

THE JOURNAL OF



THE ROYAL AIR FORCE COLLEGE

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CRANWELL
LINCOLNSHIRE



Crews of No. 101 Squadron, first Royal Air Force squadron to convert to Canberras, being briefed by their squadron commander (holding map, pencil in hand). This unit provided the crews for the New Zealand Air Race Flight commanded by Wing Commander Hodges (1937). Flight Lieutenant Furze (1947)—seen here also holding map—contributes an account of his experiences in the actual race on page 28 of this issue.

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THE JOURNAL

The Journal of the Royal Air Force College is published three times a year, at the end of 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, Lincolnshire.' Unsuitable material will be returned. The Managing Editor, Editor and staff will be glad to advise intending contributors. A list of members of the editorial staff will be found on page 87 of this issue. *Please Note.* The next issue of the *Journal* goes to press on Thursday, 13th May, 1954, and all contributions intended for this issue must be in the hands of the Managing Editor by this date.

EDITORIAL COMMITTEE

Chairman: Squadron Leader J. F. L. Long. *Deputy Chairman:* Flight Lieutenant C. N. C. Carryer. *Members:* Squadron Leader E. A. Fairhurst, D.F.C. (representing Flying Wing), Flight Lieutenant A. B. Stinchcombe (Old Cranwellian Editor), Flight Lieutenant F. A. G. Poole (Advertisement Manager), Flight Lieutenant A. S. Gray (Treasurer), Flight Lieutenant F. A. Leckie (Index Editor), Senior Flight Cadet J. D. Langley (Editor), Senior Under Officer P. H. Champniss, Senior Flight Cadet J. C. MacDougall, Flight Cadet T. H. Sheppard, Flight Cadet R. A. C. Goldring (Secretary), Flight Cadet P. H. Stanning, Flight Cadet R. B. Gubbins, Flight Cadet R. A. A. Gale.

COLLEGE NOTES

AFTER the alarms and excursions of the Coronation summer at Cranwell, the autumn term proved a welcome return to normality. Without major interruption the College continued with the task of digesting the former Equipment and Secretarial Wing.

Flight cadets of the Equipment and Secretarial branches have now been absorbed into the squadrons of the College and their syllabus of training has been integrated with, or aligned to, that of the flight cadets of the General Duties branch. Their professional studies are overseen by a Senior Tutor (Equipment, Secretarial and Administration) and we are glad to welcome Wing Commander H. C. D. Blasbery as the first occupant of this post. All problems raised by this amalgamation, save that of instructional accommodation, have already been satisfactorily solved.

In accordance with the Cranwell tradition of progressive change rather than rigid stability, certain alterations have occurred in the organization of Royal Air Force Cranwell, emphasizing its status and distinguishing between its component parts. Most notably the former Group Captain Executive is once more a Station Commander commanding the Flying, Technical and Administrative Wings. The College is again defined as a unit separate from, but inherent in, the station. Fortunately changes in the titles of offices have not necessitated changes in their incumbents.



We are glad to give an account elsewhere by a post-war Old Cranwellian of his part in the London-Christchurch air race. We hope that this will spur other Old Cranwellians of this generation to maintain the earlier tradition of sending to the *Journal* accounts of particular operations, expeditions or localities. We must be unique, for example, among Service journals in not publishing any account of the Korean war; there is still time to remove this blemish.



We are glad to welcome the first appearance of a contemporary, *The Poacher*, which is published every month as the journal of Royal Air Force Cranwell. Besides recording in an attractive and arresting manner our parochial affairs, it contains articles and stories of general interest. The annual subscription is 15s. and copies can be obtained from the Business Manager of *The Poacher*, Royal Air Force Cranwell.



Air Chief Marshal Sir William Dickson, G.C.B., K.B.E., D.S.O., A.F.C., Chief of the Air Staff, acted as Reviewing Officer at the passing-out parade of No. 60 Entry on 15th December, 1953. With most of the United Kingdom shrouded in a thick blanket of fog, Cranwell enjoyed a mild day of uninterrupted sunshine, and the temperature for spectators was higher than it had been in July. The Chief of the Air Staff, held back by the pressure of affairs, had planned to arrive at Cranwell by air at 1030. At 1030 Hendon was still fog-bound. None the less, at 1128, punctual to the second, the Reviewing Officer arrived at the west flank of the parade. Many

of our guests, however, were delayed or prevented by the weather. The parade and the attendant ceremonies reached as near perfection as is possible in human affairs; in other words the general impression given was one of perfection, but the experts could find some points which they resolved should be yet better done next time.

The Chief of the Air Staff returned by rail, for London was still fog-bound. By six in the evening Cranwell also was deep in fog and it was only the keenest of dancers who reached the Ball that night.

Wings and prizes were presented to No. 60 Entry by the Commandant on the evening of 14th December. We congratulate Senior Under Officer L. A. Jones on the unique distinction of winning the Sword of Honour and five other prizes. 'C' Squadron having won the Knocker Cup, the Ferris Trophy and the Chimay Cup became the Sovereign's Company for the spring term, 1954.



Owing to the long spell of foggy weather, No. 60 Entry had not completed their flying syllabus by the time of their passing out. We had therefore the pleasure of the company of a number of newly commissioned pilot officers in the Mess while the attempt was made to complete the full programme of exercises before Christmas.



Once the amalgamation of the Equipment and Secretarial Wing was completed, the separate function of the Assistant Commandant (E. & S. Wing) lapsed. As a consequence Group Captain W. N. Hibbert, the third and last occupant of that post, left us in October to become Group Captain Organization at Headquarters, Maintenance Command. At the time of going to press we hear that Wing Commander F. Bartle, for the past year Deputy Director of Studies (E. & S. Wing), is also posted to become Wing Education Officer at No. 1 School of Technical Training. It was largely thanks to the efforts and imaginative co-operation of these two officers that the amalgamation of their Wing took place with so little fuss and interruption of training. We wish them every success in their new appointments.

At the end of the winter term we said good-bye to Wing Commander D. T. M. Lumsden, M.B.E., successively the Commander of No. 4 Squadron and Headquarters Squadron, who has gone to the Royal Air Force Staff College. Major G. J. S. Cotton, the third Army Instructor at the College, left to rejoin his regiment in Germany; in addition to performing to perfection the duties of his post, his wide interests and the integrity of his standards inspired both the Dramatic and the Fine Arts sections of the College Society. We take this opportunity of welcoming Major J. W. Peyton, M.C., Royal Scots Fusiliers, in his stead.

The Flying Wing has lost, among others, Squadron Leader D. A. Young who acted as vigorous President of Cadets' Games with the ability and inclination to practise what he preached in a wide variety of games; Flight Lieutenant F. A. Abbott, D.F.M., who had charge of gliding; Flight Lieutenant F. W. Rickard in charge of athletics and Flight Lieutenant P. L. Burke, a mainstay of the College shoot and an eclectic photographer. The Cadet Wing has lost Flight Lieutenant H. V. Sayfritz, Cadet Wing Officer of 'C' Squadron, for a time Officer Commanding Junior Entries,

and in charge of association football. From the Tutorial Wing, formerly of the E. & S. Wing, Squadron Leader D. J. Daybell and Flight Lieutenants D. G. A. Barham, G. H. Pennington and N. C. Hanslip have departed. We have also said farewell to the Reverend (Squadron Leader) V. J. E. Boatright, as ready to smite the hockey ball as the Amalekite.

We regret to record the death in a flying accident at Little Rissington of Squadron Leader R. A. Fox-Linton, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., until recently Cadet Wing Medical Officer; and, in hospital at Uxbridge, of Wing Commander J. D. Blois, formerly S.G.C.T.I.



During the Christmas vacation the flight cadets' activities were on a restricted scale compared with the record-breaking summer vacation. Eleven members of the Gliding section visited Scharfoldendorf but the weather was only suitable for gliding on two days. Three members of the Mountaineering section, led by Flying Officer G. T. Robinson, spent six days at Langdale and did some stern climbing in good weather. Six keen pot-holers spent a week in Mendip. The skiers divided; some went to St. Moritz where the weather was good but snow conditions poor; others went to Newtonmore for ten days, for the first four of which there was no snow. No. 66 Entry enjoyed their survival camp in Snowdonia and undertook some climbing in snow conditions. One flight cadet took up a language travelling scholarship at Tours. An extensive series of attachments to Royal Air Force units was carried out during the vacation. We offer the thanks of the College to the numerous hosts who made these visits both profitable and enjoyable. Reports on some of these visits appear later in this issue.

The Blankney Hunt Ball, which took place in the College on Friday, 18th December, was very well attended. On the next day a field of more than 60, in which Cranwell was well represented, met at the Officers' Mess. The meet of the Belvoir at the College, which was due to take place on 25th January, was cancelled owing to frost.

The R.A.F. ('Per Ardua') Beagles, under the mastership of Group Captain L. G. Levis, have been showing good sport throughout the season. The Beagle Ball held in the Officers' Mess on 30th October proved a most spirited occasion and a large field met at the Master's house the next day. Meets have been held at all the neighbouring Royal Air Force stations and throughout the surrounding countryside. The office of Flight Cadet Whip, formerly held by Pilot Officer J. McEntegart, is now occupied by Flight Cadet J. L. Anderson.



For the first time in history two officers trained at Cranwell are taking up almost simultaneously appointments as Chiefs of the Air Staff in Commonwealth countries. They are Air Vice-Marshal W. H. Merton, C.B., O.B.E., who takes up the office of Chief of the Air Staff in the Royal New Zealand Air Force in February and Air Vice-Marshal S. Mukerjee, who becomes Chief of the Air Staff and Commander-in-Chief of the Indian Air Force in April.

We regret to announce that Flight Cadet Reginald Strevens was killed in a flying accident at Spitalgate on 16th October, 1953. He came to Cranwell from Mill Hill School in September 1952 with No. 64 Entry and joined 'C' Squadron, where he showed himself to be a promising and popular cadet. We offer our sympathy to his mother and father.



The College Society is having an active winter both in public and in private. The Dramatic section gave a performance of *Glad Tidings* by R. F. Delderfield, on 1st December. The Choral section took part at a music festival at Nottingham and, in company with the ladies of Lincoln Training College, sang carols and excerpts from *Messiah* at the final parade service. The Debating Society has held several meetings in each Mess and has attended a debate at the Cambridge Union. The Photographic, Fine Arts, Printing and Aeromodelling sections gave exhibitions at the end of term.

The Little Theatre Club presented *Count Your Blessings* by Ronald Jeans, in which once more the War Studies team excelled itself, providing the producer, the principal actor and the stage manager.



The principal sporting event of the term was the week-end contest with Sandhurst held on 4th-5th December, when we were visited by the Commandant, Director of Studies and representative officers of the Royal Military Academy together with the R.M.A. Rugger, Cross-Country Running, Boxing, Squash, Fencing and Shooting teams. A guest night was held on the Friday night and the variety of uniform displayed would have delighted a military historian. Against the background of Royal Air Force blue, colour was provided by the dark blue patrols of the officer cadets and the uniform of a wide variety of Regiments and Corps together with the uniforms of the officers of the Royal Navy and the Royal Marines who were to act as arbiters in the various contests. The boxing match was fought on the Friday night; on the Saturday morning the Fencing, Shooting and Squash teams competed successively and on the Saturday afternoon the Cross-Country Running and Rugger matches were held. Accounts of these fixtures are given elsewhere. In the event the Academy won the Boxing, Squash, Fencing and Shooting; while the College won the Rugger and Cross-Country Running, the latter being our first victory in this event over Sandhurst since 1938.

An innovation, and it is to be hoped a precedent, was made in the rugger match on the Saturday morning between the officers of the R.M.A. (the Sandhurst Pirates) and the officers of the R.A.F. College (the Cranwell Privateers), the latter being victorious by 16 points to 5.

Our visitors left on the Saturday evening and the Sunday morning. The comparative leisure of the occasion made it far more valuable as a meeting ground for the exchange of ideas and the formation of friendships than a mere series of sports fixtures.

The rugger team, not content with their summer journey to the Antipodes, headed south again in October and played a week-end fixture in Jersey.

Visiting preachers at Parade Services included on 4th October the Reverend (Group Captain) E. W. P. Ainsworth, a former College chaplain; on 11th October Canon A. M. Cook, the Subdean of Lincoln; on 1st November Professor T. E. Jessop, Professor of Philosophy and Psychology at the University College of Hull; on 22nd November the Right Reverend the Bishop of Peterborough; on 6th December the Right Reverend the Bishop of Grantham; on 10th January the Right Reverend the Bishop of Salisbury.



The Air Member for Personnel, Air Marshal Sir Francis Fogarty, K.C.B., K.B.E., D.F.C., A.F.C., and the Under-Secretary of State for Air, Mr George Ward, M.P., visited the College on 12th and 13th November respectively. Other visitors have included:

On 15th October Mr Kenneth Pickthorn, M.P., Parliamentary Secretary of the Ministry of Education.

On 18th October Major C. C. Wilson who gave a lecture on wild life in India.

On 5th November Major J. G. Bird, the headmaster, and Major L. H. Watkins, the commander of the C.C.F., of Williams Hulnes' School, Manchester; and Mr R. Taylor, the headmaster of Vinehall Preparatory School.

On 19th November Group Captain J. H. Lapsley, O.B.E., D.F.C., A.F.C., who gave a lecture on Fighter Command.

On 20th November an R.A.F. trial XV played the College.



The Ferris Drill Competition was held on 7th November and on this occasion a new procedure was adopted. Hitherto the drill movements carried out have been the same evolutions as those performed at the passing-out parades. To introduce more variety into drill instruction it has been decided to change the test piece each term. The event showed that the change led to added interest with no lowering of standard.

The thirty-fourth anniversary of the opening of the College was celebrated on 5th February by a parade at which the Commandant gave a short address on the significance of Founders' Day. This year the spaciousness of the new parade ground in front of the Junior Mess allowed the assembly of the Cadet and Tutorial Wings of the College and the Flying, Technical and Administrative Wings of the Station as well. Snow still lay thick and hard upon the ground and a keen wind blew, but, despite many difficulties underfoot, the parade went off well and with commendable smoothness.



On 10th December *Flight Cadet: An Impression of the Royal Air Force College* by John Pudney was broadcast on the Northern Region programme of the B.B.C. The introduction was spoken by the Commandant. The programme was broadcast again in the Home Service on 19th February.

The Pathé Film Company made a short film of swimming-bath training at the College which was issued in Pathé Pictorial at the end of December.

An article on Cranwell, by Lieutenant H. Danielson, R.N.A.F., a member of the party from the Luftkrigsskolen which visited us last July, appeared in the January number of *Norsk Luftmilitaert Tidsskrift*.

The Passing Out of No. 60 Entry

The Chief of the Air Staff Reviews the Cadet Wing

AT the passing-out parade of No. 60 Entry, held on Tuesday, 15th December, 1953, the College welcomed as Reviewing Officer for the first time since his assumption of the post of Chief of the Air Staff, Air Chief Marshal Sir William F. Dickson, G.C.B., K.B.E., D.S.O., A.F.C.

Three squadrons, and not the customary four, were on parade on this occasion, a sign that the integration of the Equipment and Secretarial Wing had become an accomplished fact since the passing-out parade of No. 59 Entry and No. 10 (E. & S.) Entry in July. This involved a re-disposition of the Sovereign's Squadron for the Inspection and the Advance in Review Order and, most appropriately, 'C' Squadron, Sovereign's Squadron for the autumn term, paraded to right and left of the Queen's Colour.

Turn-out was good, drill smart and parade standards were well maintained. The day itself was calm and almost cloudless. Underfoot, however, it was damp and the parade ground itself bore the marks of much rain earlier in the day. Nevertheless, the moisture brought its own reward for the spectator of the ceremony, for the roof of the College seemed to have taken on a hue of unusual greenness, a hue that was reflected clearly in the water that lay in patches on the parade ground. The day, otherwise, though cold, was not unpleasant.



The Address of the Chief of Staff

In his address, Air Chief Marshal Sir William Dickson said:

I would like first to congratulate you on a parade which is in keeping with the high standards of Cranwell. I would also congratulate No. 60 Entry on completing the first stage of your careers as permanent officers of the Royal Air Force.

You are, I think, fortunate to be going out into the Royal Air Force at this time. In the first place it is good for you to feel that the career you have chosen is important and worthwhile. You can know with all humility that it is upon the fighting capability and flying efficiency and the high morale of our Air Force, and those of our allies, that the peace of the world at this critical period of

history primarily depends. To contribute to that end is certainly worthwhile.

You are also going out into a Service that, because of these responsibilities, offers a wide field of interest. At this time, it is a particularly wide field, and full of all the same kind of fascinating problems which has always made Air Force service such fun and so full of opportunity for the individual.

You are also lucky that throughout your whole career you will be leaders of a Service whose primary role will be the flying and directing of aircraft piloted by General Duties officers. The fact that aircraft are developing in capability just like ships did in the last century, and the fact that the Royal Air Force has new weapons like guided missiles to develop, so that they may be complementary to the operation of aircraft, are matters of added interest and opportunity in your future careers, and not otherwise. I feel confident that what has been built into your characters here at Cranwell will serve you and the Service in good stead in the future. In your very proper keenness and enjoyment of flying, do keep in the back of your minds that you have been given this unique training and opportunity to fit you to be leaders of men—leaders of airmen. Man is more important than the machine. So, quietly and unobtrusively, study the art of leading men; and do remember (however dull it may sound) that operational efficiency depends on very good administration and maintenance. It was not the tactics, but attention to the preparations which lay behind nearly every victory in the history of warfare.

My final word of advice is: Keep your Cranwell standards! All eyes will be on you out in the Service. There will be some envy. There will be many temptations to fall in with the stream. But, I am sure that with good manners—especially good manners—and tact, and with cheerfulness and keenness, you will survive and be respected. But let nothing destroy that aim which you have set yourself here. Much has been given to you, and much is expected.

I wish each of you of No. 60 Entry, individually, all success and happiness in your future lives.



The Chief of the Air Staff presents the Sword of Honour and Queen's Medal to Senior Under Officer L. A. Jones

The Presentation of Wings and Prizes

On the eve of the passing-out parade, at a ceremony in the College lecture hall, the Commandant presented wings and individual prizes to members of the senior entry.

In his address the Commandant congratulated the senior entry upon the successful completion of their course at Cranwell. For the General Duties flight cadets the moment of gaining their wings was a great one. He reminded them, however, that although they had flying speed, they had not yet reached their operational ceiling. Further training lay ahead of them before they became really first-class pilots worthy of flying the first-class machines with which the Royal Air Force was now being equipped. The Equipment and Secretarial flight cadets, in contrast, were leaving Cranwell to take up positions of trust and responsibility immediately. There would be wide scope for initiative for them and their duties would be no less exacting and no less responsible than

those of their colleagues in the General Duties branch. Their training at Cranwell had been a joint training with the General Duties branch. 'Always remember in the future,' the Commandant said, 'that you are colleagues together.'

The Commandant then congratulated the prizewinners. Senior Under Officer Jones's record in prizes won, he said, was remarkable and constituted virtually a clean sweep. This showed an extremely wide range of ability in all types of technical subjects, flying skill and other aspects of College training.

The Sovereign's Squadron, for the second term running, was 'C' Squadron—a most creditable performance which surely called for redoubled efforts by the other squadrons to wrest the very privileged honour from a really good squadron.

Some words of advice then followed. The Commandant reminded the senior entry of the guidance which Air Chief Marshal Sir John



The Chief of the Air Staff in conversation with the College servants

Baker had offered on this occasion in the previous term. All the qualities that Sir John had enumerated were undoubtedly required by an officer who wished to make his mark. For himself he wished to project Sir John's theory slightly and remind the senior entry that there were less virtuous characteristics which might destroy any latent goodness. These were irresponsibility in word or deed, disregard for moral values, contempt for authority and lowering the standards that had been set up at Cranwell as a goal. These less virtuous characteristics had to be fought against if one was to become a good officer.

Mass loyalties, the Commandant continued, should not be developed at the expense of the development of individual character; he asked the senior entry to remember that personal example was one of the most important things in any officer in any Service. 'An officer's standard of behaviour, provided it achieves a right and good standard, can be followed with justification by any subordinate; but if it does not reach the required standard, then the subordinates, human nature being what it is, will

always delight in taking the easy path to a breakdown in standards.' . . . Ultimately, personal example not only made or marred one's career, but also the reputation of the Service as a whole.

The Commandant concluded with these words. 'Tomorrow, gentlemen, after the parade, you will be marched off by the Senior Under Officer and as you go into the College you will see two flags flying from the College tower. The right-hand flag will be the R.A.F. Ensign. As you pass into the College . . . you will transfer your allegiance from the Standard of the College to the Ensign of the R.A.F. and from that moment you will have finally and irrevocably dedicated yourself to your Queen and your country. But having done that I would still like you to think of the College.'

Order of Merit

No. 60 ENTRY

General Duties

- L. A. JONES, Senior Under Officer: Sword of Honour; Queen's Medal; The R.M. Groves Memorial Prize; The Dickson Trophy; The Abdy Gerrard Fellowes Memorial Prize; The J. A. Chance Memorial Prize; Rugby (Full Colours); Athletics (Captain, Full Colours).
- W. E. CLOSE, Senior Under Officer: Cricket (Captain Full Colours); Rugby; Tennis.
- J. E. MAITLAND, Senior Flight Cadet: The Air Ministry Prize for Imperial and War Studies; Rugby; Hockey; Angling (Captain).
- N. R. MACNICOL, Senior Flight Cadet: Languages Award; Boxing (Captain, Full Colours); *Journal* (Committee and Editor).
- P. J. ANSTEE, Senior Under Officer: The Phillip Sassoon Memorial Prize; The Royal United Services Institution Award; Rugby (Secretary, Half Colours); Debating.
- T. S. B. BOYCE, Under Officer: Shooting (Full Colours).
- A. S. J. WHITWAM, Under Officer: Athletics (Captain, Full Colours).
- J. A. MORGAN, Under Officer: Association Football (Half Colours); Debating (President); *Journal* (Committee and Assistant Editor).
- D. ALLISON, Senior Flight Cadet: Athletics (Full Colours); Rugby; Association Football; Bridge (President).
- J. M. B. BOWES, Senior Flight Cadet: Languages Award; Fencing (Captain, Full Colours); Pentathlon; Dramatics (President).
- T. J. GREENHILL-HOOPER, Under Officer: Shooting; Photography.



THE SENIOR TERM : DECEMBER 1953

Snr Flt Cdt C. P. Field, Snr Flt Cdt J. C. Brown, Snr Flt Cdt E. H. Moors, Snr Flt Cdt M. J. Dines, Snr Flt Cdt J. E. Maitland, Snr Flt Cdt J. M. B. Bowes, Snr Flt Cdt J. B. Gratton, Snr Flt Cdt R. P. Edwards, U.O. T. S. B. Boyce, Snr Flt Cdt J. R. McEntegart
Snr Flt Cdt D. J. Woods, Snr Flt Cdt J. K. Drummond, Snr Flt Cdt D. Allison, Snr Flt Cdt R. J. Chippindale, Snr Flt Cdt B. D. Vickers, Snr Flt Cdt M. M. Marsh, Snr Flt Cdt A. C. Whitson, Snr Flt Cdt R. M. Hancock, Snr Flt Cdt A. Bright, Snr Flt Cdt N. R. MacNicol
U.O. M. H. Khan, U.O. J. R. Watts, U.O. T. J. Greenhill-Hooper, U.O. A. S. J. Whitwam, S.U.O. W. E. Close, S.U.O. L. A. Jones, S.U.O. P. J. Anstee, U.O. J. A. Morgan, U.O. R. Hoare, U.O. R. B. Pringle, U.O. J. A. Tucker

M. M. MARSH, Senior Flight Cadet: Hockey.
 J. R. McENTEGART, Senior Flight Cadet: Beagling (Flight Cadet Whip).
 E. REYNOLDS, Senior Flight Cadet: Athletics; Sailing (Captain).
 R. A. EDWARDS, Senior Flight Cadet: Cricket (Full Colours); Association Football (Secretary, Full Colours).
 J. C. BROWN, Senior Flight Cadet: Rugby.
 J. B. GRATTON, Senior Flight Cadet: Photography.
 R. HOARE, Under Officer: Fencing; Debating.
 M. H. KHAN, Under Officer: Hockey; Boxing; Dancing (Secretary).
 J. A. TUCKER, Under Officer: Swimming (Captain, Full Colours); Boxing (Half Colours).
 M. J. DINES, Senior Flight Cadet: Sailing (Secretary).
 R. M. HANCOCK, Senior Flight Cadet: Athletics (Full Colours).
 A. C. WHITSON, Senior Flight Cadet: Athletics.
 E. M. MOORE, Senior Flight Cadet: Rugby; Cricket.
 R. McN. BROWN, Senior Flight Cadet: Camping.

R. J. CHIPPINDALE, Senior Flight Cadet: Rugby.
 C. C. TAYLOR, Senior Flight Cadet: Hockey (Half Colours); Swimming; Gliding (Secretary).
 A. K. COLEMAN, Senior Flight Cadet: Athletics (Full Colours).
 J. M. DRUMMOND, Senior Flight Cadet: Engineering (President); Choral (President).
 C. P. FIELD, Senior Flight Cadet: Cricket.
 D. D. VICKERS, Senior Flight Cadet: Swimming (Half Colours); Chess (Captain).

Secretarial

R. B. PRINGLE, Under Officer: The Air Ministry Prize for Secretarial Studies; Hockey; Rowing; Rugby.
 J. R. WATTS, Under Officer: Association Football (Full Colours); Cricket (Half Colours).

Equipment

D. J. WOODS, Senior Flight Cadet: The Air Ministry Prize for Equipment Studies; Cross Country; *Journal* (Committee and Assistant Editor); Dramatics.
 A. BRIGHT, Senior Flight Cadet: Pot-holing.

The New Zealand Air Race, 1953

From London to Christchurch in One Day

By FLIGHT LIEUTENANT ROBERT FURZE

To Flight Lieutenant Furze, of No. 47 Entry, fell the signal good fortune of flying a Canberra P.R.3 in the England to New Zealand Air Race in October 1953. He, with his navigator, Flight Lieutenant Harper, after several strokes of ill fortune, secured third place, missing second place by only two minutes.

The total time for the journey from London to Christchurch was 24 hrs. 34 mins. and the total distance about 12,300 statute miles. The average speed was 500 m.p.h., or an average airborne speed of 545 m.p.h.

We should like to congratulate pilot and navigator on this fine performance and thank Flight Lieutenant Furze for preparing the account of the flight which we print below.

Preparations

THIS story begins in December 1950 with my posting on to No. 101 Squadron, the first unit in the Royal Air Force to be equipped with Canberras. From the first announcement that the Service would enter a flight of jet bombers in the race, the Canberra squadrons in Bomber Command had been humming with conjecture about the identity of the crews who would take part; but Command Headquarters kept us guessing. Not until my return from a long week-end in April of last year did I know that I was to be one of the lucky pilots on the Air Race Flight, and that in June the flight would be established at Royal Air Force Wyton. The three crews were captained respectively by Wing Commander Hodges (who commanded the flight), Squadron Leader Press and Flight Lieutenant (now Squadron Leader) Burton, with my crew as a reserve.

* * *

Training began there immediately on the B.2, which is the bomber version of the Canberra, until the arrival of the competition aircraft from the makers. These were four standard P.R.3 machines fitted with extra tankage and radio compasses. Finally the prototype P.R.7 joined the flight a month before the deadline. The Mark 7 is also a standard design, but is an improved version of the P.R.3.

Our training flights had a threefold object:

- (a) to familiarize the navigators with the route and the aids available;
- (b) to evolve a race technique which would give the best results within the performance limits of the aircraft; and

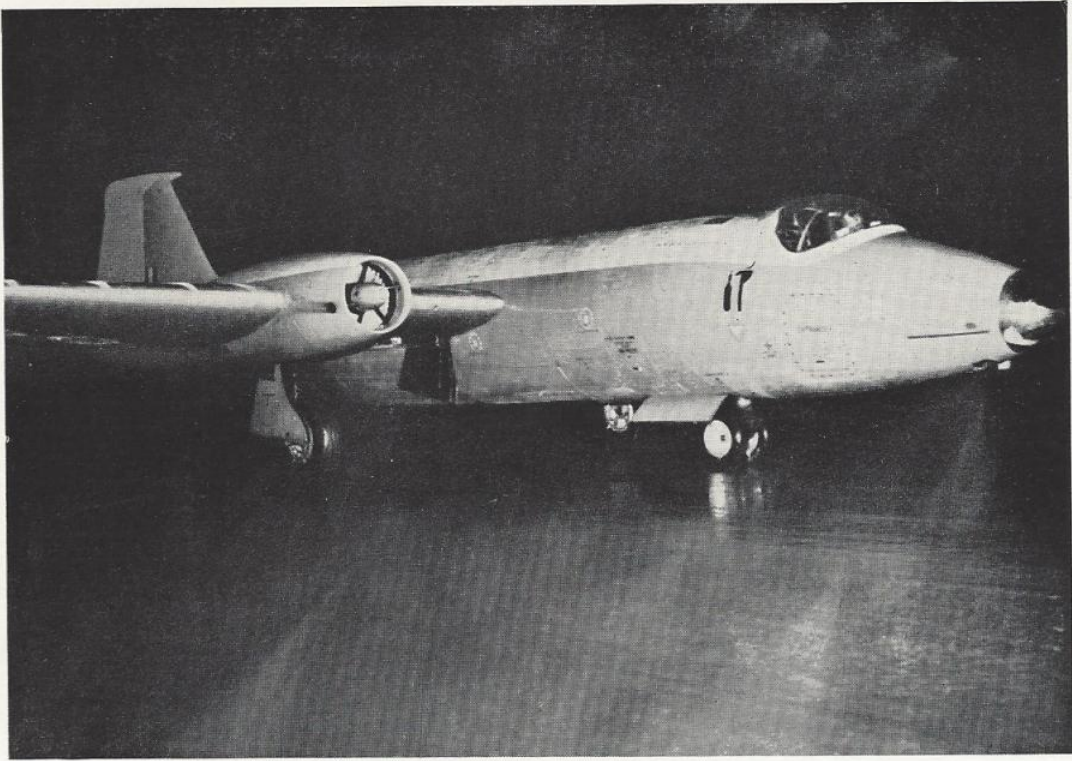
(c) to accustom the crews to flying long distances at altitudes with the minimum of time spent on the ground.

These three requirements were met by flights from U.K.—Shaibah—Malta—U.K. in a day, and others of a similar nature over a different part of the route.

It is outside the scope of this article to examine in detail the navigational methods used. The salient features were the lack of visual pin-points (since we flew over the land by night and over the sea by day), and our consequent reliance on accurate radio aids. Of equal importance was the need for precise forecasts of upper winds.

The second aim of our training was to find a way of reaching Christchurch as quickly as our aircraft could take us there. This meant striking a balance between the conflicting demands of range and speed. To cover the distances on the longer legs it was imperative that we flew at, or above, 30,000 feet. The problem still remained, however, of determining how fast above the range speed we could fly to leave untouched a safe reserve of fuel. The solution was found in a 'how-goes-it' graph on which speed was plotted against fuel remaining and 'distance to go.' The graph showed these values between thirty and fifty thousand feet so that the cruising altitude could be changed if necessary.

It was found in practice that a temperature increase of 10°C. resulted in an approximate increase of 10 knots in T.A.S. Similarly a change of .02 in Mach number achieved the same effect. Therefore, if the fuel remaining at a given time was above the 'safe line,' then the aircraft could either descend about 5,000 ft. to take advantage



The Canberra aircraft, piloted by Flight Lieutenant Furze and navigated by Flight Lieutenant Harper, landing in the rain in the early morning of 10th October (New Zealand time) after having taken 24 hours 34 minutes to fly from London to Christchurch

of the speed increase from the higher temperature, or the Mach number could be increased at that height. But the captain had to bear in mind other considerations, such as wind changes with height, the height of the tropopause in his latitude (since this affects temperature change with height), and in the second instance, the effect of compressibility arising from an increase in Mach number.

The third aim of our training flight was to prepare the air crews for the discomfort and tedium of long distance sorties, and at the same time to give practice to the various servicing teams in refuelling the aircraft as quickly as possible. In both instances this preparation paid great dividends for, as you will see later, crew fatigue during the race was offset by training, and the ground crews at the staging posts achieved excellent results in reducing turn-round times. In order to decrease further the time spent on the ground, navigators at the stopping places had charts prepared in readiness for the next stage of the journey.

With so much to do our four months at

Wyton passed very quickly, but not without incident. It was on a flight from Negombo to the Cocos Islands, when I crossed the Line for the first time, that the ceremony took an unusual and unwelcome form. We were flying in cirrus at 43,000 ft., when, without warning, the aircraft entered a cumulo-nimbus cloud, and promptly flipped over on to its back. This, I am told, is not the usual way of entering the Southern Hemisphere and I made sure that the procedure was not repeated on later flights.

Although we had covered the first three legs of the course during our training, none of the Royal Air Force crews had landed at Cocos or gone beyond that point before the actual race. It would have been to our advantage to do so in order to familiarize ourselves with the airfields *en route*, but the risk of the aircraft becoming unserviceable too far away from the base made this plan impracticable.

* * *

Saturday, 3rd October, saw our arrival at Uxbridge, where we stayed till the day of the

race. The five days at London Airport were spent in checking our equipment and in briefings. The latter included an explanation of the Air Race rules and the latest navigational warnings along the route. The navigators checked their flight plans together and the aircraft were air tested before being sealed by officials of the Royal Aero Club.

It was with mixed feelings that I heard on the eve of our departure that I was actually to take part in the race. Squadron Leader Press, the captain of Canberra No. 2, unfortunately caught a severe cold the day before the start of the race and so had to drop out. I considered myself very lucky to be given the chance to compete, but felt sorry for Squadron Leader Press, who had put so much work into the preparation of the aircraft and into the training programme.

In Flight Lieutenant Harper, who was to have flown with Squadron Leader Press, I had a very experienced and capable navigator, and we immediately went over the details of the flight in readiness for the take-off. That evening, still feeling rather dazed at my good fortune, I had to take part in a television programme featuring the Air Race. Shortly afterwards I returned to Uxbridge and, taking the sleeping pills which we had been given, retired to bed. The next day, having packed our bags and stored them in the aircraft, we had our final briefings. We were then inspected standing by our aircraft, by the Duke of Gloucester. Before dressing up ready for taxi-ing to the take-off position, I had a final word with my parents who had come to see me off, and collected flasks of hot coffee which were to sustain me on the first leg.

The Race

We took off at dusk on 8th October and I immediately swung the aircraft on course for Shaibah, our first stopping point, trying not to think of our terminal forecast of fog. With the radio compass being almost our sole aid on this leg, we were unlucky enough to suffer from serious night effect over Europe. This was doubly unfortunate, as, coupled with the difficulty of fixing our position, there was a wind change which drifted us south of track and thereby lost us a few minutes. On landing at Shaibah, thankful that the fog had not materialized, we realized that we had lost time and were therefore impatient to start off on the next leg. After stopping the engines, the aircraft was quickly refuelled, but when starting up again eight minutes later the safety disc on the starboard engine turbo-starter blew out. Normally it is rectified in a few minutes, but this time the

entire turbo-starter had to be changed. Naturally we were very despondent, especially as we heard the other two aircraft take off while we were waiting.

Distance : London—Shaibah—2,900 s.m.

Time : 5 hrs. 25 mins. Average speed, 535 m.p.h.

Time on ground : 71 minutes.

Taking off on the second leg, and now almost 400 miles behind the others, I coaxed the maximum possible speed out of the aircraft. Owing to contrary winds, however, this did not make an appreciable difference in our ground speed. My navigator informed me that on take-off our average speed from London Airport to Shaibah had dropped to 440 m.p.h. When dawn broke, we were leaving the Persian Gulf and I could distantly hear the other aircraft ahead of me talking to the Washington aircraft which was acting as V.H.F. link to the shore. Eventually I saw the coast of India loom up ahead and soon afterwards started my let-down through the clouds of the inter-tropical front into Negombo.

Soon after shutting down my engines I was told to my horror that because of a brake fault at Shaibah our starboard wheel would have to be changed. Despite this the ground crew did a wonderful job, and we were soon in the air again, having lost yet another 10-15 minutes.

Distance : Shaibah—Negombo—2,640 s.m.

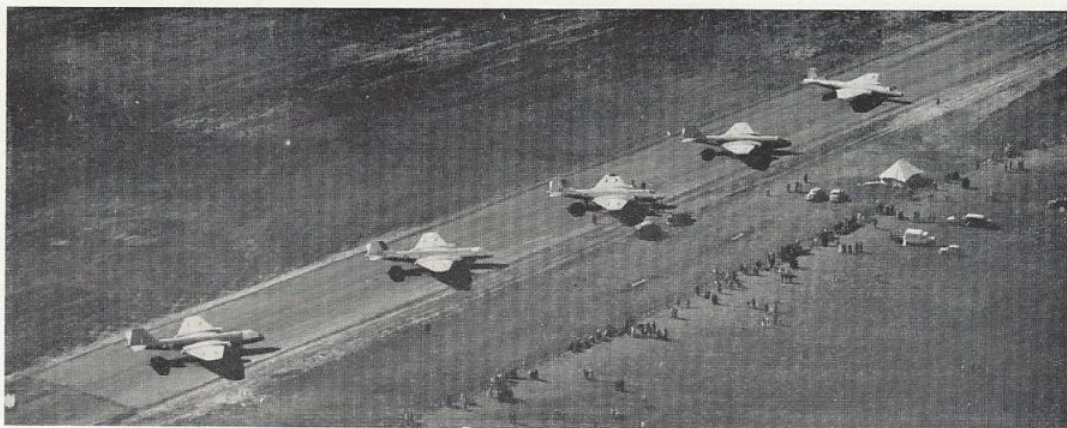
Time : 4 hrs. 54 mins. Average speed, 540 m.p.h.

Time on ground : 26 minutes.

The next leg to the Cocos Islands was a short one; we were able to fly at a high Mach number and at a fairly low altitude to take advantage of the increase in air temperature. Once again, head winds prevented our ground speed from increasing appreciably. We encountered the usual cloud formation at the Equator, but, although apprehensive (following our experience on the training flight), continued through and later saw the Cocos Islands below.

We landed down-wind as briefed and as I was braking I saw Wing Commander Cummings's aircraft, the first Australian entry, at the side of the runway with a burst tyre. Not realizing at this time that this meant we should now be at least fourth, I taxied to the refuelling position. In an incredibly short time we were refuelled and trundling down the runway again on our take-off run.

Distance : Negombo—Cocos Islands—1,780 s.m.



A line up of the five Canberras in the Speed Section of the England—New Zealand Air Race at Harewood Airport, Christchurch. This photograph was taken after the arrival of the aircraft piloted by Wing Commander Cummings on 12th October

Time : 3 hrs. 17 mins. Average speed, 540 m.p.h.

Time on ground : 12 minutes.

The next leg was also a short one and, aided by a slight tail wind, I expected to improve my average speed considerably. Soon after taking off I could hear that Wing Commander Hodges (who had over-flown the Cocos Islands in his P.R.7) was now leading the field but having trouble with his electrical generators. Flight Lieutenant Burton was now about three-quarters of an hour in front of me, but there was no news of Squadron Leader Raw, the other Australian. About an hour before arriving at Perth, it began to get dark again. This was the beginning of the second night without sleep, and I naturally felt tired. However, a flask of hot black coffee and some caffeine tablets refreshed me and we landed at Perth soon afterwards.

On reaching the refuelling position I found Wing Commander Hodges still there and having serious trouble with his generators. This could put us in third place, and, although it was hard luck on the Wing Commander, I felt that after all we were now well in the running. Once again we were refuelled very quickly, but when I started to taxi away to the take-off position the taxi track lights were not on, and, since I did not know the airfield, I had to grope my way along very slowly. Eventually I took off down wind on the runway in use.

Distance : Cocos Islands—Perth—1,840 s.m.

Time : 3 hrs. 7 mins. Average speed, 588 m.p.h.

Time on ground : 14 minutes.

Perth was our last stop before Christchurch and, about an hour and a quarter after sunset, we took off on what we knew to be the longest leg of the route. A reliable forecast for our destination was not available, so the flight was planned to leave an adequate fuel reserve should bad weather necessitate a diversion.

On all of the previous legs we had flown a great circle track, but for this stage we chose a rhumb line track to use the west-east jet stream which is normally encountered over the Great Australian Bight at that time of the year. This plan kept us near the Australian coast. Thus we passed over Melbourne instead of Tasmania on our way to New Zealand. The jet stream was a disappointment, for, although on the previous day the winds had reached 120 m.p.h., our tail wind dropped to 90 m.p.h. for the first few hundred miles and then decreased still further.

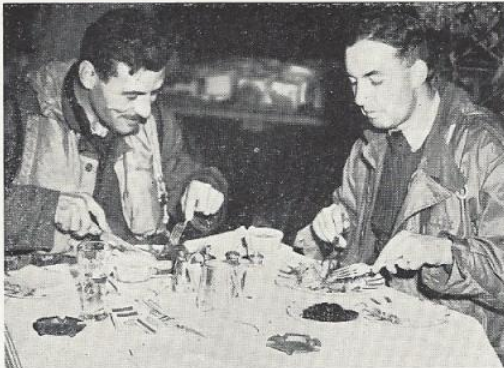
During the flight we chatted with radio stations on the south Australian coast who told us of Squadron Leader Raw's take-off time from Woomera, and from this information we calculated that he was five minutes ahead of us. The stations also passed weather forecasts for Christchurch, but these proved to be optimistic. It was not until we spoke to the aircraft carrier stationed halfway across the Tasman sea that we learnt that cloud and rain were obscuring Christchurch. On the strength of the earlier forecasts I had increased speed as far as I dared to overhaul Squadron Leader Raw, and had reduced our safe reserve at Christchurch. This left us in a critical position such that I was now forced to throttle back and fly for range. This more than offset the time gained when cruising fast earlier on.



A radio interview held immediately after arrival. Left to right: Mr Hume D. Christie (President of the Canterbury International Air Race Council), the Right Hon. Walter Nash (Leader of the Opposition), the Right Hon. Sidney G. Holland (Prime Minister), Lieutenant-General Sir Willoughby Norrie (Governor-General), Flight Lieutenant Furze

The final hour before touching down at Christchurch was an anxious one. The thought of a blind approach at a strange airfield in bad weather was not encouraging, especially after 24 hours of flying. But fortunately the effect of the caffeine tablets had not entirely worn off. To my great relief we picked up Christchurch G.C.A. who brought us safely round the hills and into the aerodrome where we landed about fifteen minutes after the original contact.

We landed in the dawn twilight and taxied off the wet runway to our dispersal. As the noise of the engines died away, I savoured for a few seconds the relief at being safely on the ground with our journey finished. Then the pressure door opened and I heard for the first time the welcome from the crowd of ten thousand who



Pilot and navigator tackling steak and eggs in the airfield restaurant at Christchurch, their first solid meal for over 30 hours. It was fitting that the steak had been cooked by infused rays in a few seconds

had stood in the pouring rain to greet our arrival. Both my navigator and I were very much moved by this reception since it was so unexpected.

We climbed out, or rather, in my case, fell out of the door into the arms of a waiting policeman. We were then introduced to Mr Hume D. Christie, President of the Air Race Committee. He bundled us into a car in which we drove along a line of cheering people. After meeting the Governor-General, the Prime Minister and the Leader of the Opposition we were taken off to a news conference. A meal of steak and eggs followed—our first hot food for 30 hours, and we relished every mouthful.

It was immediately after this meal that we learnt that we had been officially placed third in the race, Squadron Leader Raw having



Pilot and navigator being driven away from the aircraft along the front of the crowd of ten thousand people who stayed out all night in the pouring rain to witness the finish of the race

beaten us by just over 2 minutes. Tired, disappointed, but thankful, we went to bed.

After the Race

At four o'clock that afternoon a newspaper photographer burst into our room and woke us with a loud yell, thus securing an unusual photograph of two startled and sleepy competitors. Then on, for the next fortnight, our programme was filled with all manner of engagements, beginning with an official reception at Christchurch. There we were introduced to girls from all districts of New Zealand who, as Air Race Queens, looked after us for the period of our visit. This, you will agree, was a most thoughtful gesture and was typical of the hospitality which was lavished upon us so wholeheartedly whilst we were 'Down-Under.'

(Please turn to page 62)

Flying Forty Years Ago

By CHRISTOPHER DRAPER, D.S.C.

We are much indebted to Mr Christopher Draper, the veteran pilot, for the reminiscences of the very earliest days of military flying which we publish below.

Mr Draper's most recent exploit will be fresh in the minds of readers. On 5th May last he flew an Auster under the 15 bridges between Waterloo and Kew, a distance of 11½ miles.

He was born on 15th April, 1892. He secured his Royal Aero Club Certificate (No. 646) on 9th October, 1913. In January 1914 he found himself on the fifth course of the Central Flying School at Upavon, a mixed naval and military establishment of which Captain Godfrey Paine, R.N., was Commandant, Major Trenchard Assistant Commandant, and Captain J. M. Salmond one of the flying instructors. Between April 1914 and April 1918, Mr Draper was successively sub-lieutenant R.N.R., flight commander R.N.A.S., squadron commander R.N.A.S., and a major in the newly formed Royal Air Force. He is described in 'The History of British Aviation' (Vol. 2, p. 73) as 'one of the greatest pilots of Sopwith Camels in the world.' For his services he was awarded the French Croix de Guerre with Palm in 1917 and the D.S.C. in 1918. He was demobilized in April 1919.

Mr Draper saw service again in the Second World War as an officer in the R.N.V.R., reaching the rank of Lieutenant-Commander (A) in 1942. He was demobilized for the second time in September 1945.

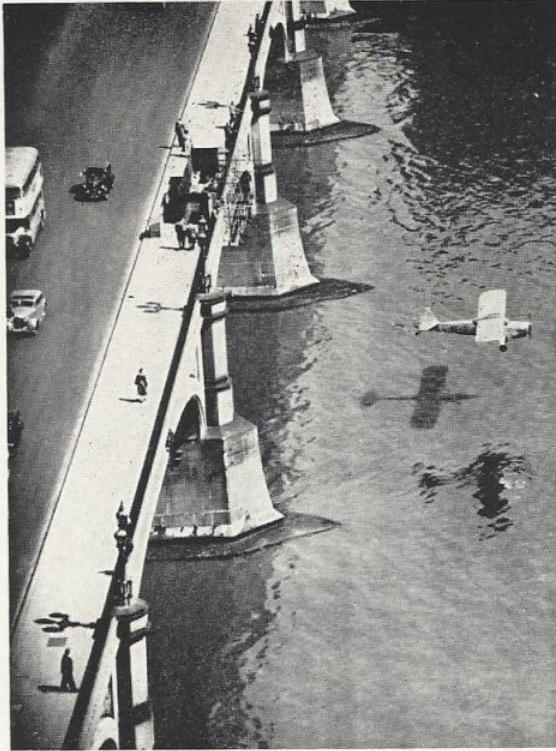
IT is just over forty years ago, in October 1913, that the Royal Aero Club granted me my certificate. In these days when the cost of everything has reached such astronomic heights, the £75 charged by all the flying schools in 1913 seems fantastic, as does the fact that it took six weeks to get in 3¼ hours' flying. The reason for this latter fact was the weather. No instruction was given except in a flat calm, when little hops *could* be made from one corner of the aerodrome to another.

Dual control was achieved by the pupil sitting close up behind the instructor, like a pillion rider on a motor-bike, and putting his right hand on the instructor's right hand, the 'joy stick' being on the right. Dual control with the rudder was impossible. Instruction in this was given on the ground with the instructor behind keeping control of the engine to ensure that the plane did not take off.

The 50 h.p. 7-cylinder Gnome engine was fed with petrol and pure castor oil through the hollow crankshaft into the crankcase, where centrifugal force carried it through a valve in the piston and out through an exhaust valve in the cylinder head. As there was no sump the

consumption of oil was almost greater than the consumption of petrol and it was flung out in all directions on to everyone and everything near. There was no throttle. The engine ran full speed or stop. The supply of petrol was controlled by a small tap on the left of the instructor, the flow being judged entirely by the sound of the engine. It was possible, however, to switch the engine on or off, 'blipping,' as we called it. This was the method used in landing or taxiing. A pulsator glass showed that the oil pump was doing its job and was the only other engine 'instrument.'

There were only two flying instruments. One was a flat plate about three inches square connected to an arm which moved up and down a scale marked 0 to 50 m.p.h. This was fixed in the middle of the outer inter-plane strut and gave a very rough idea of the speed. The other instrument was a piece of string about 24 inches long, one end of which was secured to the trailing edge of the elevator. The elevator was mounted on two pairs of outriggers about six feet in front of the pilot's head, so that the string blew back directly in his line of sight. If it moved sideways, up or down, the pilot



The 'Fifteen Bridges' Flight: 5th May, 1953.
A view from Big Ben as Mr Draper's Auster emerges
from Westminster Bridge

knew he was not flying straight. This is the only 'instrument' I have ever met which was completely infallible.

All the instruction at the Flying School at Hendon, which I attended, was given in Box-kites, but there were only three of them. One was kept specifically for week-end flying, and one was invariably out of action for one reason or another. There was only one left then for the five or six pupils. It is not perhaps surprising that it took six weeks to accumulate $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

The tests for the Royal Aero Club certificate consisted of five figures-of-eight within the boundaries of the aerodrome at a height of not less than 500 feet and two separate landings from the same height finishing within fifty yards of two Aero Club observers. As it was not possible to throttle down and landing had to be made by 'blipping,' it was not, in the true sense of the word, a glide without power. It was not many months after this that gliding down without using the engine was taught at all the schools and considered a true test of the abilities of a pilot.

Forty years later when I had occasion to requalify for a private pilot's licence, it was interesting to find 'power approach' now being taught, on the assumption, I suppose, that engine failure is the least worry, while in the early years it was a constant threat. While on this subject it is interesting to recall that from about 1916 until 1922 to stall a machine enough to stop the propeller dead, glide in and land by a given mark, became a useful practice. In the case of rotary engines it was possible to dive and restart the engine provided it was not left too late, but I never saw a stationary engine restarted. I need hardly add that there were no self-starters, so the manoeuvre was quite thrilling, but it was *not*, repeat *not*, general practice.

A word or two about aerobatics. Looping had started before the 1914 war but was only carried out in aircraft which had been specially strengthened by extra bracing-wires. It was not until about the middle of 1915 that the machines I was flying in the Naval Air Service were considered strong enough without any modifications. These were mostly tractor biplanes of quite robust construction—anyhow looking adequately robust, for one's technical knowledge was pretty hopeless.

What we did not know and could not fathom at the time was the terrific gyroscopic effect of 80, 100 or 150 h.p. rotary engines, which required entirely different movements of the control for left and right hand rolls and spins. After the first loops carried out in fear and trembling at a completely deserted aerodrome at Montrose in 1915 (in a Bristol biplane with an 80 h.p. Gnome rotary engine) the flying wires, as opposed to the landing wires, were so stretched that the wing tips could be moved up and down nearly six inches.



Pemberton-Billing single-seater pusher Scout
with 50 h.p. Gnome engine

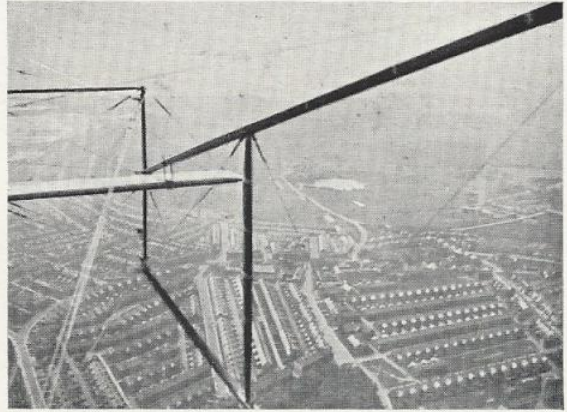
About a year later rumours about spinning got around. I first saw one carried out by a Frenchman in a Nieuport biplane over an aerodrome near Paris. There was much speculation about how it was done. Everyone agreed that the first necessity was to stall. Once again trial and error was the only way to find out.

Two experiences stand out as rather unusual. The first was during the First World War and was actually the first time I flew over enemy territory, in a Sopwith 1½ - strutter 2 - seater biplane, with a 110 h.p. Clerget rotary engine. Both landing wires were cut by bullets from an enemy aircraft after landing. And as soon as the air pressure under the wings ceased, the wings fell off.

The second happened on the last day of a flying exhibition in Holland in 1919, in front of 90,000 spectators, in a tiny BAT Bantam biplane, 125 h.p. A.B.C. radial engine. Exactly at the top of a rather low loop the crankshaft broke immediately behind the propeller boss. Luckily I was in the right position to complete the loop and land in the middle of the aerodrome minus the prop. It is possible that the spectators did not realize what had happened or thought it was just part of the show. It was certainly some moments before the pilot realized what had happened: the engine nearly raced itself out of the machine. What I never understood was why the propeller came back, taking a chunk out of the top port wing.

In both these experiences youth and ignorance were a great asset, but of the two the after-effects of the first were worse.

A four-months' spell at a seaplane station on the Tay showed up some of the early struggles with underpowered seaplanes. By contrast with the days at Hendon when we could not fly if there was any wind, at Dundee we could not fly unless there *was* some wind. Neither the

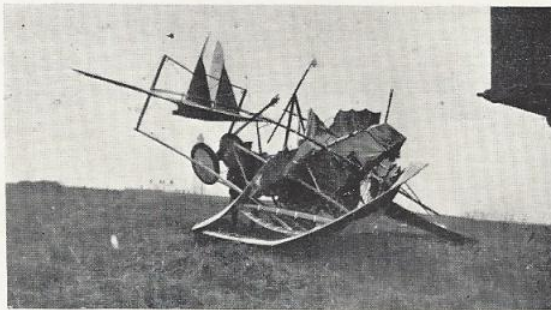


A seemingly far from secure view of the earth from a Caudron biplane

Avro Seaplane, with a 150 h.p. Sunbeam engine, nor the Sopwith, with a 200 h.p. engine, would take off unless there was enough wind to help lift the machine on to the step of the floats. In my logbook there are many entries: 'Failed to get off.' Another headache was overheating. Tearing all over the Firth of Tay looking for 'catpaws' soon caused the watercooled engines to boil, but, once off, flying in these seaplanes over the wide open spaces of the Firth was quite the most pleasant form of flying imaginable. Also it was good fun to fly back and forth through one of the 29 arches of the Tay Bridge. (It may have been this that gave me a taste for 'bridges'.)

Of the 'freaks' I came across, a quadroplane designed and built by Armstrong Whitworth at Newcastle - on - Tyne was interesting (though the designer would not like it called freak). At the time, 1916, the great cry from the pilots in the single-seater fighters in France was for visibility. Both the Germans and ourselves had introduced the triplane. This gave the same wing area but with a much reduced chord and consequently better visibility, but there was still that blind spot which caused so many casualties. Koolhoven, A.W.'s designer, thought he could go one better with the quadroplane. It had exactly the same performance as the Sopwith triplane, but being more complicated and costly to build was never adopted, though I carried out quite a number of tests with it for the Admiralty.

Another curious aircraft was a French Nieuport triplane in which the top plane had a backward stagger from the middle plane. This again was another attempt to give increased visibility. Even more curious was the fabric with which



A Caudron comes to a bad end. This batlike tractor biplane was powered by an 80 h.p. Gnome rotary engine



Anxious Moment—a picture of Mr Draper taken at Broxbourne immediately before take-off on 5th May, 1953

the whole machine was covered. This was a kind of net of very fine mesh stretched tightly over wings and fuselage then doped with a transparent fluid. The idea of this was to make the machine as *invisible* as possible; theoretically sound, but in practice useless. The Navy

had one of these machines at Dunkerque and when I was with No. 8 Naval Squadron in 1917-18 I carried out a number of tests at 1500 feet only to learn that it could be seen as easily as any other, if not more easily.

By the middle of 1917 every form of aerobatics had become commonplace, but a few of us tried hard to think up something new. One particularly naughty incident, ending up in a crash, nearly got me court-martialled. I was trying to see if it was possible to touch the water with the wheels. It was. On the second attempt, however, the water seemed to hold on to the wheels and pull the machine in. It should have turned over, but it sank right side up. My passenger and I had to wade ashore in only three or four feet of water. What was the wrong side up was my captain, who, unknown to me, had witnessed the whole affair. So I was on the mat and had to give my reasons in writing.

In conclusion, a story which emphasizes the need for cockpit drill might interest. It occurred during the last war and I was a material witness. A certain assistant flying control officer with thousands of hours' flying was persuaded to try his hand in a Hurricane, which he had never flown before. He enjoyed two or three local flights and a fortnight later he went up again. On this occasion he took a more recent machine and when it was time to lower the undercarriage he found he could not move the selector lever into the down position. The design of this lever was different, needing to be raised to pass it through the gate, whereas in the older model the lever had a fore-and-aft movement. He flew around for nearly three-quarters of an hour in a perfect sweat, realizing it meant a belly landing. It was only a practice machine for local flying and had no intercom. At the last moment, and entirely by chance, he got the lever over and the undercarriage down. Commander Flying told him later that if he had made a belly landing he would have court-martialled him. It occurred at a large and important naval air station where such an error by Commander F.'s assistant simply could not happen.

ABOUT THIS ISSUE

Readers will doubtless notice several changes in layout and typography in this issue of the 'Journal.' The Editorial Committee hopes that these changes, which have been made after exhaustive experiment and enquiry, will make the 'Journal' easier and pleasanter to read. It was the original intention of the Committee to complete the process of revision by this issue, the first of Volume XXVI, but this has not proved possible.

It will be appreciated that the Committee, in considering the problems of layout and typography, has been careful to take full account of the urgent need to make available more space for contributions of all sorts while at the same time improving production standards and reducing costs.

Suggestions and constructive criticism from 'Journal' readers are welcomed by the Committee. These should be sent, in the case of officers and readers outside Cranwell, to the Managing Editor and, in the case of flight cadets and cadets, to entry representatives, a list of whose names appears at the foot of page 87 of this issue.

Aldershot : Cradle of Military Aviation in Britain

By LIEUTENANT-COLONEL HOWARD N. COLE, O.B.E., T.D., F.R.Hist.S.

The author of the article below will already be known to readers as the author of 'The Story of Aldershot,' which was published in 1951 by Gale and Polden Ltd., printers of the 'Journal' since its inception. Lieutenant-Colonel Cole is at present Sales Manager of Gale and Polden Ltd. at their Wellington Press, Aldershot.

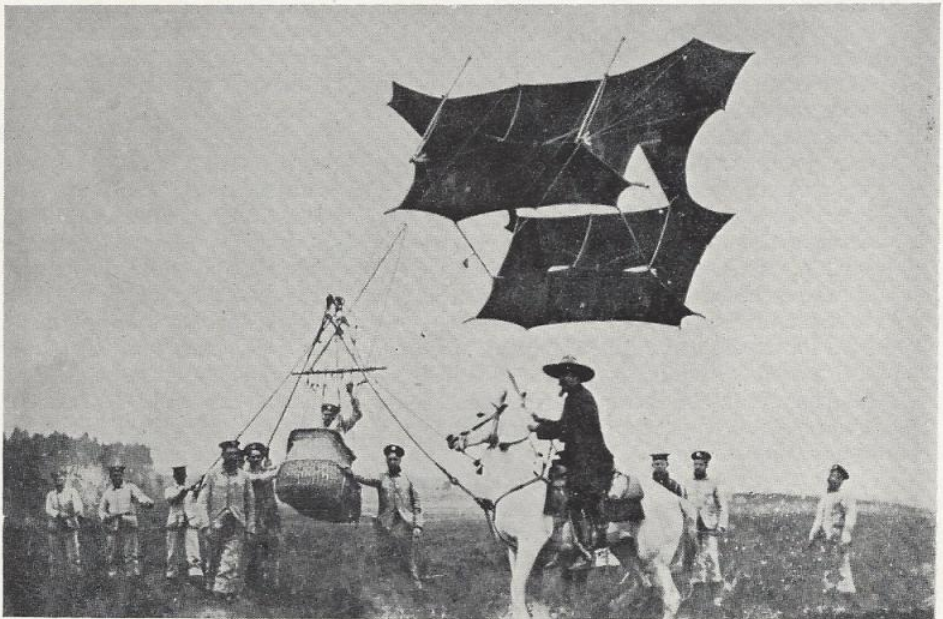
ALDERSHOT is so dominantly military in its character and traditions that its early associations with the air arm have now become obscure. The fact that its next door neighbour, Farnborough, is now known the world over for its aerodrome and as the home of the Royal Aircraft Establishment has assisted this process.

It was in July 1865 that a balloon ascent was made from the Queen's Parade by a balloonist—Henry Coxwell—who made the ascent, accompanied by Captain F. Beaumont and Lieutenant G. E. Grover of the Royal Engineers, with the object of demonstrating the use of the balloon for reconnaissance in watching the movement of troops. It has been recorded that he finally landed in the town, dislodging bricks and mortar from the housetops as the cradle and its ropes

were dragged over the roof-tops. Fifteen years later, Aldershot was the scene of the first manœuvres in which military balloons participated, and the year after the R.E. Balloon School was opened in South Camp; but over 40 years were to pass before the first aeroplane flight in Aldershot was to take place, when 'Colonel' Cody flew his biplane from Laffan's Plain.

It was at Aldershot in 1880, two years after official approval for the production of experimental balloons had been given, that military balloon training was initiated, the men and transport being drawn from the 24th Field Company R.E., and in the autumn of that year a balloon detachment took part for the first time in the annual manœuvres of the "Division at Aldershot."

'Colonel' S. F. Cody
supervises, mounted,
kite instruction
at Aldershot,
1904



(from 'Pioneer of
the Air')

In 1882 the Ballooning Establishment, which was later redesignated the School of Ballooning, was moved to Chatham, where it became part of the School of Military Engineering. Here further experiments and developments were carried out both with balloons and field equipment for maintenance and transportation. These progressed sufficiently for balloon detachments to proceed overseas in 1885 to take part in the Sudan Campaign and the Bechuanaland Expedition. In 1889 a Balloon Detachment again took part in the annual manoeuvres at Aldershot. Two years later the Balloon Section and Depot of R.E. was established in Stanhope Lines, Aldershot, just to the south of the Basingstoke Canal and to the west of the main road from Farnborough to Farnham. Here in the following year new hatted workshops were built to accommodate the Balloon Factory of the School of Ballooning which was moved to Aldershot from Chatham, and in 1897 official approval was given to the designation Balloon Factory which had to be used locally in Aldershot since 1894.

It was from Aldershot in 1899 that three Balloon Sections went out to the South African War, and another section to China during the Boxer Rising of 1900. The outcome of the operational use of balloons in South Africa led to the permanent peace establishment at Aldershot of five sections. In 1905 these sections were redesignated Companies and in the following year the man-lifting kites invented by Mr S. F. Cody were added to the field equipment of the Balloon Companies and Cody became the Chief Instructor in Kiting at the balloon factory.

The development of military ballooning and kiting called for more space and expansion of the balloon factory became necessary. In 1903 it was proposed that it should be removed from the enclosed barrack area of South Camp, Aldershot, to the wild open heathland of Farnborough Common beyond the boundaries of North Camp. Here on Farnborough and Cove Commons adjoining the expanse of Laffan's Plain and the Long Valley there would be ample room for development. The Balloon Companies R.E. moved to North Camp in 1905 and in the following year the factory was established at South Farnborough, on the common which is now the site of the R.A.E.

Aldershot's association with the air arm concluded with this move which coincided with the advent of powered flight, the airship and the aeroplane—the story of which is identified with Farnborough. Later the Balloon Companies formed the nucleus of the Air Battalion R.E.

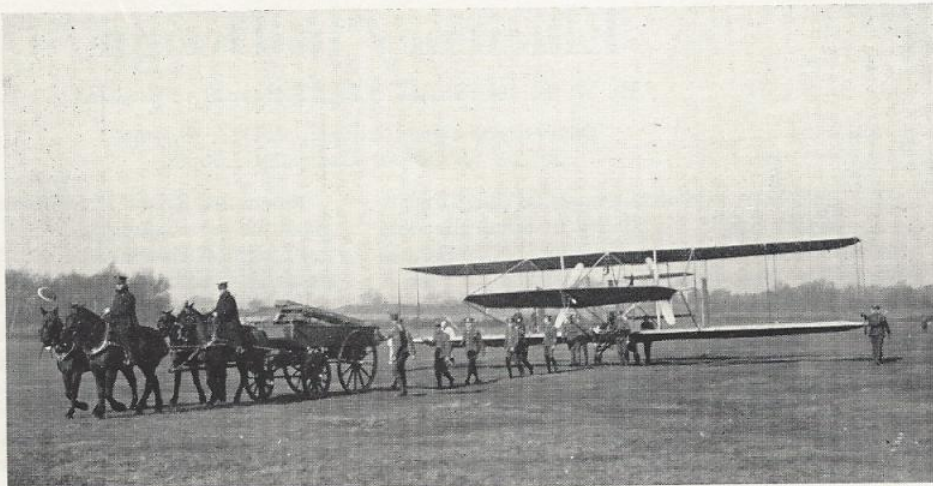
which, in turn, was swallowed up into the Royal Flying Corps formed in May 1912.*

It was in 1907 that the period of airship development commenced. It was in that year that the first airship possessed by the British Army, the *Nulli Secundus*, designed and piloted by Colonel J. E. Capper, R.E., and S. F. Cody, took off from Farnborough aerodrome and flew over Aldershot, causing considerable interest and excitement, to London at an average speed of 16 m.p.h., the airship landing at the Crystal Palace after a 3½-hour journey.

1907 was a prominent year in the history of British aviation, for then 'Colonel' Cody had turned his attentions to the design and construction of aeroplanes. A kite of his fitted with a 12 h.p. Buchet engine made a free flight that year on Laffan's Plain. He was then allowed £50 with which to build a full-size machine; this was called 'British Army Aeroplane No. 1'. On 1st May, 1908, Cody became the first man to fly in Great Britain by flying fifty feet along a 400-yard clearing on Cove Common. On 29th September, however, he flew 75 yards, and on 5th October was airborne for 496 yards, but ended with a bad smash. After this Mr Haldane, then Secretary of State for War, told him that the War Office had decided that the aeroplane had no future, and that they would rely on airships. The remains of Cody's plane were returned to him, less the engine, but he was given permission to use Laffan's Plain for experiments at his own expense. He set to work again, rebuilt the machine, fitting it with two synchronized auxiliary front elevators. It was this same aircraft which, after alterations and modifications by Cody and his two sons, gained fourth place in the Round England Aero Race organized in 1911 by the *Daily Mail*; and he won, in 1912, the War Office prize of £4,000 for aircraft construction, and sold the machine to the Government for £2,000. Cody's activities attracted considerable attention, and he made frequent flights over Aldershot, Laffan's Plain and the Long Valley. By August 1909 he had redesigned his machine and for the first time carried passengers. On 8th September, 1909, before the Empress Eugenie, the Countess Metternich and General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien, the G.O.C. in Aldershot, he made a record flight across country over Aldershot and Farnborough lasting 63 minutes, but sightseers

* The first four squadrons of the R.F.C. sprang from the Air Battalion R.E. and the original crest of No. 4 Squadron R.A.F. bore in the centre the seven flamed grenade badge of the Royal Engineers to mark that early association.

