Grace was said by the Lord Bishop of Lincoln. During luncheon the band played a selection. After the loyal toast and the now traditional reprise of the 'Post-Horn Gallop,' those lunching at high table withdrew and took coffee in the guest room.

His Royal Highness then carried out a short tour of the College building, including the



His Royal Highness speaks with the pilots of the Meteors of No. 203 A.F.S. before taking off himself (above). An informal moment (right)—His Royal Highness in conversation with Marshal of the Royal Air Force Lord Trenchard



Library, Hall of Fame and the Memorial Chapel. During his tour twelve members of the College staff were presented to His Royal Highness: Messrs Curt, Green, Harmston, Dean, Lyon, Breakspere, Mayhew, Clay, Broughton, Ety, Bennett and Brown. The first four of these each now have more than one-third of a century of service to the College to their credit.

The senior under officers and under officers of No. 60 Entry were presented to His Royal Highness and, in the company of No. 60 Entry, he watched the fine flying display given by four Meteors of No. 203 A.F.S. led by Flight Lieutenant A. Lang of No. 46 Entry. (We were also glad to see with the formation Wing Commander H. A. Chater, A.F.C., who, shortly before the war, was a Cadet Wing Officer.)

His Royal Highness Departs

The flying display over, His Royal Highness returned for a brief moment into the College to sign the Visitors' Book, and re-emerged as flight

cadets and spectators closed in to bid him a loyal farewell. As his car drove off a great cheer went up from all assembled on the parade ground and the Orange, a cheer which the waiting crowds outside the gates took up as His Royal Highness's car passed down the Sleaford road on its way to the airfield. On the airfield the officers who had piloted the Meteors in the flying display only fifteen minutes before were presented to His Royal Highness, his last official act before his departure.

The door of the Devon aircraft stood open. His Royal Highness took his leave of the Commandant and members of the Royal Party, mounted the steps and disappeared from view in the fuselage of the aircraft. A few moments later he was seen once again in the pilot's seat of his aircraft and it was minutes only before he was airborne.

	Plt Off Parker	Lady Trenchard	H.R.H. The Duke	Lady De L'Isle	Countess of	A.V.M. Sir C.
	A.C.M. Sir W.	of Edinburgh	& Dudley	Ancaster	Longcroft	
Mrs Pendred	Dickson	Plt Off Cock	The	M.R.A.F. Lord	Plt Off	
			Commandant	Trenchard	Henderson	
Lord	HIGH TABLE - 28th JULY, 1953					Director
Bishop						of Studies
of Lincoln	Gp Capt Nelson	The Earl of	Sqn Ldr Horsley	Lord De L'Isle	Gp Capt Hibbert	Plt Off King
	Mrs Harland	Ancaster	Mrs Constant	& Dudley	Mrs Nelson	A.M. L.F.
			Mrs Eeles			Pendred
						Mrs Hibbert

The Wings and Trophies Ceremony

Presentations made by Air Chief Marshal Sir John Baker

ON 27th July, 1953, the eve of the passing-out parade, at a ceremony attended by flight cadets of No. 59 and 10 (E. & S.) Entries, their relatives and officers, Air Chief Marshal Sir John Baker, K.C.B., M.C., D.F.C., Vice-Chief of the Air Staff, presented wings and squadron trophies.

After expressing how much he appreciated the privilege of coming to Cranwell on this occasion, Air Marshal Baker went on to quote these words which the late King used, when presenting the colours to Cranwell in 1948:

The way to the stars is not easy; and it is only by sheer hard work and devotion to duty that you will reach the heights. By reason of its efficiency and from its sacrifices, the R.A.F. has won renown throughout the world; it has proved itself our shield and spearhead in war. It stands today as a guardian of peace.

Sir John said that as newly commissioned officers, they would be responsible for wielding weapons capable of tremendous destruction and chaos, and they could only show themselves true 'guardians of peace' by achieving efficiency in a Service whose show of strength would be the greatest prevention of future war.

He asked them not to think that those who had gone before them were living a different life in another generation on 'some remote Olympus.' They would be at hand both to help them with their experience and to share their responsibilities.

Sir John then gave the new officers 'something to go by,' as he put it, in the form of a ready reckoner of the sort of officer quality that he believed they ought to have. First, *ability*; though this did not mean that they must be capable of doing every technical job themselves, it did necessitate proving themselves as officers by displaying those standards of ability that a man can admire. Secondly, *bearing*; they must remember that in plain clothes or uniform, they would be recognized as officers, and neither on nor off duty could they throw off that responsibility.

In speaking of *courage*, he warned them not to be afraid of the word. Lack of moral courage, which might lead them to overlook small irregularities in matters of discipline, was as serious a shortcoming in an officer as lack of physical

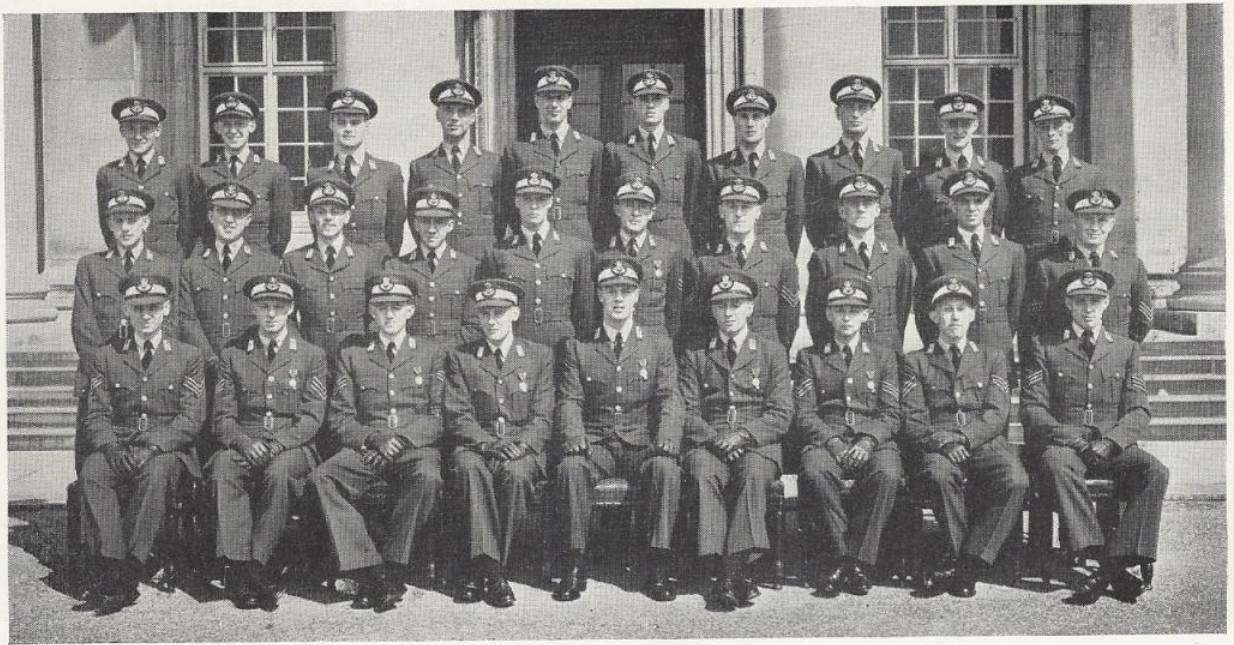
courage. The fourth quality was *discipline* which, he said, had once been very aptly described as 'organized unselfishness.' Service was not imposed from the top; it grew up from underneath. Discipline was a matter of trying to inculcate the team spirit, of making the other fellow proud and happy to share the job with you.

Finally—*energy, enthusiasm and enterprise*. Sir John pointed out that we in the Royal Air Force, which has only existed for a generation, are making our own traditions through the energy and enterprise of the individual officer and man.

Sir John concluded a forceful and amusing address by expressing the belief that if they carried those thoughts away with them, remembering the lessons which the two wars have taught us, they would make an important contribution to the Royal Air Force. He wished them all the very best of luck for the future.



On 28th July, at the conclusion of the day's ceremonies, Lord Trenchard planted a commemorative tree at the College. Here Lord Trenchard, accompanied by Lady Trenchard and Group Captain Keary, is seen leaving the plot



No. 59 ENTRY—JULY 1953

Snr Flt Cdt A. Neale, Snr Flt Cdt D. S. Selway, Snr Flt Cdt P. D. Organ, Snr Flt Cdt A. C. R. Pugh, Snr Flt Cdt T. J. Hartnoll, Snr Flt Cdt D. J. Foster, Snr Flt Cdt D. W. Molesworth, Snr Flt Cdt J. B. Fitzpatrick, Snr Flt Cdt G. J. Brand, Snr Flt Cdt G. A. P. Chamberlain
Snr Flt Cdt J. Weaver, Snr Flt Cdt B. H. Newton, Snr Flt Cdt G. H. Baker, Snr Flt Cdt J. W. Nowell, Snr Flt Cdt R. C. Gilpin, Flt Cdt Sgt E. C. Loveday, Flt Cdt Sgt A. R. Lewis, Snr Flt Cdt J. N. M. Pickersgill, Snr Flt Cdt W. A. Butt, Flt Cdt Sgt J. R. Ayers
Flt Cdt Sgt D. V. Reypert, Flt Cdt Sgt C. T. B. Peile, Flt Cdt Sgt D. R. Burles, Flt Cdt U.O. J. M. Henderson, Flt Cdt U.O. P. G. Cock, Flt Cdt U.O. S. E. King, Flt Cdt Sgt R. A. Lees, Flt Cdt Sgt G. S. C. Mumford, Flt Cdt Sgt R. F. Witty

Order of Merit

No. 59 ENTRY

- J. M. HENDERSON, Flight Cadet Under Officer: Queen's Medal; The Philip Sassoon Memorial Prize; The A. G. Fellowes Memorial Prize; The Air Ministry Prize for Imperial and War Studies; Rugby.
- R. A. LEES, Flight Cadet Sergeant: The R. M. Groves Memorial Prize; The Dickson Trophy; Choral (President).
- C. T. B. PEILE, Flight Cadet Sergeant: The Royal United Services Institution Award; Boxing (Vice-Captain, Full Colours); Rugby; Tennis.
- G. S. C. MUMFORD, Flight Cadet Sergeant: JOURNAL (Assistant Editor); Rugby; Dramatics; Field Shooting (Captain).
- S. E. KING, Flight Cadet Under Officer: The J. A. Chance Memorial Prize; Rugby (Full Colours); Cricket (Half Colours); Debating.
- P. G. COCK, Flight Cadet Under Officer: Sword of Honour; Rugby (Half Colours); Squash; JOURNAL (Assistant Editor); Angling (Captain); Photography (Secretary).
- R. F. WITTY, Flight Cadet Sergeant: Engineering; Hockey (Captain, Full Colours); Tennis.
- J. W. NOWELL, Senior Flight Cadet: Pentathlon; Riding (Captain).
- E. C. LOVEDAY, Flight Cadet Sergeant: Tennis (Captain, Full Colours).
- D. V. REYPERT, Flight Cadet Sergeant: Languages Award; Athletics (Half Colours); Association Football; Gliding.
- A. R. LEWIS, Flight Cadet Sergeant: Gliding (Captain); Aero-modelling (Secretary).
- G. H. BAKER, Senior Flight Cadet: Engineering.
- D. S. SELWAY, Senior Flight Cadet: JOURNAL (Editor); Archery; Choral; Dramatics (Producer); Fine Arts (President); Music.



★

No. 10 (E. & S.) ENTRY

*Snr Flt Cdt C. S. Lim, Snr Flt Cdt D. J. Ilesley,
Snr Flt Cdt P. B. Cash*

*Snr Flt Cdt R. E. H. Neves, Flt Cdt Sgt C. R. C.
Quayle, Flt Cdt U.O. N. A. Parker, Snr Flt Cdt
G. J. A. F. Green, Snr Flt Cdt D. J. Taylor*

★

- R. C. GILPIN, Senior Flight Cadet: Shooting (Captain, Full Colours); Rugby.
 J. B. FITZPATRICK, Senior Flight Cadet: Rugby (Full Colours); Archery.
 D. R. BURLES, Flight Cadet Sergeant: Boxing (Full Colours); Pentathlon; Riding; Music (Secretary); Debating.
 B. H. NEWTON, Senior Flight Cadet: Engineering.
 D. J. FOSTER, Senior Flight Cadet: Boxing (Half Colours); Cricket.
 J. R. AYERS, Flight Cadet Sergeant: Fiction Library (Secretary); Gliding (Vice-Captain); Sailing.
 D. W. MOLESWORTH, Senior Flight Cadet: Rowing; Radio (Secretary).
 G. J. BRAND, Senior Flight Cadet: Rugby (Vice-Captain, Full Colours); Debating.
 W. A. BUTT, Senior Flight Cadet: Hockey; Cross-country.
 A. NEALE, Senior Flight Cadet: Photographic; Philately; Chess.
 J. WEAVER, Senior Flight Cadet: Cross-country; Sailing; Engineering.
 G. A. P. CHAMBERLAIN, Senior Flight Cadet: Hockey (Full Colours); Ski-ing (Captain).
 T. J. HARTNOLL, Senior Flight Cadet: Gliding; Choir.
 J. N. M. PICKERSGILL, Senior Flight Cadet: Squash; Association Football; Engineering.
 A. C. R. PUGH, Senior Flight Cadet: Rowing; Rugby; Cross-country; Engineering (President).
 P. D. ORGAN, Senior Flight Cadet: Athletics (Half Colours); Rugby; Choral.

No. 10 (E. & S.) ENTRY

- R. E. H. NEVES, Senior Flight Cadet: The Air Ministry Prize for Secretarial Studies; Tennis (Full Colours); Squash; Pot-holing (Secretary).
 G. J. A. F. GREEN, Senior Flight Cadet: Boxing; Association Football (Full Colours); JOURNAL (Assistant Editor); Debating; Dramatics.
 C. S. LIM, Senior Flight Cadet: The Air Ministry Prize for Equipment Studies; Swimming.
 N. A. PARKER, Flight Cadet Under Officer: Medal of Honour; Dramatics.
 P. B. CASH, Senior Flight Cadet: Cricket; Dramatics.
 D. J. TAYLOR, Senior Flight Cadet: Sailing; Choral.
 C. R. C. QUAYLE, Flight Cadet Sergeant: Fencing; Dancing.
 A. C. H. DENNY, Flight Cadet Sergeant: Boxing (Half Colours); Dramatics.
 D. J. ILSLEY, Senior Flight Cadet: Association Football; Cricket (Half Colours); Hockey.



The 'Little-Used Branch Line'

The Cranwell-Sleaford Railway of Yesterday and Today

To the best of our knowledge the history of the Cranwell railway has never been told, and had it not been for a phrase let slip in the last College Notes—a phrase which now appears above—it is doubtful if that history would have been recorded as quickly as it has. The article that now emerges is the result of much gleaning of facts from written records, from plans and from memories. Every effort has been made to check the facts, but despite this some of the dates given are approximate only.

The author wishes to thank the following for their generous assistance: Mr Ellis, of the College staff, who worked for the contractors responsible for building the line; Mr Etty, whose father was foreman of the line; Mr Collishaw, the present driver of Cranwell's locomotives; and Flight Sergeant Fancourt and Mr Stratton.

CONTEMPORARY accounts of the foundation of H.M.S. Daedalus tell of the first loads of building materials being brought by traction engine over the farm tracks from Sleaford. The experiences of the winter of 1915-16 soon indicated that a more reliable means of transport would be required for bringing up bulk supplies and heavy equipment to the camp. The idea of the Cranwell Railway, however, had already been born. At first it was simply a Heath Robinson contractor's line from Sleaford, the temporary track being laid in about a month directly on the ground and undulating with it. Little attempt was made to ease the gradients of the 'Switchback' as it was called, and so severe were some of them that two locomotives were required to pull five laden wagons.

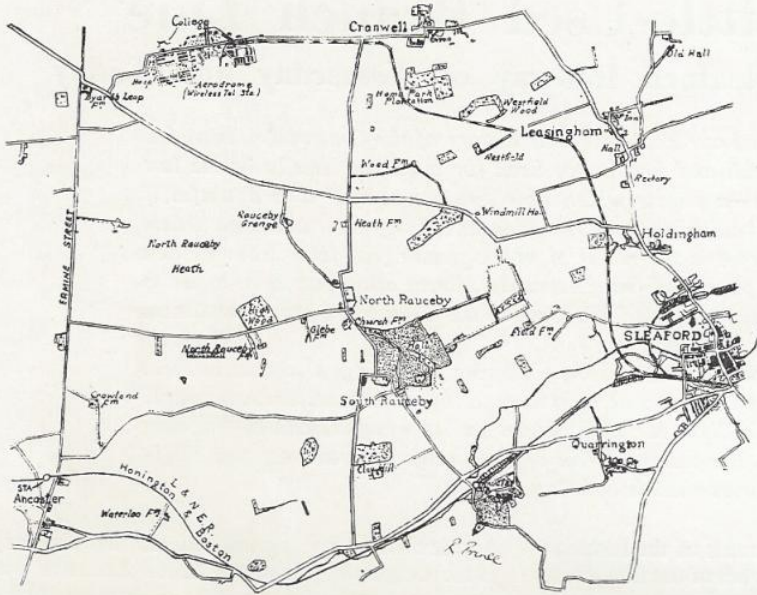
At the same time, the contract for the permanent line was sublet by the Great Northern Railway to Logan & Hemingway Ltd., of Doncaster, the survey being carried out by Mr Charles

A. Brown who completed it in January 1916. Originally a railway from Ancaster was considered following the line of Ermine Street, but this idea was abandoned owing to the severity of the gradients and the shortage of space for sidings at Ancaster. Immediately work began on the present railway. This follows very closely the line of the contractor's temporary track. The line was finally handed over to Air Ministry Works and Buildings in February 1919, although separate sections were used by the contractors as soon as they were built.

Except for the bridge over the River Slea and the bridge and embankment at Leasingham, there is little of engineering interest. The track is



The morning goods train to Sleaford, hauled by No. 129, taking water at the pumping station



Map showing the route taken by the line from Sleaford to Cranwell

A steady 1 in 156 climb for half a mile and a brief drop at 1 in 50 bring the train to the curving embankment and bridge at Leasingham. Immediately after crossing the bridge the line bends gradually westwards in a climbing turn with a gradient of 1 in 50, a difficult task for a small tank engine with a train of fully loaded coal wagons. A brief 'respite' of a quarter of a mile at 1 in 108 is followed by a half-mile climb at 1 in 75 to the summit of the line $3\frac{1}{4}$ miles from Sleaford. Turning north again and running downhill to the fourth mile post, the railway approaches Cranwell village and a

sharp curve to the left brings it to the level crossing with Rauceby Lane, after which it runs parallel to the Sleaford-Cranwell road for the final mile into the station in East Camp; a total distance of $5\frac{1}{4}$ miles from Sleaford.

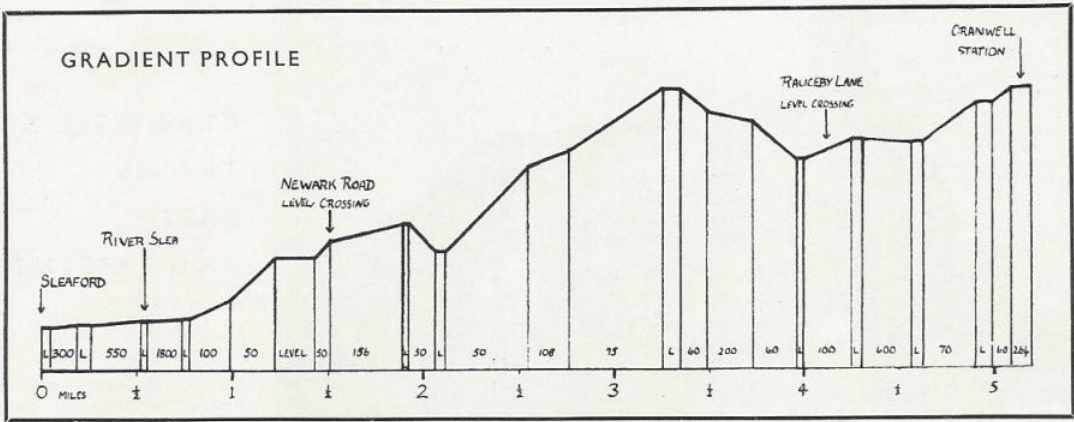
Various branches from the 'mainline' have been built and removed at various times. Many of these only lasted while building was in progress. The more important and longer lived are shown on the accompanying map. The single track to the engine shed and coal sidings which crosses the road in East Camp is the only survivor of the maze of sidings and contractor's tracks which aerial photographs taken during the First World War show to have been laid in the East Camp and Bristol Wood areas. No longer, even, is coal delivered to the College along the narrow tentacle of rails that, until removed in 1950, crept surreptitiously through the green gate by the squash courts to the boiler house at the back of the College.

During the early busy days of the line Logan & Hemingway Ltd. used five of their own 0-6-0 tank engines built by Manning Wardle and Company, of Leeds. Their numbers were 3 (named Blecher), 4 (Hepworth), 5, 8 and 10. Little else is known of these locomotives except that No. 4, a photograph of which is on page 176, had a works number 1468 and was built in 1908. The other four locomotives were of the same type although they differed in small details, such as cab design.

made of components bought from the Great Northern Railway. The oldest chair found in a recent search is date 1877, but there is good reason to believe that some of the original chairs in the now-defunct Bristol Wood section were cast in 1838. A search in the Bristol Wood area has not, however, revealed one yet.

The Cranwell Railway leaves the Grantham-Boston branch of the Eastern Region about half a mile west of Sleaford Station and immediately enters a set of three interchange sidings beyond which British Railways locomotives ordinarily do not go. The sidings converge into a single track and for half a mile the line bends northwards climbing gradually to pass over the Slea River. At the bridge there can be seen the remains of the Slea River Platform, once a stopping place for the long discontinued passenger trains.

The locomotive's hard work now begins as the gradient profile shows. A quarter of a mile at 1 in 100 (as steep as the climb out of King's Cross), another quarter at 1 in 50 (much steeper than the notorious Shap), a level stretch and finally a short rise at 1 in 50 brings the line to the level crossing with the Newark-Sleaford road, nowadays a compulsory stop. In its heyday the railway boasted two gatekeepers to open the gates, but today this duty falls to the train crew. Two very dilapidated signals remain as a pathetic reminder of better days.



The first two locomotives to be taken on the 'ration strength' were posted early in 1918 from Devonport Dockyard and given the numbers 1 and 2. Both were built by Manning Wardle. No. 2 carried a works number 1930 and was built in 1917. This engine ran until 1926 when it was sold to a Nottinghamshire colliery. No. 1 was of earlier vintage and finished its working life at Cranwell, being sold to Fords of Grantham, scrap iron dealers, early in 1925.

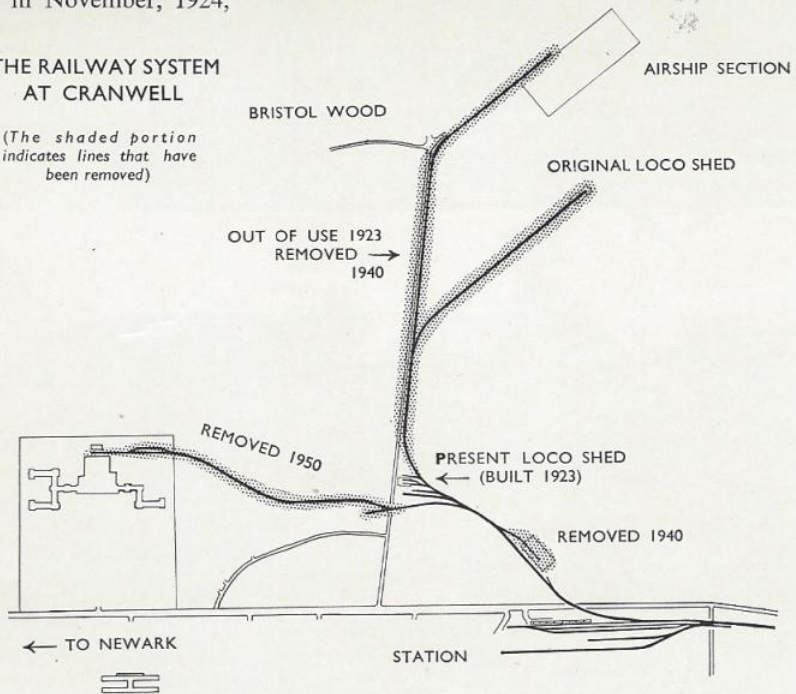
In anticipation of the demise of No. 1 a new 0-6-0 tank engine (Works No. 1541) was purchased from Hudswell Clarke and Company Ltd., of Leeds. It arrived in November, 1924, bearing the A.M.W. and B. number 129, and has remained ever since providing the main motive power for the freight trains. In 1925 A.M.W. and B. No. 127, and 0-4-0 saddle tank engine (Works No. 1521), arrived from Cardington where it had served since it was built by Peckett and Sons Ltd. of Bristol in 1918. Except for a brief return to Bristol for overhaul it has lived at Cranwell ever since. During the thirty-five years of the railway's existence two diesel locomotives have also been used. One, A.M.W.D. No. 68, was built by Fowlers and the other by Hawthorn Leslie. However they have

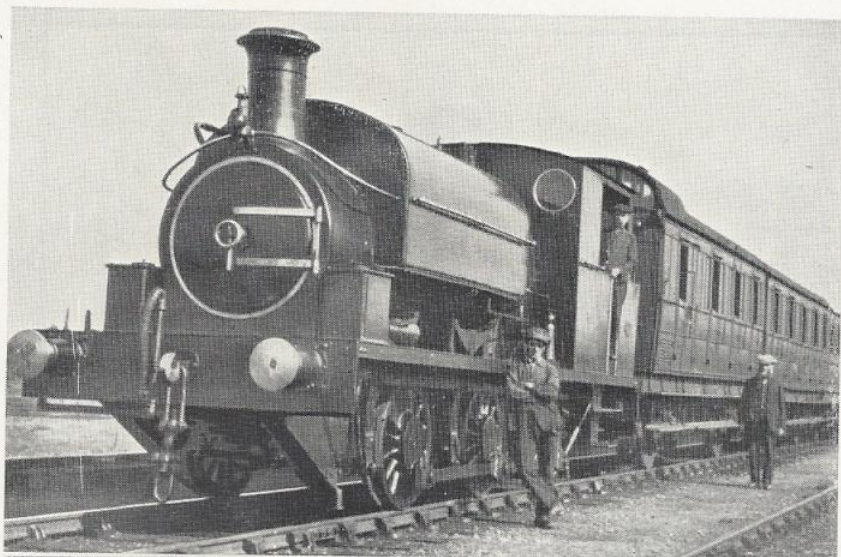
both been returned to Cardington, apparently because the loads were too much for them.