Towing British Army
Aeroplane No. 1,
Laffan's Plain,
Aldershot,
1909



(from 'Pioneer of
the Air')

hampered the inventor, and it is recorded that only by his skilful handling of the aircraft were injuries to the spectators avoided.

Shortly after his success in the Army Aircraft Trials in September 1912, 'Colonel' Cody attended a performance at the Theatre Royal, occupying one of the boxes. At the conclusion of a topical song in which his name was mentioned, a large crowd in the audience called for a speech. Eventually Mr Cody was persuaded to step to the front of the box. He thanked the audience for their reception. In his speech he struck a serious note. He intended to go on trying, he said, to endeavour to equip machines which would be suitable in every way for war, although he did not like war; but, he continued, as soon as airmen had furthered their art he believed that they would have done something that would at least frighten people from going to war. He thought that aeroplanes would achieve this, and that was why he would not stop continuing to construct aeroplanes and teach others in the art of flying. Little did this great pioneer airman think, that night, of what the future might bring.

Samuel Cody was killed on 7th August, 1913, when his aircraft crashed whilst flying over Laffan's Plain, and he was buried in the Aldershot Military Cemetery, with full military honours; every serving man in the Royal Flying Corps, including the Naval Wing, attended the funeral. His grave bears an inscription recalling the pioneering days of aviation in Aldershot:

IN LOVING MEMORY OF
SAMUEL FRANKLIN CODY
WHO WAS KILLED WHILE FLYING
OVER LAFFAN'S PLAIN 7 AUGUST 1913

There are in Aldershot today several lasting memorials recalling the early days of military aeronautics in St. George's Garrison Church in Queens Avenue.

St. George's Church faces the large tree-lined parade ground of the R.E. Barracks where the Corps flag flies from the staff opposite the west door of the Church. Here on the verge of the parade ground stands a stone obelisk—the memorial erected to the memory of Lieutenant Reginald Archibald Cammell, of the Air Battalion, Royal Engineers, who lost his life on 17th September, 1911, 'while flying an aeroplane at Hendon.' This memorial was erected by his brother officers 'in recognition of his services to military aviation.'

Gibraltar Barracks are part of the R.E. Establishment which occupies the whole of the area bounded by Alisons Road, Queens Avenue, the Farnborough Road and the Canal. The R.E. Theatre stands in Alisons Road, near which on the wall of one of the office buildings is a small metal plaque bearing the inscription:

BALLOON SQUARE
THE SCHOOL OF BALLOONING
WHICH WAS THEN A BRANCH OF THE
ROYAL ENGINEERS
WAS FOUNDED HERE IN
1892

Note: The foregoing has been compiled from material contained in the writer's own book 'The Story of Aldershot,' published in 1951 by Gale and Polden; and references have been made to 'Pioneer of the Air—The Life and Times of Colonel S. F. Cody' by G. A. Broomfield (Gale and Polden, 1953), as well as 'History of Early British Aeronautics' by Brigadier P. W. L. Broke-Smith, C.I.E., D.S.O., O.B.E., published in 'The Royal Engineers Journal,' Vol. LXVI (1952). The book by Mr Broomfield is reviewed later in these pages.

Efficiency in Design

By A. E. RUSSELL, D.Sc., F.R.Ae.S., F.I.Ae.S.

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IT has been said that the art of the aircraft designer lies in his ability to effect the best compromise between a variety of incompatible demands. This still remains as true as ever it was, but the designer today has fewer opportunities for inspired guesswork or the exercise of a developed intuition because the growth in breadth and depth of knowledge has inevitably crystallized into firm shape so many of the elements with which he works.

A good example of this crystallizing process is the Optimum Structure Formula devised by the Bristol Aeroplane Company. This came about as a by-product of the Brabazon project, and like so many other by-products before it, is more important than the work which gave it birth. It is, indeed, of such consequence that it is being made available to the British aviation industry as a whole.

A piece of fundamental work is almost impossible of evaluation in terms of money; the Optimum Structure Formula might justifiably be considered priceless, for it puts the whole basis of aircraft structural design on a firm platform which has something of the inviolability of natural law.

When the Bristol Aeroplane Company were given the job of going ahead with the Brabazon, the technical standard of structural design was much the same as it had been for a decade or more. To some degree the phrase 'stressed-skin construction' was still an euphemism, for although the metal skin certainly did take a measure of the load, the amount was so small by comparison with that carried by the skeleton structure that the skin could not unfairly be regarded as little more than metal substitution for fabric.

The Brabazon changed this. It was realised that to build an aircraft of this size according to the (then) orthodox structural practice would result in an untenably high structure weight. A close theoretical study was thus made into structural forms, and it was accordingly decided to build the aircraft with a relatively much heavier skin in association with lighter skeletal members, so providing a more equable load distribution over unit area. This departure in structural design technique made the Brabazon thousands of pounds lighter than would have been the case had the old order of structural design been followed.



*The Brabazon
coming in to land
at Farnborough,
with Cody's Tree
in the foreground*



The Brabazon, apart from being the largest land plane ever built in Britain, surely had one of the most graceful body shapes ever designed

Arising from this preliminary investigation into structural pros and cons came the thought that there must necessarily be explicit optima in the arrangement of structural members for any particular job. This idea offered somewhat startling conclusions. If indeed it were possible to devise and establish such optima then they would become norms, and the whole basis of structural design work would change. Empiricism would largely be expunged and it would be possible to produce structures to a very close order of predicted performance.

A comprehensive analysis of structures was therefore put in train at Bristol, and it became apparent before this had progressed very far that unique curves of structural efficiency could in fact be plotted. Implicit in this discovery was the corollary that just as any given job postulated a unique structure so it at the same time postulated a unique material.

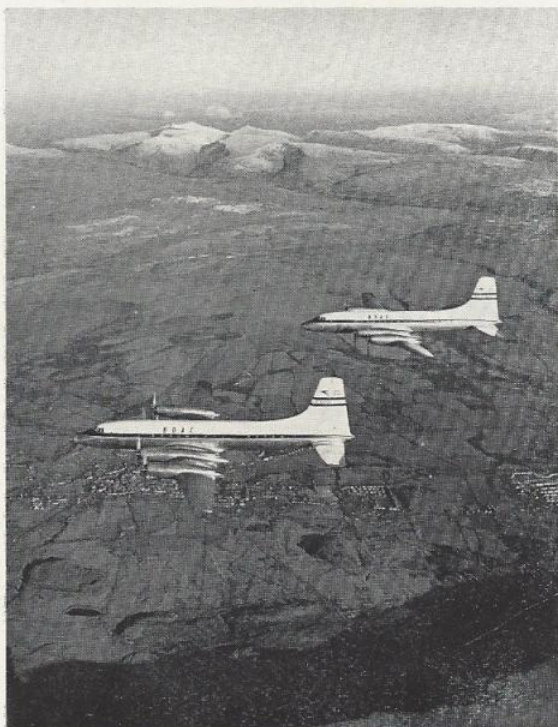
Let us consider the genesis of an aircraft for a moment and see how this new method affects the end result. It may be assumed that a requirement is stated for an aircraft capable of carrying a certain payload a certain distance at, roughly, a certain speed. The most suitable engines for an aircraft of the character required have a given fuel consumption, and this in relation to the range requirement lays down the fuel capacity which must be provided. Payload and fuel load demand a certain dimensional volume; speed is a function of the power that can be installed and the drag. A synthesis of these variables broadly defines the dimensional framework of the aircraft's size, shape and power. These in turn define the load imposed on the structure. The structural loading can be fed into the Optimum Formula as an index factor to define the material which should be used and the optimum distribu-

tion of that material in the form of skin, stringers, frames and so forth. This gives the lightest structure of the requisite strength to do the job.

It is worth emphasizing that the Optimum Formula is truly fundamental in character: the physical properties of a new material—a plastic, for example, or titanium—can be introduced into the formula, and accordingly the material thereafter appears unequivocally as the (current) optimum for particular use.

The foregoing may have tended to give the impression that the whole business of aircraft design has now become simply a rather esoteric mathematical exercise; to a greater degree than ever before this is so—but it is not wholly so. Some of the factors are incompatible, and the considerations of practical operation of the aircraft may well—indeed frequently do—necessitate a deviation from the theoretical ideal. It is in the evaluation of the several conflicting requirements, and in resolving the attendant problems, that the merit of an aircraft designer is manifest. But so far as the selection of the most efficient structure is concerned, this has now become, at Bristol at least, a direct function of the job it is required to do. To this extent, therefore, the designer's work is markedly eased.

As already stated, the Optimum Structure Formula was initiated through the Brabazon, but necessarily the results emerged only after the first prototype was completed. The prototype structure was itself a considerable advance on standard practice, but had the second prototype been completed it would have been over 6,000 lb. lighter in structure weight alone, simply by taking advantage of the Optimum Formula. The Brabazon no longer exists; the metal which was its physical entity has by now been re-smelted.



The first and second prototype Britannias flying over Wales, the second aircraft being nearer the camera

But without the advances which that historic aeroplane engendered, it is unlikely that the Britannia would have emerged as the outstandingly efficient airliner it undoubtedly is.

Structural efficiency is not the whole answer to the Britannia's quality; the power installation

is a partner bringing a large dowry to the marriage. But structurally the aircraft demonstrates the measure of advantage to be had from the Optimum Formula: the percentage structure weight is only 23.5. By comparison with the typical figure of 27 per cent, which is representative of the best classical practice in aircraft structures, the Britannia shows a weight saving of over 5,000 lb.

The weight saved by having an optimum structure is nevertheless there in lifting ability, and is thus available for absorption as an increase in payload and/or fuel load. This accounts for the Britannia's combination of a volumetric payload of 30,000 lb. and fuel tankage for 6,800 Imp. gal. (Another element of the designer's skill is in providing the requisite stowage *volume* in the smallest and lightest structural envelope.)

The partnership of a highly efficient airframe and equally efficient engines gives the range and speed performance. The considerable range ability is as much a function of the unusually low specific consumption of the Bristol Proteus turboprop engines as it is of the large amount of fuel which can be carried. The economy of the engines and the operational flexibility which, in particular, the free-turbine type alone enjoys combine with the ability to carry very large payloads in making the Britannia a most attractive aircraft to operators.

We believe that the Britannia will be widely used by airlines all over the world. It has set an entirely new standard and is the first of what may well prove to be a new breed of aircraft. Both in the intangible value of prestige and in the hard realistic terms of financial value, it is hoped that the Britannia will serve Britain well.



Interior views of Britannia fuselage. Left: Looking forward to the pressure dome incorporating windscreen. The large ellipse ports are escape hatches. Right: The rear portion of the fuselage showing pressure diaphragm, close stringer formation and seat anchorage rails embodied in floor gridwork

EACH spring, as April approaches, and my soccer-playing days become more and more limited, I look back with pleasure to my one intervention in continental soccer. And as I grow older, I realize that I have done something for England's name, perhaps of more value than my endeavours to cement Anglo-American relations during the war by improving coco-cola with duty-free gin.

The scene was Interlaken in April 1938. I was seventeen, and one of a small band of school-boys on a spring visit abroad, for such visits were cheap enough in those days. We climbed mountains, with or without the aid of a tooth-rack railway, photographed the Jungfrau, developed a taste for cigars, and some even for French cigarettes, drank beer at lunchtime and Cointreau or Grand Marnier with our evening coffee. In between mountain climbing and browsing over the Tauchnitz editions in

the bookshops, a few of us adjourned to the football ground behind the hotel and kicked a ball about. We had a good school side that year, being beaten only once in nearly thirty games over the two terms, and most of the party were looking forward to the Grand Easter Monday attraction, F.C. Interlaken v. F.C. Basel.

On the Sunday night our liqueurs were interrupted by an important-looking deputation, ushered in with due solemnity by the proprietor. We had already discovered that our German as learnt at school did not quite tally with the local variety, but with the aid of the languages master we managed to disentangle a few jingle-like phrases—bobsleigh accident—very serious—five footballers in hospital—holiday time—very difficult—watched you practise—deeply honoured—three players for 2nd XI—centre forward, inside forward, half back. We could provide school 1st XI players for all these positions, and rather diffidently we consented to play, with myself in my usual position of centre forward. The deputation split their sideburns with smiles and whipped over a sheaf of papers—formality—sign please—club form—insurance for injury. At this latter request, the chosen victims regarded each other with alarm, but the rest of our party, who had now sided with the deputation, assured us that it would be child's play, and that the honour of England

THE BASEL BOYS

The Sporting Side of Pre-War Europe

was at stake. Someone appointed himself trainer, ordered us to bed at ten o'clock, and thoughtfully appropriated my Grand Marnier.

The two matches were played consecutively on the same ground, and the crowd, who seemed to be the entire male population of Interlaken, paid 85 cents admission for the two

games. The 1st XI game, which the victims did not see, ended in a draw of two goals each, and it was left to the 2nd XI to fight for honours. The two masters with us on this tour were both soccer coaches at the school, one of them still a leading light in the Isthmian League, and on our arrival at the ground they assured us that we were quite capable of doing well in this class of football. What they did not choose to tell us at that precise moment was that the first match revealed a deadly rivalry between the two clubs.

Basel pressed strongly for the first ten minutes and scrambled a goal soon after the start. It soon became evident that our side was not combining well, and that the prevalent idea was to get the ball in your own penalty area, dribble the entire length of the field, beating eleven men three times each if possible and walk the ball into the net. This proved to be rather difficult in practice, and we got nowhere very fast. During this time I touched the ball twice, each time passing to the right winger, who after doing an imitation Stanley Matthews, rather spoilt the initial effect by working himself into the middle of five of the enemy, and losing the ball.

At the end of fifteen minutes, the school half back cleared from our penalty area with a hefty kick, Charles, the school inside left, collected it, moved up and gave me a long pass down the centre. It was a little too hard, and the goal-

Flight Lieutenant R. E. Ladbrook, of the College tutorial staff, contributes the account printed here of an unusual game of Association football in which he found himself playing, quite unexpectedly, for a continental side.

keeper advanced to the edge of the penalty area to take it. As he did so, I cannoned into him, and we both went flying. In 1938 English and continental rules about goalkeeper protection differed considerably and I was unaware that I had committed an offence. A free kick was given, and the goalkeeper scowled darkly at me and retired to his goal. Ten minutes later the manœuvre was repeated, and this time the goalkeeper was an easy first. As he kicked clear, I half-heartedly put up a foot to block the kick, and was immediately blown up for a foul. The goalkeeper, muttering in what I took to be low German, retired goalwards again, obviously with something on his mind.

Interlaken eventually broke away from their own half, and some rather scrappy play led to a goalmouth scrimmage. The Basel goalkeeper came out, took the ball neatly, and bouncing it twice advanced past me, lashing out a vicious kick at my shin as he did so. Luckily a shin pad took the full force of the impact but I was momentarily crippled. The next few minutes compared favourably with a monkey house at the zoo on a bank holiday; everyone screamed at each other in German, the referee being the loudest of the lot, but even he could scarcely make himself heard above the yells of the crowd. Then the goalkeeper who had hardly taken his eyes off me the whole time began to take off his jersey. As he was in the heavyweight class, I vaguely wondered how long I would last out by fair means, and what other methods it would be advisable to employ. At this point, my friends on the touchline, quickly appreciating the advantages of a classical education, formed a close phalanx, and started to move goalwards for a rescue, two sentries being posted to keep the gate open for a getaway. It proved to be unnecessary; the goalkeeper had been sent off; one of the Basel Boys took the jersey, and our captain scored from a penalty kick with a feeble, but well placed shot.

At half time the score was one all, and our coaches talked to us seriously. We were told to play among ourselves if possible and to shoot at every opportunity. I kicked off, gave the ball to Charles at inside left, who drew a Basel Boy and slipped it back. One more criss-cross movement and the ball was rolling gently in front

of me with the goal about thirty-five yards away. I shot on the run, and the ball sailed into the top left hand corner of the net. There was a moment's silence, and then the surrounding hills echoed with frenzied applause. I discovered later that the crowd had never seen a goal scored from more than ten yards before. Two minutes later Charles had a go from the same distance and scored with a beauty. Thereafter we had a marvellous time, keeping the ball to ourselves, occasionally enlisting the aid of the right winger who now seemed more disposed to let us have the ball back. The only incident of the second half was when Charles, who was nearly six feet in height even at this time, grazed the stomach of a rather stunted opponent with his knee. This Basel Boy, who looked a typical Third Division old hand, insisted on pulling down three pairs of shorts and showing the alleged bruise, much to the disgust of Charles who was a well-meaning young lad before he joined the R.A.F. But by this time the crowd were well on our side, and the referee knew when he was well off and waved the little man away. We went on shooting whenever possible to the accompaniment of large ooohs from the crowd, sighing away to a-aahs if the ball went the wrong side of the posts. Towards the end they were chanting deliriously, 'Der Engländer, Der Engländer' each time one of us got the ball. We beat the Basel Boys by seven goals to one; I collected four and Charles two, and we were chaired back to the hotel by the delighted supporters.

That evening the hotel proprietor provided free beer for the whole of our party, and the players spent a rather bibulous evening at the expense of the townfolk. On Wednesday, the local paper spoke of 'drei tüchtige Engländer.' Presents of chocolate and cigarettes continued to arrive for the rest of our stay, and before we left for Paris and home, we were formally presented the Basel Boys' pendant, apparently won by our victorious side, and a framed reproduction of Interlaken and the Jungfrau, inscribed 'With Many Thanks F.C. Interlaken. April 1938.' But the tourist bureau of Interlaken was not quite perfect with its English: our pictures were entitled 'Interlaken, the notorious resort of the Bernese Oberland.' Yet, looking back over fifteen years, I am beginning to think the tourist bureau was right after all.





MATCHES AGAINST SANDHURST

Rugby

IN the fortnight before the match the Cranwell XV had put in some hard preparatory training which brought them to the match in better condition than they had been all the season. This training proved most valuable for the match as usual was a hard fought, open game and was played this year on a firm ground.

The Sandhurst pack had a marked advantage in the tight scrums but this was counterbalanced by Cranwell's quickness in the loose. In the backs Sandhurst were known to be very dangerous if the ball reached the wing but the Cranwell midfield triangle was superior and in cooperation with the loose forwards broke up the Sandhurst attacks before they had time to develop. The feature of the match as always was the keenness of marking and tackling by both sides and no little chance was given for combined back play to develop, two of the Cranwell tries coming from opportunism when the defending backs fumbled. Although it was not Rugby at its most skilful, and as in the University match the keenness is sometimes too much for good football, it was a spirited and exciting game enjoyed by spectators as much as by players.

The Sandhurst team came to the match with a good record whilst Cranwell's form had been erratic and the team had had difficulty in striking an effective combination because of frequent injuries.

From Cranwell's point of view the match was played according to plan though it was by no means certain before the game that Sandhurst would allow it. The orders were to score as many points as possible in the first twenty minutes and these orders were obeyed to the letter, all the Cranwell scoring being done in the first sixteen minutes giving a winning margin. The first score after five minutes came when Sandhurst obtained the ball from a scrum in their own half. The Cranwell fly half, Cohu, was very quickly on to his opposite number and gathered the ball when it was fumbled. He made ground and passed to Carse who scored far out on the right.

The second score, five minutes later, was a copy-book try. A Sandhurst centre was tackled just inside his own '25.' The Cranwell forwards, up more quickly than their opponents, gave the backs a quick heel. Cohu went left and with each threequarter drawing his man Kelly on the left wing was unmarked and made no mistake with the touchdown. His 'Springbok' type dive for the line

finished in classic style a movement which brought home the value of a quick heel from the loose in a game where the marking is too close to allow a breakthrough from an orthodox movement.

Sixteen minutes after the start of play Cranwell scored again, this time through Briggs the left centre. There was a loose maul on the halfway line. Sandhurst heeled but the ball went loose allowing Carter, the open side wing forward, to kick it past the Sandhurst halves. Briggs was quickly there and changing the direction of the dribble scored about a foot from the left-hand post. He made no mistake with the conversion.

At half time the score stood at 11—0.

For the first part of the second half it was all Sandhurst. The fly half and full back had changed places and a well placed diagonal kick by the new half sent their speedy left wing in. The conversion made the score 11—5. Twice more Sandhurst used the diagonal kick and looked dangerous each time. Had these tactics been continued they must have scored again. But the Cranwell forwards began to get more of the ball and Cohu with good kicking rested his pack and worked his way up the touchline. For the last ten minutes Cranwell pressed but only once looked like scoring. No side came with the ball in the Sandhurst half.

This victory makes the score 4—3 to Cranwell in the post-war series.

B. N. C.

Cross-Country

The cross-country team took the field against Sandhurst with a very strong determination to win. The boxing, shooting, squash and fencing had all been won by our visitors and the College had yet to notch its first victory of the week-end. Our team was an experienced one and had reached, under De'Ath's able captaincy, its peak at the right time. At the start it was Sandhurst who took the lead and only Jennings of the College team was in the first nine. As the runners approached Byard's Leap, however, it became evident that the College were running to a carefully laid plan, and were packing together in twos and threes. Jennings was out in front with Chiswell, the Sandhurst captain, and these two stayed out in front for the whole race. De'Ath, Poyser and Goldring had moved up as a pack and filled the 6th, 7th and 8th positions.

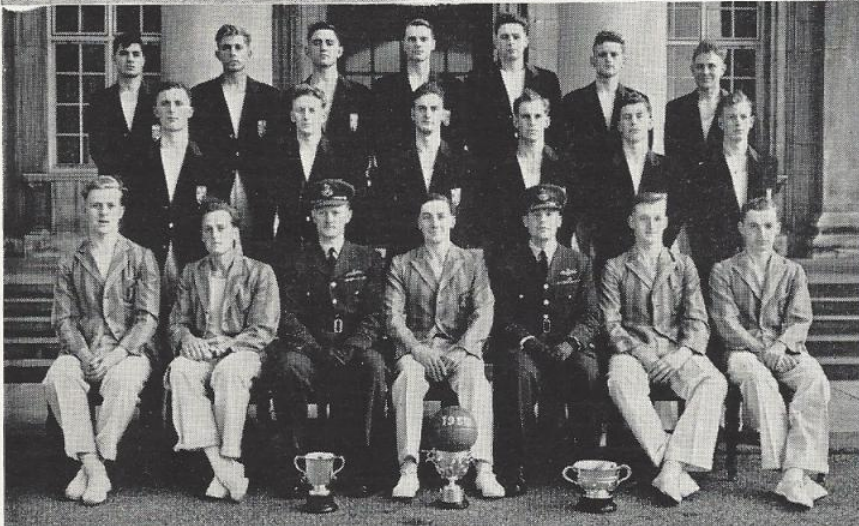
As the race progressed the College showed that they had a real chance of winning. At the top of the hill it was still Jennings and Chiswell in the lead. Poyser, De'Ath and Goldring were still in a bunch and filled



SHOOTING

Standing: Cdt D. M. Taylor, Cdt C. H. Salwey, Flt Cdt P. H. Stanning, Flt Cdt D. J. Burrage, Mr F. J. Collins, M.M. (Coach).

Seated: Flt Cdt R. A. A. Gale, Flt Cdt D. McIntyre, Snr Flt Cdt R. C. Gilpin (Captain), Sqn Ldr P. E. H. Thomas, A.F.C., Flt Cdt T. S. B. Boyce (Adjutant), Flt Cdt J. Wallingford, Cdt P. G. Biddiscombe.



SWIMMING

Back Row: Flt Cdt J. F. Vella, Cdt D. T. F. Ozanne, Flt Cdt D. R. B. Johnson, Flt Cdt C. J. Miller, Cdt M. J. M. Harvey, Flt Cdt J. C. Miller, Cdt M. Farmer.

Centre Row: Cdt S. T. Newington, Flt Cdt D. D. Vickers, Flt Cdt A. Salter, Flt Cdt G. X. E. McLeod, Flt Cdt H. G. Hainstock, Flt Cdt P. H. Stanning.

Front Row: Cdt M. J. H. Walker, Flt Cdt I. R. Martin, Flt Lt J. Severn, Flt Cdt J. A. Tucker (Captain), Flt Lt H. D. Hall, Flt Cdt J. R. Whittam, Flt Cdt T. W. M. Scroggs.



ROWING

Rear Row: Cdt B. W. Schooling, Flt Cdt B. C. Letchford, Flt Cdt J. Bredenkamp, Cdt P. F. Hunwick, Flt Cdt M. A. Noble.

Centre Row: Flt Cdt P. D. Penford, Cdt A. J. S. Whittaker, Flt Cdt P. H. Champniss (Captain), Flt Lt. L. G. Ludgate, Flt Cdt R. B. Gubbins, Flt Cdt C. A. Herbert, Cdt A. L. Eley.

Front Row: Flt Cdt D. L. Parsons, Flt Cdt M. J. Allistone, Flt Cdt F. A. Mallett.

the 4th, 5th and 6th positions. The support at this point was tremendous and every possible form of transport seemed to have been commandeered to bring supporters out. The most vivid memory was that of flight cadets half falling out of their cars in their efforts to spur the College team on. The mechanized procession was again in evidence along the Sleaford-Newark road. It was here that the College runners really opened out. Although still shoulder to shoulder with Chiswell, Jennings looked by far the fitter of the two. Poyser was slightly ahead of De'Ath and Goldring, but all three were in front of the second Sandhurst man. Further back Barnard and Griffiths were coming up fast. The race now became a test of stamina as the runners slogged over three-quarters of a mile of ploughed fields. Eventually they reached the Roman road and then down the hill and up on to the playing fields.

Here Jennings shot away from Chiswell, who was so tired that he could offer no challenge. Jennings strode in a magnificent winner, his time for the 7-mile course being 34 min. 11 sec. Chiswell was a tired but gallant second and then three blue but mud-bespattered shirts appeared over the top of the hill. Poyser was the first of these and a quarter of a minute behind him and three-quarters of a minute behind Jennings came De'Ath and Goldring. Barnard and Griffiths both ran exceptionally well to fill the 7th and 10th positions respectively and the match was won.

For the first time in history the College had defeated Sandhurst at cross-country running. It was a great victory by 49 points to 30, and was the result of much hard training and a great determination to win. Teamwork was the keynote, and the victory was a reflection on the enthusiasm and energy of the captain. It was most noticeable how both he and Griffiths stopped to help other members of the team who had had the misfortune to become entangled in a barbed-wire fence. The support of the College was first class and it undoubtedly had a great effect on the runners. Perhaps the most lasting impression, however, is of the Assistant Commandant who miraculously appeared around every corner, roaring encouragement and at the same time providing incentive with the sharp end of his shooting stick. It was a most enjoyable afternoon, the only regret being that our visitors who had given us such a gruelling race had to return to Sandhurst the same evening.

R. A. C. G.

Boxing

After losing the shield for two years running R.M.A. Sandhurst were all out to recapture it this season. Cranwell, on the other hand, were quietly confident—and not without reason—of completing the hat-trick.

The contest took place at Cranwell on the evening of 4th December, before a crowd of about three hundred spectators.

A new set of conditions had been laid down by the Commandants of the two Colleges. There were to be eleven bouts ranging from bantam weight to light heavy weight.

The teams were:

<i>Sandhurst</i>	v.	<i>Cranwell</i>
		Bantam weight
S/Cdt A. Largema		v. Flt Cdt S. M. V. Situnayake
		Feather weight
S/Cdt Y. R. M. Wijekoon		v. Flt Cdt P. W. Monteith
		Light weight
O/Cdt N. Jones		v. Snr Flt Cdt N. R. MacNicol
		Light weight
O/Cdt R. I. Ballin		v. Flt Cdt A. J. W. Whitaker
		Light welter weight
S/Cdt J. W. Sorsbie		v. Flt Cdt D. M. Papworth
		Welter weight
O/Cdt B. Cousens		v. Flt Cdt E. S. Denson
		Welter weight
O/Cdt M. A. Toomey		v. Cdt A. R. Pollock
		Light middle weight
O/Cdt P. E. Anscombe		v. Flt Cdt D. A. MacArthur
		Light middle weight
O/Cdt C. Tyler		v. Cdt R. Jackman
		Middle weight
O/Cdt P. B. Redman		v. Cdt B. W. Schooling
		Light heavy weight
S/Cdt P. M. Woodford		v. Cdt A. L. Eley

The result was a win for Sandhurst by 18 points to 15, which was a surprise considering the strong team which Cranwell put forward. However, the victory was by no means as clear as the points suggest. Several of the bouts were decided in Sandhurst's favour by the smallest margin, and in particular, Monteith and Pollock came very close to victory. Without exception each bout presented the spectators with an exhibition of first-class boxing coupled with determination and spirit.

Air Marshal L. F. Pendred, A.O.C.-in-C. Flying Training Command, presented the shield to Senior Cadet Woodford, the Sandhurst captain, and gave a closing address to both teams, stressing the importance of boxing in both Services, and the need for sustained, keen competition between the two. E. S. D.

(Reports on the other matches against R.M.A. will be found under the appropriate sports sections below.)

NEW MARKINGS FOR THE PRINCE OF WALES TROPHY

A further change has been made this term in the points system for the Prince of Wales Trophy so that the three competitions of which it is composed have become of almost equal importance. If there is a tie between two squadrons the trophy is awarded to the squadron with the most first places, or failing that the

most second places and if the matter is still unsettled, to the squadron with the higher place in the Chimay Cup.

	1st	2nd	3rd
Chimay Cup	9	6	3
Ferris Drill Trophy	8	5	2
Knocker Cup	7	4	1

First XV against Singapore Club XV

Through the kindness of Wing Commander A. J. Sanders of Headquarters, Far East Air Force, we are able to print a brief report prepared by the Singapore Cricket Club on the rugby match in which the College First XV met a Cricket Club XV at Singapore in September. The College team, it will be recalled, lost 3-0.

WE would imagine that the R.A.F., Cranwell, is the first Rugby Football XV to have breakfast in Australia and play Rugby in Singapore in the afternoon of the same day.

Owing to engine trouble, these young men just had time on landing to don football kit before going on the field to meet a strong Singapore Rugby Union XV—and that was the amount of time they had to get acclimatized to the tropics.

There were two fine things to be learned from the game. Firstly, Cranwell could well have been forgiven for a tired and listless display, but they left their difficulties and travel-weariness on the touch-line and went like bullets from the start to the final whistle. Here was courage, dash and determination for us all to emulate.

Secondly, despite the deadliness of their tackling and their exuberant enthusiasm, they played in strict accord with the spirit and laws of Rugby Football. The Singapore side were quick to respond and instead of the perpetual stream of penalties which so often characterize modern Rugby games, the referee had to award a bare half-dozen throughout

the game for technical infringements.

Rugby men went home refreshed and exhilarated by hard Rugby as it should be played and if they had a

regret it was that these young men did not secure the draw or narrow victory which they deserved. Happily, the game was the thing and not the result.

College and Squadron Sports

RUGBY FOOTBALL

THE 1st XV had a disappointing record and its performances during the term did not promise well for the Sandhurst match. But on the day the team seemed to gather the spirit which it had sometimes lacked during the term and, using the skill which it always possessed but had seldom shown, won a well-earned victory.

Perhaps the after-effects of the summer tour to Australia helped to give us a discouraging start to the season for both a strong Leicestershire Trials XV and Leicester "A" beat us comfortably. Victories over Stonegate and Oundle promised better things, but three crushing defeats followed which showed up our weaknesses. The Cambridge University LX Club and Northern Command were first-class sides who were allowed to run up high scores through poor tackling and lack of spirit rather than skill.

At mid-term there was a trip to Jersey (it is hoped the forerunner of others). This made a pleasant interlude and helped our record. In the latter part of the term form was very variable. Good displays against Loughborough Vandals and the London Scottish were offset by a poor showing against Westleigh

and by slowness to get into our stride against the Royal Air Force XV and Royal Naval College Greenwich, which led to unnecessarily heavy defeats in each case. An intensive training programme on the field and in the gymnasium brought the team to the Sandhurst match determined to go hard from the start and fit enough to last the whole game. The hard work brought its reward.

The 2nd XV had a successful season playing with skill, determination and a fine team spirit. They kept an unbeaten record until the last match of term when Oakham had a comfortable victory.

The 3rd XV were unlucky to have several matches cancelled, but they showed their quality by beating the Station 2nd XV 11-8.

The inter-squadron matches were as keenly contested as usual and 'C' Squadron emerged as the champion squadron by beating both its rivals.

Our thanks go to Squadron Leaders Morris, Smith and Wilson for their help during the season and especially to Flight Lieutenant Williams for his encouragement and guidance, particularly at 0630 hours on training mornings. B. B. H.

Full colours have been awarded to: J. McLeod, K. R. Briggs, B. Carse, A. MacGregor, B. N. Carter, B. B. Heywood, F. R. Kelly, L. R. Morgan, T. R. Cohu, A. M. Chandler, J. F. H. Marriott, T. R. Morgan, P. R. Evans; H. W. J. Rigg.



R.A.F.C. v. R.M.A.
An incident
in the rugby match,
played at Cranwell,
December 1953

Half colours have been awarded to: W. E. Close; G. X. E. McLeod, G. Wallingford, M. A. Kelly, D. A. Briggs, C. Pearson, I. Bulloch, J. Dobson; N. P. May, J. H. Walker.

RESULTS

1st XV

Sep. 17	Leicester Colts	(a)	0—20	(l)
26	Leicester 'A'	...	(a) 0—14	(l)
Oct. 3	Stoneygate	...	(h) 19—0	(w)
14	Oundle	...	(a) 14—3	(w)
17	Harlequin Wanderers	(h)	0—23	(l)
21	Cambridge University LX Club	(a)	0—50	(l)
24	Jersey	...	(a) 8—6	(w)
25	Jersey	...	(a) 6—3	(w)
Nov. 4	Northern Command	(h)	0—39	(l)
7	Loughborough Vandrals	(h)	27—6	(w)
14	Westleigh	...	(h) 0—16	(l)
18	Worksop College	(a)	25—11	(w)
21	London Scottish Ext. 1st	(a)	3—11	(l)
25	Royal Air Force	(h)	3—20	(l)
28	R.N.C., Greenwich	(h)	5—17	(l)
Dec. 5	R.M.A., Sandhurst	(h)	11—5	(w)
12	Wisbech	...	(h) 25—0	(w)
Played, 17; won, 8; lost, 9; drawn, nil; points for: 146; points against: 244.				
2ND XV				
Oct. 10	Boston	...	(a) 9—8	(w)
17	Leicester University	(a)	9—8	(w)
21	Stamford School	(h)	25—0	(w)
Nov. 14	Wisbech	...	(a) 11—9	(w)
18	Worksop College	(a)	20—8	(w)
25	King's School, Grantham	(h)	22—6	(w)
Dec. 12	Oakham School	(h)	0—14	(l)
Played, 7; won, 6; lost, 1; drawn, nil; points for: 96; points against: 53.				
3RD XV				
Dec. 9	R.A.F. Cranwell 2nd	(h)	11—8	(w)

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

Matches against R.M.A.

The 1st XI soccer match between Cranwell and Sandhurst, played at Cranwell on 14th November, resulted in a creditable win for the Academy.

The College team was handicapped by the absence of their captain Crook, Whittam (goal keeper) and Reed (centre forward) owing to injuries. At half time the College were two goals down.

At the resumption of play Sandhurst scored a quick goal and ran away to a seven goal to nothing victory.

In the 2nd XI match at Sandhurst, the College team fought with great determination, but an early lead of

two goals by Sandhurst did much to spur our opponents on to win by five goals to three.

Autumn Term

The two XIs had quite a successful term considering there were only 28 players from which to choose the two teams.

One of the highlights of the term was a trip to Guernsey where Elizabeth College entertained the College. The result of the match, a draw, gives a very true indication of a hard fought game. We hope that this fixture will be the first of many more enjoyable games with Elizabeth College.

Full colours have been re-awarded to R. A. Edwards, J. R. Watts and J. Whittam. Half colours have been re-awarded to J. A. Morgan, M. A. Crook, R. W. Lord, B. J. St. Aubyn.

Half colours have been awarded to W. G. Reed, G. H. Turner, N. G. Lea, I. D. Wilkinson, P. G. Biddiscombe. N. G. L.

RESULTS

1st XI

Sep. 23	City School, Lincoln	5—4	(w)
26	Elizabeth College, Guernsey	2—2	(d)
30	Lincoln Constabulary	1—0	(w)
Oct. 3	Repton	3—3	(d)
7	Loughborough College	0—5	(l)
17	Technical College Henlow	3—1	(w)
31	London University (Sidonians)	1—2	(l)
Nov. 11	Appleby-Frodingham	3—4	(l)
14	R.M.A., Sandhurst	0—7	(l)
28	Officers' Mess	5—5	(d)
Dec. 2	Lincoln Constabulary	3—8	(l)
9	College Staff	5—2	(w)
12	Technical College, Henlow	5—1	(w)
2ND XI			
Sep. 23	City School, Lincoln	1—2	(l)
Oct. 3	Repton	2—5	(l)
7	Loughborough College	0—10	(l)
Nov. 11	Appleby-Frodingham	0—3	(l)
14	R.M.A., Sandhurst	3—5	(l)
21	King Edward's School, Louth	7—2	(w)
Dec. 5	Carre's Grammar School	6—3	(w)
9	Alford School	3—8	(l)

BOXING

The College Boxing team had three fixtures in the Christmas term. They drew with Belsize Boxing Club at Cranwell. The R.A.F. Officers' team were beaten, also at home. However, at the end of the season, the College was beaten by R.M.A. Sandhurst. Matches against Birmingham and London Universities and Loughborough College had to be cancelled.

The team consisted of MacNicol



MacNicol deflecting a hard right from his opponent during his bout in the match against R.M.A.

(captain), Denson, Whitaker (vice-captain), MacArthur, Papworth, Monteith, Situnayake, Eley, Forbes, Schooling, Jackman, and Pollock.

Inter-Squadron Competition

Making a fair draw for the inter-squadron competition was difficult this year since three squadrons, not four, were available. The problem was solved by giving each squadron three byes into the finals. 'C' Squadron emerged victorious closely followed by 'A' Squadron. The contest really revolved around these two, 'B' Squadron never seeming to make any serious challenge.

'A' and 'C' Squadrons were neck and neck until the final three bouts when 'C' drew ahead to win the cup.

A. J. W. W.

FENCING

Once again we started another term's fencing without a permanent instructor. Nevertheless, great keenness was shown by all members of the team. This undoubtedly contributed to our success against Eton College and University College, London. Our defeat by R.M.A. Sandhurst was attributable to our lack of polish in the individual fencing rather than lack of team spirit.

In the inter-squadron fencing competition, 'B' Squadron beat 'A' and 'C' Squadrons into second and third places respectively.

Full colours have been awarded to J. Bowes, M. L. Sinel, and R. A. Jackson. Half colours have been awarded to B. G. Cox, M. L. Turner, C. W. Bruce. R. A. J.

SHOOTING

During the winter term shooting was confined to .22 rifle and pistol on the indoor 25-yard range. The



BOXING

Standing: Sgt C. R. Free, Cdt B. W. Schooling, Cdt R. Jackman, Cdt A. R. Pollock, Cdt R. G. Forbes, Cdt B. F. Eley, Flt Cdt D. A. McArthur

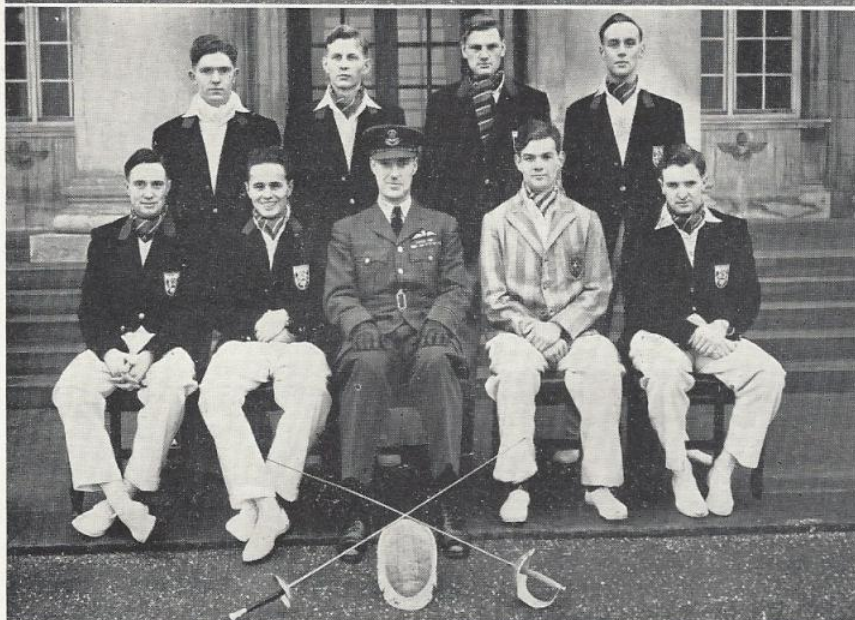
Seated: S. M. V. Situnayake, Flt Cdt A. J. W. Whitaker, Flt Cdt E. S. Denson, Sqn Ldr A. G. Roberts, M.M., Snr Flt Cdt N. R. MacNicol (captain), Flt Cdt P. M. Papworth, Flt Cdt P. W. Monteith



ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

Mr. W. F. Simpson (coach), Cdt A. L. Watson, Flt Cdt J. H. Turner, Flt Cdt I. D. Wilkinson, Flt Cdt W. D. Mullinder, Flt Cdt J. W. J. Reed

Snr Flt Cdt R. A. Edwards, U.O. J. R. Watts, Flt Cdt M. A. Crook (captain), Flt Lt J. Primrose, Flt Cdt R. W. Lord, Flt Cdt J. R. Whittam, Flt Cdt B. J. St. Aubyn



FENCING

Cdt P. Carter, Flt Cdt R. A. Jackson, U.O. R. Hoare, Flt Cdt S. S. Bruce

Flt Cdt B. G. Cox, Flt Cdt M. L. Sincl, Flt Lt L. R. P. Nelms, D.F.C., Snr Flt Cdt J. M. B. Bowes (captain), Flt Cdt G. M. Turner

standard of rifle shooting was good and high scores were obtained. However, we were knocked out in the first round of the Nobel Trophy, a postal competition amongst R.A.F. units. Of the three shoulder-to-shoulder matches, two were won against Oundle and Highgate Schools. In the third match against R.M.A. Sandhurst our opponents shot steadily to win by 24 points. Sandhurst kindly presented a cup for the winners of this annual match.

The inter-squadron competition was held on 15th November and resulted in a win for 'C' Squadron. McIntyre was the highest scorer with 195 points.

The pistol team shot seven matches for the V.J. .22 Pistol Trophy. It is pleasing to record that the team has qualified with 24 others for the second round of this inter-unit postal competition, to be shot off in the spring term. The team also practised with the .38 revolver and had a decisive win in a postal match against Oxford University. G. W.

RESULTS

.22 Rifle

Oct. 17 Oundle ... 1493—1360 (w)
Nov. 21 Highgate ... 755—734 (w)
Dec. 5 R.M.A., Sandhurst 1536—1560 (l)

Inter-Squadron .22 Rifle

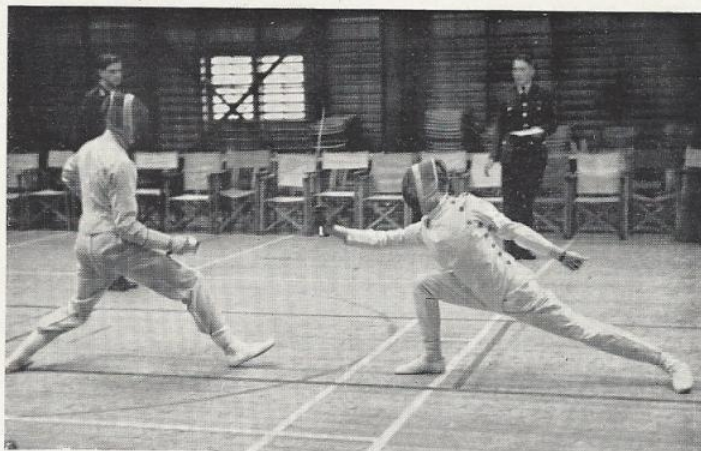
1st 'C' Squadron 762, 2nd 'B' Squadron 749, 3rd 'A' Squadron 739.

.38 Revolver

Postal Match v. Oxford University 263—249 (w)



Jennings (R.A.F.C.), who finished first, and Chiswell (R.M.A.; dark shorts) running side by side in the cross-country contest



Jackson beats his opponent's blade during his fight in the match against R.M.A.

CROSS-COUNTRY

It always takes a little time to recover from the summer leave, as the cross-country team found last September. But we had few important fixtures during the first half of the term and training was on the light side. Immediately after half term, however, we were shocked by a positive defeat ably administered by Lincoln Wellington.

This was our first defeat since the previous Sandhurst fixture of 1952, and it served to revive the team spirit. Training runs became more frequent and intensive and 12- to 14-mile stamina runs became common. With this hard work success again returned. At Birmingham, competing against the teams of Birmingham and Leicester Universities and Imperial College, London, the College gained second place and provided the individual winner in Jennings. Only Sandhurst remained and, as reported above, our confidence beforehand was only equalled by our satisfaction afterwards.

We were unfortunate to lose P. St. J. Dawe for reasons of health; he was one of our keenest members and we wish him the best of luck.

Full colours have been awarded to Jennings and Barnard, re-awarded to De'Ath (captain) and Poyser. Half colours have been awarded to Tomlin, Bond and Griffiths.

J. K. J.

HOCKEY

The main difficulty encountered during the term was the small number of regular hockey players. It was seldom possible to have more than one practice game. This meant

that although the 1st XI was of a fairly high standard, there was not very much competition for the 2nd XI.

The Royal Naval College, Greenwich, whom we played at home this year, beat us five goals to two, but the game was far more even than the score suggests, and was very enjoyable despite the inevitable half gale. The other main fixture was against the Royal Artillery at Woolwich. Here we were handicapped by the absence of two players, one of whom was our captain; both were commandeered to play soccer against Sandhurst. Despite this loss, the team played well and even though they were beaten five goals to nothing they acquitted themselves well against a very strong team.

On the whole, it was not a very successful term as far as results are concerned, but next term, with hockey as the major sport, there is every chance of more favourable results.

Half colours were awarded to C. C. Taylor.

RESULTS

Oct. 3 Brigg ... 0—1 (l)
7 Loughborough College 0—2 (l)
10 Wisbech ... 3—2 (w)
28 Queens' College, Cambridge 3—1 (w)
31 R.N.C., Greenwich ... 2—5 (l)
Nov. 7 Lincoln Imps ... 2—4 (l)

SQUASH

It was mainly a rather inexperienced squash team which tackled an ambitious list this term. Lees and Jones remained from last season and Newby, Cooper and King completed the team. Blockey and Cohu played

only one match, as other sports claimed their time.

Judging by results alone, the team was rather a poor one but, on several occasions we had to play against opponents of county standard.

Training was undertaken very conscientiously with the Sandhurst match at the end of term in view. Squadron Leader Townsend and Sergeant Catherine spent a lot of time coaching us and we are very grateful for the work they put in. Many other officers spent some of their afternoons putting us through our paces.

The Sandhurst match did not bring us the success we had hoped for and a more experienced team beat us quite easily. C. E. K.

RESULTS

Oct. 3	Nottingham		
	S.R.C.	(h) 1—4	(l)
10	Abbeydale S.R.C.	(h) 0—5	(l)
14	Pembroke College,		
	Cambridge	(a) 0—5	(l)
31	R.N.C., Green-		
	wich	(h) 1—4	(l)
31	Doncaster G.S. ...	(a) 3—2	(w)
Nov. 4	R.A.F. Upwood	(a) 2—3	(l)
7	London Uni-		
	versity	(a) 0—5	(l)
14	Bath Club	...	(a) 0—5 (l)
18	Loughborough		
	College	(a) 2—3	(l)
21	Jesters	...	(a) 0—5 (l)
Dec. 5	R.M.A., Sand-		
	hurst	(h) 0—5	(l)

INTER-SQUADRON COMPETITION FOR THE CHIMAY CUP

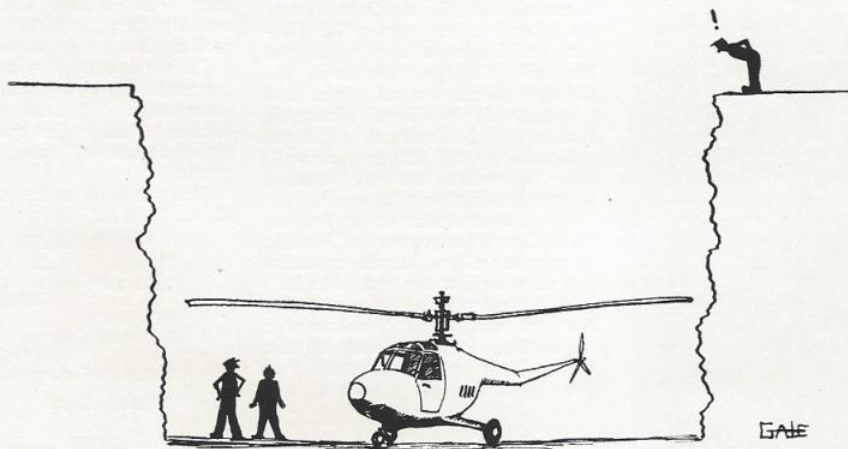
Points Scored in Autumn Term

		'A' San	'B' San	'C' San	Points Awarded		
					1st	2nd	3rd
Rugby	15	5	25	15	5	
Soccer	20	12	4	20	12	
Boxing	9	3	15	15	9	
Fencing	6	10	2	10	6	
Shooting	2	6	10	10	6	
		—	—	—			
		52	36	56			
		—	—	—			

THE SOVEREIGN'S SQUADRON

Points Scored in Autumn Term

		'A' San	'B' San	'C' San	Points Awarded		
					1st	2nd	3rd
Ferris Drill Trophy		9	3	15	15	9	
Knocker Cup	..	2	6	10	10	6	
Chimay Cup	..	15	5	25	25	15	
		—	—	—			
		26	14	50			
		—	—	—			



REVERSE PITCH I GUESS !



Activities

and

Societies



Riding

THE section had a fairly successful term, the highlight of which was the inter-squadron competition on 16th October for the Jorrocks' Trophy. The winners were 'A' Squadron (97 points), with 'B' Squadron second (96 points) and 'C' third (94 points). The day was a fine one and some time before the teams appeared spectators began to take up their positions at the western end of the North Airfield. The judges on this occasion were Colonel Hanson, Master of the Blankney, and Mrs Hanson. The afternoon opened with a team event in which the horses were put through various paces in pairs and sections. Jumping, in some cases without irons, followed in singles, pairs and sections. Colonel Hanson, summing up at the end, complimented the riders on a pretty good standard. He said that Farwell was the outstanding rider of the afternoon and also mentioned Monteith, Miller and Lees as being close competitors. Mrs Eeles kindly presented the trophy.

Members of the section were able to hunt with the Blankney and the Belvoir whose boundaries include some of the finest hunting country in Britain. It was a great disappointment to us all that, owing to the seasonal hardness of the ground, a meet at the College had to be postponed.

Early morning rides continue to be very well attended. But, generally, support is not all that it might be. We feel, not without some reason, that many more could support us from the Junior Mess and hope that the present Junior Entries will come forward when their time for decision arrives. Now is certainly the moment for preparing for the season that lies ahead.

Intending members should take heart at the words of Sir Winston Churchill who writes thus of riding in his book, *My Early Life*:

'No hour of life is lost that is spent in the saddle. Young men

have often been ruined through owning horses, or through backing horses, but never through riding them . . .'

G. M. T.

Field Shooting and Wildfowling

This season, which is now drawing to a close, has been quite successful. Several shoots have been held

CADETS' ACTIVITIES ORGANIZATION

at Barkston Heath for those who were fortunate enough to be able to afford £3 for a game licence.

As the season progressed the game became very wild, and it was difficult to get within range before they flew. But no uncertain revenge was taken on flocks of pigeons instead; about 75 were shot.

By early November the ducks, with a few geese, were beginning to come down to the Wash, but the wild-fowlers were a little unlucky to begin with. The first time they went out was one Sunday morning; at 0400 hours the car gave a last despairing wheeze and stopped just short of Sleaford. The occupants expressed their doubts about its ancestry and walked back to bed. Ironically the bag was one squashed buck rabbit which had been run over on the way out.

Nevertheless, since then several visits have been made to Frieston Shore with some success. On one day twenty wildgeon and one pochard were shot. Needless to say, a banquet was held, and chronic dyspepsia was rife among the partakers.

Gliding

The fact that Christmas was at the end of term did not make the weather any less malignant towards gliding than is normally its wont. Out of a possible 26 days we were able to fly on only ten. Even then low cloud and high wind confined us to the circuit.

Dogged still by the all-pervading grey, but by now impervious to its effects, twelve of our number left for Scharfoldendorf by Anson on Wednesday, 16th December. A combination of circumstances took its unfortunate toll *en route*. However, when we gratefully touched down at Bückenburg 3½ hours later, we reconsidered our earlier premonitions and decided that the world, far from coming to an end, had taken a turn for the better. The countryside was most impressive and our spirits were revived even more by the comfort of the mess at Scharfoldendorf (double windows and walls liberally spattered with radiators) and by our introduction to Scharf. Pimms.

The next day was a brilliant one and 34 launches, totalling 1 hour 47 minutes of gliding, were accomplished. Six of the seven newcomers to Scharf, were checked out on the Grunau after the ubiquitous Kranich had shown them the site. One of the six had not flown a glider for four years and then only 'high hops' in a Kadet Mk 1, which says something for the purposeful approach to things that we found at Scharf.

It seems that someone had secreted the resident Cranwell depression in his bulging suitcase, for the following day and on Sunday it was at large providing us with drifting fog which dispersed and re-formed with surprising rapidity. However, the glowing warmth of the mess, the roller skating and, of course, Heinz, the steward whose irrepressible energy and *bonhomie* never failed to amaze us, combined to effect a crushing defeat of the elements.

Saturday carried the battle a stage further when, despite a general fuzz

of powdered rain interspersed with deluges, gliding took place. The Grunau, the Kranich and the Mu 13D (on which three people had converted two days previously) together with their respective payloads, clawed the sky 26 times, logging a total of 1 hour 18 minutes. The last of the seven newcomers checked out on the Grunau and at 1530 we were forced, by lack of light or a piece of dry atmosphere, to put the gliders away. Declining the offer of a personal introduction to Noah, we visited Hamlin, shopped, and returned to a very pleasant evening in the mess during which we ate, drank, danced, sang, played trumpets, bagpipes and mouth-organs to the amusement and accompaniment of a local three-piece band. Three a.m. found most of our beds filled.

Far too soon, Monday came, and with it a very early start for England and more bad weather. It had been a very enjoyable and, considering the time available, very successful sojourn. T. H. S.

Mountaineering

During Christmas the Mountaineering section visited the Lake District, spending a week in Lang-

dale, the heart of Lakeland, climbing, from 17th to 23rd December. The party was very small, numbering only four. Nevertheless the meet was a great success and the weather remarkably good for December and the Lake District. There was no snow, so we were able to concentrate on rock climbing.

We pitched camp near the head of the valley, beneath low, ominous clouds. On the following day we split up into two parties, one going in search of supplies, the other to find Gimmer Crag. This cliff proved, however, remarkably elusive in the mist, and the day was spent scrambling up and down the mountainside in search of it.

The next day brought perfect weather, and we once again split up into two pairs. One party went for a long ridge walk over Bow Fell, and back to Langdale by Rosset Ghyll. The other once again set for Gimmer, but this time found it, owing to the fine weather. A delightful day was spent on clean, dry rock beneath a warm sun, doing some serious rock climbing.

The third day was also fine, and we all set out for Rave's Crag. By

this time we had found our form, and two of us climbed a route of 'very severe' category, the 'Bilberry Buttress,' a route of some technical difficulty. The following day three of us visited Pavey Ark, an impressive and secluded cliff in very beautiful surroundings. A steep uncompromising route of three hundred and fifty feet was followed to the summit.

A short climb was completed on the last day, before we struck camp in heavy rain. We left the Lake District as we found it, under heavy cloud. We had had amazing luck with the weather, and did a great deal of climbing. In every respect the meet was a great success.

The Mountaineering section also held a week-end meet towards the end of the autumn term at Black Rocks in Derbyshire. The party left Cranwell at one o'clock on the Saturday morning, arriving at Black Rocks at five, to pitch camp and catch up on sleep.

The main function of the meet was to introduce beginners to rock climbing. The proceedings, therefore, started with a lecture on climbing technique, after which the party split up into threes and pairs. Black Rocks are, at their highest, a hundred feet, and give fine steep climbing on a rough textured rock, of a very strenuous character.

Excellent weather was experienced, and many members of the party showed a surprising natural aptitude for climbing. The meet was enjoyed by all, and a great deal of climbing was done. A tired, but confident and satisfied party returned to Cranwell on the Sunday.

C. J. S. B.



CANOEING SECTION OF THE C.A.O.

Winners of the Pye Cup, Summer, 1953

Standing: *Flt Cdt B. E. Taylor, Flt Cdt G. M. Turner, Snr Flt Cdt J. B. Gratton*

Seated: *Flt Cdt D. M. Richard, Flt Cdt B. G. Cox, Flt Cdt J. G. Kerrigan*

Pot-holing

The Pot-holing section has been very active during the period under review. At half-term a party of five visited the Ingleton area of Yorkshire, spending four hours in Sunset Hole and eight hours in Lost John's system, in conjunction with Bradford Pot-hole Club. This cave is 2½ miles long and 500 ft. deep, including ladder or rope descents of 380 ft. in 8 pitches, so there was ample scope for the large party. The College pot-holers were divided amongst the various groups under Bradford leadership, one being invited to join the bottoming party.

A week later ten members travelled to South Wales to attend the annual general meeting of the Cave Research Group of Great Britain, and to visit Ogof Ffynnon Ddu. Despite its forbidding name this is a most interesting series, known to extend for more than 3½ miles on several levels. It gained some notoriety when two cavers were trapped by rising water for several days in 1950, but the danger is now past, further exploration having brought to light an escape route where the intervening rock between two passages, which lay one above the other, was blasted and dug away. We were fortunate enough to have with us one of those who were trapped.

During the Christmas leave two meets were held and a total of 165 hours was logged by six members. From 16th to 21st December some of the section went to the Mendip hills, many of whose caves appear to consist of an intricate climb down through a boulder choke followed by narrow bedding-plane passages, both horizontal and inclined, with one or more short pitches. These types of caves are admirable for training new members since they gain insight into the triune arts of climbing, crawling, and ladder work. The second meet was a visit to Upper Nidderdale by two members of the section. Their aim was to discover new areas for coach trips. Both meets were remarkable in that members were able to keep dry, or virtually so — a welcome change from one or two trips in the past. No original exploration was carried out, Christmas being an inauspicious time for this in view of the prevalent high-water table and the rigours of camping in winter; but a most entertaining time was had nevertheless.

J. B.

Sailing

Members of the Sailing section usually devote the autumn term to happy though nostalgic reflection, recounting improbable experiences, and conning ruefully their mess bills—all the inevitable aftermath of the previous leave's cruising. A new source of interest, however, last term was the reorganization of the section. So extensive were the changes wrought by the adoption of the new policy that the Sailing section was virtually re-founded.

In future the basic distinction between cruising and dinghy sailing will be more rigidly enforced, and



Ski-ing at St. Moritz: Peaceful but precipitous peaks from the nursery slopes

cadets will be required to become proficient in the latter art before progressing to off-shore sailing. Exceptions to this rule are those cadets who participate in instructional cruises in either the *Hoshi* or the *Provident* under the tuition of these boats' professional skippers; or those who undertake a sailing course at the Island Cruising Club or the Outward Bound School's.

In order to implement this policy negotiations are under way to add another National dinghy to the two already on the Trent at Newark, and to purchase also a more stable type of dinghy for instructional purposes. Racing fixtures are being arranged with Sandhurst, Dartmouth, the R.A.F. Sailing Association, the R.N. Engineering College, Keyham, and H.M.S. *Worcester*. These matches and others envisaged are, like vacation cruising, dependent upon the keenness of present and potential members.

The Sailing section is at present affiliated to the Farndon Sailing Club, Newark, the R.A.F. Yacht Club, Hamble, and to the R.A.F. Sailing Association at Hendon, where cadets may receive sailing instruction on the Welsh Harp.

Should support from the College be forthcoming, 1954 promises to be a happy and successful season on river and at sea, for the section.

C. A. H.

Ski-ing

During the Christmas vacation the ski-ing section arranged two expeditions. One, made up of two officers and six flight cadets, went for a fortnight to St. Moritz with the Combined Services party; the other, four flight cadets strong, went to Newtonmore in Scotland for seven days.

Reports of mild weather on the continent filled the St. Moritz party with some apprehension as it set out from London on 21st December. However, this was soon dispelled upon arrival at St. Moritz the next day by the sight of a six-inch fall of snow—the first of the winter.

A day was spent on the nursery slopes. Then ski instruction began in earnest and catered for everyone from the expert gaily cavorting around some unfortunate tangled in his skis to the beginner barely able to stand on them. Some of the party became quite proficient at taking evasive action and stopping; for others it was merely a matter of learning how to prevent oneself from falling.

Owing to insufficient snow, it was impossible to ski directly down from the mountain top into St. Moritz itself, but it was possible, under the guidance of Squadron Leader Taylor, to have one run of some three miles to the next village, though conditions were far from good.

Apart from the normal ski-ing there were many and varied attractions ranging from ice skating and ice hockey to curling and International Ski jumping. The famous Cresta run, alas, was not open, again through lack of snow. For those who witnessed it, the ski jumping competition was one of the most thrilling events of the holiday. A member of the Norwegian team later explained that when falling from a hundred or so feet one merely curls up and on landing no injury could be done. An offer to try for ourselves was declined!

St. Moritz kept us well entertained both in the evenings and on New Year's Day. To the Swiss New Year's Day is a gay and festive occasion marked by a colourful procession of horse-drawn sledges piloted by the people in their decorative historical costumes.

The Ski-ing section is supremely grateful both to our hosts, the Swiss, for their kindly hospitality and everlasting patience, and to the organizers of the Combined Services party for an outstanding and successful holiday.

J. S. C.

radio-control section and two 'guided missiles' were completed; unfortunately neither of them took the air, partly owing to the poor weather and partly because of a lack of courage on the part of their respective owners. The society now owns three radio-control receivers and two transmitters. These are available for the use of all members. Club funds now assist in the purchase of the more expensive items, such as engines.

K. P. A.

Chess

Four matches were played by the College Chess team during the term, one at home and three away. The team, in its first match of the season, lost to the British Legion Club, Sleaford, by two points to three, but had its revenge, in a return match later, by winning by $3\frac{1}{2}$ points to $1\frac{1}{2}$ with a weakened team. The team played away against Oundle School and, after a hard struggle, pulled through to win by three points to two.

The main fixture was against the Officers, Royal Air Force, Cranwell, played over seven boards, on 16th October. The match lasted until almost midnight and was finally ended by the over-riding call of night flying. The College won by $4\frac{1}{2}$ points to $2\frac{1}{2}$.

P. R. D.

THE COLLEGE SOCIETY

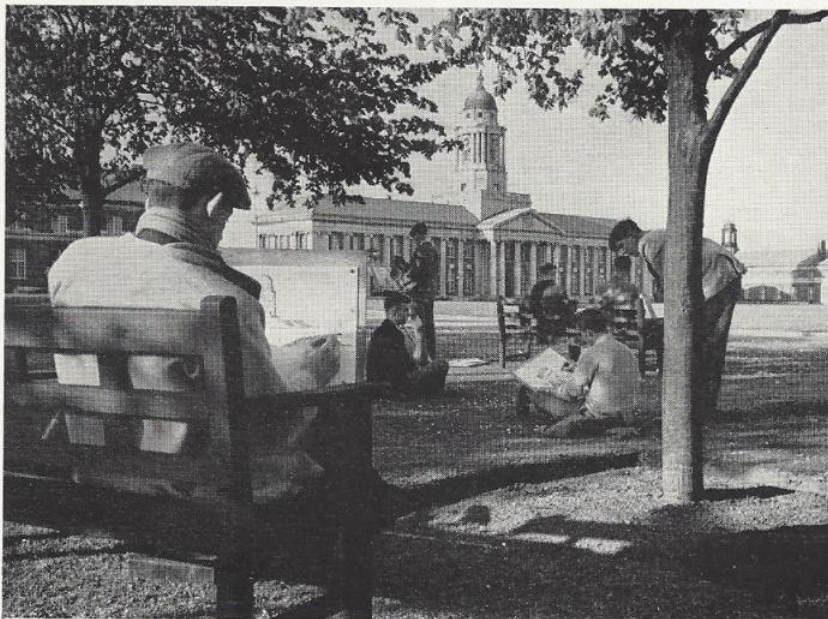
Aeromodelling

THE Aeromodelling Society enjoyed a successful term, but the weather was poor for flying our models. Many members took the opportunity to build up a reserve of models which could be tested to destruction when the fine weather arrived. All types of models were constructed, including an interesting experimental 12 ft. span glider by Whittaker, but, as is usual during the winter months, most models were control-line models. The outstanding control-line pilots of the club were

Kelly, Mallett and Austin, the last-named having a very hot stunt model that would loop and bunt in the glide. A familiar sight during the term was Bond, who seemed to be keeping himself at the peak of fitness chasing his free-flight models all over the spacious Lincolnshire countryside.

At the end of the term we held a static exhibition of the term's work in the Fiction Library. A high standard of workmanship and a fine finish were apparent in all models.

Interest is also growing in the



*Members of the
Fine Arts section
of the
College Society
try their skill
out of doors*

Choral

The newly formed Choral Society had quite a successful 'half season.' An average of 25 choristers attended each rehearsal at Cranwell and Lincoln and altogether the Society has now about 40 members. The augmented choir of the College and Lincoln Girls' Training College performed in the Nottingham Festival on 7th November, and the Press considered the renderings to be good. A concert was also given at Lincoln and on the final Sunday of term a Festival of Nine Carols was performed in the church with a choir of 120 voices. Although the choir is not as yet a B.B.C. chorus, it performed several chorales from *Messiah* with some success, and also sang numerous carols.

It is hoped that rehearsals and performances in 1954 will be as enjoyable to choir and audience alike as those in 1953.

A. D.

Dancing

Although classes were not very well attended during the term, great progress was made by all those members who did attend, especially by the beginners.

The basic movements of the waltz, quickstep and foxtrot were taught at the beginning of the term, but by half-term the instructor had professed his satisfaction at the progress made, and at the end of term he began teaching the tango and the samba. The more advanced members of the section received special instruction in the more complicated movements of the quickstep and the tango.

M. T. L.

Debating

Three debates were held during the term. The first had to be modified into a general discussion for lack of a quorum. The rather thin representation from the Junior Mess was explained by a forbiddingly chilly night outside which apparently had cooled potential enthusiasm. Jonklaas proposed that 'this House has faith in the British system of government.' The motion was seconded by Weeden. The speakers for the opposition were St. Aubyn and Field.

If Mahomet would not go to the mountain, the mountain had to come to Mahomet. Thus, the next debate was held in the Junior Mess, where an unusually large attendance well justified the experiment. The motion that 'this House considers the motorist to be the twentieth-century murderer' was proposed by Keppie



A section of the Aeromodellers' winter exhibition, held in conjunction with exhibitions of work by the Fine Arts, Photographic and Printing sections of the College Society on the day of the Passing-Out Parade, December 1953

and Bell and opposed by Goldring and Farwell. Some gentle persuasion from the main speakers and some members of the House almost carried the motion. However, one speaker from the floor urged with ponderous commonsense that it would be unthinkable for a serious-minded institution like the College to approve so frivolous a statement. Brought heavily back to earth, the House had little option but to defeat the motion.

At the third debate Robey and Bell contended that 'chasing a ball is the last refuge of the foolish.' The motion was challenged by Carter and Davies. When the debate was thrown open to the floor, one member of the House justified his intrusion into the battle with disarming frankness on the grounds that, as he was an habitual speaker, he could not let one debate pass without saying something, even if he had nothing to say. He was loudly applauded. The motion was rejected.

Much was learned from the Society's visit to a debate at the Cambridge Union in November. Lord Hailsham, who the following day was to make a very similar speech in the House of Lords, spoke on the problem of competitive television. On the opposite side was the editor of *Punch*, Mr Malcolm Muggeridge. The vogue of making forthright statements at the College

Society's debates contrasted strongly with the more subtly persuasive methods employed at this meeting. The moral for us was plain, since the deeper effect of this fashion of speaking was evident. Mere asseveration of personal opinion (still, unfortunately, too often used) makes the opposition cling more stubbornly to its convictions.

Kansans, New Englanders, Carolinians
Stick to their ornery own opinions . . .

Perhaps Ogden Nash, unwittingly, held the key to debating:

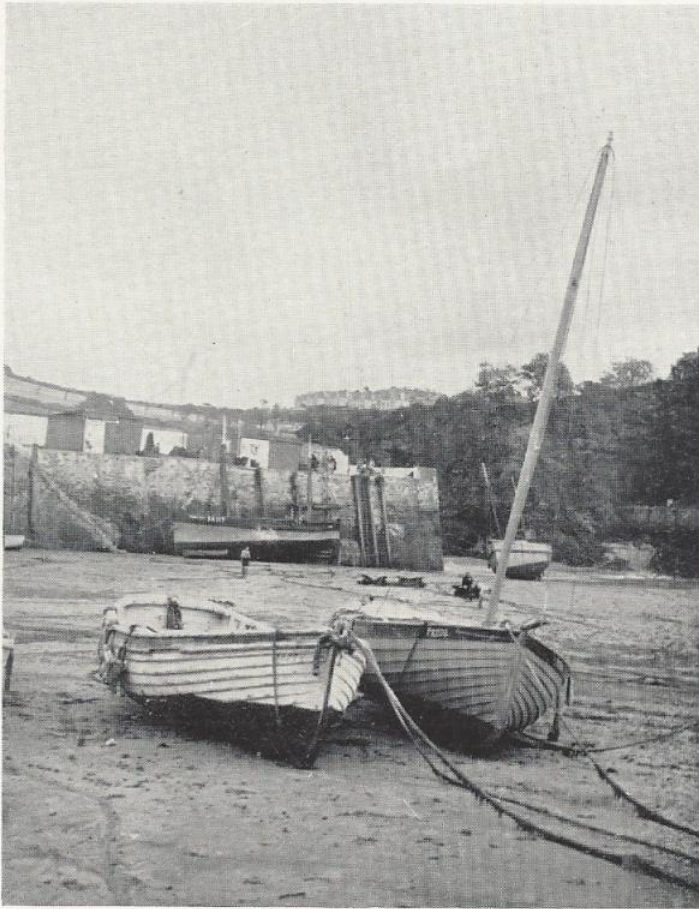
I do not claim to be an oracle;
I state no statements categorical.

M. L.

Fine Arts

Classes at Lincoln College of Art have now become well established, though by no means as well supported as they deserve to be. Nevertheless, pottery classes and illustrated talks were added to our bill of fare at Lincoln and the pottery classes especially proved very popular.

At the end of the term we held an exhibition in conjunction with the printers and photographers. This was most successful, but we were very sorry not to find out who it was from among the many visitors who wished to purchase some of the exhibits. Amongst the various types of work on show, it was interesting to see a great deal of 'commercial' art.



From the Photographic section's winter exhibition:
'Duet' by J. E. Cooper

Few sections of the College Society and the C.A.O. nowadays fail to use brightly drawn and painted advertisements for their activities. Shepard had a lot of his work in this sphere on show. He is, by now, Cranwell's best known and most prolific poster artist. We also included in the exhibition Marsh's thesis with its excellent heraldic illustrations. Phillips showed an interesting advertisement for a flight party.

We welcome Flight Lieutenant Gregory as our new officer in charge in place of Major Cotton, whom we thank very much for his great help in making the section operational during the past year and initiating classes for us at Lincoln. M. A. K.

Jazz

Unfortunately Cranwell's rather isolated situation has prevented the

Jazz Society from hearing, during term, any artists performing in person, but many members attended meetings held in the College Guest Room. The three-speed record player was a popular asset, and all enthusiastically acclaimed the faithful reproduction of our long-playing records. These brilliantly portray the history of jazz. The atmosphere at our meetings was further enlivened by controversial discussions on the merits of various jazz masters.

G. X. E. McL.

Music

Throughout the term the society held its usual Sunday evening gramophone recitals, attendance at which was generally good.

During the past two terms a considerable amount of money has been spent in re-stocking the record

library which now contains a large number of works by various classical composers. This selection was chosen by members themselves, and contains music to suit all tastes.

N. J. R. W.

Natural History

The section was inactive during the autumn term, owing partly to lack of members and partly to the seasonal lapse of outdoor activities.

At a meeting held on 19th October, however, it was decided that the ecological survey of Ancaster, which was undertaken on behalf of the Lincolnshire Naturalists' Union, should be continued by the ornithologists only until the spring term. This survey is now nearing completion in the botanical and ornithological fields, and it is hoped that the entire work will be completed by the end of the summer term. R. W. M.

Photographic

The highlight of the society's activities during the term was the exhibition held on passing-out day. This was held in conjunction with the Fine Arts and Printing sections in their room in the Senior College. Thirty-two prints were exhibited, all of which were the personal work of the entrants and showed that the society is in no way purely a means for cadets to produce their snapshots cheaply. The entries were all of a high standard both in composition and finish. The subjects covered a very wide range with perhaps a leaning towards the landscape; this is regrettable in many ways as the depiction of 'life' in photography does so much to make it more interesting. There is no reason why members should not be able to produce a pictorial survey of any part of life at the College or, for that matter, on any subject, for the experience gained in this type of work would do much to improve the results.

The society has one darkroom each for the Senior and Junior Messes, both equipped with enlargers, developing dishes and tanks, safelights, dish warmers, print trimmers and hosts of gadgets. The Junior Mess darkroom is fully serviceable now and the Senior Mess darkroom is shortly to be redecorated and fitted with a better power supply. Plans are also under way to obtain a separate room for use as a studio, and also a general print finishing and mounting room. There are a number of books on photography which would also be kept here for members' use.

With so many assets it is hoped that the total number of members will be increased from the present total of 19 and will include more members from the Junior Mess.

J. N. D.

Printing

Although our resources in manpower were stretched to the maximum, we were able to complete all our regular orders last term. These now include the play programme for the Dramatic section, the programme for the Wings and Prizegiving ceremony (which we printed on fine card and in black ink for the first time), motion papers for the Debating Society and tickets for stage shows at the 'Astra.' We tackled a 'biggest-ever' order from the College Society, Cadets' Activities Organization and College Games involving the printing of 7,000 forms. The experience of this job, though often disheartening during actual setting and printing, will undoubtedly stand us in good stead; the run itself was sufficiently long to put members, type and machine to a really severe test.

The section's output also included many private jobs, which ranged from Christmas cards to address headings with slanting telephone numbers.

The amalgamation of the Cranwell section and the former E. & S. Wing section took place early in the term. We have benefited considerably from this and now have a wide range in face and size of type as well as a second machine. By careful organization of work we have been able to step up our production rate to 1,500 prints per hour.

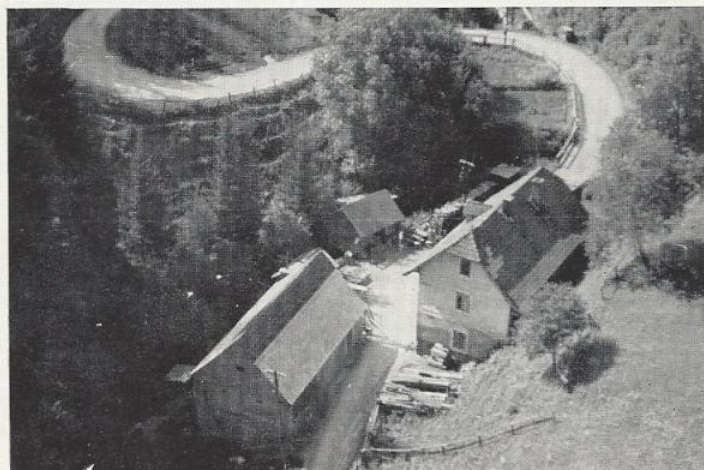
On passing-out day we joined forces with the Fine Artists and Photographers in an exhibition. Examples of work executed during the first five terms of the section's existence were displayed, and one particularly public spirited member operated our smaller machine during the afternoon for the benefit of visitors.

R. D. B.

Radio

During the early autumn, the radio station was moved from Digby to 'A' Site. The difficult work of erecting the aerial mast was overcome by the help of some members of the Junior Mess. Senior Technician Whitehill installed the radio and the station began to operate on morse at the beginning of October.

At the end of November, the station had been on the air for one



From the Photographic section's winter exhibition:

Above. 'No Highway' by J. Dinnis;

Centre. 'Silent Majesty' by A. Mallett;

Below. 'The Low Road' by A. Mallett

year on morse and thus qualified for the G.P.O. licence to use R/T. When the necessary modifications had been carried out, the station started to use R/T. The first results were not impressive as many snags appeared, necessitating further modifications, but present results show that these have been successful and only a few modifications remain to be made.

The rig consists of a service transmitter, the R.1154, modulated by an old public-address amplifier with two PX 25 valves in push-pull. The receiver is a normal service R.1155 which is well known to many of us. The aerial is end fed, and 132 ft. long.

So much for the station, and now for some results that have been obtained. The number of British stations contacted is nearly 300.

About a dozen Swedish stations have been contacted too. Early in November, at 0730 one morning, a New Zealand station was contacted for about five minutes. Unfortunately, atmospheric and changing conditions soon broke down the link. Several Yugoslav stations and one White Russian station have also been contacted.

In this country we have an ever-widening circle of friends. Among the many stations we have been pleased to hear was the Royal Naval College at Dartmouth. We have been in contact also with several universities, technical colleges and R.A.F. stations, including No. 1 Radio School at Locking.

The radio section is now in need of new members to help in running the College radio station. The present strength is far too low and

we welcome any new members, especially those with a good knowledge of morse, though this is not a necessity.

M. G. T.

Bridge

The Bridge Club, though a flourishing concern among the present senior entry, is seriously worried about its future and calls for support from members of more junior entries. A disaster, it is pointed out, is fast approaching, for on 6th April, every member of the club will be passing out, and, unless assistance is forthcoming from the Junior Mess, it is certain that the Bridge Club will be passing out also.

D. A., B. C., I. R. M.



*Mr Black,
Director of Studies at
the R.A.A.F. College,
Point Cook,
speaking with
the Commandant
and the
Director of Studies
in the Main Hall
of the College
during one of
his visits
to Cranwell
recently*



'Glad Tidings'



THE autumn play by the Dramatic section, performed on 1st December in the Main Lecture Hall in the College, was Robert Delderfield's three-act domestic comedy, *Glad Tidings*.

The play is set in the household of a retired Army officer, Tom, who is a widower with four children, Celia, Jo, Miggs, and his only son, Derek. At the beginning of the Christmas holidays Tom announces that he intends to re-marry, and that his wife-to-be is a wealthy and attractive American widow named Kay. Unfortunately, Tom does not fully understand his own children, mainly owing to his long absences from home while on Service. They start off by resenting their future step-mother, who is charming and understanding. Kay, however, is prepared for this, and soon wins the esteem of both Miggs and Derek. Miggs she helps find a job and an opportunity to escape from the housework, and Derek's loyalty is gained by more material things, such as shot-guns. From Jo and Celia, though, Kay meets only with antagonism, which is increased when she tries to help them. Derek assists by giving Kay his analysis of his sisters' troubles, and with brutal frankness, he informs her that they are just 'sexually frustrated.'

So Kay invites to dinner the R.A.F., represented by Flight Lieutenant Cusack and Corporal Brayne, the latter being heir to an industrial fortune. Celia hooks the short-sighted corporal, and Jo is attracted to the flight lieutenant, having just had an unsuccessful affair with a married man. But by this time Kay has left, and is thought to be returning to America. So Derek uses his schoolboy ingenuity and prepares to give his father a small injury to substantiate the plea for return contained

in the telegram that he has just sent to Kay. But Tom forestalls them and injures himself, and when Kay returns she finds the younger generation welcoming her, and the older generation grumbling over a false injury.

The part of Kay was played by Mrs Charlson, whose first appearance this was on the College stage. Aided by her natural accent, she gave a restrained and thoughtful performance in a difficult role. It was a joy to watch the graceful way in which she moved across the stage, and to sense, across the footlights, the warmth of feeling which she brought to her part. Barrie Bruce was her stage husband-to-be, and although he did not seem to be quite at ease during the opening act, he settled down later and gave a fine performance. He controlled his voice well and only once, when he shouted, did his voice slip from that of an elderly army officer.

Celia is a most detestable young woman, and Mrs Ross succeeded in bringing the character to life. When aroused, Celia's sarcastic and selfish attitude turns venomous, and this change was made very convincingly too. Jo's character offers a complete contrast. Less selfish, she is more impressionable and kittenish, and these characteristics were well brought out by Mrs Newcombe. Her outbursts of temper were not, perhaps, quite forceful enough to be completely credible, but this mattered hardly at all in an otherwise careful and sincere performance. Both Mrs Ross and Mrs Newcombe, incidentally, were also appearing for the first time here.

The only unselfish sister in this odd family is Miggs, who, whilst labouring under most of the house-

hold chores, longs to get a job and travel. To Miss Amcotts fell the difficult task of portraying the changing moods of this not unsympathetic creature. First sullen, then upset, later more confident and finally happy, Miss Amcotts managed each mood nicely.

The high spot of the production, however, was Michael Allisstone as Derek. He specializes in small boy parts, and does them very well indeed. Here we had the public school youth full of confidence, ideas and schoolboy cynicism, and most of the humour emanated from this character. Allisstone, excellently cast, took all his opportunities and made the most of them. The result was a first-class performance. Possibly the best part of Allisstone's performance was the nonchalance with which he managed to put over some of his more shattering remarks.

Peter Lewis played Cusack, the flight lieutenant, confidently, but suave though his performance was, his voice was too inelastic and often too harsh for the part. In contrast John Bell, as Brayne the corporal, enunciated carefully and was one of the two members of the cast whose voices were always audible at the rear of the hall.

The other was Peter Davies who played Mallow, the aged manservant. He worked hard to secure and sustain a rustic accent. It is possible that his make-up was too heavy for the College stage. But his was a good performance in a small role.

As producer, Jeremy Welby did a good job of work. The evening passed off smoothly. There were none of those awkward moments on the stage which can so easily ruin the effort of weeks of patient rehearsal. The cast were confident and

capable, and seemed to be enjoying themselves as much as we were.

The final word, however, must go on this occasion to Major Cotton.

As officer in charge of the Dramatic section he has brought a natural flair for the theatre at large to the stage at Cranwell and the section will miss his experience and his tremendous

enthusiasm, not to speak of the inexhaustible supply of energy which were the envy of the section at all times.

N. P. M.

'60' Take Their Leave

THE best-kept secret of the autumn term, 61 Entry promotions not excluded, was surely the revue which 60 Entry put on, in the now customary fashion, after the final Guest Night? True, there were many unkind people who were saying that 60 would evade the issue. But 60 were nothing if not determined and the show was duly presented.

It is at this point that the difficulties of the unpaid critic, who is also a guest, begin. For whether he likes it or not, as critic he must sometimes hear the deep rumblings of a conscience, still active after dinner, wine, speeches and cigars. There were, and one must admit it, certain things done on the stage on this occasion which might very well not have been done, and other things which might have been done better. To say this

is not to say that the revue came as a sustained shock, but to suggest that in future it might be advisable for our end-of-term entertainment to keep to the strict limits of satire and not to descend, even momentarily, into the gutter. Ultimately good satire depends upon good taste, a sense of proportion and a sense of touch. To mock *ad lib* is by no means the same thing.

Having said this, one can fairly point to some things in the revue which were very good of their kind. Whitson's amorous contortions will remain in our memories for a long time, as will his delightful skit on a quick-change artist. Here was talent of a very high order, delightfully exploited and generally well sustained in performance. 'Night Flying Briefing,' involving a 'Met. man, Duty Air Traffic Controller, Squadron Commander, Corporals and

Odd(!) Cadets'—to quote the programme exactly—not only invoked the shade of the dead Stalin but also had pace despite the soporific atmosphere created on the stage. One remembers, too, the solitary touch of brilliance in an otherwise unfortunate sketch of a mess meeting—the blind stutterings of Moore. Perhaps the best combined op. of the evening was the peep we had of a selection board at work; here many good comic effects were secured, among them Boyce's miming of the psychiatrist and Vickers's fantastic patter as an alien interviewer. But, with all this on the credit side, the show still lacked the finesse one comes to expect from this ephemeral sort of theatre and one hopes, very earnestly, that the farewell shafts of future revues will be aimed with more discretion.

J. L., J. D. L.

CORRESPONDENCE

OFFICERS' MESS,
ROYAL AIR FORCE,
FULL SUTTON,
NR. YORK.
8th February, 1954.

The Editor
The Royal Air Force College Journal

SIR,

Messrs Gale and Polden Ltd. have been associated with the Services for many years, and one does not expect to be able to fault them on any point of military tradition. However, their just annoyance at being the recipients of an anonymous letter has caused them to express a curiously mistaken opinion.

I refer, Sir, to their letter published in your November issue, in which they state, 'Up to about 1920 or 1922 salutes were given with the hand nearest the officer saluted.'

I quote from page 165 of *Military Customs* by Major T. J. Edwards: 'For many years saluting was performed with the hand farthest from the officer saluted. This involved saluting with the left hand when passing an officer on the right hand side. To certain sections of Indian troops, saluting with the left hand was an insult. This method was abolished in 1918.'

I am, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

N. R. MACNICOL, Pilot Officer.

THE NEW ZEALAND AIR RACE

(Continued from p. 32)

After fourteen days of entertainment we flew to Laverton, near Melbourne, where the Australian Air Race crews and their colleagues looked after us in a similar fashion and with equal kindness. Much as we would have liked to stay with them we had to go on to Perth, and so after two days we reluctantly left our hosts to begin the journey home. We then spent one day in the capital of Western Australia where once again the same hospitality awaited us. Perhaps it was just as well that we were scheduled to spend five days at R.A.F. Changi on Singapore Island whilst the aircraft were inspected!

Our return flight was, in effect, a goodwill mission to Thailand, Burma, India and Pakistan. During our two to three days' stay in each we were royally entertained and received generous mementoes of our visits.

Finally the moment came for us to turn our faces once more towards England. After overnight stops at Shaibah and Malta, we arrived back at London Airport—curiously enough—on Friday, 13th November, after an absence of approximately five weeks, and our welcome in London was matched only by our pleasure in being back home once again.

Now the story is finished. Looking back over those five weeks I suddenly remember incidents which I had almost forgotten. One such memory constitutes a unique record. Only the other day I realized that I am probably the first man to hold my water from London to Christchurch, N.Z. Does anyone know of a better tribute to the tenacity of College discipline?



Survivalists route marching through the 'Glyders'.

Return to Snowdonia

'SURVIVAL—on Snowdon—in winter? You must be mad!' Many of those who were to take part in No. 5 Survival Camp must have agreed with such comment as they tore themselves away from Christmas festivities to return to Cranwell on 27th December. However, the party of 57 was in good spirits as they set off on the long road journey in the early hours of the next day.

On reaching Snowdonia a base camp was established on the shores of Llyn Gwynant, which is in a valley to the south of Snowdon. The mountains towering above made a startling contrast to the better-known Lincolnshire plain. The first full day was spent in organizing the camp and digesting the first attempts at field cooking. We soon got to know the mountains. The first exercise took us 'bog trotting' through valleys and climbing up mountains which had cloud-covered tops and unpronounceable names. The next day, New Year's Eve, we contacted the Mountain Rescue Team from R.A.F. Valley who took us up

Glyder Fawr and Glyder Fach, both only some three hundred feet lower than Snowdon. (It was on the slopes of the former that the Everest Expedition tried out some of their equipment.) From all appearances, it was a good testing ground. Most of us were able to see in the New Year in something like the traditional manner despite the distance to civilization and licensing laws which shut the pubs at ten o'clock. A restful New Year's Day was followed by an ascent of Snowdon. After a steady three-hour climb in drizzling rain we entered cloud some three hundred feet from the summit. The remainder of the climb was made in a blizzard so that we hardly realised that we had reached the top. On the way down the Mountain Rescue Team gave a demonstration of lowering a stretcher down a rock face. It was most impressive.

For our final exercise we split up. One party, under the C.O., climbed Tryfan, reckoned to be one of the more difficult climbs. In one or two places a foot in the wrong direction

might have spelt disaster. The remaining twenty 'survived' the last twenty-four hours in bivouacs at Glaslyn on Snowdon, having carried all their requirements with them. Despite a forty knot wind the bivouacs managed to stay upright, giving us reasonable protection. Because of the strong wind the intended climb to the summit had to be abandoned, so the party returned to the base to help strike camp.

Nine days had slipped by, but had left us much fitter and more experienced. We had 'survived' but much to our surprise had enjoyed doing so.

The June 'Journal'

The next issue of the *Journal* goes to press on Thursday, 13th May, 1954.

Secretaries of sports, activities and societies are reminded that their reports must be in the hands of the Editor by this date.

The Editor, in accepting reports, understands that officers in charge of sports or sections are satisfied with the accuracy of the report and concur in the views expressed.

Canadian Cadet

'War is total and demands that the three Services fight as one team.' These words, spoken at Cranwell last July by His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, well describe the underlying aim of the Royal Military College of Canada. Unlike the military academies of Europe, R.M.C. is organized on a joint Service basis to encourage mutual understanding and co-operation between the Dominion's Services. In the article below, kindly contributed by Cadet James W. Tremain, of R.M.C., a description of life at a 'three-prong' military academy is given.

THE Royal Military College of Canada is one of the three Canadian Services Colleges which provide a joint educational and training program for the three Armed Services of Canada. In an exchange article of this type one need not elaborate on the purposes of institutions such as ours except to say that at R.M.C. the courses of instruction are designed to provide a balanced and liberal education in the arts and sciences and a broad basic military education.

R.M.C. was established in 1876 as Canada's first officer training institution and located at the outflow of Lake Ontario and the city of Kingston. There were but 18—the *Old Eighteen*—in the first class and since then the ranks have swollen to 360 cadets. Nearly 4,000 have passed through the Service College system, coming from high schools and universities and passing, upon graduation, into civilian or service life.

The College year is divided into three terms: fall, winter and summer. With the exception of the fourth year, which has no summer term, each year consists of eleven months of instruction. R.M.C. only sees the cadet in the period from September to April; the summer term is devoted to practical military training in the various ships, camps and stations. This is the interesting phase of cadet life. Not only is it the period when each man receives training in his chosen vocation, but also some have unique opportunities to travel, some to Germany and others to Tokyo. For the less fortunate who remain in Canada, the summer training means more recreation and an opportunity to see more of our country.

The academic aspect of a cadet's training is broken into two phases. In the first two years the emphasis is on a balance of arts and science courses. Hence, the prospective engineer takes economics and the artsman must wrestle with two years of calculus before he can come into

his own. However, in the final two years one may specialize in the various branches of Engineering, English, History, Commerce, French, or take a General Science course. This emphasis on academics reflects a R.M.C. much changed from previous days. But it is part of the program to permit each Service to give its officers the practical training, at the same time uplifting the standard of education. The courses given are of the highest calibre in the Dominion.

Efficient organization exploits all possible time in the two gymnasiums, the swimming pool, the rifle range, the squash courts, the boathouse, tennis courts, etc. As well as the essential compulsory sports program, wherever there are groups of cadets who have an interest in a particular sport, every effort is made to acquire equipment and promote the activity. Among others R.M.C. has representative teams in football, hockey, ski-ing, tennis and soccer, the last of which won the Senior Intercollegiate Championship this year. In the intra-mural field, floor hockey, water polo, baseball, fencing and pistol shooting are all common.

Like sports, clubs are numerous and varied at R.M.C. The International Relations Club is representing the U.K. in a model United Nations Security Council Meeting at St. Lawrence University in New York in February. To mention but a few others there are the Debating Society, Camera Club, Dramatic Club, and the College Newspaper (*The Marker*).

Unique in any consideration of the R.M.C. is its tri-Service nature. Unlike any other military academy in the Commonwealth, officer-cadets of all three Services receive academic training together at Canada's three Service Colleges. For four years cadets study military subjects in the sea, land and air aspects of war, considering responsibilities, organization, and tactics on as high a level as amphibious operations. The suc-



An aerial view of the Royal Military College of Canada, Kingston, Ontario

cess of this plan will not show itself for many years, but it is felt that the mutual understanding and the co-operation resulting from this marriage will prove to be of immeasurable value in the event of hostilities.

Such is the Royal Military College with its academics, traditions, sports and spirit. How-

ever, in a writing so short as this, it is not possible to convey the mood of R.M.C.'s customs and traditions which mean most in the comparison of two Colleges between cadets. In the words of one graduate, 'R.M.C. is the finest place in God's green earth.' Perhaps we'll meet some day and take it up from there.

Abominable Snowmen?

'Several attempts have been made to climb to the top of Everest, but only two men, so far as we know, have succeeded. Two other men set out from the top and were never seen again . . .'

(From an essay)

The Accademia Aeronautica, Nisida

The Accademia Aeronautica at Nisida may best be described as Italy's equivalent of Cranwell. The following descriptive note of the course of studies at the Accademia has been contributed by its Commandant, whom we thank very much for his help.

ADMISSION to the Accademia Aeronautica is gained through an examination open to young men of 17 to 22 years of age who have completed satisfactorily their matriculation and pass the psycho-physiological test.

The examination comprises written tests in Italian and general knowledge, oral test in mathematics and a non-compulsory test in one of the three foreign languages: English, French and German.

The course has a duration of three years, combining flying training and theoretical subjects.

The subjects of the first two years correspond to the syllabus of the university faculty of engineering, whilst the third year is mainly devoted to technical and military instruction

with particular regard to air traffic control, gunnery and navigation which is taught in flying classrooms (G.212 aircraft).

At the end of the first year cadets obtain their private pilot's licence and during the second and third years receive basic and applied training at the Flying School of the Academy.

On completion of the course they obtain their Navigator's Certificate and their commission.

The Military Pilot's Licence is obtained after a further year of training carried out at the Flying Schools in accordance with N.A.T.O. standards.

In recent years some of the officers after completion of the course at the Academy have obtained their Military Pilot's Licence in the United States.

The 'Comakpi'

As the temperature at Cranwell dropped to a sub-Lincolnshire level earlier this term the Editor received the note printed below from a land which, in his imagination at least, basks eternally in a Mediterranean sun. The note came, most appropriately, from what we would call the Senior Entry of the Accademia Aeronautica at Nisida. Their gesture is much appreciated.

The word 'Comakpi,' as Cadets Maurizio Cremasco, Enrico Castagneri, Paolo Cilvitti, Claudio D'Antonio, Silvio Gaveglia, Alberto Parizzi, Osvaldo Sgarzi and Enrico Todini thoughtfully explain, must be divided into 'Co' and 'Makpi'. 'Co' is an abbreviation for 'Commission'; 'Makpi' appears to be a private sign meaning that only 100 days were left before their particular course came to an end.

The 'Comakpi' describe their note as a 'panoramic view' of themselves. We are inclined to agree.

LET'S talk of us, just of us, those of the Makpi Commission. Here are the fellows we are going to speak of: they are all here, one after another, like the figures in an old family picture.

CRISTINA, blond haired, generally hanging on a wall nail. Sad and sleepy looking (he is always like this), he is turning over a movie magazine; sometimes he groans (he hates physics!).

ENRICO is always working to his program: (1)

he is thinking of his girl. (2) he is thinking of his girl. (3) he is thinking of his girl. . .

PELLICANO is the artist of the crew and draws glamour girls. Long-legged **ALBERTO** is painting girls and men; **CLAUDIO** is always at work on his rhymes with the pleasure of a butterfly seeker; he fills many hermetic pages. It was brought to our notice that his short poems are deeply hermetic, but . . . there's nothing doing: none of us understands them! He chews tobacco and copying pencils at odd moments.

BAZOOKA is eternally hidden by a mountain of paper, cards, envelopes, pictures, packages, drawings, magazines, typewriters, chairs, tables. He sticks, cuts, sews everything; he makes up accounts and at last he writes on his matchbox all that is getting into his head.

PAOLO always lays his feet on the writing desk; he has a scornful mien and continually asks for cigarettes; he blesses every day our Lieutenants, for they go on punishing him, but now and then he writes a few lines for us.

MAURIZIO, in a corner, flatters himself that he can write by crashing on the typewriter like an enraged man; he is making a din because we don't work. He says it's a disgust.

That's done, these thumb-nail sketches of 'us,' the COMAKPI—the damnation of all and our own damnation, too!

The Cranwell Car Rally

HAVE you ever stopped to consider the age of the cars in the Cadets' Garage? It may be rather disturbing to realize that they are, in many cases, as old as their owners. It says a great deal for their quality that they still hurtle round the countryside at high speed.

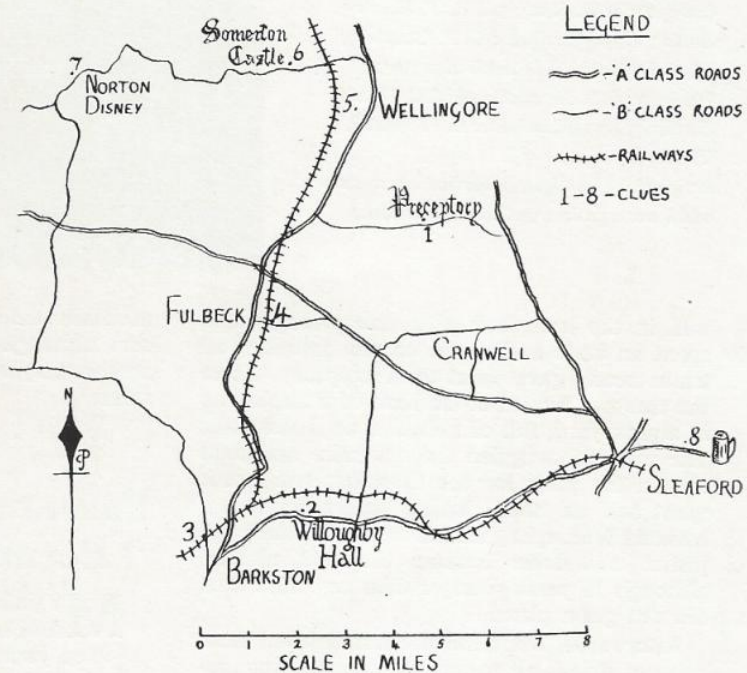
One dreary afternoon in November, a group of cadets were busy inflicting maintenance on their already battered heaps when an argument arose on the issue of whose car was the best. Needless to say, not one of the proud owners was prepared to give ground on such an issue; the bitter arguing stopped only by the appearance of a common enemy—a motorcyclist. He suggested we held a rally, whereupon he was howled down, and told that if he wanted a rally, he could organize the thing himself. Much to everyone's surprise, he set about the task and eventually produced a practicable scheme.

At places scattered round Lincolnshire clues were laid which directed the finder on to the next point. There were seven such places, and at each place there was one clue for each competitor; these clues were so arranged that no two cars were ever going to the same spot at the same time, and the routes were planned so that the reputedly better cars went farther than their weaker brethren. For instance, a 'fast' car might go from Clue 7 to Clue 4 and back to Clue 6, while a less mobile vehicle went 1, 4, 3. The clues were written and tested the ingenuity of the driver. For instance:

This Iron Duke beat Boney and won us the war
But take off some weight and add some gore:
Just north the sails revolve no more!

was the reference to a disused windmill just north of Wellingore.

Meanwhile, in the garage, preparations were afoot; once a car was going, long hours were



spent tuning it to perfection, or as near perfection as was possible. If the car obstinately refused to go it was coaxed, cajoled, cursed and kicked until it did. One such car was made serviceable only the night before the rally itself. The crews took a lead from the more famous Monte Carlo Rally by designing their own rally plates, and by inventing numerous devices which they felt would help them to achieve victory. Notable amongst these were a map-board with charts, time-schedules, stop watches, guide books and a myriad of other accessories.

At last the great day dawned—dank, foggy and thoroughly miserable. At 2 p.m. the 6 starters were ready to go outside the garage and were given final instructions. The time limit was 7 p.m. If by that time any crew had not solved all its clues it was to make for the Queen's Head outside Sleaford, which was the finishing point.

The adventures which the crews encountered are far too numerous to mention here; suffice it to say that one crew broke down after only one mile—the only fatality. Another team, when

The winning car in the Rally, Austin 7 (1930 vintage), driven by G. Wallingford (at the wheel) and navigated by G. X. E. McLeod. 2nd was the Austin 7 (1934) of C. J. Phillips (navigator: B. R. Kent); 3rd, R. T. Snare's Austin 7 (1931) (navigator: G. A. Campbell); 4th, J. D. Hutchinson's Austin A40 (1952) (navigator: B. B. Heywood); 5th, J. C. Waters's Standard 9 (1934) (navigator: B. F. Tomlin). The Austin 7 (1931) of J. D. Pugh, navigated by J. Wright, retired from the contest, which was organized by C. G. Richardson



well in the lead, 'solved' a clue wrongly and spent an hour finding the correct solution; all teams nearly gave up at the Preceptory, where the clue was hidden at the head of a tombstone in a graveyard, full of noises of owls and bats. The winners struggled through mire and mud to win the prize for the Colonies; two teams spent half an hour chasing each other round haunted Willoughby Hall in search of clues; and justice was done, because the A40 entered, although 18 years younger than any other car, did not get a place.

Afterwards, while the winners enjoyed their prize of drinks all round, experiences were recounted; all teams stated that the rally had been a great success, and the day finished with a strictly unofficial race back to Cranwell.

In this short account, I have tried to show how the rally came about and was organized, not what happened to the cars in the rally themselves. Anyone who wishes to hear the inside story can get a lurid account from any of the competitors. It was not intended to be a race, but rather a test of driving skill, involving night driving, and of the cars. The local populace were all most helpful, especially those with whom clues were deposited. We would like to suggest that this year a rally for *all* car owners is held, because we believe that it will raise the standard of driving, and will also encourage owners to

maintain their vehicles and ensure that the cars, although ancient, are roadworthy; in this way we may make the Queen's Highway a little safer.

J. D. P.

Parent's Permission . . .

MY infant who's a flight cadet,
And isn't quite a Groupie yet
—Too young to smoke a fag or pipe—
Still wants a Humber Super-Snipe,
And asks his Dad, who's old and dodderin',
Permission to mow down the squadron,
Careering all round Cranwell College,
With plenty 'dash', but little knowledge.

Yet such a scheme might have my blessing,
'Twould give you elbow room when messing,
And thus protect your nearest neighbour
'Gainst jabs from elbows like a sabre.
But here one legal point arises—
If, after such a likely crisis,
Bereaved and sorrowing parents sue:
Who pays the piper, me or you?
For if it's you, drive on to ruin,
But if it's me, then NOTHIN' DOIN'!

J. A. G.

WHAT A WAY TO DAI!

'Twas in a cwm
He met his dwm.

SPRING TERM

Miscellany

Cheddar Gorge

CHEDDAR Gorge is perhaps the most famous of England's topographical freaks, and is certainly the most unusual, both in formation and appearance.

There has long been a controversy regarding the reason for this deep scar across the face of Somerset. Some geologists cling to the theory that the gorge is an enormous collapsed cave, which aeons ago housed the powerful river which finally tore down its roof and carried the debris far out to sea. Others prefer to describe its formation as the result of unilinear erosion, the sloping strata of the limestone allowing a river to cut its bed asymmetrically; for while on one side the cliffs rise vertically, on the other they slope back, forming a gentle incline, which the energetic tourist can scramble up with comparative ease.

It is generally considered that to get the best impression of the gorge one must come down the road towards Cheddar village. At first the gorge seems merely a valley, but as the twisting road increases the steepness of the descent, the cliffs increase in height and grandeur until one is compelled to lean back in order to see the top.

In the deepest part of the gorge the cliffs tower nearly five hundred feet above the observer; their rugged, ivy-covered buttresses giving the impression of the bastions of some gigantic castle. There are no other cliffs in Britain which are so high for the same perpendicularity as these magnificent walls.

It is possible to climb almost to the top of the gorge by means of a stairway known locally as 'Jacob's Ladder.' At the head of these steps there is another two hundred feet to climb up a gradual grassy slope running parallel to the gorge, until the highest point in the Mendip hills is reached. By crossing a formidable barbed wire fence the very edge of the precipice can be attained; an awesome spectacle, commanding as it does not only the gorge and the village of Cheddar, but also a distant reservoir over a mile in breadth and very nearly circular in plan.

Here, away from all sounds but the whisper of the wind and the soft calls of many birds, it

seems that all secular pleasures fade before the pale glory of the setting sun and the effortless grace of a pigeon brushing the air with its wings, symbolising the quiet serenity of Cheddar in December.

Brief Encounter

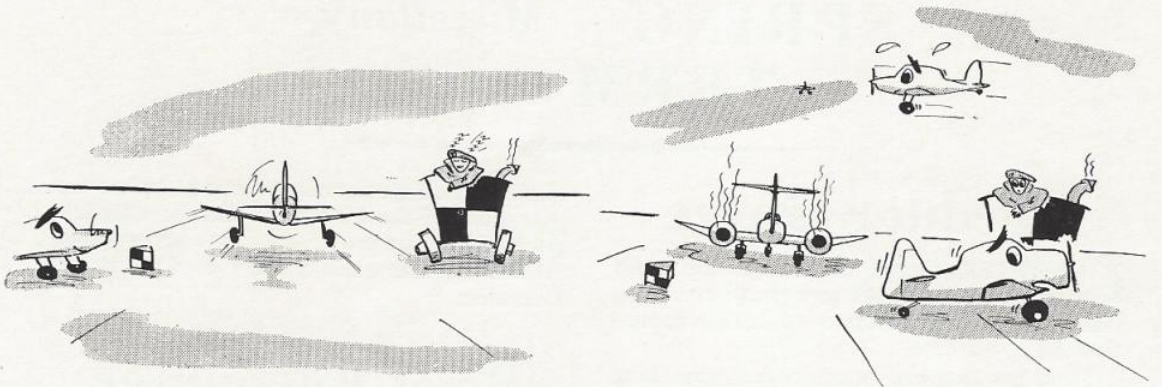
IT was a boisterous windy night and blowing a gale. I looked at my dog who had come up to me, expectantly shoving her nose into my hand. I gazed reluctantly at the warm, flaring fire, shut the book I had been reading and shrugged my shoulders. It was no good; I would have to take her out. Wrapping myself well against the penetrating, skin-chilling wind, I called the dog and set off.

Outside, the street was deserted. The light of the street lamps shone drunkenly upwards from the pools of water on the pavement. It had been raining heavily and more rain threatened. Dark clouds chased each other purposelessly across the face of the moon, but soon the moon became obscured. The darkness outside the radius of the lamplight grew more intense. We walked briskly on, the dog and I, she stopping frequently to satisfy the curiosity of her ever-ready nose. Soon we found ourselves upon the sea-front.

The sea looked terrifying. It was nearly high tide, or so I judged, as I looked over the rails at the beginning of the promenade. Great waves rolled incessantly forward, driven to fury by the following wind. Wave on wave smashed against the sea wall, and each in turn disintegrated into white, bubbling, seething, hissing foam. Farther along the promenade I could see great sheets of water being flung into the air high above the wall. I reached the point where the water was performing thus, and jumped into a convenient shelter to avoid a wetting. From this haven I watched, and felt strangely insignificant so close to the vast power of the sea.

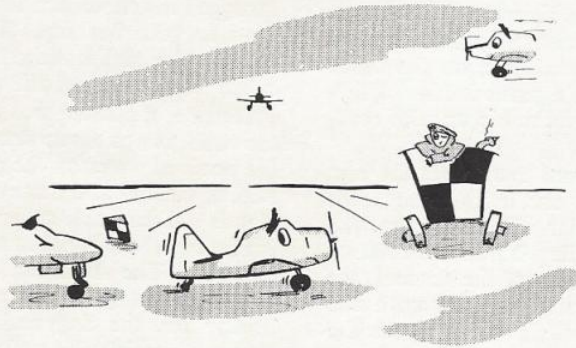
'Frightening, isn't it?' said a voice.

I turned, a little startled. Standing in the opposite corner of the shelter I discerned a figure which, as I turned, moved slightly towards me.

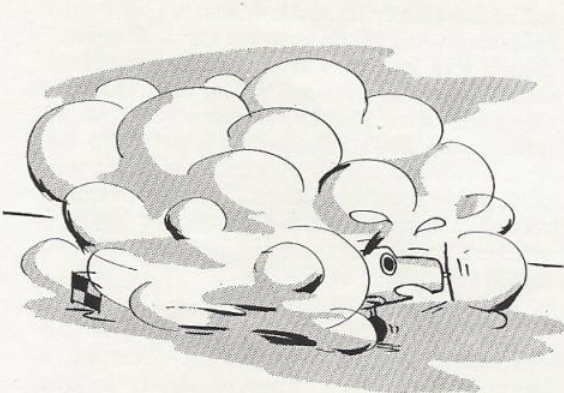


Cranwell Combine . . .

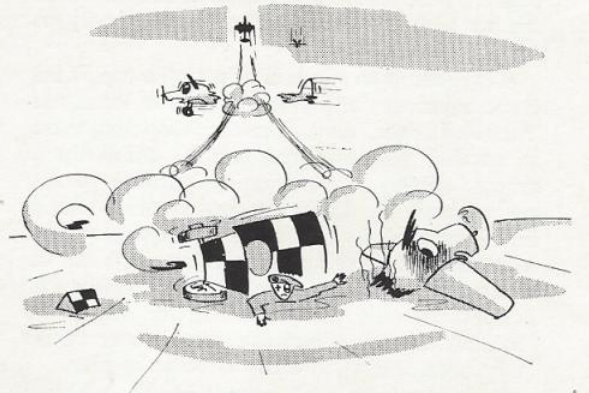
. . . Clear West-East runway . . .



. . . The Meteor . . .



. . . is about . . .



. . . To take off!

'Yes, it is rather,' I agreed. The man was close now. He wore a fawn raincoat buttoned to the chin and on his head was an old peaked cap. A hooked, but not unpleasant nose terminated above a slightly greying, well-kept moustache which presented a firm, bristling growth. His mouth was rather severe, but not surly; his eyes were shadowed by his cap, though I suspected that they were brown.

'I didn't expect to find anyone along here tonight,' he continued, patting the dog who sniffed quizzically at his shoes. I replied in similar vein and there followed a pause, broken ultimately by the sound of rain falling. Hadn't the wind dropped slightly, and wasn't the sea calmer?

'Walking this way?' the man said after a while, indicating with his finger. I replied that I was, for a short distance at any rate. He walked lightly, holding on to my elbow, and started speaking again.

'I always come down here on a rough night,' he said. 'I like to listen to it. Wanted to go to sea when I was a boy, but that became impossible.' His voice saddened a little as he said these words and I refrained from asking the question that was on my lips.

He walked on for a mile by the sea, using a walking stick to help him along, and making most of the conversation, which was varied. He was obviously interested in many subjects. At the end of the mile I said that I had to retrace my steps. He patted the dog once more and we said good night.

As I started walking homewards, I turned and watched him walking into the night. He came to a corner and hesitated; his stick wavered, then touched the brickwork of the corner. He turned confidently. I realized, then, that he was blind.

J. E. A.

The Kiss

SLOW eyes sleeping in the shadows,
And a soft sadness,
And a sound like dying bellows,
Or the call of grass.

Sad eyes dreaming on his shoulder—
In those eyes her soul—
Shy hands that the eyes made bolder
At an uncalled call.

Soft eyes weary of their waiting,
And a whispered sigh,
'That's a fatherly one, darling.
Kiss me properly!'

Slow eyes sleeping in the shadows,
And a great sweetness,
And a sound like dying bellows,
Or the call of grass.

B. N. C.

Waterloo

THE passing people moved slowly across the platform, clutching newspapers, cases, children, with varying ease. Some kept their hands in their pockets and their heads down, deep in thought. Others did not move at all. In corners in the shadow of Rohan and Smiths, or behind the light that flows from the left luggage office couples stand lip to lip, breathing heavily. Some doze on benches. One lone man gazes up at the roof with moist and dreamy eyes, a black felt diamond shape high on his arm excusing his preoccupation. He remembers the Atlantic Coast Express in the platform. More people with more cases. Three loud voices and an explosive briar pipe near at hand. A girl ogling for attention; two silent Americans with appreciative eyes and heavy wallet at the top of the Underground, debating between themselves and a coin who should give her attention.

On the steps of the Union Jack a lance-corporal (signaller) puts a cigarette in his mouth, his hands in his pockets and throws out his stomach like a retired colonel in Northumberland Avenue. An old cripple stops, climbs down his stick, picks up a scrap of paper from the gutter, peers at it momentarily and throws it away again even before he makes the ascent. Cars sizz past on the damp tarmac and the street lamps brood sepulchraly. A sergeant and his fiancée stand out of the mist over the window of the Waterloo cafe; stand out from the greasy light of the interior. Two old ladies cackle over the idiosyncrasies of a third not present as they join my queue for the last 60 bus tonight: the last bus home.

Very soon we are crossing the bridge, approaching the lights of the Savoy. We turn left down the Strand. Going home.

B. N. C.



Anti-Pastoral Poem

I AM suffering, not slight, but great irritation
 From the endless rusticity thrust on the nation
 By the B.B.C. There's the Archers' epic
 (Are all their cows again dyspeptic?)
 The last few moments of which I cannot lose
 Because I await the seven o'clock news.
 There's Ralph Wightman whose Dorset tone
 Doesn't conjure up the countryside; it makes me
 groan.
 Finally, there's A. G. Street whose views, *sans*
blague,
 Are to be heard on any topic at all from agricul-
 ture to the Defenestration of Prague.
 I wish the B.B.C. would dispense with their
 earthy wisdom now
 And let them forsake the microphone for the
 humble, but inaudible, plough.

B.

Introductions

MARION was my pride and joy. For three
 terms I had cultivated her acquaintance
 with this one moment in view. With growing
 skill and a sixth-sense cunning I had kept her
 clear of Sheila. No 'jealous woman' trouble
 was to mar this, my first Passing-Out Ball.

In my mind's eye I built up a picture of the
 expressions of my friends' faces when I made
 introductions. I could imagine the rise I would

gain in their estimation. None of us had ever
 credited the others with more than strength one
 intelligence. As founder members of Set Four
 Sciences, we were held together in collective
 dimness by a sort of joint sympathy. Life was a
 constant struggle in which each vainly endeav-
 oured to win the respect of the others. Marion
 was to be my winning card. She was beautiful,
 she was blonde. She curved where others
 bumped. . . . And those wide blue eyes . . .
 but it is useless to think of it now.

All I had told the others was that Sheila was
 unable to come. They sympathized, but they
 had never met Sheila and, as they were going
 unpartnered, they were secretly pleased to hear
 that I, too, was in that unhappy position.

The night arrived. I passed the Commandant
 ordeal and sank a few quick ones at the punch
 bowl. A cigarette, yes! I must appear natural.
 All the hours before my mirror, those studied
 expressions and inflections, were paying divi-
 dends.

'We might as well meet my friends while the
 dance is warming up, Marion,' I said. 'I think I
 know where to find them.'

They were all together, juggling. 'Three more
 paces and I can begin the act,' I thought. Mike
 saw us first. He gaped. Three more pairs of
 eyes struggled to focus on her as the others
 noticed his attention. My heart began to swell
 with pride. Oh, joy of joys! Ansee, the cavalier,
 broke the silence even as I opened my mouth to
 speak.

'Oh, good evening—it *must* be Sheila. We've heard so much about you, Sheila. I'm Ansee, Ansee Pwice. Mac, the old codger, said you couldn't come. This *is* a pleasure—what will you drink?'

He rambled on. Marion didn't look at me once. But I saw ice forming in the gin and lime.

R. P.

Focus on a Vice

IF the lid of the melting pot of Cranwell characters is removed, deplorable and gruesome details are revealed. In the true spirit of the press we, the *Journal*, are determined to bring to public notice the appalling effects of the mania which is forever present at the College. Perhaps the truth will bring the participants to their senses and restore the *status quo* of happy smiling faces.

What influences the minds of the newcomers from Junior Entries—chaps who emerge fit, fresh and full of energy? What reduces them to scowling, scathing, fidgety fellows—bags of nerves who cast an air of gloom upon any room they enter?

My first impression of the Junior Mess was extremely favourable, but I began to notice an alteration in the behaviour of my fellow inmates. The reason, I thought, must be obscure, for the quarters are warm and comfortable, the food quite exceptional, and there is plenty of time to relax. Little did I know that the time spent in leisure was the main cause of the disturbances.

Of course, many of the ailing may be unaware of their unfortunate state. The symptoms are quite simple.

The patient creeps stealthily through the door of his particular ante-room, casts furtive glances to left and right, and in a slow, snake-like manner moves to the centre of the room. From here, each table, chair and window ledge is carefully observed and suddenly his eyes, with an insane glint, settle upon one of them. He moves silently over to his choice and jealously grasps the literature which lies upon it. With meticulous care he folds his newly obtained prize and studies it in silence. The room is still save for the gentle rustling of turning pages; the occupants enjoy their reading.

The spell is broken by a raucous bellow from the patient.

'Hey, Dudley! Have you got eleven across yet?'

Yes, it's the crossword craze!

B. R. K.

A Page Torn from a Diary

Friday, 13th January (St. Hilary)

Sun rises 8.2 a.m. Sun sets 4.16 p.m.

CHIEFY was early again this morning. Woke up standing on the floor talking to him. He thought it was a fine morning—couldn't agree.

Arrive at breakfast a minute late—greeted by Chiefy and a cook. No breakfast. Cleaned brasses and dusted boots for 'Cerry'; arrived at College late. Picked up for dusty brasses and dirty boots. Hat fell off on parade—trod on it. Missed Naafi break to get to workshops—still hungry. Reported dusty brasses and dirty boots to Chiefy. No comment. Had

lunch ('Any complaints?' 'Er . . . no thank you, sir!')

Changed for G.C.T. Picked up for dirty capband. Reported this to Chiefy. Extensive comment; Gist was:

(1) I was driving him to drink

(2) I was to have an interview with the C.O. Interview rather one-sided—a discussion on the merits of organization. Begin restrictions tomorrow.

Began the evening sitting by the fire, surrounded by tired cadets; finished it sitting on bed surrounded by dirty webbing. Went to bed too late—caught by Orderly Flight Cadet. Another interview tomorrow, I suppose—oh well!

A. A. B.





OLD CRANWELLIAN NOTES

HONOURS AND AWARDS

WE congratulate the following Old Cranwellians who received Honours in the New Year's Honours List:

- K.C.B.:* Air Marshal G. H. Mills (1920); Air Marshal C. B. R. Pelly (1920).
C.B.: Air Commodore L. W. C. Bower (1928); Air Commodore G. N. E. Tindal-Carill-Worsley (1926); Air Commodore H. F. G. Southey (1924).
C.B.E.: Air Commodore D. N. Roberts (1924); Air Commodore J. N. T. Stephenson (1926); Group Captain L. P. Moore (1925); Group Captain W. F. Beckwith.
O.B.E.: Group Captain P. G. St. G. O'Brian (1936); Wing Commander R. B. Councell (1926); Wing Commander L. McD. Hodges (1937).

PROMOTIONS

The undermentioned Old Cranwellians were promoted on 1st January, 1954:

- Air Marshals:* G. H. Mills (1920); C. B. R. Pelly (1920); D. A. Boyle (1922).
Air Vice-M Marshals: C. E. Chilton (1924); G. I. L. Saye (1925); J. G. Franks (1923).
Air Commodore: J. R. Mutch (1924).
Group Captains: F. H. Tyson (1930); H. E. Bufton (1935); G. F. Powell-Shedden (1935); R. M. B. Duke-Woolley (1935).
Wing Commanders: P. D. W. Hackforth (1932); D. E. Bennett (1935); J. F. Hatton (1939); A. A. J. Sanders (1939).
Squadron Leader: R. C. L. Parkhouse (1939).

APPOINTMENTS

Appointments since the last issue of the *Journal* are:

- A.V.M. G. R. Beamish (1923) to be A.O.C.-in-C. Transport Command.
 A.V.M. W. H. Merton (1924) to be C.A.S., R.N.Z.A.F.
 A.V.M. J. L. F. Fuller-Good (1921) to be A.O.C., No. 22 Group.

- A.V.M. R. L. R. Atcherley (1922) to be Head of the Air Force Staff of the British Joint Services Mission, Washington.
 A.V.M. G. E. Nicholetts (1921) to be A.O.C., No. 21 Group.
 Air Cdre J. R. Mutch (1924) to be S.T.S.O., Flying Training Command.
 Air Cdre W. L. Freebody (1924) to be S.T.S.O., Coastal Command.
 Air Cdre T. A. B. Parselle (1930) to be Commandant, R.A.A.F. Staff College.
 Air Cdre J. Marson (1924) to be Vice-President of the Ordnance Board, Ministry of Supply.
 Air Cdre C. S. Moore (1929) to be A.O.C., No. 66 Group.
 Air Cdre A. Earle (1928) to be Director of Personnel (A).
 Air Cdre G. L. Worthington (1921) to be A.O.C., No. 42 Group.
 Air Cdre G. N. E. Tindal-Carill-Worsley (1926) to command R.A.F. Halton.
 Air Cdre G. B. Beardsworth (1923) to be Director of Air Engineering.
 Air Cdre D. W. R. Ryley (1924) to be Director of Armament Engineering.
 Gp Capt K. W. Niblett (1927) to command R.A.F. Aldergrove.
 Gp Capt T. N. Coslett (1929) to Air Ministry.
 Gp Capt K. R. Coates (1927) to H.Q., No. 66 Group.
 Gp Capt A. Pyke (1930) to H.Q., F.E.A.F.
 Gp Capt J. A. C. Stratton (1926) to the staff of Allied Forces Southern Europe.
 Gp Capt W. R. Brotherhood (1931) to command R.A.F. Lindholme.
 Gp Capt M. H. Rhys (1930) to H.Q., F.E.A.F.
 Gp Capt J. D. Melvin (1933) to H.Q., Middle East Air Force.
 Gp Capt H. E. C. Boxer (1933) and Gp Capt R. H. E. Emson (1930) to Air Ministry.
 Wg Cdr P. W. Dawson (1935) to Air Ministry.
 Wg Cdr W. R. Wills-Sandford (1928) to No. 19 M.U.
 Wg Cdr G. Burgess (1934) to Seletar.

Wg Cdr D. O. F. Lumsden (1934) to H.Q.,
No. 22 Group.
Wg Cdr T. Preston (1936) to Air Ministry.

NEWS

We omitted to record the fact that Flight Lieutenant G. K. Mossman (1947) had left Cranwell to join Flight Lieutenant R. G. Price (1947) on the staff of the C.F.S. at Little Rissington. They have been joined by Flight Lieutenant M. M. J. Robinson (1946).

Flight Lieutenant L. C. Swalwell (1947) has returned to Cranwell as a Cadet Wing Officer and Q.F.I.

We are always interested to hear news of those who have given long and valuable service to the College. Two such persons are Mr Maris, a former hall porter, and Mr Snoxell, the Assistant Mess Secretary until 1946. The former is at the British Legion Home at Cromer and the latter is farming in Palmerston North, New Zealand. Both send their best wishes to all those Old Cranwellians who remember them.

* * *

We congratulate Wing Commander L. M. Hodges (1937), the officer commanding the R.A.F. Team which won the speed section of the New Zealand Air Race, and Flight Lieutenant R. McA. Furze (1947) who took third place in that section.

* * *

We congratulate Air Vice-Marshal R. L. R. Atcherley (1922) on celebrating his 50th birthday by breaking the sound barrier at Dunsfold.

Group Captain P. G. Wykeham-Barnes (1935), who commands R.A.F. Wattisham, commanded

the Battle of Britain parade at St. Paul's Cathedral.

We congratulate Flight Lieutenants G. K. Mossman (1947), B. A. Phillips (1947) and R. H. Gidman (1948) on the additions to their families. The last two additions have made a good start in life by being christened in the College Chapel.

Flight Lieutenant G. R. K. Fletcher has successfully completed the Test Pilot's Course, and has joined Flight Lieutenant J. M. Crowley (1947) at Boscombe Down. Flight Lieutenant J. G. Burns (1947) has just started the Test Pilot's Course.

A number of Old Cranwellians are serving as flying instructors at Jet Advanced Flying Schools. Among them are Flying Officer R. J. Bannard (1949), who won the C.F.S. Trophy, and Flying Officer N. J. Glass (1949), who are both at Tarrant Rushton; Flight Lieutenant E. N. Barrington-Reinganum (1947), who is at Work-sop; Flight Lieutenant R. L. Tavanyar (1946) and Flight Lieutenant J. E. Elliot (1947), who are at Full Sutton; and Flight Lieutenant H. A. Merriman, who is at Middleton St. George.

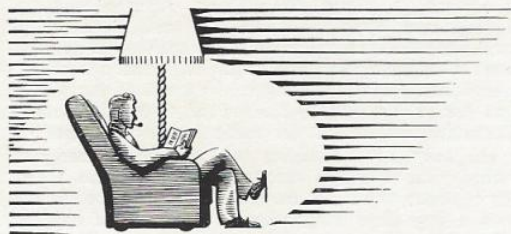
Pilot Officers R. J. Roberts, D. R. Burles and J. R. Ayers are in the Middle East. Pilot Officers R. F. Witty and M. J. Armitage are in Germany and will shortly be joined by Pilot Officers P. Cock and G. Mumford.

We record, with deep regret, the deaths of Wing Commander J. B. Barret, Flight Lieutenants J. E. Y. King, M. W. R. Shore and M. Short, and Pilot Officers D. V. Reypert, A. C. R. Pugh, D. B. Stacey and M. P. H. Pollard. We offer our deepest sympathy to the relatives and friends of these officers.

LAST STOP

When the airship hangars on the North Airfield were dismantled in 1918, this relic of the Cranwell railway (see page 171 of the November issue of the 'Journal') was abandoned at Bristol Wood. It took four horses to drag it on its wheels to this spot, where it is finishing its days in protecting fifty chickens from the Lincolnshire climate





Sir Frank Whittle's Autobiography

Jet—The Story of a Pioneer, by Sir Frank Whittle.
(Frederick Muller, 16s.)

HERE is Sir Frank Whittle's own story of his struggle to make aircraft jet propulsion a practicable proposition, and later to keep his small pioneering company from being engulfed by large and powerful industrial interests eager to profit from this new method of propulsion. How successfully he achieved his first objective is well known—unfortunately he failed equally decisively in the second. Not surprisingly some bitterness remains, and it is partly for this reason that the book has been written. The author states in the preface: 'I hope that the act of writing it will serve to free me from the painful emotions which recollection of much of what I now place on record still evokes.' He has drawn extensively from diaries kept carefully over a number of years, notes of telephone conversations, copies of letters and official memoranda to give a very full picture of the progress of the project and the concurrent negotiations with industry and Government departments.

As is well known, the idea of the aircraft gas turbine came to Sir Frank while he was a flight cadet at the R.A.F. College in 1928, and was discussed in his fourth term thesis entitled 'Future Developments in Aircraft Design.' In those days, incidentally, a thesis on a scientific subject was required from each cadet every term, but the terms were six months long and the course lasted only two years! It did not occur to him at that time that the gas turbine could be used for jet propulsion but only to drive a conventional propeller. Even that was a brilliant suggestion from a pupil pilot who had only recently graduated from the Avro 504 K fitted with a rotary engine to the more advanced A. W. Siskin. When the course ended, he passed second in the Order of Merit and received the Abdy Gerrard Fellowes Memorial Prize for Aeronautical Sciences. His flying time amounted to 80 hours and 10 minutes, and his proficiency on Siskins was assessed as 'Exceptional to above average.'

Thus ended a period of five years spent at Cranwell, because before having been awarded a cadetship he had been an apprentice in East Camp. His link with this part of Lincolnshire was renewed when he was posted to No. 2 F.T.S. at Digby as a flying instructor in 1930. He was still pondering on the turbo-jet engine which had suggested itself to him while at C.F.S., Wittering, in 1929, and had been made the subject of a patent application. However, he found time to get married in May, 1930, and mentions with some feeling that 'the housing problem for young married officers was difficult in the Digby area.' After a period as a float-plane test pilot at Felixstowe, Sir Frank was sent to Henlow to take the Officers' Engineering Course, which he com-

Book Reviews

Books and Periodicals Received

- JET—THE STORY OF A PIONEER, by Sir Frank Whittle.
(Frederick Muller, 16s.)
- COVER OF DARKNESS, by Air Commodore Roderick Chisholm, C.B.E., D.S.O., D.F.C.
(Chatto and Windus, 12s. 6d.)
- TEST PILOT, by Neville Duke.
(Allan Wingate (Publishers) Ltd., 12s. 6d.)
- THE AIRCRAFT OF THE WORLD, by William Green and Gerald Pollinger.
(MacDonald, 25s.)
- THE OBSERVER'S BOOK OF AIRCRAFT, by William Green and Gerald Pollinger.
(Frederick Warne & Co., 5s.)
- THE FLYING SAILOR, by Rear-Admiral André Jubelin.
Translated from the French by James Cleugh.
(Hurst and Blackett, 16s.)
- A HISTORY OF FLYING, by C. H. Gibbs Smith.
(Batsford, 21s.)
- AIRBORNE AT KITTY HAWK, by Michael Harrison.
(Cassell, 8s. 6d.)
- COMET HIGHWAY, by Henry Hensser, M.B.E.
(Murray, 10s. 6d.)
- PIONEER OF THE AIR, by G. A. Broomfield.
(Gale & Polden Ltd., 10s. 6d.)
- THE HIGH AND THE MIGHTY, by Ernest Gann.
(Hodder & Stoughton, 12s. 6d.)
- TUMULT IN THE CLOUDS, by Andrew Cunningham.
(Peter Davies, 10s. 6d.)
- WINGS OFF THE SEA, by J. E. MacDonnell.
(Constable, 11s. 6d.)
- THE SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS, by Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh.
(John Murray Ltd., 21s.)
- HEAVEN NEXT STOP, by Gunther Bloemertz.
(William Kimber & Co. Ltd., 12s. 6d.)
- PISTOLS, RIFLES AND MACHINE GUNS, by Major W. G. B. Allen.
(English Universities Press, 15s.)
- WITNESS, by Whittaker Chambers.
(Andre Deutsch, 21s.)
- RUSSIA AFTER STALIN, by Isaac Deutscher.
(Hamish Hamilton, 10s. 6d.)

pleted in eighteen months instead of the usual two years. His outstanding technical ability was recognized and it was decided that he should go on to Cambridge to read for the Mechanical Sciences Tripos. It was during this period (in March, 1936) that, with the assistance of some close friends whom he had interested in his ideas and a firm of investment bankers who put up the capital, the company of Power Jets Ltd was born and work was started on an experimental engine.

The story of the early development of the turbo-jet engine makes enthralling reading. In spite of the lack of financial backing rapid progress was made and the first test run took place on 12th April, 1937. The engine went out of control and the r.p.m. rose rapidly in a very frightening manner. However, the trouble was traced and many runs were made, but with only moderate success. The engine was later rebuilt incorporating many modifications and thrust readings were obtained for the first time, but it was found necessary to abandon the single combustion chamber system and use a number of smaller chambers which involved yet another major reconstruction. Owing mainly to lack of money, this

original engine remained the only 'engine in being' until December 1940, when an improved version, the W.I.X., was completed. The ultimate success of aircraft jet propulsion was ensured by now, and it was fitting that the first successful flight, by the Gloster E. 28/39 powered with a W.I. engine, should take place at Cranwell, where the idea had been conceived. This was on 15th May, 1941.

At the Ministry of Aircraft Production it was decided to produce large numbers of these revolutionary power units, and all the large aero-engine firms became interested. It became clear the Power Jets would be submerged by such powerful rivals, particularly since the Government required all the experimental data gathered with great difficulty over the years by Power Jets to be made available to these prospective competitors. Many official changes of mind took place about which engine was to go into production, and by whom it was to be produced, and Sir Frank met with increasing frustration and antagonism, which seriously affected his health. One bright spot in the prevailing gloom was a visit to the United States where he met engineers willing to co-operate and accept his ideas. But in his own country, his contention that Power Jets Ltd should be allowed to design engines and develop them up to the production stage—and for this purpose should be allowed to build a certain number themselves—was far from being acceptable. In the end the company was nationalized and became part of the National Gas Turbine Establishment with the title of Power Jets (Research and Development) Ltd, its function being fundamental research for the industry in general with all production of jet engines entrusted to the established aero-engine manufacturers. Soon after this Sir Frank severed all connection with the company, and after a period of intermittent ill-health he retired from the R.A.F. with the rank of Air Commodore. In May 1948, the Royal Commission on Awards to Inventors had recommended that he should receive an *ex gratia* award of £100,000 free of tax and in the Birthday Honours List he was awarded the K.B.E. In spite of these honours, and the many others which he has received, it is clear that he is a disappointed man who feels with much justification that others have reaped where he, and his few original colleagues, did the sowing.

It is fitting to quote his final paragraph:

'As the King touched me on each shoulder with the sword, I became the first Old Cranwellian to receive the honour of Knighthood. The satisfaction which this gave me was overshadowed by my regret that I was leaving the Service in which I had served since the age of sixteen, and which had given me the training which made possible the jet engine.'