Although the Cranwell Railway was primarily a line for conveyance of freight, passenger services were run from its earliest days. In the first instance these were to carry the contractor's employees from Sleaford. However the passenger services were continued for Service personnel until 1927 when the competition from local bus companies became too strong. Normally seven return journeys were made to Sleaford on week-days, taking 15 to 20 minutes in each direction. The following is a typical timetable:

THE RAILWAY SYSTEM AT CRANWELL

(The shaded portion indicates lines that have been removed)





CRANWELL'S
TRAINS
PAST
AND PRESENT

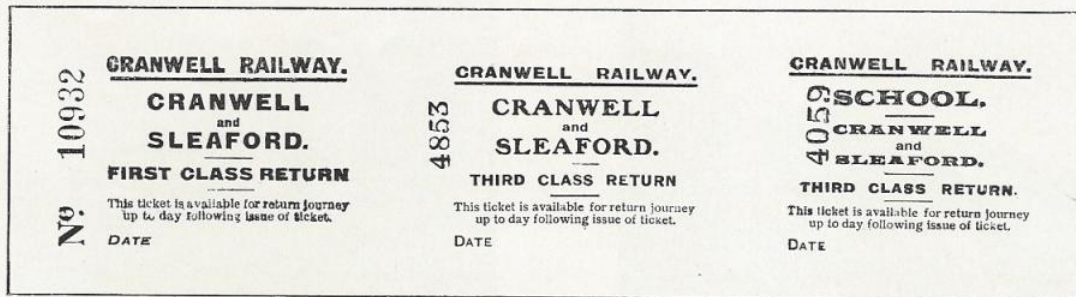
A.M.W.D. No. 2 with a passenger train at Sleaford in 1921. From right to left: J. Frier, Jack Mitchell, driver, and Tom Green-smith, fireman



No. 3 'Blecher' near Stamford with a passenger train. From left to right: J. Frier, guard; C. Hill, cleaner; J. Lister, driver; T. Jackman, foreman engineer, and C. Ellis, fireman. Joe Lister was the driver of the first engine to run over the 'Switchback' to Cranwell. C. Ellis is now a cook on the College staff



A.M.W.D. No. 127, Peckett 0-4-0 saddle tank at Cranwell, May 1953. A sack of coal is carried on the buffer beam in case the limited bunker space is insufficient on any journey



Some examples of tickets issued for journeys on the Cranwell-Sleaford line

Cranwell dep.	6.30 a.m.	7.45 a.m.	10.30 a.m.	
	2.30 p.m.	5.10 p.m.	6.10 p.m.	9.00 p.m.
Sleaford dep.	7.00 a.m.	8.30 a.m.	12.00 noon	
	4.15 p.m.	5.30 p.m.	8.30 p.m.	10.10 p.m.

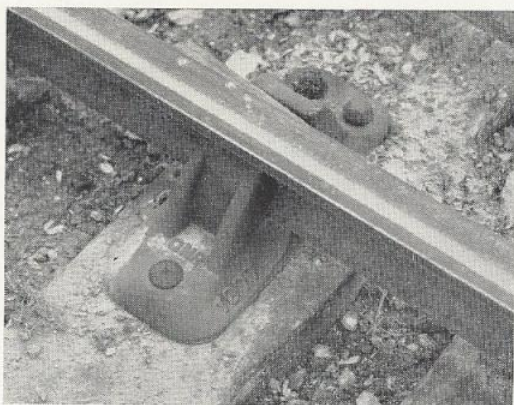
All these trains ran to and from Sleaford Station except the 10.30 a.m. which was really a goods train, but carried one or two passenger coaches depending on the demand. This train set down its passengers at the Sleas River platform and then carried on to the sidings where it left its wagons. Having collected its return load of wagons the train waited until 12 noon at the Sleas River platform before returning to Cranwell. At least one more goods train was run each day, usually in the afternoon.

The Sunday service started at 2.30 p.m. from Cranwell, returning at 2.50 p.m. from Sleas River. Other departures from Cranwell were 4.30 p.m. for Sleas River, 6.10 p.m. and 9.00 p.m. for Sleaford Station. The corresponding return journeys left Sleaford at 5 p.m., 8.30 p.m. and 10.10 p.m.

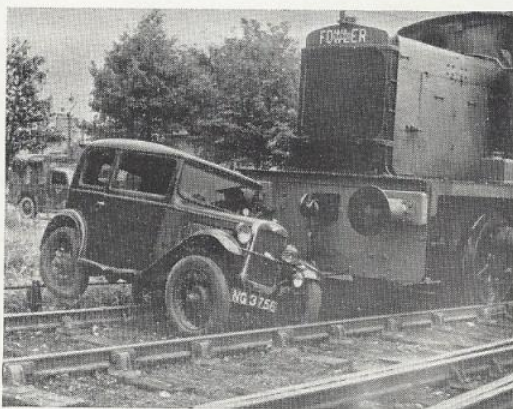
A total of thirteen four-wheeled and six-wheeled passenger coaches were bought from the

Great Northern Railway at various times during the building of the railway between 1916 and 1919. These coaches were built at the turn of the century to run between New Barnet and Moorgate over the Metropolitan 'widened lines', and were superseded by articulated stock during and after the First World War. First, second and third class accommodation was provided; a third class coach providing wooden seats for fifty people, ten in each of five compartments. The third class return fare was threepence! Eight coaches were usually sufficient on any train except on Saturday when all the thirteen had to be used and often two engines were needed.

Such was the traffic on the Cranwell Railway. Today, even though it possesses two locomotives, Cranwell has usually only one goods train a day and none on Saturday or Sunday. The working day consists of a little shunting in the morning to collect the empty coal wagons and the odd van. Then about 11 o'clock the goods train leaves for Sleaford usually stopping at the pump-



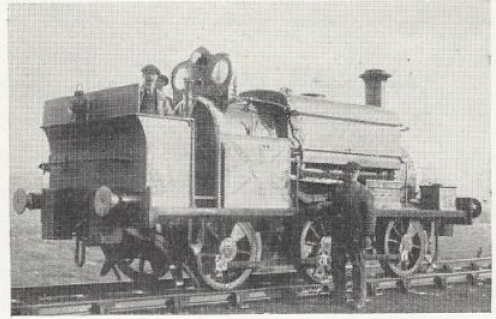
A portion of the track at Cranwell station. The chair, of Great Northern Railway vintage, dates from the year 1877—as the photograph clearly shows



The only recorded accident. At Cranwell on 19th July 1949 the Fowler diesel collided with a baby Austin car on the level crossing in East Camp. The driver of the car escaped injury



The arrival at Cranwell of a special train bringing public schoolboys to view the College in the nineteen-thirties. On the platform are Air Vice-Marshal Mitchell, and the present fireman and driver, Messrs Stimpson and Collinshaw



The 'Hepworth' (Logan & Hemingway No. 4) at the contractors' engine sheds at Sleaford in 1919. From left to right: T. Brannon, driver; J. Hall, fireman, and T. Jackman, foreman engineer. The decorations are worked in rubbed tallow

ing station for water. In the sidings the engine waits for the Sleaford shunting engine to bring the Cranwell wagons from Sleaford yard and to take away those from Cranwell. The necessary paper work completed, the return journey begins between 12.30 and 1 p.m. The wagons are shunted into the appropriate sidings at Cranwell and peace again descends upon the railway at about 2.30 p.m. Usually one journey a day is sufficient to deal with all our imports by rail, but at times two journeys are made—a very meagre task compared with that of thirty years ago.



One of the Coronation specials standing at Cranwell station, in June 1953, watched by the present Commandant, Air Commodore Eeles. On the outward journey, after changing engines at Sleaford, the specials ran to Kensington (Olympia) via Spalding, Peterborough and the North London line

On very special occasions bigger locomotives than those mentioned venture up from Sleaford. When there is need for a large number of people to be moved a special train is sent up from Sleaford usually pulled by a British Railways J class 0-6-0 tender engine. Such happenings as the arrival of the first Canadian contingent in the Second World War, the departure of No. 6 Radio School, and only a few months ago the

departure and return of the Flying Training Command Coronation contingent called for such special trains, and it is to the credit of the 'foreign' locomotives, their crews and the permanent way maintenance staff that loads of up to thirteen modern corridor coaches (a weight of 400 or more tons) have been hauled up to Cranwell.

A. H. C.

The Cranwell Express

(Tune: 'The Mountains of Mourne')

More than 30 years ago the 'little-used branch line' had already found a poet to sing its praises. His name is not known, unfortunately, only the pseudonym 'Cynicus.' From the verses reproduced below, however, and from others which we have seen, it is evident that 'Cynicus' knew much about the camp and was extremely well-informed on the pleasures of travelling by the Cranwell railway.

The work of 'Cynicus', incidentally, is still subject to copyright and we have to thank the R.A.O.B., Sleaford, the present holders of the copyright, for their kind permission to reproduce the verses.

THERE'S a place they call Cranwell near Sleaford, and there
Lies a camp and the Air Force who fly in the air.
It's away from the world, and to get there I guess
There's a train which is known as the 'CRANWELL
EXPRESS.'

It travels along at the excessive rate
Of one mile in two, and is gen'rally late;
So listen a moment, I'll try to explain
All the beautiful things of this wonderful train.

The Engine was made in a shoemaker's shop,
It has two speeds of course which are dead slow and
stop.
Whenever it starts which it will do sometimes,
You get bumped and paid out for your various
crimes.
Your eyes full of soot and a mouth full of smoke
Which gets on your chest till you jolly nigh choke;
It's Threepence return, but there's no room to talk,
For you'd get there much quicker if you were to
walk.

There's no windows in, and there's never a light,
Only this sort of thing suits the lovers alright,
And one sloppy Airman was heard to remark
That his bird loves him more when they are in the
dark.

There are cushions de luxe, they are certainly good,
You get corns on your—well they are all made of
wood;

You start off in style but you very soon find
That the engine goes out but the train's left behind.

So if you are passing along Cranwell way,
Try a trip, if the fare you can manage to pay.
Just bring a week's rations or even bring more,
You'll want them before half the journey is o'er.
I've been in all countries all over the world
Wherever our proud British flag is unfurled,
But never have I seen a train I'll confess
That can beat the invincible CRANWELL
EXPRESS.



A Cranwell Scrapbook

II—The Story of 'The Piloteer'

In the first article of the present series (printed in the March issue of 'The Journal') an account was given of Cranwell's earliest days when three thousand acres of Lincolnshire farmland, farm buildings and tracks became His Majesty's Ship Daedalus. The article now published carries the story of H.M. Ship one stage further. It deals exclusively with the lively magazine which the ship's company produced—'The Piloteer.'

WHEN *The Piloteer* was first published, and when it disappeared, we do not know; all we know about it is what we can glean from the twenty copies that have been discovered in a dark corner of the Colledge, having survived the ravages of time. To read them is like peeping at a different age or another world; the men were different, the aircraft were different and the few huts that formed Cranwell Air Station belonged to another service. Indeed, everything was different—everything but the weather.

The Piloteer was very unlike *The Journal of the Royal Air Force Colledge* and yet in many ways the one was the progenitor of the other. *The Piloteer* was printed on cheap, wartime paper and cost only one-sixteenth of *The Journal's* price and its frequency of publication varied from once a fortnight to once a quarter, depending on the popularity of the previous issue. Like all magazines it reflects the thoughts and feelings of its contributors and a glance at its pages gives a good impression of life at Cranwell during the First World War. It was written entirely for the entertainment of the ratings and officers on the station and the vitality and vigour of the early days of flying may still be detected in its features.

The contributors of *The Piloteer* were poets, writers and humorists. The poets wrote mainly about the new experience of flight but occasionally turned their talents to the production of lighter verse as this quotation shows:

The boy stood on the moonlit deck,
His head was in a whirl,
His eyes and mouth were full of hair,
His arms were full of girl.

Or even these two lines of epigram which were placed almost out of sight at the foot of a column:

Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Snore, and you sleep alone.

Most of the full-length articles were humorous but some, like the poems, were about aerial incidents and accounts of interceptions of Zeppelins. These are the kind of stories that may be found in any book of that period and they make interesting reading. The following, typical of another



FLYING TERMS EXPLAINED :
CONTACT
(From 'The Piloteer')

sort, is an extract from an article written about the future Cranwell:

The suggestion has reached us that, in view of the wholesale roadway and footpath improvements on the Station, a selected area of the true original MUD we have known and endured should be preserved and perpetuated in a framework of glass set in the midst of the gardens. An

area twenty feet square, bounded with marble flags for sightseers to walk upon, might well be devoted to this purpose. The mud could be kept in perfect condition by a cunning system of irrigation and the employment of an electric device for automatic trampling on the surface by a number of carefully-assorted 2 h.p. hob-nailed boots. It is pointed out that by adoption of this plan we can make sure that our pampered successors appreciate—however dimly—something of the early conditions of life at Cranwell. Our sons, our grandsons, great grandsons—in fact all our own particular posterity!—will be able to pay pilgrimages to Cranwell and see for themselves what their fathers did and suffered in the first few years of the Great War.

It was really in the creation of humour that *The Piloteer* excelled. Every page held a cartoon, an amusing poem or anecdote about camp life. True, it is a humour that the passage of thirty-six years has made to seem quaint and peculiar; but it was the humour of the day and it succeeded where today slick radio comedians with their catch phrases succeed. Mostly it took the shape of quick-fire jokes at the expense of eccentric personalities and idiosyncrasies of organization of the camp. That part of it which was not highly topical has survived the years reasonably well. These are four definitions which *The Piloteer* provides:

Rain: A word seldom used locally, the term 'deluge' being more applicable.

Rapture: Expression on the face of an Air Mechanic proceeding on week-end leave.

Wall-flowers: Collective term denoting fifteen pupils of a flight possessing four machines.

Why: The first word in the first question asked after a bad landing.

There is evidence in *The Piloteer* that contemporary Cranwellians are not the only ones who have been subjected to the indignities of examinations. The following sample questions were

apparently used to test Naval Ratings:

1. (a) Estimate the speed (in miles per hour) at which the second part of any given Watch marches to the train when going on week-end leave.
(b) Calculate the reduction in horse-power and efficiency of the same party on the return journey.
(c) State briefly the reasons for this reduction.
2. Draw sine curves to show phase relationship between:
 - (a) An Air Mechanic's own estimate of his value.
 - (b) His Chief Petty Officer's estimate of the same.

Just as amusing to the modern reader are the advertisements that appeared in these early magazines. They are presented in a style and manner which are as different from present-day advertising as the DH.4 is from a Swift. One firm, for instance, claims that its hair oil is guaranteed 'to keep the Hair in place during Side Slips, Nose Dives and Spins.'

This, then, was the magazine that was the forerunner of *The Journal*. Though to our eyes it may appear unpolished and unfinished it accurately reflected the character of the early Cranwell during the war years. The mud, the tense atmosphere as news seeped through from France, and the perpetual rabbit and sausages for meals can all be imagined and, too, the spirit of the growing Cranwell may be felt. This was the spirit of Cranwell as it developed from a small R.N.A.S. camp in 1915 to a huge R.A.F. station in 1940. It is possible that Cranwell holds an historical record in *The Piloteer* that can be matched by few other Royal Air Force stations. The early editors of *The Piloteer* can be proud of producing a magazine that not only records the history, but breathes the spirit, of a unique institution.

P. H. S.

ON HEARING 'THE LAST POST'

(Battle of Britain Sunday, 1953)

THE strains of singing die. There comes
A silence still; a roll of drums,
And through the solemn stillness steals
The long last call which summoned them to rest.

Those guardians of the skies who gave
Their lives and homes, their friends to save,

In muted homage now we stand
In silent memory of that sacrifice.

Now, in this great cathedral, stand
The kindred of that tiny band
Who, though they lost their only sons,
Are jealous of the honour they now own.

Z. Z.



COLLEGE SPORT

The 1953 Cricket Season

AFTER a poor start the cricket XI enjoyed a fairly successful season, seven matches being won, six lost and two drawn.

In the early season the whole side was inconsistent, and matches were lost against sides which would probably have been beaten later on in the term. But, as the season progressed, so the cricket improved and the team reached its peak in the Sandhurst match, when it put up a better show than any previous College team.

Before the season opened it was thought that the batting would be strong enough and that the bowling would present a problem that could only be solved as the season progressed. However, as it turned out, it was the bowling that won the matches and the batting that let the team down. Edwards and Lord provided a hostile and penetrating opening attack. If at times he was rather wild and erratic, Edwards terrified the batsmen on his good days. Against Sandhurst, Ampleforth and the Leicestershire Gentlemen he was particularly menacing. Lord, although not so fast, was generally more accurate and flighted the ball well in the air and off the pitch. Against the Lincolnshire Gentlemen he recorded the season's best performance by taking 8 for 22 in 12 overs, his last three balls gaining a hat-trick. Following the openers K. Briggs enjoyed a successful season and found many pitches to his liking, and Perera and D. Briggs bowled well on occasion.

The batting was most uncertain. Too many times wickets were thrown away through lack of concentration; generally the scores registered were disappointing. Close, the captain, must, however, be excluded from this criticism; time and again he held the batting together, and although he never scored a century he passed the half-century mark on five occasions and only failed to score double figures once. Reed proved a strong opener and after a bad patch after the first two matches, he could be relied upon to give a steady start at one end. The problem of finding a partner for him was never solved and this undoubtedly affected the performances of the middle batsmen. D. Briggs forsook his natural hitting game for the more scientific approach, but

unfortunately this year's results were not as good as last year's. Holdway came into the side after the first month, and could be relied upon to score reasonably each time he batted. K. Briggs and Blockey also played some good innings.

The fielding was extremely good at times, but at others it left much to be desired, particularly the ground fielding. Catches were usually held although chances close to the wicket were not accepted as readily as those in the deep.

Close was a thoughtful and reliable captain, and was responsible for the happy outlook and spirit in which all our matches were played.

Finally, the XI's thanks go to Squadron Leader Shirreff, Padre Payton, Flight Lieutenant Craven and Mr Simpson for all their help and enthusiasm throughout the season.

Full colours were awarded to W. J. Reed and R. W. Lord. Half colours were awarded to P. S. G. Jones; T. R. Cohu; J. C. Holdway and B. Shaikh.

2ND XI

The Second XI, captained by J. R. Watts, enjoyed a lively, though not highly successful season, but as was the case last year they were unsettled by demands from the 1st XI.

CRICKET AVERAGES

	Batting				
	Inns.	N.O.	Runs	H.S.	Av.
W. E. Close	16	2	563	93	40.2
W. J. Reed	16	3	381	71*	29.3
J. C. Holdway	14	3	272	47	24.8
K. R. Briggs	15	1	244	61	17.4
T. R. Cohu	7	3	69	26	17.3
D. A. Briggs	16	1	241	34	16.1
R. S. Blockey	18	0	212	45	11.8
B. Carse	14	1	130	44	10.0
D. M. Perera	11	2	67	20	9.5
R. A. Edwards	7	0	37	13	5.3
R. W. Lord	7	4	7	5	2.3

* Not out

Also batted: Shaikh; Jones; Ilesley; Skinner; Lewis.

Bowling

	O.	M.	R.	W.	Av.
K. R. Briggs ..	222	57	491	44	11.1
R. W. Lord ..	172.4	49	402	28	14.4
R. A. Edwards ..	154.3	24	486	31	15.6
D. M. Perera ..	70	13	210	12	17.5
D. A. Briggs ..	135.2	35	368	15	24.5

Also bowled: Shaikh; Skinner; Close; Foster; Cohu; Wilkinson; Watts.

1ST XI CRICKET RESULTS

May 3	R.A.F.C., 159	lost
	Sleaford, 160-2	
9	R.A.F.C., 131	lost
	Wisbech, 161	
13	R.A.F.C., 139	lost
	Queens' College, Cambridge, 140-2	
20	R.A.F.C., 60-1	won
	Nottingham University, 58	
23	R.A.F.C., 200	won
	I Zingari, 65	
Jun. 6, 7	R.A.F.C., 201, 33-1	won
	Leicestershire Gentlemen, 144, 89	
13	R.A.F.C., 61	lost
	Free Foresters, 62-4	
20	R.A.F.C., 142-5	won
	Old Cranwellians, 90	
21	R.A.F.C., 58	lost
	Forest Amateurs, 159-9 dec.	
27, 28	R.A.F.C., 132, 102	lost
	Adastrians, 166, 89	
Jul. 1	R.A.F.C., 105-5	won
	Ampleforth College, 101	
4, 5	R.A.F.C., 217, 171-6	drawn
	R.M.A. Sandhurst, 308, 130-5 dec.	
11	R.A.F.C., 177-8	drawn
	M.C.C., 237-6	
15	R.A.F.C., 230-5 dec.	won
	Lincolnshire Gentlemen, 91	
26	R.A.F.C., 210-7 dec.	won
	Notts Amateurs, 97	

INTER-SQUADRON MATCHES

'B' Squadron won the cricket, beating 'C' and 'D' and drawing a rain-ruined match with 'A.' 'A' and 'D' tied for second place, with 'C' last.

K. R. B.

REPORTS OF MATCHES

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

The performance put up by the College was undoubtedly the best of the season. Throughout the two days the wicket was plumb, the outfield almost as smooth and fast, and the weather perfect.

It was with thoughts of a long day in the field that the College sallied forth on the first day after Close had managed once again to lose the toss. From the very first ball from Edwards, which reared head high, the policy was to attack and get one or two quick wickets. Edwards bowled really fast and Lord attacked the stumps the whole time, and before the innings was an hour old Sandhurst had lost three wickets for only 36 runs. Half the side were out for

125 but the later batsmen retrieved the position by hitting the ball hard all over the field, and by 4.30 p.m. the score had reached 308 before they were all out. Throughout the innings the fielding never once let up, after the inspiring start, and many runs were saved by hard running and good throwing. Edwards was the best bowler and maintained his speed and hostility right through the innings.

The College started badly, losing Blockey at 7, but Reed and Holdway batted with great confidence and added 105 for the second wicket, and by the close of play the score had reached 128 for 3. On the second day Close and K. Briggs continued to bat well but the tail collapsed against the new ball and we were all out for 217 after being 194-3.

In their second innings Sandhurst scored extremely quickly and declared just before tea, leaving the College to score 222 in 3 hours. The task proved beyond us, although Reed again batted well and Close and D. Briggs added useful contributions. So a most enjoyable match ended in a draw.

R.M.A. SANDHURST

1st Innings

C. B. R. Featherstonhaugh c. Reed, b. Edwards	16
W. J. T. Ross b. Edwards	3
R. C. Keightley c. Cohu, b. Edwards	8
A. F. Heatley c. Close, b. Lord	32
C. R. Dawnay c. K. Briggs, b. Edwards	89
K. F. Keightley b. Edwards	23
B. L. G. Kenny c. Holdway, b. Lord	37
J. G. W. Davidson b. Edwards	2
M. J. B. Richardson run out	34
D. C. Thorne not out	28
A. B. Wallerstein run out	14
Extras	22
Total	308

2nd Innings

C. B. R. Featherstonhaugh c. Reed, b. Edwards	4
W. J. T. Ross b. Lord	12
R. C. Keightley c. Carse, b. Edwards	30
A. F. Heatley not out	36
C. R. Dawnay b. Lord	8
M. J. B. Richardson l.b.w. b. K. Briggs	26
J. G. W. Davidson not out	8
Extras	6
Total for 5 wkts	130

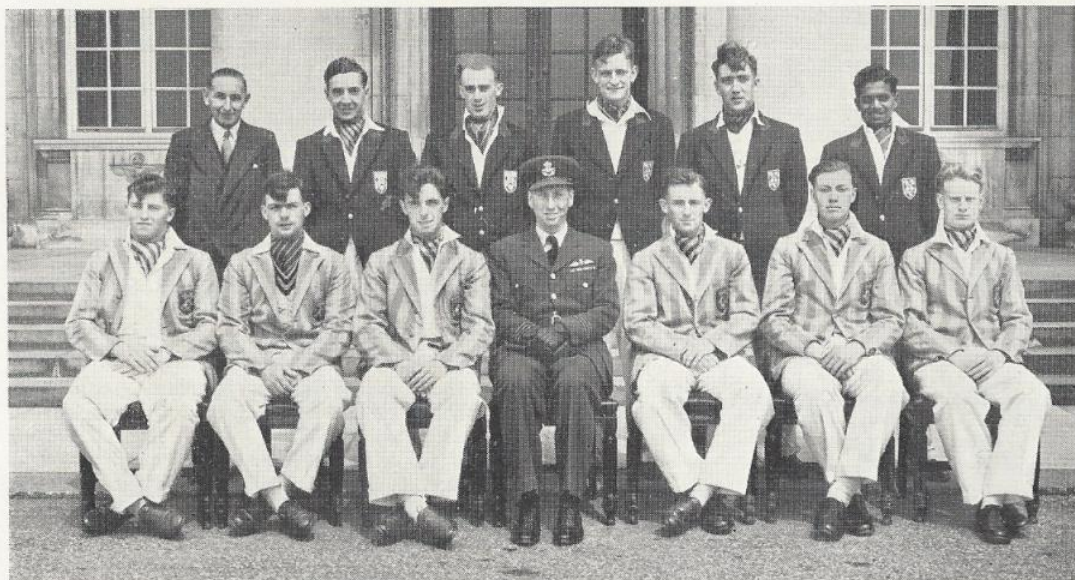
Bowling

Edwards 22-2-75-6 and 9-0-45-2; Lord 27-5-77-2 and 11-0-54-2; D. Briggs 10-0-62-0 and 1-0-6-0; K. Briggs 18-3-60-0 and 3-0-19-1; Perera 3-0-12-0.