J. N. Q.

Airborne Radar's Part in the War

Cover of Darkness, by Air Commodore Roderick Chisholm, C.B.E., D.S.O., D.F.C. (Chatto and Windus, 12s. 6d.)

THERE can be few more qualified than Air Commodore Chisholm to describe the development of airborne radar and the big part which it played in both the air defence of this country and in the protection of our bombers during the last war. As a flying officer of the Royal Auxiliary Air Force he returned to England from Persia in January, 1940, and, after refresher training, joined a night fighter squadron equipped with

Blenheims and, later, Beaufighters. After a long and distinguished operational tour, he took command of an experimental unit engaged in the testing and development of night fighter radar equipment and operational techniques. For the last eighteen months of the war he was Senior Air Staff Officer of the Group in Bomber Command responsible for radio counter-measures.

His story is an absorbing one, told in a manner that brings vivid nostalgic recollections to all who shared his experiences and, at the same time, gives to the layman a very clear insight into a vital part of our war effort. His comments on flying training are brief but pointed. The early days with his squadron, the uncertainties and exhilaration of his first operation, the weeks of doubt and disillusion as many fruitless sorties followed, the intoxication of ultimate success—all are described in a straightforward style that reflects the resolution and remarkable powers of self-assessment of the author. During this period airborne radar was in its infancy but had nevertheless been used in many successful interceptions. The experimental unit at Ford, of which the author took command in 1942, was responsible for the operational development of the new equipment; its achievements as the emphasis changed from defence to attack provide the most stirring chapters in a story that is full of action.

The tide of war had turned by the time Air Commodore Chisholm joined the newly formed radio counter-measures group of Bomber Command. But our bomber losses in the large scale night attacks were desperately high and it was the function of this group to reduce them by exploitation, interference and jamming of the enemy's radar. It was a task tackled with great ingenuity and considerable success, as was confirmed by the author's talks with German pilots during his visit to Germany soon after the end of the war in Europe.

Here, then, is a fine story—a story of personal achievement and of technical progress. An important chapter in the history of the war has been admirably chronicled.

H. M. D.

Test Flying

Test Pilot, by Neville Duke. (Allan Wingate (Publishers) Ltd., 12s. 6d.)

BECAUSE this is a book written by a man who lives for, and clearly rejoices in, aircraft and the wide places of the air, it will find a wide and sympathetic public. The story it tells contains adventure, danger, and daring in abundance; but it is told laconically, with that cheerful understatement which we now recognize as the characteristic of the fighter pilot's style.

You will find that the goods in the book are not precisely what the wrapper leads you to expect. In fact, two-thirds of the book is concerned with Mr Duke's wartime experiences. These, I take it, are used as a space-filler in what would otherwise have been a very slender volume. They are, of course, experiences well worth the describing—after all it takes more than circuits and bumps to acquire a D.S.O. and three D.F.Cs. But one is left with the feeling that one has read it all before. One air battle is much like another; and in the last twelve years we have been offered many such stories.

If the first two-thirds of the book is disappointing, the last third makes up for it all. Here there is a new sort of adventure: the quest for speed, and height, and other men's safety. Even the style of writing changes. Here you will find the simple, unaffected sincerity of a man who believes in what he is doing. Mr Duke is in

new company. Here, with men like John Cunningham, John Derry and Wimpey Wade, he finds his maturity. In the Hunter he takes his readers with him; in the Spitfire he could only tell his story afterwards, to readers who, unless they have shared his experiences, cannot hope to share his emotions.

The passage that describes the preparations for the first flight of the Hunter is the most exciting in the book. Every minute detail adds to the tension, and you will find yourself sitting with Mr Duke in the cockpit watching—more anxiously than he—the dials and control surfaces reacting to the ground tests.

It is a good book. I enjoyed it. On first reflection I thought it had been written five years too soon. Now I think I was wrong. It should have been written now: but Mr Duke must write another in five years time.

G. C. T. R.

Spotting Aircraft

The Aircraft of the World, by William Green and Gerald Pollinger. Foreword by Air Chief Marshal Sir Basil E. Embry, K.C.B., R.A.F. (Macdonald, 25s.)

The Observer's Book of Aircraft, by William Green and Gerald Pollinger. Foreword by Peter G. Masefield. (Frederick Warne and Company, 5s.)

IF Jane's *All the World's Aircraft* is king of its class, these two books are prince and peasant. *The Aircraft of the World* and *The Observer's Book of Aircraft* are, respectively, a sumptuously produced drawing-room edition and a modestly inexpensive pocket book. Yet, in spite of common origin of authorship, the smaller book is by no means a mere cheap edition of the larger. Photographs, reading matter and layout are individual. Only the three-view silhouettes appear generally to be identical.

Messrs Green and Pollinger's more elaborate work commands the attention as naturally as a thoroughbred should. For, after the initial impression of rather extreme lushness has passed, there is found to be scarcely an instance of superfluous verbiage, redundant airspace around the aircraft in the photographs, or unused printing area. In spite of this tautness of layout the over-all character of the book is easy spaciousness.

There can be little to contest in the claim made by the authors that 'there can be few aircraft flying that do not appear.' The total number of aircraft portrayed (something over seven hundred on a quick check) is comprehensive indeed, and the system of giving silhouettes of aircraft flying in large numbers and those about to go into quantity production only is agreeable. For other than the professional 'spotter' the silhouette quite quickly becomes visually indigestible. Many of the subjects are unusual, some of antique interest, and several quite hideous. Nevertheless, the international character of the work stressed by the authors in their introduction is faithfully maintained.

The simple arrangement of aircraft by country of origin and/or maker has gone out of fashion (a volume reviewed in these pages a short time ago, for instance, was arranged according to whether an aircraft

was 'large-fast,' 'large-slower,' 'medium-fast,' etc.) and the mode of division has approached an extreme of complexity. In *The Aircraft of the World* as many as twenty-two categories have been devised, such as 'single-propeller high-wing,' 'single propeller (retractable under-carriage) low-wing,' 'twin-tailbooms,' 'large multi-jet (straight wing)' and so on, with the result that the excellent index becomes the only means of finding a particular aircraft rapidly. However, the over-all impact of this volume is positive, and adverse criticisms can be few.

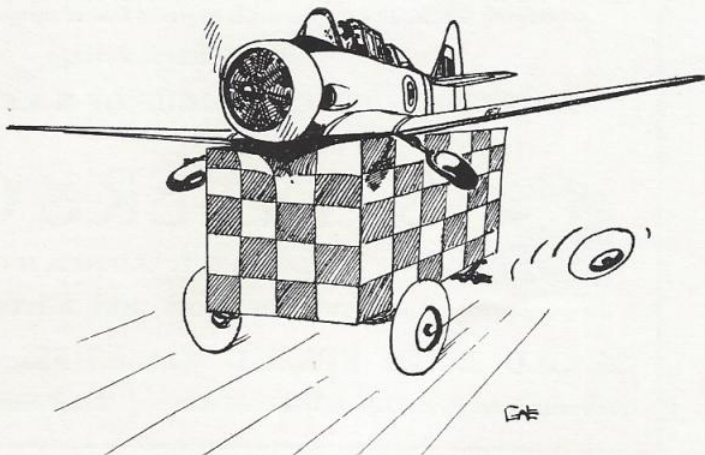
The smaller book, *The Observer's Book of Aircraft*, a second and improved edition of a popular pocket-book, is less effective. Even allowing for its accepted limitations, it does not fulfil its avowed intention of being especially useful to the aircraft observer. Silhouettes, information and the two hundred and eighty-odd photographs, while they are satisfactory in themselves, are not directed in any way to the business of aiding the reader to identify one aircraft from another, as the title might well lead him to expect they will be. The layout system is slightly less complex than that of the larger book, although it is based on the same principles, but rapid finding of a given type is hampered by there being no divisions between the many categories of recognition feature, and by the aircraft within each category having no form of arrangement applied to them whatsoever. The D.H. Beaver, for instance, is separated from the D.H. Otter by the Scottish Aviation Pioneer; the Viking is separated from the Varsity by some half-dozen other aircraft. Once again the index has to be used to overcome defects inherent in a system designed to make the index unnecessary.

R. E. P.

Nautical Aeronaut

The Flying Sailor, by Rear-Admiral André Jubelin. Translated from the French by James Cleugh. (Hurst and Blackett, 16s.)

IN June 1940, André Jubelin was serving as a gunnery officer in the French flagship *La Motte Picquet* off Indo-China. His resolve to join the British led him in November of that year, to steal a training aircraft and to fly with two companions from Saigon to Khota Baru in Malaya, seven hundred miles away—and this 'in a worn-out aircraft with two hundred and twenty pounds above the maximum authorised for an aircraft with a



'... Notice a slight tendency
to float ...'

new engine.' The crudest form of flight refuelling had to be used twice on the journey; one of Jubelin's passengers clambered on to the wing to open and fill the tanks.

From Singapore, Jubelin travelled to England where he was given command of the French battleship *Courbet*, then lying at anchor as a depot ship in Portsmouth Harbour. He converted this ship into an effective floating A.A. battery, which played a great part in Portsmouth's defence against air raids.

Jubelin then moved via the Fleet Air Arm (in which he had the hardihood to stunt fly a Walrus) to a Spitfire squadron of the Royal Air Force. While with this squadron, he planned a low-level flight to Paris, with the dropping of a tricolour on the Arc de Triomphe as its climax. His anger on learning that this feat had been performed by a British Beaufighter on the day before his intended flight is understandable. Jubelin next served with a squadron of Hurricane intruders operating from Tangmere.

He returned to sea in August 1942, in command of the French sloop *Savorgnan de Brazza*, which, while on convoy escort duties, destroyed two Focke-Wulf Kondors.

Jubelin's story ends in 1944 and the rest of his service both during and after the war is told in a rather scrappy publisher's note.

The Flying Sailor is told in that difficult-to-read mixture of narrative and diary extract, historic present and past tense common to books of this type. Nevertheless, the book gives a lively account of the adventures of a gallant and very human officer who served with distinction both at sea and in the air.

A. B.

From Ornithopter to Comet

A History of Flying, by C. H. Gibbs Smith. (Batsford, 21s.)

Airborne at Kitty Hawk, by Michael Harrison. (Cassell, 8s. 6d.)

Comet Highway, by Henry Hensser, M.B.E. (Murray, 10s. 6d.)

THE historian of flying has the difficult task of being accurate and at the same time making a catalogue readable. For his account can so easily degenerate into a list of pioneers and their achievements and in trying to avoid this and to enliven his work he can throw it out of perspective. Progress so often comes from hard work which is apt to be dull. Mr Gibbs Smith, in *A History of Flying*, has steered a skilful course between these two hazards. He is, of course, a recognized authority on the history of flight and so we should expect from him an accurate and comprehensive account of Man's long struggle to conquer the air. He has given us one so well written and arranged that he has made a fascinating story of it which everyone connected with flying should read, not as a duty but as a pleasure.

The theme is the exercise of human qualities of skill, courage and perseverance in winning the freedom of the air, a struggle which took hundreds of years and the efforts of scores of men. Its characters are worthy of the theme. In these days we are apt to forget men like Sir George Cayley, that amateur scientific genius, Hargrave the Australian kite and engine builder, Lilienthal, the first glider pilot or Chanute, the American engineer who gave the Wrights so much help and encouragement. Mr Gibbs Smith gives such men their proper place in the history of flying and yet leaves us wanting to know

more about them. For how tempting it would have been to explore the by-ways. It must be left to the reader to learn of the dangers of boldness, of a bluebottle-powered aircraft and of the pitched battle fought against a strange monster, a balloon, by the inhabitants whose countryside it had invaded. Lighter-than-air flight, especially ballooning, plays a large part in the history of flying as it was for so long the only way of taking to the air with reasonable expectation of getting safely back to earth. Men even went up by means of a hydrogen-filled balloon with a fire underneath, but the number of survivors is not recorded.

The climax is the success of the Wright brothers in achieving powered, sustained and controlled flight. Others before them had flown in gliders or had flown powered models, but the Wrights were the first to launch themselves into the air in a powered aircraft whose flight they were able to control and eventually to sustain beyond the 12 seconds of the first flight. The Wrights' success was due to no sudden inspiration. It sprang from their study of earlier work, but also from hard practice and experiment in gliders and from their own individual contribution, the system of control embodying wing warping, the origin of ailerons, combined with the use of the rudder.

I can recommend this book wholeheartedly not only to the historically minded, but to all who feel the drama of a great human achievement. Nor is it only for those who understand aeroplanes. Mr Gibbs Smith explains how everything worked—or did not work. Those of us who are earthbound will certainly know, after reading this book, how an aeroplane flies and can admire the courage and skill of the men who translated theory into fact. The book is published by Batsford and so it is well printed, bound and illustrated. Here are photographs and drawings in plenty to supplement the text, the combination of author and publisher producing a book to be bought, not merely borrowed.

Airborne at Kitty Hawk covers much of the same ground as *A History of Flying* with the special aim of telling the story of the Wright brothers and what led up to it. Mr Harrison goes back over the centuries to show how it was made possible by the efforts of bird imitators, balloonists, glider builders and engineers. He is perhaps rather hard on one of the pioneers, an English monk who is said to have glided a furlong with the aid of wings of his own construction. He crashed on landing breaking both legs, and, although Mr Harrison calls it a creditable performance and says that he should not have abandoned further attempts, we can understand the monk's point of view.

The book aims at giving the Wrights all the credit they deserve by showing that success came mainly as a result of their own efforts. Mr Harrison has a good story to tell and in spite of occasional distraction by mannerisms of style the reader's interest will be held. It is a pleasant way to acquire a good general idea of the Wrights' place in flying history.

Writing about photographs is a wholly unsatisfactory way of attempting to convey their qualities to others. The expert writing for others of his kind can be technical. I am sure that Mr Hensser in *Comet Highway* has produced a collection of photographs which are, technically, of a very high quality. As pictures they are superb. There are a few photographs of the Comet, one which shows its lovely lines in flight, but most are views from the aircraft of skies around and the lands, seas and cities which pass beneath. Clouds are, naturally, the aerial photographer's ever present subject and the cloud backgrounds in this collection testify to Mr Hensser's eye for beauty as well as to his patience in

waiting for the right setting. One could pick out individual photographs such as 'Fish Traps,' which captures the oily calm of tropical waters under the glory of a sunset, or 'Waterfall,' one of the pleasures of a flight to Johannesburg not included in the fare. These are just one man's choice. A lot of pleasure he had in choosing.

J. W.

The Story of Samuel Franklin Cody

Pioneer of the Air, by G. A. Broomfield. (Gale & Polden Ltd., 10s. 6d.)

IT is, perhaps, true to say that the biography of an interesting and colourful personality has a very good chance of reading well, even if the actual author's literary qualifications are small. In *Pioneer of the Air*, however, we have that very happy situation where subject and author seem to suit one another admirably. Samuel Franklin Cody, the pioneer in question, undoubtedly possessed all the colour an author needed and his life followed the pattern of a well-planned novel. G. A. Broomfield, the author, has more than the usual literary qualifications for the task: he has experience as well. He not only worked with Cody on his early experimental aircraft, but was also a great friend of Cody and of the Cody family.

Perhaps the most unusual lesson to be learned from this book is the amazing way flying developed. One can say that the process was completely evolutionary. When Cody was a boy on his father's ranch, he learned how to fly kites from the family's Chinese cook. He followed the example of his great contemporary and namesake Buffalo Bill Cody by coming to Europe in a Wild West show. He was an excellent horseman and a crack pistol shot so he soon became very popular. Being an enterprising man he was always seeking new methods of attracting audiences.

He adapted his knowledge of kites and produced a man-lifting kite. He was in England at the time and took the opportunity of demonstrating his new ideas to the public at Alexandra Park.

Some far-sighted officers of the army and navy saw vast possibilities in man-lifting kites and in 1903 Cody found himself at Portsmouth experimenting and developing his ideas. He declared his intention of producing a dirigible man-lifting kite long before the Wright brothers first achieved powered flight.

Cody's first aircraft was designed and built on Farnborough Plain in 1906. Cody was a popular man and so his first attempts to fly were generously supported by the Press and public. But when he met with failure he was denounced as a showman and a playboy. The Press united against him and it was not until his aircraft had met with considerable success in competition against those of such notable contemporaries as T. O. M. Sopwith, A. V. Roe, Geoffrey de Havilland and J. T. C. Moore-Brabazon, that public opinion swung in his favour once more.

This book is short; the story never lags. Mr Broomfield does not beg one's sympathy for Cody; he commands respect for his subject. Those interested cannot but enjoy *Pioneer of the Air*. The book is extremely well illustrated and includes information on all the important technical details of Cody's many aircraft and competitions. 'Colonel' S. F. was killed in an air crash in 1913, during a display. It was the end he would have chosen.

J. A. B.

Three Aeronautical Novels

The High and the Mighty, by Ernest Gann. (Hodder & Stoughton, 12s. 6d.)

Tumult in the Clouds, by Andrew Cunningham. (Peter Davies, 10s. 6d.)

Wings off the Sea, by J. E. MacDonnell. (Constable, 11s. 6d.)

FICTION has in the past received little space in this section of the JOURNAL. Three recently published novels, all on the subject of flying, deserve notice.

In *The High and the Mighty* Ernest Gann describes the journey of an American passenger aircraft from Honolulu to San Francisco. He employs a familiar device which has always attracted the novelists: the author collects all his characters together in a place from which there is no escape and shows how they react to a series of terrifying events.

When Captain Sullivan takes off from Honolulu, there are twenty-one people aboard including his co-pilot Dan Roman, a brilliantly portrayed character, the third pilot, navigator and stewardess. Among the motley collection of passengers are a honeymoon couple, and a man with a gun in his pocket and murder in his heart. The author's main difficulty in the novel of this kind is to introduce so many characters without bewildering the reader. Ernest Gann does not worry us with confusing lists of names and thumbnail sketches. In the comfort of the passenger cabin we soon get to know them intimately as the aircraft flies out across the Pacific.

Unusual vibration in certain parts of the aircraft are first noticed by those least able to appreciate their significance; the reader, however, is made fully aware of the danger, and tension mounts as the aircraft nears 'the point of no return.' After the catastrophe, the aircraft limps on with a useless engine hanging down ten degrees and one of the main tanks punctured by the lost propeller. The rest of the book is an intensely exciting account of the pilot's struggle to keep the aircraft out of the sea, and of the even more dramatic battle which each individual wages against fear. In the moment of danger the crew and passengers forget their stupid animosities, their selfish whims, and each is shown in his true colours. When they leave the plane at the end of the book, their little battles won or lost, none of them is quite the same person as climbed into it.

This is one of the most thrilling books since *The Cruel Sea* and *The 'Caine' Mutiny*, though in its clever use of suspense and its conflict of personalities, it has closer affinities with its prizewinning American predecessor.

Tumult in the Clouds describes night fighting and intruder operations over England and the Mediterranean during the Second World War, as seen through the eyes of a navigator. Though essentially a work of fiction, the book embodies, as the author states, a number of true events within the range of his own experience. Andrew Cunningham completed two tours as a navigator in night fighters, was awarded the D.F.C. and left the Service in 1946 with the rank of squadron leader.

This book is particularly interesting in that it deals with an aspect of air warfare which has received much less than its fair share of publicity since the war. The author tells his story with sincerity and enthusiasm, and there are some fine descriptive passages. He manages to convey to the reader that intense satisfaction which is born of good team-work, when the man behind the radar screen and the man at the controls work in complete harmony. He shows us without exaggeration the

paralysing effect of fear, the greatest enemy of all. Above all, he brings to his task an unbounded zest for flying for its own sake.

The main weakness of this novel is a certain lack of uniformity which is probably due to the difficulties of blending fact and fiction into a composite narrative. Nevertheless, here in a most readable form is a realistic account of the valuable work done by Beaufighters and Mosquitoes.

Wings off the Sea by the Australian novelist J. E. MacDonnell takes us into Korean waters aboard the aircraft carrier *Hawk* of the Royal Australian Navy. Those who like their novels to be full of action, however improbable, will enjoy this book. It describes the dangerous missions undertaken by aircraft catapulted from the carrier against the enemy ground forces in Korea; crashes are numerous, and Hap, an American hover-plane pilot attached to the ship, is kept very busy carrying out dangerous rescue operations. Sherwood, the leader of the bomber complement, and Swan in command of the fighter protection, have to contend not only with the ordinary hazards of their job, but also with the hatred, jealousy and petty tyrannies of Baume, the senior non-flying flight officer of the *Hawk* who, it transpires, has completely lost his nerve.

The book suffers, like so many other novels of this kind, from an over-zealous attempt on the part of the author to make his characters speak as realistically as possible. The normal conversational idiom used by men at sea is ill-suited to the novel; indeed, the more closely the dialogue resembles that of real life, the more uninteresting and incomprehensible it becomes.

C. N. C. C.

Lindbergh's Atlantic Adventure

The Spirit of St. Louis, by Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh. (John Murray Ltd., 21s.)

TWENTY-SIX years after his flight to Paris, Charles Lindbergh has written the full story of those thirty-three hours and of the shaping of his own life toward that hazardous climax. It is a magnificent literary achievement; the result now lies between the covers of his book entitled *The Spirit of St. Louis*.

Everyone is familiar with the Lindbergh saga, but no one until now has experienced the full impact of its suspense. Everyone knows, for example, that a number of people were determined to fly the Atlantic in the year 1927 and that Charles Lindbergh contrived to secure financial backing from individuals in St. Louis to get a plane built, which he flew to New York, arriving at just the time that Byrd and Chamberlain were making final preparations, and that he took off quite suddenly one morning, heading north to Newfoundland and thence over the Atlantic. Everyone in the world, too, knows that the flight had a successful conclusion and that Charles Lindbergh landed safely at Le Bourget. It is surprising, given this previous knowledge, that anyone should feel uncertainty or suspense. Yet by sheer narrative skill Lindbergh, the writer, contrives an illusion of complete uncertainty.

The magic of the book lies, perhaps, in its highly subjective quality. It seems impossible, following the sequence of events, that an air-mail pilot, a boy of twenty-four, can interest anyone in his subject, that he can get a plane built, that he can get it built in time, that he can compete with the highly financed competition, that the overloaded *Spirit of St. Louis* will finally lift off the runway without crashing, or that

Lindbergh himself, once in the air, can succeed in fighting off sleep or even in finding his way. Steadily, faultlessly, *The Spirit of St. Louis* rises to breathless climax, making the pages of the over-water flight itself—which one might think of as a dull recording of hours and minutes—the most dramatic of the lot. Here he manages an illusion of passing time by moving from the immediacies of the present, from stormy weather and ice on the wings, to memories of his Minnesota childhood, of his father, mother and grandparents, of his days as a stunt flier and as a parachute jumper at local air shows. Although these memories mingle, they all form a perfect pattern that fits with the whole book's plan. He sights the Irish fishing boats and then the English coast, and finally the lights of Le Bourget. It is hard to decide, when the wheels touch the ground, which is the greater triumph—the flight or the writing of it.

H. P. C.

Combat Report

Heaven Next Stop, by Gunther Bloemertz. (William Kimber & Co. Ltd., 12s. 6d.)

THIS story, as written by the sole survivor of the squadron known to the Allies as the 'Abbeville Kids' should give an excellent account of one of the better German fighter squadrons during the last war. As it is, *Heaven Next Stop* is a collection of experiences of those fighter pilots against the background of a Germany at first victorious and then becoming conscious of defeat. The only continuity to this book is its likeness to the story of 'the little nigger boys,' as one by one the pilots of the squadron are removed by death. And in this scheme of death the Nazis die and only the good Germans are left, or at least this is the impression left with the reader.

This collection of combats and experiences has the familiar ring of post-war stories from the other side, in that the author straddles the fence and has allowed his post-war attitude (and livelihood) to overcome the principles of his convictions of why he was fighting the war. This lack of sincerity creates the feeling of disbelief, which undoubtedly was not the feeling the author wished to convey.

W. E. C.

Some Modern Weapons

Pistols, Rifles and Machine Guns, by Major W. G. B. Allen. (English Universities Press, 15s.)

MAJOR ALLEN graduated from the Military College of Science at Woolwich in 1939 and recently completed a three-year tour as an instructor in infantry weapons at the Royal Military College of Science at Shrivenham. In this book he has endeavoured to deal with the mechanical aspects of the subject from a general point of view and in simple language. His aim has been to cater for persons with little specialized knowledge and to provide information for serving officers, senior n.c.os and anyone else interested in firearms.

The layout of the book gives a very favourable impression and appears most logical. Chapter I introduces briefly the various types of firearm to be discussed and Chapter II sets out the historical outline from the earliest times. Chapter III deals with automatic mechanisms in general, Chapter IV with locking mechanisms and Chapters V, VI, VII and VIII with extraction and ejection mechanisms, feed mechanisms, trigger and

firing mechanisms, and sight and sight setting respectively. Chapters IX-XII give details of specific types of weapon, viz. pistols, machine carbines, rifles and machine guns, and Chapter XIII enumerates the military uses for silencers and gives constructional details.

An appendix is included dealing with cartridge data, and references are also tabulated.

In a single volume of this size the author has not attempted to give detailed descriptions of particular weapons but rather to state practical examples illustrating general points. Diagrams are printed to amplify certain details of the text but more numerous illustrations than those given would have assisted the lay reader to a more ready understanding of the subject.

The text is interesting and does not go into greater technical detail than is necessary, and the volume will undoubtedly be of value to the officer or s.n.c.o. who has already received a general training in the subject and who desires a more detailed background knowledge. It does, however, presuppose a certain basic understanding on the part of the reader.

V. H. J.

Autobiography of an Ex-Communist

Witness, by Whittaker Chambers. (Andre Deutsch, 21s.)

THOUGH more than four years have elapsed since Alger Hiss, the high official of the U.S. State Department, was convicted of perjury in the American courts, the great debate continues about his guilt. Was he, as Whittaker Chambers alleged, a Communist agent? Or was he an unfortunate innocent, caught up in a fantastic slander campaign at a moment in U.S. history when anti-Communist hysteria was sweeping the country? Quite recently Lord Jowett, in his book *The Strange Case of Alger Hiss*, argued vehemently on the side of Hiss's innocence. Whittaker Chambers, Hiss's chief accuser, is no less active in his denunciation of Hiss in his controversial autobiography, now published in this country by Andre Deutsch at a remarkably low price.

Perhaps the most disturbing feature of the whole case was, and is still, the passion that it arouses in otherwise reasonable people. Yet this, in itself, is a sign (a sign that Lord Jowett ignores) that the case is possibly larger than the mere legal process that engulfed both accused and accuser. Indeed, by regarding the case from the legal viewpoint purely and simply, one stands in serious danger of missing the most impressive aspect of Whittaker Chambers's testimony—its coherence when he seeks to explain the aims and working of the Soviet apparatus in the United States. The reasonable man, by virtue of his reasonableness, dislikes and distrusts that which cannot be demonstrated beyond all doubt. For him 'coherence' in the sense used here does not amount to 'demonstration beyond all reasonable doubt.' But unfortunately—and this needs to be remembered—it is only an inefficiently organized conspiracy that allows useful legal evidence to pile up against it in police archives.

The obvious literary shortcomings of this book and the lack of restraint of its author notwithstanding, one puts *Witness* down reluctantly, even apprehensively, after the final sentence has been read. Is it that Whittaker Chambers, in denouncing Hiss, lays a finger on one of the vital problems of our time? Are we sufficiently sure of Western democracy's safeguards against

the insidious workings of a Soviet fifth column? If Whittaker Chambers is right in his analysis, it is not by arms alone, or by efficient police action, that the threat can be met.

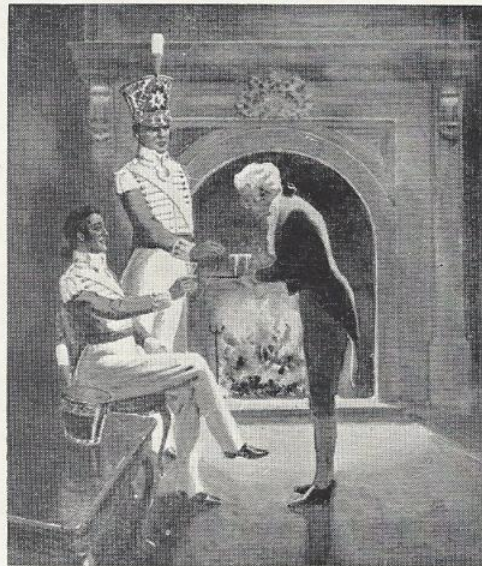
J. L.

An End of Stalinism ?

Russia after Stalin, by Isaac Deutscher. (Hamish Hamilton, 10s. 6d.)

JUST over a year has elapsed since Stalin died. Mr Deutscher, the well-known authority on Soviet affairs, began putting the present book together some days after Stalin's death; he finished it about a month later. The reviewer, if he is to be just, must keep these facts in mind in assessing the merits and defects of Mr Deutscher's view of the Soviet scene.

Mr Deutscher explains his purpose in his foreword. It is 'to offer an interpretation of an important historical change, an interpretation based on facts and on an analysis of the basic trends at work in Soviet society' . . . 'to find a thread leading through the labyrinth of contemporary history and the chaos of seemingly disconnected events.' He is exceptional among commentators in that he does not try to interpret Soviet policies in the light of supposed personal rivalries among those in the highest places, a barren speculation at the best of times whatever the financial rewards may be. Mr Deutscher believes that in Russia today, though the ghost of Stalinism 'still wields all the material instruments of power' . . . 'a profound contradiction is maturing between, to use the Marxian term, the social and economic structure and the political superstructure



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of post-Stalinist society' (p. 72). By his reading of the signs at the time of the XIXth Party Congress in October 1953, Mr Deutscher would have it that 'Stalinism had been dead and buried long before . . .' (p. 89); the Russian nation had even then 'outgrown Stalinist tutelage' (p. 95). Mr Deutscher, developing a prominent theme of the last pages of his *Stalin: a Political Biography*, argues that the gate is open to the road of reform (pp. 124-140). He sees little prospect of a prolonged relapse into the Stalinist form of dictatorship and believes that a military dictatorship could only be set up as the result of 'a war-like threat from the West.' A gradual evolution of the régime towards a social democracy, in Mr Deutscher's view, is the most likely 'variant of development.' In the field of foreign affairs

he believes that the Stalinist policy of self-containment will give place to 'peace overtures' with the West; indeed Malenkov 'has staked his reputation and perhaps his future' on the success of these. Communist movements in other countries will also feel the far-reaching effects of the 'quiet winding up of the Stalin cult' (p. 154).

The reader, like the present reviewer, may disagree profoundly with Mr Deutscher's reading of the signs, and, in places, even dispute his facts. He may feel strongly that the author should have removed many blemishes of style from his narrative. But he will readily admit that Mr Deutscher has written an extremely stimulating little book. After all, only time can tell whose, from among all the guesstimates, is the nearest to the truth.

J. L.

CADET WING LISTS

PROMOTIONS

'A' Squadron: Senior Under Officer R. S. Blockey. Under Officers D. R. Bourne, D. A. Briggs, P. J. R. Lewis.

'B' Squadron: Senior Under Officer J. C. Newby. Under Officers B. G. Cox, J. G. De'Ath, B. Carse.

'C' Squadron: Senior Under Officer J. McLeod. Under Officers P. H. Champriss, I. R. Martin, B. J. St. Aubyn.

No. 68 ENTRY

'A' Squadron: G. P. Allen, Portsmouth Grammar School. J. Andrews, Royal High School, Edinburgh. J. L. Blackford, St. Lawrence College, Ramsgate. P. A. Bouch, Ashford Grammar School. D. C. G. Brook, Marlborough College. J. W. Canning, Waterloo Grammar School. G. J. Edwards, Merchant Taylors' School. R. Feaks, Borden Grammar School, Sittingbourne. R. G. Fox, Kings College, Taunton. A. Mumford, Downside. T. M. O'Grady, Maidenhead County Boys' School. J. R. Walker, King Edward VI Grammar School, Birmingham. B. D. Warner, Perse School, Cambridge.

'B' Squadron: G. L. Aylett, Christ's Hospital. J. B. V. Collins, Victoria College, Jersey. J. H. Constable, Hitchin Grammar School. W. A. Edwards, Barnstaple Boys' Grammar School. N. A. Fox, Sevenoaks School. M. C. Ginn, Haberdashers' Aske's Hampstead School. S. E. Hemsley, Sandwich School. R. P. Kharegat, Haileybury College. H. Rajapaksha, St. Thomas College, Mount Lavinia, Ceylon. E. J. E. Smith, Strathallan School.

'C' Squadron: J. C. K. Baerselman, St. George's College. G. W. Broadbent, Stamford School. C. R. Groom, Wellington College. G. G. Jones, King's School, Canterbury. B. T. Mitchell, Bishop Gore Grammar School, Swansea. R. G. Morgan, Kirkcaldy High School. J. E. Nevill, Dartford Grammar School. J. W. Tomlinson, Bristol Grammar School. H. P. Walters, Woking County Grammar School.

STAFF APPOINTMENTS

The following appointments to the College and Station staffs have been made since the last issue of the *Journal* went to press.

Cadet Wing. Army Instructor. Major J. W. Peyton, M.C.; Cadet Wing Officer, 'A' Squadron: Flight Lieutenant C. L. C. Swallow; Officer Commanding Junior Entries: Flight Lieutenant H. D. Hall; Plans and Progress: Flight Lieutenant B. W. Mullen.

Tutorial Wing. Senior Tutor (E.S.A.): Wing Commander H. C. B. Blasbery; Science Tutor: Flight Lieutenant R. W. Sloan. *Flying Wing*. Squadron Leader M. D. Wylie; Flight Lieutenant R. Dicker.

Administrative Wing. College Medical Officer: Squadron Leader R. A. Riseley-Pritchard; Station Education Officer: Squadron Leader H. Gray; Padre (C. of E.) The Reverend (Flight Lieutenant) O. H. Owen.

DEPARTURES

The following have left the staffs of the College or the Station:

Group Captain: W. N. Hibbert.

Wing Commanders: D. T. M. Lumsden, F. Bartle.

Major: G. J. S. Cotton.

Squadron Leaders: The Rev. Boatright, V. Bridges, D. J. Daybell, R. A. Fox-Linton, M. H. James, N. J. Steer, P. E. H. Thomas, A. N. H. Wright, D. A. Young.

Flight Lieutenants: C. H. Atkin, D. G. A. Barham, A. S. Brain, P. L. Burke, C. R. A. Challis, R. H. Course, A. H. Craven, N. C. Hanslip, R. C. Hooper, G. P. Pennington, F. W. Rickard, R. O. Simmons, A. G. Woods.

Flying Officers: N. L. Aylmer, A. D. Page, R. E. H. Partridge.

Pilot Officer: W. J. Hunter.

ERRATA

It is regretted that the following errors occurred in the last issue of the *Journal*:

p. 152: Under the heading "Acknowledgements"—for *Squadron Leader D. G. Roberts, M.M.* read *Flight Cadet Z. K. Feroze*.

p. 176: Left-hand caption—for *Air Vice-Marshal Mitchell* read *Air Vice-Marshal Baldwin*; for *Collinshaw* read *Collishaw*.

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Editor. Senior Flight Cadet J. D. Langley ('A' Squadron). (Extn. 125.)

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THE JOURNAL OF



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CRANWELL
LINCOLNSHIRE



THE BALLIOL COMES TO CRANWELL

This term the Balliol has taken the place of the Harvard for advanced flying training. Two squadrons are at present based at Barkston. The picture above, one of many taken earlier this term, shows a Balliol piloted by O.C., Headquarters Flight (Squadron Leader J. E. Townsend) flying low over the College

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Grateful acknowledgement is made for permission to use the following photographs: Flight Cadet A. Iqbal—pp. 110, 141, 146 (*above, centre, below*). Sergeant Baker—pp. 113, 116. Flying Officer N. A. Innes-Smith—p. 115. Crown Copyright—pp. 117, 134 (*above, centre, below*), 144. Messrs Van Hallan (Press and General Photographic Agency), Hounslow—pp. 118, 120, 121, 122 (*below*), 142 (*below*). Gale & Polden, Ltd.—pp. 122 (*above*), 124, 138 (*above, centre, below*). Rolls-Royce Ltd., Derby—pp. 125, 126 (*centre, below*), 127, 128, 129. French Air Force—p. 130. *Le Provençal* (Marseilles)—p. 131 (*above, centre, below*). Flight Cadet R. A. Jackson—p. 132 (*above, below*). Flight Cadet G. X. E. McLeod—p. 133. Senior Flight Cadet J. J. J. Dinis—p. 140. Squadron Leader D. G. Roberts, M.M.—p. 142 (*above*). Flight Cadet C. S. J. Bonington—p. 145 (*above, below*). Squadron Leader G. C. T. Richards—p. 167.

EDITORIAL COMMITTEE

Chairman: Squadron Leader J. F. L. Long. *Deputy Chairman:* Flight Lieutenant C. N. C. Carryer. *Members:* Squadron Leader E. A. Fairhurst, D.F.C. (representing Flying Wing), Flight Lieutenant A. B. Stinchcombe (Old Cranwellian Editor), Flight Lieutenant F. A. G. Poole (Advertisement Manager), Flight Lieutenant A. S. Gray (Treasurer), Flight Lieutenant F. A. Leckie (Index Editor), Under Officer T. H. Sheppard (Editor), Under Officer R. A. C. Goldring, Senior Flight Cadet R. A. A. Gale, Senior Under Officer P. H. Stanning, Senior Flight Cadet R. B. Gubbins, Flight Cadet B. R. Kent. *Honorary Member:* Senior Flight Cadet M. A. Howells. *Honorary Secretary:* Flight Cadet J. Armstrong.

THE JOURNAL

The Journal of the Royal Air Force College is published three times a year, at the end of 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, Lincolnshire.' Unsuitable material will be returned. The Managing Editor, Editor and staff will be glad to advise intending contributors. A list of members of the editorial staff will be found on page 168 of this issue. *Please Note.* The next issue of *The Journal* goes to press on Friday, 24th September, 1954, and all contributions intended for this issue must be in the hands of the Managing Editor by this date.



College Notes

THE principal event of the term has been the arrival of Balliols at Cranwell. The planned introduction of the Provost-Vampire training sequence must wait upon the completion of the runways whose construction has now been started on South Airfield. While this airfield is out of commission the Chipmunk squadrons have migrated to North Airfield and the Balliol squadrons to Barkston Heath. The Harvard, which has been in use for the applied flying training of flight cadets since the reopening of the College (it first appeared in the neighbourhood at Spitalgate in 1939), has performed its duties nobly. It will go down in history with the most famous of its predecessors at Cranwell—the Hart, Bulldog, Atlas, Siskin, Snipe, D.H.9a and Bristol Fighter. The Balliol, though its tenure of office at the College is likely to be shorter than that of its distinguished predecessor, is welcomed as an advance in power and flexibility.

The post-war flying training sequences at the College have been retrogressively—Chipmunk-Harvard, Prentice-Harvard, Tiger Moth-Harvard.

The temporary moves and the physical split of the Flying Wing have, of course, raised organizational problems and added materially to the length of the flight cadets' working day.

Constructional work is also in progress to the east of the College where a nexus of huts is being erected to house instruction in the sciences which has been in makeshift, cramped and dispersed accommodation since 1946.



The Reviewing Officer at the passing-out parade of No. 61 Entry on 6th April was Field Marshal Sir John Harding, G.C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., Chief of the Imperial General Staff. After the parade Sir John Harding inspected the Flying Wing, planted a commemorative tree in the south-western avenue and took luncheon in the College. At passing out the entry numbered 44, including 12 flight cadets of the Equipment and Secretarial branches.

Wings and prizes were presented by the Commandant on 5th April. Flight Cadet R. L. Holmes performed the remarkable feat of winning the Queen's Medal and four other prizes. 'A' Squadron, having won the Knocker, Chimay and Trenchard Cups, became the Sovereign's Squadron for the summer term, 1954.



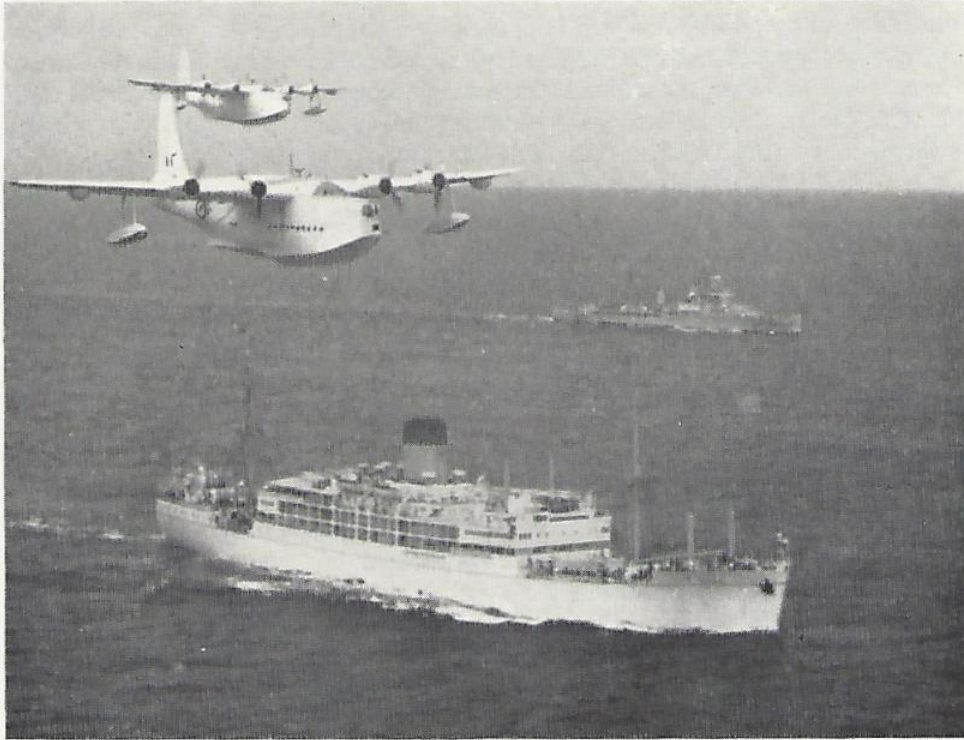
At the start of the summer term the strength of the College was 285. Of these 87 were cadets and 59 were under training for the Equipment and Secretarial branches. The new entry, No. 69, numbered 37 on arrival.

The precedent for a new act of College ritual was set on Sunday, 2nd May, when the Queen's Colour of the Royal Air Force College passed from the custody of 'C' Squadron to that of 'A' Squadron. The Cadet Wing formed up for Church parade with the Sovereign's Squadron bearing arms as Escort Squadron. The cased Colour was marched on parade by the outgoing Colour party, the escorts to the Colour turned outwards, the Colour was uncased and committed to the care of 'A' Squadron by the outgoing Ensign. The Colour was then borne to Church in the midst of the Escort Squadron. Thus, the passing of the principal College honour from one squadron to another was marked with due ceremony.



The changes of staff inherent in any Service organization have taken place. Two attached officers of the War Studies team, to whom in another sense the College is very much attached, have left us; they are Lieutenant-Commander J. G. V. Holt, R.N., and Major W. E. Charlson, U.S.A.F. It may well be that Lieutenant-Commander Holt will be best remembered for his acting prowess revealed in many roles in the Little Theatre. Unfortunately Mrs Holt was not persuaded to show her great Thalian talent until their tour here was almost completed. Major Charlson has spent two years at the College during which he has expounded the doctrine of offensive air power and has shown, paradoxically enough, the power of an engaging air. Mrs Charlson, too, has excelled upon the Cranwell stage and in her hospitality has shown to a whole generation of flight cadets some of the more notable refinements of the American 'way of life'. Our gloom at the departure of these officers is lightened by our pleasure in welcoming their successors, Lieutenant-Commander J. D. O. Hinton, R.N., and Captain E. D. Bruton, D.F.C., U.S.A.F. We regret that Cranwell's welcome to Mrs Bruton on her arrival from Texas took the form of the rigours of a belated Lincolnshire spring.

The Tutorial Wing has lost two of its principal landmarks; Squadron Leader J. C. Forth has left after nearly six, and Flight Lieutenant R. E. Ladbroke after nearly five years' service at the College. Squadron Leader Forth taught a wide variety of science subjects with exemplary patience and understanding. As officer in charge of athletics he laid the foundation of our later successes. Readers will be grateful to him above all as the first post-war Business Manager of *The Journal* and the one who placed our affairs on a firm footing. Flight Lieutenant Ladbroke professed primarily history with a profitable side line in geography. The soccer Blue and the county (albeit minor)



Two Sunderlands of No. 88 Squadron, detached from Far East Flying Boat Wing for the duration of the Royal Visit to Ceylon, salute Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II on 8th April, 1954. When this picture was taken, the Gothic was 500 n.m. south-east of Ceylon on her way from the Cocos Is. to Colombo. H.M.S. Ceylon can be seen in the background. The Sunderland in front was captained by Flying Officer N. A. Innes-Smith (1949)

cricketer contributed much to the sporting life of the College. It will be no surprise to learn that he has so far proved literally irreplaceable. Squadron Leader L. C. Glover, Senior Weapons Instructor and formerly a flying instructor in 'A' Flight, has departed for No. 209 A.F.S.; it is safe to predict for an officer who can act as a popular as well as an efficient bar officer and who can run the Officers' Mess cricket and successful A.T.C. camps, a great future in management and diplomacy. Flight Lieutenant R. Colbeck, navigation instructor, has gone to the Technical College at Debden. As officer in charge of cross-country running he built up the team which gained our first post-war victory over Sandhurst at this sport.

The principal loss to the Flying has been that of Squadron Leader A. C. Shirreff, Officer Commanding Headquarters Squadron; the presence of so outstanding a figure in Royal Air Force sport and in county cricket has been a great inspiration to all flight cadets. The Administrative Wing has lost Squadron Leader A. M. Skene, the well-known squash player. The Reverend E. Davies, Senior O.D. Chaplain, has left us for Luqa.

As we go to press we learn that Squadron Leader D. W. Bedford will have left Cranwell by the time *The Journal* appears. Squadron Leader Bedford has served for five years at Cranwell, first as a flying instructor and flight commander, then as

Squadron Leader Plans and Group level P.1. As such he had a wide and eclectic knowledge of everything that had happened, was happening, was about to happen, might have happened, and had happened but should not have happened in the College. No occasion was complete without him and no account of any occasion could equal his. The Riding Club and stables owe much to his guidance. He goes with our best wishes to take up the command of No. 201 Squadron.

Mr A. Bray, the College Librarian for two years, has left us on promotion to an appointment at Farnborough. He leaves behind him a library in fine shape, which has largely recovered from its wartime experiences.



We regret to record the death during his journey back to Australia of Mr A. J. Black, the Director of Studies at the R.A.A.F. College. Mr Black, as recorded in the last number of *The Journal*, paid two visits to Cranwell and delighted us with his pleasant personality and his acute insight into our problems. We extend our sympathy to Mr Black's family and to Point Cook on their great loss.

We regret the death of Flight Cadet A. V. Bennett as a result of a flying accident near Boston on 4th May. Flight Cadet Bennett joined the College with No. 66 Entry, having previously gained considerable flying experience. He was a member of 'B' Squadron and had already been making a name for himself as modest yet impressive personality, and as one who was always ready to throw himself wholeheartedly into any activity. We offer our deep sympathy to his parents on their grievous loss.



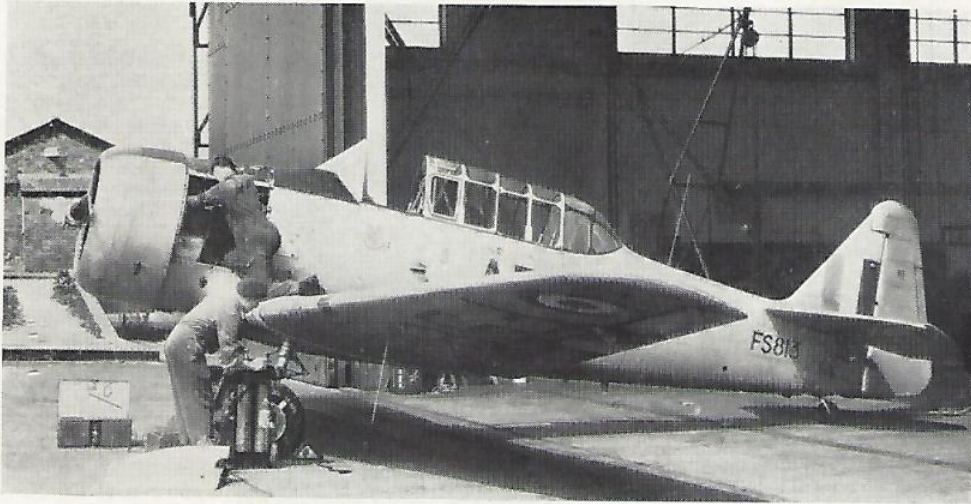
On 16th February the Belvoir met at the College. After a slow start they had one of their best hunts of the season which took them deep into 'enemy' territory to the north-east of Temple Bruer.

The close of the season for the R.A.F. ('Per Ardua') Beagles was marked, a week or two prematurely, by a presentation at the meet at the Lord Nelson, Besthorpe, to

the outgoing Master, Group Captain L. G. Levis. In recognition of his great services in raising the pack and hunting it for three seasons, subscribers and followers took



Farewell to the
Master of the
'Per Ardua' Beagles



Preparing the last Harvard for its last flight—Cranwell, May, 1954

the opportunity of presenting him with a silver horn suitably mounted and inscribed. A replica in the form of a brooch marked their appreciation of the services of Mrs Levis as ambassador and helpmeet of the Master. The pack has shown excellent sport over the season. It may come as a surprise to the exponents of the bloodier blood sports that only eight and a half brace were killed in 44 hunting days. It must be remembered that in this open country it may take anything up to an hour to run down a strong hare, and to keep the pack on one line in this over-hared territory demands the intuition of a detective as well as physical effort. The average distance covered hunting was 12 miles, the longest day 20 miles.

We welcome as Master Flight Lieutenant D. V. Stanford-Evans, whose reputation as a Master of Beagles in Northern Ireland has preceded him. To the outgoing Master we wish, ironically, good hunting at Air Ministry.



As usual, College training has not been confined to Lincolnshire. A party of six officers and 25 flight cadets, led by the Commandant, paid a liaison visit to the Ecole de l'Air at Salon in March and attended the *Baptême* of Promotion *Brunschwig*. The opportunity was taken to play a rugby match and to perform an assault at arms.

One officer and four flight cadets visited the Koninklyke Militaire Academie at Gilze Rijen on the occasion of their annual *assaut* on 13th May.

In the vacation visits were made to stations as far removed as Lossiemouth and St Eval. No. 63 Entry visited army units in Germany and two flight cadets joined H.M.S. *Wild Goose* in the Persian Gulf, whose First Lieutenant is Lieutenant-Commander J. Millar, a former Naval liaison officer at the R.A.F. College.

Flight cadets of the Equipment and Secretarial branches have visited a variety



Visitors from l'Ecole de l'Air—Colonel (now General de Brigade Aerie) A. de Maricourt, the officer commanding l'Ecole, and Commandant A. G. J. Thoulouze, C.F.I. at l'Ecole (extreme left of picture) talking to the Commandant (right) and Mrs Keary during the Passing Out Ball, April, 1954

of maintenance and embarkation units, and have had the opportunity of inspecting Stanlow oil refinery.

No. 61 Entry visited the De Havilland Aircraft Co. and Handley Page Ltd in March. On 8th May No. 62 Entry viewed a demonstration of the company in the attack at the School of Infantry, Warminster; the night before was spent at Sandhurst.

We offer our grateful thanks to all hosts, Service and civilian, who by their generous help and entertainment made these visits possible, and so gave greater depth and added interest to the training at Cranwell.



From reports elsewhere in this *Journal* it will be seen that during the Easter vacation the Cadets' Activities Organization was as active as ever. The mountaineers visited north-west Scotland; the pot-holers revisited their own system, 'Pol Ardua', in Eire; the skiers had several days' successful ski-ing in the Cairngorms; the Sailing section carried out a cruise which took them to the Channel Islands; and the gliders, possibly for the last time, visited Scharfoldendorf. The Canoeing section entered a team for the Devizes-Westminster canal and river race. In a gruelling contest over 125 miles they were up against near-professionals in Royal Marine Commando teams and did well to finish fifth of the seven crews who succeeded in completing the course.



The Ferris Drill competition held on 6th March was remarkable in that it was purely a Royal Air Force occasion. A team of judges, whom we thank, under Squadron Leader F. A. Hall, M.C., came from the R.A.F. Depot, Catterick. The prescribed drill on this occasion took the form, appropriately, of mounting a small scale passing-out parade, complete with Squadron Standard.

The principal sporting success of the term was the defeat, for the first time since the war, of Sandhurst at hockey.

The six-a-side hockey festival formerly held each year at Digby was held this year at Cranwell. Ten Service and ten civilian clubs entered teams. In the final Syerston were defeated by Skegness.

The inter-squadron cross-country race took place on 7th February. Since Cranwell was under three inches of snow the course was slightly modified. The scoring on this occasion was worked on a system of time blocks instead of the total of individual placing; this gave a fairer indication of average ability.



Winter finished with a burst of dramatic activity. The Dramatic section produced *The White Sheep of the Family*, which was well received. The Little Theatre Club with great daring attempted the difficult play *Rebecca* and brought it to a triumphal conclusion. So great was its success that it was invited to tour as far south as Uxbridge. Worthy of especial mention were the performances of Mrs Payton as Mrs Danvers and Mrs Dufton as Mrs de Winter and the efforts of all those responsible for a magnificent set. An admirable performance of *To Dorothy, A Son* was given by the Syerston Players.



Among those who have visited the College are:

On 28th January the Headmasters of Clifton College Preparatory School; of Eastbourne College Preparatory School; of the Pilgrim School, Winchester; of Hurst Court, Hastings; of Farnborough Grammar School; and of Westerleigh School, St. Leonards-on-Sea.

On 3rd March Lieutenant-Colonel C. J. M. Naas, the Netherlands Air Attaché.

On 11th March the Headmasters of Magdalen College School, Brackley; of Oakham; the Director of Education of the North Riding; and the Careers Master of Uppingham.

Parties from the C.C.F. contingents of Nottingham, Bournemouth and Peter Symonds Schools have visited the College. So too have parties from the Annesley and Newstead Collieries with whom our liaison continues.

We thank the following officers for their lectures during the spring term:

On 11th February Group Captain H. H. Hilliar, C.B.E., on the supply organization.

On 25th March Group Captain D. E. Johnson, D.S.O., D.F.C., on the Second Tactical Air Force.

Visiting preachers have included the Chaplain-in-Chief, the Bishop of Southwell, and Dr Donald Soper, the President of Methodist Conference.



The Harewood Trophy, awarded to the winners of the London-Christchurch Air Race, has been given into the safe keeping of the College. The trophy takes the form of a handsome gold vase engraved with symbols representing the arts and industries of England and New Zealand, mounted on a hemisphere.

The Passing Out of No. 61 Entry

The Chief of the Imperial General Staff reviews the Parade

AS an earlier page records, the College welcomed as Reviewing Officer at the passing-out parade of No. 61 Entry on Tuesday, 6th April, 1954, the Chief of the Imperial General Staff, Field Marshal Sir John Harding, G.C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C.

A large number of guests attended the parade, which was held in fitful April weather.

Address of C.I.G.S.

In his address Sir John Harding said:

Flight cadets of the Royal Air Force College. I esteem it a very high honour to



The arrival of Field Marshal Sir John Harding

have been invited to take your passing-out parade today, and to have the privilege of addressing you.

In the first place I would like to tell you how very impressed I have been by your drill and marching, by your fine martial bearing, and particularly by the way you looked me full in the eye as you marched past just now. I know that such excellent results can only be achieved by the united and determined efforts of every single individual taking part. My heartiest congratulations to you all on an excellent parade.

On these occasions it is usual for the Reviewing Officer to offer some words of advice to those who are passing out, and my advice to you is threefold.

First, make absolutely certain that you always uphold the magnificent traditions of the Service to which you have the honour to belong.

The Royal Air Force has a tradition for courage and endurance, for duty and service, that is second to none. Its glorious tradition and famous name will be in your keeping. Be sure you never allow them to be sullied or tarnished.

Second, remember that for officers in Her Majesty's service there is only one standard—the highest.

In these days the fighting Services have a greater and more important part than ever before in peace time to play in our national life, and in the affairs of the world. They can only play that part to the full if they are officered by men of the highest standards of character and courage, of knowledge and of skill. That is the standard that you must reach and maintain.

Third, remember too that by yourselves you can do little, but that as good comrades in a highly skilled, united and determined team there is nothing that you cannot achieve.

First-class team work is essential in every sphere—in your units, in your Service and between the Services.

Co-operation is the keynote to success in battle, and in my experience it is best bred by mutual trust and friendship, and by honesty



The C.I.G.S. inspecting 'B' Squadron, accompanied by Senior Under Officer Newby (squadron commander), Under Officer Cox (parade adjutant) and Senior Under Officer Blockey (parade commander)

of purpose. Extend your trust and friendship to all your comrades in the Royal Air Force, in the Royal Navy and the Army, and be absolutely honest in purpose in all you do.

In conclusion, I am sure I speak not only for all your relatives and friends, but for all ranks of all three fighting Services, and the people of this country as a whole, when I wish you great happiness and great success in the career on which you are about to embark as officers of the Royal Air Force in the service of Her Majesty the Queen.

The very best of good luck to you all!

The Presentation of Wings and Prizes

The now customary presentation of wings, individual prizes and squadron trophies took place in the College lecture hall on the eve of the passing-out parade before a large gathering of relatives and friends of the senior term, as well as many College and Station officers. Air

Marshal L. F. Pendred, Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Flying Training Command, was present, as were Colonel de Maricourt, Colonel commanding the Ecole de l'Air, and other guests from the Ecole.

The Commandant made the presentations and delivered an address.

Remarking that the occasion was essentially a family one, the Commandant said in his address that it gave him a great pleasure to preside at the culmination of the training of 61 Entry. He offered G.D., Equipment and Secretarial cadets of the entry his warmest congratulations. He had pressed on the flying brevets of the G.D. cadets firmly, but even so he felt that they might 'still be a little insecure'. 'The only way to make them firm,' he said, 'is by your own ability and efforts in the next stages of your flying training, and by getting all the experience you can once you join your squadrons . . .



The C.I.G.S. presents the Sword of Honour to Senior Under Officer R. S. Blockey, of 'A' Squadron

When you are flying . . . there is always an opportunity to improve your skill.'

No. 61 Entry were the last entry at Cranwell to have graduated on the Harvard. That was quite a distinction. The Harvard had done valiant service throughout its life in the R.A.F. and, in years to come, members of 61 Entry would doubtless look back to the thought with a certain amount of pleasure and nostalgia, as well as with a feeling that the vices and kicks of the Harvard probably taught them something nothing else could. There was laughter when the Commandant observed that 'the oldest Harvard at Cranwell has served cadets for not less than 11 years' hard flying training.' For that the aircraft ought to have a place of honour, if not in the College museum, then in the Imperial War museum for the hard knocks it had received.

The Commandant then reminded the passing-out entry of their responsibilities as permanent officers of the Royal Air Force. Upon commissioning they would no longer be No. 61 Entry, no longer a group of people. They would become individuals, and, what was more important, individuals who had a vitally important part to play in the R.A.F. of the future. There were at

that moment more than 20,000 commissioned officers in the Royal Air Force, of whom only 908 had been trained at Cranwell. On the morrow, it was true, there would be 952. But even so the 952 carried very heavy responsibilities. The ratio was more than 20 to 1, but the influence of the R.A.F. officers trained at Cranwell was in the ratio of 1 to 20. They had at all times to enhance the reputation that the College had and justify in the eyes of the Service the continuation of 'this magnificent training establishment at Cranwell'.

There was one word of advice to offer before the entry left the College. The most important vital quality that any officer should possess, the Commandant emphasized, was efficiency. To achieve efficiency would always lend interest to the duller work. This did not mean that one had to adopt a priggish rectitude in one's behaviour. 'Efficiency is doing anything you want to do as well as you possibly can and enjoying yourself in the process; you can have efficiency in the air, on the ground, in sports, or even at a flight party or at a party in the Sergeants' Mess.'

The Commandant concluded by saying that No. 61 Entry were receiving their commissions at a time when the general efficiency and reputation of the Royal Air Force itself had never been held in higher esteem either by the other Services or by the public. With the tremendous additional loads that were being placed on the Royal Air Force in the defence of this country and western civilization, yet greater responsibilities were being placed on the shoulders of Royal Air Force



The parade over, Field Marshal Sir John Harding and the Commandant enter the College

officers. The highest possible efficiency was required if we were to justify ourselves. The record of No. 61 Entry at Cranwell had been good, and they would not break faith with that record. They would belittle neither the reputation of Cranwell nor the small band of 900 ex-Cranwellians in the Service. It was a tremendous privilege to be in such a Service, not only as a member of the Royal Air Force but also as a member of 'this Cranwell community which stands for everything that is best, and which thrives on the success and prowess of its sons that it sends out into the Service.'

Order of Merit

No. 61 ENTRY

General Duties Branch

- R. L. HOLMES, Senior Flight Cadet: Queen's Medal; R. M. Groves Memorial Prize; Dickson Trophy; Abdy Gerrard Fellowes Memorial Prize; Royal United Service Institution Award; Gliding (Captain).
- D. ALLISON, Senior Flight Cadet: Rugby; Canoeing; Engineering; Bridge (Secretary).
- J. C. NEWBY, Senior Under Officer: Phillip Sassoon Memorial Prize; Air Ministry Prize for Imperial and War Studies; Squash (Captain, Full Colours); Jazz (Secretary).
- B. CARSE, Under Officer: Rugby (Captain, Full Colours); Cricket (Half Colours); Bridge (President); Canoeing; Jazz.
- D. C. E. ENGLAND, Senior Flight Cadet: Gliding; Printing; Fine Arts; Music.
- M. L. SINEL, Senior Flight Cadet: Fencing (Captain, Full Colours).
- P. H. CHAMNISS, Under Officer: Rowing (Captain, Full Colours); Debating; *Journal* (Committee and Assistant Editor (Sports)); Toxophily.
- B. J. ST AUBYN, Under Officer: Association Football; Photography; Sailing.
- B. G. COX, Under Officer: L. A. Chance Memorial Prize; Cricket; Fencing (Half Colours); Aeromodelling; Canoeing (Captain); Dramatics.
- J. D. LANGLEY, Senior Flight Cadet: Boxing (Full Colours); *Journal* (Committee and Editor).
- J. McLEOD, Senior Under Officer: Rugby (Vice-Captain, Full Colours); Printing (Secretary).
- I. R. MARTIN, Under Officer: Swimming (Full Colours, Captain Water Polo); Rugby; Fine Arts; Jazz.
- R. S. BLOCKEY, Senior Under Officer: Sword of Honour; Hockey (Captain, Full Colours); Cricket (Half Colours); Squash (Half Colours); Field Shooting.
- R. C. MACDOUGALL, Senior Flight Cadet: Languages Award; *Journal* (Committee and Assistant Editor (Liaison)); Mountaineering; Photographic.
- E. S. DENSON, Senior Flight Cadet: Boxing (Captain, Full Colours); Natural History (Secretary).
- D. D. DE S. SENEVIRATNE, Senior Flight Cadet: Cricket; Hockey; Athletics.
- P. J. LEWIS, Under Officer: Cricket (Half Colours); Athletics (Half Colours); Rugby; Aeromodelling (Secretary); Choral; Dancing; Dramatics (President); Riding.
- J. L. SPATCHER, Senior Flight Cadet: Sailing.
- F. A. MALLETT, Senior Flight Cadet: Rowing (Half Colours); Aeromodelling; Gliding; Photographic; Radio; Sailing.
- J. T. TUCKEY, Senior Flight Cadet: Boxing (Half Colours); Rugby; Aeromodelling; Canoeing; Philately (Secretary); Sailing.
- M. A. KELLY, Senior Flight Cadet: Rugby (Half Colours); Boxing; Aeromodelling; Fine Arts (Secretary); *Poacher* (Art Editor).
- D. A. BRIGGS, Under Officer: Cricket (Vice-Captain, Full Colours); Rugby (Half Colours).
- B. A. READER, Senior Flight Cadet: Dramatics (Stage Manager); Engineering; Gliding; Sailing.
- G. S. GRIERSON, Senior Flight Cadet: Chess (Captain); Gliding; Mountaineering (Captain).
- J. P. S. DIXON, Senior Flight Cadet: Rugby; Cadets' Activities Organization (Secretary); Bridge; Jazz; Sailing.
- A. W. HYMERS, Senior Flight Cadet: Hockey; Tennis; Choral; Fine Arts; Jazz; Riding.
- P. H. MENDIS, Senior Flight Cadet: Cricket (Half Colours); Hockey; Ski-ing.
- P. E. G. MCKINSTRY, Senior Flight Cadet: Aeromodelling; Sailing; Toxophily.
- B. C. LETCHFORD, Senior Flight Cadet: Rowing (Half Colours); Boxing; Choral; Field Shooting; Sailing; Scottish Country Dancing.
- I. C. R. McINTOSH, Senior Flight Cadet: Aeromodelling; Canoeing; Jazz; Sailing.
- J. N. DYMOND, Senior Flight Cadet: Engineering; Jazz; Photography (Secretary); Scottish Country Dancing.



THE SENIOR TERM: APRIL 1954

Senior Flight Cadets J. B. Barnard, J. F. Vella, D. D. De S. Seneviratne, J. E. Cooper, B. C. Letchford, M. L. Sinel, J. D. Langley, J. R. Sandle, R. C. MacDougall, E. S. Denson, R. Green, D. C. Purse, F. A. Mallett, P. E. G. McKinstry, L. Dent, M. A. Kelly

Senior Flight Cadets I. A. Qureshi, A. Rehan, J. T. Tuckey, B. A. Reader, J. N. Dymond, D. C. E. England, G. S. Grierson, J. L. Spatcher, G. S. Larkins, A. W. Hymers, J. P. S. Dixon, B. McLeod, D. Allison, I. C. R. McIntosh, P. H. Mendis, U.O. B. Carse, U.O. B. J. St. Aubyn, U.O. I. R. Martin, U.O. D. A. Briggs, U.O. B. G. Cox, S.U.O. J. C. Newby, S.U.O. R. S. Blockey, S.U.O. J. McLeod, U.O. D. R. Bourne, U.O. P. H. Champniss, U.O. P. J. H. Lewis, U.O. J. C. De'Ath, Snr Flt Cdt R. L. Holmes

I. A. QURESHI, Senior Flight Cadet: Hockey (Full Colours).

Secretarial Branch

J. B. BARNARD, Senior Flight Cadet: Languages Award; Cross-country (Full Colours); Athletics (Half Colours); Canoeing; Pot-holing (Treasurer); Riding.