R.A.F. COLLEGE

1st Innings

R. S. Blockey run out	3
W. J. Reed c. Featherstonhaugh, b. Davidson	61
J. C. Holdway b. Wallerstein	42
W. E. Close c. Wallerstein, b. Richardson	41
K. R. Briggs c. R. Keightley, b. Kenny	44
D. A. Briggs c. K. Keightley, b. Kenny	2
D. M. Perera c. Featherstonhaugh, b. Wallerstein	..	2
T. R. Cohu b. Wallerstein	2
B. Carse b. Wallerstein	1
R. A. Edwards b. Wallerstein	0
R. W. Lord not out	1
Extras	18
Total	217



CRICKET XI—JULY 1953

Mr. Simpson, Flt Cdt R. S. Blockey, Flt Cdt B. Carse, Flt Cdt J. C. Holdway, Flt Cdt T. R. Cohu, Flt Cdt D. M. Perera
Flt Cdt R. A. Edwards, Flt Cdt K. R. Briggs, Flt Cdt W. E. Close (Capt), Sqn Ldr A. C. Shirreff, Flt Cdt D. A. Briggs, Flt Cdt R. W. Lord, Flt Cdt W. J. Reed

2nd Innings

R. S. Blockey b. Richardson	13
W. J. Reed st. Featherstonhaugh, b. Thorne	62
J. C. Holdway c. b. Thorne	13
W. E. Close l.b.w. b. Ross	26
K. R. Briggs c. Kenny, b. Ross	11
D. A. Briggs c. K. Keightley, b. Wallerstein	32
D. M. Perera not out	0
T. R. Cohu not out	3
Extras	11
<hr/>	
Total for 6 wkts	171

Bowling

Richardson 11-3-41-1 and 4-1-16-1; Wallerstein, 31.1-16-52-5 and 14-5-29-1; Thorne 18-8-27-0 and 21-5-46-2; Ross 11-4-30-0 and 12-2-28-2; K. Keightley 7-4-8-0 and 6-1-22-0; Kenny 16-5-25-2 and 5-1-18-0; Davidson 6-1-16-1.

R.A.F. COLLEGE v. LEICESTERSHIRE GENTLEMEN

The visitors won the toss and batted first on a hard and easy paced wicket. After an uncertain start, their opening pair scored freely and the first half hour brought 30 runs. A change of bowling decreased the rate of scoring and gradually the College took the initiative. The first three wickets produced 70 runs, but after that none of the remaining batsmen faced K. Briggs, Perera and Edwards with confidence and they all fell to a combination of good bowling and lively fielding.

The College opened brightly and Blockey and Reed never had any difficulty in pushing the score along rapidly. The first wicket produced 75 runs and after this good start the other batsmen scored quickly and the opponents' score was passed with only four wickets down. A minor collapse upset our

hopes of a big lead, but one of 60 runs on a wicket which was beginning to break up was very useful.

The Leicestershire Gentlemen made a disastrous start to their second innings, and never recovered. A fine catch low down to his right by Carse gave Edwards that little bit of inspiration, and from then on he did very much as he pleased. K. Briggs supported him well from the other end and so the College were left with only 33 runs required for victory, and these were scored for the loss of one wicket.

LEICESTERSHIRE GENTLEMEN

1st Innings

J. Seward c. Lord, b. K. Briggs	23
Hudson b. K. Briggs	21
O'Callaghan b. Edwards	36
Robinson c. Lord, b. K. Briggs	6
M. Seward b. Edwards	5
A. McAlpine c. Holdway, b. K. Briggs	2
Ladbrook c. D. Briggs, b. Perera	12
R. McAlpine b. K. Briggs	11
Ramus b. Perera	15
Brankin-Frisby b. K. Briggs	1
Toon not out	3
Extras	9
<hr/>	
Total	144

2nd Innings

J. Seward c. Carse, b. Edwards	6
Hudson c. K. Briggs, b. Edwards	9
Ladbrook b. Edwards	0
O'Callaghan c. Blockey, b. K. Briggs	11
Ramus b. Edwards	0
M. Seward b. Edwards	2
A. McAlpine c. Holdway, b. K. Briggs	24

Robinson b. Lord	10
R. McAlpine b. Edwards	14
Brankin-Frisby c. Perera, b. K. Briggs	1
Toon not out	0
Extras	12
Total	89

Bowling

Edwards 16-2-36-2 and 10.4-3-15-6; Lord 9-4-17-0 and 13-2-23-1; K. Briggs 26-6-53-6 and 11-3-28-3; D. Briggs 4-0-10-0 and 7-1-11-0; Perera 8-4-14-2.

R.A.F. COLLEGE

1st Innings

R. S. Blockey c. Hudson, b. Robinson	45
W. J. Reed b. Toon	32
J. C. Holdway b. Toon	21
D. A. Briggs c. M. Seward, b. A. McAlpine	29
W. E. Close b. Toon	19
K. R. Briggs b. A. McAlpine	20
D. M. Perera c. b. A. McAlpine	1
B. Carse l.b.w. b. Toon	3
A. W. Skinner not out	7
R. A. Edwards c. Brankin-Frisby, b. A. McAlpine	5
R. W. Lord b. Toon	5
Extras	14
Total	201

2nd Innings

R. S. Blockey b. Ramus	0
W. J. Reed not out	9
J. C. Holdway not out	21
Extras	3
Total for 1 wkt	33

Bowling

Ramus 14-3-32-0 and 6-3-7-1; Ladbroke 11-4-17-0 and 3-0-16-0; A. McAlpine 22-4-68-4; Toon 28-6-55-5 and 2-3-0-7-0; Robinson 3-0-15-1.

R.A.F. College won by 9 wickets.

SWIMMING

An ambitious training programme, started during the spring term, was continued throughout the summer. As a result, the standard of the swimming improved so much that, during the term, the 100 yards freestyle, backstroke and breaststroke records were all broken. Of the fifteen matches of the season, eight were won including the Sandhurst match. At Sandhurst, we usually secured first places, and our opponents were usually second and third. Consequently the match result was in doubt until the last moment and was decided by the relays. We won both of these and the final score was 34—24. This is the first time that we have beaten Sandhurst for three years, and is a fitting reward for the work put into training by all members of the team.

The water polo team this season was even more successful than the swimmers and won eleven of their fourteen matches. At Sandhurst they were losing 4—0 at one stage, but they were able to redeem themselves successfully in the second half and finally won by 6 goals to 4. The improvement in the team this season has been most marked and they now play as a team rather than as a collection of individuals. Whereas last season one member of the team scored nearly all the goals, this year five scored more than ten each.

In retrospect this season must obviously be considered an exceptional one. For the first time a planned training programme was adopted and the results were as might have been expected. The standard achieved was higher than it has been during any recent season, and it can only be hoped that next season will produce even better results.

Full colours were awarded to Flt Cds Tucker, Whittam, Scroggs, and Cadet Walker.

Half colours were awarded to Flt Cds Stanning, Miller (61), Miller (62), Vella, Vickers, and Cadet Newington.

S. T. N.

SWIMMING RESULTS

		<i>Swimming</i>	<i>Polo</i>
May 2	The Leys School ..	24-24 drawn	4-1 won
6	Mansfield S.C. ..	30-25 won	5-10 lost
13	Inter-Squadron—'C', 'A', 'B', 'D'		
16	St. Paul's School ..	32-16 won	7-0 won
20	R.A.F. Cranwell ..	21-31 lost	8-4 won
27	Newark S.C. ..	28-10 won	6-1 won
Jun. 17	Newark S.C. ..	23-20 won	—
20	Oundle School ..	28-34 lost	9-0 won
24	Newcastle R.G.S. ..	30-35 lost	9-2 won
27	Stowe School ..	24-41 lost	5-4 won
Jul. 1	King Edward VII School ..	32-21 won	9-3 won
4	R.M.A. Sandhurst ..	34-24 won	6-4 won
8	Northern S.C. ..	28-18 won	5-7 lost
11	Rugby School ..	8-37 lost	3-0 won
18	Bishops Stortford School ..	17-41 lost	2-9 lost
22	Players S.C. ..	28-14 won	7-5 won

RECORDS

100 yds. Freestyle	62.8 secs.	Flt Cdt Whittam
100 yds. Backstroke	74.2 secs.	Flt Cdt Tucker
100 yds. Breaststroke	77.2 secs.	Cdt Walker

ROWING

At the beginning of the term hopes were high for a successful regatta season: the 1st IV had decided after last season's comparatively unsuccessful record to revert to junior status events where it was assumed that competition would be more evenly balanced. The 2nd IV were showing great promise and there were the makings of a competent 3rd boat.

As the season progressed it became apparent that there was only one other junior crew better than we were, Nottingham and Union B.C. At Nottingham, Newark and Boston regattas the 1st IV won all its races until encountering this crew, when they were each time just beaten after a close hard race. Unfortunately for the College, we always met this crew before the final.

Boston regatta, despite our loss in the Junior IVs, provided our first victory when the 1st and 2nd crews amalgamated to form an entry for the Maiden Vllls. This we won easily. After this regatta the 1st IV disbanded: the stroke and 3 formed an open pair and Whittaker from bow elected to take the place of Jones, then in hospital, in the Maiden Sculls.

The 3rd crew had by now developed into a hard-working and very promising Maiden IV, and at our next regatta at Loughborough they should have won, but for disqualification in the semi-final, which aroused great feeling for us amongst the other visiting crews competing there. The disappointment was partially offset by a fine win of the Maiden Sculls by Whittaker, who outclassed all his opponents.

On 17th July the inter-Squadron regatta was held at Boston. The standard of rowing was very high and competition keen. No one squadron could be said to be the favourite. The Senior IVs were won by 'A' Squadron, as were the Senior Sculls; the Open Pairs were won by 'C' Squadron and the Coxes Sculls by 'B' Squadron, giving the trophy to 'A' Squadron, with 'C' Squadron as runners-up.

Our thanks go to Flight Lieutenant Hole for his enthusiastic management of the club at the beginning of the season, and to Flight Lieutenant Ludgate who succeeded him, with Flight Lieutenant Morrice as deputy. The club is also indebted to Boston Rowing Club for the continued use of clubhouse and boats, and especially to Mr Norman Rook, who has given so much of his time to maintain them.

In retrospect, the season, while not producing many 'pots,' was marked by some good rowing from all crews, which is a good omen for next year, when nearly all of the present crew members should still be with us. The other heartening feature of this season is the big increase in members, mainly beginners, but all anxious to learn. The average attendance at the boat club was between 45 and fifty, and the total membership was just over 60 potential oarsmen.

R. B. G.

LAWN TENNIS

On the whole the season was disappointing. Some of our opponents were unable to keep their appointments with us and some of the better fixtures had to be cancelled owing to the Coronation. These two factors, plus the intensity of an unusually busy term, reduced the amount of practice, especially match practice. After some mediocre tennis against Dulwich College, Boston and Grantham, the team rose to the occasion against R.M.A., and beat them by 6 matches to 3. We lost to Rugby School, R.N.C. Greenwich and Stowe. In the inter-Squadron competition the order was: 'D,' 'A,' 'B' and 'C.'

The Captain of tennis wishes to thank all the members of the station team who offered their assistance so willingly throughout the season.

SKILL-AT-ARMS

Fencing during the summer term was limited to the Royal Tournament and the Modern Pentathlon. In the Royal Tournament O'Mahoney won the Bayonet pool and Jackson and Carter reached the final Foil pool.

From the Modern Pentathlon a fresh crop of épéists emerged and Bowes won the Epée pool in the match against R.M.A. Sandhurst.

M. L. S.

ATHLETICS

This year has been a successful one for the College team, results being comparable with those of last year. Each match was keenly contested and we had a number of fairly close finishes.

The team worked well under the guidance of Flight Lieutenant Rickard. Of great assistance to us also were the visits of Mr Watts, the A.A.A. coach who, besides giving practical instruction on the track, showed films of modern athletes in action.

One of our earlier successes of the season was the winning of a challenge cup in a five-cornered competition held at the Appleby Frodingham track in Scunthorpe. There were clubs from Lincoln, Grimsby and Doncaster competing, all providing tough opposition. The meeting was held in the evening in wet weather. Whitwam ran a fine race, to come second in his 440 yards event in the good time of 52.8 seconds, and Coleman cleared 5 feet 9 inches in the high jump, his best jump of the year.

The annual triangular match between the Royal Naval Colleges, Sandhurst and ourselves was held at Plymouth this year.

Except for an adverse wind, conditions were ideal for the meeting. The first event, the mile, saw Goldring in the lead for most of the race, but once again he was just beaten at the post. His time of 4 minutes 28.0 seconds is a new College record. Whitson created another record when he won the pole vault at 10 feet 3 inches, an excellent leap. Both Jennings and De'Ath did well by coming first and second in the 880 yards. By intelligent running they managed to beat a Sandhurst man who had done considerably better times than they during the season. The meeting ended with the 4 x 110 yards relay, in which the College team were second in the good time of 45.4 seconds.

The season closed, as usual, with a match against the Milocarians who beat us very decisively indeed.



MODERN PENTATHLON

Standing: R. W. Edgeley, Esq., Flt Cdt G. M. Turner, Flt Cdt M. Lees, Snr Flt Cdt J. M. B. Bowes, Sgt A. Bendelow
Seated: Snr Flt Cdt J. W. Nowell, Snr Ldr D. W. Bedford, Flt Cdt C. J. Miller (Capt), Flt Lt R. McDonald, Flt Cdt Sgt D. R. Burles

Nevertheless the competition was pleasant, as several of the opposing team had run against us at Plymouth.

We should congratulate the captain, Whitwam, on his handling of the team.

Full colours have been awarded to Flt Cdts A. S. J. Whitwam, A. K. Coleman, R. M. Hancock, A. C. Whitson, D. Allison, J. K. Jennings, J. G. De'Ath, R. A. C. Goldring, G. F. Poyser, B. N. Carter.

Half colours have been awarded to Flt Cdt Sgt D. V. Reypert and Snr Flt Cdt P. D. Organ; Flt Cdts J. N. Sawyer, J. Serrell-Cooke, J. B. Barnard, J. D. Pugh, B. F. Tomlin, B. J. McGill, J. D. Hutchinson, R. T. F. Snare, D. R. Bourne, K. Richard, S. J. G. Lord, J. H. Turner.

RECORDS

1 mile: R.A.C. Goldring (at Plymouth) 4 min. 28.0 sec.

Pole Vault: A. C. Whitson (at Plymouth) 10 ft. 3 in. J. N. S.

ATHLETICS RESULTS

May 9	Jesus and Emmanuel College, Cambridge	89½-88½-88	1st
13	Carre's Grammar School	49-46	won
16	Leicester College of Art and Technology	46½-36½	won
18	Lincoln, Doncaster, Appleby Frodingham, R.A.F. Kirton and Grimsby	54-41-37-36-13-7	1st
20	Nottingham University and Saltby Technical College	89-137-42	2nd
23	University College, Leicester	59-45	won
27	Loughborough	45-72	lost
Jun. 6	University College, Leicester	51½-23½	won
13	R.A.F. Spitalgate	51-36	won
17	Loughborough	34-59	lost
Jul. 4	R.M.A. Sandhurst and R.N.C.	91-131-83	2nd
18	Leicester College of Art and Technology	51-62	lost
22	Carre's Grammar School	40-29	won
25	Milocarians	27-60	lost

MODERN PENTATHLON

It was agreed by all College pentathletes—if we may be excused the word—that the summer was definitely the correct season to take part in this sport, after experiencing their last competition against Sandhurst in autumn, in extreme cold. At



Flight Cadet A. C. Whitson clearing 10 ft. 3 in. in the Pole Vault to break the College record

home they met Sandhurst again in an exciting competition which resulted in a draw on points, but the trophy was awarded to the R.M.A. as they had obtained three individual wins out of a total of five events. Nowell was the individual winner and Bowes won the fencing event.

During the summer leave the Royal Air Force Modern Pentathlon Championships were held at Cranwell and good results were obtained by the five College representatives. The riding event (which was held at Melton Mowbray) was won by Lees. Miller won the swimming, closely followed by Gubbins and Lees, who helped to bring the College team up to a good second to Compton Bassett. The cross-country, which was the last event, was won by Robey, and that brought victory to the College team.

C. J. M.

THE CHIMAY CUP: SUMMER TERM, 1953

	'A'	'B'	'C'	'D'	Points Awarded		
					1st	2nd	3rd
Cricket	Sqn 10	Sqn 25	—	10	15	5	
Swimming	12	4	20	—	20	4	
Rowing	15	—	9	3	15	3	
Tennis	6	2	—	10	10	2	
Shooting	6	2	10	—	10	2	
	49	33	39	23			

Interlude

Are You Going to be a Fighter Pilot?

WELL, *are you?* The majority of cadets and flight cadets of today will leave at the end of their eighth term bound for A.F.S., O.C.U. and then Fighter Command or Second T.A.F., so this probably includes you.

Imagine for the moment that you are Pilot Officer Blank sitting in the crew room of 'A' Flight, No. 000 Squadron, thumbing through *Air Clues* (or some other literature), when the flight commander looks in. You have, by now, overcome your natural urge to call him 'Sir,' and you say, 'Morning, Bill, what's to do?' Bill says brightly, 'Hallo, Joe, you're just the chap. How about going on a P.A.I. course?' You think what the devil's that? It rings a bell somewhere, but not another course for me thank you. You answer quickly, 'Well actually, Bill, I'm sure it's a good thing, but my leave is due, and if I don't get it in . . .'

A very natural reaction that we all have, 'Not another course, I'll miss the spring exercise, I need the flying, etc.'

Perhaps you know that the letters P.A.I. stand for Pilot Attack Instructor, but about all it reminds you of at the moment are the enjoyable, and, at first, rather exciting trips in the Harvard on bombing and gunnery exercises during your eighth term. To many the eighth term is still rather nebulous; they have something to look forward to.

How does one become a P.A.I., and what does it entail? To become a P.A.I. you have to be recommended by your squadron commander for the ten weeks' course at the Central Gunnery School, R.A.F., Leconfield, situated about twelve miles north of Hull, two miles from the pleasant little town of Beverley, and fifteen miles from the east coast. During this time you will do between fifty and sixty hours' flying, mostly on Meteor 8s but some on the Vampire 5 (very shortly being replaced with the Venom), and some in the Vampire T.11. There are several pleasant rumours about replacements for the Meteors.

The course (there is only one running at a time) consists of twenty students, mainly pilot officers and flying officers, with a sprinkling of flight lieutenants and n.c.os. Almost every course contains one or two Old Cranwellians these days.

The flying is divided into :

1. Cine (film) exercises, starting simply and building up to level and high quarter attacks; both fighter combat, carried out in pairs, and bomber combat using the Lincolns stationed at Leconfield.

2. Live shooting against a flag target (30 feet long by 6 feet deep), towed by a Meteor at 200 kts., usually flown by one of the staff, who is thus able to offer constructive criticism after the sortie. These flag shoots are followed by two high altitude (20,000 ft.) shoots on a 25 ft. wing-span glider, again towed by a Meteor. If the glider survives its attackers (usually two), and it is not easy to hit, the towing pilot has the slightly tricky job of 'landing' it back at base in one piece. He flies down the runway at a few hundred feet with the glider trailing below and behind, being talked down by a controller, until the glider is just rolling along the runway, when the pilot is instructed to release it and overshoot; the glider should roll to a stop undamaged. The tricky part is flying as slowly as possible, otherwise the glider's tyres burst, and there is a prang; and each glider costs a few hundred pounds.

3. A trip at the end of the course with a member of the staff, when the by now almost fully fledged P.A.I. takes command and gives a full air demonstration of some particular exercise. This is very popular with the students, and the staff learn a lot from them, one way and another.

4. Ground attack, in the Vampires (at the moment). This consists of air to ground firing, rocket firing and dive bombing; the latter in a 'mere' 45° dive, chicken feed to the 60° dives in Cranwell Harvards.

The course is interspersed with demonstrations by the staff in the Vampire T.11, which is proving to be very good for the job, and has two Gyro Gunsights Mk. 5 (modified). Originally it was found that the air brakes opened occasionally while firing, but a local mod. with a length of elastic cord fixed that.

It may here be mentioned—and it is very important to realize (and put over)—that although live firing on the flag is both popular and useful, the type of attack is completely stereotyped, and apart from proving (or disproving) your ability to shoot accurately, has a limited value; much useful practice and information can be gained



'The suction's only 2½, sir'

from cine film attacks of all types, carefully gone over and assessed afterwards.

Until recently, both the G.45 camera (as on the Harvard) and G.G.S. recorder camera (fitted on the gyro gunsight and showing exactly what the pilot sees) were used; now that the recorder camera Mk. 3, a much improved camera, taking 16 frames a second (instead of two on the Mk. 2), is in use, the G.45 is no longer necessary for normal exercises. Films are ready for viewing two hours after landing, and so are invariably seen before the next sortie.

Now what about ground instruction? It can truthfully be said that the ex-Cranwell cadet will find this to be mostly revision; the syllabus embraces theory of sighting, theory of ground attack, film assessment, weapons lectures and instructional technique. Only the latter will find you starting from scratch with the rest of your course, and you may be surprised to learn of the pitfalls for the u/t instructor, e.g., chalk juggling, foot tapping, a characteristic phrase, addressing the blackboard, etc., etc.

The first week of the course is devoted entirely to ground school, thereafter lectures are fitted in whenever flying is impossible, and the system works well. Most of the lectures are given by the flight staff pilots (or instructors), and as the staff-student relationship is first class (definitely 'Bill' and 'Joe') the atmosphere is informal yet instructive.

About two years ago, to satisfy a long-felt want in Fighter Command, the Pilot Gunnery Instructor course was started as well. This is of six weeks' duration, and covers the air-to-air

part of the P.A.I. syllabus only, that is, no ground attack is done. The ground instruction covers the same subjects, again without ground attack.

C.G.S. also has a touring team, drawn from the more experienced members of the staff, which visits squadrons in Fighter Command, Second T.A.F., the Middle East and Far East, not in the role of 'trappers,' but to encourage standardization in weapon training and help with any local snags, not forgetting the gleaning of new ideas.

Well, that very briefly is what is open to you. You may think that it doesn't sound a bad course at all, but you are wondering what you may be letting yourself in for when you get back to your squadron. You will have become a vital member of the squadron, responsible to your C.O. or flight commander for advising him on weapons training, arranging weapon training programmes as required, maintaining cine and live-firing records, arranging a bad-weather lecture programme, checking harmonization of aircraft in close liaison with the armament staff; in fact quite a responsibility. And of course, you will be able to show the chaps how to do it with air demonstrations, and by obtaining quite unbelievable scores on the flag.

To finish on a sober note—remember that it is our job to train for war, if it should come. However well you can fly in formation, carry out practice interceptions and a G.C.A. in really duff weather, your aircraft is primarily designed to carry a weapon for you to hit the enemy. The P.A.I. or P.G.I. course is your opportunity to learn how to do it.

P. G. P. H.

Nineteen Fifty-Three

WE'VE a new D of S,
A new Sec. for the Mess,
And a picture of Field Marshal Smuts;
With the Sergeants' Mess gone,
With no dance and no song,
The chaos was driving us nuts.

But more was to come
For the shooting was won,
And we got us a new C.F.I.
We had drill every day
In a keen sort of way,
With the standard incredibly high.

And the reason for this
There were few that could miss,
But yet fewer that would not be there,
When through cold and through rain
A fair Lady came
As we shivered in Parliament Square.

Now, with Sandhurst behind,
Peace of body and mind
Had enabled us once more to fly.
But the bitterest pill
Was even more drill,
And the question was 'Robinson! Why?'

Our answer again,
Though we didn't have rain,
Was a visit from Somebody who,
With five light blue rings
And a new pair of wings
Had flown Harvards and Chipmunks like you.

Illustrated were here,
There was Malta, and Beer—
But the last breaking straw on the cow—
When we come back relaxed,
Worn out, overtaxed,
And find CP's CW now!

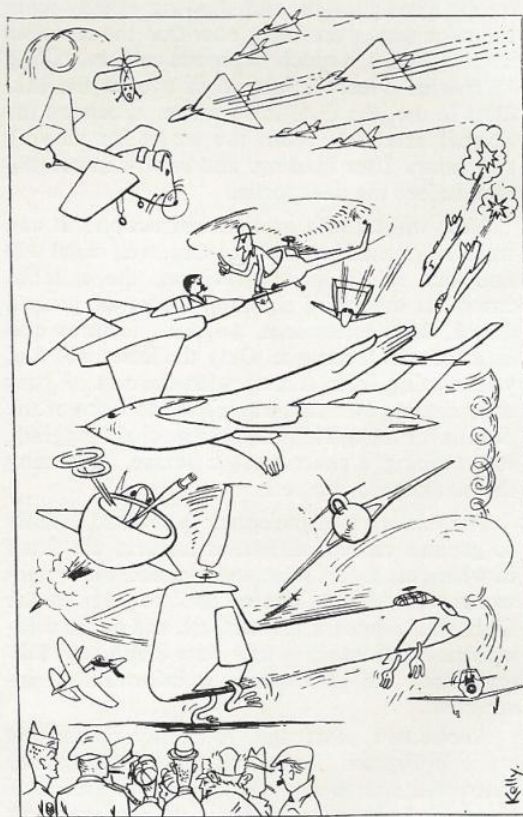
Our incredulous eyes
Found another surprise
When we came back from leave and we find
That the squadrons are three,
'A,' 'B,' 'C' and no 'D.'
Welcome Digby, we hope you don't mind!

We've had Odiham and
Found that Farnborough was grand,
The long-dormant A.C.'s now alive.
We've had Ferris galore
(None have had more!),
And the JOURNAL is now twenty-five.

Looking back on the year
With a nostalgic tear,
And a ceiling that's painted bright blue,
We've a poppy from Flanders,
Two new squadron commanders—
Quite a year I would say, wouldn't you?

T. H. S.

Farnborough Kaleidoscope



Norwegian Visit

AT the end of the summer term the College was honoured by the visit of two officers and eight flight cadets of the Royal Norwegian Air Force. They arrived at Cranwell on the afternoon of Friday, 24th July, in Headquarters Flight Ansons from Lyneham where they had cleared the customs.

Many of the Cranwell cadets who had had the good fortune to visit Norway the summer before for the survival camp recognized old friends amongst our guests, who quickly settled down in their rooms in the Senior Mess. The same evening our visitors attended the Final Guest Night where they were welcomed in appropriate style, and after dinner they joined in the fun at the Senior Entry revue.