R. GREEN, Senior Flight Cadet: Fencing; Dramatics; Pot-holing (Captain); Shooting.

L. DENT, Senior Flight Cadet: Gliding (Committee); Fine Arts; Music (Secretary); Sailing.

Equipment Branch

J. R. SANDLE, Senior Flight Cadet: Hockey; Fine Arts (Committee); Sailing; Toxophily.

J. G. DE'ATH, Under Officer: Air Ministry Prize for Equipment Studies; Cross-country (Captain, Full Colours); Athletics (Vice-Captain,

Full Colours); Choral (Treasurer); Dramatics. G. S. LARKINS, Senior Flight Cadet: Choral; Gliding.

D. R. BOURNE, Under Officer: Athletics (Half Colours); Association Football; Hockey (Full Colours); Choral; Dramatics; Fine Arts.

P. MCLEOD, Senior Flight Cadet: Rowing; Cricket; Rugby; Radio (Secretary); Toxophily (Captain); Sailing.

D. C. PURSE, Senior Flight Cadet: Hockey; Dramatics; Ornithology; Photography.

J. E. COOPER, Senior Flight Cadet: Squash (Half Colours); Dramatics; Fine Arts; Music; Ornithology; Photography; Sailing.

J. F. VELLA, Senior Flight Cadet: Swimming (Half Colours); Fine Arts; Music; Riding.

A. REHAN, Senior Flight Cadet.



Frederick Henry Royce: 1863-1933

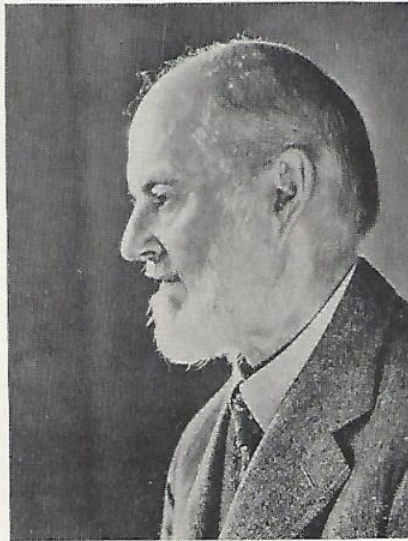
Pioneer in the Development of the Aero-Engine

Twenty-one years ago, Sir Frederick Henry Royce, Bt., the 'mechanic', as he modestly called himself, died. Up to the time of his death, despite an illness that confined him to his bed, he had been the 'engineering brain' of the great firm at Derby that bears his name equally with that of his colleague, the Hon. Charles Rolls, whom he met for the first time almost exactly fifty years ago.

The article below gives a brief picture of the life of Sir Frederick Henry Royce. The author, a flight cadet at the College, acknowledges his great debt to Mr Harold Nockolds's book 'The Magic of a Name', without which the preparation of this account could never have been contemplated¹. The Editor, for his part, would like to express his thanks to Rolls-Royce, Ltd., for supplying the photographs that accompany the article and for their help and advice.

IN the year 1904 a motor car with a three-speed gearbox glided out of an electrician's workshop and proceeded along Cook Street, Manchester. This was no ordinary car. Its approach was not heralded by all the noises that had hitherto earned cars the title of 'avalanches of tea-trays'. The silence of its progress made people stand and stare. Behind the wheel sat a bearded middle-aged man with a smug expression on his face. The facial expression is explained by the fact that the driver had designed and built the amazing vehicle himself. It was driven without breakdown, a feat in itself in those days, to the designer's home in Knutsford—the home of an electrician, Mr Royce.

Frederick Henry Royce was born at Alwalton, Lincolnshire, on 27th March, 1863. A precocious interest in engineering nearly brought him to an untimely end when at the age of two years, in an attempt to inspect the water mill wheels near



Sir Frederick Henry Royce

his home, he fell in the mill-race and would have been drowned had not his father been standing nearby.

His father was not a particularly successful man and unemployment forced him to take Henry and an elder son to London. Henry worked for Messrs W. H. Smith and Sons as a newspaper boy at Clapham and later at Bishopsgate. When Henry was only nine his father died. He then became a telegraph boy at a Mayfair post office.

It is doubtful whether Henry would have found his way into the engineering field if it had not been for a kindly aunt of his who lived at Flitton, near Peterborough. She paid for his apprenticeship at £20 a year at the Great Northern Railway works at Peterborough. Henry was fortunate enough to be boarded out with a Mr Yarrow, whose interest in tools and machines was such that he had built himself a small workshop in his back garden. In the evenings, Mr Yarrow taught his son (who was also an apprentice) and Henry the use and care of all kinds of tools. In his spare time Henry tried to improve his almost non-existent education by attending evening classes

¹ *The Magic of a Name*, by Harold Nockolds, illustrated from paintings by Roy Nockolds, and published by G. T. Foulis & Co., Ltd., London. A copy of this book will be found in the library.

whenever possible. Unfortunately his association with the railway lasted only three years; his aunt got into financial difficulty and could no longer provide the necessary £20 a year.

Henry Royce went north in search of a job and eventually found one at a mill in Leeds, making tools for a foreign armament contract. His spare time was once again taken up with studies and it was during this period that Royce gained a working knowledge of electricity.

His position at the mill was not what Royce really desired, and an advertisement in a London newspaper brought him south again in an attempt to become a tester for the newly formed Electric Light and Power Company. He was given a job with the company and found lodgings in Kentish Town. He still devoted all his spare time to study. He did very well in his new position and, while still in his 'teens, he became first electrician in a subsidiary firm responsible for lighting in theatres and entertainment halls in Lancashire. But Royce had only been with the firm a short time when it went bankrupt.

All through his life Royce was peculiarly fortunate in meeting the right people at the right time. On this occasion it was another young electrician, A. E. Claremont, who possessed fifty pounds, and together they set up business in Cook Street, Manchester, as electricians. The firm was called F. H. Royce and Co. Royce was then only twenty-one.

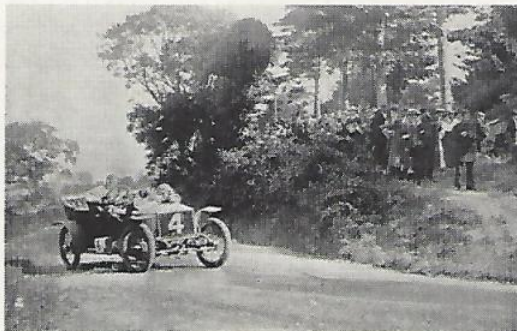
At first Claremont and Royce made lamp holders and filaments. But these did not sell very well, and it was not until the ingenious Royce invented a small, cheap electric bell, which proved to be a very popular item on the electricity market, that their fortunes improved. The two partners often worked all night to make and deliver the bells. Then Royce made an im-



One of the first three Royce two-cylinder cars

portant discovery which brought comparative prosperity to the firm. He found a method of obtaining sparkless commutation on dynamos, a problem which had beaten the best brains of the time. It turned out this way. Royce would not admit that the dynamo of his day was the best there could be; so he designed his own in which he eliminated nearly all the drawbacks of previous makes. About this time he married a Miss Punt of London and started living at Knutsford. They did not have any children.

Royce next turned to designing and building electric cranes. His products were so efficient and so beautifully made that he was overwhelmed by orders, which by 1899 were worth twenty thousand pounds. He became so engrossed with his work that he neglected his

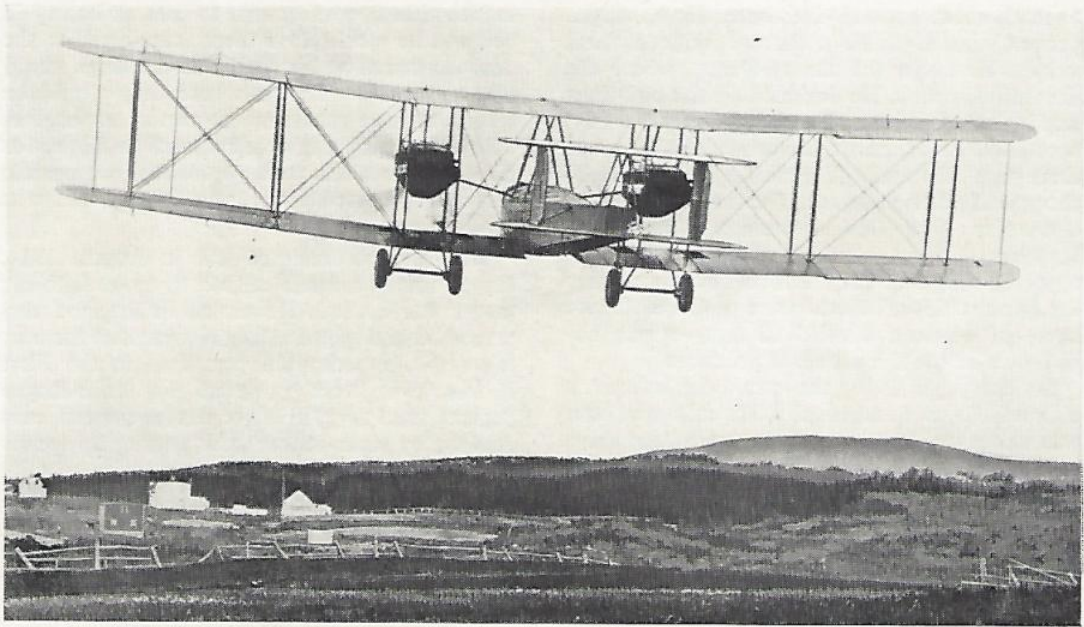


The 20 h.p. Rolls-Royce in which Charles Rolls won the 1906 T.T. race at an average speed of 39 m.p.h.

health. He often went without meals and worked throughout the night. The chief accountant of the firm, John De Looze, alarmed at Royce's habits, employed small boys to run after Royce in the street with glasses of milk and instructions that they were not to come back until Royce had drunk the milk!

The Boer war brought a drop in sales of Royce's products, but he would not listen to any suggestions for lowering the high standard of workmanship of his articles. The fierce competition from the United States of America and Germany caused sales to drop even further, but Royce refused to consider the possibility of trying to compete by turning out inferior goods.

It was in the year 1903 that Royce bought a second-hand Deccuville car and immediately set about improving it. This undoubtedly fired his enthusiasm for cars and in 1903, without any care for his dwindling capital, he announced his intention of building three experimental cars.



The Vickers Vimy, piloted by Alcock and Brown, taking off from Newfoundland on the first direct flight across the Atlantic on 14th June, 1919. The aircraft was powered by two Rolls-Royce Eagle engines

Royce put everything he had into his new idea. Each component of these machines was tested by him and again he often worked day and night. He did not, however, make anyone work harder than himself. This is hardly surprising, when one considers that he spent three days and nights on one occasion at the benches trying to solve one particularly difficult problem. He still maintained his high standards and on one occasion dismissed an employee whom he had overheard saying a piece of work was 'good enough'. If he discovered a component that was slightly heavier than it should have been he would bellow down the workshops 'Who is the author of this "sinker"?' Although Royce, or 'Pa', as he came to be called, was very keen to see his first car finished, he did not allow his enthusiasm to get the upper hand, and often scrapped whole pieces of work because they did not conform to his very high standards.

At last, in 1904, his first car, a ten-horsepower, two-cylinder model, was completed, and Royce, having started it with one turn of the handle, drove it on the remarkable journey from his works to his home at Knutsford. He continued building his other two cars during 1904 with little regard for the financial side of his business. This was not, in fact, very sound at the time. But once again he met the right people at the

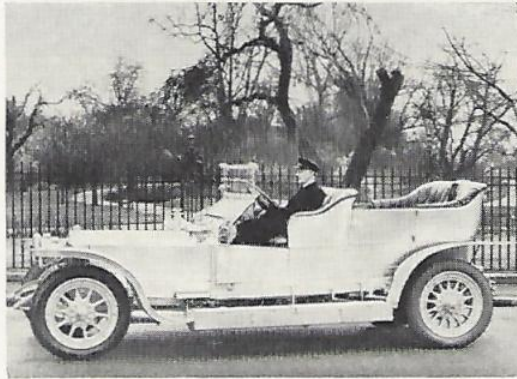
right time. Mr Edmunds, a well-known figure in motoring circles, persuaded a car salesman, the Hon. Charles Rolls, to ride in one of Royce's cars. Rolls was very much impressed with the smooth running of the car and its amazing silence and, after meeting Royce, the two entered a partnership at the end of 1904. So, to the engineering genius and high standards of Royce were added the wealthy sales connections of Rolls, and under the managership of Claud Johnson, an organizing genius, the firm of Rolls-Royce began.

Royce carried on designing and building different types of car. Each one proved to be a first class piece of work. When the speed limit was fixed at twenty miles per hour, he designed a car that could go no faster than this speed. When hill climbing became the fashion in motoring, Royce brought out a car that could climb a one-in-six gradient quite easily with nine 13-stone men on board. In racing both at home and abroad, Royce's cars did exceptionally well. Each new race brought improvement to a car's design and performance. Royce strove for perfection; the name of the firm 'Rolls-Royce' was becoming a household word.

Later, as the demand for 'R.R.' cars increased, it was decided that the Manchester premises were too small and that the firm, if it were to

expand, must expand elsewhere. Here, Royce proved himself to be a shrewd judge of land values. He chose the site at Derby, where the firm still is today. He designed all the buildings and installations himself and, judged by even the most modern standards, the original buildings at Derby are outstanding for their light, airy workshops and efficient layout. The new factory was opened in 1908. Designs were standardized—Royce had a penchant for bringing out many types of car—and for the next few years only the famous 'Silver Ghosts' were produced. These cars—of between 40 and 50 h.p.—Royce believed to be the finest he had produced.

Suddenly, in 1910, the strain of overwork claimed Royce as a casualty. He collapsed, and was taken to London, where specialists gave him only three months to live. Fortunately the doctors were wrong and Royce recovered, but he was never to return to Derby. With Claud John-



The Rolls-Royce Silver Ghost. All the external metal is silver-plated. This car gave its name to the famous series

son, he went on a tour of Europe, during which he decided to build himself a house in the village of Le Canadel, overlooking a bay near Toulon.

For the tour, a 'Silver Ghost' had been converted into an ambulance, and on one occasion, while they were driving along the coast road, Royce noticed another car trying to pass them. He shouted to the driver 'Faster, faster,' but the car still tried to overtake them. Then Royce realized that it was, in fact, another 'Silver Ghost' and relieved his driver by saying, 'It's all right; it's one of ours.'

In 1912 Royce returned to England while his house at Le Canadel was being built. He chose to live in Sussex. It was here that he gathered round him a group of assistants and draughtsmen and carried on designing and improving as

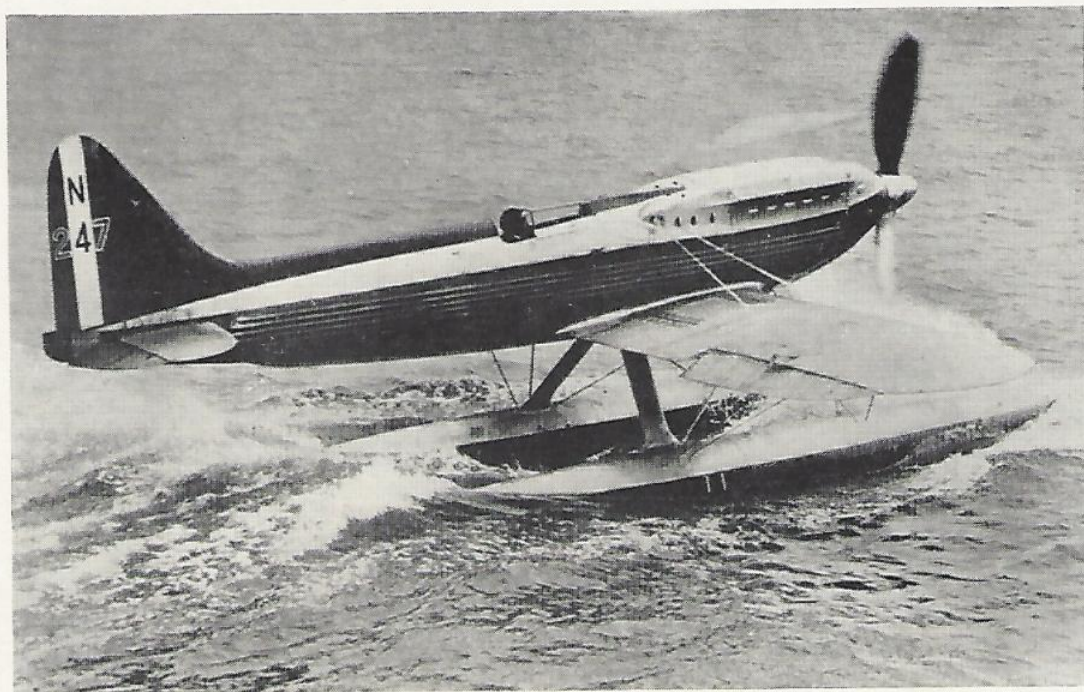
before. Ideas would come to him as he lay in bed and he would have them transferred to the drawing board by his staff. The drawings would then be sent to Derby, where they would be translated into machines or motor car engines which, in their turn, were returned to Royce for his comments. He was personally responsible for or supervised every new engine that was produced.

With the outbreak of war in August 1914, Royce found himself unable to move into his new home abroad. He stayed in England and turned his thoughts to designing engines for war. Most of the armoured cars used in the First World War were powered by Rolls-Royce engines, and by 1918 five-ton armoured cars engined by Rolls-Royce were putting up speeds of up to sixty miles per hour.

But the war was by no means a land war; the air assumed an increasingly important part in the calculations of the strategists as the war went on. In the circumstances it is not surprising that Royce's genius became engaged in the production of aero-engines. He was, in fact, asked to assist, for hitherto he had not shown much interest in aero-engines, possibly because his friend and partner, Rolls, had been killed in 1910 flying in an air display at Bournemouth. But it was not very long before the name Rolls-Royce began to mean something in the air. Royce's first engine, the Eagle, was designed to produce 200 horse power, but it actually ran at 25 per cent more than this. A year later he had improved the original Eagle to produce 360 horse power, an engine that without doubt was the finest of its day. When the war came to an end Royce's aero-engines were already being described as the 'soul of an aeroplane'.

The end of the war, however, did not see the end of Royce's efforts in the field of aviation. The first aeroplane to cross the Atlantic, the Vickers Vimy, piloted by Captain John Alcock and Lieutenant Arthur Brown, was powered by two engines Royce had produced specially. The first air passenger service, inaugurated in 1919, also used Rolls-Royce engines.

In 1928 Royce was approached by the Supermarine Company and asked to build an engine for the Schneider Trophy race which was being held in the following year. A scaled-up version of the Kestrel, the Buzzard, was already in existence. (The engine, incidentally, was the same bore and stroke as the present-day Griffon.) The Buzzard was expected to develop about 1000 horse power and, when the firm undertook to provide an engine for the race, it was the



The Supermarine S6, powered by a Rolls-Royce 'R' engine

Buzzard engine that was selected for the job. The first proposal was to develop it to produce 1500 horse power and the Supermarine Company accepted this figure. J. R. Mitchell, the Supermarine designer, who was later responsible for the Spitfire, had sufficient confidence in Royce to know that he would give him the right engine in time, and went ahead designing his machine, not knowing what power unit it was going to have. In a manner typical of him, Royce, in three months, brought out his 'R' engine, which weighed only 1530 pounds and which, to the pleasant surprise of the Supermarine Company, was made to develop 1900 horse power in time for the race. The 1929 race, as is known, went to Great Britain with the record speed of 332 miles per hour. Later in the same year 360 miles per hour was attained using the same remarkable engine. Indeed it is no exaggeration to say that the development of the 'R' engine from the Buzzard was the greatest feat in the history of piston-engined aircraft.

Great Britain's aircraft for the next Schneider race in 1931 was also Rolls-Royce powered. This time Royce had improved his 'R' engine to develop 2783 horse power. He had produced an engine 21 per cent more powerful, but only 6.5 per cent heavier. A record speed of 407.5 miles

per hour was attained by Great Britain's entry in the race. Unfortunately all this exertion had its effect on Royce's health. He did not watch the 1931 race, but listened to a broadcast commentary of it from his bed. His body was failing, though his mind remained active. One of his last acts was to lay down specifications for the great Merlin engine.

Sir Frederick Henry Royce died at West Wittering in Sussex on 22nd April, 1933. Throughout his life he had refused to believe that the products of his mind, his engines, were incapable of improvement. A favourite remark of his to young designers was 'You seem to have got it right now, but I think we could improve it in the following way. . . .' At root he was a perfectionist and for him there was no mechanical problem that could not be solved. His exceptional brilliance notwithstanding, he was an extremely modest man. 'I am just a mechanic,' he would say, when people praised him to his face; and it was as a mechanic that he thought of himself. When the great mechanic died, however, the colour of the radiator badge of the Rolls-Royce cars—the famous two 'Rs' monogram—was changed from red to black, a tribute to his memory that is still upheld today.

E. F.

The Visit to l'Ecole de l'Air

A Pictorial Record of a Memorable Mission

11th-15th March, 1954

THIS year it was the turn of the R.A.F. College to make the 700-mile journey due south to Provence where, for four days in March, under what might have been a Lincolnshire sun, l'Ecole de l'Air heaped kindness and hospitality upon us. The fortunate guests were members of the College rugby football XV, captained by Under Officer B. Carse, and the fencing team, captained by Senior Flight Cadet M. L. Sinel. The party included the Assistant Commandant and five other Cranwell officers, and was led by the Commandant.

The problem of transportation was once again solved by the Commandant of the R.A.F. Flying College who kindly provided a Valetta (under Flight Lieutenant Scott, our pilot on the same mission two years ago) to take the main party on Thursday, 11th March, and a Canberra (under Group Captain MacDonald), which brought the Commandant post haste to Salon in time for the rugger match on Friday afternoon. The Valetta made history on take-off and can fairly claim to be the last aircraft to use the old east-west runway operationally before the contractors set to work rehabilitating and extending it. Early morning fog caused the pilot to take this decision.

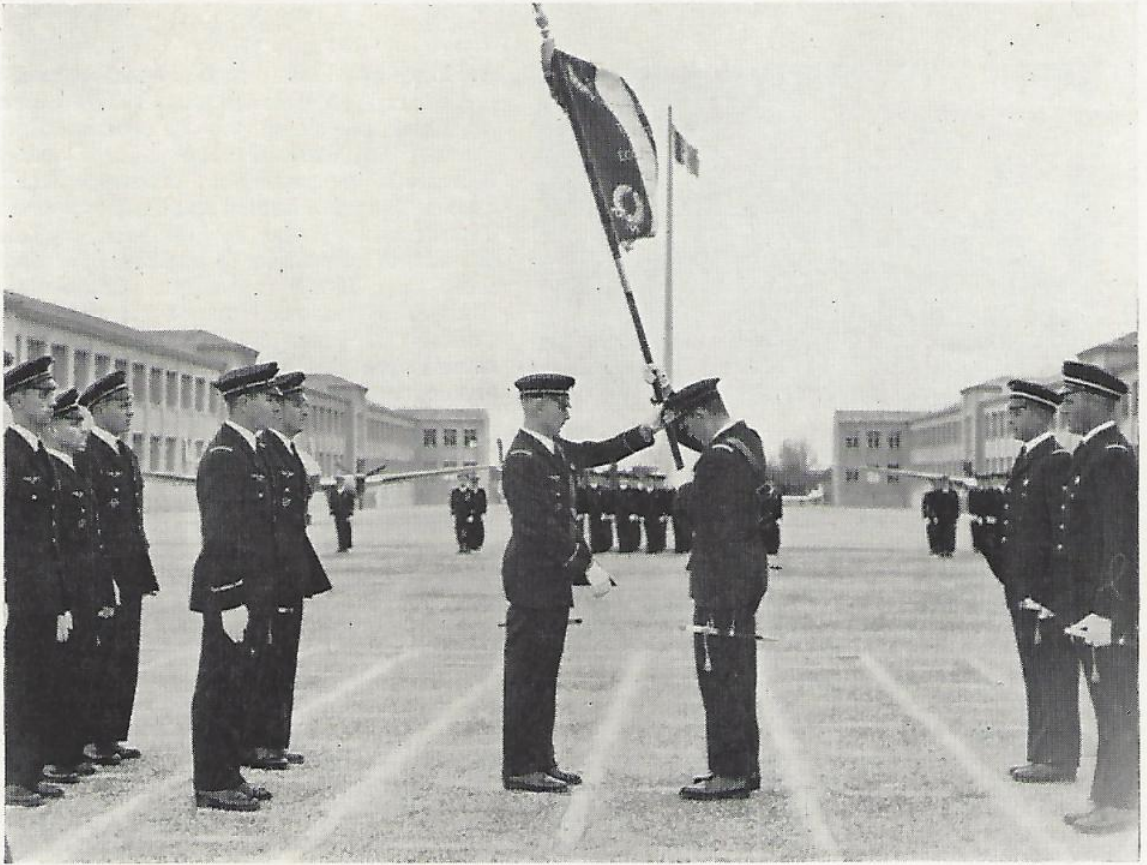
The visit, we knew, would be a success, but none of us could possibly have predicted how great a success. The many kindnesses extended

to us by the officers and *élèves* of the Ecole, from Colonel (now Général de Brigade Aérienne) A. de Maricourt, veteran of the war in Indo-China and commander of the base at Salon, down to the least fledged and newest *poussin*, exceeded anything we might have imagined and often prompted the thought that such genuine warmth of regard was, perhaps, the result, not of a single meeting, but of long acquaintance and deep personal knowledge of each other's ways. This, in fact, was the sixth reciprocal visit (the first was in 1949) and this time our friends decided that the last barrier of all—the customs barrier—should not only not be mentioned but rendered completely invisible in the interests of the *entente cordiale*.

On these pages, and overleaf, with the help of friends at home and abroad, we have brought together some of the more memorable of the pictures taken during the mission. Many have had to be discarded for reasons of space. Space, too, permits only a brief description of the order of events. We arrived at Istres in the afternoon of 11th March, where we were met by Lieutenant-Colonel E. de la Genardière, second in command, Mr Acomb, and a large number of wonderfully fluent English-speaking *élèves*. Thence we were conducted at high speed to the base. For the officers that evening there was a visit to Marseilles for cocktails at the British



The Cranwell party arrives at Istres. Greeted by Lieutenant-Colonel E. de la Genardière, 2nd in Command at l'Ecole de l'Air, and a number of *élèves*, officers and cadets were soon pitting their broken French against the excellent English of their hosts



PARADE of the BAPTEME

Under a grey sky and in a high wind the Parade of the Baptême of Promotion Brunshwig took place at Salon on 13th March.

Above: The new promotion receive the Colour.

Left: General Fay, the C.A.S., delivers his address. To his right are the wife and family of the late Commandant Brunshwig. Below: The new promotion receive their name





Above: Istres, Sunday, 14th March—waiting for the word to go. As it happened weather prevented take-off and the party returned to Salon. Below: Crew and party at Dijon airfield on Monday

Consul's and dinner afterwards in the town at the very edge of the Old Port; for the rugby team, sleep; and for the fencing team, *une reconnaissance de la ville*. Friday morning was spent in a conducted tour of the impressive buildings, hangars and instructional workshops of the *base*. That afternoon, before the Deputy Chief of the French Air Staff, General Pelissier, the Commandants of Salon and Cranwell, and a large crowd, the rigger teams fought hard to a zero-zero draw. In the evening we were all entertained to cocktails at the house of the Colonel commanding, and afterwards to dinner at either Aix or Salon.

The climax of the visit came on Saturday morning with the Parade of the *Baptême*. The Chief of the French Air Staff, General Fay, was

the Reviewing Officer on this occasion, and, as is customary, after the ceremonies of the Colour, inspection and march past, he pronounced the name of the illustrious French officer by which, henceforth, the passing-out *promotion* will be known. The name chosen was that of Commandant Brunschwig who, only last year, was killed in action in Indo-China on his 226th operational sortie. By happy coincidence Commandant Brunschwig received part of his training at Cranwell 11 years ago. Now, at this solemn naming ceremony, flight cadets from Cranwell paraded with their French colleagues. The *Promotion* 1953, 250 strong, which now bears his name, will be the first to complete their flying training at Salon since the war. Their *anciens* (*Promotion* 1952 *Dartois*), who have just gone to Canada, will be the last to complete their training outside French territory.

The fencing match took place on Saturday afternoon with a win for the French. A witty and illuminating revue, staged with consummate skill by the *promotion*, followed in the luxuriously appointed theatre at the *base*. There was then only a brief pause for breath before dinner. After that the magnificent all-night ball that should have completed our visit began within the main building of the *Ecole*. But the weather, which had dogged us all along, was, for once, too bad for us to make the flight back to Cranwell on Sunday, and our hosts did not have to press us very hard before we found ourselves accepting their kind invitation to stay another day.



Assaut 1954

An Account of a Visit to the Dutch Royal Military Academy

At the invitation of the Koninklyke Militaire Academie (Dutch Royal Military Academy), Breda, Squadron Leader E. H. Taylor, O.C. 'B' Squadron, and four flight cadets participated at the annual festival known as the *Assaut* from 12th to 15th May.

The party were flown by Anson to Gilze Rijen, the Dutch flying training school, where the familiar Harvard is still in use, and then driven to the Academie. The building, formerly a castle, was rebuilt 150 years ago, but still retains much of its former character, including a moat and courtyard. Approximately 400 cadets are accommodated at Breda, of whom nearly 100 are training for the ground branches of the Royal Netherlands Air Force.

The *Assaut* is a pre-examination celebration lasting for several days. It began with a *Galabal* which continued into the not-so-early hours. The entertainment was made complete by the provision of a hostess for each flight cadet.

The following afternoon the party spent visiting the town of Breda and the surrounding

countryside, which appeared even flatter than that of Lincolnshire, if that is possible. In the evening an eight-course dinner was laid on in our honour, at which the health of the Royal Air Force College was drunk, and reply was made by Flight Cadet G. X. E. McLeod.

On Friday the cadets of the Academie gave a demonstration of an infantry attack supported by tanks and Thunderjets (accompanied by popular music relayed over a loud-speaker system with frequent advertisements for Coca-Cola and ice-cream).

The finale to the *Assaut* was the *Cadettenbal* held on Friday evening. This proved to be an even gayer occasion than the opening ball. Only a few hours after the ball was over the party were saying farewell to the many good friends they had made during the festival, and preparing to set off for Eindhoven on the return journey to Cranwell. At Eindhoven they hoped to find the Anson, but this, as it turned out, was not to be. Reluctantly the decision was taken to make the journey home by rail and sea.

J. W.

A moment of relaxation in a hectic four days at the Koninklyke Militaire Academie at Breda. From left to right: Flight Cadet G. X. E. McLeod, Miss Dinévan der Most, Cadet Corporal P. F. J. van der Meulen, K.M.A., Miss Sally van Tussenbroec





THE selection by the Amateur Rowing Association of the Royal Air Force to provide the Coxless IV to represent Great Britain last year in the European Championships in Copenhagen, Denmark, provided a fitting climax to a magnificent first season.

On 30th July the IV moved to Henley and trained from Leander Club, the second IV also coming over to act as pace-makers. This was a good psychological move and the crew enjoyed some very pleasant rowing on the Henley reach without the hustle and bustle of the Royal Regatta.

On Tuesday, 4th August, the IV rowed their last full 2000 metre course in England and in the afternoon the boat was loaded on to a Hastings aircraft at Benson ready to be flown out to Copenhagen the following day. The boat, which had incidentally been unbeaten in over 20 races since it had been bought, fitted in with just eighteen inches to spare with the rudder removed.

Take - off was at 0900 hours and the aircraft was actually taxiing down the runway at this time. The

R.A.F. team consisted of the crew itself (bow: S.A.C. E. A. Field; 2: Fg. Off. C. F. Porter; 3: Cpl. J. O. Green; stroke: A.C. G. Sorrell) and also Wing Commander C. T. Kimber as manager, and Pilot Officer C. G. V. Davidge as coach and spare man.

The regatta was held on a small inland lake at Bagsvaerd about six miles north of Copenhagen, and the crew travelled to and fro each day, as they had been put up at Hellerup Rowing Club at the very kind invitation of the Captain—Arne Noll.

The first view of the lake was not encouraging; it was oval in shape, and a fraction over 2000 metres in length, so that races started on the bank at one end and crews were in danger of running into the bank at the other if they did not 'easy' soon enough at the finish.

Flying Officer C. G. V. Davidge, who has kindly prepared the accompanying article for The Journal from the official record, was educated at Shrewsbury and Oxford. At Shrewsbury he proved to be an outstanding oarsman and at Oxford he was three times a member of the University crew. Coming down in 1953, he joined the R.A.F. and coached the crew that represented this country at Copenhagen last year with so much credit.

ACCENT ON ROWING

How the R.A.F. Four Raced for Britain

The British contingent, consisting of the IV, and T. A. Fox in the single sculls, was the first to arrive, but the Russians appeared on the Friday and the other countries arrived over the weekend. At first there were no launches available for coaching, and had they been there to see, the Rowing Public would have been highly amused to see Davidge doing his best to coach from a very small dinghy, paddling about as

best he could while the crew rowed backwards and forwards past him.

Immediately the Russians

arrived they procured a launch from a nearby lake and soon after launches were made available for all countries requiring them. The IV had two outings a day, generally rather short, and only rowed one full trial course (on the 8th, Saturday), although they rowed two or three 1000 metres.

The local inhabitants predicted that the wind would drop after a few days and that it would then remain calm for as long as a fortnight, and so it proved. When there was no wind the lake was quite enchanting, with wooded slopes on the far bank providing a lovely setting to the lake itself. On the near side the Danish Rowing Association had built a magnificent restaurant on the hill overlooking the lake and this proved an admirable vantage point for watching the crews training and also the races themselves.

The first day of racing was on Thursday, 13th August, but apart from the Women's Regatta, heats in the Single Sculls and Coxed IVs only were held on this day. Rather surprisingly Fox came fourth in his heat, and the crew did not feel so happy about the standard, which appeared pretty high.

Nor was a more optimistic frame of mind engendered when it was discovered that the IV had

The South Airfield was closed last term and handed over to Douglas Ltd, contractors, to allow work to begin on the new runways. Already (mid-June), as many visitors have noticed themselves, a great transformation has taken place. The foundation of a 4,800 ft north-south runway has been prepared and concreting is well under way. The line of a new 6,000 ft east-west runway has been marked out and the old east-west runway has been absorbed in the foundations of the new. Above: The scene from the southern end of the north-south runway. Centre: Concrete mixers and other constructional equipment at the runway intersection (looking east). Below: The north-south runway, as it appeared mid-May, from one of the concrete mixers.

drawn in their first heat the exact crew from Yugoslavia which had won the Olympic Gold Medal for Coxless IVs at Helsinki the year before. Owing to the domination of this class of rowing by the European countries the standard was actually Olympic class.

The other countries represented in the heat were Belgium and Britain.

The two hours preceding the race were quite indescribable, but once the crew were afloat a lot of the nervousness vanished and the IV reached the start in a happy though numbed state of mind. The start in an international event is a long and tedious business. First, the starter asks each crew in turn in what language they wish to be addressed; then he tells each crew how long there is to go before the start. Then, after a long delay, 'Gentlemen, get ready please,' in four languages, one after another. The umpire then addresses each crew in turn—'Great Britain, will you keep to your course, please. Go straight; it is better that way, eh?' Then a practice start so that everyone knows what to expect; then, at last, the real thing, a click and loud hum as the amplifiers are turned on—

'Messieurs! Etes-vous prêt? — PARTEZ!'

The first words are quiet and almost soothing, the final *partez* comes like a shot out of a gun, the sheer force of the word drives the crews from the stakeboats; no crew could possibly get left at the start.

The IV got away to a first-class start, and were a few feet up after only ten strokes. Then came the recall hooter, someone had jumped the start. Slowly the crew turned round and paddled back to the landing stage. Questions flew to and fro in a number of tongues. 'Who beat the gun?' It transpired that Belgium was the culprit. It is easy to understand a crew doing this in the nervous tension at the start.

More agonizing minutes and then the second start—Great Britain on the far side, Austria next, then Yugoslavia with Belgium on the side nearest the enclosures. The Royal Air Force team did not get away quite so cleanly this time, but after about twenty strokes appeared to be leading by about a foot from Belgium. Then chaos: Austria and Yugoslavia collided. At the same time the crews emerged from the shelter of the headland and received the full force of the cross wind that had sprung up. The two crews stopped, while Belgium and the R.A.F. battled on till the siren called them back. Apparently enough distance had not been covered when the crews collided so that it meant another start. Yugoslavia were to blame, and were most apologetic about it. However, Austria had broken one blade so that the race was postponed until after the last race of the day. Anticlimax? Slowly the crews paddled home; a feeling of complete unreality existed. For days one had thought of nothing but these few minutes, and now the IV was just lightly paddling down the course.

Surprisingly, everyone was in the best of spirits, laughing and joking, quite looking forward to the race in the evening. After all, the crew had actually been leading by a few feet each time before they had been stopped; at least they would not be completely out-classed.

The wind had dropped by the end of the racing. No longer did the rough water at the end of the headland make the going heavy after 200 metres. Another start, and the IV went smoothly away, and at the 500 metre mark had the best part of a length over Austria. Yugoslavia steered towards Belgium on the far side and Austria followed the two crews over. The British IV,

however, kept straight down their course and slowly went further into the lead, which had increased to a good length by the 1000 metre mark. The rating was down to about 32, rather lower than had been aimed at, but the large blades and the length of stroke exacted a considerable amount of energy at this rating.

Round about the 1500 metres the crews started to spurt and the lead of the R.A.F. was cut down slightly, but it soon became obvious that, barring accidents, the crew was going to come in first, and so it proved, the verdict being Great Britain (1st); Austria (2nd); Belgium (3rd); and Yugoslavia (4th).

This was rather a surprise to the critics, and also to the crew themselves. At the worst all they had hoped for was not to be out-classed, and at best to come second behind the Olympic Champions, yet here they were through to the final on Sunday without another race. Somehow they had never quite believed the comforting words of Davidge that they were one of the better IVs out there; and not unnaturally there was much jubilation at the victory. The distances were Austria one length behind, then Belgium a quarter of a length behind them, with Yugoslavia last, a length behind Belgium.

So to the final with Denmark, who had won the first heat in the fastest time and were the favourites, on the far side, then Yugoslavia, Norway, the winner of the third heat in the slowest time, Czechoslovakia, and finally Great Britain on the near side.

The R.A.F. went away fast, but so did Denmark on the far side, and these two crews drew away from the others to share the lead at the 500 metre post. Here the IV started to use up too much energy in trying to draw away and at the 1000 metre mark were a quarter of a length behind Denmark and beginning to feel rather tired. The steering was not too good either, and the crew lost a little ground, which they could ill afford.

At 1500 metres Denmark were a good length in front in spite of some erratic steering and Norway began the fast spurt which was to win the second place. From one and a half lengths behind they closed the gap.

The final placing was Denmark (1st), a length in front of Norway (2nd), Great Britain (3rd), three quarters of a length behind Norway, with Czechoslovakia a length behind, and, last again, Yugoslavia, some three lengths away.

It should not be necessary to find excuses for being beaten; the standard was full Olympic standard as America, Canada and most other non-European countries do not normally row in this type of boat.

Racing finished on the Sunday with Russia winning the Championship with wins in the VIIIs and Coxless Pairs, and one of the surprises of the regatta was the defeat of Tyukalov, the Russian and Olympic champion, by Vlastic the Yugoslav, a newcomer to International events, in the Single Sculls.

Impressions brought back are of a thoroughly friendly crowd, with the Russians perhaps the most charming of all; of overwhelming hospitality from the Danes, and particularly the members of Hellerup Roklub, who were our hosts.

Remembering the unfortunate 1952 Olympics, where every British crew came fourth in the final, it was very gratifying to come in the first three, and the team at least returned with a bronze medallion for their trouble. The presentation was made by King Frederick at a small landing stage at the end of the course and must have been one of the few occasions when winners were presented with their medals while sitting down.



SPORT IN THE SPRING TERM

The Rugby Match against Salon

THE match between the Royal Air Force College and Ecole de l'Air was played at Salon-de-Provence on Friday, 12th March. The day was cold, with a strong wind blowing across the pitch, and the ground was hard from lack of rain. It was disappointing that these conditions, which do not promote interesting rugby, prevailed on this occasion in a match of such international flavour and with two teams capable of playing fast open football. The Ecole, indeed, had a fine record for they had not been beaten during the season.

After the presentation of the teams to Colonel de Maricourt and Air Commodore Eeles the national flags were raised and the match was on.

As expected, the Frenchmen began with great enthusiasm. Cranwell had to defend desperately, and in this they were aided by the wind which made accurate passing difficult. Consequently there were many infringements and from the resulting scrums Cranwell almost invariably heeled. Gradually the French were pushed back, play continuing in mid-field for the remainder of the first half. It was not very exciting for it saw both sides sparring to find openings without adopting any clearly defined plan.

College Press Hard . . .

The second half was an improvement. The College tactics were to gain ground by forward rushes and accurate touch kicking to get within striking distance of the French line. It was a laborious process for the French did not retreat easily. For some fifteen minutes play was inside the French twenty-five. But try as they might, Cranwell could not cross the line. With quicker heeling by the pack and a more cohesive effort by the backs, they might have been successful, but as it was

their attacks were stopped, quite often inches from the objective.

The pressure could not be held indefinitely. The Ecole clearing from a line-out, the College were denied further opportunity for attack and found themselves once more on the defensive. Both French wingmen made strong elusive runs before being tackled, the most dangerous movement of the game coming when the French right wing put in a perfectly placed cross-kick and the ball rolled between the Cranwell posts. The Salon three-quarters were in full cry after it, but fortunately for Cranwell Marriott reached the touch-down a few inches ahead of them. During this period the Ecole were awarded two penalty kicks within scoring distance, but the wind thwarted both attempts.

. . . And Again

Time was running out. Urged on by their few but enthusiastic supporters, Cranwell began once more advancing into the French half. But the effort had been left too late and full-time came without any score.

There is no doubt that the French were the speedier team and with more of the ball, it is probable that their backs would have scored. But the Cranwell pack worked hard to get possession, particularly from the tight. The College backs must not be belittled for they defended stoutly and, but for lack of finishing power, would have scored on several occasions. So for the second successive year the result was a draw (0—0). This should make next year's match at Cranwell especially keen.

P. R. E.

(For an account of the fencing match against the Ecole de l'Air, please turn to the appropriate heading on p. 141.)

Hockey: Cranwell v. Sandhurst

THE Cranwell hockey 1st XI reached the peak of its form when it met the Sandhurst XI at Cranwell at the end of the spring term. The team had managed to achieve a harmony throughout the season and this ultimately gave it a well-deserved victory after a very hard game. The Sandhurst team, at the beginning of their term and with a new forward line, did not really settle down, and there were more displays of individual brilliance than team work. The game was as fast as any the Cranwell team had played, and it was the combina-

tion of good teamwork and captaincy that made the final score 3—2 in Cranwell's favour.

It has to be remembered, however, that 20 minutes from the end Sandhurst led by two goals to one. Two splendid goals by Blockey turned the scales. Quite apart from scoring these goals, Blockey had been an inspiration throughout. He was particularly well supported by Miller and Hawtin in the half-back line, and May at full-back. Excellent spirit and determination of the team as a whole gave us the victory that had eluded us for so long.

R. L. B.



RUGBY

Back Row: Flt Lt A. T. Willimas, Flt Cdt L. R. Morgan, Flt Cdt F. R. Kelly, Cdt H. W. J. Rigg, Flt Cdt M. J. H. Walker, Cdt N. P. May, Flt Cdt T. R. Cohu, Flt Cdt T. R. Morgan.

Front Row: Flt Cdt J. F. H. Marriott, Flt Cdt B. N. Carter, Flt Cdt A. MacGregor, S.U.O. J. McLeod, U.O. B. Carse, Flt Cdt B. B. Heywood, Flt Cdt K. R. Briggs, Flt Cdt A. M. Chandler (*captain*), Flt Cdt P. R. Evans.



CROSS-COUNTRY

Back Row: Flt Lt F. A. Leckie, Cdt M. J. B. Lawrance, Flt Cdt B. F. Tomlin, Flt Cdt T. A. M. Bond, Flt Cdt M. J. Griffiths, Cdt P. P. Crowther.

Front Row: Flt Cdt R. A. C. Goldring, Flt Cdt G. F. Poyser, U.O. J. G. De'Ath (*captain*), Flt Cdt J. K. Jennings, Snr Flt Cdt J. B. Barnard.



HOCKEY

Back Row: Flt Lt L. J. Clancy, Flt Cdt R. C. Tompkins, U.O. D. R. Bourne, Flt Cdt H. T. M. Durnford, Flt Cdt B. N. Carter, Flt Cdt M. L. Jonklaas.

Front Row: Flt Cdt N. P. May, Flt Cdt J. D. C. Hawtin, S.U.O. R. S. Blockey (*captain*), Flt Cdt C. J. Miller, Flt Cdt R. L. Barilon, Snr Flt Cdt I. A. Qureshi.

COLLEGE AND SQUADRON SPORTS

ATHLETICS

WITH the onset of the annual March winds of Lincolnshire the athletics standards competition began. 'B' Squadron jumped into the lead and held it for three days, after which 'C' Squadron led right through to win at the end of the fortnight.

The standard of performance was average by comparison with results of previous years; it was noticeable, however, that the main brunt of work was borne by the senior entries, and 66 Entry on the junior side.

The points gained by 'C' Squadron in the standards took them forward to a fine win on the day of the College Sports, when they also carried off the tug-of-war. Notable performances of the day included the sprinting of Sawyer, the team running of Goldring and Poyser, the fine half-mile run of De'Ath in the 'B' Squadron medley relay team (which was unfortunately disqualified), and the pole breaking beneath Briggs as he attempted to break the College pole-vault record.

C. H. J.

RESULTS

Oct. 3	R.A.F. Cranwell	(w)
17	Peterborough H.	(w)
31	Lincoln Wellington	(l)
Nov. 14	Repton	(w)
21	Birmingham Univ.	(l)
Dec. 5	R.M.A. Sandhurst	(w)
Jan. 16	Boston	(w)
23	Peterborough H.	(w)
30	Loughborough College	(l)
Feb. 6	Leicester Univ.	(w)
27	Guernsey A.C.	(w)
Mar. 6	Gainsborough G.S.	(w)
10	Carre's G.S.	(w)
13	Uppingham	(w)

HOCKEY

The prospects for the term were good, as only one member of the previous term's first XI had passed out with No. 60 Entry. Several promising players had also returned to hockey after a term of rugger or soccer. Unfortunately, the weather took sides against us, and nine of sixteen matches had to be cancelled.

Of the seven matches played by the 1st XI, four were won, two lost and one drawn. The second XI played even fewer matches, and ended the season with two matches lost, two won and one drawn.

The big match of this season was that against Sandhurst and weeks of

preparatory training were rewarded by a 3-2 victory—the first since the war. Other notable matches were those against the Royal Air Force and Northern Command. Determined to do better than last year, the R.A.F. came down in strength and overwhelmed us with their stick-work and positional play. However, Cranwell always seem to play better against stern opposition, and we were unlucky not to score. Northern Command started with great vigour and were leading at half time. However, youth and fitness were on our side, and the second half was all ours, ending with a 6-4 win for Cranwell.

This year the inter-squadron competition was won by 'A' Squadron. The final between 'A' and 'C' proved to be the deciding factor for the Sovereign's Squadron competition. It was a very even, hard-fought game, except for a short period just after half time, when 'A' Squadron proved too much for 'C' and surged ahead, winning the match 7-0.

Full colours were awarded to Hawtin, Qureshi, May, Bourne, Barcillon and Carter. Half colours were awarded to Durnford, Jonklaas, Tompkins, Pursue, Hutchinson, Feroze, Wright, Cousins, Fulljames and Harvey. J. F.

RESULTS

1ST XI			
Jan. 16	Bourne	2-1 (w)
23	Univ. College,	London	9-0 (w)
Mar. 6	Long Sutton	3-0 (l)
13	Royal Air Force	13-0 (l)
17	Northern Command	...	6-4 (w)
20	Lincoln Imps	0-0 (d)
Apr. 3	R.M.A. Sandhurst	3-2 (w)
2ND XI			
Jan. 16	Appleby Frodingham	...	3-0 (l)
23	Univ. College,	London	6-2 (w)
Mar. 6	Spalding	1-1 (d)
20	Lysaghts	2-1 (w)
Apr. 3	R.M.A. Sandhurst	4-1 (l)

INTER-SQUADRON

'A' beat 'B' 3-0
'C' beat 'B' 4-2
'A' beat 'C' 7-0

CROSS-COUNTRY

The cross-country team maintained the high standard of the two previous seasons by winning eleven out of fourteen matches. The highlight of the season was the victory over Sandhurst, reported in the last issue of *The Journal* (pp. 45, 47).

The spring term fixtures came as something of an anti-climax after the excitement of the term before. Nevertheless only one match was lost and that to Loughborough. The tedium of five months' almost continuous running was broken by a visit to Queen Elizabeth's College, Guernsey, to run against the island team. Our all-round strength proved too much for the islanders and we won comfortably. The hospitality extended to us was most generous and we hope very much that this may become a permanent fixture.

The success of the team was a result of very much hard training and a fine team spirit. De'Ath (the captain), Jennings and Poyser were the pick of a good team. For five members it was their third and last season in the team and there is a great need for cross-country runners from the more junior entries if we are to defeat Sandhurst again next year.

Inter-Squadron

An innovation was made this year when every 'physically fit' member of each squadron competed in the squadron cross-country teams. This was much to the chagrin of 'C' Squadron, who possessed 75 per cent of the College team.

Throughout the days preceding the race herds of flight cadets were driven out into the surrounding countryside on 'stamina' runs. A week before the race snow began to fall. The snow continued to fall, but rumours that the race might be cancelled proved false.

The race was run on the afternoon of Sunday, 7th February, over a revised course which skirted the boundaries of the North Airfield. After preliminary snowball fights between competing squadrons, the Commandant started the race. The course was flat, open and thoroughly unpleasant as the snow was ankle deep.

The field soon spread out and was sharply divided into those who could run, those who had been on the stamina runs and those who had not been on the stamina runs. The Adjutant's car, which followed the progress of the race, just managed to reach the finishing post before Poyser ('C' Squadron), who had run an excellent race and cantered home a good 100 yards in the lead.

Every runner who finished within three minutes of the winner received 1 point, those within six minutes 2 points, and within nine minutes 3 points. Those who finally staggered past the post over twelve minutes after the winner, or who failed to

complete the course at all, counted 7 points. The squadron with the least points was the winner, the total being corrected to allow for the differing numbers of cadets per squadron who competed. The excitement was intense and those who had finished early went back along the route to spur on their less fortunate comrades.

At first sight it appeared that, despite everything, 'C' Squadron were the winners, but, after allowances had been made for cadets on pass, it transpired that 'A' Squadron were the winners with 'C' second, and 'B' third.

R. A. C. G.

SQUASH

The spring term's squash matches, though very enjoyable, were unfortunately unsuccessful.

At the moment we have reached what must be our nadir. This is no reflection on the excellent coaching of Sergeant Catharine, one of the best coaches in England. There are, perhaps, two reasons why our standard is so low: first, some of our best players, like Blockey and Cohu, have been required for other, more important sports; secondly, we seem to get so few recruits from squash-playing schools. We can only hope that 69 and 70 Entries will provide good material to fill the gaps left by the departure of Newby, Cooper and King.

The team, now without Lees, faced some easier fixtures than last term's and in each one there were some really good games, notably Newby's against Abbeydale. Each of us had very hard games against Eton, and, despite the score, this was probably the best fixture.

'A' Squadron had two reasonably easy victories in the inter-squadron



Poyser and Goldring break the tape together in the inter-squadron mile

squash, though against 'B,' Jones only just struggled home after being 2 down to Newby. Cohu played very well to beat Jones in the final of 'A' v. 'C.'

We are very grateful to Flight Lieutenant Smeeth and Sergeant Catharine for their interest, and coaching, and we look forward to as enjoyable and, we hope, more successful season next year.

D. C. G. B.

RESULTS

Jan. 16 Nottingham S.R.C. ...	5-0	(l)
27 Notts Univ. ...	3-2	(w)
Feb. 10 Notts Univ. ...	4-1	(l)
27 Doncaster G.S. ...	4-1	(l)
Mar. 6 London Univ. ...	4-1	(l)
20 Abbeydale S.R.C. ...	4-1	(l)

INTER-SQUADRON

Jan. 20 'B' v. 'A' ...	2-3	'A' won
Feb. 21 'C' v. 'B' ...	3-2	'C' won
Mar. 2 'A' v. 'C' ...	4-1	'A' won

RUGBY FOOTBALL

THE focal point of the spring term was the match against Ecole de l'Air, the report on which appears elsewhere. Unfortunately a combination of injuries (amongst whom was Heywood, the new captain) and snow saw to it that the team was below its best at Salon. In all, three 'A' XV fixtures were cancelled and three others postponed.

Only two matches were played before half term, both of which were lost. Then there followed three weeks of forced inactivity. This was finally broken by our journey to Oxford to play the Greyhounds, who fielded a strong side. We held them quite successfully until the last few minutes when our lack of training fitness made itself felt. The defeat of Chesterfield, Uppingham and Stamford were heartening, though our display against Caius College, two days before the Salon match, showed that we needed much more practice.

Against the station the College team was weakened by injuries and examinations. But the loss of one of the centres early in the game, together with two opportunist tries against us, upset the team who did not play with enough determination against fast and clever opponents.

The 2nd and 3rd XVs suffered a disrupted season. Not only had several games to be cancelled, but, with few players from which to choose, it was impossible to have settled teams.

All rugby players will have heard with regret that Flight Lieutenant Talbot Williams is leaving this term.

He has devoted many hours to training and coaching teams for the past three seasons, and has joined in many early morning and evening runs. The victory over Sandhurst last December pays best tribute to his efforts. We wish him the best of luck in his new posting.

RESULTS

'A' XV

Jan. 16 Bedford Wanderers (a)	3-9	(l)
23 Chesterfield ... (a)	0-8	(l)
Feb. 17 Oxford Greyhounds (a)	0-19	(l)
20 Chesterfield ... (h)	34-3	(l)
24 R.A.F. Cranwell (h)	9-31	(l)
27 Uppingham School 'A' (a)	29-3	(w)
Mar. 6 Stamford ... (h)	31-0	(w)
10 Caius College, Cambridge (a)	3-14	(l)
12 Ecole de l'Air, Salon (a)	0-0	(d)
20 Kesteven ... (h)	11-11	(d)
24 Worksop College 'A' (h)	12-5	(w)
31 R.A.F. Technical College (h)	19-11	(w)

Played 12; won 5; lost 5; drawn 2.
Points for, 151; against, 114.

2ND XV

Jan. 16 Henry Mellish O.B., 1st (a)	0-14	(l)
Feb. 24 R.A.F. Cranwell, 2nd (h)	17-3	(w)
Mar. 6 Grimsby, 1st ... (a)	0-29	(l)
13 Stonegate, Extra 1st (a)	6-17	(l)
20 Rustons, 1st ... (h)	11-3	(w)

Played 5; won 2; lost 3.
Points for, 34; against, 66.

3RD XV

Jan. 16 Henry Mellish O.B., 2nd (a)	3-17	(l)
Mar. 6 Grimsby, 2nd (h)	5-12	(l)
13 Stonegate, 'A' (h)	15-0	(w)

Played 3; won 1; lost 2.
Points for, 23; against, 29.

JUNIOR ENTRIES MATCH

67 Entry, 19 points; 68 Entry, 3 points.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

As a result of high winds and snow fifteen of the scheduled matches for the two soccer teams had to be cancelled in the spring term. Neither team met with much success in the matches that were played, but this may perhaps be attributed to the many interruptions to the fixture list.

For the winter term the 1st XI will be without six of last season's regular team and so we again look to enthusiasts in the new entries for help and support.

Full colours have been awarded to M. A. Crook (captain), B. G. St Aubyn. Half colours have been awarded to B. E. Taylor, M. G.



*' . . . Forth they went, forth they went together,
Through the rude wind's wild lament, and the bitter weather . . . '*

Mathews, S. G. G. Card, D. T. F.
Ozanne, A. L. Watson, W. W. H.
Ewens. N. G. L.

BOXING

Two matches took place in the spring term. The first, against Cambridge University, was lost by three bouts to four. Situnayake gave a superb boxing exhibition to win his fight against a fellow countryman, Maruasinge. Denson as usual despatched his opponent early in the first round. Whitaker was unlucky to lose in a very hard fight against Shorter, the Cambridge captain.

The second match at Oxford, though lost by six fights to two, provided spectators with much entertainment. Whitaker won his fight easily, using his height to advantage and moving round the ring well. Denson was, for once, defeated after nearly flooring his opponent with one right during the first round, but he was never able to land another one on his nimble antagonist. Pollock fought very well. He got up after counts of 4 and 8 in the first and second rounds respectively and showed in the second round that he had a good right hand. The crowd called for a draw decision after such a plucky show, but he just lost. McArthur and Paul also had hard fights which they narrowly lost.

The team consisted of E. S. Denson, A. J. W. Whitaker, P. W. Monteith, P. M. Papworth, D. A. McArthur, J. E. Tierney, S. M. V. Situnayake, A. R. Pollock, R. Jackman, R. I. S. Paul.

FENCING

During the 1953-54 season the College fencing team has had varying success. Most of our matches have been hard fought with a close result being obtained. In some, however,

the opposition was found to be too strong, notably the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst and the Cambridge University Cut-Throats.

Our most notable match in 1954 was against Ecole de l'Air. We met the French on their own territory in a sport which is almost a national tradition and this was noticeable in the result, which was a win for the French by 22 bouts to 5. These figures, however, belie the narrowness of the margin by which each individual contest was decided, for in a majority of the bouts the final loss was by 5 points to 4 in a hard-fought and even contest. In all it was a sporting, enjoyable match and we look forward to our next meeting.

P. C.

RESULTS

Jan. 26 Ericssons ... 18-9 (w)
30 R.N.C. Greenwich 14-13 (w)

Mar. 6 Lincoln City Sword
Club ... 15-12 (w)
13 Ecole de l'Air ... 22-5 (l)

ROWING

With official permission we continued to row at Boston throughout the autumn term of 1953. The major event of that term was the Royal Air Force Regatta on the Thames at Wallingford. The hard work put into training was well rewarded by the results. The College won the Senior, Junior and Novice IVs, and narrowly missed the maiden sculls through Whittaker's slide jamming.

The rest of the autumn term and the following spring term were devoted to training old hands and new for the summer regattas.

J. M.

INTER-SQUADRON COMPETITION FOR THE CHIMAY CUP

Points Scored in the Spring Term

	'A' Sqn	'B' Sqn	'C' Sqn	Points Awarded		
				1st	2nd	3rd
Athletics	15	5	25	25	15	5
Hockey	20	4	12	20	12	4
Cross-country ..	15	3	9	15	9	3
Squash	10	2	6	10	6	2
Shooting (Pistol) ..	6	10	2	10	6	2
	66	24	54			



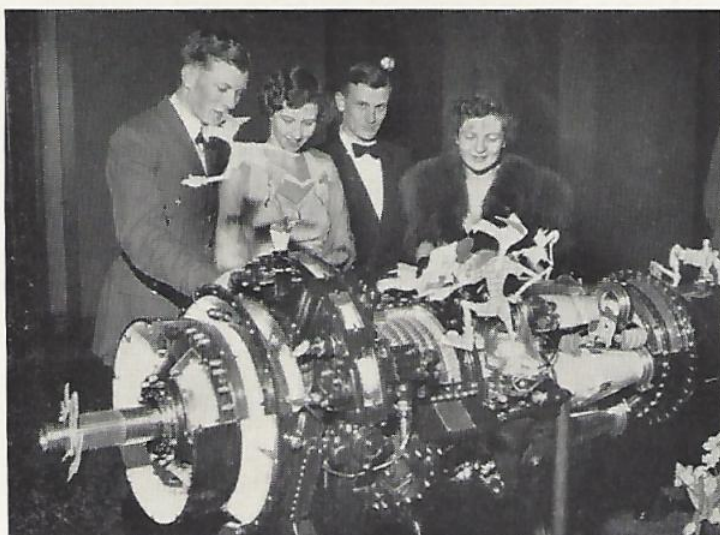
During the Easter vacation, in almost ideal weather, the sixth survival camp was held at Nant-Gwynant in north Wales. Problems of supply were generously solved by Royal Air Force, Valley. Thirty flight cadets and cadets took part in the exercise, some of whom are seen above. Reading from left to right: Boyle, Lawrance, Rigg (standing), Coombes (reclining), Abraham (standing and hooded), Talbot (seated), May and Forbes (both standing), Oswell, Faid. Above left: Some of the officers who went on the exercise. From right to left: Flight Lieutenants Farr and Robertson, Squadron Leader Roberts (O.C. Camp), Flight Lieutenant Carr and Flying Officer Smith

THE SOVEREIGN'S SQUADRON

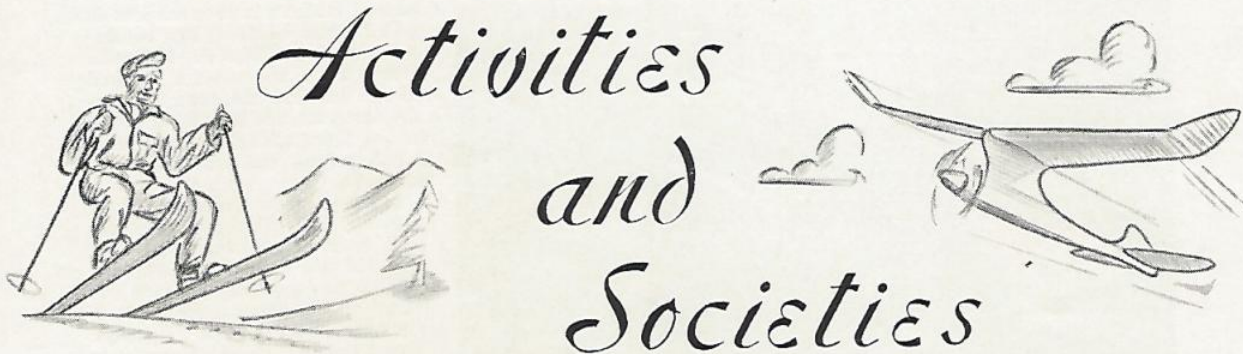
Points Secured in Autumn Term

	'A' Sqn	'B' Sqn	'C' Sqn
Chimay Cup	9	3	6
Ferris Drill Trophy	2	5	8
Knocker Cup	7	1	8
	<u>18</u>	<u>9</u>	<u>18</u>

'A' Squadron becomes Sovereign's Squadron because it obtained 2 first places



The Passing-out Ball of No. 61 Entry was distinguished by the lavish and original decoration, some of which—the product of a well-known team—are seen in this picture adding fantasy to the realism of the sectioned Mamba engine, a recent gift of the Armstrong Siddeley company to the Science department



Activities and Societies

Angling

AFTER a very successful visit to the Shetlands last summer we have been looking for a rendezvous for this year and have finally chosen southern Ireland. This trip is not only intended for experienced anglers, but also for novices, whom the section would welcome to its ranks at any time.

Flight Lieutenant V. H. James took over the section as officer in charge at the beginning of last term from Flight Lieutenant C. Fountain, and several new members joined to replace those of the senior entries who have passed out.

Any members of the new entries who are interested in angling, even if they have no experience of the sport whatsoever, will be most welcome, and should contact the captain (Monteith) or the Secretary (Salwey).
C. H. S.

Field Shooting and Wildfowling

Although the game shooting and wildfowling seasons are both over, the section is by no means inactive. At the end of March a party was held to celebrate our varied success of the past season, which was, on the whole, most enjoyable. All are now keenly looking forward to next September.

In the meantime, while we are allowing our furred and feathered brethren to build up their depleted numbers, we ourselves are busily practising on clay pigeons, too many of which seem to bear charmed lives. Our main task at present, however, is the destruction of rabbits, pigeons and rooks, which are all too abundant for us to tolerate.
D. P. S.

Pot-holing

The activities of the section during the spring term were somewhat curtailed as a result of the

cold weather, but several meets were held, and some promising cavers were found in the recruits from Junior Entries.

The half term meet was held once more in Yorkshire, an area which never fails to provide interesting caving for short meets. Three members of the section explored a little-known district and in one cave had their first experience of rescuing trapped members of another party.

Four pot-holers joined a Cave Rescue Meet in Carlswark Cavern.

THE CADETS' ACTIVITIES ORGANIZATION

Derbyshire, gaining valuable experience in rescuing injured cavers from difficult situations. The party travelled in a hired car, and, in complete contrast to this unusual luxury, changed in the snow.

During the vacation, three members and an ex-member of the section revisited the Pol Ardua system in Ireland, discovered by some of our members in 1952.

Matthews and Turner met Flying Officer Allan and Pilot Officer Barnard, former members of the section, at Lisdoonvarna on 19th April, to discover that the latter pair had already forced a new entrance to the Pol Ardua system. This new passage was a low, muddy crawl about 150 feet long, but was far preferable to the aptly named Digby Drain. Since the former would be much easier to negotiate

in the event of a rescue, it was named Lifesaver, a name which we later found belied its appearance.

Lifesaver leads to Two Way Stretch, the main passage of Pol Ardua, which carries a considerable amount of water. The first full caving day was spent in downstream exploration as far as An Tostal '53 Pot, which baulked the section in 1953. This time the pot was laddered and the party descended to find themselves in Branch Passage, another part of the same cave system. The establishing of this connection was extremely important, and a report has been sent to the Cave Research Group for publication in their bulletin.

Two days later the upstream passage was followed to the Canal, another 1953 stumbling block. The Canal is a narrow passage with sheer walls and about ten feet of water awaiting the unwary. Mae West life-jackets were worn, but after 30 feet had been gained it was deemed advisable to return owing to a faulty Mae West belonging to a non-swimmer.

Several other passages were explored in the few days remaining, but nothing of importance came to light. The meet finally disbanded on Friday, 23rd April, after an uncomfortable but profitable week. The results achieved, while raising the stock of the section in the caving world, will also serve as an incentive to further exploration in Ireland in the future.
M. J. M.

Riding

Members of the Riding Club had an enjoyable term. Several good days were spent with the Blankney Hunt, and we thank the Hunt Committee for some excellent sport.

Towards the end of term, Club membership once again began to rise, although most of the support still comes from the Senior Mess rather than the Junior. It is hoped



Easter at Scharfoldendorf. Owen and Sheppard prepare Gale and a Grunau for a circuit over the ridge

that members of the Junior Mess will rectify the balance between messes to enable us to increase our string of horses and, at the same time, help us make the Club an even better one.

A. G. H. M.

Sailing

The silence of a Saturday afternoon during the Easter vacation in Brixham harbour was shattered by a shout of 'Provident ahoy!' The crew had arrived. We soon shed our town clothes in favour of nautical sweaters and shoes canvas, once white; and at midnight, with full sail set but with very little wind, we slipped out of harbour, almost taking a piece of the jetty along too.

For two days we drifted across the Channel. The weather was good only for sunbathing. We shouted in Russian to a steamer flying the hammer and sickle and rescued an oil-covered guillemot which later rejected our hospitality, dived through the scuppers and floundered despite our attempts at rescue. On Monday night, after being in sight of land for half a day, we sailed into St. Peter's Port, Guernsey.

We spent a morning enjoying the benefits of reduced purchase tax and then set sail in record time. A fair wind gave us an exhilarating blow through the rocky Alderney race, and we dropped anchor in the rugged little harbour of Alderney during late afternoon.

After a short but pleasant stay we put to sea again during the afternoon of Wednesday and, although the B.B.C. promised 'Showers here, there and elsewhere,' we kept dry throughout the voyage. On Thursday night

Provident dropped anchor again in Brixham.

The following day we put out to sail for Salcombe, but spent six hours drifting the three miles to Torquay, where we spent the evening. With more success we set out for Salcombe again at midnight and arrived there as dawn was breaking. A motor launch towed us upstream, where we moored at the Club's buoy in the beautiful harbour.

Reluctantly the weather-beaten crew bade the skipper farewell and so, tired but happy with the memories of a fine week's sailing, we rejoined civilization.

J. D. H.

Ski-ing

Two parties of two and three cadets respectively spent a week of the Easter vacation at Nethybridge in the Cairngorm district of Scotland, where both accommodation and food were excellent. Although the hotel was fourteen miles from the ski-ing slopes, a bus took the party to within three miles every day. As those on the course graduated to steeper slopes, this distance increased to four and a half miles; as a result most muscles were loosened before ski-ing and no one suffered any injury.

There was only a little snow left in the corners, but runs of up to a mile were found. Each day about three or four hours were spent on the snow, during which the non-professional instructors managed to teach the majority enough of ski-ing to make it enjoyable.

The first of the College parties had the experience of forming part of a large search party for some

medical students who were lost in a Cairngorm blizzard. For twenty-two hours the R.A.F. Mountain Rescue Team and about a hundred ski-ers searched the area. Eventually, however, the lost party found its way home and, apart from being a little weary, was none the worse for wear.

Although snow conditions were unusually bad (throughout the stay only once did it snow and then only on the mountain top) the weather was generally pleasant and sunny and everyone suffered from sunburn. During the evenings, dances and film and slide shows were arranged, and one of the Everest expedition arrived one evening to give a talk on his experiences.

All came back from Scotland determined to ski again, and agreed that the organization could not have been better. We all wish to thank the Scottish Council for Physical Recreation for making this most enjoyable week possible.

G. H. W. G., P. D. R.

Gliding

The term started reasonably well, though the short days and snowy weather cut out many of the early weekends.

The transfer of gliders and equipment over to the North Airfield was completed in one weekend, leaving the South Airfield free for the Balliols. This move was made by flying the gliders over. An incident shortly afterwards resulted in the loss of one of our tutors, the pilot of which overshot and totally wrecked it, fortunately without injury to himself.

Two courses were held at Scharfoldendorf during the Easter leave, and, although the weather was very cold, better soaring conditions were experienced than during last winter. A persistent south to easterly wind gave rise to unstable conditions, but the ridge lift was not very high for the most part.

During the courses, all members who had not previously won their 'C' Certificate gained them, and some of the more experienced members soared to quite good heights. Two Grunaus were partially damaged in accidents, and a visiting Tiger Moth took off with the cable wrapped round its tail-skid, eventually depositing it in a nearby wood.

Unfortunately, it appears that Scharfoldendorf will be closing down shortly, thus depriving us not only of our favourite soaring site, but of one that is within our financial reach.

K. McD., R. W. M.

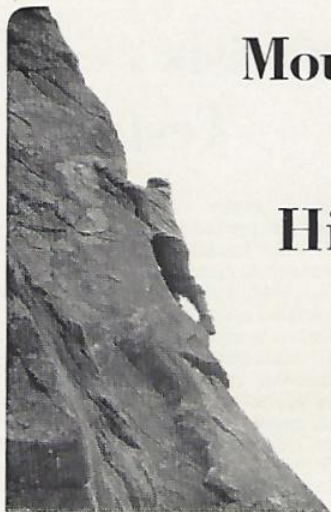
Mountaineering

in the

Highlands

of

Scotland



*Left: Climbing without aids in the Highlands.
Below: A view from A'Mhaighdian, a completely pathless mountain, climbed in April*

DURING the Easter vacation members of the Mountaineering section embarked on the most ambitious and strenuous expedition so far attempted. They met in the northern Highlands of Scotland in a range of mountains far from the nearest road or village. They had to carry enough food and equipment to last a week, and be entirely self-sufficient. Arriving at Dundonnell in the afternoon of 8th April, they set out over the hills for Shenevall, a small bothy in a delightfully remote glen, where they had decided to camp. The distance was five miles and involved altogether 1,000 ft. of climbing, with 75 pound rucksack load.

The following day was fine, though there was high cloud. The party divided into two to traverse An Teallach, a mountain of 3,470 feet, having altogether four main tops. The summit ridges are very rugged, and there are in places clear drops of almost a thousand feet.

The use of a rope was absolutely necessary. After negotiating An Teallach, the party spent the remainder of the week ten miles to the south on the shores of Fionn Loch, once again far from civilization. The weather, unfortunately, was poor throughout this period, making rock-climbing both difficult and unpleasant. A new route, however, was made on Carn More Buttress, a 600 foot crag rising behind the party's bivouac, on which only one other party had hitherto climbed. This climb was done in heavy rain, and was very hard going. The evening after this conquest was spent deciding upon the route's name. 'Per Ardua' was considered, but 'Poacher's Route' seemed more appropriate.

The party remained in the hills for eight days and had a most enjoyable time. At the end of it all they had all learnt a great deal about living in the mountains and about their own endurance.

C. J. S. B.



Canoeists Tested



The Bedford-St Neots Race. Shortly after the start there was a brief moment of indecision among the College crews (centre), but they soon settled down, as the picture below shows. Above: Sawyer and Card arrive at St Neots

IT was merely a matter of time before the Canoeing section competed in the annual canoe race, organized by the Inland Waterways Association, from Bedford to St Neots. This year the race was held on 2nd May, 1954, over a fifteen-mile course, and the section entered six teams.

One team failed to complete the course by ramming a piece of submerged masonry or discarded agricultural implement soon after the start. Two other crews capsized, but completed the race despite their bedraggled condition.

Although the unfavourable weather produced sufficient rain to dampen the most enthusiastic canoeist, it is some reflection on the spirit of competitors in this race that all but three of the twenty-four starters finished the course. Richard and Papworth came in seventh and were first of the College crews. This was a fine achievement, considering the fact that they were racing against Olympic crews.

Most of the College crews were relatively new to canoeing and lacked the training that is necessary to secure high places in this race. Even so they managed, apart from Richard's and Papworth's seventh, to take eleventh, fifteenth, seventeenth and twenty-first places respectively.

P. J. S.

Devizes-Westminster Race

One crew, comprising Richard and Kerrigan in a heavy canoe, started in the arduous Devizes-Westminster race, held over the Easter weekend. The course is 125 miles long, includes 77 locks, and everything needed for the journey has to be carried.

Notable rivals included two sailors from Gosport in a heavy canoe fitted with a headlamp for night navigation, and two Royal Marine Commando crews in special light-weight racing canoes. All, except ourselves, appeared to have been reared in canoes.

The start was on the Kennet and Avon canal, the appearance of which was horrifying. It was completely covered with slime. The steepness of the banks made it difficult to launch the canoe. Weeds were another hazard. Later, near Devizes, the College crew and the sailors were attacked by nesting swans—indeed all the canal swans were very hostile, unlike the well-mannered Thames' type. Portaging was more difficult than canoeing and driftwood was a constant menace.

Downstream of Newbury the crew passed under a small bridge bearing the name 'Cranwell Bridge'. Omen or not, within a short distance, they found themselves in an odorous backwater.

Reading and the broad, very beautiful Thames gave the crew new heart, though near exhausted. They reached County Hall, Westminster, on Easter Monday 59 hr. 26 min. after starting. The race was neatly summed up by a Marine who said: 'If I had a choice of entering this race, or the Grand National as a horse, I'd choose the National.'

THE COLLEGE SOCIETY

Aeromodelling

ONCE again the term's outdoor activities were seriously hampered by bad weather. Not once was there an opportunity for the free-flight fans to launch their machines. A determined few, however, braved the elements and ventured one or two flights with their control-line models. Most members reverted to building a reserve of models in preparation for the more favourable weather. As is usual among most aeromodellers during the winter months, many solids were built; the efforts of Bond deserve special mention.

A departing member has kindly left his 11½ foot span radio-controlled glider to the section. Owen has spent many hours preparing it for its maiden flight, which he hopes will be in the near future.

The section has purchased a large amount of expensive equipment during the last term and is now beginning to build up an extensive set of tools. It is hoped that many will take advantage of the growing opportunities offered them and so swell the ranks of the Balsa Carvers of Cranwell.

We were very sorry to lose Flight Lieutenant Colbeck, our officer in charge, during the term, and welcome his successor, Flight Lieutenant Burn.
K. P. A.

Chess

The section has been reorganized and its membership has been increased to enable us to buy more much-needed equipment such as chess sets and the inevitable clock.

Three matches were played and lost. The first, against the Officers' Mess, was played in the Library Annexe and the result was three points to two.

The next match was far more ambitious—it was played against Oxford University. Many of the players enjoyed an extension of their half-term leave to travel direct to Oriel College, where again we lost by three points to two after a very hard-fought contest.

Sheffield University proved far too strong for us and we were beaten by five points to nil with one game drawn.
P. R. D.

Choral

Once again the Society worked with the Lincoln Ladies' Training

College. We devoted most of our time to *The Mikado*, but, although many joint practices were held, our general standards failed to reach that attained in our practices at Cranwell. This may possibly be attributed to the lively singing during the outward bus journey and a noticeable presence of many 'maids from school.' Although no concert was given, our time was not wasted as the membership rose considerably.

Unlike the badger, the Society 'hibernates' in the summer, but we look forward to the following term when we meet again to sing a selection of choruses and carols.

D. T. F. O.

Dancing

During the spring term the dancing classes were well attended and good progress was made in the basic stages of the foxtrot, quickstep, and waltz. Owing to lack of support the advanced class had to be discontinued, but it is hoped to restart it in the summer term when our new members have acquired the basic steps.

We still stand in need of a record player and, though progress has been satisfactory on the whole in the term under review, we feel that the acquisition of one would enable us to offer both present and intending members more scope and better dancing. There is, we understand, some prospect of the deficiencies being remedied in the summer.

R. A. B.

Debating

The Society held three meetings during the term. The first debate was held in the Library Annexe and the motion 'This House thinks that the Trade Unions are jeopardizing the country's economy' was discussed. Flight Lieutenant Poole led the proposition, and was seconded by Walpole; the opposition consisted of Squadron Leader Wilson and Campbell. The strike organized by the Electrical Trades Union naturally heightened the arguments from opposite sides of the floor. One of the main speakers, delving deeply into one of his pockets, flourished a candle and declared that he, at least, had come prepared for the worst. As an example of the deplorable exclusiveness of some Trade Unions, a speaker instanced, rather jocularly, the Old Cranwellians

Association. This remark was greeted with much applause. On division, the House agreed to the motion by a considerable majority.

The next meeting was held in the Junior Mess and the motion 'This House sees no point in visiting the Moon' was debated. Skinner proposed the motion, assisted by Hopkins; Herbert, the leader of the opposition, was encouraged by Bates. When the debate was opened to the members of the House, there was, amongst the speakers, a number of flight cadets from the Junior Mess. One member seemed convinced that the only reason for visiting the moon would be to place the Union Jack upon it. On hearing that the flag would not unfurl for lack of any air movement, he became less enthusiastic. The accent in this debate was on humorous anecdote and the motion (as a consequence of several witty fables) prevailed over the more staid arguments of the opposition.

The final debate of the term was held in the Library Annexe. Goldring and Keppie proposed the motion 'This House regrets the invention of Television'. The opposition was led by Bell and seconded by Barrow. It was suggested that the small house was directly attributable to the attractive television programme going on at that time. The use of television in locating the wreckage of the Comet lost off Italy was an argument ably used by the opposition. One of the main speakers insisted that in spite of the established shortcomings of television, he personally could not fail to be grateful for its invention. He further revealed that his father's income was inseparably bound up with the television business. The motion was carried.

The following were elected officers of the Society: president, P. H. Stanning; secretary, M. L. Jonklaas; committee, Bell, Robey and Griffiths.
M. L. J.

Fine Arts

Throughout the spring term the Fine Arts section held its customary art instructional periods. So enjoyable are these meetings that it is a constant source of wonder to present members why more cadets do not come forward to avail themselves of the many opportunities.

Free materials are provided and expert tuition is available in painting, sketching, pottery and book-binding. Those cadets who wish to develop any particular talent or inclination will be provided with adequate tools and materials (except

those required for diamond cutting and forgery).

Impromptu discussions on art and kindred topics were held in the latter part of the term and it became clear that there was a great diversity of views within the section.

The present membership of the section is low, but as more cadets acknowledge the entertainment value alone of an artistic hobby, numbers, we hope, will rise. Mr. Clarke, our arts instructor, is anxious to see the membership increase as he discovers inherent though unrevealed talents in the confines of Cranwell.

C. A. H.

Jazz

During the spring term the Senior and Junior messes provided almost equal numbers of enthusiasts for the Jazz Appreciation section.

It is interesting to note that a large number of the section's members also belong to the Classical Music society. This fact is not as surprising as it may at first appear, when one realizes that jazz is, in one sense at least, a classical form of music. Unfortunately many do not appreciate real jazz because they do not know what it is, and they are apt to confuse jazz with popular modern music.

Now that Friday evenings have been fully established as supper evenings in the College, the section has had the opportunity of holding regular and enjoyable record-playing meetings. Flight Lieutenant Carus's gift to the section of a number of exceptionally fine records is greatly appreciated.

G. X. E. McL.

Music

Attendance at the regular Sunday evening gramophone recitals has remained at a low level despite attempts to promote interest by arranging the programmes to suit all tastes. However, the gramophone record library has been used extensively throughout the term. The large number of privately owned gramophones in the College is considered to be the chief cause of reduced attendance at meetings of the society.

Early in the term a large audience welcomed Meyer Rosenstein, who braved the ferocity of the Lincolnshire winter to entertain us with a delightful piano recital, which included works by Beethoven, Chopin, Bach and several lesser-known composers. It is hoped that concerts of this nature will become a regular feature of the society's activities.

N. J. R. W.

Photography

The section was inactive during the term. At first we expected a move from the College darkrooms into huts. Even though this move did not occur, we were compelled to delay our activities while the darkrooms in the College were being decorated. Fortunately the section acquired a room which before the end of term was being used as a studio and club-room. This, together with some new equipment, attracted many new enthusiasts.

A scheme has been introduced to enable beginners to learn processing from more experienced members.

G. X. E. McL.

Printing

Our first task last term was the completion of the large order of 7000 forms for the new College Society accounting system. With this job satisfactorily completed, we concentrated on a multi-colour signal card for the Radio section. This was particularly interesting as it involved the use of red ink, large wooden type and a block of the College as used in the 'College Notes' section of *The Journal* before December 1953. Each card passed through the press three times and the finished article compared very favourably with its more professional counterparts.

We are once again very grateful to Chief Technician Harper, of the staff of the Cadets' Instructional Workshops, who helped us last term by constructing a magnificent trolley chest which now houses our ever-growing selection of type. Another cabinet of smaller dimensions is under construction and when finally completed will be used to store our small founts.

Several new processes were developed last term and we are now able to emboss on a small scale. The operation is rather complex, however, and coupled with our limited experience, we confine its use to small jobs such as visiting cards and address headings.

By using a special product of Adana Ltd we are now able to produce a gold leaf effect; this too is limited by the complexity of the process.

Although rather hard pressed at times, we were able to complete all our regular orders, which now include the Dramatic section's play programme and the programme for the presentation of wings.

R. D. B.

Radio

This term the Society has been operating the College Radio Station on 'A' Site. The rig has been

improved by the addition of a new receiver and an oscilloscope. Conditions have varied greatly, but during periods of low interference some very good contacts have been made, especially those with the Royal Air Force stations at Aden and Idris. Contacts have also been established with the Royal Naval College Dartmouth, the Royal Naval College Oslo and the Royal Norwegian Nautical School. Richmond has operated the station during the early hours of the morning on several occasions and has made good contacts with French, German, Danish and Dutch stations.

We have become widely known on the 80 metre wave-band, and the number of contact cards received is now well over two hundred. The Printing Section has produced a contact card for the College with the station call-sign and an illustration of the College on it. Two hundred of these have been sent to contacted stations; many of these on the Continent. It is hoped to operate more during weekends so that as many members as possible can attend. The hut, though a trifle exposed to the 'Lincolnshire Forties', is very warm and comfortable. With the possibility of a new and more powerful transmitter and longer daylight hours, good contacts will certainly be made this term. M. T.

The Richard Pye Cup

As we go to press, we learn that the Richard Pye Cup has been awarded to the Mountaineering section of the Cadets' Activities Organization for its enterprising climbing expedition to the Scottish Highlands during the Easter vacation.

The Commandant, in making the award to the Mountaineers, warmly commended the Canoeing section for its meritorious performance in the Devizes-Westminster race and the Pot-holers for their caving activities in southern Ireland.

THE NOVEMBER 'JOURNAL'

The next issue of *The Journal* goes to press on Friday, 17th September, 1954.

Secretaries of sports, activities and societies are reminded that their reports must be in the hands of the Editor (Senior Mess, Royal Air Force College) by this date.

The Editor is happy to accept reports in either MS or typewritten form, but would appreciate the use of alternate lines in MS reports and double-spacing in the typewritten.

The Editor, in accepting reports, understands that officers in charge of sports or sections of the Cadets' Activities Organization and the College Society are satisfied with the accuracy and general tenor of the report and concur in the views expressed.

VAGUE



Fashion Future

The End in Hats

Vague Talent Contest

THE NASTÉ COND SNOBICATIONS LTD.

OCCASIONALLY · PRICELESS

Leslie (leslie)

Hair (hair)

Clippers (clippers)

Buzz (buzz-z)

Shorter? (much shorter)

Comb (comb)

Creasie (weasie)

Anything on it? (just a drop, now, a drop)

Comb (comb)

Hair (hair, HAIR)

Yours? (AAGH-H-H-HH!)



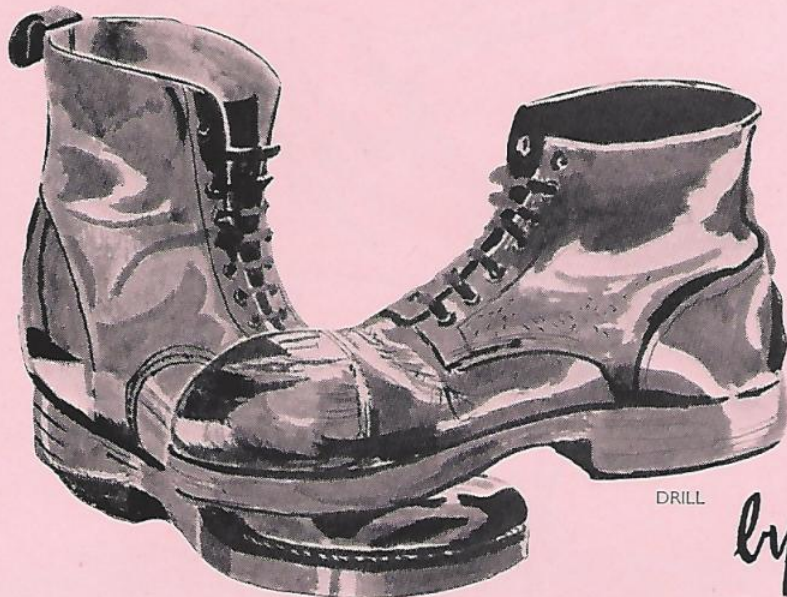
Leslie



Salons de Coiffure pres du Ru

BACK-1330 GONE-TO-LUNCH STREET • SORRY-SIR • SOME-IN-ON-FRIDAY

summer themes



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cunningly emphasises the
sophisticated uniformity
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VAGUE

There are three Vagues—Cranwellian, Neapolitan, Harripolitan

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In liquidation

PRESIDENT
R.S.V.P. Nocton

CRANWELLIAN VAGUE

EDITOR
Post now vacant

MANAGING DIRECTOR
Purged

COVER: Bewitchingly you—the melody of moonbeam-weight shantung teamed, as a less-than-ballet-length ensemble, with inflatables (use them as water wings in summer) for not so formal cocktails. Boots by A.M., skirt in jelly red by Cooks of Curzon Street, beak-stick by Mac's Tractor of Hollywood, hat in palest puce by Dunlop.

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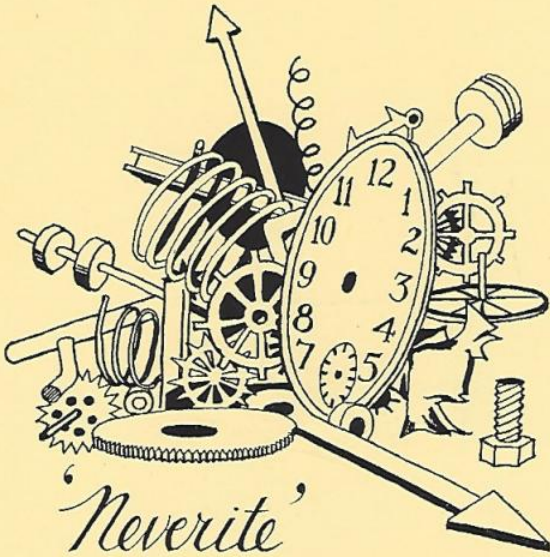
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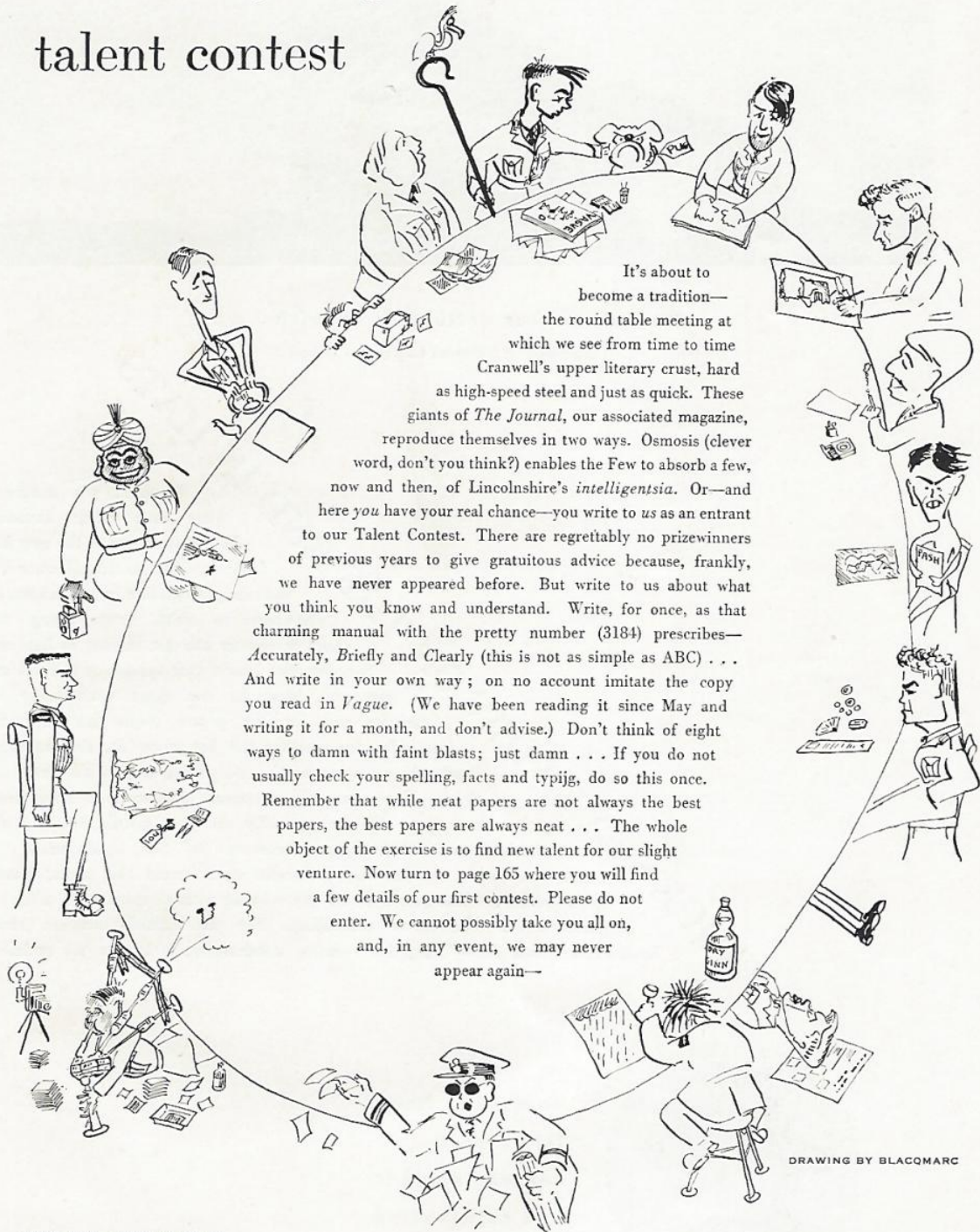
Dropped from a height of 17,000 ft. the pieces of this H. Shamwel 'Neverite' were within a 1 sq. ft. area. This shows the high degree of skill employed in making these amazingly inaccurate Swizz masterpieces. If you are the type who straps his watch to the wheel of the Royal Scot or soaks it in a pail of water for six weeks then your watch is 'Neverite'.

No discerning pilot should be without one. The deft assurance with which he can turn to his instructor at that one less-than-punctual E.T.A. and say "But Sir, my watch says . . ."

by

H. SHAMWEL

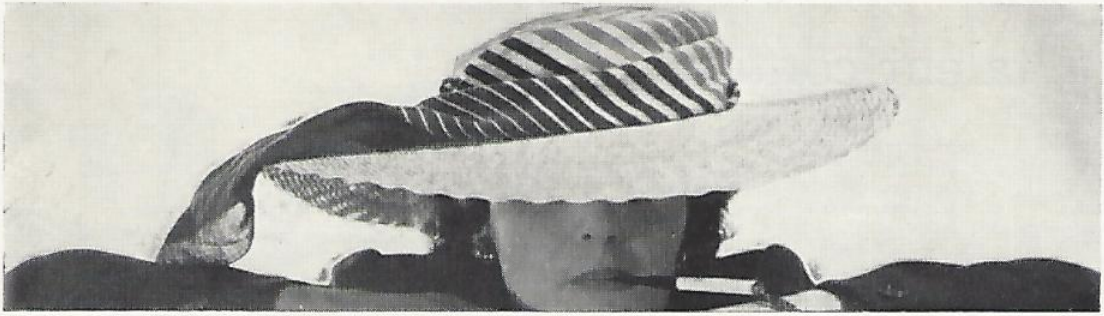
An unusually Vague talent contest



It's about to become a tradition—the round table meeting at which we see from time to time Cranwell's upper literary crust, hard as high-speed steel and just as quick. These giants of *The Journal*, our associated magazine, reproduce themselves in two ways. Osmosis (clever word, don't you think?) enables the Few to absorb a few, now and then, of Lincolnshire's *intelligentsia*. Or—and here you have your real chance—you write to us as an entrant to our Talent Contest. There are regrettably no prizewinners of previous years to give gratuitous advice because, frankly, we have never appeared before. But write to us about what you think you know and understand. Write, for once, as that charming manual with the pretty number (3184) prescribes—*Accurately, Briefly and Clearly* (this is not as simple as ABC) . . . And write in your own way; on no account imitate the copy you read in *Vague*. (We have been reading it since May and writing it for a month, and don't advise.) Don't think of eight ways to damn with faint blasts; just damn . . . If you do not usually check your spelling, facts and typijg, do so this once. Remember that while neat papers are not always the best papers, the best papers are always neat . . . The whole object of the exercise is to find new talent for our slight venture. Now turn to page 165 where you will find a few details of our first contest. Please do not enter. We cannot possibly take you all on, and, in any event, we may never appear again—

THIS MONTH

OUR HATS ARE OFF to all those of you whose live-and-let-live attitude accepts our pretty joke for what it is hardly worth. You will remember always our motto at all times: "The Vaguer the better"



Bloated boater definitely on with
dazzle camouflage to taste

VAGUE'S EYE VIEW ON THE END IN HATS

Summer, yes summer—
the time when fastidious
happy eyes turn to the new fash-
ions; in Lincolnshire, of course, to
the new plimsoll line in rainjackets, but
elsewhere to suits, loose - fitting with
short or shorter sleeves; dresses as light as a
Soho souffle; beach wear briefer or briefest and,

above all, hats. In the quiet countryside soft
climates call for the *poquet* toque (no hard and
fast rules for whether the hat must fit, this summer).

Don't aim at being exotic, at looking smart; it's never chic
to shock. If you are the fortunate possessor of more money
than taste, you will be especially on your guard. Avoid, among
materials, cocoanut matting, curtains on "A" Site, stable straw . . .

For the beach, or that easy midnight stroll across the rocks, boaters
are definitely on. The accent is on the colossal with pleasant little nonsenses
in First World War dazzle camouflage. For the formal occasion Moths
Broths have a fine felt—"Josephine"—worn, wonderfully, as low as the eyelashes.



Josephine fine
felt capette,
acutely angled
and captivating,
by Klangol.

A new [pull]on, exquisitely old fashioned, in essence
ornamental, in spirit
(ahem!) frankly foolish

FASHION FUTURE

Nothing like it has ever been seen before in these pages
and nothing like it will ever be seen again

HOW everyone would like to know exactly what new fashion is waiting to surprise us all this sure-to-be-exciting summer! To answer this we asked well-known Miss Topsy Rose Lee to cast a blue mascara-ed eye into the glass ball of fashion to give you a 1 2 X on what will allow you to remain young as well as beautiful.

Miss Lee said that for many this summer there was the possibility of a journey overseas (unless it is inland), if that strong stay-at-home feeling is overcome. For the gay mood she said that the effortlessly informal "Bartok bucket" would be seen a lot; generally it would be with playsuit ensembles in the newest dramatic hessian and horsehair. Favourite colours would be passionate grease-stain brown and aristocratic duck-pond green.

As ideal wear for those chillier days or perhaps informal evenings the Monroe sweater is way out in front. To offset the natural defiant brilliance a really practical but elegantly sober felt ankle-length skirt in fresh mould shades is ideal. A strikingly effective sprig of seaweed clenched in your teeth will make you the star of any cocktail party and Miss Lee sees many of these.

For the beach there will be devastating fire-red and ice-blue "cow-hand pants" in superb leather with horse-brass accessories; for the quieter taste the more modest and feminine zebra stripe ballet skirt of oil-skin. A petite creamy smooth Bikini (bra of camel-hair trimmed with barbed wire) completes your pretty-as-a-nymph picture. The teenagers and those with the sylph-like figures will revel, it is forecast, in lustrous butterscotch beige string one-piece shrunk swimsuits. To carry the necessaries all you will need will be the attractive pastel-hued holdalls with the three cubic yard capacity.

Formal evening wear will be on the quieter, less extravagant but sophisticated and mysterious side this coming season. A shopping bag pulled well

down over your head will add to that touch of casual mystery. The scooped-neck, off-the-shoulder, round-the-hips and up-the-Edgware-Road flaring skirt of the French designers is a wonderfully imaginative yet amazingly practical creation. The most prominent shades will be in the darker ranges, but a brown-job khaki and bleached tripe will not be amiss at any function. For the younger set there will be generous scope. There is one design particularly that will be seen to be instantly charming. It is as gracious as a slow-

m o v i n g
c u r t s e y a n d
i s i n a
d e l i g h t -
f u l l y f r e s h
h o n e y -
c o m b
s t y l e w i t h a
p a n e l - s e a -
m e d b o d i c e
g a t h e r e d
o v e r t h e
b o s o m .
D e l i c a t e l y
s h a d e d i n
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b l o o d s h o t , d i s t i n g u i s h e d m a l - d e - m e r g r e e n o r m o o n - s t o n e a n d o l d a l e , t h i s d e s i g n g i v e s a w o n d e r f u l l y a l l - r o u n d w a y t o l o o k . T h e c u n n i n g d e s i g n r e v e a l s i t s e l f t o w e a r e r s w h e n t h e s e r e n i t y o f t h e h i p l i n e i s f o u n d t o b e b a s e d o n a c o n c e a l e d w i r e - n e t t i n g u n d e r l a y . T h e f i n a l t o u c h i s g i v e n b y t h e g l o r i o u s l y s u b t l e F r e n c h c o n c e p t i o n o f e x t e n d i n g t h e V n e c k t o d e v e l o p i n t o a c o m p l e t e l y - a t - e a s e e x c i t i n g s p l i t s k i r t .

Miss Lee maintained that you would be seeing and wearing these clothes before long, as stockists will be displaying them very soon. Try, then, she urges, to make this that never-to-be-forgotten wonderful fashion summer.



Miss Topsy Rose Lee gazing into
the glass ball of fashion en seance

People are stalking about . . .

In Burberry gamefeather tweed . . . In Cairo, ex-home of ex-King Bazouk's ex-wife, ex-Queen Marrimen where her latest *degente* is the warmest coffee-talk . . .

In the bookstalls selling the new biography of Horatio Bottomley by Denise Robins with its intimate sidelines on his character—his proposal in a tram on the Embankment "Let's pool our savings . . ."

In a stupor somewhere south of the river where the course is so strenuous that the *militaires* are not putting on weight despite 9½ hours' sedentary occupation in every 24 . . .

At the outstanding exhibition of contemporary Parisian *jouesque*—made the more exciting as in recent years this branch of art has been neglected by more moderne artists . . .

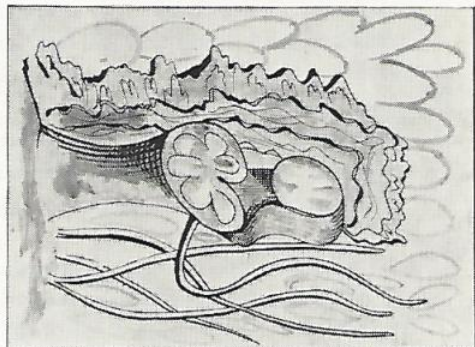
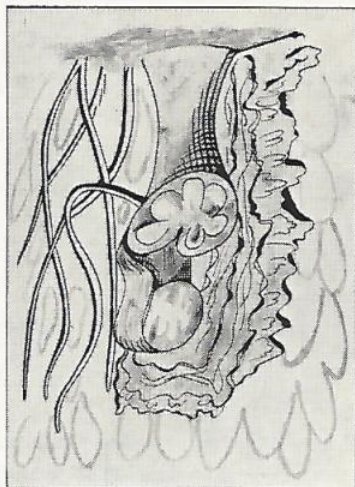
People are stalking about . . . The foyer of the Waldorf where the preview of the missing reel of "The Poacher" was held. Gay, sparkling, a new film towering magnificently over a montage of lesser films—poised yet pastoral production personifying the sesquipedalian poacher appropriating prizest prey . . . The Riviera, amusing wayside stop on King Bazouk's tour of Monaco, where he met Miss Marylou Maconochie, Minnesota meat magnate's mademoiselle . . . Between the Splitz and the Wayfair, there, over cocktails, to exchange news of well-known Professor Elmer T. Winkelburger, discoverer of a creamy new planet called Minerva . . . near the Royal Festival Hall where they hear Nelson's Column is to occupy the site of the Skylon . . . In Trafalgar Square where they hear the Skylon is to occupy the site of Nelson's Column . . .

BURBERRY'S GAMEFEATHER TWEED



PARISIAN JOUESQUE

KING BAZOUK :
MARYLOU MACONOCHIE



SICILIAN
JOUESQUE



Vague visits . . .

The Party of the Year

THE charming hostess of this year's most talked-of party, Lady Barkley, is enchantingly petite and sets off a slender figure by an impeccable carriage. She has all those qualities which typify the "perfect hostess"—and many more besides.

We were fortunate to have been invited to the Barkleys' lovely country house for the party of the year. On arrival we were graciously received in the panelled hall by our classically musical green-eyed hostess. Her dress was of a subtle fall-for white organza printed with corn flakes. Shoulder bands, prettier and easier to wear than no straps at all, were wide set and one of them was made of asparagus.

As the guests arrived they were ushered into the eloquently furnished Dark Room where they exchanged nocturnal glances with their fellow guests



*. . . fortunate to have been invited
and
graciously received . . .*



*A band played softly on the terrace, and guests
listened . . .*

and were served with the infamous Barkley cocktail, the secret of which has been kept in the family for nearly a hundred years and whose first delicious sip was taken when the Barkley family was raised to the peerage.

The tastefully prepared buffet supper was delicately delicious, further compliment to our hostess's already wide reputation for excelling in suavely informal entertaining. Tables

were carried in laden with appetising dishes of novel and attractive savouries and fresh-as-spring fruit salads. Waiters served cold ham prepared to such perfection that it melted deliciously in the mouth. No unbecoming Hans Hass swoops floorwards in hot pursuit of stringy slivers.



*. . . cars which we took right to our
own doorsteps . . .*

(continued on page 161)



One of the opening rituals in the midnight parade of the celebrated 68th Prancers



. . . garbed in wraparound denim with a minimum of shirt, sleeve and trouser



Sir Ricardo de la Biro dema Tante, a splendidly bemedalled figure, inspected the troops in an unusually modern way — and thoroughly



A novel way of cleaning shoes—the effect astonishes



Every man had ample space in which to prepare himself for ritual



Some of the brilliant tumult of spectators after the parade

Our casual reporter Alice writes of what she saw at and during a very remarkable nocturnal ceremonial of which little is known

PARADE OF THE 68th PRANCERS

THE romantic ceremony of the parade of the 68th Prancers was performed for a change on one of those nights that make the well-dressed woman change from summer frocks to winter woollies. We won't remind you of the effect of this departure from the traditional order of things on the troops themselves for it was noticeable that they were no longer wearing their splendid elasticised seersucker summer dress, but were garbed in wraparound denim with a minimum of sleeve and trouser. Amongst the spectators, however, colour was everywhere, from starlet scarlet to cobalt bomb blue.

As I wandered through this luminous gathering of some of our most respected families, I could not help noticing several famous figures. Separated from her husband by her sixteen fine children was Lady Knotsophonsonby-Ponsonby who made a pretty picture in a suit of dignified Donegal tweed, spotlighted by a corny coronet studded with little 2.5 v.-bulbs that twinkled like rhinestones. A delightful ensemble was worn by the Hon. Mrs. Dorothea ffunkit, who seemed to have taken a cue from the troops on parade by wearing a husky skin-hugging suit, fastened precariously at the waist by a canvas cummerbund. Her decorative beret of finest tinfoil had to be seen to be believed.

The parade was under the command of Sub-Vice-Marshal Sir Ricardo de la Biro de ma Tante, of the Hearse Guards (B.R.), and was conducted in the dramatic manner we have come to expect from the Prancers. Their impeccable turnout was obviously the result of much hard labour in their quarters, and, to see just how these guards lived, I went to their barracks afterwards with our photographer. I was amazed at the spare luxury of the rooms, and it was plain to see that every man had ample space in which to prepare himself for his appearance before the public. No dismal corners here.

One of the brightest ideas we saw there was a novel way of cleaning shoes, which, I am sure, will "catch on" in many homes. The shoes are dropped in a bucket of coal, then placed in the hermetically sealed pressure oven provided; when one side is nicely done, they are turned over, and removed after fifteen minutes for a final rub up. The effect is quite astonishing.

I doubt if any fashion-conscious person can ignore the real lesson that emerged from this parade. It was that the quickest way to chic is to wear clothes that do not fit you. This reiteration of an old Vague principle only seems to prove that you can be well dressed on a moderate income, always provided that you have the money.



Separates

... and how they stultify

An oh-so-simple system of wardrobe building—separates are in this season!

For the mine, the gay sympathetic ease of blue serge slax and a down-soft jersey one-set in grey and palest blue... add the pencil-slim skirt, belt, pistol and accessories and you will be the chicest ice-skater on the Manchester ship canal. Back in town, an impeccably cut hip-length completes the indispensable after-five ensemble (you'll adore the *confidence* those new-as-the-minute braided sleeves give you!).

Sizes 34, 2, 57.

About 27½ guineas

HARRYS LTD

GROane 1234 Ext 1

Harrys

Lincolnshire

sunshine

BY GORDON GINN

DO not be surprised if you find yourself spending six summer months at our converted rest-centre in Lincolnshire. You will be met by our Vague hostess after entering the gilt and wrought iron gates, and, escorted to your ten-shared tortoiseshell chalets. You will be impressed by the gleamed floors and softest beds toning as they do with rustic beams.

New friends are met whose welcome exceeds all bounds—even to assisting in the new cold-water and mud pack complexion treatment. So invigorating.

After your arrival, to match the soap-bubble blue of the lampshades, we will fit you out with two of the chicest suits. One has a bolero-length jacket set off by brightest buttons, and all in that new Paris fashion-shade *bleu aux strikeurs*. Also, of course, all those accessories that are a must for the discerning woman-about-the-mansion.

For amusement you will attend our talks on etiquette and home management. Here you will place great emphasis on deportment, learn to walk with rhythm and carry your broom in a becoming manner. We will take great pains to correct your posture and advise on your hairstyle and manicure.

There are slimming classes too, and charming instructors will soon have you fitting across our ultra-modern sunshine gymnasium, to say nothing of improving your prowess in our glittering pool.

Back in the chalet there are fascinating exercises which will enable you to supervise, from experience, your household helps cleaning brass and polishing wood and leather. Our Vague hostess may even invite you to practise more of these enchanting little occupations and arrange extra tuition in broom carrying and deportment under one of her senior trainees three times a day.

A surprise: an excuse to dress up in your best ensemble, most frolicsome hat and bootees in dazzling patent. Time to show off your newly acquired talents to our Deputy-Chief Training Hostess in the fortnightly fashion parade.

Because it is high summer and the blue of your suit matches the blue of the sky, you will enjoy the serenely cool sensation of flying in one of the Rest Centre's six-seater aeroplanes.

And to amuse you during the staff holidays you will learn to live and eat *al fresco* with poise; to take those romantic country walks and still remain fresh as moon dust.

The Party of the Year

(continued from page 157)

While buffet supper was in progress, a band (thoughtfully chosen from the Provinces) played softly on the terrace—a fairyland of floral delight—and guests listened with rapt pleasure to the familiar music that unfolded like the lovely blowing of a skirt.

In the early hours of morning guests began regretfully to leave. But even this moment had been

sumptuously catered for. Our hostess placed at our disposal her cars, which she insisted we took right to our own doorsteps. So ended a captivating evening; something less than a social occasion, something more than a lark, for it possessed that intangible ease and grace which personifies nostalgic Barkley Gables and is to itself unique.

Perim Perimeter

BY I. BASHIZ HEDDIN

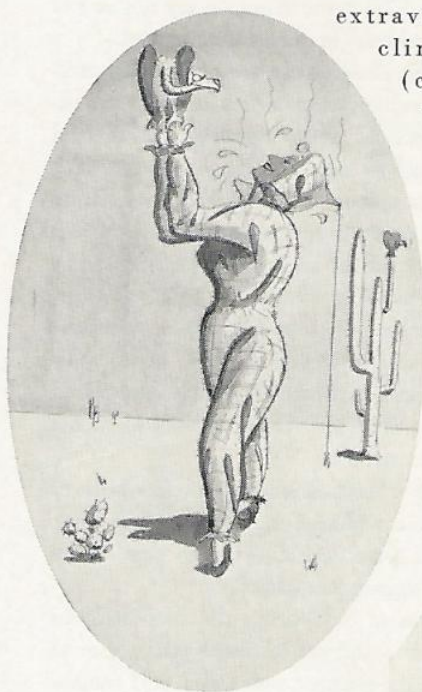
TO the Arabs it is *Perim la blanche*. To me it will always be *Perim la bleue*. The impression that remains is one of blue—blues subtle or strident, from tender thrush-egg to faded turquoise, mingling melodically with the *peuse* of the sub-tropical *entalle*. Bluer than pearl, the Red Sea laps lazily round Perim, a brown jewel in a trough of hot ink. The blue

is everywhere: in the creamy extravagance of the clinker beaches (chic to match your newest Wedgwood blue outfits); the blue hedgehog colonies: in the glimpse of blueness engulfing the low shadow-born *lampetas*, with the immemorial mystery of the sequestered

oriental women; the small Arab shops selling blue bedsocks for camels when the sands of the desert grow cold: Perim shimmers under a blue spell.

Unless you fly (B. Oases' *Chronarch* service takes care of you), you will enjoy two nights on the thrice-weekly pullman dhow from Port Tufik—only first class travel; far less *touristique*. Wafted by Sirocco and Simoon you will appreciate the niceness of this fascinating form of travel, the marine life, the pulse and panorama of midday on the desert shore; sleep under the stars while fish (larger than your Rolls) glide noiselessly through the side of your boat. The local fish have a reputation for stupidity. (They certainly are recklessly tame and often exotically pretty.) It is worth buying fish-gazing goggles and possibly flippers and a harpoon gun at one of the tiny Port Tufik shops before you leave. You may call in at Shabbah *en route* to take on fresh water in quaint camel-skin bags (a new restaurant there this season is Mustapha's in the native quarter—charmingly Eastern, renowned for their really *English* porridge).

Perim has that intangible dryness you sometimes find in desert places, bronze-brown sand, the shimmering transparency of heat and a tranquillity

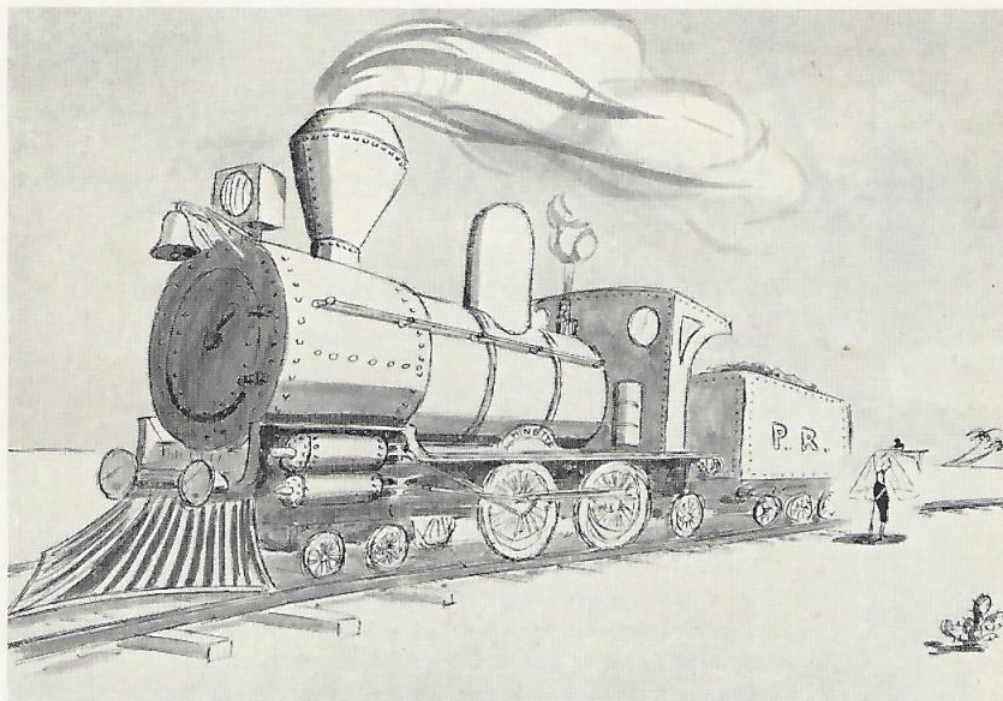


PERIM HINTERLAND—the exciting wild life that teems impetuously just for you—for you too is the willowy caress of Harris tweed in this sleeved, bloomed sunsuit for the not-so-frisky (4s. 9d. at Castoffs of Carlisle)

THE RED SEA—highway for the luxurious trip from Port Tufik to Perim. And the flattery of yellow-stained wraparound pigskin rhymed with a linoleum sun-hat, chic, exclusive (lipstick by Heinz, 2s. 5d. a bottle)



OUR MODEL POSES beside Perim Railways' coal burning locomotive *Minette*. She has the new flared front, thinly transparent, vertically lined, gathered at the top; girdle studded with buttons in front; sleeves lined in bronze; a flawlessly groomed midriff is tastefully set off by the white band, encircling almost vertically, cummerbund-fashion; and a tender linkage behind—linking the traditional and the fashionable. The whole capped by the latest in coiffure shapes—the dome (by Leslie of Mayfair)



—at once seductive and baffling—completed by jays and vultures flitting through the cactus.

You will stay at Molloci's for that exquisite cuisine you know so well—camel-milk wine, prawns, and those delightful accessories that are so unmistakably Molloci! And what will you unpack? Autumn this year has brought with it a host of enchantingly new beachwear. The neat look is the right look—set off that black serge playsuit with lightly cascaraed brows—away with last season's I've-been-rolling-in-a-dungheap look. If you're sun-shy, with a shape less-than-perfect, try the flattery of that sleeved, bloomed, sunsuit that's so good in husky Harris tweed with hood and gloves to match. Evenings this season decree knee-length shorts (our picture shows one model in topaz jersey). Legs should definitely be left hairy and accentuated by the lightest touch of henna.

Things to do . . . visit, as I did, the Swedish zoo; stroll through the up-to-the-minute toothpaste mines newly discovered there last season (go commercial for a bit!); see the Perimese market and buy things, notice the exquisite sense of *politesse* among the *locale*. You will see the quaint old train puffing to and fro on the newly laid track (these are hard times in Perim). I saw how vigorous and provocatively purposeful these people are—yet full of exoticisms! Flowers bloom all day in some parts, Dali-esque in conception, imploring in *ragelle*. Oh, shades of Flaubert! I recall the splendid opening to his tale:

Je suis, tu as, il y a . . . One day at about six o'clock, climb the steps to the top of the island wall and walk right round. Perim sunsets are magnificent: flamed; gold-tinged clouds; the fake-jewel brilliance of the Red Sea and the fiery sun sinking behind the oil refinery at Aden.

As an amusing postscript to this Perimese holiday take a trip to the mainland; get impressed by the vinegar factory (Aden produces the best) and see the four thousand-foot barren rocks that tower above the city; walk over the edge.

ADEN: *Poised dizzily 4,000 ft. above Aden. The deep blue of the Red Sea forms a perfect background for these evening shorts (one leg in tartan above the knee). The wispy mosquito netting flare for those colder tropical nights. (Ear-rings by Wellworthy, belt by Jubil E. Clipz; a guinea at Marshalls)*





POSH HOUND *goes on tour of the shops*

*Posh hound knows perfectly well that
you may not have a pocket deep enough
to buy any of the goods
described below. But he feels, in his small way,
that he must commend even the unbuyable to you*

Shopping to a budget, whether of time or money, is an embarrassing occupation today, and many of us have tired ourselves out in the process. But gay vacation ventures are in front, term nearly behind. Posh Hound has been on tour of the shops, unearthing some pretty impractical ideas.

IF IT'S THE HARZ . . .

That compels you, take especial care. Posh Hound has discovered a really gifted young designer in Corbeau who will make you a lightly-boned, water-cooled foundation garment like a second skin. So useful on the highest Harz. But be careful about altitude. Remember that water boils rather awkwardly at temperatures lower than 212°F. Corbeau can supply a tiny specially fitted safety valve in the subtlest chrome-vanadium, cobalt, tungsten, molybdenum, tin.

At Bulle Boutique look out for a quite new line in Long March Wear—such a clever idea. Posh Hound was shown recently a boot fitted with retractable studs. These operate automatically and give a grip on rock or scrub surfaces.

(This varies inversely with the square of the declivity factor.) Good, too, for running at speed up the down escalator at King's Cross when late for the 8.20 train on a Tuesday.

WRITE OR WRONG

How do you write? There are many ways of writing, but you'll undoubtedly write better with the new Scrawl pen. Scrawl pens now range in price from 5s. 3d. (simple scrawl, chlorophyll-covered nib, skilfully crossed by the best craftsmen) to 79s. 6d. (Super Scrawl Fountain, fully dehydrated inner tube with flexible inking toggle and plexiglass cap). The makers are: Scrawl Inc., Box 0001, Lincoln.

BIZARRE BAZAAR

Another surprise. A weathercock. A delightful snoblifying wrought iron weather vane will add inches to your chimney pot, and will save you the trouble of asking for a Met. forecast. The vane costs 12 gns. Sundials are also available in stone from 15 gns. Can be fitted easily to Balliol T.2 in place of second pilot as special aid to u/c failure.

Cannot, however, be guaranteed against careless torque. The agents for either *snoblisque* are Horrorlogs Ltd., Mincepie Lane, London, E.C.4-7.

FOR HAPPIER HARZ

Posh Hound, of course, knows all the answers. A suggestion for your partner at the Passing-Out Ball. For only 50 gns Froth Freres will run up an exciting gownless evening strap suitable for wear with a strapless evening gown. For the young idea Jacques Froth has a flattering and unashamedly silly go-somewhere sniff of a dress in smoke blue, pink, mown hay, palest tarmacadam.

DOES PEACE ENSUE?

. Perhaps at last for the Senior Entry whose vital contribution to the sum of the world's knowledge of the stratosphere was a *plaisanterie profonde*. Vladimir Peniakoff's book "The Ensuing Peace" can no longer be bought, Posh Hound understands, the only copies available having gone in mysterious circumstances to the Senior Entry just after half-term.



Posh Hound respectfully leaves his ill-

Vague talent contest

TERMS OF THE CONTEST

1. An entrant must not have reached his 75th birthday by July 1, 1954. He should have been certified by the appropriate authority.
2. Entries must be accompanied by a slip giving (a) Full name (in block letters); state whether Senior Under Officer, Under Officer, Senior Flight Cadet, Flight Cadet, Cadet, Successful Candidate for S.B., Unsuccessful Candidate for S.B. (b) Permanent address (if S.C.F.S.B. or U.C.F.S.B.). (c) Forms 1, 2, 21, 34, 674, 765c, 1369, 1771, 2007, 3895, 3930.
3. Three questions must be attempted. Credit will be given for the use of the correct conventions of Service Writing where appropriate.
4. Entries should be in the entrant's own writing (if able to write); if not, the advice of *The Journal* typist should be sought. Writing or typescript should be on one side of the paper only, and, in no case, on more than two sides.
5. The Editor's decision will not be the subject of correspondence, litigation or suspension.
6. Copyright of entries published will be the property of the Naste Cond Snoblications, Inc. Winners will be announced at irregular intervals from July 1974 onwards (Editor, No. 122 Entry please note.)

THE PRIZE

A minimum of eight terms' employment on the staff of our contemporary *The Journal*, or, in the case of an honourable mention, our well-named adversary *The Poacher*.

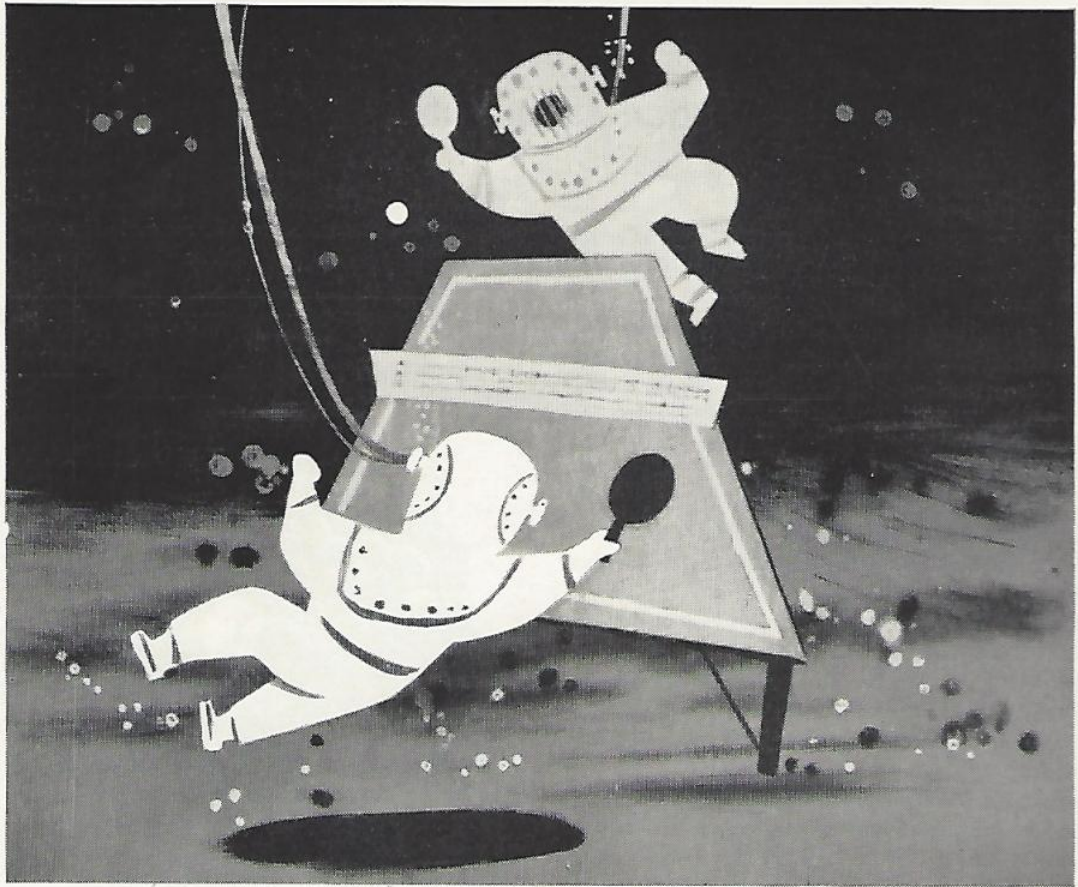
THE QUESTIONS

1. (Compulsory question for all except Senior Term.) Write a brief biography of yourself, leaving nothing out and telling how you reached your present *impasse*.
2. Suggest (politely) two features not now included in *Vague*, or two features which infrequently appear, which you think might distress our readers if they appeared more often.
3. Do you draw a clear distinction between editorial and advertising pages? Do you draw any clear distinctions at all?
4. Write a reply (not more than 5000 words) to a letter from a reader who is replying to a letter from another reader on a not very clearly defined subject.
5. EITHER: Discreetly suggest some ways in which the Senior Entry revue might be improved; OR: Equally dis-

creetly write a review of the revue in such a way that the readers of our contemporary *The Journal* will not object.
6. Describe, very briefly, (a) how much sleep you are able to snatch on private study afternoons; (b) how well you clean your car on sports afternoons. (Mark CONFIDENTIAL.)



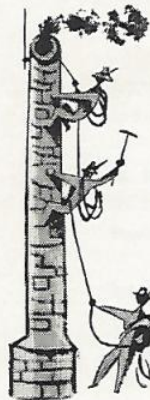
**Whatever the pleasure
Slayer's complete it**



The Schweppshire Way of Life

2. SWEATED LEISURE

"It is in the do of doing that the use of useless lies..." And for those who choose the descending moving staircase as their path in the race up the ladder of life, this dictum of our Exischweppsiatist Philosophy will be self-evident. Cora Punt, at the age of eight, was able to recite page 72 of Bradshaw's Railway Guide backwards, and engrave the first twelve stanzas of *Don Juan* on a single piece of bread and butter. See, here, the



difficult yet pointless Plinge-plonge, or Underwater Ping-pong. Though they lost their singles against the Latvians, our boys nearly won a game in the doubles and show real promise at this testing sport.

INSET. "Technically an interesting climb", said Major Colwyn-Bates, first up the difficult smoke-stack of this famous north country boiler factory. Air Marshal Plank, who organized the climb, told how the brickwork, though the smoke-stack was rotted with the fumes of typical smoke, offered scant foothold. "But the Schwerpas were splendid", he added, and all agreed that up to Ventilator 4, nobody could possibly have done without them.

Written by Stephen Potter, designed by Lewitt-Him.

SCHWEPPERESCENTE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

Histrionics....



The White Sheep of the Family



IT was before a large and enthusiastic audience that the Dramatic section of the College Society put on L. du Garde Peach's and Ian Hay's comedy *The White Sheep of the Family* on Tuesday, 23rd March. It was a happy choice of play, humorous throughout and not lacking in wit. By no stretch of the imagination could it be called a play of memorable lines, but this did not seem to matter. The authors had taken care to give us some memorable comic situations instead, and those the Dramatic section admirably re-enacted before our eyes.

The curtain rose without its customary convulsions upon the living room of James Winter's abode, situated in the heart of respectability, Hampstead. However, it soon becomes evident that the moral scruples of the Winter family are not what they might be. James Winter specializes in daring burglary, while his wife and daughter are expert in removing watches, cigarette cases, ear-rings, bracelets, in fact any valuables, from their fellow citizens. His son, Peter, has set himself up in competition against the Royal Mint. The family is justly proud of its unparalleled achievements, and of the exploits of its forefathers, who have been unequalled in this line of business for many centuries. In spite of this, the equilibrium of the family is not stable, as Peter has walked out on them, without a word to anyone.

John Preston, Assistant Commissioner, Scotland Yard, an acquaintance of Mr Winter's, calls to collect a subscription for the Prisoner's Aid Benefit Society, an institution that James Winter enthusiastically supports. John Preston tells the family of two particularly daring burglaries in the West End, adding the astonishing fact that in both cases the

stolen goods have been immediately restored to their rightful owners. He leaves the family indignant at this slight on their good name. The local vicar, that ageless character who suffers acutely from amnesia, makes several visits to the house for reasons that he rarely remembers, but he does at last bring the startling news that Peter has taken a job as a bank clerk, and he leaves the family eagerly awaiting a wildly successful coup.

On the following day the vicar once again graces the household with his presence, bringing with him more startling news. We learn that Peter asked him to put up the banns of his marriage with a certain Miss Preston, and equilibrium is further shattered by the arrival of Peter with the news

that he is Going Straight. His father, mother and sister do their very best to dissuade him from taking this disastrous step, but Peter is adamant. He does ask, however, if he can bring his fiancée to meet them and arranges to bring her to dinner that evening. James plans to rob Peter's bank, leave some incriminating evidence, and force Peter away from the straight and narrow path and back to a healthy life of crime.

Inevitably Angela Preston turns out to be the daughter of the Commissioner of Police, and trouble once more rears its ugly head when Janet, the Winters' maid, relieves Miss Preston of one half of her diamond clasp during dinner. She rings up next day and is told the clasp was found under the dinner table. But



A scene from *The White Sheep of the Family*: Angela (Jill Amcotts), Pat (Vivien Holt), Janet (Patricia Long), Mrs Winter (Sally Bartle) and the vicar (Peter Davis)

unfortunately during the night, when James Winter burgled the bank, he found that someone had beaten him to it, and that that someone had left behind half a diamond clasp. He confronts Angela Preston with this and discovers to his delight that she was responsible for the two daring London robberies. Peter is overjoyed, and Sam Jackson, a loathsome specimen from East London who acts as the family's 'fence,' completes the party for a final toast to crime.

Anthony Chandler in the part of James Winter was quite excellent. Not even his assumed age could wither a boundless vitality and he played with immense assurance. He was the one member of the cast who accepted his laughs nonchalantly, without appearing hurt or surprised. The success or failure of the play depended largely on him, and he did not let us down. But perhaps the performance of the evening came from Sally Bartle, as Alice Winter, James's wife. This was her first appearance on the stage and she was almost from the start entirely at her ease, portraying the stage mother with quiet and unassuming skill.

Another very good performance came from Vivien Holt, who played Pat Winter, James's daughter. She made an extremely attractive initial entrance and commanded our attention throughout the evening. Again this was a first appearance on the College stage.

The part of the vicar was played by Peter Davis. It is to his credit that he made us laugh. Peter Davis is blessed with a physique which fails, somehow, to embarrass him, but which always causes considerable amusement amongst his audience. As a result he seems destined to take the part of a cleric. Whether this is credit to Peter Davis, or a degradation of the cloth remains an

open question. His part in this play was not a good one; the type of humour put into the vicar's mouth was the sort that one can stand for only a very short space of time and after that it becomes tedious; we saw far too much of the vicar, but this was the fault of the authors.

As Peter Winter, the son, Brian Weeden was probably miscast. He played the part too casually and lacked movement and gesture. But it must be said that this part was not made for him. As John Preston, the Assistant Commissioner of Police, Barrie Bruce spoke his lines clearly and with an air of defiance that was not unbecoming to the part. Gillian Amcotts, no stranger to our stage, gave a charming performance as Angela Preston, Peter's fiancée. The part of the Winter's maid, Janet, was played by Patricia Long, who, choosing broad Glaswegian as her brogue, gave a very pleasing first performance. In the role of Sam

Jackson, Desmond Hollis seemed to experience some difficulty in maintaining a vulgar accent, but he did well, all the same, in conveying an impression of vulgarity.

An excellent set was concocted by Clive Herbert and his assistants. John Waters was responsible for the very effective lighting and Mr Carolan, once again, unstintingly gave his help.

To the producer, Beverley Kent, much credit goes for a first-class evening's entertainment. Production was smooth and easy flowing. The play itself never lagged or faltered. It is possible that he might have achieved the same impression of pace by insisting less upon stop-watch speed and more upon a proper pointing of the lines. But he kept the play moving, his actors and actresses on their toes, and his audience amused. And that speaks well for his management.

A. W. S.

The 61 Entry Revue

NO. 61 Entry's revue, which took place after the final guest night on Friday, 2nd April, was not, if we are frank, an unqualified success.

The revue claimed to be 'some diversions on an evening's television', and our programmes were headed 'Synopsis of Fits'. This was one of the understatements of the century. Basically the idea was a good one, and, at least on the College stage, original. To misfire seemed to be an impossibility. But the impossible was achieved.

The show opened with a skit on the television weather forecast. It might have been amusing, but we could not hear the words. This sketch

was followed by another, 'Television Newsreels', which opened promisingly. Then Philip Champniss, as a T.V. interviewer, made a valiant attempt to amuse us, but against overwhelming odds. The best sketch of the evening was contrived by David Purse and John De'Ath, but even they were not original.

The setting was first-class. It really gave a creditable imitation of a large-sized television screen. While one may complain of the unrehearsed chaos that went on behind this screen, it was not unlike some programmes that one sees on the real screen on Sunday nights. And so, maybe, 61 succeeded after all. . . .

A. W. S.

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Entry Representatives: Senior Flight Cadet Brimson (62), Flight Cadets Weeden (63), Hines (64), Bridges (65), Armstrong (66), Boyle (67), and Cadet Constable (68).