Next morning they were up early to attend a rehearsal of the passing-out parade, after which they visited Flying Wing. Although termed 'flight cadets' the Norwegian cadets were veterans by Cranwell standards as they had all completed a jet course in the United States.

In the afternoon they watched the College at sport and were as much intrigued as mystified by the game of cricket being played on the Orange. That evening they visited the local 'highspots' with their English hosts and showed great tact and almost professional ease by the discreet way in which they entered the College at a much later hour.

For their last three days our visitors attended the various functions which are an integral part of an end of term at Cranwell. The last church parade of term, the presentation of wings, and the passing-out parade itself were all keenly watched. In addition it was possible to arrange a visit to Lincoln Cathedral, while their, and our, song repertoire was enriched by their presence at the Sovereign's Squadron party held at the Red Lion, Caythorpe.

So on the Wednesday morning the Norwegian cadets left as they had arrived—by Ansons of Headquarters Flight. The night before they had been an object of great admiration at the passing-out ball, where they had tripped the light fantas-



Our visitors from Norway. Reading from left to right: Cdt Kirkvaag; Cdt Lervaag; Cdt Astrup; Cdt Tokerud; Captain Skrautvol; Cdt Sorensen; Lieutenant Danielson; Cdt Hasvold; Cdt Hollum; Cdt Klette

tic in a manner that put their hosts to shame. Altogether the visit was an unqualified success. In the many talks we had with them we were astonished at their knowledge of England, its people and its language. They were charming guests to entertain and it is to be hoped that another visit can be arranged in the not-too-distant future.

R. A. C. G.

Correspondence

THE WELLINGTON PRESS
ALDERSHOT

The Editor
The Royal Air Force College Journal

SIR,

Our House Advertisement entitled 'When Father was at Farnborough . . .' which appeared in the June issue of your College Journal has brought forth an anonymous letter from a reader (or readers) who says:

'We are surprised he didn't run the Sergeant in for saluting with his left hand!'

One assumes, Sir, that the writer is a young Cadet who has very little knowledge of military tradition as applied to saluting. Were he more mature he would know that up to about 1920 or 1922 salutes were given with the hand *nearest the officer saluted*. The drawing and letterpress contained in the advertisement make it quite clear that the period dealt with was round about 1915 and so the picture is technically correct.

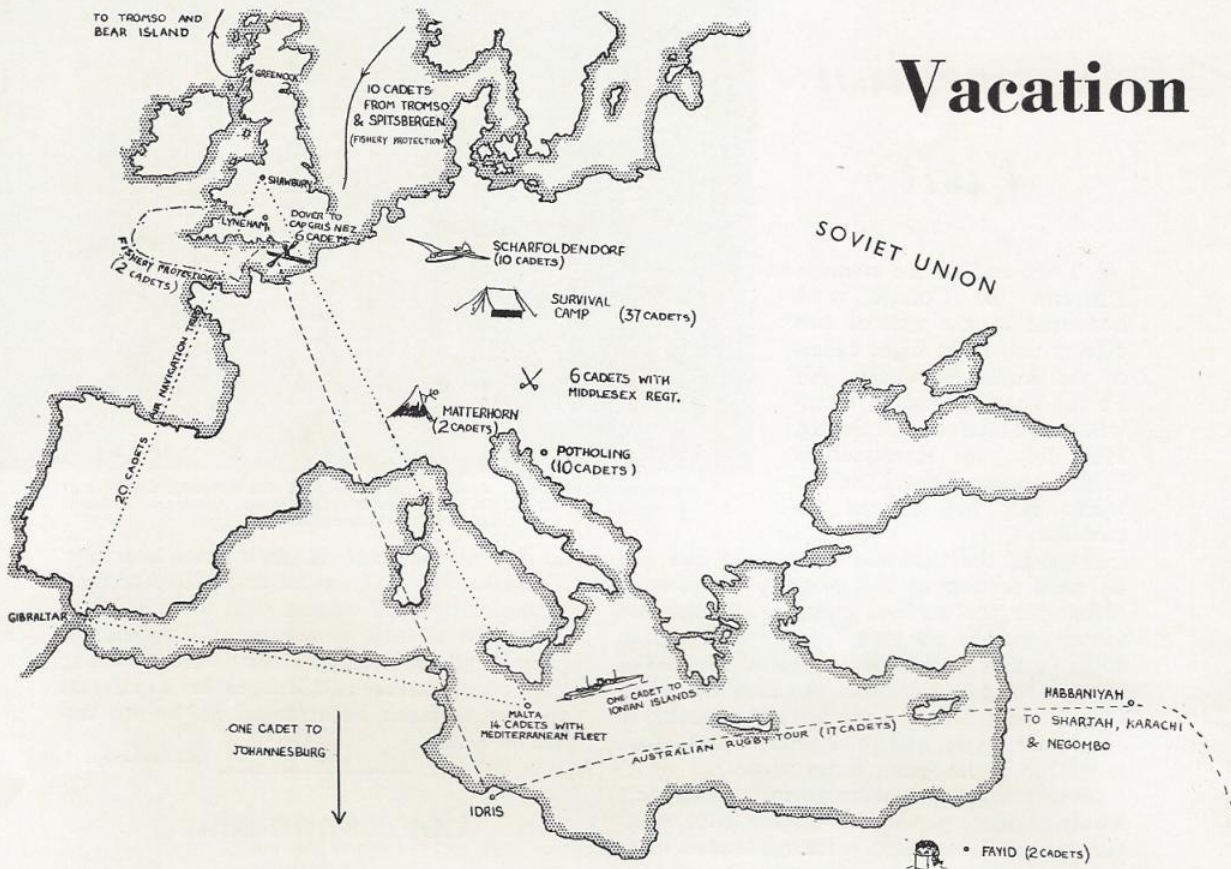
One hopes that, when he is commissioned, the writer of this anonymous letter will not put on a charge any unfortunate airman who fails to salute him when riding a bicycle!

We are, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

GALE & POLDEN LIMITED

Vacation



Service Visits

The Liaison Visit to Australia

An Unusual Mission for the Rugby XV

PERHAPS no one was more surprised than each member of the College Rugby XV when finally it was announced that the visit 'down under' was on. There had been many rumours and counter-rumours in the last six weeks of the summer term, and at one point, quite frankly, we had most of us given up all hope of playing rugby anywhere in the southern hemisphere, and least of all against the R.A.A.F. College at Point Cook, our intending hosts. Then suddenly, an inexorable machine began to turn. Inoculations, khaki drill, uniforms, passports . . . all in rapid succession in readiness for our departure.

The party was led by the Assistant Commandant, Group Captain E. D. McK. Nelson. Two rucker-playing officers, Flight Lieutenants Abbott and Talbot Williams made up the officer complement. Seventeen flight cadets (a full team and two reserves) made up the team itself, under its captain, Carse.

We had very little time to dwell on what was in store for us. We had few ideas on what to expect, and so felt only a vague urge of excitement. By the time we returned to England, however, we had amassed a quite fantastic store of unforgettable memories, and all in such a short time that we found it difficult to look back with a clear view.

In just forty days we had travelled 25,000 miles and added 142 hours flying to our passenger total. We visited twelve different countries and twice crossed the Equator and the Tropics. We saw eight dawns and two sunsets in the air and they were all most impressive. Considering this record, we realized what an invaluable and unique experience the visit had been.

Sunday, 2nd August, saw us at Clyffe Pypard, which is the subsidiary station to Lyneham. In the evening we had a rucker practice and the Assistant Commandant showed us his speed in the 7-a-side

Activities at Home and Abroad

July-September, 1953

game afterwards. Monday dawned with the most beautiful weather for our departure and we said farewell to England over the cliffs of the south coast at midday.

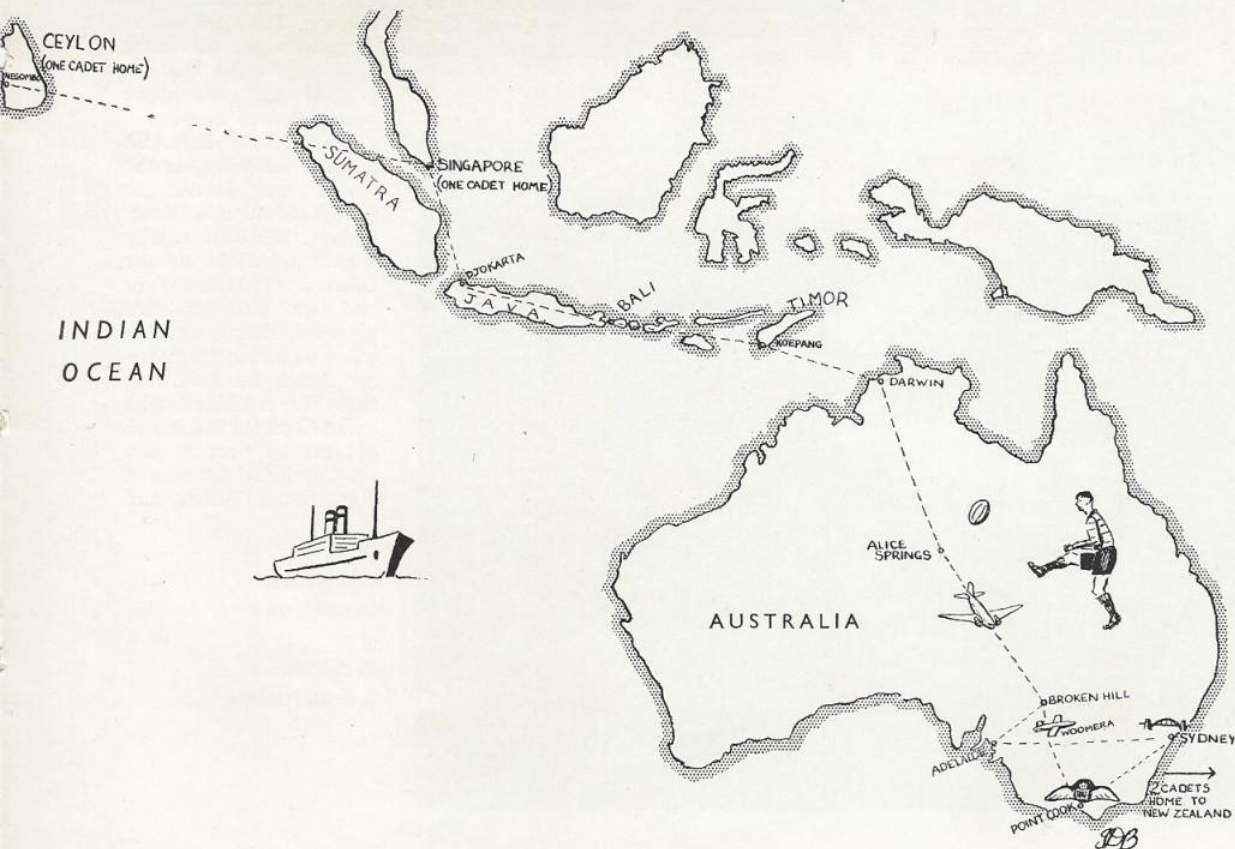
Our first stop was at Idris where we spent an evening in sub-tropical comfort, swimming under the stars in a temperature very conducive to good fellowship helped by the odd glass. Next day an engine fault soon after take-off forced us to turn back and so we had another day in Tripoli and a superb swim in the warm blue water of the Mediterranean. We soon arrived at Habbaniya and enjoyed the evening under the stars at the Officers' Club and wholeheartedly encouraged Senior Under Officer Close in his dances with the ladies. Flooded runways at Mauripur diverted us and we landed at desolate Sharjah on the Persian Gulf, which station we shall remember for its intense heat.

Nursing the bites from Mauripur's teeming insects and the grazes from Negombo's sultry beach we arrived at Changi two days later where we met again our one-time padre, the Rev. Ben Knight. We

spent the afternoon at the Singapore Swimming Club where, besides a swim, we had our hair cut, an operation which included a massage of the neck and shoulders. Carse realized this with dismay because he was sure it would cost more money than he had, but all was well ultimately.

A Dakota which the R.A.A.F. had kindly put at our disposal bore us away from the delights of Singapore and at last we felt we had made our first contact with Australia. From Changi we flew to Darwin with refuelling stops at Djakarta in Indonesia, Bali (where we saw neither Bob Hope nor his beautiful women) and at Timor. From Darwin *via* Alice Springs and Broken Hill we flew to the R.A.A.F. College, Point Cook, which is on Point Philip Bay, twenty-eight miles from Melbourne.

We caught our first sight of the R.A.A.F. College through a lowering sky and drizzle. It seemed, from the air, as though it were perched on the water's edge, in typical fenland country. The thought must have crossed the minds of many of



us: 'Wasn't this just like the countryside we were used to? Wasn't this just like being at home?' But there was not much time for comparisons. Our aircraft was losing altitude, and soon we were on the ground.

We bundled out of the aircraft, to be greeted with tremendous warmth by our hosts. We soon made friends with the air cadets, and the newspapermen took many photographs of us with the Point Cook chaps. We were also given the opportunity of speaking on the commercial radio about the visit and our hopes in the rugby. It was, in some ways, a relief after our long journey to escape from the news hounds.

For some of us, however, these first moments at Point Cook were not without a special interest. Two members of the team, including our captain, were met by uncles, one of whom had travelled 300 miles (and thought nothing of it) to see a nephew for the first time. A father was also at the airfield to meet another member of the team. Indeed in retrospect, the liaison mission was remarkable in the number of family reunions it made possible. At Duntroon, for instance, an uncle drove hundreds of miles to see his nephew play and, towards the end of our stay 'down under,' two members of the team were flown by the R.N.Z.A.F. to New Zealand to meet their mothers whom they had not seen for two years. But this is to anticipate.

After two days of comparative rest (they included two rugby practices) we played our first game. It was against the Officer Training School, Portsea, and we had a fairly easy win by 26 points to nothing. This, perhaps, was hardly surprising because Portsea do not normally play rugby. The

game was played in typical Cranwell weather—rain and high wind—so we cannot complain that we should have done better had the weather been in our favour! That evening the Army fellows gave us a gay time and we had our first chance to judge Australian beer. We did not find it bad.

The following day we watched an Australian Rules' football match and we were amazed at the length of the kicks which seemed so easy to do.

Two days later we had the important rugby match of the tour—against Point Cook—and the kicking was quite inspired—no doubt the effect of what we had seen in the Australian Rules game. Before the kick-off we were presented to Air Marshal Sir Donald Hardman, the Chief of Air Staff of the R.A.A.F., who wished us luck. The match was a battle royal from the word go, the Point Cook team playing with typical Australian dash and the Cranwell team combining with a confidence that was a delight to see. At half-time we had managed to grab a lead of nine points to nil. However, we were feeling the strain, and the score was 12—8 to Cranwell with only two minutes left of play when the Point Cook backs caught us off-guard and crossed our line close to touch. A magnificent conversion won the match for Point Cook by 13 points to 12, and we felt more than a little annoyed.

During our all too brief stay we were fortunate enough to attend a College guest night. At this a hand-carved commemorative shield in light oak, bearing an inscription placed beneath the crest of the Royal Air Force College, was presented to our hosts by Group Captain Nelson. The speeches on both sides emphasized the great value of liaison visits and hope was expressed that ours might be the first of many.

We left the R.A.A.F. College the day after the match and landed at Richmond 40 miles from Sydney. We were regally wined and dined by the Officers' Mess that night and we went to bed directly afterwards because we had another rugby match the following day. We combined with Point Cook for this match because we were to play the Combined Services of New South Wales, and



*Carse presents
the College team
to
Air Chief Marshal
Sir Donald Hardman*

they were a strong team. For the first time we played the substitute rules and Bullock was sent into the fray when we lost Carter with a broken nose. However, minor injuries, combined with the greater experience of the Service team, made themselves felt and, though we led at half-time by 9—0 we lost a hard-fought game by 14—24.

During the next two days we forgot our aches and pains in a river tour of Sydney Harbour, a dinner and *South Pacific*, and a visit to the Jenolan caves, which were very picturesque. Then we flew to Canberra for our rugby match against Royal Military College Duntroon, and we took advantage of the flight to catch up on our sleep. The team was considerably altered because of our injuries and it was no wonder that we lost 20—nil. However, let it be told we did not play like a true Cranwell team. Thus in nine days we played four matches with three losses, and scored 52 points against the 57 points scored by our opponents. At the dance which Duntroon senior cadets arranged for us D. Briggs gave us a polished performance with his partner of the latest jitterbug routine.

On our return to Richmond we were free to go into Sydney and so, while some of us contacted the girl-friends recommended by the Duntroon chaps, others booked rooms in the Sydney hotels and visited the cinemas or the theatre. Most of us met in the Long Bar of the Australia Hotel next morning, where Flight Lieutenant Abbott had said, perhaps unwisely, that he would buy us a drink. We left two hours later and separated once more, feeling extremely fit. (Carter, it is rumoured, could not cash his traveller's cheques because his signature bore little resemblance to the original, a disappointment which left him disconcerted and doubting the sanity of the efficient Australian clerks.)

Our week's freedom was interrupted by a quite unexpected and much appreciated flying visit to Woomera rocket range. Of the rocket range let us say that it was interesting and save ourselves trouble with the censor. Woomera town, however, is, I feel, a modern Wonder of the World. It has been built in the middle of nowhere (as any atlas will show) and yet it has all the modern amenities of a small city. It has a mayor (a former postman) who was good enough to have us all to his parlour. Woomera's water has to be pumped from hundreds of miles away. Fifty thousand trees have been planted in the middle of a desert to give the town a green belt. The whole enterprise is a truly magnificent achievement of the Commonwealth.

Woomera behind us and Sydney explored and ransacked, we flew to Mallala, going on to Adelaide by coach next day. There we were invited to drinks with His Excellency the Governor, Sir Robert George, and answered his questions about ourselves and the tour. He bade us farewell on behalf of the Australians because we were leaving on the first leg of our journey home the following morning.

The evening of our last day in Australia at Darwin was very warm and we kept cool on the veranda of the Officers' Mess by drinking iced beer



Exchange of Experience at Point Cook

while we watched the sun go down and listened to the chirping of the crickets. Wallingford, visiting the ablutions before going to bed, was a little disturbed when he saw ten green eyes staring at him. With the light on he saw five frogs, two big ones and three small, sitting on top of the cistern. It took more than a little courage to pass the time of night in their company.

We landed at Changi the day after and discovered that one more rugby match had been fixed up for us. We played the Singapore Cricket Club and exhausted ourselves utterly in the humid air, losing the game by an unlucky try to nothing. The Old Cranwellians there gave us a fine dinner at the Adelphi Hotel and we met some old acquaintances during the evening. Changi village was recommended to us and so, after a night's sleep to sharpen our wits, we did our best to bargain with the natives for their goods there. With some incredible bargains in our cases (or so we thought at the time), we flew to Ceylon where we stayed for an extra three days while a faulty engine was repaired. We spent the time surfing and sunbathing and thinking of the flight cadets in England who were at that time returning to College.



Dinner
alfresco
at Tripoli

We finally took off and the journey back to England was soon completed. We made extra landings at Bahrein and Marseilles because of strong headwinds. It was at Marseilles that the captain made a fine collection of foreign coins when he asked us to pay him for our coffee. The weather was fine all the way until we reached the north of France when a solid bank of cloud appeared beneath us; from there onwards we had full coverage, which we thought was typically English and a happy prelude to a term of flying.

We welcomed our return to Cranwell mainly because it meant that we should be able at last to

settle down again. We moved back into the routine of the College and appeared no different once again from the other flight cadets, but in our minds we were reliving all the wonderful experiences we had had.

Had we the space we should have liked to thank all those who at every point on our journey welcomed us and made our passage easy. We hope that they will have been thanked more personally. To all our wonderful friends and hosts, however, we say "Thank you."

J. M. McL.



'Your footbone connected to your ankle bone'

The Parachute Course at Abingdon

On 16th August a party of 21 cadets assembled at No. 1 Parachute Training School, Abingdon, where they spent ten days acquiring the knack of how decently to fall out of aircraft. The following account, written by one who went on the parachute course, shows exactly how that knack was acquired.

'We arrived at Abingdon on Sunday afternoon, and the course started in earnest the following morning, when we were met by Flying Officer Clarke, our syndicate officer. After a short introductory film and a welcoming address from the station commander and the officer in charge of the training school we were introduced to our sergeant instructors and began our ground training straight away.

'This was carried out in a hangar which was fully equipped with all the latest training apparatus, ranging from low ramps to a platform 30 feet up in the hangar roof, known as the "Fan".

'The training was split into three main sections—how to make a compact exit, how to control your drift on the way down, and (to us the most important part) how to land and roll without hurting yourself. We practised on different types of apparatus until the movements became almost second nature. The Fan and Tower were the two most enjoyable "aids" when once we had tasted them. Both were fitted with braking devices which prevent one from coming down too rapidly. This practical training was supplemented with films, followed by highly amusing lectures given by Flying Officer Clarke.

'After five days we were considered ready for our first "actual". As the wind was normally too strong during the daytime, we were to do our first jump at 0530 hours on Saturday morning. The air at this early hour was expected to be practically still. Unfortunately it was still too strong, so we were not disturbed until 0730 hours.

'We were free at the weekend. On Monday we had a couple of hours training in which to refresh our minds and limbs, a final briefing, and then to bed early. Almost before we were asleep, or so it seemed, it was 0430 hours, and we bundled out of bed to dress for our first descent.

'An hour later five of our number were on their way up in the cage slung below a barrage balloon. No one knew exactly what to expect, and when the order "Redonstandinthedoor" came your mind was blank. On the command "go" you jumped. There was a very marked dropping sensation, a crack of silk above your head, a very slight tug on your shoulders, and you found yourself floating down very gently towards the ground. Subconsciously you started your drill to control your drift and almost before you knew it you were on the ground collapsing your canopy with that wonderful "I've done it" feeling.

'The second balloon jump followed immediately afterwards. It was exactly the same, except for one thing. You had a most awful sensation just before jumping, and would have given anything not to have to jump. It was only personal pride that made you do it, and it was a terrific relief to realize afterwards that everyone else felt the same.

'That afternoon we had a short period of corrective training in prepara-

tion for our two aircraft jumps the following morning. This time we were called at 0400 hours.

'We jumped from a Hastings. The jumps were very much the same as those from the balloon, except that you felt it was the real thing. As you jumped you were flung backward by the 110-knot slipstream, and before you knew it your 'chute was open. We were rushed back to Abingdon, where the aircraft was waiting for us for our fourth and last jump. In this Briggs managed to do a cartwheel on exit which, he assures me, W.O. Smith was never able to teach him. Sheppard unfortunately sprained his ankle on landing but otherwise we were none the worse.

'After a short talk we were congratulated on the show we had put up, presented with badges from the manufacturers of the parachutes we used, and wished the very best of luck.

'We must not forget the delectable young lady called "Jumping Judy"—a doll bought between us. She took part in the two aircraft jumps as our mascot. She was carried out in the first one by our instructor Sgt Lambeth, and in the second by Under Officer Khan, and then released to make her own way down at the end of a five-foot flare parachute.

A group of flight cadets at Abingdon August 1953



The Survival Exercise in the Harz Mountains—Summer 1953



THOSE much-travelled and widely experienced persons who should know, nodded their heads wisely when they heard we were going to Germany for the Summer Survival Camp. 'Ah yes', they said, 'a delightful prospect, though perhaps a little hot for long-distance marching.' They murmured advice about the suitability of K.D. as a standard form of dress and were heard to mutter darkly about painful sun-tan and the merits of Nivea Oil.

We packed accordingly and felt that it would be extremely pleasant to survey a foreign land under such conditions. We searched out the briefest shorts we possessed and were careful to include light shirts and bathing trunks. Perhaps a jersey for use

in the evening at high altitudes, but, we were assured, that was all we should need. Alas, the German clerk of the weather thought otherwise, as we were soon to find out.

We took off from Scampton at 0915 on Saturday, 22nd August, and by 1145 we were travelling along the wide Autobahn from Buckeburg airfield to Hanover. There we turned south and late afternoon found our convoy winding its way up steep mountain roads surrounded by fir-clad peaks with deep rocky valleys.

To our dismay the weather had deteriorated during the day with low cloud and heavy thunder showers. By the time we reached our camp site at 1705 hours it was

raining steadily and the dismal task of unloading trucks and putting up sleeping tents began. We were annoyed with the weather, though not yet disillusioned; this must be a freak day (we thought) and everything would dry in the sun tomorrow.

The camp site, covered with tall firs, was situated on a hillside sloping down to a deep lake. A narrow road wound along the eastern shore of this lake and then turned sharply west, forming a northern boundary to the camp area. Mountains rising to about 1500 feet, and in most cases heavily wooded, stood sentinel on all sides and a small clear mountain stream bubbled out of the hillside to the north of the road and tumbled down to the lake on its rocky course through the eastern half of the area. Here on the doorstep was a good source of drinking water and the gentle slope of the ground ensured that heavy rain would drain away rapidly. The ground under the tall firs was carpeted with pine needles and, as always in such cases, was relatively free of undergrowth. The nearest houses were over a mile away and the area was not one likely to be frequented by even the more persistent type of tourist.

By 2200 hours the camp presented a fairly orderly appearance, though, due to lack of time and the fall of darkness, it was by no means complete.

* * *

Vigorous activities began on Monday with a cross-country march by flights of about seven miles over a triangular course. This had been selected as the commencement of two or three days of toughening-up exercises, and compass marching in such country certainly proved to be strenuous. No sooner had we

arrived, sweating and exhausted, at the foot of an almost vertical slope, than a hand would point to the top of another equally steep ascent, an inexorable voice would say 'that-a-way', and off we would go once more, hoping that the camp site would appear over the next crest.

On Tuesday much the same thing happened though, needless to say, the route was somewhat longer, in some cases 15 miles—though someone whispered that this was because of bad map-reading.

The Commandant joined us at 1830 for a three-day visit, and we suspect that he too was dismayed at the weather; it poured with rain all the evening, and a proposed sing-song round the camp fire had to be postponed until the following night.

* * *

An inter-Flight race was held on Thursday, during which flights had to march on a course to five very inaccessible points, most of them on mountain tops, where five tickets were to be found, one for each flight. Those who completed the course in the shortest time, returning with five tickets and all members, would win. An umpire marched with each flight, but neither he nor the flight commander were allowed to assist with the navigation.