Letters to the Editor

'The Journal' Rebuked

Sir,

It is in no partisan spirit that I write to protest at your treatment of 60 Entry's revue; though I had a very enjoyable walking-on part, my only desire is to see fair play.

I do not wish to imply that the report lacked veracity, but my view is that the Senior Entry Revue is not fair game for *The Journal* Drama critic, especially for criticisms of bad taste, however well merited. The Senior Entry revue is strictly a private after-dinner entertainment designed for the ears of broad-minded adults somewhat mellowed by wine. 60 Entry never intended their revue to stand up to sober criticism. This at once makes things difficult for the drama critic, for he can hardly report that the majority of both audience and players were the worse for drink; nor that the crudities of which he complains were received with roars of approval and laughter. But to leave out those facts is to neglect his duty of giving an impartial and complete account of the event.

Surely the proceedings in an Officers' Mess after dinner on a Guest Night should be privileged? I fancy the average R.A.F. officer would be most hurt if, having let rip with the unpublished version of 'Sweet Violets' in the Mess one night, he found that the station magazine had printed a scathing report of his efforts by the music critic.

The fact is that while such songs may be in desperately bad taste, they do no harm if kept within the Mess. There were no ladies or children present at the revue and, while we were flattered to have as our guest the Director of Studies from Point Cook, we were reasonably sure that he too lets his hair down occasionally.

It may be argued that the revue was different in that it was rehearsed and presented on the stage. It was indeed rehearsed twice, though both versions varied so much as to be unrecognizable from each other or from the final version. However, if that is the *sine qua non*, why does not *The Journal* report the proceedings at the First Term Guest Night, where the newly promoted flight cadets entertain their seniors with carefully rehearsed and extremely uninhibited acts on the stage? I think the answer is evident.

To the end that future Senior Entry revues will not have the life stifled out of them by fear of another censoring in *The Journal* I suggest, Sir, that your account should be restricted in future to a few lines in College Notes.

Yours faithfully,
Ex-60
(name and address supplied)

Saluting With The Left Hand

Sir,

I would be interested to know where Messrs Gale and Polden Ltd. obtained their information with regard to saluting with the left hand.

In your November issue they state that up to 1920 or 1922 salutes were given with the hand nearest the officer.

Two serving members of the Royal Air Force, who were members of the Royal Flying Corps, assure me that

compliments were paid with the hand furthest away from an officer. This custom ceased in 1920 or 1921.

The ranker's privilege of being able to 'bind' amongst themselves, brought forth complaints that it was dangerous to salute to the right with the right hand as fingers might be poked 'into eyes'!

These days, the left hand is used for saluting only if, through injury, the right arm is incapable of being used.

R. A. MASTERS, Warrant Officer,
College Warrant Officer.

New Q.Rs Unfair to Native Chiefs!

Sir,

My favourite passage in the old edition of King's (now Queen's) Regulations was Section (f) (ii) of paragraph 797 which stated that:

Flights may also be given by visiting aircraft to local notabilities, such as native chiefs, when the air or other officer commanding considers such flights are in the interests of the R.A.F.

I had built up a vivid mental picture of a hot, dusty airfield on which stands one of those matronly transports of the early thirties, a Vickers Victoria, for example; of a procession of colourful Prince Monolululike native chiefs, each with a wife or two in tow, chattering their way towards it, in high excitement at the prospect of their first flight; of the topeed, sweating pilot standing at the salute by the door, inwardly bemoaning the fact that he had done nothing else but give flights to native chiefs since his assiduous squadron commander had reached paragraph 797 while ploughing through King's Regulations

When the shiny new Queen's Regulations came a few months ago, I looked in vain for the renewal of the native chiefs' flight franchise. I must report, rather sadly, that the compilers of the new Queen's Regulations have caught up with a world in which a native chief is not too impressed with a joy-ride; for he will probably have recently flown to and from London where, clad in a neat, dark lounge suit, he will have been photographed shaking hands (rather warily) with, perhaps, the Colonial Secretary himself. Does this mean, Sir, that the modern native chief, if offered a flight in an aircraft, will ask searching questions about its limiting mach number? If so, I can only sign myself, Sir,

Disquieted
(name and address supplied)

Farnborough

THE FORCES MAGAZINE

Readers will be glad to learn that the former monthly *Fighting Forces* has reappeared as a quarterly under a new title—*The Forces Magazine*—and under an R.A.F. Editor—Wing Commander W. Bateson. The magazine has the worthy aim, among others, of supplying 'in as diverting a manner as possible' informative 'articles on the Services, stories about them, and intimate glimpses of life aboard Her Majesty's ships, at an Army unit, on an Air Force station and at a Civil Defence post.' The price is 2s. 6d. quarterly, or 10s. a year, and the publishers are: D.A.P. (Sussex) Ltd., Dolphin Road, Shoreham-by-Sea, Sussex. The next issue, we understand, is due to be published in September, and promises to be full of things of interest.



OLD CRANWELLIAN NOTES

HONOURS AND AWARDS

WE congratulate the following Old Cranwellians who received honours and awards in the Queen's Birthday Honours List:

K.C.B.: Air Marshal W. L. Dawson (1920).
C.B.: Air Vice-Marshals H. H. Brookes (1922), J. G. Franks (1923); Air Commodores R. Coats (1923), E. L. S. Ward (1924).

C.B.E.: Air Commodore M. D. Ommanney (1922); Group Captain P. T. Philpott (1933).

O.B.E.: Wing Commanders W. I. C. Inness (1934), A. J. Payn (1936).

A.F.C.: Group Captain H. N. G. Wheeler (1935); Wing Commander H. N. Garbett (1937); Flight Lieutenants N. Chamberlain (1947), R. M. Furze (1947).

Queen's Commendation for Valuable Service in the Air: Wing Commander J. H. Ire-monger (1936); Flight Lieutenant J. G. Burns (1946).

Other Old Cranwellians whom we congratulate on awards received since the last issue of *The Journal* are:

D.F.C.: Flight Lieutenants B. J. Ball (1947), D. A. Arnott (1948).

Mentioned in Despatches: Flight Lieutenants E. V. Mellor (1948), J. W. Price (1948), D. B. Robinson (1946).

APPOINTMENTS

Appointments since the last issue of *The Journal* include:

Air Marshal F. J. Fressanges (1921) to be C.-in-C., Far East Air Force.

Air Marshal S. Mukerjee (1930) to be C.-in-C., Indian Air Force.

Air Vice-Marshal N. S. Allinson (1923) to be A.O.A., Flying Training Command.

Air Vice-Marshal J. N. T. Stephenson (1926) to be S.A.S.O., Middle East Air Force.

Air Commodore R. K. Hamblin (1924) to be Director of Postings (A), Air Ministry.

Air Commodore H. E. Nowell (1923) to be Director of Forecasting and Planning, Air Ministry.

Air Commodore A. Earle (1928) to be Director of Policy, Air Ministry.

Air Commodore D. W. Lane (1927) to be Commandant, Royal Air Force Staff College, Andover.

Air Commodore H. F. G. Southey (1924) to be Air Officer Commanding R.A.F. Element, Maritime H.Q. Chatham.

Air Commodore C. D. C. Boyce (1925) to be Air Officer Commanding, Cyprus.

Group Captain C. E. J. Baines (1928) to be Chairman of the Selection Board.

Group Captain H. P. Broad (1929) to command R.A.F. Kuala Lumpur.

Group Captain H. N. G. Wheeler (1935) to Air Ministry.

Group Captain R. J. Goswell (1930) to command R.A.F. Wildenrath.

Group Captain S. J. Marchbank (1930) to command R.A.F. Thorney Island.

Wing Commander F. R. Bird (1938) to Ministry of Supply.

Wing Commander J. F. Hatton (1939) to No. 2 School of Technical Training.

NEWS

The Royal Tour

Air Marshal Sir Claude Pelly (1920) received the accolade from Her Majesty the Queen at Aden during Her Majesty's visit on 28th April, 1954.

Wing Commander J. B. Holgate (1937) was presented to Her Majesty the Queen at Gibraltar.

Flying Officer N. A. Innes-Smith (1949) was the captain of one of the Sunderlands of the Far East Flying Boat Wing which was detached to Ceylon for escort duties during the Royal visit there. He took part in two formation salutes to Her Majesty on board S.S. *Gothic*.

O.C. Reunion and Dinner, F.E.A.F.

We are grateful to Wing Commander A. A. J. Sanders (1939) for an account of the O.C.A. dinner which took place in Singapore on 16th January, 1954. The C.-in-C., who was to have

been the Guest of Honour, was unable to attend. The seventeen who did attend, including Air Vice-Marshal W. L. J. Akerman (1920), Air Vice-Marshal A. D. Gillmore (1923) and Flying Officer Cooper (1950), had a most enjoyable evening during which, it is said, many tall stories were told.

Far East Flying Boat Wing

This unit is at present commanded by Wing Commander G. Burges (1934). Others serving under him are Flight Lieutenants D. B. Robinson (1946), F. R. Lockyer (1948), W. F. Jacobs (1948), R. L. T. Polgreen (1949), M. E. Dark (1949) and Flying Officers C. D. Sharpe (1950) and N. A. Innes-Smith (1949).

Miscellaneous

A guest night at Royal Air Force Andover on 27th May was the occasion for a most unusual Old Cranwellian gathering. Five officers, who had shared No. 17 Hut as flight cadets, met together to mark the occasion of the retirement of one of their number. They were Air Vice-Marshal the Earl of Bandon, Air Vice-Marshal G. R. Beamish, Air Vice-Marshal N. S. Allinson and Wing Commander A. H. W. J. Cocks, and Group Captain R. J. A. Ford, to whom we offer our best wishes in his retirement.

We congratulate Wing Commander R. F. Martin (1937) on his appointment as chief test pilot to the Gloster Aircraft Company.

Air Commodore E. M. F. Grundy (1926) is Deputy to the head of the Air Staff of the British Joint Services Mission in Washington.

Recent correspondence has located the following Old Cranwellians at Horsham St Faith: Flight Lieutenants J. H. Granville-White (1946), I. A. N. Worby (1947), G. Ball (1947), and Flying Officers F. R. Lund (1949), N. G. Wickman (1950), D. B. E. Roberts (1950), R. R. Martin (1950), J. J. Parker (1949). At Worksop Flying Officers S. M. Pack (1950), J. Hodgson and Bacon (1950) are flying instructors. Flying Officer P. L. Gray (1950) is an instructor at Oakington and Flying Officer J. R. Johnson was last heard of at Valley, also an instructor. Flying Officer P. J. Goodall (1950) is at Marham. Flight Lieutenant W. J. Herrington (1947) is A.D.C. to the A.O.C.-in-C., Bomber Command. Flying Officer B. B. Greenhalgh (1949) is at Habbaniya. Pilot Officers A. C. Whitson (1951) and W. E. Close (1951) are at Benson; Pilot Officer A. K. Coleman (1951) and D. Allison (1951) at Driffield; and Pilot Officers A. S. J. Whitwam (1951) at Middleton St George.

Congratulations to Pilot Officer J. M. Henderson (1951) on the award of a Special Distinction at the Central Flying School.

Flight Lieutenants C. M. Bruce (1946), H. W. Cafferata (1946), J. M. Crowley (1946), A. B. Stinchcombe (1946) and C. H. Walker (1947) have obtained Distinguished Passes in the Promotion Examination 'C.'

Our best wishes go to Flight Lieutenants H. M. K. Brown (1947), H. R. Radford (1948), K. J. M. Davis (1949) and, somewhat belatedly, to Flight Lieutenant D. H. Williams (1947) on their marriages.

We congratulate Group Captain T. B. de la Poer Beresford (1933), Wing Commander P. de L. Le Cheminant (1939), Flight Lieutenants E. D. Finch (1946), I. A. N. Worby (1947), R. G. Perry (1948) on the additions to their families.

Cranwell

Squadron Leader H. A. B. Porteous (1937) has returned to Cranwell as officer in charge of the stores group. Flight Lieutenants G. G. Lee (1947) and H. R. Radford (1948) are back as Q.F.Is. Flight Lieutenant J. W. Morrice (1946) has left Cranwell to be a member of the staff at Central Flying School. Group Captain L. G. Levis (1931) is leaving the Selection Board to go to Air Ministry and Group Captain C. E. J. Baines (1928) has become the Chairman of the Board.

Coastal Command

We are indebted to Flight Lieutenant E. D. Finch (1946) for the following news of Old Cranwellians in Coastal Command. He himself is Chief Ground Instructor at Kinloss. Flight Lieutenant R. V. Stephenson (1946) is now in Malta and Flight Lieutenant L. G. Dickson (1946) is hoping to go to Topcliffe after completing the course at Kinloss. Pilot Officers P. D. Organ (1951) and D. W. Molesworth (1951) are stationed at Kinloss. Flight Lieutenant E. F. Hemming (1947), who was at Kinloss, has recently left there to take the course at the Central Flying School. Pilot Officers M. G. Bowyer and G. S. Turner are at Ballykelly and Malta respectively and Flight Lieutenant T. A. Bennett (1947) is A.D.C. to the A.O.C. Malta.

It is with deep regret that we record the deaths of Group Captain G. N. Hancock, Flight Lieutenants J. E. Y. King and A. Lang, Flying Officers O. M. Cruickshank and A. J. Rosser, and Pilot Officer R. F. Witty. Our deepest sympathy goes to the relatives and friends of these officers.

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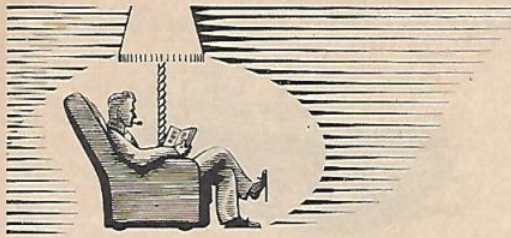
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Book Reviews

Fighter Born

Reach for the Sky (the Life Story of Douglas Bader), by Paul Brickhill. (Collins, 16s.)

THE story of Bader's childhood is one of a fiery and rebellious spirit struggling for supremacy in a world dominated by his elder brother. When Douglas went to school he quickly distinguished himself as a sportsman. He was an intelligent child but he strongly disliked studying. It was not until he realized that his sporting career was endangered by lack of funds to keep him at school that he set to work for a scholarship to St Edward's School, Oxford. He won the scholarship easily and entered the school in 1923.

At school he became proficient in subjects which held his interest, and an excellent all-round sportsman. His decision to apply for a permanent commission in the Royal Air Force was not made until the end of his school life when he sought a means of playing amateur sport whilst earning his living. He had been to Cranwell in 1922 when he had visited a relative who was College Adjutant. During this visit Bader had envied the flight cadets whose life seemed to consist of sport and flying, and when he decided to apply for a cadetship his real interest lay in the sporting side of a cadet's life.

Bader's life as a flight cadet was a stormy one. His brilliant sporting ability brought him quick fame and popularity, but his rebellious and wilful nature made him an awkward man to command. He entered the College in the summer of 1928 and, since the course was a shorter one then than now, he passed out in the summer of 1930. During this time he gained a full colour for rugby, cricket, boxing and hockey and rose to become the Under Officer of 'A' Squadron. He more than once was interviewed by his squadron commander and threatened with suspension unless his self-discipline improved. Bader had the good sense to mend his ways and therefore remained at Cranwell.

He proved right from the start to be a natural pilot with first-class judgement and co-ordination of eye and muscle. When he joined his squadron he was soon selected for the Air Force aerobatic team which gave displays at the annual Hendon Air Display. It was during a display of low-level aerobatics that Bader crashed and had to have both his legs amputated.

Up to this point in the story, Mr Brickhill's style is well suited to the material. The remainder of the story, however, really needs a more austere style than Mr Brickhill is able to command. The description of Bader's struggle to live, his love affair and marriage and his discharge from the Air Force are much too highly seasoned to appear sincere.

Once war breaks out, Mr Brickhill—and Bader—become real once more. Bader turns all his fiery warlike self against the Hun and the author's swift and lucid style is well suited to describing fighter operations and warfare. Mr Brickhill tends to give the impression that all squadron commanders fought against the equipment branch which never on any occasion co-operated with them. This is surely a rather cheap literary device, and

Books Received

- REACH FOR THE SKY (the Life Story of Douglas Bader), by Paul Brickhill. (Collins, 16s.)
- TIGER SQUADRON, by Ira Jones. (W. H. Allen, 15s.)
- THE AMAZING MR. DOOLITTLE, by Quentin Reynolds. (Cassel and Co., 18s.)
- RETURN FROM HELL, by Jules Roy. (William Kimber, 15s.)
- AIR COMMANDO, by Serge Vaclilik. (Jarrolds, 15s.)
- MALOJA WIND, by Felix Peltzer. (Hammond and Hammond, 10s. 6d.)
- FIRST THROUGH THE CLOUDS, by F. Warren Merriam. (Batsford, 21s.)
- ROCKET PROPULSION, by Eric Burgess, F.R.A.S. (Chapman and Hall, 21s.)
- SPACE TRAVEL, by Kenneth W. Gatland and Anthony M. Kunesch. (Allan Wingate Ltd., 15s.)
- COMPLETE AIR NAVIGATOR, by D. C. T. Bennett (sixth edition). (Pitman, 30s.)
- RESCUE BELOW ZERO, by Ian Mackersey. (R. Hale, 15s.)
- THE AEROPLANE DIRECTORY OF BRITISH AVIATION, 1954 Edition. (Temple Press, 21s.)
- THE SHAPE OF THE AEROPLANE, by James Hay Stevens. (Hutchinson and Co. Ltd., 12s. 6d.)
- HOW RUSSIA MAKES WAR: SOVIET MILITARY DOCTRINE, by Raymond L. Garthoff, with an introduction by H. A. DeWeerd. (George Allen and Unwin Ltd.)
- COMMUNIST GUERRILLA WARFARE, by Brigadier C. Aubrey Dixon, O.B.E., and Otto Heilbrunn. (George Allen and Unwin Ltd. 18s.)
- SOVIET UNION IN MAPS: ITS ORIGIN AND DEVELOPMENT. Ed. George Goodall, M.A. (George Philip and Son, Ltd. 4s. 6d.)

one which reminds one too much of advertisers' 'knock copy'. Nevertheless the reader does receive a very strong impression of Bader as an enterprising officer who would stop at nothing to stop the enemy.

Here the reader is taken right into the midst of the air battle. But unfortunately the story tends to drag in its closing chapters. The description of Bader's life in the many prison camps to which he was sent after having been forced down over occupied territory gives the impression that he spent only a short time there. Bader was, in fact, a prisoner of war for two years until he was finally liberated by the advancing Allied armies. During this time he organized opposition to the Germans, attempted to escape and was finally rewarded for his fine efforts with imprisonment at Colditz.

The book closes with a description of Bader's work as manager of the Shell-Mex Company's aviation department. We are left with a picture of a happily married man who flies himself, and sometimes his wife, all over the world in his own Miles Gemini. It does seem odd that this book should be described as the *life story* of Douglas Bader. He is still very much alive and fit, and ready, in an emergency, to return to his Service. Is it not possible that this is only half a life story? We hope so.

J. A. B.

A certain number of copies of the above book, specially autographed by Douglas Bader for Old Cranwellians, may be obtained at 16s. 9d. post free from Wilding & Son Ltd, Castle Street, Shrewsbury.

The Ira Jones Saga

Tiger Squadron, by Ira Jones. (W. H. Allen, 15s.)

I HAVE never met Taffy Jones. But during two Atlantic convoys, two week-long journeys in Russian trains, and five months in an hotel on the bank of the Volga I shared a cabin, a compartment and a room with an officer who had known him well. I was enchanted by his tales of the legendary Taffy. I heard them often and, in time, became word-perfect. Indeed, some two years later, when I had recounted an incident from the Taffy saga in an Officers' Mess, an officer approached me and said, 'Do you know, for a moment I thought that was Taffy's voice. Where did you serve with him?' This I took as a supreme compliment to my companion of the Russian winter.

When *Tiger Squadron* came into my hands I read it at a sitting; partly because I enjoyed it, and partly to see how much of the saga I could find in it. I found the story of the Ju.88 which so annoyed Taffy by floating about over Swansea. He took off in a Henley and, armed only with a Very pistol, attacked the bomber and drove it off. I did not find the story of the attack on the German submarine in the Bristol Channel. The aircraft was a Tiger Moth; the weapon a practice bomb. The C.F.I., Squadron Leader Drake, flew the aircraft from the front seat; Taffy brooded in the back with the bomb on his knees. After some dummy runs and some extraordinary bombing instructions, Taffy rose to his feet and hurled the bomb at the submarine. That he failed to hit it is neither surprising nor relevant. As he himself observed on landing, 'I b-b-b-bet th... at shook the b-b-b-b*gg*rs'. He mentions, in his book, that he accompanied a Spitfire wing on a sweep over France. He omits to state that when the Me.109s were sighted he broke R.T. silence and stuttered delightedly into his microphone, 'I can see them, the little yellow-bellied b*st*rds'.

I see I have said something about the author, but little about the book. Very well then. A book has been written by Taffy Jones: a diminutive fighting Welshman who in the First World War destroyed 40 enemy aircraft in the air and 29 British aircraft in trying to put them on the ground; a man who, right or wrong, has never hesitated to state his views; a man who is himself part of the tradition of the Royal Air Force. With respect to No. 74 Squadron, I do not believe that the subject of his book matters greatly. You cannot fail to be delighted by his story; and you will find in it a wisdom about air fighting which is as relevant to the Hunter as it was to the S.E.5.

G. C. T. R.

Tokyo Raider

The Amazing Mr Doolittle, by Quentin Reynolds. (Cassel and Co., 18s.)

BOOKS featuring the war, its episodes and its heroes, have been published with monotonous regularity now for many years. Their popularity is undoubted, but one cannot help hoping that the time will come, very shortly, when authors and publishers find some new subject to celebrate. So very many of these war stories have flooded the bookstalls that one finds it very hard to know how to greet a new one sincerely. *The Amazing Mr Doolittle* is one of the better books of its kind, but, like so many others, it tends to draw itself out into monotonous eulogy of the undoubted merits of one great flying man.

The book begins with a description of early aero-

navics and their effect on General James Doolittle. The General's character and outlook are impressed upon the reader and here, in these opening pages, the author displays a sureness of touch that never falters. He brings out the thrills and hazards of pioneer flying with consummate skill. The early record flights across the continent of America are packed with incident enough to fill many volumes and it is possible because of this that the latter part of the book appears as something of an anticlimax. It is, in fact, only saved by a very impressive and graphic description of the famous suicide raid on Tokyo, which was initiated and led by James Doolittle.

There are other reasons, however, why the middle sections of the book fail. The author, Mr Quentin Reynolds, in an honest attempt to give a picture of the General's middle years, rather loses control of himself. He sets out, in great detail, all Doolittle's associations with Shell, the great petrol firm, and at the same time offers the reader a lengthy treatise on aviation spirit and the new idea of using 100-octane fuel in aero-engines. This is all very interesting, but Mr Reynolds is in extreme danger of boring his readers, especially the non-technical readers, by overwhelming them with purely technical and scientific detail.

Even though *The Amazing Mr Doolittle* will appeal, as a whole, to only a few, there are parts which will be of absorbing interest to all, not least to those who have made, or are making, flying their profession.

A. W. S.

Return from Hell

Return from Hell, by Jules Roy. (William Kimber, 15s.)

THIS book tells, in diary form, the story of a Free French Air Force heavy bomber squadron from July 1944 to March 1945. It is, however, in no sense a history. The aircrews, the mess, the nissen huts, are a background from which the author selects the materials to build his philosophy.

His philosophy is neither new nor startling; and it is not clear why he should expect 'that in certain quarters people will become very indignant because I have made no attempt to hide the feelings I experienced while engaged in the exterminating trade.' The main thesis of his book, like that of *All Quiet on the Western Front*, is that War is Hell and heroes are often frightened. Few people, I think, would attempt to refute this. Yet Jules Roy has toiled—and suffered—to 'get the message across'. One feels a sense of anticlimax: as if the gallant horsemen who set out from Ghent with their tidings had discovered on their arrival at Aix that the inhabitants had heard it all on the six o'clock news.

Yet, in spite of its faults—and many of these spring from the difficulties of translation—it is a book worth reading. It is the story of bomber aircrews, but with a difference. These crews flew from alien soil while their own land was occupied by the enemy. There was no home for these men. They had to fight not only the enemy and fear, but loneliness also. Little wonder if they grew introspective and morose. The whole book is a study of loneliness. The accurate touches of observation, the dispassionate appraisal of others derive from a mind cast back on itself. The author is dedicated to a mission—to do his job, and to suppress fear until he has finished his tour of operations. His book shows the cost of his success.

G. C. T. R.

Strange War

Air Commando, by Serge Vaculik. (Jarrolds, 15s.)

THE worst feature of this book is its dust jacket, a lurid and highly coloured piece of work that does not do justice to the subject. The title is misleading, as only half the book is concerned with Vaculik's experiences as a parachutist, the rest being a description of his many adventures before reaching England.

The author's father was a Czech who came to France when his son was five years old. In 1940, Serge Vaculik, whilst fighting with the French Army, was captured by the Germans. He escaped into Spain where he spent several weeks in malodorous Spanish prisons. He escaped again and made his way to England via Portugal. On arrival here he was immediately clapped in Pentonville while his case was investigated. On his release, he first joined the Free French Forces, but later became an interpreter with the British airborne forces. He trained hard for the 'French show' in Scotland, and one very amusing section describes a survival exercise in the course of which Vaculik and his friends 'liberated' in turn a police car, a bus and an R.A.F. vehicle.

Their first successful operation in France consisted in blowing up a German military train and an ammunition dump. The last mission was in July 1944, when the whole of the airborne party fell into the hands of the Germans on landing. They were interrogated and tortured by the Gestapo in Paris and were eventually taken to a wood near Noailles to be executed. By a miracle Vaculik and another man escaped. They joined up with the French resistance and eventually met American troops. It is satisfying to know that after the war justice caught up with the Germans involved in this case.

And that is the effective end of the story. Towards its conclusion, however, the book rather tails off and one is left with a sense of anticlimax. Tantalisingly, Vaculik does not tell us what he did after the war, nor how he settled his own personal problems. Whilst in England he had met an English girl from the aristocracy and married her without the knowledge or consent of her parents. The reader is left to guess the eventual outcome.

This book should, however, prove a best seller. It is well translated; it tells a very exciting story and it keeps the reader continuously interested.

F. A. G. P.

A Novel on Gliding

Maloja Wind, by Felix Peltzer. (Hammond and Hammond, 10s. 6d.)

THIS is a story of an international youth gliding competition in the Engadine mountains of Switzerland. The competition itself is described in sufficient detail, and a warm human story unfolds in its pages. Although it seems to lose in the translation, the plot is pleasant, direct and simple.

The author is a glider pilot who knows gliding, gliding people and the problems peculiar to Alpine soaring, and has written well on the purely aeronautical aspect of his story. But he seems to fall short of the depth of feeling he has tried to describe.

A background of calf-love sometimes overshadows the theme, and the results of the emotions of some of the more susceptible contestants are rather improbable. In his better moments, Felix Peltzer does achieve a remarkable insight into how the minds of young people can work.

Maloja Wind is 'A Novel of Wind, of Weather, and of Flight' and is accurate in all its technical detail. The excitability of its characters seems, in an odd way, to cartoon the British idea of continental habits. Or is it that we are right after all? Peltzer's sense of humour is strongly evident, and his treatment of an unprovoked incident in a café near the gliding field is very funny indeed.

M. E. R.

Pioneer Aeronaut

First Through the Clouds, by F. Warren Merriam. (Batsford, 21s.)

THE title of this book is apt for the first very short chapter only. But Mr Merriam explains that the wonderful experience of climbing through cloud to fly in the sunshine above, which he did in early 1912 for the first time in history, decided him to record his flying life so that later generations might appreciate the struggles and triumphs of the first flying instructors.

There are two sides to this book. The most obvious is the story of the pupils who learned to fly at the air-schools at Brooklands and Chingford in the ten years ending with the conclusion of the First World War. Most of the famous names in British aviation are mentioned and every Cranwell cadet will see Air Vice-Marshal Longcroft in a new light as he reads how the founder-Commandant not only crashed on his first solo, but repeatedly did so until he became known as 'the Crasher'.

The second aspect of this book does not become apparent until the reader is about half-way through. Then he realizes that Mr Merriam has not written a solely objective study of his life in aviation. Mr Merriam was always troubled with defective eyesight and whilst he succeeded marvellously in his flying career, it is easy to appreciate why he never attained any of the more responsible positions in the flying world. Mr Merriam does not seem to make enough allowance for this and he devotes perhaps too much space dwelling upon the success of others who reached these positions after gaining their wings solely through his own efforts.

The lasting impression, therefore, which Mr Merriam leaves of himself is that of a man who, in spite of a life of long and devoted service to aviation, has now been cast aside by those whom he helped, and left to fend entirely for himself. There is, however, the consoling fact that must not be forgotten, that the many influential people who passed through Mr Merriam's capable hands have been helpful in establishing Merriam's Aviation Bureau.

It is often said nowadays that the post of flying instructor is not the most attractive that can be offered to a qualified pilot. Mr Merriam makes it abundantly clear that this was not the case forty years ago. He describes his experiences with the Bristol Boxkite (the standard basic trainer), a 'pusher' biplane with a 50 h.p. rotary engine which produced sufficient torque to make a right-hand turn a dangerous manoeuvre. He records many cases of pilots actually falling out of their aircraft since straps were often impractical and sometimes impossible to fit.

When Mr Merriam learned to fly it was the practice for the pupil to stand behind the instructor, holding on to the wing struts, from which position the pupil observed the instructor's movements on the controls. When the weather was good enough, and in those days this meant perfect, the pupil was allowed to reach over the instructor's shoulder and take control. It was not

until the pupil went solo that he really had full control.

It was upon Mr Merriam's initiative that a simple yet all-important change was made. The instructor now stood behind the pupil and held on to his shoulders, indicating by moving the pupil's body which way the aircraft should be moved. This change called for considerable pluck from instructors, but increased rapidly the numbers of those gaining their wings.

Mr Merriam gives a clear account of British aviation in the First World War as he was throughout an officer in the Royal Naval Air Service, and towards the end of the book he tells how his failing health forced him to turn his attention to gliding.

His final chapter is perhaps more significant than the first from which the book takes its name. He ends by criticizing the attitude of successive British governments towards flying and shows, by skilful argument, how flying might be made available to many more people without asking the taxpayer for an extra penny. Without any doubt this last chapter provides a fine ending to a good book, which is well illustrated and which never degenerates into being a mere catalogue of events.

J. A. B.

Second Go

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

THIS is the second edition of a book which first appeared about eighteen months ago. The first edition was reviewed at length on p. 63 of the March 1953 issue of *The Journal*, when certain criticisms were offered. Several sections of this book have now been rewritten and brought up to date, and some errors contained in the first edition have been corrected. *Rocket Propulsion* is not too technical for the layman and can be recommended to all those interested in rocket propulsion and the development of interplanetary travel.

J. N. Q.

Into Space

Space Travel, by Kenneth W. Gatland and Anthony M. Kunesch. (Allan Wingate Ltd, 15s.)

THE authors of this book set out to give an illustrated survey of the problems and prospects of space travel. The book is well suited to the layman and is illustrated with photographs and drawings by J. W. Wood and R. A. Smith. Mathematics have been omitted entirely and all sketches have been clearly explained at the back of the book. In addition a useful bibliography is included.

The book consists of three main sections. The first gives a comprehensive history of the rocket from earliest Chinese discoveries of the eleventh century down to German developments preceding and during the Second World War, and ending with an account of the record ascent of 250 miles, made by a WAC Corporal V.2. combination in 1949.

The second and main section of the book deals with the problems of constructing a manned space vehicle and considers the physiological and psychological effects of space on a space ship crew. The possible establishment of an artificial manned Earth satellite as a refuelling base for interplanetary voyages is given a chapter to itself; and the generally over-estimated military potential of the artificial satellite is reduced to its correct perspective. This section also includes a description of research and development in other fields of science and outlines

some possible ion rockets and nuclear reactors. Finally an interesting account of the first lunar landing is given.

In the third and final section of the book the authors deal with the complex problem of interstellar flight. A theoretical journey, calculated to last 500 years, is made to a star some ten light years away from the Earth. In order to make such a fantastic voyage the crew inhabit a hollowed asteroid, or miniature planet, and travel at an estimated maximum speed of 22,500,000 miles per hour. The authors are at pains to emphasize that this proposition is not quite so fantastic as it appears, the Earth itself being but an example of a self-contained space ship. Nevertheless, the realization of such an idea probably lies several centuries into the future, if it is realizable at all.

It can be said that *Space Travel* is a most interesting and enjoyable book. The authors have certainly fulfilled their purpose in a most lucid and readable manner.

R. D. B.

Navigator's 'Enquire Within'

Complete Air Navigator, by D. C. T. Bennett (sixth edition). (Pitman, 30s.)

MANY navigation textbooks have been produced during the past few years, but Air Marshal Bennett's well-known work still occupies a unique place in the literature of this subject. This revised edition of the *Complete Air Navigator* follows the pattern of previous editions, but includes descriptions of up-to-date techniques and equipment.

The author divides the 'field of navigation' into three main sections—background knowledge, observational methods and applied navigation—and the book is arranged in this order.

Well over half the volume is devoted to background knowledge, and under this heading are discussed mathematics, map and chart projections, magnetism and compasses, instruments, meteorology, tides and signals. Of necessity in covering this very wide field in the modest compass of 234 pages, a good deal of information is presented in summarized form. Nevertheless a thorough treatment of each subject is provided in a logical sequence which facilitates rapid reference. In the chapter on mathematics, for example, the author discusses elementary algebra, logarithms, plane and spherical trigonometry, and the application of these to the form of the earth and to plane and great circle sailings, all within the space of 62 pages.

The section on observational methods consists of three chapters on visual, radio and radar, and astronomical aids to navigation, and considers the various means by which position information may be obtained. The radio and radar chapter required for a complete understanding of the various aids described, but is confined to a brief explanation of the principles of each system, and the relevant operating instructions for the necessary equipment. Astronomical navigation is covered in great detail and both the measurement of time and position finding are fully explained.

The final section of applied navigation is rather less satisfactory from the Service navigator's viewpoint and many commonly used techniques are not included. The basic principles of Dead Reckoning and airplot manipulation are well covered and a useful section is included on pre-flight planning and pressure-pattern flying. As so wide a field is covered in this book, more space might have been devoted to this section, and its scope widened to include descriptions of grid technique, and polar navigation, together with a discussion of the

Most Probable Position and simple interception problems.

A number of appendices are added to the book, providing some useful tables and including reprints from the Air Almanack.

This book is clearly designed for students studying for the civil flight navigator's licence and in some respects its approach to navigation differs from Service practice. However, a mass of essential knowledge is presented in a concise and readily assimilable form, and this edition will undoubtedly prove a most useful reference work for the student and the qualified navigator, both Service and airline.

E. S. W.

Greenland Rescue

Rescue Below Zero, by Ian Mackersey. (R. Hale, 15s.)

THE age-old maxim that 'truth is stranger than fiction' is further emphasized in Ian Mackersey's gripping new book *Rescue Below Zero*. Only seven hundred miles from the North Pole, 8,000 feet up in the centre of a flat plateau of ice and snow, six men, members of the British North Greenland Expedition, were to live for over a year. Supplies were to be flown in. They came at first successfully, but then one of the aircraft crashed and its crew were stranded, in sub-zero conditions, without adequate clothing or warmth, until their eventual daring rescue. Two American planes landed on the ice to take off the survivors. This was the highest take-off attempted by man, and it so nearly failed when one of the aircraft was frozen temporarily to the ground. Here, in *Rescue Below Zero*, is the full and thrilling story of a real occurrence reconstructed by the author.

This is a book that must appeal to all sorts and conditions of men. It is short—a mere one hundred and fifty pages—yet in this space the author manages to re-tell a gripping story, that captured newspaper headlines and thrilled the world for over a week. The writing is concise, but never abrupt. Mr Mackersey uses a minimum of words, yet he can have left nothing out. Had this book been claimed as fiction, it would surely have been denounced as fantastic and far-fetched, but excellent photographs bear out in every respect the author's well chosen words. It is an excellent book and—though one hesitates to use such a well-tried cliché—I must admit that I could not put it down.

A. W. S.

'The Aeroplane' Directory

The Aeroplane Directory of British Aviation, 1954 Edition (Temple Press, 21s.)

THIS book contains much extremely useful information about Service aviation, the aviation industry generally, international aviation, etc. Especially noteworthy is the 'Who's Who in British Aviation' section, which contains many interesting potted biographies. It is perhaps difficult to keep information on the Royal Air Force up to date, but in a 1954 publication it is very surprising to find that much of the information about appointments at the Royal Air Force College dates back to 1952. As a whole, however, the book must be regarded as an indispensable feature of any aeronautical or Service reference library.

F. A. G. P.

Aircraft Design

The Shape of the Aeroplane, by James Hay Stevens. (Hutchinson and Co. Ltd. 12s. 6d.)

THIS is an unusual book in many ways, but chiefly because Mr Stevens has hit on the idea of trying to explain why the aeroplane looks as it does today by describing cause and effect in design. He shows 'how the shape depends upon the fitness for purpose and not, as some think, upon the whim of the designer.' He traces the development of the aeroplane chronologically from the Wright brothers' historic experiment (omitting the many fantastic Russian claims to priority made in the past five years). The book is lavishly illustrated by Mr Stevens himself and, altogether, provides a remarkably economical account of the history of aircraft design. It will prove, without doubt, a wonderful 'buy' for young people, to whom the author addresses himself. But even the not-so-young may, at times, learn a thing or two. Mr Stevens has produced a first-class book.

L. F.

The Soviet AP 1300

How Russia Makes War: Soviet Military Doctrine, by Raymond L. Garthoff, with an introduction by H. A. DeWeerd. (George Allen and Unwin Ltd.)

Communist Guerilla Warfare, by Brigadier C. Aubrey Dixon, O.B.E., and Otto Heilbrunn. (George Allen and Unwin Ltd. 18s.)

SINCE the war little has been written on Soviet military doctrine and one was, perhaps, beginning to wonder whether too much attention was being given by authors to the reasons for the German defeat, and too little to the causes of the Soviet victory on the eastern front. Now, however, within a few days of each other and from the same stable, come two books to repair the deficiency somewhat. No one could pretend that either book is entirely adequate. But it would be a carping critic who began to complain without taking into account the pioneering nature of both works. No writer, to the present reviewer's knowledge, has tackled the subject of Soviet military doctrine on so massive a scale as Mr Garthoff; and certainly no previous author has underlined the lessons of partisan warfare so efficiently as Brigadier Dixon and Dr Heilbrunn have done. Of the two books—both the result of much diligent research—*Communist Guerilla Warfare* is the more useful and, by far, the more disturbing.

It is no exaggeration to say that we are, in the West, only just beginning to grasp the implications of partisan or guerilla warfare. While no one would suggest that the Communists were the first to practise this form of warfare, few would deny their special contribution to military doctrine. Their contribution lies in their use of large-scale partisan operations in concert with the operations of regular military forces. Are we not in danger, in our thinking, of ignoring some of the most obvious and most important lessons of the wars in China, on the eastern front from 1941 to 1945, in Korea, and, now, in Indo-China; of assuming, in fact, that because we have appreciated the essential unity of land-air-sea warfare, we have appreciated everything? If we are in this danger, *Communist Guerilla Warfare* will provide an excellent antidote. Easily written—perhaps too easily in places—its authors make the claim, and not without good reason, that 'guerilla warfare has revolutionized the conception of war.'

Mr Garthoff's *How Russia Makes War* is heavy reading. He writes in the involved, ungainly and ponderous

style so much in vogue on the other side of the Atlantic these days. His appendices, notes and bibliography—an imposing apparatus in themselves—run to more than 150 pages and his text to over 400. His main sources are Russian military manuals, pamphlets and periodicals. These he has ransacked. If one comes away with the feeling that, somehow, one has been frustrated, it is because Mr Garthoff does not completely persuade one that he is himself completely happy about his sources or the use he makes of them. It is, unfortunately, a theoretical picture of Soviet military doctrine that emerges from this book. More, much more, is needed by the modern student of war. Particularly disappointing, as it stands, is the section on Soviet employment of air power; here the author's narrative is too descriptive and insufficiently analytical. To say this, however, is not to deny the importance to Mr Garthoff's work. Its importance will be obvious to even non-professional readers; the professional will find it intriguing and useful.

J. L.

Russia at a Glance

Soviet Union in Maps: Its Origin and Development. Ed. George Goodall, M.A. (George Philip and Son, Ltd. 4s. 6d.)

THIS remarkably useful addition to the many books now available on the history and geography of the U.S.S.R. provides, in a very small space, a picture of Russia's development from the tenth century onward.

The story is told in well-drawn maps, each of which is accompanied by a brief narrative. Those with little or no knowledge of Russia's history will find set out easily and clearly the main facts bearing on the emergence of the Moscow principality as Tartar power declined and on the growth of Russian power in the 17th-19th centuries. Ample space is wisely devoted to modern Russia (agriculture, languages and races, industry and resources, communications, and population). If one complains at all, it must be on points of detail. Russian skill in forest fighting, for instance, is not mentioned in the section on forests (p. 14). The narrative on p. 19 is a rather naïve paraphrase of some of the liberal-seeming clauses of the Stalin constitution. Is it true to say that 'the wealth of the country . . . belongs to the whole people'? The distinction—a difficult one to draw at the best of times—between union ministries and union-republican ministries is not well done. Too much is made of the 'rights' of the constituent republics. The Communist Party today is 7, not 2 million strong. In the map on p. 23, though the South Siberian railway is marked, the important Moimt-Chu line is not. The population figures on the inside back cover are given without date; the total figure shown is, by present estimates, about 19 million too few. But these, it must be remembered, are small points and all of them, doubtless, will be corrected in a second edition. What we have now is extremely well done and the book, at so small a price, is a bargain.

J. L.

CADET WING LISTS

PROMOTIONS

'A' Squadron: Senior Under Officer P. H. Stanning, Under Officers A. MacGregor, T. H. Sheppard, C. J. Miller.

'B' Squadron: Senior Under Officer E. D. Frith, Under Officers G. M. Turner, K. R. Briggs, K. Bichard.

'C' Squadron: Senior Under Officer I. H. Keppie, Under Officers G. F. Poyser, R. A. C. Goldring, M. J. Allisstone.

No. 69 ENTRY

'A' Squadron: G. Ainley, Archbishop Holgate's Grammar School, York. P. G. Bevan, Nelson College, Nelson, N.Z. R. W. Chandler, Whitgift Middle School, Croydon. S. A. Edwards, Steyning Grammar School, Surrey. R. I. Finch, St. Olave's Grammar School, London. K. W. Hayr, Auckland Grammar School, N.Z. J. R. Lees, Dixie Grammar School, Market Bosworth, and No. 1 S. of T.T., Halton. D. J. Moran, Royal Grammar School, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. W. D. Page, Brisbane State High School, Australia. P. Walker, South Shields Grammar and Technical School. D. T. Webber, Latymer Upper School, London.

'B' Squadron: R. M. Baldwin, Adams Grammar School, Newport, Salop. R. J. Bennett, Royal Grammar School, Guildford. P. C. Brown, Christ's College, Christchurch, N.Z. K. G. Evans, Dulwich College, London. D. J. S. Herd, St Edward's School, Oxford. M. A. Hicks, Yeatley College and No. 1 Radio School, Locking. R. F. Mundy, Hardy's School, Dorchester (Dorset). C. M. Quaipe, St Dunstan's College, London. B. T. Sills, Bristol Grammar School. J. H. E. Thornton, Malvern College. C. R. B. Tickell, King Edward's School, Birmingham. B. T. Williams, Nautical College, Pangbourne.

'C' Squadron: B. D. Beggs, Mercers School, London. M. C. Brown, St. Michael's College, Leeds. H. Buckham, Dame Allans' School, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. A. B. E. Caiger, Bedford School. D. G. Crichton, Aberdeen Grammar School. A. C. Edmunds, Chatham House Grammar School. R. D. French, Tonbridge School. C. R. Groom, Wellington College, Crowthorne. P. C.

Little, Wellington College, N.Z. H. E. B. Mayes, Cirencester Grammar School. M. R. J. Seekings, Friends' School, Saffron Walden, and No. 1 S. of T.T., Halton. P. A. R. Trump, Radnor House School, Redhill, and A.A.T.S., St Athan. M. J. F. White, Dauntsey's School, Devizes. M. Yunus, Islamia High School, Maghiana (W. Pakistan).

STAFF APPOINTMENTS

The following appointments to the College and Station Staff have been made since the last issue of *The Journal* went to press: *Cadet Wing.* Naval Instructor: Lieutenant-Commander J. D. O. Hinton, R.N. U.S.A.F. Instructor: Captain E. D. Bruton. *Cadet Wing Officer,* 'B' Squadron: Flight Lieutenant D. A. Cree.

Tutorial Wing. Senior Weapons Instructor: Squadron Leader H. R. Hastie; Navigation Instructor: Flight Lieutenant A. C. Burn.

Flying Wing. Flight Lieutenants C. G. Maughan, A. Johnson, R. G. Lofting, C. D. G. Briggs, H. R. Radford, R. A. Gillam, D. V. Stanford-Evans, R. W. Leach, J. R. Powell, D. M. Howorth. Flying Officers G. Bradford, F. H. Dyscombe, C. Williams. Pilot Officers R. F. McLaren, H. Howes, B. E. Short, C. Williams.

Technical Wing. Flight Lieutenants D. J. Gunn, B. G. Preston. *Administrative Wing.* Padre (O.D.): The Reverend H. M. Jamieson. Equipment Section: Squadron Leader H. A. B. Porteous.

DEPARTURES

The following have left the College or Station Staff since the last issue of *The Journal* went to press:

The Reverend E. Davies.

Squadron Leaders: J. C. Forth, L. C. Glover, E. A. T. Mack, A. C. Shirreff, A. M. Skene.

Flight Lieutenants: G. G. Beaugeard, L. J. Browne, R. Colbeck, R. Griffin, P. Hennesey, R. E. Ladbroke, A. J. Lee, L. J. A. Maisonnier, E. Maughan, J. McPhee, J. Morrice, W. D. C. Pratt, B. W. Roberts, H. V. Sayfritz.

Pilot Officer: R. B. Pringle.

THE
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COLLEGE



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GROUP CAPTAIN D. H. LEE, D.F.C.

Assistant Commandant Royal Air Force College

THE ROYAL AIR FORCE COLLEGE JOURNAL

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

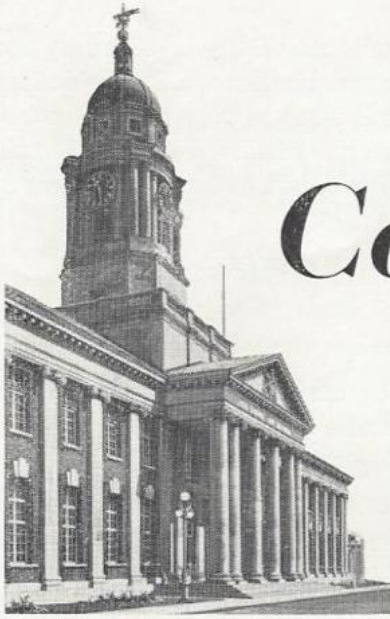
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EDITORIAL COMMITTEE

Chairman: Squadron Leader J. F. L. Long. *Deputy Chairman:* Flight Lieutenant C. N. C. Carryer. *Members:* Squadron Leader E. A. Fairhurst, D.F.C. (representing Flying Wing), Flight Lieutenant A. B. Stinchcombe (Old Cranwellian Editor), Flight Lieutenant F. A. G. Poole (Advertisement Manager), Flight Lieutenant A. S. Gray (Treasurer), Senior Under Officer B. R. Kent, Senior Flight Cadet R. A. C. Goldring (Editors for November issue), Senior Flight Cadets R. A. A. Gale, C. J. Phillips, R. W. Millward, Flight Cadet A. W. Skinner (Editor for March issue). *Honorary Secretary:* Flight Cadet J. Armstrong.

THE JOURNAL

The Royal Air Force College Journal is published three times a year, at the end of 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, Lincolnshire.' Unsuitable material will be returned. The Managing Editor, Editor and staff will be glad to advise intending contributors. A list of members of the editorial staff will be found on page 248 of this issue. *Please Note.* The next issue of *The Journal* goes to press on Friday, 21st January, 1955, and all contributions intended for this issue must be in the hands of the Managing Editor by this date.



College Notes

ANY record of the Summer of 1954 must start with a reference to the weather. Well might Milton's fear that

. . . an age too late, or cold
Climat, or Years damp my intended wing
Deprest . . .

have been realized this year at Cranwell. The moist and dismal summer did not, however, succeed in damping the ardour of the College or in staying its progress.

The spirit of the College can be judged by the account given in this *Journal* of its life during the summer term and vacation.



In the zone of physical development, progress with the runway and other works on South Airfield is now apparent. Though the area as a whole still calls to mind the chaotic landscapes described in the more terrifying sort of space fiction, the purpose is starting to show through and at least it now looks like a potential airfield. At Barkston Heath Nos. 3 and 4 Squadrons are becoming so comfortably settled in that their eventual return to Cranwell may seem a hardship. Nos. 1 and 2 Squadrons are now naturalized on North Airfield.



At the start of the autumn term the College numbered 260 flight cadets and cadets, including 51 flight cadets and cadets of the Equipment and Secretarial Branches. The new entry, No. 70, totalled 29.

'A' Squadron remain Sovereign's Squadron for the autumn term.

The Reviewing Officer at the Passing-Out Parade of No. 62 Entry on 27th July was General Alfred M. Gruenther, Supreme Allied Commander in Europe. The splendour of an unusually international occasion was somewhat dimmed by a damp blustery wind, but the heavy storm, which threatened to drench spectators, cleared shortly before the parade began. An account of the day's activities will be found elsewhere in *The Journal*.

Wings and prizes were presented by the Commandant on 26th July.



The start of the autumn term has been marked by the handing over of the two principal appointments within Royal Air Force Cranwell.

After rather more than two years as Assistant Commandant, Group Captain E. D. MacK. Nelson, C.B., A.D.C., left Cranwell towards the end of September to join the Directing Staff of the Royal Air Force Staff College, Bracknell. During his tenure of office Group Captain Nelson led the Cadet Wing with distinction through such historic events as the Coronation Ceremonies and the visit of His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh. His wide and critical interest in the whole gamut of flight cadet activities from angling through beagling and cricket to zoology, which brought the best out of everyone, will be missed. It is safe to say that no other Assistant Commandant has taken a rugger team on a tour to Australia, and certain that no other Assistant Commandant has been a member of the winning team in the R.A.F. Pentathlon during his last few days at Cranwell. We thank Mrs Nelson for her notable contribution to the happiness of the Station and in particular for her organization of the wives' Tennis Club. We wish Group Captain Nelson, Mrs Nelson and their family every happiness in the future.

We welcome as Assistant Commandant Group Captain D. H. Lee, D.F.C. Group Captain Lee was at Cranwell from 1933-34, was Chief Flying Instructor in No. 19 F.T.S., which occupied the College buildings in 1946, and has just relinquished his appointment as Adviser to the Royal Norwegian Air Force at Oslo.

Group Captain R. C. Keary's tour of duty as Officer Commanding Royal Air Force Cranwell also ended in September with his posting to the Senior Officers' Course at Greenwich. Group Captain Keary has nursed Cranwell through great changes in organization, layout and equipment. The present generation of flight cadets and their successors have much for which to be grateful to him in his careful consideration of their best interests. It is in our contemporary *The Poacher* that Cranwell's farewell to Group Captain and Mrs Keary was made, but all who have been privileged to serve with him must have been impressed by the rare combination of a rigid insistence on efficiency allied with a warm humanity. We extend our best wishes to Group Captain and Mrs Keary.

Group Captain D. J. Eayrs, C.B.E., D.F.C., has succeeded Group Captain Keary. Group Captain Eayrs was at Cranwell from 1927-28. He has just returned from Kenya where he has held the post of Senior Royal Air Force Officer, East Africa, and Officer Commanding Royal Air Force Eastleigh.

During the period under review two of the officers commanding Wings at Cranwell have left. Wing Commander G. W. J. Cozens has relinquished the com-

mand of Technical Wing and the problems of seating at Passing-Out Parades to Wing Commander J. S. Cassell. Wing Commander K. M. Crick, O.B.E., has handed over charge of the Administrative Wing to Wing Commander E. Holden, D.F.C.

The Tutorial Wing has lost Squadron Leader J. T. Morris, Chief Engineering Instructor, the developer of Cranwell's noisiest toys in the Science Block, supervisor and licensee of the Cadets' Garage and officer in charge of shooting.

The Cadet Wing has lost the College Adjutant of two years' standing, Flight Lieutenant A. Talbot Williams. He was a keen and successful organizer of rugby and his prowess was frequently recorded in song and on the Cranwell stage. Flight Lieutenant P. W. Gee has become College Adjutant.

At the end of term the Flying Wing lost Squadron Leader K. J. Derisley after three years as a Flight and Squadron Commander. Other departing flight commanders include Flight Lieutenants E. Markwell, J. P. Britton and W. N. Waudby. Many officers have cause to be grateful to Mrs Waudby for her charge of the children's school. Flying Officer A. C. F. B. Findon, Secretary of the 'Per Ardua' Beagles, has been posted, but fortunately no farther afield than Syerston whence he can still manage to whip in to the 'Per Ardua' and retain the secretaryship of the R.A.F. Beagling Association.



Visits form an essential part of the Cranwell training and have become an established part of its routine. Pride of place must be given to visits to other Services. Twenty-eight flight cadets were attached to the Mediterranean Fleet during the vacation; some of these further attached themselves and penetrated southwards from Benghazi on tanks. No. 62 Entry attended a demonstration at the School of Infantry at Warminster. Two officers and four flight cadets attended a midnight Baptême at the Ecole de l'Air, Salon. Parties of flight cadets have visited R.A.F. stations and taken part in navigational exercises. Equipment and Secretarial flight cadets have visited maintenance units, embarkation units, the R.A.F. Record Office, the pay agents and the Stock Exchange. Two small parties of Equipment flight cadets have visited the Canal Zone. No. 68 Entry penetrated underground and visited the coal face at Newstead and Annesley Collieries.

We take this opportunity of thanking those hosts, Service and civilian, who made these visits possible, profitable and enjoyable.

Other less formal visits took place in the summer vacation. A party visited Malaya, another went on Safari in East Africa. Yet a third made an extensive *circuit touristique* of the ancient towns of Provence. Farther north the speleologists carried out an enterprising tour in the Vercours area. The canoeists performed feats on and in both salt and fresh water. The mountaineers and the yachtsmen carried out a full programme in adverse conditions. Accounts of these and other exploits are given elsewhere.

Our visitors too helped to give the course both breadth and depth, and we thank the following for their lectures:

On 17th May Dr C. L. Wayper, of Fitzwilliam House, Cambridge, on South-East Asia.

On 27th May Lady Lenanton (Carola Oman) on Sir John Moore.

On 3rd June Sir Harold Nicolson on 'Biography'.

On 11th July Group Captain P. H. Cribb, D.S.O., D.F.C., on Bomber Command.

Visitors to the College have included :

On 10th May Lieutenant-Colonel N. Gokeri and Major Vural of the Turkish Embassy.

On 23rd May Members of the Directing Staff and students of the R.A.F. Staff College, Bracknell.

On 20th May Mr Walter James, Editor of *The Times* Educational Supplement.

On 1st June Air Vice-Marshal the Earl of Bandon, Assistant Chief of Air Staff (Training).

On 3rd June the Headmasters of Prince Rupert's School, Wilhelmshaven, and of King Alfred School Plon.

On 24th June the Headmasters of Clayesmore School, of Dame Allan's School, of Malvern College, of Scarborough High School, of Ipswich School and of Exeter School.

On 8th July the Aeronautical Correspondents of the *Daily Telegraph* and the *Sunday Times*.

Visiting preachers at Parade services during the term included :

On 2nd May the Rt. Rev. A. Otter, Bishop of Grantham.

On 16th May the Rt. Rev. A. I. Greaves, Bishop of Grimsby.

On 27th June the Rt. Rev. C. K. N. Bardsley, Bishop of Croydon.

On 25th July the Rt. Rev. M. H. Harland, Bishop of Lincoln.



We regret to record the death of Senior Flight Cadet A. G. H. Morgan in a flying accident on 19th June, and extend our sympathy to his parents on their loss.



College Notes records with pride the award by the President of the United States of America of four Distinguished Flying Crosses and eight Air Medals to post-war Old Cranwellians.

The Colour presented by Her Majesty the Queen to the Royal New Zealand Air Force was paraded for the first time at the opening of the New Zealand Parliament in July. The Colour-bearer was Pilot Officer R. M. Hancock of No. 60 Entry.



The Stadium has been in full use throughout the summer. Particularly notable events were: the Station Sports held on 26th May, and the Command Sports on



A moment during the making of 'The Sky is Ours' a documentary film about Cranwell. A worried Nigel Howlands (in the roles of 'A' Squadron S.U.O. and 'Journal' Editor) seeks the assistance of his producer, while U.O. Sheppard (editor for the summer term) amends the script

15th June held in the presence of the Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief of Flying Training Command, whom we respectfully congratulate on his appointment as a Knight Commander of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire.

The triangular athletics contest with the R.N. Colleges and the Royal Military Academy was held on 10th July. The R.A.F. College took second place to the R.M.A.

The dramatic tradition persevered through the summer. The Dramatic section of the College Society produced, for the first time since 1936, *Journey's End* by R. C. Sherriff on 19th and 20th July. The Little Theatre Club produced *Sugar Plum* by Arthur Macrae on 14th July. Further performances were given to large audiences in Spalding and Sleaford during Battle of Britain Week.

During July, Associated British Pathé Ltd were filming at Cranwell collecting material for a documentary film, *The Sky is Ours*. This is in Eastmancolour and should be ready for distribution in the late autumn. A record was made of all sides of College life including the final Guest Night of No. 62 Entry and the Passing-Out Ball.

Parties from the C.C.F. contingents of Uppingham, Marlborough, Peter Symond's School and of West Buckland School visited the College during the summer. Approximately 20 officers and 250 cadets of the Combined Cadet Forces of Epsom, Dover, Highgate, Maidstone Grammar School, Cathedral School Truro, King's (Bruton), Wellington College, Portsmouth Grammar School, Stowe, Malvern, Ampleforth and Fettes, attended a camp at Cranwell from 26th July to 2nd August.

The Passing Out of No. 62 Entry

General Alfred M. Gruenther Reviews the Parade

A HEAVY rainstorm greeted General Alfred M. Gruenther, Reviewing Officer at the Passing-Out Parade of the 45 flight cadets of No. 62 Entry, when he landed on the North Airfield in his magnificently polished Super-Constellation on Tuesday, 27th July. However, the optimistic forecast of the meteorological section proved well founded—a point which General Gruenther himself underlined in his address—and the rain ceased for the parade. Even the cold and gusty wind could not lessen the warm and lively regard which the College showed for the Supreme Allied Commander. When, four hours later, he made his friendly farewell gesture from the head of the steps to his aircraft, it seemed to us that our feeling of regard was reciprocated.

The parade followed the now well-established pattern and what differences one might perceive between this parade and its predecessors were those which had their origin in the personalities of the chief actors. The easy and friendly manner of our Reviewing Officer, his quick eye and

military bearing, seemed to blend unconsciously with the spirit that one felt, as a spectator, infused the parade itself. The march on of 'A,' 'B' and 'C' Squadrons under Under Officer T. H. Sheppard, Senior Under Officer E. D. Frith and Senior Under Officer I. H. Keppie respectively and the forming up in line under Senior Under Officer P. H. Stanning, the parade commander, and his adjutant, Under Officer G. F. Poyser, were smartly and spontaneously done, while the marching itself had a sprightliness about it that foreshadowed a confident parade. And so it proved to be.

The Supreme Allied Commander arrived at the western edge of the Orange at 1128 exactly. His cheerful greeting to the Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Air Marshal Sir L. F. Pendred, the Commandant and the Assistant Commandant was audible to all. Thence he was escorted to the saluting base which he mounted as the senior officers took up their positions to the left and right of the dais. The wind was still blowing raindrops from the roof of the dais,



The arrival of the Reviewing Officer at the Orange. To his left is Sir Laurence F. Pendred, Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief Flying Training Command; to his right, the Commandant (Air Commodore H. Eccles) and Assistant Commandant (Group Captain E. MacK. Nelson)



General Gruenther inspects 'B' Squadron. To his left, Senior Under Officer Keppie, commanding 'B' Squadron; to the rear, Senior Under Officer Stanning, parade commander, and Under Officer Poyser, parade adjutant

but the sun struggled through the clouds momentarily as the parade received the Reviewing Officer with a general salute.

Quickly General Gruenther left the dais to begin his inspection of the Cadet Wing. Though his progress down the lines was swift, his inspection was thorough and critical. When it was over, the Cadet Wing formed close column on the west flank for the march past. This was executed with great dignity. None of the movements was hurried or slurred over. The careful positioning of the squadrons before, during and after each march past effectively concentrated attention, not on the elements on parade, but rightly, on the Queen's Colour, whose escort, in difficult conditions, carried out its assignment very efficiently.

The Cadet Wing then reformed line to the tune of 'The Dashing White Sergeant' and, with spectators rising to their feet, advanced in review order, halted and presented arms in a general

salute. There followed the presentation of the Sword of Honour and the Queen's Medal by General Gruenther to Senior Under Officer Stanning, the only recipient of prizes on this occasion. The moment for the Reviewing Officer's address had now come. This was delivered extempore in a forthright and amusing manner, its underlying serious intent plainly evident despite a lightness of touch that delighted the parade and spectators alike. The address over, the parade commander stepped forward to ask permission to march off the Queen's Colour and the Senior Entry and, to the traditional 'Auld Lang Syne,' with the Cadet Wing at the present, the newly commissioned slow marched from the parade ground, up the steps and into the College.

Subsequently the Reviewing Officer inspected the Flying Wing Parade, which had fallen in under Wing Commander I. N. MacDougall in a great semi-circle on the grass to the west of the



General Gruenther took no half measures when he planted his commemorative tree and here shares a joke about his skill with Mr Stratton, Clerk of the Works

College. Before returning to the College for luncheon, General Gruenther planted a commemorative tree in the avenue to the south-west of the main gates.

Address of the Supreme Allied Commander

In his address General Gruenther said:

Thirty-six years ago, within a few days of this date, I was a cadet at West Point. In the early part of August, 1918, we were assembled in a parade formation, very much the same as you have here today, to receive an important announcement. You will recall that World War I was then in progress. Our class was scheduled to be graduated in June, 1921. But we heard that day the reading of the official orders that, because of the shortage of officers, we were going to be graduated early—actually on November 1st, 1918. Three hundred and eleven of us were graduated on that day, and history has recorded that the Armistice was concluded only ten days later! I hope you will not consider me obnoxiously boastful when I say to you that our class has always considered that there was a very direct relation between these two events. *(Laughter.)*

I do not know whether or not the impact of your passing out is going to be nearly as great as ours was. But I do want to state that while the cold war is in progress—and it is

probably going to last for many years—the contribution you can make in the resolution of that conflict will be a significant one. If, unfortunately, the cold war should be turned into a hot one, I can assure you that the Service you are joining wields the dominant factor in modern warfare — air power. That overwhelming reality imposes tremendous responsibilities on you. I know from the education you have received at Cranwell, from the training, from the ideals that you have absorbed, that you are going to be able to meet the numerous challenges with outstanding distinction.

You are entering the Royal Air Force at a time when collective security has become a vital factor in preserving world peace. The Free World has learned, at great sacrifice, that no nation, be it the United States, the United Kingdom, or little Luxembourg, is sufficient unto itself in this jet-atomic age. We shall solve the problem of defence together and in common, or it will not be solved at all.

In your future careers you will have many dealings with our international headquarters, SHAPE, located near Paris. We have been charged by NATO with the defence of Europe from the northern tip of Norway to the eastern borders of Turkey, a 4,000-mile perimeter. The burden that we have placed upon the R.A.F. in executing that mission is an

extremely heavy one, but I know you will fulfil it. You will belong to an air force that is second to none in this world. I have had a considerable amount of experience with the R.A.F. in the past 12 years, and I have always found every individual that I have known in it to meet the highest British traditions. I congratulate you because of your decision to dedicate yourselves to a life of service. Your objective, the preservation of peace in an uneasy world, is indeed a noble one.

I was very favourably impressed by the parade which I saw today. Your drills were perfectly executed. You have every reason to be proud of your performance.

I was very pleasantly surprised when I arrived here this morning at 10.40 at the airfield. It was raining very heavily, so when I met your Commandant, I asked, 'Well, surely you are going to have the rainy day schedule?' He replied, 'Absolutely not. I can guarantee you that we will have clear weather by 11.30 and it will remain that way throughout the ceremony.' That showed great confidence in the excellence of the R.A.F. Meteorological Service. And we all can note the results! *(Laughter.)*

I am sure that you will continue to have that same confidence in all R.A.F. activities as you perform your varied duties, and as you advance through the different stages of your careers. I wish you every possible success. Good luck and God bless all of you.

The Wings' Ceremony

As usual, the College lecture hall was well filled when the Commandant presented the wings, individual prizes and squadron trophies on the eve of the parade. Air Marshal Sir L. F. Pendred, Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Flying Training Command, was present for the occasion.

After welcoming the many friends and relatives of No. 62 Entry, and congratulating the prizewinners and successful squadrons, the Commandant stated that the inter-squadron spirit and morale had never been higher. He wondered whether the senior entry on their last day at the College had ever tried to assess what Cranwell had tried to do for them; there were three thoughts that he would like them to retain fresh in their minds on the following morning.

'First of all,' he said, 'the College has tried to give you a breadth of knowledge and a keenness of intellect to fit you for your future responsibilities.' Much of that knowledge was intended to broaden and stimulate their minds for future work. In this respect he was very pleased with the unusually high standard of a number of the theses submitted by the Entry. Moreover, the results of those cadets who had been the first members of the College ever to attempt the Royal Aeronautical Society's Fellowship examination had been most gratifying. It was encouraging to know that the training at Cranwell met the requirements of external societies and organizations. He hoped that those

*The Inspection of
Headquarters Squadron,
Flying Wing.
Accompanied by
Wing Commander
I. N. MacDougall
and Squadron Leader
E. A. Fairhurst,
General Gruenther
passes down the line
of officers, n.e.os and
airmen*





From the top of the steps to his resplendent aircraft, General Gruenther turns to bid a friendly farewell

who had done so well would not in the future neglect those studies which were so useful not only to themselves but also to the Royal Air Force.