The day was cloudy and cool, but dry, and flights moved off briskly at 15-minute intervals. At 1554 a cheer was heard from the road leading to the camp: a flight was returning long before expected, and it turned out to be No. 3, with all members and the umpire. They had completed the course in 7 hours and 22 minutes, beating No. 4 Flight by 50 minutes, No. 1 was third and No. 2 last, the latter having missed their way and alas, their umpire as well. It was whispered that he got wet because they didn't turn up at the correct R.V. and someone said he looked very red when he returned which couldn't possibly have been caused by sunburn.

Everyone had trekked 20 or more miles that day at a very fast pace; there were many sore feet and unfortunately one casualty. No. 1 flight commander decided that the easiest way to descend a vertical slope was to slide down it on those portions of his anatomy not designed for that purpose. It is not recorded whether he had any blisters as the result of this activity, but doing the splits on the way down did not improve his leg hinges, and he very reluctantly had to confine himself to administrative duties for the second half of the camp.

Friday, 28th August, was a rest day until 1830, when everyone moved off on a night exercise. We had been shown how to construct a bivouac with ground sheets and, during the discussion on the previous day's race we had been told that our map-reading needed a lot more practice. We were now going out to practise both in the dark, with our bedding and rations on our backs.

The first R.V., in a steep-sided rocky valley, was reached between 2000 and 2030, by which time it was quite dark. Here the 'Resistance Men' made their appearance for the first time; public-spirited persons who, due to injuries, were no longer able to march but who, nevertheless,

were not content to remain inactive back at the camp. They met us with burners and water supplies, which meant that a hot meal could be cooked. Bivouacs were soon constructed and silence descended, but only for a comparatively short time.

Reveille was at 0400 and half an hour later we were on our way once more, up the long steep track to Bad Harzburg. It was dark and cold and we had had no breakfast; the column was a silent one.

By 0645 we had reached the highest point in the area and after a thirty-minute break we marched on to the last R.V., where the Resistance Men met us once more with breakfast. After everyone had eaten, a team of four from each flight volunteered for an inter-flight race back to camp, a cross-country distance of about 6 miles which was subsequently won by No. 1 Flight by 18 seconds.

The weather had deteriorated steadily during the morning, and heavy rain set in shortly after midday and continued until the following morning. Sunday found the ground sodden, with large puddles of water standing in many places. The camp and surrounding countryside looked damp and depressing, and cloud



The camp site



The Commandant (second from right in the picture) joins the survival party in Germany

shrouded the tops of the hills in grey mist. The forty-eight hour exercise which was due to start that day was postponed until Monday, by which time the sky had cleared and the sun shone down with welcome warmth.

The plan for the exercise was outlined by the C.O. and it had been decided that the two squadrons should march together, with various individuals navigating to select R.V.s where the Resistance Men would meet us.

We set off at 0830 and, after the main road had been reached about three-quarters of a mile from camp, our route lay straight across country. The Resistance Men met us for lunch, and after a one-hour break we marched off once more, heading for the evening bivouac area. The route was largely uphill during the second half of the day, along forest tracks and the summit of a ridge about 2500 feet above sea level. Our destination was reached at 1615, and it was considered that we had covered about 10 to 12 miles in the day. The Resistance Men were already installed, with hydra burners and rations, a most welcome sight.

The next day's march was a comparatively short one in terms of distance covered across country, but involved a climb to the

summit of the highest peak in the Western Harz, only three miles from the Russian zone border. The sun shone from a cloudless sky as the party moved off, and the temperature was considerably higher than at any previous time.

The map-reading up to the summit was good and our route lay through deep natural forests, so much more pleasant to traverse than the tangled plantations through which it had been necessary to battle on most other treks. The ground was covered in short grass and moss, and here and there large clumps of winniberry bushes were laden with large purple berries ready for picking. The warm sun formed a brilliant pattern of light and sparkling streams chuckled down the mountain sides on rocky beds with mossy banks.

Little sound was made as we moved on upwards, and everyone felt that such a march offered something more than the mere trekking for the sake of fitness as on the previous days. Large areas of the Harz can be very grim in appearance, particularly in dull weather, with sombre, orderly pine plantations, and rocky gorges, offering a somewhat dark and forbidding aspect. Here however, nature had dealt with the

planting of trees, and hers was a much more haphazard and attractive layout than the efficient hand of a man could produce.

At 1130 we emerged from the trees into a clearing at the summit, and a vast panorama of country was spread out before us. To the east stood the Brocken, the highest peak in the Harz mountains, and just inside the Russian zone border. The large stone fort on its summit stood out with startling clarity and its bare, rocky lower slopes were in sharp contrast to the surrounding firs.

To the south the country rolled away in a seemingly endless series of peaks shimmering in the bright midday sun, and to the north tall radio masts on a peak stood out, overlooking the eastern zone like gaunt skeletons guarding the west. Below in the valley a broad ploughed lane ran through the forest, like a pale serpent, denoting the sharp division between freedom and the dark dominions of Moscow.

We rested for two hours before plunging down the steep slopes through the forest, and with good map-reading and a brisk pace the second night stop on the shores of a lake was reached at 1445.

We made an early start the following morning on the last trek back to camp. The 'halt and the lame' proceeded at their own pace whilst the main party decided to make it a 'forced march' to see how quickly it could be done. Accordingly we moved off briskly towards a place called Torfhaus, a village on the border about two miles north of our night stop. After a brief halt there we pushed on once more, doubling 100 yards and walking 100 yards and so on, off the main road and down a track through a steep-sided valley. The sun shone down from a cloudless sky, gaining strength as the morning wore on. No kindly breeze penetrated into the sheltered pass, and the heat coupled with the exertion made the march a test of endurance.

After about six miles a five-minute halt was called, and everyone was allowed to drink a little water; then on once more, up the

long slow drag of six more miles to the camp site. We were a silent, sweating but determined party as we neared home; however, as the road round the lake was reached we produced a song, and then another song, just to prove we could take it. The journey ended at 1140: we had covered the 12 miles in three hours, forty minutes; and now the pleasant business of washing, resting and caring for our tender feet began.

The marching and the exercises were now finished, and Thursday, 3rd September, was spent in clearing up the camp and striking half the tents ready for our early departure next day. We moved away from the camp site for the last time at 0810 on Friday morning, and by 1430 we were airborne for the U.K.

It was all over. A few perhaps, had not really enjoyed themselves, but the majority of us realized that we were much fitter than when we had started out 14 days before. We had tackled steep slopes and long marches, and in most cases had won through with a sense of achievement and only



A break in the exercise for Flt Lt James (left), F.S. Mitchell (behind), Sqd Ldr Roberts (standing), Flt Lts Robertson, Sayfritz and Carr

a few minor blisters to remind us that it had been tough. It had taught us that fit men could cover long distances over rough ground on their two feet and feel all the fitter for it, provided the right precautions were taken. It had taught us a few basic prin-

ciples which we might remember thankfully if the need arose later on. It had shown us a foreign land and added to our experience. In addition it had provided a 'line' which would echo round study and dining table for many a day.

V. H. J.

'Popping down to the Med.'

The summer navigation trip to the Mediterranean is now a well-established event. This summer it was the turn of 21 flight cadets of No. 60 Entry to impress their friends and families with the information that they were 'popping down to the Med' for a week. The embryo navigators were divided into two parties, both of which, at different times, flew in Lincolns from Shawbury to Gibraltar and Malta. Here is the narrative of one of the second party.

'Our party travelled in four Lincolns, each carrying two cadets as second navigators, and a staff navigator to supervise.

'We set course from Shawbury very early on the morning of Tuesday, 1st September. The long briefing, the customs clearance and the cold dark airfield were forgotten as we climbed on flaming ex-

hausts through the grey sky, and headed out over the Bristol Channel, for the Mediterranean sun was already setting fire to the English horizon.

'We watched the staff navigator as he calculated the wind and soon we took over the task ourselves. There seemed at first to be more than enough work for the two of us, but for our comfort we had regular cupfuls of hot sweet tea, and a bag full of sandwiches, sweets and biscuits.

'The automatic pilot steered the aircraft, and the captain snoozed at the wheel, a highly coloured Western novel on his knee. We must admit that any notions we had of the superiority of pilots to navigators were rudely shattered. At one time however, when we were in particular difficulties the captain awoke, saw Lisbon from his window and turned the aircraft on to a mentally calcu-

lated course, so accurate that when we found the answer on our computer a few moments later we were already there.

'Roaring in over Gibraltar harbour we strained to see every detail of the famous Rock, and the equally famous (to pilots) runway which has both ends in the sea, and is cut in half by the main road to Spain. A quick change into khaki drill and we were clambering eagerly out of our aircraft, greeted by a bunch of officers, amongst whom we recognized an old friend of 54 Entry, Flying Officer Jevons. The main attraction, however, was the Rock, the steepest side of which towered craggily over us. An easterly wind was blowing and a plume of cloud curled from the top of the ridge to form an umbrella over the town below. The more learned ones were heard to utter the word 'oro-



Malta Visit. MacNicol, Morgan, Hoare, Bowes, Dines, Field, Whitson, Fg Off Williams and two officers of R.A.F., Ta'Kali, inspecting one of the R.A.A.F. Vampires stationed at Ta'Kali

graphic' several times in a very knowing sort of way.

'During the next two days we were billeted at an hotel in Gibraltar, where they had large highly polished brass bedsteads ('Just right for Junior Entries', commented someone.) The menu at the hotel was long and was the same for every meal, ranging from mushroom omelette through asparagus to an almost English 'steak, two eggs and chips'. The 'Fillet of Swordfish' was unfortunately not on; it seemed they had not caught any lately.

'Gibraltar has a very typical aroma which seems to be made up of two parts coffee and three parts cigar smoke. The shops were fascinating. They were wide open to the pavement and festooned with coloured oriental pyjama suits, carpets, ladies' underwear of incredible filminess, and beautifully embroidered shawls. No shop specialized in any particular type of article; each sold everything from postcards to exquisite jade and ivory carvings, everything, that is, except the necessities of life. The shopkeepers stood at the door and called to us as we passed. In some we paused and listened to musical boxes and looked rather sceptically at 400-day clocks.

'We soon learnt the art of haggling, and would confidently offer just half of the shopkeeper's price, and after much disparage-

ment of the article and attempts to leave the shop in well-simulated disgust, get what we wanted for three quarters of the original price.

'Our two days at Gibraltar held other attractions. We were taken for a ride round the harbour in a seaplane tender which had a surprising turn of speed. We were shown something of the defences of the Rock, which turned out to be not nearly as solid as it looks, being in reality a fortress, some of whose galleries and gun emplacements were cut as long ago as the eighteenth century. We were also shown both Upper and Lower St Michael's caves, where we played at being pot-holers.

'The inevitable visit to La Linea brought our visit to a close, but as we were strictly off duty the staggeringly difficult task of a description will not be attempted.

'By now we felt so at home at the navigator's table that the journey to Malta presented no difficulties, and we had plenty of time to stare at the north coast of Africa, whose surface was a map in brown and yellow, unrelieved by any green.

'At Malta the heat was far greater than at Gibraltar and the sun glared from a cloudless sky on to the yellow sand of Luqa airfield.

'The transit mess at Royal Air Force Luqa was very comfort-

able, but we discovered to our chagrin that prices were back to normal; those that had bought their 200 cigarettes at Gibraltar for ten shillings congratulated themselves.

'Malta's terrain was very flat after Gib's. Everywhere, it seemed, were small stony fields, surrounded by loose stone tool sheds. Nothing was growing in the fields except a type of cactus bearing a prickly pear-shaped fruit. The houses were all very solidly built of large blocks of sandstone, which helps to keep them cool in the summer heat. Another most notable feature was the great number of churches, some of which were situated far from any habitation.

'Our hosts at Luqa took us to see Vampires carrying out rocket firing practice at a target in the sea, and then we went to the airfield at Ta'Kali, now leased to an R.A.A.F. squadron. The aircraft standing in the sun were so hot as almost to burn the hand and we did not envy the task either of pilots or ground crews.

'After lunch we went to Valletta, where we embarked on a seaplane tender and were taken along the coast to St Paul's Bay, where the R.A.F. owns a small lido. The water was comfortably warm, and we spent a very happy hour swimming and sunbathing. With the aid of goggles we chased shoals of fish, some most beautifully coloured, but all very elusive. Senior Flight Cadet Bowes swam a mile across the Bay and back again, passing through a belt of jelly fish, from which he fortunately suffered no harm.

'And so, regretfully, our visit came to an end and it was time to return. We set off at night when the aircraft were cool, and headed back straight across France. Two of the aircraft were in need of repair so we all travelled in the remaining two, the spare 'navigators' occupying themselves by map-reading from the bomb aimer's vast bay window. There was not a cloud to be seen over France, but England was covered by a solid blanket of cloud. We were truly back.'

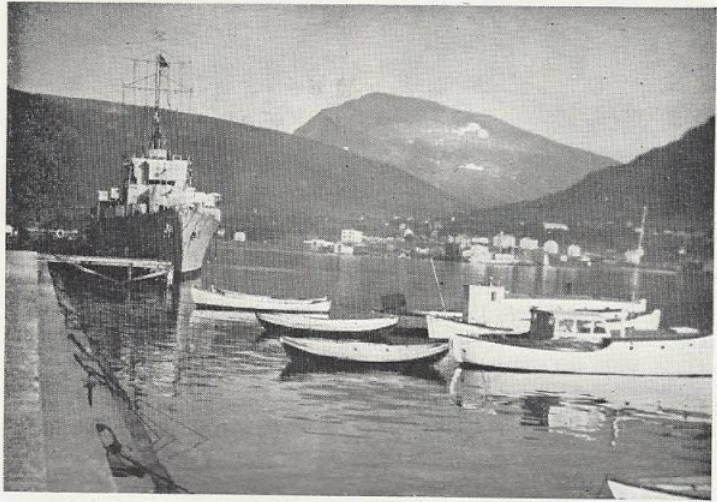
N. R. MacN.

To the Arctic in a Minesweeper

H.M.S. *Welcome* is an Algerine class ocean minesweeper of some 1200 tons and a total complement of about one hundred. After taking part in Exercise *Mainbrace* the captain, Commander C. B. Lamb, D.S.O., D.S.C. (a Fleet Air Arm pilot of considerable experience), agreed to take on ten flight cadets for a trip to the Arctic. Though officially engaged on fishery protection, the ship's task was to assist a Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries research vessel (the *Ernest Holt*) by depth-charging fish after following them with Asdic.

The ten flight cadets arrived at Greenock on Sunday, 9th August, as unprepared as the ship's company for what was coming to them. It was all rather exciting. Our 'mess', the Gun-room, was about half the size of the College Hall Porter's office. Into this room was squeezed most of the luggage, all the oilskins, duffle-coats and gum-boots, all the utensils, a table, three benches, a bunk, and at meal times ten flight cadets. Only two could sleep in the Gun-room; one shared an officer's room, and the rest slung hammocks in the corridors. We took it in turns, two by two, to be 'cooks' for the day, peeling potatoes, washing the dishes, and (sometimes) scrubbing the Gun-room floor. Throughout the voyage we were left free to occupy ourselves as profitably or otherwise as we wished, and were permitted to use the Wardroom, with its small but excellent library, for rest and relaxation. To this end we were placed in charge of Sub-Lieutenant Todd, to whose apron strings we clung when necessary, and to whom we must ever be indebted.

The next day we were all up between 6 a.m. and 7 a.m., and this remained the rule throughout the voyage, though extended occasionally to 7.30 a.m. After refuelling from a tanker, H.M.S. *Welcome* steamed smoothly out of the Clyde and round the Mull of Kintyre into some Atlantic swell.



H.M.S. 'Welcome' at Tromsø

This rocked the ship gently while College stomachs heaved not so gently.

Between the west coast of Scotland and the Hebrides the water was smoother, sickness departed and life returned to abnormal. A plank was towed astern while officers, seamen and flight cadets shot at it with service rifles and revolvers. While the basic diet of ship's biscuits, dry bread and pills was consumed by the queasy, the few with gyro-stabilized constitutions grew fitter and fatter on double rations. Mention must be made here of Leading Seaman Finch who was always welcome in the Gun-room, and who somehow found time to attend to the needs of the R.A.F., such as finding extra rations, boosting morale, and finding replacements for some twenty knives and teaspoons, which two nameless flight cadets consigned to the deep with a couple of buckets of dirty washing-up water.

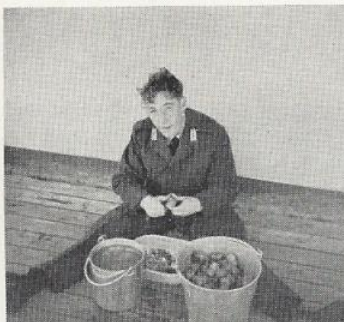
The greater part of our time was spent on the bridge during this trip. . . . The Arctic Circle was entered at 7.40 a.m. on 14th August.

The following day H.M.S. *Welcome* steamed through the fjords

to Tromsø. The weather was kind, and the unbroken sunshine a great stimulus to the camera enthusiasts. At Tromsø we tied up first alongside a refuelling jetty. Refuelling was by gravity feed only, so the Chief Engineer Officer chewed his nails and uttered his gentle witticisms for five hours before it was possible to move somewhere closer to the town centre.

Tromsø provided fun and fancy free for all and sundry. This included soccer, local mountain climbing, a zoo, cinemas, food and drink, dances and dance-partners. The latter two items betrayed considerable American influence. Visits to the market place revealed the novel spectacle of young ladies eating raw turnips, an admirable habit. Lastly, a hilarious cocktail party was held on board, which was attended by the British Vice-Consul and the Commandant of the local Norwegian Air Force station. We are indeed indebted to Tromsø.

On 18th August the *Ernest Holt* arrived and in the afternoon headed for a northern rendezvous, from which both ships set out for the frozen North. In the renewed swell the fruits of the weekend



Aboard H.M.S. 'Welcome'. Left and centre: Services rendered in the galley. Right: The fish came easily when required

were well and truly harvested; even the seamen occasionally succumbed. Both ships hove to, and every now and then the *Ernest Holt* would stand on her bows or her stern as though about to take the last plunge. We pictured the unhappy boffins therein. When the storm had abated the two vessels resumed their northerly heading and merrily 'pinged' with the asdics for shoals of fish which were unmercifully depth-charged on instructions from the *Ernest Holt*.

'Guns', the Chief Gunnery Officer, gave us a lecture and demonstration on arming and firing depthcharges. The captain gave us the last of three talks about his experience and lessons learnt during the last war. These were absorbing, instructive and amusing, and always came at a time when the weather made a revival of drooping spirits necessary.

While innocent fish were blown up and collected the ten visitors occupied themselves in observing operations from the bridge or firing the depthcharges. At other

times there was the ship's gyroscope to be examined, the operation of the engines and boilers to be studied, and the ship's rum to be tasted.

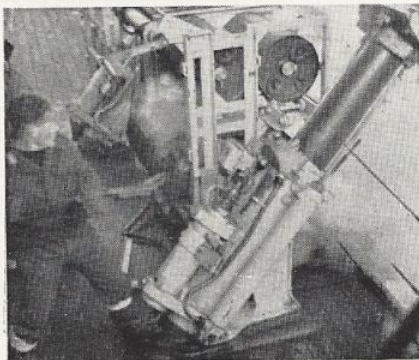
On the 23rd the last fling in explosive fishing brought in a handsome haul of cod which, with chips, supplemented the rations most agreeably. That afternoon we parted from the *Ernest Holt* and, our position being uncertain, steered westward to within radar range of Hope Island, getting a bearing and distance position before heading towards Bear Island. The asdics were now kept busy searching for small submerged fragments of pack ice. The wind blew up again, sending some back to ship's biscuits and pills. The cheerfully hungry often evoked droll requests from their companions to cease smiling and look unhappy with the rest. None of us were prepared for the quite overpowering lethargy which affects people in a heavy sea.

After Tromso had been sacked for the last time by seamen and flight cadets, H.M.S. *Welcome*

steamed away with two Norwegian pilots on board and permission from the Norwegian and British Admiralties to go inland through the fjords as far south as possible. The beauty of the scenery beggars description. It was majestic in parts, and always picturesque, utterly wild scrub and rock being interlaced with very green, fertile and civilized-looking pasturelands studded with two-storeyed barns and houses, whose upper halves were painted red to make them visible (we were told) in snow. The overcast sky made it no less impressive, though damping the ardour of the photographers. During this period 'Guns' had the starboard Bofors dismantled for our benefit and explained its working; he also gave us a lecture in the Ward-room on naval gunnery.

After leaving the fjords a course was steered for the East Anglian coast and there was some sunshine. . . . The entry into Pompey was a happy one, many interesting vessels, including H.M.S. *Vanguard* were seen, and more white-banded O.P. hats were spotted.

This account must not be allowed to close without a word of thanks to the entire ship's company, who treated us with considerable friendliness in spite of what must have been, to them, our amazing vicissitudes. We thank them for the sacrifices made on our behalf, among many others the use of the Gun-room, the officers' private rooms, and (not least!) the doctor's pills, not forgetting the work behind the scenes which we did not see to appreciate.



'Innocent fish were blown up and collected, the visitors firing the depthcharges'

With the Middlesex Regiment in Austria

ON the invitation of Major I. H. Battye, Army Instructor at the College from 1950-1951, six flight cadets paid a visit to the 1st Bn. The Middlesex Regiment at Zeltweg, Austria, from 29th July to 12th August. The party was flown by an aircraft of the Royal Air Force Flying College, Manby, to Udine, where they landed at mid-day on 29th July. Their activities thereafter are best described in the words of one of the party.

'It was gloriously hot when we landed at Udine. . . . We were met by an officer from H.Q. British Troops Austria and were taken to Zeltweg by car—experiencing no difficulty in crossing the Austro-Italian frontier on the way.

'Major Battye met us at Zeltweg and outlined plans for the next fortnight, the idea being to see the Army at work and also to see as much of Austria as possible. We started the next morning by visiting the live firing range at Schmeltz. We travelled there by cable-railway. This was quite an experience. Built by the Germans for freight carrying, it is the longest such railway in Europe and it took us 50 minutes to reach the top. Slung in a little wooden carriage, at times as much as 1000 feet above the ground, it afforded us a wonderful view of some magnificent Austrian scenery. We



The Russians taking over the international guard duties in Vienna from the French

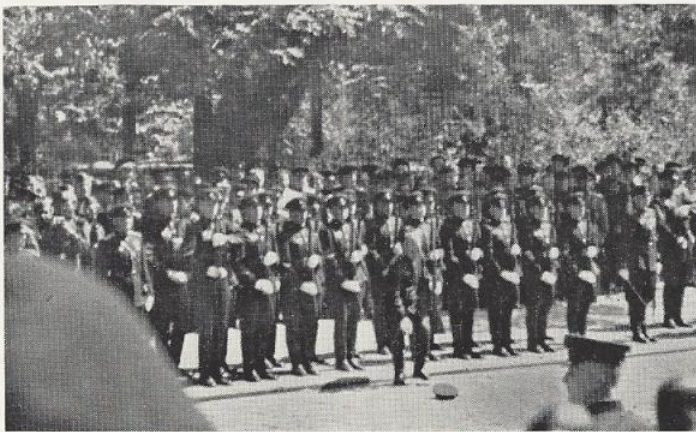
spent an interesting day on the ranges.

'The following morning we left by train for Vienna where we were looked after by a Company of the Middlesex Regiment stationed there on detachment. We did a certain amount of sight-seeing and were quite free to wander into any of the four sectors, including the Russian. On Saturday, 1st August, we watched the International Changing of the Guard in which the Russians took over from the French the responsibility for the security of the city for the next month. It was a splendid ceremony, held in blazing

sunshine. The French guard of honour were all crack Alpine troops; their band was very smart, especially the buglers. The Russians also were good but all their drill seemed very stiff and rigid. During one drill movement a Russian soldier knocked off his cap, revealing a freshly shaven head. No doubt the shot we heard the following morning at dawn was not unconnected. Apparently the Russians had no answer when on a recent occasion the Royal Warwickshire guard of honour marched on parade with their antelope mascot.

'On our way back from Vienna by train we met a Russian Air Force officer. He accepted a cigarette and shook hands all round, but that was as far as we got with him; he showed little inclination to talk on any subject. We counted at least 36 Migs on the airfield near the station where he left the train.

'The next part of our programme was a 60-kilometre cross-country "survival" march from Graz to Zeltweg, carrying our own rations. Much could be written about this trip, but space is limited. We slept where we could, in everything from haylofts to the occasional *gasthaus*, and wherever we went the Austrians treated us with great kindness. We arrived back in barracks at Zeltweg, being



'One Russian soldier knocked off his cap . . .'

literally propelled along the last 10 kilometres by some extremely potent liquor the Austrians had put in our tea at about four in the afternoon.

The next few days were spent with the main body of the 1st Middlesex Regiment at Zeltweg. It was a most interesting and instructive time during which some of us were taught to drive the Bren gun carrier, others to fire the Vickers Medium Machine Gun.

We all went on, and thoroughly enjoyed, a reconnaissance in carriers to Schmeltz.

Our last weekend was spent very pleasantly in Klagenfurt, where we stayed at a transit hotel. By day we had wonderful bathing in the Worthe See, a lake about 20 miles long set in beautiful country. By night we much enjoyed the local cabarets.

We left for Udine on the morning of 12th August and our return

journey was uneventful. It had been a wonderful trip and our grateful thanks go to Colonel Gwyn, Major Battye who invited us to go, and to all those officers and men of the Middlesex Regiment who did so much to make our visit enjoyable and instructive. We are, too, extremely grateful to the Royal Air Force Flying College who took us there and back very pleasantly and without the slightest hitch.

The Royal Navy at Home

DURING the summer vacation flight cadets drawn mainly from No. 62 Entry were attached to units of the Royal Navy.

Fourteen cadets were fortunate enough to spend a fortnight with the Mediterranean Fleet. They flew out to Malta in Varsities and among the ships visited in Malta harbour were the destroyer H.M.S. *Saintes*, the anti-submarine frigate H.M.S. *Roebuck*, and the Royal Navy's latest destroyer H.M.S. *Daring*. Most of the party also had experience of underwater travel in the submarines *Sentinel* and *Token*. Towards the end of their stay the party congregated aboard the light fleet carrier H.M.S. *Theseus*, and some members flew in the carrier's Fireflies.

Flight Cadet Newby had a most interesting visit to the destroyer H.M.S. *Wakeful*, which was helping to relieve earthquake victims in the Ionian Islands. He had the opportunity of seeing the chaos and destruction wrought by the earth tremors and flew over the stricken area in a Sunderland and in a helicopter of the United States Army.

There were two attachments to fishery protection vessels. Two flight cadets went on H.M.S. *Romola* on an exercise in the English Channel and had a most enjoyable stay both aboard ship and in the Channel Islands. Further north inside the Arctic Circle ten flight cadets spent the major portion of their leave aboard H.M.S. *Welcome* searching for cod. (An account of their quest appears on pp. 201, 202.)

Nearer home, 43 flight cadets visited Portsmouth, where they were accommodated aboard H.M.S. *Boxer*, a radar training ship, and at the Royal Naval barracks. During the visit cadets were shown over various ships in the harbour and were able to examine at first hand many new gadgets and devices.

Visits to Flying Stations

CUSTOMARY visits were made to Royal Air Force stations during the leave, this time by No. 60 Entry. Altogether ten stations were visited, four in Fighter Command, two in Bomber Command and two in Coastal Command, as well as the Royal Air Force Flying College at Manby and the Royal Naval Air Station at Culdrose.

The fighter stations visited were Biggin Hill, West Malling, Horsham St. Faith, and Linton-on-Ouse. Most cadets had trips in a Meteor 7, while at West Malling they were able to see two different types of night fighter in operation, the Meteor N.F.11, and the Vampire N.F.10.

The two bomber stations visited, Binbrook and Coningsby, were both fully equipped with Canberras. Three cadets who visited Coningsby had three trips each in a Canberra and flew on fighter affiliation, Gee-H and visual bombing exercises.

The Coastal Command stations visited were St Eval and Pem-

Altogether, 69 flight cadets were attached to the Royal Navy during the summer leave and they were equally impressed with the efficiency with which their hosts dealt with the complexities of modern naval warfare as by their wonderful hospitality, which is an integral part of a visit to the Royal Navy.

broke Dock. There was little flying at St Eval owing to the impending visit of one of its Shackleton squadrons to the United States. However, cadets were able to get some flying in the stately Sunderland while at Pembroke Dock, and took part in an air-sea exercise with the United States Navy.

The visit to Manby by one flight cadet in the interests of his thesis was a most instructive one, due largely to the diversity of aircraft based there. An equal variety of machines was found at Culdrose, and the cadets who visited there were able to study the different methods of operation of the Royal Navy.

At most of the stations visited cadets were looked after by Old Cranwellians who went out of their way to do everything they possibly could for the visitors. For many cadets it was their first visit to an operational station and it provided them not only with details of modern operational techniques, but gave them some idea of Service life outside Cranwell.

Vacation Activities

Canoeists Cross the Channel

A year ago the then newly-formed Canoeing section tried, and failed, to cross the Channel, but this year, after extensive preparations, they succeeded in reaching the French coast. How they did is told below.

THE misfortune that attended our first attempt to cross the Channel a year ago (JOURNAL, November 1952) convinced us of the need for detailed planning and preparation. We trained energetically during the Easter leave, overhauled our canoes and painted their decks vivid yellow for easier recognition in case of distress. By 29th July three canoes were waiting at Dover for the arrival of the crews—Taylor and Kerrigan, Cox and Richard; Gratton and Turner.

We first checked all our equipment and then made our presence known to all the necessary authorities. Manston promised aid, Lympne and Croydon provided met, information, and Richard became acquainted with that branch of advanced gamesmanship men call navigation.

On the evening of the 29th conditions seemed to be favourable, the sea was calm and the wind propitious. But a met. report from Croydon gave warning of a cold front followed by rising winds. It was fortunate that we

postponed our attempt, for the report proved extremely accurate. The rain fell in torrents and the seas ran high. By evening conditions had improved and upon receipt of a forecast of fair weather we decided to make our bid.

At two o'clock in the morning of 30th July we trooped through the deserted streets of Dover. Cox and Richard deposited our last will and testament with the Customs officials. By 0300 we were all afloat. The going was tough at first. The waves and tides around the harbour gates threatened to undo us; around the breakwater the seas swirled dangerously, but

darkness fortunately hid from us the full nature of the danger.

Our objective was Cap Gris Nez and we steered a course of 155°, using a bright star as a guide. By 0500 hours it was full daylight and the cliffs of Dover still seemed depressingly near.

Turner was the first to succumb to sea-sickness, and eventually only Richard remained unaffected. No progress was possible when this occurred, as the particular form of *mal-de-mer* that afflicts canoeists is extremely painful.

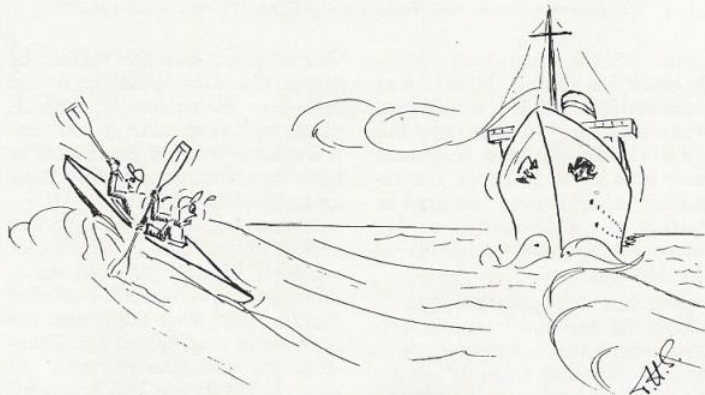
Several ships were sighted but only one came at all close and that nearly succeeded in ruining the enterprise.

The sky was almost cloudless and, though there was a slight breeze, it became very hot as the morning wore on. We attempted to eat a few biscuits and glucose tablets, but as our water supplies were contaminated we ate sparingly.

Gradually the canoes separated, Kerrigan and Taylor pressing on with great determination. At times, on account of the ten-foot swell, we lost visual contact, but voices, we found, carried quite easily. By eight o'clock Calais became visible; an hour later the first canoe was only two miles



'At two o'clock in the morning . . . we trooped through the deserted streets of Dover'



'Several ships were sighted . . . and one nearly ruined the enterprise'

from the coast. But at this moment a strong N.W. current delayed our progress considerably. The surface waves ran at right angles to the prevailing current and we were in acute danger of capsizing. The final stretch, in fact, was a continual battle for progress.

The honour of being 'first across' went to Taylor and Kerrigan who landed exhausted at 1100 hours. Turner and Gratton's canoe turned turtle within ten yards off the shore. Our third pair landed half an hour after our first. Less than half a mile

separated the three canoes when we drew them up on the beach.

S. M. T.

Canoeing on the Wye and Thames

While members of the section were successfully crossing the Channel, others were discovering the hazards of the river Wye, which was canoed from Hereford down to Chepstow. Almost every mood of the Wye was experienced. The first two days were easy, and enlivened only by an

occasional salmon jumping out of the water. Below Ross the current increased and rapids had to be negotiated more frequently. Wooded banks now gave way to bare rock cliffs. Near Tintern the river became tidal, with steep muddy banks, and progress was only possible, members found, when the tide was going out. It was a very tired crew that finally reached Chepstow, relieved and content that they had stayed the course.

Successful canoeing also took place on the Thames.

J. T.

Gliding at Scharfoldendorf

Members of the Gliding section paid the now customary visit to Scharfoldendorf where they spent an enjoyable fortnight gliding and seeking the elusive standing wave.

WE arrived at 'Scharf' on 8th August, a Saturday, in time for supper.

The first week was beautiful seaside weather; a region of high pressure gave us very hot, dry air with the usual inversion. Lift was very sparse, and difficult to hold, so no spectacular flights were made. We cooled ourselves off daily either in the swimming pool or in the Scharfoldendorf Mess with a 'Grosser Orange Squash mit Eis.'

Though no one was very successful in the battle for lift, the experience gained in these difficult conditions produced results when the inversion dispersed after several days. When good lift was about, everybody was able to use it to the best effect, with the result that four Silver 'C' and four 'C' certificates were gained.

Throughout the fortnight the air refused to blow in the right direction with sufficient strength to provide ridge lift for more than two hours at a time; and so no one managed a five hours' duration for his Silver 'C.' On the last day, though, after R. M. Brown had been sucked up to six thousand feet and then deposited fifteen kilometres away in a field, the



Scharfoldendorf, August 1953: Preparations go forward for another day's gliding!

wind at the launching point dropped to zero. Miller was launched in a Grunau, turned into wind and went straight up; the wind at one thousand feet must have been about 25 knots. The remaining aircraft were launched as quickly as possible, and so we tasted the smooth, gentle lift of the standing wave.

For the non-gliding types it should be explained that in certain atmospheric conditions, normally a dynamic stability of the air associated with wind-shear, the wind tends to blow in invisible

waves, rather like the surface of water. The only difference is that the waves are stationary; the sailplane can then soar in the up-going air in front of the crest. The lift is very smooth and may extend up to great heights.

In conclusion, 'a good time was had by all,' and it is hoped that we shall be able to hold many more courses at 'Scharf'. For most flight cadets it is their first experience of soaring, because Cranwell, for the soarer's point of view, is situated in bad country.

R. L. H.

Caving in Yugoslavia

For their vacation meet this summer, the College Pot-holers (now celebrating the second anniversary of the foundation of their section) visited Yugoslavia.

AFTER much toil and tribulation in preparation for the meet, the section embarked in a Hastings at Waddington early in the morning of 29th July. At mid-day the Hastings deposited us at Udine, Italy, where we at once changed into cooler clothing and set off by train for Yugoslavia via Trieste. We spent that night, for lack of better accommodation, on the railway embankment. Next day, after getting in touch with our guides, we set up camp.

Caving began with an introductory trip through Postojnska Jama, a renowned show cave, on a train, but in the days that followed we were to see no more of such luxury. During our stay we visited seven caves of divers types, spending from 4 to 16 hours in each.

In Magdalenska Brezna we climbed 200 ft on ladders, explored parts of the underground river Pivka (pronounced 'Pewka') and returned to the surface after 15 hours, whilst in Malograjska Jama we spent 11 hours, caving for the first time in rubber dinghies. In this cave we thought that we were opening up new ground because the water was very low and at one point there was only one foot headroom, but we were soon corrected on that, and told that the passage continued for at least another kilometre! In Krizna Jama Pri Lozu we went afloat once more, on even lower water, but this time there were hazards. The water was so low that it had uncovered many sharp rocks. These rocks made rapids in the stream, over which we had to carry our dinghies. The upstream journey went smoothly but, going downstream, one of the party, who shall be nameless, found that his navigation was at fault and that his knowledge of swimming was useful. He was



Ascending a rope ladder in the famous Magdalena cave, part of the Postojnska system

saved from a watery end, a little wet perhaps, but still holding on to his deflated dinghy.

In Jama Lozi we were fortunate in having virgin ground to explore. While Green and Barnard made use of the legendary 'sky-hooks', the rest of the party explored the three more spacious chambers below. No further outlet was found, and so we returned to the surface, only to find that, owing to the sparsity of Yugoslav train services, we could not get back to camp that night, so

we had to sleep in a haystack and return next day.

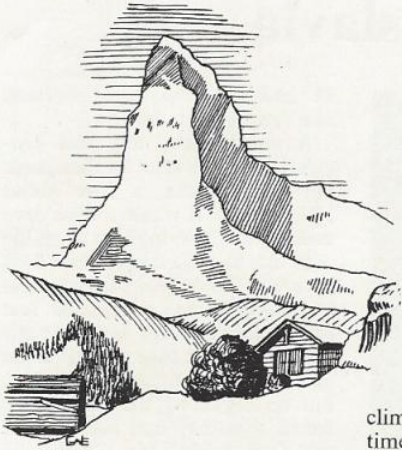
A more restful day was provided when we went to Skocjansk Jame Pri Divaci, a cave about 30 km away. It was a tourist cave and so we had to have a guide with us to take us round. This cave was the largest that we went in, being in one place 300 feet from roof to water level. At the entrance to the cave we left some of our more respectable clothes, but on regaining the surface we found that they had been locked up. Our guide, Mr Gams, did all the searching for us and we eventually retrieved them three hours later.

Two other trips were made, each of them strenuous. Several rest days were therefore necessary during the meet. On one of these one of our members caught sunstroke and another gashed his foot, but apart from this we all enjoyed the unaccustomed luxury of the hot sun. In all we spent twelve days in Yugoslavia, during which we logged over 300 hours caving time, and covered many miles both above and below ground.

Our journeyings took us to many parts of the countryside, and thus we were able to sample to the full the delightful idiosyncracies of Yugoslav trains, buses and lorries, not to mention the joys of walking. We were struck by the extreme kindness and helpfulness of the Slovene people, from our Slovene Cave Research Group guide to the shopkeepers, and others. Catering was made difficult by our lack of knowledge of Slovene, but any doubts about the eloquence of our sign language were soon dispelled.

Our return journey was marked by minor international disturbances arising out of our use of the Stazione Centrale, Trieste, as a dormitory, but otherwise all went well and we arrived at the airfield at Udine in good time to catch our aircraft home.

R. G., J. B.



The following account of the meet held by the Royal Air Force Mountaineering Association at Zermatt in Switzerland during August, 1953, has been written by one of the two members of the College Mountaineering section who were present.

THE party, led by Wing Commander Smyth, O.B.E., D.F.C., travelled to Zermatt via Newhaven, Dieppe, Paris, Vallorbe and Brig. On arrival at Zermatt the site for the base camp was chosen on the bank of the river, downstream from the village.

The first expedition was from the Monte Rosa hut which is situated on the moraine of the Gornergletscher Glacier. This was led by Pilot Officer Bennet and was an ascent of Castor, a snow peak 13,000 feet high, the summit of which actually lies in Italy. The expedition, which included about half of the total strength of the party, was successful except that during the descent two members of the party lost their snow goggles while crossing a crevasse and subsequently suffered from mild snow blindness.

The next day saw the same party climb Monte Rosa, the second highest peak in the Alps, being 15,233 feet high. The final peak, known as the Dofourspitze, necessitated the use of crampons by the leaders on the steep ice slope. Meanwhile the other party

The Royal Air Force Mountaineering Meet at Zermatt

climbed Castor in a very short time without accident.

From this hut Pollux was also climbed, during which three members were benighted but turned up safe but exhausted at 3 a.m. next morning. Lyskamm was also attempted but bad avalanche conditions made it unclimbable.

After a rest day in Zermatt at the base camp the party divided, one section moving to the Rothorn Hut and the other to the Schonberg Hut. The Schonberg party successfully climbed the Breithorn, but the Rothorn party encountered a dangerous rock fall on the Trifhorn which forced the two lower sections to retire to the glacier, leaving the top section to complete the climb under very arduous conditions.

The two parties reunited in Zermatt for another rest, and after two days of waiting, conditions were favourable for us to attempt our ambition, the Matterhorn. Le Cervin, as it is known locally, is 14,713 feet high and is of very difficult standard, the whole climb being very exposed and with several severe pitches. The final thousand feet, where rock gives way to ice, the party

negotiated without a slip, and eventually stood together on the summit, taking advantage of the view of the surrounding peaks afforded by this, the most dangerous of Swiss mountains. The ascent took six hours and soon, as the Matterhorn is not to be lingered upon, the party (which was climbing in four ropes of three each) set off to make the arduous descent. The descent, being more difficult than the ascent, took seven hours to complete and it was after thirteen hours on the mountain that the party once again entered the Hornlii Hut.

The band went down to the Zermatt base camp the same day, where naturally there was a celebration party in the favourite restaurant, followed by more celebrations.

Unfortunately the weather deteriorated and no more climbing was done on the trip, and our thoughts turned to the French railway strike which lengthened the return journey by thirty-six hours. The party was unanimous on one point: that the Alpine expedition had been a great success and that there would be others like it soon.

G. J. M.

EDITORIAL NOTE

It is very much regretted that, owing to the extreme pressure on our space, it has proved impossible to do more than give the briefest of pictures of activities during the summer vacation. The

Editor, however, wishes to thank all contributors of accounts and hopes that the support given him this term will be continued in succeeding terms.

Cruising in the English Channel

IT is a firmly established convention of Service life that personnel desert their respective elements during their leave periods, and seek to trespass upon the domains of rival arms. The spectacle of naval officers scaling mountains, and of army officers defying gravity in sailplanes has not, however, yet been surpassed by that of flight cadets 'all at sea.' The length of our cruises, unfortunately, is of necessity limited, mainly by a lack of competent skippers who possess a sufficiently strong urge for suicide, or a long enough leave to allow cruises of

over ten days' duration to take place. For this reason a three-week cruise to the Baltic had to be abandoned.

The actual achievement of the summer leave period was nine cruises, each of approximately seven days' duration, in which fifty-four cadets from Cranwell and three cadets from Henlow were involved. Two boats reached the Channel Islands, two the French coast, and one even managed to reach both the Channel Islands and the French coast.

C. A. H.

One of the boats that reached the Channel Islands was the 'Ciris,' an account of one of whose voyages appears below.

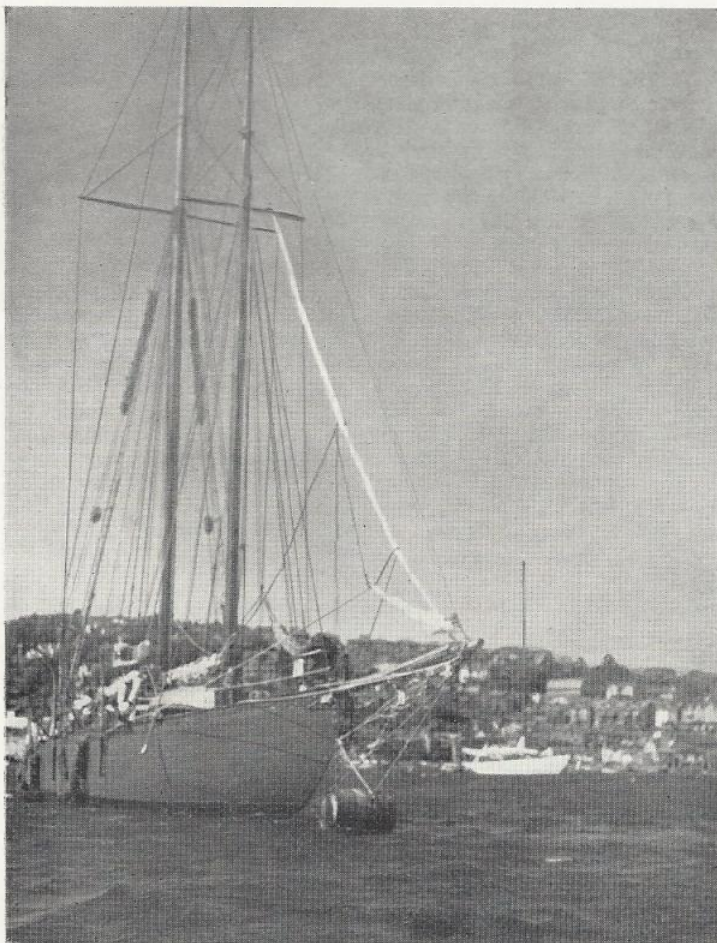
OUR eventful cruise in the good ship *Ciris* began on 25th August at 2.20 p.m. With Flight Lieutenant P. Burke as skipper, we had assembled—six of us altogether — at 'Riverside House', Hamble, during the morning. After the inevitable preliminaries, we 'set sail' (i.e., switched on the motor!) and moved out down the creek and into Southampton Water. We hoisted sail as we passed the giant Saunders-Roe Princess at her moorings near the mouth of the Water and set to to learn how to 'tack' against the wind, towards the Needles.

At 7.20 that evening we dropped anchor in a small bay just east of Yarmouth (I.O.W.) for a meal before attempting the Channel crossing, for by this time our skipper had decided that we were capable of getting there. Our destination was Alderney, so promptly at ten minutes to eleven we again hoisted anchor and sail, and moved out through the Solent.

Watches were maintained at four-hourly periods, until about 9 a.m., when the crew decided that sunbathing on the decks was the order of the day, periodically interrupted by dashes to the sides to prove that *mal-de-mer* was not a purely psychological reaction.

At 11.20 a.m. land was sighted slightly to port. Some hours later we sailed smoothly in to drop anchor in Bray Bay, Alderney, at 5.52 p.m.

Our stay in Alderney was a very pleasant one, but all too short. After obtaining a weather forecast at 7.55 a.m. on Saturday, 29th August, our skipper returned to *Ciris* to prepare to leave for Bosham. We weighed anchor at 8.55 and motored out of the harbour entrance to set course for St Catherine's Point on the Isle of Wight. We soon realized that



The yacht 'Hoshi' at Salcombe, August 1953

in the best tradition of met. forecasts we had been given a 'duff' wind. In fact, we were running before quite a gale. Although we could not gauge the exact strength we gained some indication later from the time of our crossing. We sailed the seventy miles from Alderney to the Isle of Wight in twelve hours, which is a fair speed for a craft of the *Ciris* type.

The Isle of Wight was identified at 7.30 and an attempt was made to run into the lee of the island out of the gale. Our skipper had now been at the wheel for 10½ hours—the entire crossing, since no one else in the crew was sufficiently experienced to hold the boat in the rough seas we had throughout the day. At 10.30 p.m. we had made so little progress that the engine was switched on and an attempt made to lower the foresail. Owing to the gale, however, this sail had torn in at least two places and had become tangled in the various rigging lines from the bows. As a result, we got the sail halfway down, where it refused to move either up or down. Almost as soon as we had got it under control and lashed down, the engine failed, and several 2-star red signals were fired to summon assistance, as we were now in danger of drifting helplessly down-Channel. Early in the morning of the 30th the engine was coaxed back into life by the efforts of Flying Officer Robinson, and at 4.30 a.m. we reached a Dutch freighter, the *Lier* of Rotterdam, to whom we threw a line and tied up, intending to remain with her at her moorings until she left at 6 a.m., by which time we hoped the gale would have abated somewhat. Despite a set watch, the tide, aided by what we assumed must be a freak current, drifted us up-wind alongside the *Lier* and we were then driven hard into her side.

At 3.10 a.m., the pilot cutter from Bembridge appeared and enquired whether we were in need of assistance. The skipper was awoken, and after a brief ex-

planation, the cutter returned to fetch the lifeboat, which had already been called out some time earlier. It arrived at 3.35 a.m., and took us in tow to Bembridge, where we took up moorings twenty minutes later.

After temporary repairs had been made we left our moorings at Bembridge for Bosham, in Chichester Harbour. This short crossing was made in 2½ hours, and anchor dropped near Bosham Quay. The crew, comprising Flight Lieutenant Burke, Flying Officer Robinson, Flight Cadets Hines, Millward, Morgan and Waters, remained overnight, with the exception of the skipper, who travelled to Hamble to fetch his

car and to collect any mail. With this mail came an enlightening message (dated 29th August!) requesting us to return the yacht to Hamble, and not to Bosham as previously arranged—a trifle belated, perhaps . . .

Although we were all more than a little glad to see dry land, we can certainly claim that we gained something from our sailing exploit. Probably the most outstanding memory of the entire cruise from the point of view of the crew was the effort of our skipper, who remained at the tiller for sixteen hours continuously, literally fighting to keep *Ciris* upright in the heavy seas.

R. W. M.

Anglers in the Shetlands

MEMBERS of the College Angling Society spent the last week of the summer leave in the Shetlands and had some most enjoyable fishing on Loch Spiggie. The Loch was well stocked with fish and on the first day we must have taken nearly a hundred trout between us. Senior Flight Cadet Edwards was a successful, if unorthodox, fisherman who took twenty-eight trout on his first day ever. We were all fishing two or more flies at once, and it was not uncommon to have more than one fish on the line at the same time. Edwards provided entertainment by hooking two fish at once. He wound in line until the top fish was up against the top ring of the rod and the lower one suspended

in mid-air, and seemed dismayed that the fish would not go through the rings. However, both were landed by a swinging movement which wrapped both fish and cast around Monteith's neck. Another time Edwards noticed a fish rising in front of the boat and swung the rod back to cast over it, little knowing that the flies had touched the water behind him, and that a fish had taken the fly. With the forward movement of the cast he was most surprised to see a trout shoot over his head on the end of the line. The sea trout fishing did not prove to be a very great success, and, although the fish were there, they seemed unwilling to co-operate by taking our bait.

S. B.

First Award of the Pye Cup

As we go to press, we learn that the Canoeing section of the Cadets' Activities Organization has been awarded the Pye Cup for their audacious mission across the English Channel. An account of this mission appears on pp. 205, 206.

STRANGE?

The glebes and stobes were quelling
O'er the land on which we rode,
But they found the zlembies tiring
So they spread their wings and glode.



ROYAL AIR FORCE COLLEGE ACTIVITIES & SOCIETIES

Summer Term 1953



The Cadets' Activities Organization

Riding

DURING the summer the attention of the Riding section was focused mainly upon the training of the Pentathlon team which was to meet the R.M.A. Sandhurst. (A brief report of this event will be found on p. 185.) Afternoon rides were maintained throughout the term, but owing to the preparations for the Coronation and for the visit of H.R.H. The Duke of Edinburgh, morning rides had often to be cancelled for weeks on end. Our six horses, however, were all worked hard throughout the term and were turned out to grass at the beginning of the leave.

During the summer leave four members of the club spent a most enjoyable and profitable week at a riding camp at Godstone, in Surrey. The major purpose of this visit was to re-form the riding muscles, loosened by weeks of leave, before the R.A.F. Pentathlon Championships took place at Cranwell in the first week of September. So completely was our purpose achieved that members

of the club came first, fourth and seventh in the Championships.

Keen disappointment is felt both at the stables and in the Senior Mess at the lack of support for the riding club by members of the junior year. It is very much hoped that support will soon be forthcoming. Though it may seem so, riding is not strange sport. At the exceptionally low charge of 4s. per ride, riding at the College is not beyond the means of anyone. On Royal Air Force stations overseas riding is one of the few generally available forms of exercise and by helping members to enjoy the pleasures of riding now, the College Riding Club can fairly

claim to be putting them in a strong position to make the best use of any facilities offered later on in their Service careers.

Ornithology

The E. and S. Wing ornithologists were obliged to restrict their field of activities to local observation during the summer term. Many members, however, assisted in this, and over a hundred nests were found of some twenty-five different species of bird. A tawny owl's nest, complete with three young, was probably the section's best 'find'.

J. E. C.

The College Society

Fine Arts

THE Fine Arts section had a successful term. Every Friday about half of our members managed to shake free their shackles and spent a pleasant evening de-

veloping their skill with the help of Mr Clark at Lincoln College of Art.

The section produced the decorations for the mid-term dance. These were a series of murals depicting various monarchs of England performing their most famous deeds, e.g. burning cakes.

We had hoped to hold an exhibition of work on the day of the passing-out, but this was not possible. Nevertheless members were up till two a.m. on the morning of the day itself producing *chef d'œuvres* for the decoration of the bars at the Passing-Out Ball.

M. A. K.

Debating

Although the summer has not in recent years been a popular season for debating, three successful debates were held during the term.

Two members of the Riding Club jumping on the North Airfield



For the first of these we invited the Debating Society of the Royal Air Force Technical College to discuss with us the motion that 'This House believes that a study of the Humanities is of greater value than a study of the Sciences.' Though many of the arguments of both sides were all too familiar, the large House, and the sincerity of our guests for their case produced some stimulating and amusing debating before the motion was finally defeated by 26 votes to 12.

The next debate provided the film fans with an opportunity to compare Ava Gardner's talents with those of Mrs Beeton. Their enthusiasm was greater than their numbers and the House decided it would rather marry Mrs Beeton.

We finished the term with the plea that Lord's Cricket Ground should be turned over to allotments. This aroused a great deal of strong opposition and we had to fight our way through such diverse matters as mathematics, agriculture and philosophy before we could promise the safety of Lord's for another season.

The response has been very encouraging; we have had three enjoyable debates and gained a number of new supporters. With their help we look forward to a full and varied programme during the winter months.

P. H. S.

Orchestra

The summer proved a successful term for the recently formed College Orchestra. Membership was thrown open to everyone on the station, in an effort to obtain sufficient instrumentalists. The response from officers, officers' wives, n.c.os and airmen was very encouraging. Instructional Workshops produced some excellent music stands to the section's specifications, for which we are very grateful. Music was bought and rehearsals began in earnest. Queer noises gradually resolved themselves into music and eventually the section was able to tackle major works like Haydn's 'Surprise' symphony, though the surprise felt by the ensemble as the

closing bars of this symphony faded away was not entirely promoted by the composer. Considerable progress, nevertheless, has been made.

There are still many vacancies for new members, especially in the string section, the smallness of which limits the choice of music. New members are welcome to come and enjoy doing something that is essentially creative, even if they are a little out of practice, or limited in talent. Rehearsals are now being held every Wednesday evening in the East Camp band room. It is hoped to hold an opening concert soon, but first a good deal of hard practice will be needed, which, as orchestral musicians know, can be as enjoyable as the ultimate performance.

At the end of term the Orchestra was sorry to lose its principal viola, Mrs Pye, and its conductor, Flying Officer Lemmon. We are fortunate to have an experienced violinist and musician in Pilot Officer Doe, the new conductor.

J. H. C.

Printing

The section worked well during the term and, though membership is still on the low side, thirty orders were executed, thus bringing our total up to nearly 90 since the section was inaugurated just

over a year ago. In terms of actual print, some excellent results have been achieved and the days of 'hit-and-smudge' jobbing do at last seem to be behind us. Our longest single run was also achieved this summer when we printed 2200 passing-out parade notices from start to finish in just over four hours.

J. M. McL.

Radio

During the summer term members of the Radio Society paid two visits to outside concerns. The first, on 24th June, was to Ericssons Telephones Ltd., a firm that manufactures complete telephone units. Members were particularly interested in the electronic exchange of the future which will be able to deal with several thousand calls each minute. On 22nd July members visited Parmeko Ltd., of Leicester. Here the construction of transformers was explained, and members had the opportunity of seeing various public address systems, such as are used in the Royal Air Force, on the production line.

During the term a transmitter was built for the remote control of model aircraft.

J. A. C.



'Nurse, that fellow had guts!'



AT THE PLAY

Summer Term 1953



'See How They Run'

PHILIP KING'S delightful farce *See How They Run* was the play chosen as the Dramatic Section's summer production, given on Monday, 13th July.

The setting of the play is a country vicarage in wartime, where live the Reverend Lionel Toop and his ex-actress wife, Penelope. Penelope finds life rather dull at times, and her behaviour, though proper, is often a trifle 'unorthodox.' The village gossip, Miss Skillon, is quick to exercise her acid tongue at Penelope's expense. Events soon become complicated and to the audience, hilarious. Clive Winton, a soldier and ex-actor friend of Penelope's, calls and insists that they go to a show in the local town. The town is out of bounds and Winton takes advantage of Toop's temporary absence to borrow a suit of clothes, unfortunately clerical. There follows a glorious scene in which Winton and Penelope re-enact a boisterous scene from one of their plays. While they are rolling around on the floor, Miss Skillon arrives and, having already seen Penelope embracing a soldier, has time to assume that Toop is beating his wife before she herself is stunned by a wild blow from Penelope. The pair depart. Toop returns to find Miss Skillon helplessly drunk and Ida, the maid, is quick to believe the worst of him when she sees them together.

An escaped German prisoner, seeking civilian clothing, solves the problem by knocking Toop on the head and removing his outer garments. He then disappears, only to reappear at odd intervals chasing or being chased by most

of the other characters. Winton, on returning, finds that his uniform is missing and the issue is further complicated by the arrival of Penelope's uncle, the Bishop of Lax, who takes Winton to be Toop, whom he has never met. Later, the Reverend Arthur Humphrey turns up. He is a mild and nervous clergyman who has come to take the Harvest Festival service at Toop's church. Finally Sergeant Towers appears, complete with dog, searching for the German prisoner. By this time there are four men dressed as clergymen and a bishop in a night-shirt, each of whom is a suspect. There is utter confusion until the escaper is unmasked and Penelope and Winton have a chance to explain. This they attempt to do in

unison and with actions, and the final curtain falls with Miss Skillon again unconscious in Ida's arms.

The part of Lionel Toop was taken by Barrie Bruce. He made the most of his part and turned in a workmanlike performance as the staid, long-suffering vicar. Mrs Woods played Penelope, his wife. She was very much at ease in the part of a young woman a little out of her depth but determined not to be put out by any turn of events. Her mild interest in the procession of strangely-garbed men, including Toop in his underpants and a perfect stranger in Toop's clothes, was admirably done.

The performance of the evening was undoubtedly that of Mrs Peveler, in the role of Miss



Mrs Peveler in the role of Miss Skillon, and Davis as the Rev. Arthur Humphrey, have a not too unfriendly chat on the settee

Skillon. Here was a fine character part played to the full. She was the complete village gossip, narrow-minded and malicious, and at times the perfect picture of outraged dignity. In this her mannerisms reminded one very strongly of Margaret Rutherford. Yet her real triumph was her portrayal of a Miss Skillon hopelessly drunk (on cooking sherry) and giving voice to such amazing phrases as 'California, here I come!'

Clive Winton was competently played by Peter Lewis. Although at times he tended to rush his lines, his gestures were good and he was obviously enjoying his part. Michael Ball was impressive as the jovial Bishop of Lax, whose patience was tried a little too far, and Peter Davis was most convincing as the Reverend Arthur Humphrey who, from the outset was quite sure that the vicarage was populated by mad people. Armand Coleman as the escaped prisoner, was the traditional stage Hun with his heel-clicking and sinister threats, while Sergeant Towers, ably played by Malcolm Dines, was equally typical of the dense but determined Army policeman. Praise must go to Miss Amcotts for her excellent portrayal of Ida the maid, whose awe of the Bishop, liking for men and gift for making tactless remarks provided much of the evening's fun.

Mr Carolan and Nigel Walpole again provided a first-class set and credit is due also to the stage manager, Clive Herbert, and his assistants, Edward Moors and Beverly Kent. John Waters and Barry Heywood proved very efficient electricians and Geoffrey Morgan was responsible for music and effects. The violin solos that so aptly heralded each act were well executed by John Champion.

Julian Bowes forsook the stage to produce this highly enjoyable play and all thanks are due to him for its smooth running and ultimate success.

J. D. L.

59's Farewell

Mid Smoke at Midnight

ON Friday, 24th July, at a very late hour, an expectant audience settled down to enjoy 59 Entry's farewell revue. Preparations had been made extraordinarily quietly, and it was somehow in keeping with the evening's entertainment as a whole that the curtain rose on Witty—still, apparently, typing the script!

59 Entry's contribution to the now established series of end-of-term revues was original and, in one place, brilliant. There were doubtless many in the audience who wondered whether 59 would manage to break new ground. Had not previous revues followed a fairly definite line? Had not one, perhaps, interpreted the word 'satire' too narrowly? What would 59 do? We were soon to know.

Their farewell was a kindly one. The show got off to a good start with a skit on the Western Brothers and this was followed by a harmony quintet, complete with guitar (played by Cock). The quiet clowning of Selway was joyfully received and was undoubtedly the best individual performance in an otherwise well co-ordinated act.

The three turns that followed were the most original in the show. A song-and-dance act was given by a most dashing Harvard and his attractive Chipmunk partner, and there was a most impressive

'nightmare' act, involving the use of giant, luminous flight instruments. This last was highly spectacular, cleverly conceived and well executed, though possibly it might have been improved by cutting.

The next act really stole the show. A vaguely familiar adjutant (flight lieutenant) and his own reflection (somehow a squadron leader!) joined forces to sing 'No Two People Have Ever Been so in Love', aided by the voices of Doris Day and Donald O'Connor. When, after cries of 'Encore', it was done with the record on low speed, tears of mirth flowed. Full marks to Selway and Lees for some perfect miming!

It was now Mumford's turn to appear; he rendered a very topical song, written and sung to the tune of 'The Darktown Poker Club' in best Phil Harris style. After some accomplished story-telling by Reypert (our *compère* throughout), we were taken to our Roman equivalent, 'Superna Cretinus'. Some more Selway clowning (this time solo, as a Slav professor of music) kept the fun going, though perhaps it strained many vocal chords. The parting shot was to trick the audience into rising before the finale.

Our congratulations to 59 Entry for producing a revue well worthy of the name.

J. D. L.

MORN

Pastel glory of the early dawn,
Beauteous herald by Apollo wrought,
Gently waking sleeping creatures
Long before thou darn well ought.



THE



COMMANDANTE'S



About this time of yule-tyde
 When peace, goodwill are worldie-wyde,
 'Twas thought it woulde be rather funne
 To have a jollie, now begonne;
 To tease and chaffe at those we knowe
 Who, here, amide the frozen snowe,
 Contrive to make our lives a ruse
 Dependent only on U.S.
 But we should hate for them to think
 We really meant it! Have a drink!



SIR EPITOMATE



A knight ther was in this fair companie ;
 Full jealous was he of his dignitie .
 And he was clad in fashion toppé to toe .
 For as his felaws did so mote he doe .
 His bootes brown , his hosen fine and neat ,
 His breeches grey , straight-creased from waiste to feet :
 A jacket wore he , slit at either hippe
 As though to serve for leisured horsemanshippe .
 Full shapeless was his overest courtesy
 That tied with rope and wood full rustically .
 Atop his heed he wore a smalle cappe
 Of cor ou roy , with seemly smoothed nappe .
 To wind and rain that cappe was no lette ,
 But he was taught when he was a cadet
 To bare his heed to ladyes , and to doffe :
 He wore it therefore but to take it off .
 He reasoned , for his logic was impaired ,
 A heed already bare could not be bared .



Full high held he the worth of his callinge ;
 Nor would he chaunge his lotte for any thynge .
 Courteous his smile , his conversation
 Dwelt on the mysteries of selection .
 He couned the art of trainynge characters
 Full well knew when to bully , and eke where
 Befriend , encourage , sympathise , or mock ,
 To grakt nobility on youthfulle stock .
 To teach his wights he spared himself no whit ,
 But at the end the consequence of it
 He never saw , nor was he ever shewen
 To make their minds the mirroure of his owen .



Yet he was given over everydele
 To his profession , and troth to tell .
 Though no scolere , he learned every day
 Some epigram by Clausewitz or Gray .
 Full well he knew the principles of warre
 And other matters more important farre :
 Knew how to lead a gentyl , sober lyfe ;
 How manie cards to give his felaws wyfe ;
 Was skilled with ball and batte , with cue and darten ;
 Knew when to bidde one spade and when two hearts :
 At meale well ytaught was he withal ,
 He lette no morsel from his lippes fall .



One gifte alone he lacked , and it was sadde
 To see its absence dull the giftes he hadde :
 His smile yfaded at the yeoman's chalte ,
 For at himselfe he never learned to laugh .
 This one gifte mo , and this most solemn wight
 Had been the very parfit , gentyl knight .



'MIKE' IN LOVE

Dear Bobby,

There was great excitement in the Mess when the Social Adj. put up the Dance Ops detail. 'Kesteford Training College,' we read, 'request the pleasure of 20 officers at a Dance on 16th September at eight o'clock.'

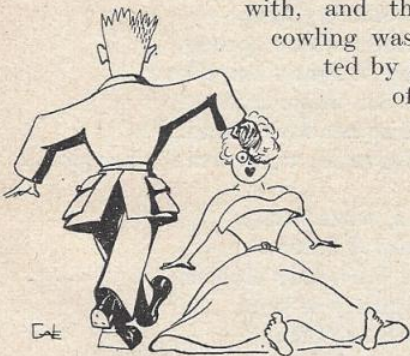
The 20 names were supplied as fast as their enthusiastic owners could borrow Biros, for we knew that Kesteford had just been largely re-equipped and it was rumoured the new types were quite fast. My name appeared against the letter M-Mike 13th on the list. Was it perhaps an omen?

The great day arrived. I put on my best overalls with brightly polished buttons and knotted my black silk scarf into a bow as detailed in the Operation Order. Jauntily carrying my helmet by the peak, I climbed on board the transport with the other chaps and we set off for Kesteford.

After the customary halt for re-fuelling we arrived punctually at nine o'clock, carried out last-minute adjustments in the crew room, and sallied forth on to the dance field.

I quickly selected an attractive-looking yellow job and began my pre-dance inspection. This particular type appeared to be designed for comfort rather than speed. The construction was of the 'strapless' type,

that is the lift webs at the top had been done away with, and the whole cowling was supported by a system of internal stringers and



'I quickly selected an attractive-looking yellow job . . .'

stressed skin. As this type of construction was new to me, I was interested to discover a zip fastener running the length of the keel.

On the side of the fuselage was embroidered the letter 'L'. This was clearly Love.

Inspection completed I approached the intercom, and spoke into the mouth-piece which is pink and shell-like and known rather confusingly as the 'ear'.

'This is "Mike" in "Love",' I transmitted confidently. 'Request permission to have this dance.'

The reply came loud and clear from the red ear-piece, or 'mouth'. 'Mike, clear dance. Caution thin ice.'

'Message received,' I replied and grasped the controls.

The controls were of the orthodox type, that is, speed is regulated by the right hand pushing or pulling on the fuselage, while direction is controlled by the left hand which clips on to an outrigger arm to give a turning moment directly proportional to the applied force.

I taxied out and was relieved to find that the undercarriage ran smoothly and comfortably. I adjusted the revolutions per minuet to a suitable level for warming up and settled my cheek comfortably against the head-piece. Vision was then rather restricted by the fibre-like covering of the head-piece but I was impressed by the evident high-speed characteristics.

The dancing-on-air feeling told me that we were airborne and all was going well until I suddenly detected a change in the rhythmic note which filled my ears. The voice confirmed my fears.



' . . . Vision was rather restricted . . .'

'Mike, you are off the beam. What steps are you taking?'

'Quick steps,' I answered, now thoroughly alarmed. It was clear that I had lost control for the whole fuselage was vibrating up and down most uncomfortably and my feet were mixed up with the rudder pedals.

'Mike, suggest you abandon dance and return to base,' came a sarcastic voice in my ear.

'Negative,' I replied, panicstricken. 'Baling out, now!'

With these words I seized the toggle of the zip with my left hand and pulled strongly down. As I had expected, the front canopy immediately began to peel open, the retaining arms retracted inwards to support it, and I stepped quickly out, deafened by a loud screaming noise like tortured metal.

* * *

Back in the crew room I collapsed, mopping my brow in the corner. The door opened and the Social Adj. bounced in.

'Looking for you,' he announced. 'Know anything about that shambles on the dance field?'



'No-o. What happened?'

'No-o,' I answered wonderingly. 'What happened?'

'Oh, some silly clot in Love pulled the wrong—er—tab and jettisoned the canopy.' His harassed features suddenly softened and cracked into a boyish grin. 'What a Show!' he exploded delightedly. 'Wizard Prang!'

Oh well!

Your affec. brother

Nigel

INDECISION

THE bane of my life
Is the choice of a wife,
The choice of a femme ideal.
There're five at a glance
Who have led me a dance,
But of none am I sure how I feel.

Joanna's a peach,
But a star I can't reach,
She's always the belle of the ball.
She has a keen fan
In every young man,
Not one escapes less than a fall.

Dear Susan's a witch,
Has her own private niche,
Forever attached to my heart.
To earn her sweet smile
I'd walk many a mile,
And yet we still meet but to part.

There's Mary, forsooth,
But she's far too aloof,
Won't even give me a glance ;
For her I could care,
Or her young sister, Clare,
If only she'd give me a chance.

Now Caroline's young,
Like a rosebud new sprung,
She is my 'knight's ladye love'.
I'd fight the whole land
But to kiss her white hand,
And I'd give my right arm for her glove.

But then, what matter
How many I flatter?
You see, I am only nineteen.
There's plenty of time,
To start a new line,
Still plenty of girls yet unseen.

Z. Z.

A RILEY SPECIAL

The Cadets' Garage at Cranwell is renowned for the strange vehicles which make their appearance there. Frequently very sober-looking old saloon cars are drastically reduced to the lines of rakish sports models. During the summer term just such a transformation did take place; the workmanship was of such a high order and the sleek scarlet lines of the bodywork so impressive that we asked the builder how it was done.

MY choice of a Riley chassis and engine upon which to base a special was dictated by two factors:

- (a) There was an old Riley in a field at Barkston.
- (b) I could afford to buy this Riley.

The car was in a sorry state, with no body to speak of, and nettles growing through the wheels and up through the floorboards. A true enthusiast should not be put off by such trifles, so within a week PK 7418 was resting in the Cadets' Garage.

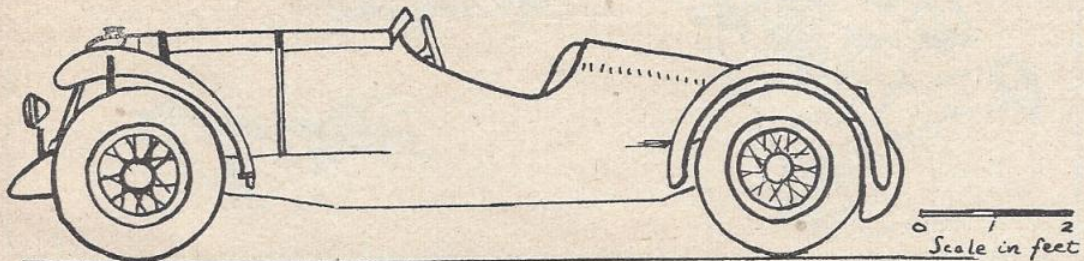
When I announced my intention of setting about the remainder of the body with a sledge-hammer, I found no lack of willing volunteers. Mostly they had to be prevented from wielding their hammers with too much enthusiasm.

The chassis and engine were towed home at the end of the spring term, and I commenced an extensive overhaul. The first major disappointment occurred when the crown wheel was exposed to light; perhaps one tooth in four was unchipped, and the chippings from the others had completely ruined the pinions. After a hunt around the breaker's yard, I found a better crown wheel and set of pinions. Some careful work with a 'stellite' welder and file, and both crown

wheel and pinions were replaced satisfactorily.

Wheel bearings, springs and spring bushes were in good order, as were the brakes and hand-operating mechanisms. I dismantled the engine and carefully examined it; wear was general but not excessive. Finance was the limiting factor, and I had to be content with new rings, valves and valve springs. I overhauled the main bearings and big ends, and extensively modified the engine oil system, to provide a greater flow of oil to the camshafts and rocker bearings.

I reassembled the engine, using the original manifold, which incorporated the notorious Riley 'hot-spot', by means of which the intake manifold is heated by the exhaust gases. By this time leave was at an end and the chassis and engine were towed back to Cranwell. Here tests showed that something was radically wrong; back firing occurred over the whole range of valve timing and ignition timing, and 'tractor' noises abounded. For three weeks the engine refused to go on anything more than one cylinder. It gradually dawned upon me that somehow the burnt exhaust gases were mixing unhealthily with the incoming charge. Accordingly I removed the intake



The maker's own conception of his 'Special'

manifold and examined it for a possible leak. I found that the exhaust gases were being fed through a half-inch hole directly into the intake manifold.

I blocked off the whole 'hot-spot' system and this cured the violent spluttering. It still did not sound right, this time one of the tappets had slackened back so that one inlet valve was without a push rod. Now with this adjusted the engine sounded quite healthy, so I started on the bodywork.

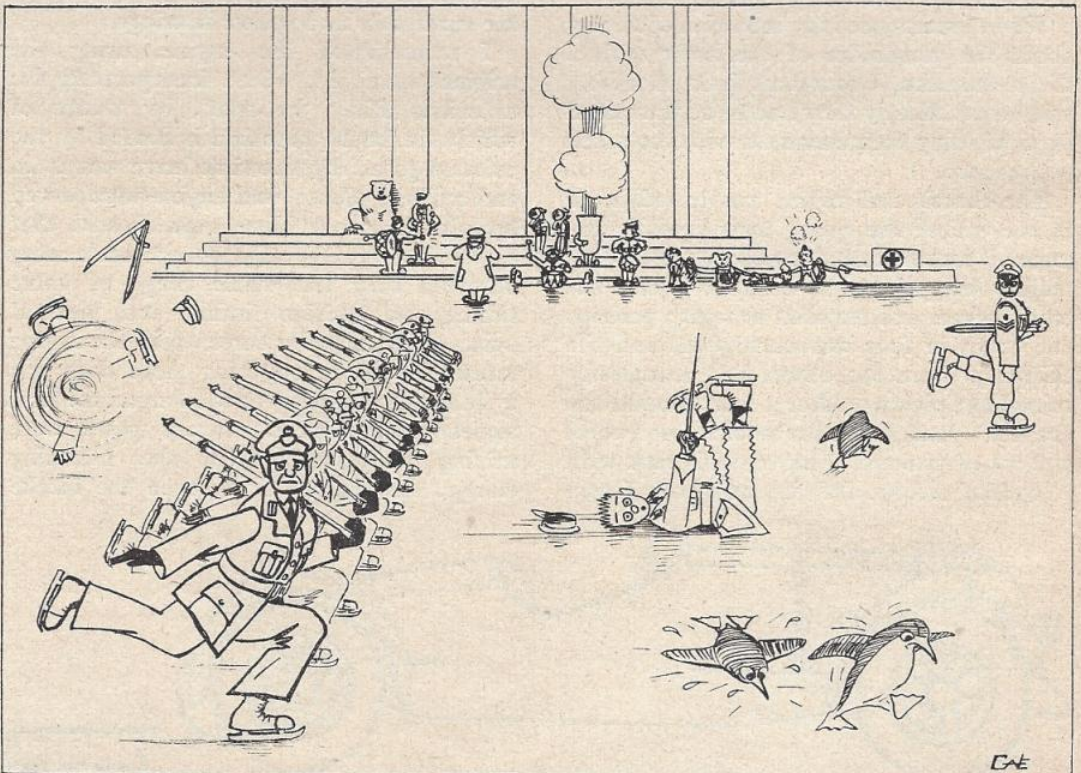
Although pessimists gloomily forecast overheating, I slung the radiator low between the dumbirons and gave it a rakish tilt. I attached the dashboard and bulkhead to the chassis by coach bolts, and smoothed out the angular shape at the back of the chassis by specially shaped pieces of wood, bolted on top of the chassis. These projected over the side by about half an inch, giving an unbroken edge on which to fasten the covering. To this ash frame the remainder of the woodwork was securely attached.

The problem of the slope behind the cockpit, which was rather a headache, was finally solved by using a legacy left in the garage by a previous 'special' builder: the cowling (was it?) of an unidentified aircraft. I covered the framework with aluminium of 16 S.W.G., taking care to countersink the screws to keep a smooth surface, and covering the sharp edges round the cockpit by plastic beading.

Next I fitted the seats and instruments, and two new tyres. Finally I applied two coats of stopping and rubbed it down before finishing with a coat of scarlet. At the time of writing the colour is all scarlet, but a silver and scarlet colour scheme is envisaged.

Now for the cost of only the chassis, engine, tyres, a few pieces of wood and aluminium, some lights and a time outlay of about 120 hours, I have a car weighing only 12-14 cwt. and capable of an honest 68 m.p.h. on one carburettor, at 35-38 m.p.g.

E. R.



Grad. Parade on Ice

SOUL-O ASCENT

OR THE INADVERTENT DUEL



'He's the chap who did a super safety circuit,
The Command of Transportation all the way ;
It's all quite fair enough if you can work it—
As the ladies down in Hades used to say.

For their talk had turned to Charlie who was absent;
Yes their talk had turned to Charlie once again.
They had all got out their flasks of Issue 'Drab-
Scent',
For their fiendish make-up hours had been in vain.



'... The ladies down in Hades ...'



'... His guardian angel's guard
had had a lapse'

(For his flying was like Angostura Bitters—
It was not a lot of good without some gin)
And he didn't see the Vampire—harry splitters—
In a rate-four right-hand circuit to get in !

As the situation dawned on him with horror
And he realized that all was out of line . . .
He gave a little-choking sob of sorrow
And opened up his A.P.129.

But before the book could give him any guidance,
Or R/T remonstrations there had been,
Before he saw the laughing pilot's bidents,
He was to Angels he had never seen.

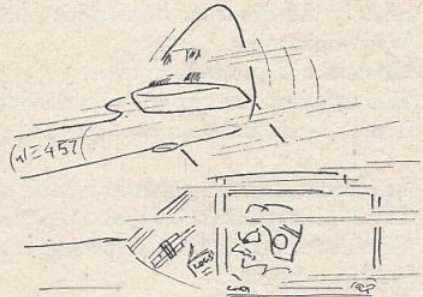


A halo now replaced his greasy helmet,
Now, at last, he flew with wings that were his own ;
This had surely been the curtains and the pelmet
On a flyer who should not have strayed from home.

For when Charlie pranged, his soul had gone to
Heaven,
When he pranged the fault had been the other
chap's.
Now his total 'that's a near one's' had reached
seven—
And his Guardian Angel's guard had had a lapse.

Charlie specialized in super safety orbits,
But his flight-plan now, alas, had gone awry ;
He scrutinized it, thus he only saw bits
Of the other aircraft looming in the sky.

He was contemplating turning on to finals,
He had checked his ground speed and his E.T.A.,
And, checking his computed isoclinals,
He had turned in the approved and proper way.



'... Only bits of the other aircraft'

'He's the chap who did a super safety circuit,
The Command of Transportation all the way.
It's all quite fair enough if you can work it—
As the ladies down in Hades used to say.

GUEST NIGHT

(As Mr Eliot might have described it)

LET us go then, you and I,
The overalls stretched tight across the
thigh.
I shall wear a made-up tie.

The President waits in the empty bar.
In comfortless corridors gape
The threadbare carpets, gape
The petrified faces of artless groups,
At officers standing, having
A last drag under a twenty watt bulb.



Stiffly in the ante-room we stand,
Puppets strung to the dead hand
Of a many-voiced ventriloquist.
Left hand in pocket, right hand holding
glass.

Don't let that steward pass.
Sweet sherry? Grrr. Bring me
A beaker full of the warm south,
Rum that's sweaten from the mizzen-mast,
A Hattenheimer Hinterhausen fair
Cool'd a long age in the Frigidair.
And if there isn't any, bring
A small Sanatogen.



Dinner is served.
They also serve who eye the maestro's beat,
Rum tum ti tum tum tum.
Stately the diner funnels to his seat
With rigid spine
Officers will proceed to dine.
The ramrods are coming hurrah hurrah.
Thank God for bread and meat.

The table-cloth is drawn, and the mess port
Is left this meal to brag of. And the hum
Of chatter ceases as the speaker stands.
Insolitus ut sum.
Let us now praise posted men ;
Honourable were they all.
Small world—will meet again
Who dine tonight in Hall.
Goodbye, Good Luck, God Bless You.
For he's a jolly good fellow—
So are they all, all jolly good chaps—
So give three cheers and one cheer more.



One for the tiger
 One for the tiger
 One for the tiger burning bright
 In the frolics of the night.
 Come let us drape thy symetree
 With paper got most privily.
 Come let us sing the rude old songs
 With slopping beer and leathern lungs.
 With formal informality,
 With stiffening frame and empty eye—
 We're really getting rather high—
 Let's play the games of infancy.



Here I am, an old man at a dull party,
 Playing like a boy, foolishly.
 Reach we always backward to the womb,
 To sleep, a curling sleep, and safety.
 Only in heroes is courage deeper than the
 skin.
 Yet a man's reach should exceed his past—
 Or what was Darwin for?
 Tomorrow I shall plan as well as I am able,
 Like a patient etherized upon a table.

A. P.

SOUNDS IN THE NIGHT

IT is quite dark, and a cold chill wind blows across the almost deserted countryside. In the distance a light flickers dimly, giving an occasional glimpse of a large



*No, not tonight. I'm on water picquet!

building, grim and forbidding against the lowering clouds.

Above the howl of the wind and the spatter of the rain a human voice is heard, raised in anger. After every brief, vicious sentence there follows the scuffling of escaping feet. Occasionally there is a brief period of silence and then the whole terrifying cycle begins again.

Suddenly, above the raging of the storm and the awe-inspiring screaming of the wind, a clock chimes one, two . . . five, six, seven. After the seventh stroke there is a silence which can almost be felt. Extra Drill has finished for another day.

T. H.



OLD CRANWELLIAN NOTES

HONOURS AND AWARDS

WE congratulate the following Old Cranwellians who received Honours for their services in connection with the Coronation and with the Review of the Royal Air Force:

K.C.V.O. : Air Marshal Sir Dermot A. Boyle (1922).

C.V.O. : Air Vice-Marshal The Earl of Bandon (1923), Air Commodore B. C. Yarde (1924), Air Commodore J. L. F. Fuller-Good (1921).

We further congratulate the undermentioned two post-war Old Cranwellians who were Mentioned in Despatches for services in Korea:

Flight Lieutenant L. C. Swalwell (1948).

Flying Officer B. M. Burley (1948).

PROMOTIONS

The following Old Cranwellians were promoted on 1st July, 1953:

Air Marshal : W. L. Dawson (1920).

Air Commodores : G. D. Stephenson (1928), H. A. V. Hogan (1929), M. L. Heath (1927).

Group Captains : B. H. Becker (1931), A. J. Mason (1933), D. P. Hanafin (1932), T. S. Rivett-Carnac (1934).

Wing Commanders : R. S. J. Edwards (1935), P. C. Lambert (1936), R. B. Morison (1938), C. V. Beadon (1937), I. L. B. Aitkens (1937), A. M. K. Phillips (1934), W. Beringer (1937), D. T. M. Lumsden (1937), R. W. Pye (1938).

Squadron Leader : G. E. Cruyws (1938).

APPOINTMENTS

There are, at present, some 93 Old Cranwellians of Air Rank serving in the Royal Air Force. Amongst the appointments they hold are:

Deputy Chief of Staff (Plans) at SHAPE : Air Marshal W. L. Dawson (1920).

A.C.A.S. (Policy) : A.V.M. T. G. Pike (1924).

A.C.A.S. (Intelligence) : A.V.M. F. J. Fresanges (1921).

A.C.A.S. (Training) : A.V.M. T. N. McEvoy (1923).

Director General of Personnel (I) : A.V.M. N. S. Allinson (1923).

Director General of Personnel (II) : A.V.M. G. R. Beamish (1923).

Director General of Organization : A.V.M. R. B. Jordan (1921).

A.O.C. - in - C., Bomber Command : Air Marshal G. H. Mills (1920).

A.O.C. - in - C., Fighter Command : Air Marshal Sir Dermot A. Boyle (1922).

A.O.A., Fighter Command : A.V.M. H. A. Constantine (1926).

S.A.S.O., Coastal Command : A.V.M. G. E. Nicholetts (1921).

A.O.A., Technical Training Command : A.V.M. N. H. D'Aeth (1920).

S.A.S.O., M.E.A.F. : A.V.M. G. R. C. Spencer (1920)

S.A.S.O., F.E.A.F. : A.V.M. H. L. Patch (1923).

A.O.A., F.E.A.F. : A.V.M. W. J. M. Akerman (1920).

A.O.C., No. 11 Group : A.V.M. The Earl of Bandon (1923).

A.O.C., No. 12 Group : A.V.M. R. L. R. Atcherley (1922).

A.O.C., No. 24 Group : A.V.M. J. G. Franks (1923).

A.O.C., No. 25 Group : A.V.M. H. H. Brookes (1922).

A.O.C., No. 41 Group : A.V.M. G. Combe (1920).

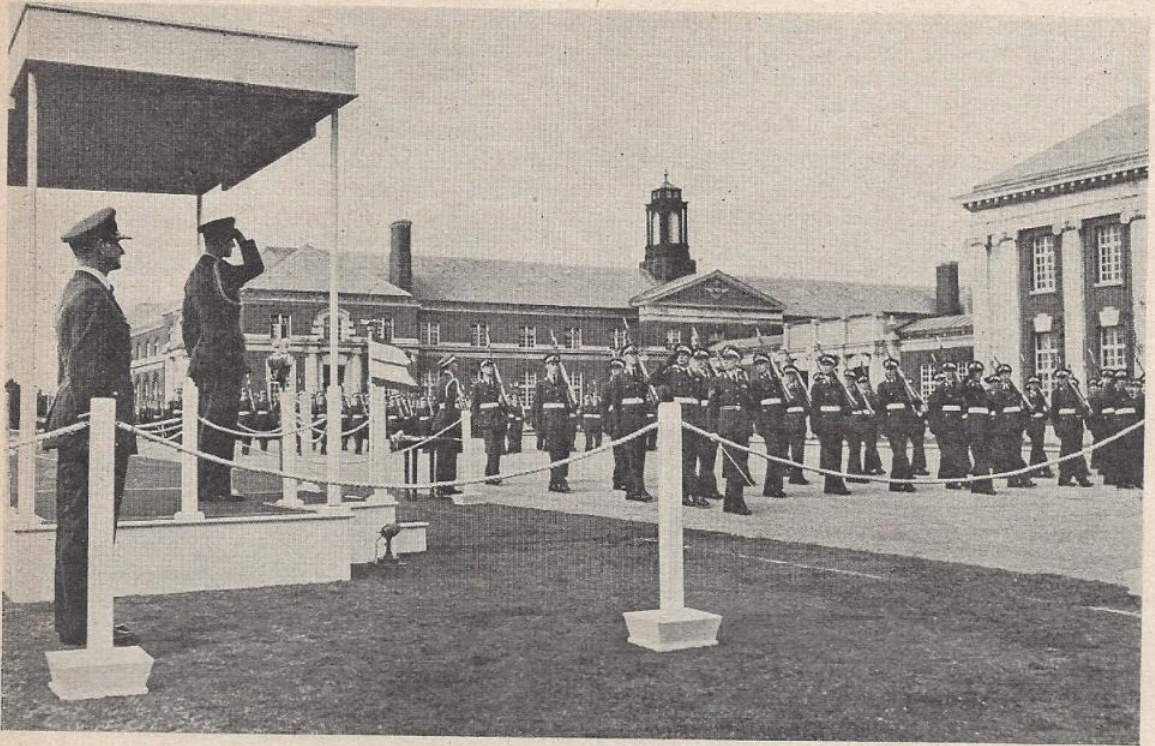
A.O.C., No. 43 Group : Air Cdre F. G. S. Mitchell (1920).

A.O.C., No. 54 Group : Air Cdre A. P. Bett (1924).

A.O.C., No. 62 Group : Air Cdre R. Coats (1923).

A.O.C., No. 64 Group : Air Cdre J. Warburton (1922).

A.O.C., No. 81 Group : Air Cdre L. W. C. Bower (1928).



H.R.H. The Duke of Edinburgh takes the salute at the Passing-out Parade of Nos. 55 and 10 (E. & S.) Entries at Cranwell on 28th July, 1953

A.O.C., A.H.Q. Iraq : A.V.M. J. G. Hawtrey (1920).

A.O.C., H.Q. British Forces, Aden : A.V.M. D. Macfadyen (1920).

A.O.C., R.A.F. Element, M.H.Q. Chatham : Air Cdre W. H. Hutton (1926).

A.O.C., R.A.F. Gibraltar : Air Cdre C. E. Chilton (1924).

Commandant, R.A.F. Staff College Bracknell : A.V.M. A. D. Gillmore (1923).

Commandant, R.A.F. Staff College Andover : Air Cdre G. P. Chamberlain (1923).

Commandant, R.A.F. College, Cranwell : Air Cdre H. Eeles (1929).

Commandant, R.A.F. Technical College, Henlow : Air Cdre H. D. Sprechley (1924).

Recent appointments include :

Air Marshal T. G. Pike (1924) to be Deputy Chief of the Air Staff, his post as A.C.A.S. (Policy) to be taken by A.V.M. C. F. Chilton (1924). The latter's appointment as A.O.C. R.A.F. Gibraltar is to be held by Air Cdre G. G. Barrett (1927). Air Marshal C. B. R. Pelly (1920) is to be A.O.C.-in-C., M.E.A.F. and his A.O.A.

is to be A.V.M. G. I. L. Saye (1925). A.V.M. L. F. Sinclair (1926) and ex-Commandant of the R.A.F. College, is to be A.C.A.S. (Operations). A.V.M. The Earl of Bandon (1923) is appointed to the post of A.C.A.S. (Training) as successor to A.V.M. T. N. McEvoy (1923) who is to become the R.A.F. Instructor at the Imperial Defence College. The appointment as A.O.C. No. 11 Group vacated by A.V.M. the Earl of Bandon is to be held by A.V.M. H. L. Patch (1923). A.V.M. A. D. Gillmore (1923), at present the Commandant of the R.A.F. Staff College, Bracknell, is appointed S.A.S.O., F.E.A.F., and is succeeded at the Staff College by A.V.M. D. Macfadyen (1920). Air Cdre R. Coats (1923), A.O.A. No. 62 Group, is appointed A.O.A. No. 205 Group and is succeeded by Air Cdre B. C. Yarde (1924), A.V.M. E. C. Hudleston (1927) is appointed A.O.C. No. 3 Group. Air Cdre G. H. Randle (1921), present Commandant of the Central Signals Establishment, is appointed Director of Signals (2) at the Air Ministry. Air Cdre T. U. C. Shirley (1928) is to be Command Signals Officer at Fighter Command and Air Cdre C. W. Gore (1920) is to be

Director of Mechanical Transport and Marine Craft at the Air Ministry. Air Cdre D. N. Roberts (1924) is to be Senior Officer of the U.K. Liaison Staff in Canada.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING AND REUNION DINNER

About 100 members of the Association attended the meeting and dinner held at Cranwell on 20th June, 1953. It was agreed that the Association should contribute towards the cost of maintenance of the chimes in the College tower and should provide two banners for the ceremonial fanfare trumpets used at the College.

The guests at the dinner included the Director of Studies and the Assistant Commandant of the Equipment and Secretarial Wing. In his speech the Commandant mentioned that a member of one of the first entries at Cranwell, Air Vice-Marshal G. Combe, was present. Two of the post-war Commandants, Air Vice-Marshal R. L. R. Atcherley and Air Vice-Marshal G. R. Beamish, were also present. The third, Air Vice-Marshal L. F. Sinclair, was unfortunately unable to attend as he was, at the time, in the United States. The Commandant said that the Equipment and Secretarial Wing was shortly to join its parent at Cranwell. He said that the Association would be proud to hear that the flight cadets had acquitted themselves during the Coronation ceremonies with the dignity and precision which have come to be expected of them.

NEWS

Korea

At the time of the armistice in Korea, the following Old Cranwellians were serving with the R.A.A.F. there:

Flying Officers I. L. Schwaiger (1949), A. M. Christie (1949), B. Ball (1947), J. Coleman (1949), K. Williamson (1948)

Cranwell

Wing Commander R. W. Pye (1938) has left to take up an appointment as Wing Commander Flying at South Cerney.

Wing Commander D. T. M. Lumsden (1939) will be leaving shortly to attend the course at the R.A.F. Staff College.

Flight Lieutenant H. M. K. Brown (1947) has returned to Cranwell as a Q.F.I.

We congratulate Flight Lieutenant L. G. Ludgate (1946) on the addition to his family.

News from Correspondents

Serving at Habbaniya are Flying Officers J. F. Gale (1948), D. C. Luck (1948), L. J. Russell (1948), D. L. F. Thornton (1948) and D. P. Hall (1949).

At Singapore are stationed Flying Officers R. L. T. Polgreen (1949), W. F. Jacobs (1948), E. A. Peters (1949) and D. A. Cooper (1949).

Group Captain E. J. Corbally (1927) is Station Commander at Hornchurch, and on the staff of the Aircrew Selection Board there are Flight Lieutenants H. R. W. Morris, D. B. D. Hamley (1946) and Flight Lieutenant M. W. R. Shore (1948).

Congratulations are offered to Flight Lieutenant G. R. K. Fletcher (1948) on the addition of a second son to his family.

We offer our best wishes to Group Captain D. R. Shore (1930) who has retired.

New Zealand Air Race

Wing Commander L. M. Hodges (1937) is the officer commanding the R.A.F. team of Canberra entered for this interesting event. Flight Lieutenant R. McA. Furze (1947) is captain of the reserve crew.

We deeply regret to announce the deaths of Air Vice-Marshal W. A. D. Brooke, who at the time of his death, was V.C.A.S. designate, Group Captain F. R. Worthington, Wing Commander R. D. Yule, Squadron Leader L. H. Anness, Flying Officer I. R. Hinde, and Pilot Officer R. Forrest. We offer our sincere sympathy to the relatives of these officers.

A. S.





A FINE 'ESCAPE' STORY

Boldness be My Friend, by Richard Pape. Elek, 16s.

REVIEWS of war and 'escape' books have become almost a regular feature of these pages during recent years. Most of them have not been altogether favourable, for it was possible to detect in these books a certain artificiality, a lack of spontaneity which could usually be ascribed to the method of narration; one had the impression of the professional story-teller getting to work on promising material that had been contributed by men, unwilling or unable to write the account themselves. We could perhaps have expected little else; for the most exciting and sensational events in this world are seldom experienced by those best equipped to describe them. The author of *Boldness Be My Friend* is one of the rare exceptions.

Richard Pape was a journalist on *The Yorkshire Post* and *Yorkshire Evening Post* before joining the Royal Air Force at the outbreak of war. The book begins with a description of a briefing for a three-hundred bomber mission against Berlin. The aircraft which Warrant Officer Pape is to navigate is allotted a special task, the destruction of Hermann Goering's Berlin residence, the brain centre of the anti-aircraft and night fighter patrol intelligence for the defence of the capital.

Compared with the rest of the book, these early pages are feebly written. The author seems to be groping blindly towards the tale that he has to tell; the style is peculiarly immature, and the dialogue is artificial and unconvincing. Once the aircraft is off the ground, however, all these shortcomings are left behind on English soil. From then on this extraordinary tale moves on swiftly and dramatically, and the author displays a sureness of touch that never falters.

Shot down just inside the Dutch border he joins the resistance movement with Jock Muir, another member of the crew, until their capture twenty-four hours before the appointed time for a rendezvous with a submarine that is to take them to safety. After a series of interrogations—one by an ex-Cambridge undergraduate who describes in exact detail a tree outside Pape's old room at Clare College—the author finds himself in Stalag VIII (b) in Eastern Germany. Here he devises various ingenious schemes for sending messages back to England, and eventually escapes with a Polish friend by changing identities with a New Zealander on a working party. Although the two men come to blows on religious matters among the snows of Poland, they manage to reach Cracow, where Pape contracts pleurisy and falls into the hands of the Gestapo.

After being tortured mentally and physically in an attempt to make him name his helpers, and suffering

Books and Periodicals Received

(up to the end of October, 1953)

Boldness Be My Friend, Richard Pape (Elek)*
How Planes Fly, Veale and 'Wren' (Penguin)*
Science News, No. 29, (Penguin)*
Witness, Whittaker Chambers (Andre Deutsch)
Russia After Stalin, Isaac Deutscher (Hamish Hamilton)
The British Aircraft Industry Bulletin (October 1953): S.B.A.C.,
 32 Savile Row, London, W.1. *The Stabilizer*, No. 4, Vol. 21:
 17, 18-19, 20: World Veterans Federation, 27 rue de la
 Michodière, Paris 2c. *Atomic Energy—Progress Notes*, Vol. 1,
 Association of Scientific Workers, London, W.1.

(* indicates that the book is reviewed below)

incredible privations, he is returned to Stalag VIII (b). He escapes again, but is recaptured on his way to Yugoslavia, after an attempt to gate-crash a Hungarian frontier post on a bicycle. On his return to Stalag once more he is blinded by a severe attack of meningitis. As his sight slowly returns he continues his courageous policy of hindering and hoodwinking the enemy at every opportunity. He sends more messages to England, concealed in hollow rings of his own design and manufacture, by means of repatriated prisoners.

Pape eventually gets home by feigning an incurable kidney disease. The way in which he achieves this must be one of the most remarkable cases of malingering in the annals of medicine.

If this book had been published as fiction it would have been called fanciful and far-fetched, but the remarkable photographs of documents which the book contains are not needed to assist our credulity. The dialogue is natural—neither stilted nor too racy. Despite the passage of time, the characters are as real to us as they must have been to Pape during those extraordinary three years.

This is not a tale for the squeamish; but to those who are interested in the courage and endurance of which man is capable this book is recommended. As Lord Tedder has written in his foreword: 'It is not a "nice" book—but that other world was not "nice." Crude? Perhaps, but to me it rings true. I could not put it down and I shall not forget it. My advice would be—read; lest we forget.'

C. N. C. C.

Flying Made Easy

How Planes Fly, by Sydney E. Veale and 'Wren.'
 Penguin Books, 2s. 6d.

THIS attractive little volume in the Puffin Picture Book series aims at a simple description of the essential features of an aeroplane and the underlying principles of flight.

It is written in a pleasing and absorbing style, with the illustrations by 'Wren' well-chosen and very much to the point. Children of all ages will find it difficult to leave this book until they have read it from cover to cover, and in so doing they will have gained an insight into the principles of flight which are remarkably well put for so unpretentious a volume. Those who are already well acquainted with the subject, however, will find several relatively minor points about which they may well be critical.

The use of the word 'plane' in the title strikes a jarring note which, fortunately, is not continued in the

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text, although in some places the terminology does not seem quite in keeping with the phenomenon described. The continued reference to the airflow 'beating against' the control surfaces, for instance, is not very appropriate to the normally smooth flow over them.

On points of detail, the gyro-controlled pointer in the turn and slip indicator more generally indicates rate of turn than angle of bank, not as is implied in the diagram of this instrument. In the section on angle of attack the example of the bomber flying heavily laden to its target at low speed and returning unladen at high speed is unfortunate; in practice, of course, the bomber would, in the interests of fuel economy, fly faster on the outward journey than on the return, and the angle of attack would remain substantially constant throughout the flight and not as suggested.

The fundamental significance of angle of attack, in fact, is not too well brought out. The term might, with advantage, have been introduced earlier in the text. The conception of flight path and angle of attack is surely not so difficult as the writer would have us believe; his discussion of the speedboat analogy serves only to confuse the issue. But this is one of the penalties of over-simplification. Others are evident—it is a pity, for instance, that thrust and drag forces are not mentioned; the brief discussion on the balance of forces suffers by their exclusion.

However, the young reader will be starting his study of flight on essentially sound lines. And if you buy it for your small brother, be sure to read it yourself before you hand it over—it is well worth while.

Science News

Science News, No. 29, Edited by A. W. Haslett (Penguin Books, 2s.)

Science News, No. 29, published by Penguin Books, contains seven main articles ranging from T. F. Gaskell's and M. N. Hill's 'Ocean-bed Prospecting' to James A. Barnett's 'Cheese Biology'. Of interest to the professional airman is G. N. Lance's article entitled 'Phenomena of Supersonic Flight'.

Though the reports of the Royal Aircraft Establishment and *The Journal of the Royal Aeronautical Society* may not be common reading, it is a great pity that Dr Lance's article should appear after a paper by Lilley, Westley, Yates and Busing in the June, 1953 issue of *The Journal of the Royal Aeronautical Society*, which disposes of the so-called supersonic bang in a masterly manner, explaining the points which Dr Lance leaves unanswered.

The second part of the article on aileron reversal is well worth reading. As the writer concludes, however, it has nothing directly to do with the speed of sound, as the title of the article and the opening paragraph imply. In fact, it depends mainly on the torsional stiffness of the wing. The introductory section also implies that the cause of the fatal accident in *Sound Barrier* was aileron reversal, whereas elevator reversal was the actual trouble. Squadron Leader Neville Duke, in a letter to *The Times* soon after the film was released stated that he had not experienced elevator reversal, nor had he heard any reports of others having such experiences.

A. H. C.

The Royal Air Force In the Second World War

As we go to press, we learn that the first of the three volumes of the history of the Royal Air Force in the Second World War, by Denis Richards and Hilary St G. Saunders, is to be published by H.M.S.O. on 8th December, 1953.

The history, which bears the title *Royal Air Force, 1939-1945* was officially commissioned, and both authors have been given full access to official documents, from those concerned with the higher direction of the war down to the sortie and combat reports of individual pilots. They have also drawn on the records of the enemy and—to preserve some contact with the human side—on personal accounts.

In the opening volume by Denis Richards the story is taken from the first stirrings of rearmament in 1934 to approximately the close of 1941. It tells of pre-war plans and preparations, the leaflet raids and the 'phoney war', improvised intervention in Norway, heroic efforts by the A.A.S.F. and the Air Component in France; of the desperate days of the Battle of Britain and the struggle to master the night raider of the *blitz*; of lack of success in bombing pin-point targets in Germany and the decision to attack large industrial areas; of the growing use of aircraft against the U-boat and the surface raider; and of the whole series of campaigns in 1940-1941 for control of the Mediterranean and the Middle East.

Among the many famous incidents which feature in this volume are the attempt to operate Gladiators from a frozen lake in Norway, the attack on the Albert Canal bridges, the evacuation from Dunkirk, the great air battles of August and September, 1940, the bombing of Coventry, the airborne assault on Crete, the siege of Habbaniya and the escape of the *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau*. The appendices include details of Members of the Air Council, Air Commanders in Chief, the organization of home and overseas commands and performance data of British and enemy operational aircraft of the period. Seventeen photographs and twenty-one maps and diagrams (ten in colour) illustrate the text.

The second and third volumes of this history will be published in the spring and summer of 1954 respectively. The second volume will deal with the Japanese invasion of Malaya in December 1941 and will take the history of the air war down to mid-1943, though operations in Italy will be covered to May 1944. The third volume will deal with the period from mid-1943 to the end of the war in 1945. The price of each volume of the series will be 13s. 6d.

Both authors enjoyed for the greater part of the war exceptional opportunities of studying the progress and direction of the British air effort—Denis Richards as the head of a group of historians and technical experts writing confidential studies for the Air Ministry, Hilary Saunders as an official diarist for Combined Operations Headquarters and the Allied Expeditionary Air Force, and the author of such outstanding war-time accounts as *The Battle of Britain* and *Bomber Command*.

N.A.A.F.I. ANNOUNCEMENT

N.A.A.F.I. announce that as from Saturday, 10th October, 1953, their Sports Showroom at Kennings Way, London, S.E.11, will be temporarily closed. The showroom will re-open on Monday, 11th January, 1954.