'Secondly,' the Commandant went on, 'we have tried to teach you to be Service pilots.' On the whole the standard had been good, but they should aim to become the finest pilots in the Service. Here he stressed the importance of rigorous, self-discipline in the air. 'We have no use,' he said, 'for the pilot who flies by himself or for himself.' The real object was perfection of skill in the interests of the Service. The Commandant then commended the Equipment and Secretarial members of the Entry on their hard work; they had done equally well. Moreover, they would be taking upon themselves heavy responsibilities as soon as they left the College.

'Thirdly, but not least,' the Commandant continued, 'we have tried to teach you to be officers and to learn the officers' code.' Mistakes might have been made—indeed without them they could hardly expect to learn anything—but he begged them from now on, in a world of lowered moral standards, never to relax the code of an officer. 'An officer's word should be his bond in everything he says; and in everything he does he should base his actions on what is right and not on what he can get away with.' If they applied that not only to their Service life, but also to their private and public life, they wouldn't go wrong. If they failed, as far as the Service was concerned, they would never survive any promotion boards.

Finally the Commandant stated his belief that No. 62 Entry had absorbed enough of the College's teaching and ideals to be a real credit

to Cranwell. They had come through the course with flying colours, and he wished them all possible success in their future careers. 'I can say quite honestly,' he concluded, 'at this moment I am proud of you all. I only hope that your future actions will make the College proud of you, and when you look back you will be proud of the College.'



Order of Merit

No. 62 ENTRY

General Duties Branch

- P. H. STANNING, Senior Under Officer: Sword of Honour; Queen's Medal; Abdy Gerrard Fellowes Memorial Prize; Royal United Service Institution Award; Swimming (Half Colours); Shooting (Half Colours); Fencing; *Journal* (Committee and Assistant Editor); Debating (President); Wildfowling.
- J. FARWELL, Senior Flight Cadet: Hockey (Half Colours); Cricket; Riding.
- E. D. FRITH, Senior Under Officer: Phillip Sassoon Memorial Prize; Cricket; Pistol Shooting; Archery (Captain); Wildfowling; Music.
- T. H. SHEPPARD, Under Officer: Hockey; Gliding; Jazz; *Journal* (Committee and Editor).
- I. H. KEPPIE, Senior Under Officer: J. A. Chance Memorial Prize; Rugby; Athletics.
- A. J. W. WHITAKER, Senior Flight Cadet: Air Ministry Prize for Imperial and War Studies;



Take-off from the North Airfield

This picture was taken a few days before the Supreme Allied Commander arrived by Constellation. The U.S.A.F. sent a Skymaster to 'bounce' the North Airfield. The word ill describes the skill with which the Skymaster was brought in by its crew. It was, during its brief stay, the object of much admiration and interest



- Boxing (Full Colours); Rugby; Sailing; Aero-modelling; Jazz.
- G. F. POYSER, Under Officer: Cross-Country (Vice-Captain, Full Colours); Athletics (Vice-Captain, Full Colours); Photographic; Jazz; Engineering.
- I. D. BRIMSON, Senior Flight Cadet: R. M. Groves Memorial Prize; Hicks Memorial Trophy; Field Shooting (Captain); Archery (Secretary); Aeromodelling.
- D. M. RICHARD, Senior Flight Cadet: Dickson Trophy; Michael Hill Memorial Prize; Canoeing (Captain).
- K. BICHARD, Under Officer: Athletics (Half Colours); Shooting; Field Shooting; Dancing; Engineering.
- G. M. TURNER, Under Officer: Fencing (Full Colours); Modern Pentathlon (Full Colours); Riding (Captain).
- A. MACGREGOR, Under Officer: Rugby (Full Colours); Fencing.
- J. R. WHITTAM, Senior Flight Cadet: Association Football (Full Colours); Swimming (Full Colours); Water Polo (Full Colours); Athletics; Boxing; Pot-Holing (Vice-Captain).
- K. R. BRIGGS, Under Officer: Cricket (Captain); Rugby (Full Colours); Ski-ing.
- M. N. BUTT, Senior Flight Cadet: Boxing; Hockey; Riding; Sailing; Dancing.
- M. A. CROOK, Senior Flight Cadet: Association Football (Captain); Dancing; Archery.
- R. B. GUBBINS, Senior Flight Cadet: Rowing (Captain, Full Colours); Modern Pentathlon; Fine Arts; Photographic; Engineering (Secretary); *Journal* (Committee and Assistant Editor).
- R. D. BATES, Senior Flight Cadet: Swimming; Printing (Secretary); Orchestra; Chess.
- J. B. M. DOBSON, Senior Flight Cadet: Rugby (Half Colours); Cricket.
- C. J. MILLER, Under Officer: Languages Award; Hockey (Vice-Captain, Full Colours); Swimming (Half Colours); Modern Pentathlon (Captain, Full Colours); Fencing; Riding.
- M. J. HARDY, Senior Flight Cadet: Canoeing; Engineering.
- C. PEARSON, Senior Flight Cadet: Hockey; Canoeing.
- M. R. SOUTHGATE, Senior Flight Cadet: Rowing.
- M. E. RANKIN, Senior Flight Cadet: Cross-Country; Gliding; Ski-ing.
- R. H. L. MURMAN, Senior Flight Cadet: Aero-modelling.
- I. A. R. KEARL, Senior Flight Cadet: Fencing; Rugby; Jazz; Archery.
- B. E. C. FORSE, Senior Flight Cadet: Shooting; Jazz.
- J. I. MILLER, Senior Flight Cadet: Swimming (Half Colours); Rugby; Gliding; Shooting; Engineering; Radio.
- B. E. TAYLOR, Senior Flight Cadet: Association Football (Half Colours); Cricket; Canoeing.



THE SENIOR TERM: JULY 1954

Senior Flight Cadets J. G. Kerrigan, J. J. J. Dimmis, C. P. James, M. E. Rankin, I. D. Wilkinson, J. R. Whittam, J. Farwell, R. D. Bates, R. B. Gubbins
 Senior Flight Cadets M. A. Howells, D. M. Richard, J. I. Miller, B. E. Taylor, J. K. Jennings, D. G. Edwards, C. Pearson, A. C. Cooper, B. E. C. Forse, A. J. W. Whitaker
 Senior Flight Cadets D. McIntyre, M. N. Butt, L. T. Owen, M. W. Southgate, J. H. Champion, P. J. King, J. B. M. Dobson, M. J. Hardy, C. E. King, I. A. R. Kearn, J. H. Tierney, M. A. Crook, A. Dufton
 U.O. M. J. Allisstone, U.O. G. H. Turner, U.O. K. Bichard, U.O. T. H. Sheppard, U.O. G. F. Poyser, S.U.O. E. D. Frith, S.U.O. P. H. Stanning, S.U.O. I. H. Keppie, U.O. A. McGregor, U.O. K. R. Briggs, U.O. C. J. Miller, Senior Flight Cadets I. D. Brimson, R. H. L. Murmann

- D. McINTYRE, Senior Flight Cadet: Shooting (Captain, Full Colours).
- J. K. JENNINGS, Senior Flight Cadet: Cross-Country (Vice-Captain, Full Colours); Athletics (Vice-Captain, Full Colours).
- L. T. OWEN, Senior Flight Cadet: Shooting; Gliding; Aeromodelling; Speleology; Ski-ing.
- P. J. KING, Senior Flight Cadet.
- A. C. COOPER, Senior Flight Cadet: Rowing.
- J. H. CHAMPION, Senior Flight Cadet: Fiction Library (Committee and Secretary).
- D. G. EDWARDS, Senior Flight Cadet: Rowing.

Equipment Branch

- I. D. WILKINSON, Senior Flight Cadet: Cricket (Half Colours); Athletics (Half Colours); Association Football (Half Colours); Swimming; Radio.

- C. P. JAMES, Senior Flight Cadet: Air Ministry Prize for Equipment Studies; Dramatics.
- M. J. ALLISSTONE, Under Officer: Rowing (Full Colours); Dramatics; Choral; Engineering.
- M. A. HOWELLS, Senior Flight Cadet: Rugby; *Journal* (Committee).
- C. E. KING, Senior Flight Cadet: Tennis; Squash (Half Colours); Sailing.
- J. J. DINNIS, Senior Flight Cadet: Cricket; Photographic (Secretary).
- J. E. TIERNEY, Senior Flight Cadet: Boxing.

Secretarial Branch

- A. DUFTON, Senior Flight Cadet: Air Ministry Prize for Secretarial Studies; Association Football; Choral (President).
- J. G. KERRIGAN, Senior Flight Cadet: Canoeing; Dramatics; Music.



Looking back
on the . . .

EGYPT • GERMANY • GIBRALTAR
KENYA • LOIRE VALLEY • MALAYA
MALTA • MEDITERRANEAN • PROVENCE
TANGANYIKA • THE VERCOURS

Summer Vacation

JULY TO SEPTEMBER 1954

It would be an odd summer vacation that did not find members of the College taking the opportunity of visiting out-of-the-way places. This year the number of official, semi-official and private ventures was well up to the average. Notable among the more unusual missions were the visits of cadets to Kenya and Malaya, the trip of the College pot-holers to Vercours in southern France, the strenuous voyage of the canoeists down the Rhine, the Riding Club's pony trek in Scotland and the extensive tours of two parties, one sponsored, the other unsponsored, to France. Of these and other missions more will be found in these pages.

Mission to Malaya

A THREE-WEEKS' visit to Singapore Island at the kind invitation of Far East Air Force was made in August by six flight cadets, short-listed from a very great number who had volunteered in high expectations some time earlier. The flight out and back was by Hastings aircraft of Transport Command and was extremely smooth and uneventful though full of interest from start to finish.

At Changi

The whole party assembled, writes one of the six, at Changi on 10th August, and on the next day the programme devised by Far East Air Force was in operation. This gave us plenty of flying and much interesting work on the ground. We spent two days at Changi, where we flew on training flights in Valettas, and met several former Cranwell officers, including Padre Knight, who invited us to a very pleasant evening at his home.

We left Changi to go to Seletar—the Group Headquarters and the Headquarters of Far East Flying Boat Wing, who fly Sunderlands. Here three of us embarked at once in a high speed launch which had been detailed to cruise up the east coast of Malaya in preparation for an exercise with Sunderlands the following day. The rest of us remained

true to our calling and flew with the Sunderlands, first on a short five-hour trip, and then, next day, on a seven-hour search mission for the launch, which had full facilities for concealment and camouflage. It was found eventually by radar. That evening we attended a dining-in night, at which we upheld the good name of the College by emerging convincing winners of two 'schooner races'.

The rest of our stay at Seletar was spent in a visit to the very extensive Equipment and Maintenance establishments, which serve the whole of the Far East, and in some flying with No. 81 Squadron, a photographic reconnaissance squadron. No. 81 Squadron fly Meteors, Mosquitos, Hornets and Beaufighters. Most of us were given a short flight in a Meteor 7, and one of us flew in an old friend, the Harvard. We left Seletar with regrets, for we had enjoyed our stay there immensely. We had seen the jungle from the air. It looked attractive from a height, but we counterbalanced the outward appearance against the many tales we heard of its other — evil — appearance for those operating on the ground.

Special Air Support Force

The next five days we spent back at Changi. We visited the Parachute

School, which produces the paratroopers for the Special Air Support Force. A new course was being put through its paces when we arrived and we joined them in their flight and exit-training, and later in the use of the new 'tree-lowering' device, which we all tried, and found most effective. Previously we had seen a more advanced course actually dropping from a Valetta at Serembawan airfield.

Meeting an old Friend

Up to now we had visited only Royal Air Force units, but now on two successive days we visited first H.M.S. *Warrior*, a fleet carrier, and then a Royal Artillery Battery at Blakang Mati, an island guarding the western approaches to Singapore Harbour. Our visit to H.M.S. *Warrior* produced one very pleasant surprise, for having mounted the gangway, and as far as we know, having observed all the correct naval customs, we were confronted by Lieutenant-Commander Holt who, until very recently was the Naval member of our War Studies team. We were shown over the carrier, and later entertained before we left. Back at Changi on the same day, Group Captain Warfield, the Station Commander, and Mrs Warfield invited us to their home for the evening. The



Horsfield and Lea, both members of the Malaya mission, taste two-oared transport four degrees above the Equator

visit to the island battery was also extremely interesting. Someone hesitantly muttered something about 'guns pointing the wrong way in 1941,' but was immediately silenced by a devastating proof that this was by a devastating proof that this was so now. In fact, we were most impressed by the size and strategic position of the defences of Singapore Roads.

Borrowing Clothes

During our free afternoons and evenings at Changi we did our best to borrow black and white evening clothes for a Cranwell dinner which was due to be held at the Adelphi Hotel in Singapore on 27th August. At first we met with little success, but finally friends in the Changi Mess lent us what we required and we left for our last port of call, Tengah, much relieved. We arrived at Tengah on a Sunday, so the day was free to be spent as each of us desired. On the following day we were formally welcomed to the station by the C.O., Group Captain Stokes (who was at Cranwell in 1934). Tengah is the largest station on Singapore Island, large enough to hold four squadrons—No. 60 of Vampire 9s, No. 45 of Hornets, No. 7 of Lincolns and No. 1 Squadron (R.A.A.F.) who fly in their own version of the Lincoln.

Flight in Mosquito

Our first flying day here was with the Australian squadron. The six of

us went up in two aircraft on training flights in both the morning and afternoon of 24th August. We were all amazed and delighted by the skill and professional abandon with which the pilots handle their huge aircraft. At one time the two Lincolns engaged in a ponderous dog fight which we all enjoyed very much. In the evening of this day we were

entertained to cocktails by Group Captain and Mrs Stokes.

Dinner Night

The next three days of our visit to Tengah were spent with the other three squadrons on the station. No. 60 Squadron showed us around, but were not able to take us up in their Vampire T.11 as it was not serviceable. No. 45 Squadron took two of our party up in one of their Mosquito trainers, and both took the controls during their flights in this very famous aeroplane. While they flew, the other four of us tried our hand at 'skeat shooting,' where we met with very little success in hitting the clay targets. It was a new and enjoyable experience, however. The following day we spent with No. 7 Squadron with whom three of us flew (in a Lincoln) on a two and half hour fighter affiliation exercise with Vampires of No. 60 Squadron. The other bit of our party went to look at Tengah's Air Traffic Control. Our last half day at Tengah was spent with 45 Squadron once more, and we left for Changi in the afternoon. In the evening—since it was the 27th—we dined at the Adelphi Hotel in Singapore.

Farewell

It needs to be explained that this dinner was given in our honour by



Horsfield, tempted but critical, samples a native's wares

Air Vice-Marshal Akerman (of No. 1 Entry) and other Old Cranwellians on Singapore Island. It was a most enjoyable evening, and we felt that it was a splendid climax to a visit which Far East Air Force had succeeded in making so interesting and enjoyable for the whole three weeks.

News now reached us that our departure for home would be delayed one day. This delay left us free to enjoy a Saturday night in Singapore, and we took full advantage of this and had quite a hectic evening which we all think we enjoyed, though our memories of it (we must admit) are somewhat hazy. The next day came too soon and, with great reluctance, we left Changi by Hastings for England. It had been a most impressive trip.

C. J. W.



Two members of the Malaya mission on board an aircraft carrier

Precipitation by Parachute

ZELOTYPIA, the dictionary tells us, is a morbid zeal in the prosecution of any cause or project. The word describes rather well what it was that gripped the twenty-five aspirants to the gentle art of parachuting in their determination to finish the course at Abingdon in spite of the bad weather that yearly wages a cold, wet war against flight cadets on summer leave.

It was 8th August when the squeal of ancient brakes, the dying gasp of a motor cycle and the chink of taxi tips heralded our several arrivals at Abingdon. For three of us this was our second course, but, though experience can so often be a benefit, we couldn't help wondering at times if ignorance was not perhaps bliss. Based in Block 3, ironically called Lincoln House, we spent the first few days in the ground-training hangar learning that there were other things to do besides heave a sigh of relief when one's parachute opened. We were taught the 'parachute roll,' the various directions in which it can be done, and how it can transform into a smooth and comfortable collapse what would otherwise be a hard and undignified return to earth. We later discovered how rarely it is that one comes across these textbook conditions in practice. There was elaborate and, at times, nerve-racking apparatus to simulate all phases of the far too short period of descent. This included the 'fan,' in which one leaps with gay abandon from a platform in the roof of the

hangar and descends on a wire braked only by an alarmingly small fan; the 'tower,' which is over twice the height of the hangar and dangles the jibbering trainee seventy-five feet above the ground while he goes through his flight drill and then, absurdly, lets him down under hydraulic control to a feather-light landing.

The object of the training is to ensure that the descendant responds instinctively in the aircraft to the bellow of 'Green-orn, GOW!', does a 'dynamic' exit and can then control the flight of the parachute in order that the landing will be a civilized affair.

Waiting for It

After the indoor training had finished the long lonely vigil began, but one in which Cranwellians are well practised—that of waiting for the weather. It was through lightning risk that we narrowly missed doing our first jump on Friday the thirteenth—it would certainly have been something to look back on! Full of hope and apprehension we got up at 0430 hours the next day when the wind was calm, but fog arrived and again the jump was postponed.

Out We Go

Eventually the following Monday the weather cooperated and we were able to make our first two jumps—both from a balloon at eight hundred feet. The exhilaration and

feeling of achievement had to be experienced to be believed—our only regret was that the balloon could not go higher and give us more time to enjoy the descent. The cheeriness in the balloon cage going up was a little trying to maintain, perhaps, but was more than genuine after the landing. There were mixed feelings about the merits of the first hundred feet of the descent, however, which is a completely free fall while the static line and parachute are pulled from the pack. In spite of this, or perhaps because of it, the rest of the descent is a really magnificent experience. To celebrate our first jump a party evolved in Abingdon that evening with our instructors and later, as a result of rash promises made when the party was planned, some of our number found themselves in honour bound to go for a midnight swim in the Thames nearby. The Old Father proved to be exceptionally cold and someone was heard to mutter something concerning monkeys and renaming the local hostelry after the metallic variety.

Foggy-Do

The next morning we were able to do our first jump from an aircraft and filed pensively into a Valetta after a delay to let fog clear from the dropping zone. The exits into the slipstream of a grumbling Hercules eliminated the dropping feeling we had had from the balloon and certainly provided variety in



'The Hastings proved to be a delightful machine to jump from . . .'
Here members of the parachuting party prepare for action at Abingdon

our trajectories. It also made clear the necessity of a desperate exit as some of us came to with twisted rigging lines.

Parachute Packing

There were two days of bad weather and a visit to the parachute packing centre at Upper Heyford before we made our final jump. Even then the weather was very dull and we jumped from the cloud base. The aircraft this time was a Hastings and proved to be a delightful

machine to jump from. The inboard engines were throttled back, providing a far less violent turbulence than with the Valetta. The period during which you resign yourself to gravity until the parachute is fully developed is a wonderful experience. You cavort wildly in the slipstream but in a rather more gentlemanly way than with the bellowing Valetta. It was possible to remain conscious of all that happened, see the tailplane go by above your head, glimpse your feet against the

horizon, turn and see the homely old Hastings fly away above you disgorging bodies from both its doors. This was unanimously acclaimed as the most satisfying of the four descents. Raeburn suspended from a particularly fine example of a blown periphery, in which half of the canopy becomes inverted and the parachute descends in the shape of a brassiere. This incidentally is not dangerous, but makes the parachute impossible to control since the rigging lines are tangled. No doubt the makers of 'Très Secrete' could give us some hints on full support and even inflation.

Strange Fascination

If anyone had said they had not been frightened at any time they would have been looked upon with a certain scepticism for it would have been a strange instinct indeed that did not point out that human beings were not originally designed to jump off things eight hundred feet high. And yet it all held a strange fascination and exhilaration that made one want to go up and do it again. The final jump had been well worth waiting for and the Hastings had become a popular aircraft very quickly. It was with firm resolve to come again next year that most of us embarked in our various means of transport to leave Abingdon.

T. H. S.

Sundry Visits to the Services



Up a Maltese gum tree ?

THE advent of the summer leave once again let loose sundry members of the College amongst the Services. Visits were made to the Royal Navy and to various Royal Air Force stations, the Army alone being allowed a temporary reprieve.

Naval Visits

Visits were arranged to the Royal Navy in the Mediterranean and at Portland and Portsmouth. A party of twenty-eight flight cadets and three officers went on the Mediterranean visit. Here the party was split up, small groups being attached to various ships of the Mediterranean Fleet. Visits were made to H.M. Ships *Constance*, *Glasgow* and *Centaur*, where the visitors had a chance to see Avengers, Sea Hawks and Sea Furies operating from the angle deck, and some members of the party were fortunate enough to

be attached to H.M.S. *Cumberland*, engaged on radar and gunnery trials. Whilst in the Mediterranean, visits were also made to H.M. Ships *Comet* and *Whirlwind* as well as to Army and United States Air Force establishments.

Two parties of cadets went to Portsmouth on attachment to H.M.S. *Vernon*. These parties also made short visits to the Royal Naval Air Stations at Gosport and Lee-on-Solent, where they saw flying displays, a static display of contemporary aircraft, and a demonstration of fire fighting and safety equipment. They also visited H.M.S. *Dolphin*, where a simulated submarine escape was demonstrated, H.M.S. *Finis-terre*, a battle class destroyer, and H.M.S. *Dryad* for a demonstration of marine navigation aids.

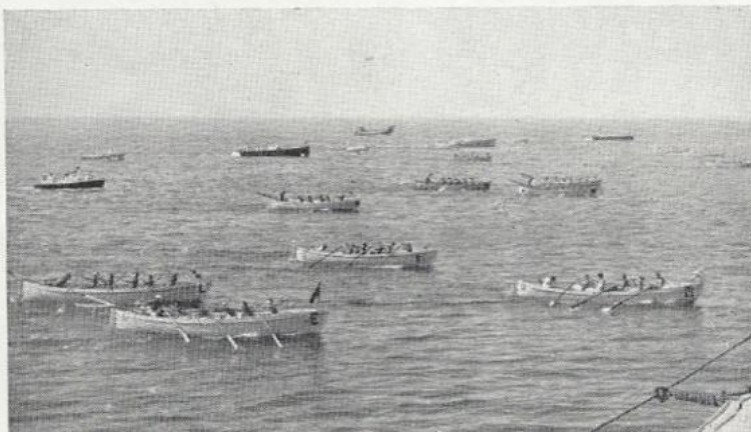
Two further parties of flight cadets visited Portland, and were attached

to the flotilla depot ship, H.M.S. *Maidstone*. Here they were shown the submarine *Springer* and were permitted to control the asdic and hydro equipment, and also H.M.S. *Flint Castle*, in which they hunted the *Springer*. The parties also took part in an exercise which included the Norwegian ships *Oslo* and *Stavanger*.

These visits were of high instructional value and very enjoyable, and all gratitude is due to the Royal Navy for making them possible.

R.A.F. & R.N.A.S.

Visits were made to several Royal Air Force and R.N.A.S. stations by the Senior Entry, in order



No scene from Canaletto, but a whaling race at Malta



Ejection—the Naval way

instances, the methods employed were as unorthodox as the routes followed. The crews from Shawbury and Swinderby were remarkably helpful.

All thanks are once again due to the officers, N.C.Os, and airmen of both these stations for the kindness and co-operation which they showed towards the visitors.

ABOUT THIS ISSUE

The Editor very much regrets that, owing to circumstances beyond his control, it has not been possible to include in this issue of *The Journal* all the articles and features planned for it. A war diary from Korea (with illustrations), an account of life at the Ecole de l'Air and several well-established features, including sports photographs, have been held over till the next volume. A special contribution by No. 63 Entry, this term's senior entry, has also had to be held over, as has the index to Volumes XX-XXVI. It is hoped to make amends in the coming year.

Intending contributors are reminded that the press day for our next issue is Friday, 21st January, 1955, by which date all material must be in the hands of the Editor.

to see at first hand the normal functioning of operational commands at home. The Royal Air Force stations at Biggin Hill, Binbrook, West Malling, Horsham St Faith, Pembroke Dock, St Eval and Coningsby were visited, and also two parties of cadets were attached to Royal Naval Air Station Lossiemouth (H.M.S. *Fuller*).

Navigat'on Exercises

Several flight cadets took part in navigational exercises from R.A.F. Shawbury and R.A.F. Swinderby, being attached as additional crew members on Lincoln and Varsity aircraft. Flights were made to Gibraltar and Malta and the exercises proved to be a popular success. It should be noted that in spite of the navigation by flight cadets from the College, all aircraft successfully reached their destinations, although in some



A moment during the Portsmouth visit—by H.M. submarine 'Springer'

Survival Mission to the Harz

AUGUST 1954

The survival camp for 68 Entry under the command of Squadron Leader Roberts was held, with the approval and co-operation of Headquarters 2nd T.A.F. in the Harz Mountains where lessons learnt by the staff during the previous year's camp

in the same area was put to good use (*Journal*, November 1953, pp. 196-199).

The first day was spent in organizing the camp; Squadron Leader Roberts and Morris visited the C.O. of the Royal Berkshire Regiment, whose

valuable assistance did much to make the camp such a success.

On the following evening, the camp welcomed the arrival of the Commandant on a two-day visit, during which he took part in inter-flight navigation exercise.



GOING HARD—above centre. This picture was taken in one of the cross-country endurance exercises and shows Brook, Edwards, Warner, Canning and Rajapuksha putting in a spurt uphill, one of many that brought their flight ('D') victory over 18 miles in 5 hrs. 19 mins.

CHAW BY FLASHLIGHT—above right. Ginn, Baerselman, Yunus, Andrews, Smith, Thames, Allen and others take what comes with relish. **ALMOST BUT NOT QUITE**—below left. Ginn demonstrates a new form of trick cycling on the tight rope just before taking a plunge.

HAIRY LEG—below centre. Fox willingly submits to the attentions of the hard working medical orderly. **WINNERS**—below right. The winners of the cross-country race, 'D' flight, pose for their picture after a well-earned victory.





All the exercises were given an evasion and escape background, which helped to give the training a sense of realism. During the first week the accent was on physical fitness and endurance; in the second week more attention was paid to the technique of

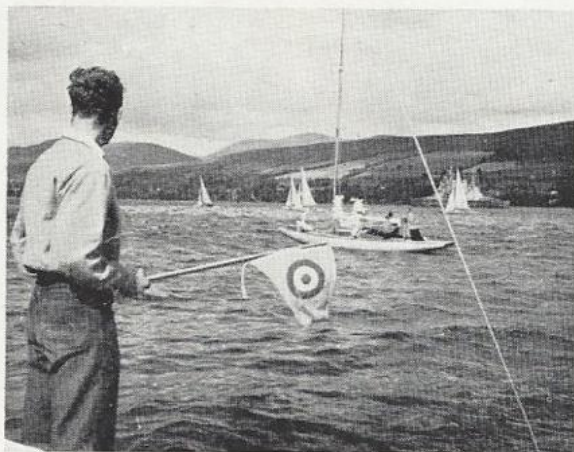
evasion and use of country. In one all-day exercise three platoons of the Royal Berkshire Regiment undertook the task of rounding up 12 crews of 3 which had been dropped in the area and were trying to reach a Resistance Headquarters.

The final exercise (72 hrs.), with its long forced march, was a fitting finale to a most successful camp at which once again cadets learned how much could be achieved by determination, physical fitness and initiative.



PRE-CAMP CLAG—above left. It was under the careful and critical eye of the flight sergeant of Junior Entries that survivalists collected and cleaned or otherwise improved their equipment. Here Fox, O'Grady, Blackford, Kharegat, Edward and Feakes are seen doing their best. **HUMAN CHAIN**—above centre. The methods of Henry Ford seemed appropriate for unloading gear in Germany. **POTS**—above right. Canning at work in the camp kitchen. Behind can be seen typical living and sleeping quarters. **MORNING BRIEFING**—Centre left. Briefing was done by the O.C. Camp (Squadron Leader Roberts) each morning in the open air. Here the O.C. Camp is assisted by Flight Lieutenant Fountain and Flying Officer Robinson, while the Commandant observes from the wings.





For the first time a crew from the College took part in Clyde Week. We came seventh in the Dragon Class races for university crews—an excellent first attempt. Here (left) Hilton, with flag, watches one of the races and (right) a pre-race briefing takes place

Four Summer Cruises

The Trip of the Leopard

THE Cruising section of the Cadets' Activities Organization this summer arranged four cruises—two in the Royal Air Force Sailing Association's yacht *Sperling*, one in the Island Cruising Club's *Provident* (a Brixham trawler) and one in a yacht, the *Leopard*, kindly lent by the Royal Naval College. It is the cruise of R.N.C.Y. *Leopard* that has been described for us by one of the crew.

Stowing our Kit

Captain of the *Leopard* was Group Captain Nelson, with Flight Lieutenant Lee and Chandler, Hilton, Salter and M. C. Brown as crew. Most of the crew members had to travel overnight from the regatta at Clydeside to report on time at the quayside, Dartmouth, where the *Leopard* was moored.

Our first problem was how to stow our personal belongings; on first inspection there appeared to be so little room that a reduction of all personal kit was necessary, and only after three hours of clearing and stowing did we begin to look ship-shape. By 1830 hours we were being towed out of Dartmouth harbour.

Almost to Salcombe

Our tug cast us off about a mile out to sea. There was a very light

breeze and it was not long before it started to rain. Our first goal was Salcombe, ten miles away, and was not considered to be very ambitious; however, with the light breeze prevailing, we hardly expected to arrive that night. Fortunately the wind freshened, and we were able to make three knots headway. But it was approaching midnight when we neared Salcombe Harbour.

We started what was to be our final tack into the main entrance when the wind veered and dropped again to a light breeze. There were no navigation lights to help us, and we had therefore to rely solely upon the skipper's knowledge of the harbour to find our way in. Unfortunately, the tide was against us and with what wind we had we were making very little progress into the harbour. Having reached a small bay in the outer harbour we dropped anchor intending to continue into the main harbour next morning. By this time it was two a.m. and everybody was thankful to roll into his bunk.

T.Os for All

Next morning started with a swim in the sea at ten o'clock (the first and last occasion we allowed our enthusiasm to overcome our better judgement!). After breakfast we sailed into the inner harbour where

we met the skipper's family who were on holiday there. A crew of two, consisting of the first mate and a crewhand, were sent ashore to obtain supplies. Their return was greeted with much relish as they told of what they had seen and tasted. At this moment we felt a certain sympathy with the professional mariner. That evening we all enjoyed ourselves sampling the local brew and eating 'Tiddy Oggies' (or Cornish pasties).

From Salcombe we gently drifted out to sea under just enough wind to overcome the effect of the head-tide. At times we were drifting back into the harbour stern first—an incongruous sight. But when at last we reached the open sea, we had a fresh wind to blow us to Plymouth. Here we moved alongside a fishing boat, from which we were able to buy fresh fish, which had an excellent flavour.

Drifting to Falmouth

The following day we set sail for Falmouth in half a gale. No one was actually ill, but it took a lot of concentration by most of the crew to hold down their breakfasts. With the wind still stiffening, the skipper decided to put in at Fowey, where we entered harbour to find a regatta

in progress. A naval frigate, H.M.S. *Aurora*, was anchored in the centre of the harbour, and we dropped anchor close alongside.

The scene was very jolly, the large yachts all being decked overall and the warship literally covered with flags and the general public. The races were very entertaining—most of the dinghies were on the verge of capsizing, and many did.

Anchor Drags

The skipper and first mate having gone ashore to obtain supplies, a certain amount of consternation broke out amongst the crew. We were bearing down fast on some other yachts; our anchor was dragging. With no engine to assist us the situation was serious. However, the Fowey yacht came to our aid and towed us to a safer mooring. The remainder of the journey to Falmouth was made in a fresh breeze, and at times our speed reached eight knots, the fastest we had yet done. We were thus in Falmouth in record time. Everybody spent a very quiet evening ashore, which enabled us to make an early start next morning. Despite the flat calm which greeted us at sunrise, our energetic skipper jumped into the dinghy and towed us out of the harbour; once in the main estuary a light breeze took us out to sea.

This was the beginning of a 50-hour period at sea, during which we lay for hours in a flat calm; we felt fortunate on the few occasions

when a light breeze gave us a speed of 2-3 kts. On two occasions we were so driven to despair that we resorted again to towing the yacht by dinghy. This caused a certain amount of amusement for the fishermen who motored past in their trawlers; the less generous amongst us hoped their engines would stop. Whether our towing was really useful is debatable, but at least we felt that we were doing all we could. A school of porpoises created some light entertainment, and the appearance of what appeared to be shark fins tailing us helped to break the monotony on one occasion.

Food Dwindles

By the second afternoon our food supplies were down to an alarmingly low level—we had food enough only for two more meals. It was in the lap of the gods whether we would experience the first pangs of hunger before setting foot ashore once more.

The next morning we were drifting outside the estuary of the river Dart. Our food was gone; the chances of entering Dartmouth Harbour before nightfall seemed small indeed. Again the dinghy saved the situation: a member of the crew rowed at least a mile to the shore, scrambled up a 200-ft. cliff and telephoned R.N.C. Dartmouth for a tug. The response was very prompt and we gained the quayside and made fast at eleven o'clock, having recovered the dinghy at the mouth of the harbour. The Dart-



A well-known member of the crew of the 'Leopard' takes the oars in an effort to move the becalmed yacht

mouth regatta was in progress, the gaiety gave the necessary finish to our uneventful, and towards the end, rather disconcerting, passage during the previous fifty hours.

We are greatly indebted to two captains for our delightful week's sailing, first, the Captain of the Royal Naval College for lending us one of their own yachts; and second, the former Assistant Commandant of the Royal Air Force College, for commanding the *Leopard*—and perhaps especially for towing us so energetically.

S. S. L.



The skipper at the tiller of the 'Leopard,' while the crew prepare to feed

ABOUT THIS ISSUE

For the first time *The Journal* carries a flat-printed coat-of-arms on its cover. This is the result of an examination of costs and considerable experiment in various cover designs, papers and inks. Most reluctantly the Editorial Committee was obliged to recommend a change from the former die-stamped coat-of-arms. But it believes that readers will recognize that full justice has been done to the fine heraldic design of the College coat, notably in the detail, which can now be distinguished clearly. The traditional grey cover paper has been retained. The intensity and quality of the ink has been improved and a memorial titling letter has been chosen to give further dignity to the cover. There has also been a small adjustment to the actual title of *The Journal* which, from this issue, will be known as *The Royal Air Force College Journal*.



Native scenes. Above: An African woman proudly displays strange fare, while her husband gladly takes the chance to ignore his European cigarette. Below: Pollock wonders whether he can explain this one away

OVERSUBSCRIBED from the moment the list went up on the College board was the safari in Kenya, one of the most unusual of the vacation missions this summer. From this list five flight cadets from Cranwell were chosen to accompany two senior n.c.os from Royal Air Force Eastleigh. Flying out to Africa via the Canal Zone (where four days were spent at Fayid), the party reached Nairobi, its starting point, a week after leaving England.

En Route Tanganyika

We drove south from Nairobi (writes one of the party) towards Tanganyika along a road frequented by giraffe, zebra, ostrich and wild deer. Near the border we entered the territory of the Masai tribe. These fearless warriors who are reputed to be the best lion hunters in Africa live a nomadic life and carry all their belongings either round their necks or in the lobes of their ears, which they stretch and distort into fantastic shapes.

Three miles from the border village of Namanga our gharri broke down. We pushed it the rest of the

tummy.' However, we soon were all fit again and ready to make an assault on the surrounding hills. We succeeded in climbing to 8,500 ft. once. We also watched the parade ground behaviour of a horde of soldier ants, but retired when we realized that we had been attacked by tics.

When we moved on again, it was to enter the Amboseli Game Reserve. Here we camped for two days and in this time saw more of the Big Game than ever we had hoped for. On our first morning trip we managed to drive to within ten yards of a pride of lions and obtained some excellent photographs. Here our gharri broke down once more and we spent an uncomfortable

Safari in Kenya

And Farther South to the Kalahari

way and made our camp in the village. Here we were forced to stay for three days before we had a serviceable vehicle once more. During this time we spent hours watching a large colony of monkeys and being watched by a few vultures who circled the tent eagerly whenever one of us was forced to lie down under an attack of 'Nairobi

forty-five minutes trying to convince ourselves that since it was early morning the lions would not be hungry. Suddenly the engine burst into life and off we went, very much relieved. We saw many herds of African elephants, including one old tusker who had lost one tusk and now walked alone.

Giraffe were also very plentiful, but they were all very timid and disappeared as soon as anyone approached. Their gait is as graceful as any gazelle's and length of leg enables them to move very quickly. The most dangerous beast we met was the rhinoceros. These are known to charge cars or gharries without provocation and can easily overturn a one-ton lorry. All those we encountered ran away from us, but not before we had managed to take some good photographs.

After leaving Amboseli we travelled south across the Kalahari Desert. From the road we gained our first view of the snow of Kilimanjaro. We spent the remaining four days in the fertile hill country





In the Amboseli Game Reserve members of the safari party saw a number of these somewhat surprised giraffes

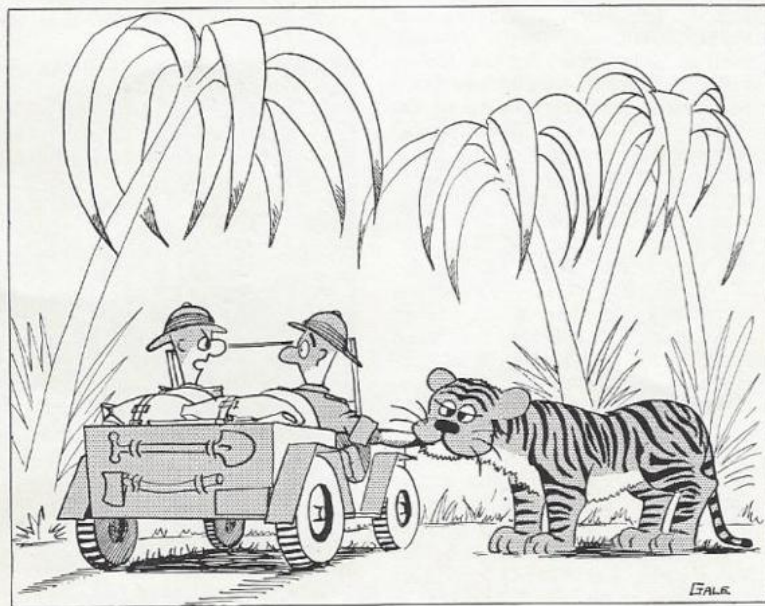
of northern Tanganyika. This is a populated region, comparatively speaking. More people, more towns; so we stayed each night in a hotel. We travelled as far as Marangu, a village on the lower slopes of Mount Kilimanjaro. From the hotel parties of people regularly set out on the five days' climb of the mountain. We were lucky to meet two young men who had just returned from such an expedition. They told us of the many superstitions regarding Kilimanjaro and of the many quaint rites which are observed by the native bearers who accompany the climbers.

Native Life

During our stay in Tanganyika we visited a sisal plantation and a native fruit farm which seemed little different from an English farm, crops excepted. We also went to a native village where we saw the children in school. At Moshi we walked round the native market. Here there seemed to be a great deal of talking and very little buying.

We returned to Nairobi after nine days in the bush. Our breakdown,

unfortunately, had prevented us from visiting the Ngoro Angoro Crater, so we cannot claim to have seen any hippopotami. In all, we saw, nevertheless, over forty animals



and birds peculiar to Africa and we were well satisfied.

We remained in Nairobi for four days and were fortunate enough to be taken on two operational strikes against the Mau Mau. On the first occasion we each travelled in the back seat of Harvards of No. 1340 Flight. We flew to a target in the Aberdare mountains, attacking it with bombs and machine-gun fire. On the second occasion we went separately in Lincolns of No. 214 Squadron. We were placed in the bomb-aimer's position and had a wonderful view of the whole operation as it developed.

White Life

Our last days in Africa included a farewell party in Nairobi, at which we had the opportunity of seeing something of the life led by white men in those parts, and a glimpse of a round up, early one morning, of suspected terrorists in the city. Four further days at Fayid *en route* home were very pleasantly spent acquiring 'a panic tan' (for our Lincolnshire pallor showed up among the heavy bronzes on the beach of the Officers' Club). A month after setting out we reached Lyneham once more, delighted with our experiences and most grateful for all the trouble that had been taken on our behalf.

J. A. B.

Pot-holing in the Vercours



Descending a pitch. Wright picks his way carefully

COMPLETELY equipped for their underground work, twelve members of the College Pot-holing Society left Scampton by air shortly after the Passing-Out Ball had finished for Istres, in the south of France, whence they travelled northward by train, up the Rhône valley to Valence. Met by their host, M. Ageron, a vice-president of the French National Speleological Association, members of the party were conveyed by the French Army to barracks on the edge of the town where, as guests of the French, a restful night was passed. The next day they left by coach for the site of operations—in the Vercours—where new members of the society were to receive training and assist experienced troglodytes in underground exploration.

The first week (writes the captain of the society) was spent at the Grotte de la Luire, a large system over 1,400 feet deep, famous during the war as a military hospital and a Maquis headquarters.

A French party, le Groupe Spéléo Valentinois, was already exploring the system, so we joined them for the

first day. The system has a large cave entrance which opens up into a vast chamber with many marvelous formations. After 80 yards the first pitch of 50 ft. is met, followed by a short scree slope leading to the second pitch, which runs 45 ft. to a ledge, the Salle Cloche, followed by a further 20 ft. At this point the passage divides with a 25 ft. pitch on the right and a 45 ft. pitch on the left. On the first day we went down the 45 ft. pitch and along a short passage to le Puits du Chat. Pussy's well was 180 ft. deep.

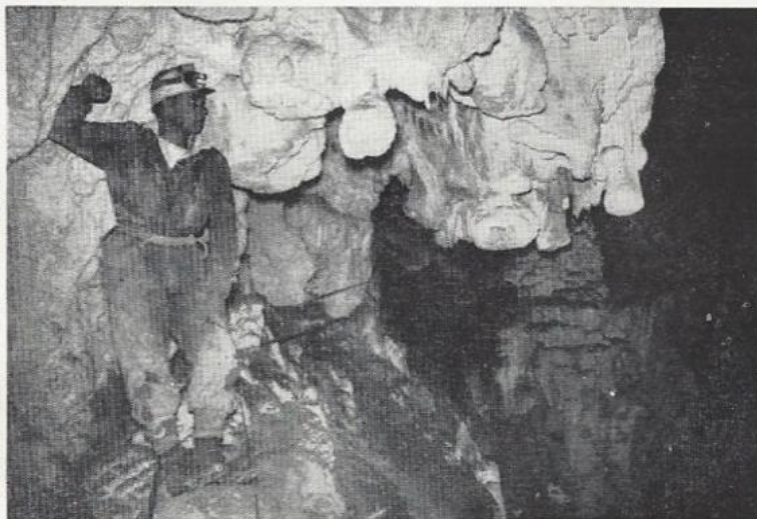
The French party had come to the end of their explorations, but before leaving they gave us a great deal of information, telling us which parts of the system still remained unexplored. For the remainder of the meet we split up. One party descended as far as the Salle Cloche, where they took the right-hand pitch. They went down this and the 70 ft. pitch which followed. At the bottom the party explored a side passage and two chimneys all of which petered out. The main passage continued on the right to a 400 ft. pitch. On the far side of the pitch was a passage which had never been fully explored. One of the party therefore traversed the pitch and found that the passage went for

about another 250 ft. through deep pools.

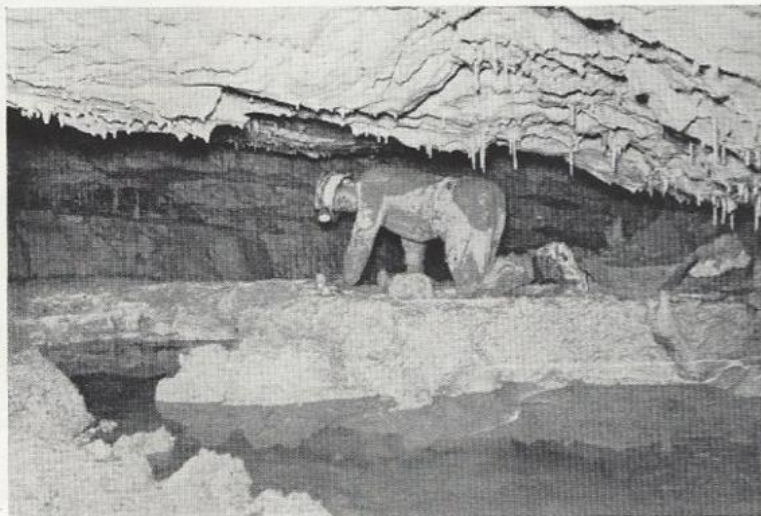
A second party went to the left of the main chambers into the Galerie au Scielet Nouveau. The passage was a typical bedding-plane passage with many side-passages and chimneys, which continued through a maze of boulders to a rift the other side of which was a stalagmite flow. Below this was a soft pitch which a later party descended. This pitch was followed by a 10 ft. pitch at the bottom of which was a deep pool 5 ft. wide and 25 ft. long. This the party crossed on a lifeline to a further passage which eventually gave onto a vertical chimney and a small window leading to further passages. A third party explored an oven and chimney at the left of the second pitch, but, after a difficult climb of 35 ft., progress became impossible.

Parties now went off in different directions to visit other systems. One party went up on the plateau above La Luire for three days, where they worked a 170 ft. pitch with le Groupe Spéléo de Villerbanne. On the return they discovered a small pot-hole which a later party descended and found to be about 60 ft. deep.

We also visited le Grotte du



Pilot Officer Barnard examines the roof of one of the caves in the Vercours



An unusual view of one of the members of the pot-holing party travelling, muddy and wet, past an underground lake

Brudour, an underground river system with several chimneys; Bour-nillon where we found an entrance 100 ft. down a cliff in an inaccessible position; the caves at Choranche where we discovered that boats were needed to cross the water courses; the caves in the gorge near Villard de Lans and the Grotte Pres Martin, which has a large chamber leading to a pool. Traversing over and above

the pool we came to a large passage which developed into a complex rift for over 100 ft., with many good concretions.

The meet was very successful and provided excellent experience for all our members. We collected valuable information on the area and were able to carry out a certain amount of original exploration.

B. N. T.

Sea, River and Mountain

AMONG other missions carried out under the auspices of the Cadets' Activities Organization were pony trekking in Scotland, angling in Ireland, canoeing on the Rhine, on the Thames and across the Channel, gliding at Scharfoldendorf and mountaineering in Wales.

Pony Trekking

The riders rendezvoused at Blair Atholl in Perthshire and trekked vigorously over soggy ground on the Duke of Atholl's estate. After the flat Lincolnshire countryside the wild hill scenery was quite breathtaking. A final 10-hour trek took the riders up to Glen Tilt beyond Forest Lodge where Queen Victoria stayed during her ride from Blair to Bræmar almost a century ago. They also saw the memorial erected on the spot where the last public execution for sheep stealing took place. The accommodation and hospitality at the hotel at Blair Atholl were wonderful.

Angling

The anglers went first to Abbey-leix in Ireland where they found fishing on the river Nore beyond their skill, and afterwards, with the help of the secretary of the local angling club at Abbey-leix, to the Ballyfin College, where sport was good and a 7½ lb. pike was landed. A move to Tullamore proved particularly happy and two good-sized trout were landed and catches, generally, were very fair indeed. On the last day of the trip, since the party was in Dublin, the chance was taken to visit the Horse Show there.

Canoeing

An ambitious programme took the canoeists to new and old waters. One party flew to Frankfurt where they launched their canoes on the Main and paddled their way towards the Rhine and thence to Coblenz, Bonn, Cologne, Dusseldorf, Krefeld and Eindhoven. At every point

on their 530 km. trip, the canoeists were treated most kindly by everyone, not least the Rhine Squadron of the Royal Navy (whose language they understood) and the Germans and Dutch (whose languages they did not!).

The Thames canoeists started at Reading and made their way by water to Staines. Others crossed the Channel, thus matching the section's own exploit last year.

Gliding

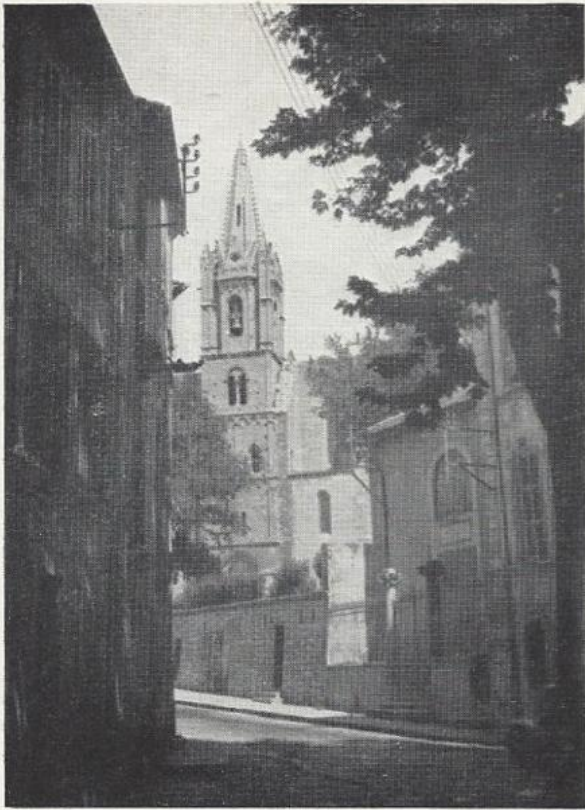
The first course at Scharfoldendorf enjoyed wonderful gliding weather, but the second encountered difficult conditions. From 117 launches members of the first course clocked 57½ hours and no one on either course left without a 'C' certificate. Millward and Boyle secured Silver 'Cs' for their five-hour endurance flights and Pilot Officer Miller achieved 4,200 ft. in the Minimoa. The second course put in 33½ hours gliding from 224 launches, and with this our gliding connection with Scharfoldendorf came to an end. Unfortunately the gliding establishment has now been closed.

Mountaineering

Members of the Mountaineering section met in North Wales to improve their climbing technique. In heavy rain throughout they spent six days between the Llanberis Pass and the Ogwen Valley.

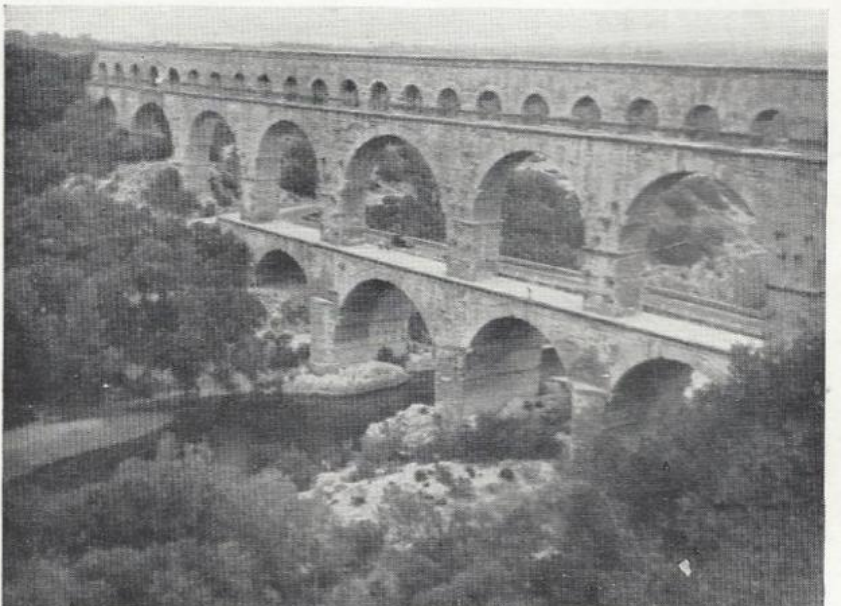
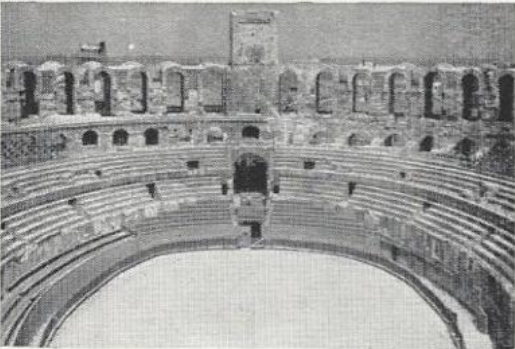


The Rhine canoeists on board a German barge, with the barge's skipper, his wife and dog



SALON, ARLES, LES BAUX, NIMES

Of more than 50 photographs taken, the few shown here can give only the barest of ideas of the places visited by the Provence party. Top left: The church of St Laurent at Salon. Top right: The church of St Honorat in the Alyscamps (or Champs Elysées) at Arles. Some of the hundreds of ancient stone coffins in this famous burial ground can be seen in the foreground. Left centre, low centre and below: The ruined town of Les Baux, the Roman arena at Arles and the Maison Carrée at Nimes. Centre right: A view looking towards Pelissanne, a small town east of Salon. Right below: the famous Roman aqueduct over the river Gard. Some idea of its great size—its height above water is 150 feet—may be gained from the figure seen peering over the edge under the second arch from the right of the second tier



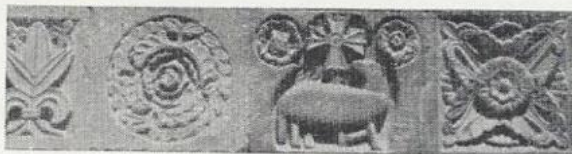
Treading the Ancient Stones of Provence

IT was a sparsely worded administrative instruction that announced the intention of a very small party to visit Provence for a fortnight at the beginning of the summer vacation. Taking advantage of three empty places on the aircraft conveying the pot-holders to the Vercours, this party set out in hope that sparse words might not mean sparse enjoyment. With the generous help of General de Maricourt, then Officer Commanding at the Ecole de l'Air, and his staff, this semi-official visit accomplished all it set out to do.

The main aim was part historical, part archaeological: in execution it was entirely peripatetic. The headquarters of the party was established in the town of Salon itself at the excellent *bar-restaurant* of M. Marcel Kruth, the Oasis. Communications were maintained by military telephone or on foot. Financially the *sortié* was a 'private venture.'

We had a very clear idea of what we wanted to see before we left England, but whether we should be able to see all the places marked down within the Marseilles-Fos-sur-Mer - Nîmes - Avignon quadrilateral was quite another matter. So our first evening was spent in conference in the General de Maricourt's office at the Ecole and at our table at the Oasis. The plan that was agreed was completely flexible and involved the use of our feet (for local exploration), buses and, very exceptionally, motor transport. As Provence's ancient stones were laid first by the Romans, the Roman towns, generally speaking, became our primary target.

The famous aqueduct over the river Gard, though we visited it almost at the end of our stay, seems in retrospect to have provided a touchstone for us. The guide book sums it up as 'une des merveilles de l'antiquité.' That verdict no one would dispute. It was a splendid structure when it was built and it is so still. But the description of the guide book omits much that one feels as one sees the structure from



Typical early Provençal carving in stone—can our 'poussin' friends tell us where this can be found?

below in the valley of the Gard for the first time. Here, briefly, one sees Roman strength and Roman weakness in a flash. The Pont du Gard, like Roman statuary, houses, streets, roads, camps, cities, is efficient, well proportioned, striking. It has lasted 2000 years and should, if Europe continues to support a civilization, last another 2000. But it lacks grace, and there is no humility in its aggressive outline.

Not 20 km. to the south-west lies Nîmes, which we visited *via* Les Baux, Fontvieille (where we saw Daudet's celebrated windmill) and the fairy-story castle at Tarascon. The Roman arena at Nîmes, capable of holding 21,000 spectators, is still in a wonderful state of preservation. Again the keynote is of amazing efficiency. Even the slave, sitting on the highest seat of the arena, could feel intimately the suffering of gladiator or Christian. The seating arrangements are remarkable and it is perhaps no accident that in 1954 the arena serves as a centre for symphony concerts, dancing and bull fights. We saw, very briefly, the beautiful *Maison Carrée*—surely the most Grecian of all Roman temples still in existence?—and that fine offspring of an 18th-century military mind, the *Jardin de la Fontaine*.

Perhaps the most striking of the Roman towns we visited was Arles and we felt, after our day there, that a full fortnight at least was needed to appreciate it properly. Its arena, though less well preserved than the one at Nîmes, is nevertheless more interesting. This is the result partly of its architecture—its ovoid shape is broken by two squat towers—and partly of its position. Nearby, swinging northward to the *Vaucluse* plateau, are the low banks of the swift-flowing Rhône on either side of which are scenes of magnificent greenery worthy of Cézanne's

brush. Below the upper ring of the arena lies a mass of tightly packed Cézanne houses and in the background there is the sound of the angelus and the traffic on the *Boulevard des Lices*.

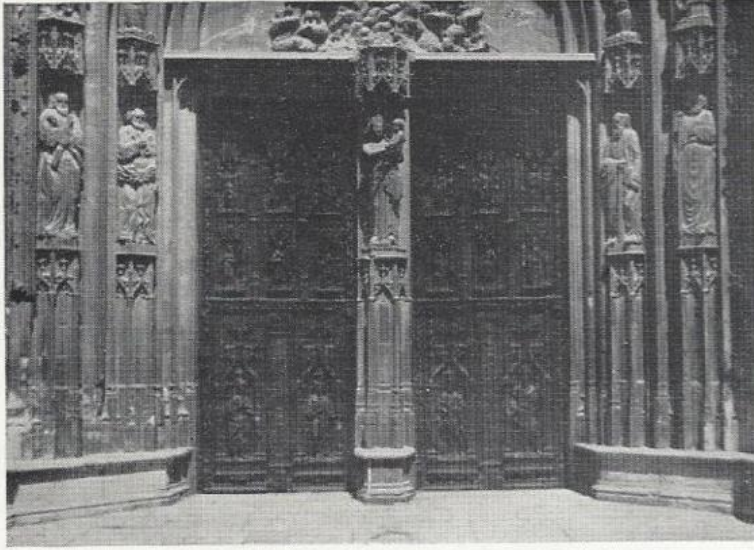
A few hundred yards away we found the Roman theatre with its

tiers of stone seats stretching back from the stage in a great semi-circle. The tiled half-moon of the orchestra, still in a good state of preservation, contrasted sharply with the remains of the raised stone stage and few crumbling pillars behind. Again we were struck by the intimate atmosphere that so vast an auditorium possessed. Thence we visited the *Alyscamps*, former burial ground of many thousands of people from Roman times to the end of the Middle Ages, in the heart of which we found the beautiful church of *St. Honorat*.

A town of endless and refreshing surprises, Arles also boasts the notable 11th century church of *St Trophime*. Especially interesting is the west facade with its ingeniously carved figures of the elect mounting to heaven and the damned, naked and in chains, descending into hell. We also had the opportunity of visiting several of Arles' museums, including the *Musée d'art chrétien* with its double underground gallery, the north side of which opens onto the Roman forum, also now underground. Outside in the brilliant sunshine once again, we had an all too brief opportunity of appreciating the gay liveliness of this lovely town before taking our bus back to Salon.

Among other towns we saw were Les Baux, Aix, Avignon and, of course, Salon itself. Les Baux, which was once an independent state in its own right, sits perched high up on the hills to the north of Salon. Famed for its 13th-century *Cours d'amour* and a natural fortress, it is now almost solely reliant on tourism although bauxite, which derives its name from the town, is still to be found in the adjacent hills.

Avignon proved to be a town of great dignity although the famous *pont* was rather disappointing as it is neither wide enough for the famous round dance to be held on it nor



The great west doors of the Cathédrale St Sauveur at Aix, in splendid condition still, and reminiscent of a Brunelleschi breathing Provençal air

is it complete. Avignon's most imposing feature is undoubtedly the Palais des Papes which in appearance is more fortress than church. Tapestries are the sole remaining reminders of the years of splendour in the fourteenth century when the popes reigned from France, but the conception of the buildings is so magnificent that, even stripped of their treasures, they still speak of power on the one hand and devotion on the other, the one element to be seen in the massive stonework of the ramparts and the other in the delicate Provençal arches that seem to leap upwards to the sky. It is an amazing and impressive amalgam.

Aix was another extremely attractive town, much more cosmopolitan in spirit than the others we visited, as one would expect from a university city. We were much taken by Aix's famed Cours Mirabeau whose overhanging plane trees provide welcome shade to the hot and weary. The cathedral of St Sauveur took up much of our time, combining as it does styles in stone ranging from the 5th to the 16th centuries. Besides its poky little bookshops, so reminiscent of Oxford and Cambridge, Aix has its fine fountains, of which The Four Dolphins, spouting forth continuous streams of water, was to us the most delightful.

Salon itself, although only a small town, is not without its own historical roots and was once the home of Nostradamus the well-known

soothsayer. Its most famous son, though, was Adam de Craponne, the great irrigation engineer who brought water from the river Durance to the Provençal desert of Cran and thereby turned it into a fertile region. The fourth centenary of de Craponne's birth was being celebrated during our stay. Today the peace of the town of Salon is disturbed by the thunder of huge lorries, piled high with freight, as

they roar along the main Paris-Marseilles road. The 14th century church of St Laurent, like the other Provençal churches we visited, was light and airy, most beautifully kept and full of character. While in the church, we met the *curé* who, after answering our questions, invited us to his house for refreshment, 'medicinal refreshment,' as he was most careful to point out. It was excellent medicine, quite unlike any we have tasted yet in England.

But visiting towns was not our only occupation; we also emulated the mad dog by braving the heat of the day and climbing hills. Two walks were completed, each of about seven miles in length. After the second, there was speculation among two members of the party on whether it might not be a sterner test to hold the next survival camp somewhere in the tropics! However, we agreed that the view from the Two Sisters (the two hills behind Salon) was magnificent and well worth the blood, sweat, toil and tears. The shades of green were spectacular and varied from the lush of the irrigated areas to the sparse, bare green of the hilly slopes. On the first cross-country the village of Pélissanne was reached, which is at least 6 km. from Salon. The event was suitably celebrated by a picnic lunch in the square and later by a siesta in a ditch by the roadside within the shade cast by five tall cypress trees.

However, we were able to spend the odd day resting. During the first



The medieval facade of the church of St Trophime at Arles, with its remarkable sculpture

weekend two of us went to Cassis with two French élèves from the Ecole to bask, swim, dine and dance. The party's leader, also choosing the coast, accepted the kind invitation of Lieutenant Lacombe, an expert archaeologist, to visit Fos-Plage and search for Roman remains there. The expedition was clearly a great success for, though No. 1 Uniform was the order of the day (even, apparently, *in the sea*) many pieces of pottery were found, all of which Lieutenant Lacombe testified to being Roman. Another outing was arranged to the British Consulate in Marseilles where Squadron Leader Iles, the C.O. of the R.A.F. liaison party at Istres, and his wife joined us. We were given a magnificent luncheon by Mr Bateman, the British Consul, which ended somewhere around teatime; then we adjourned to the civil airport at Marignane and finally found ourselves in Istres at the home of Squadron Leader and Mrs Iles.

When the time came for us to be reunited with our troglodyte companions for our return to England, we realized how very quickly the fortnight had passed. Throughout our whole stay the weather had been wonderful, with clear blue skies and beating sun. There are outstanding memories which we are unlikely to forget—the brilliant blue of the sky, the greens and yellows of the countryside and the primitive grandeur of the hills; the constant chirruping of the *cigales*, the croaking of the frogs and the warmth of *vin rosé*. That the visit was such a success was due to the trouble taken by so many people on our behalf. There were the crews from Swin-derby, the officers at Istres, (both English and French), and all the staff of the Ecole de l'Air. We would like to thank the French officers and their wives also for the wonderful evenings we spent at their homes eating the tastiest of foods and being introduced to their so well mannered and sophisticated children. We owe also a deep debt of gratitude to Hervé, Bernard and John, the three French cadets with whom we shared a room at the Ecole. All three not only made us feel at home but patiently suffered our halting French often *in extremis*. Above all, we would like to thank Mr Acomb, *professeur d'anglais* at Salon for all the hard work he put in on our behalf and for his generous hospitality. It was a unique expedition from start to finish.

R. A. C. G.



The car that people laughed at is swallowed by the Freighter

By Ancient Car to the Loire

FOUR, with 1926 Austin, landed in France on a typically wet English summer's day.

Spent first night in barn at Rouen. Awoken at impossibly early hour by triumphant cacklings of a sleeping companion. Turned out to be a hen which had just delivered its diurnal quota. Hen's triumph unfortunately not entirely confined to mere egg; bird bequeathed most lively and ferocious colony of French fleas.

Weather improved; hood of ancient Austin thrown back and rear passengers soon 'done to a turn' by sun and exhaust pipe. While travelling along road euphemistically described as *route bombée*, party startled by loud explosion. Customary little fountain from radiator turned suddenly into dangerous curving cascade which drenched back-seat riders. Cause—front-tyre burst.

Followed river Loire for several days; reached Nantes. Then travelled along coast. Crossed Brittany and arrived, all too soon, at Le Touquet where car, alas, became firmly embedded in sand on beach and was nearly claimed by incoming tide.

A. A. B.



Above: How they slept. Below: How they travelled





SPORT

in the
Summer Term



The 1954 Cricket Season

OWING to the weather, the season got off to a delayed start. This season must have been one of the wettest in the history of cricket, and, in all, six matches were curtailed by rain while three others had to be cancelled owing to difficulties in arrangement. Most of the matches were played in conditions far from ideal, two and three sweaters being necessary for real comfort and warmth on occasions. This undoubtedly affected the fielding of the side as a whole.

An Untried Team

With the exception of Briggs the captain, Reed, Holdway and Perera, the team was untried, and early opinions had it that the bowling would present the biggest problem. This was certainly true to a limited extent in the early matches, but as the season progressed it became clear that the real problem lay in the batting. Potentially the batting was good, but the trouble was that the batsmen as a whole could not find their form together. Throughout the season, the batting was unreliable and this was no doubt due in part to the consistently poor form of Reed, the opening bat, who never showed anything like the form he showed in 1953. Apart from isolated innings, he again and again lost his wicket to poor strokes. Lack of concentration eventually led to a lack of confidence, which he never really shook off. Porter, the other opening bat, was a strong attacking player and a delight to watch when scoring quickly, as was usually the case. Against Appleby Frodingham he rattled up a very fast century, showing a complete disregard for the 'nervous nineties' when going from 81 to 102 with 6, 6, 3, 1, 1, 4. Holdway batted at number 3 throughout the season. He was a reliable player and a very keen cricketer. He was particularly strong on the leg side and by virtue of an untiring concentration, he overcame certain peculiarities of style which would have proved the downfall of a lesser player. Collins at number 4 was an aggressive batsman who generally collected his runs in a short space of time. His over-eagerness to strike the ball led to his downfall on occasions, but he had several useful innings. The Captain, batted fairly steadily throughout the season; his two best innings being 61 not out against Leicestershire Gentlemen and an invaluable innings of 43 not out against Ampleforth College. Kerr was a steady number 6 and an attractive bat. He had, however, a defensive weakness when playing back to fast bowling. Aylett did not really get the opportunity to show his ability until the Sandhurst match in which he played two

valuable innings. One bright innings was played by Dobson against the Lincolnshire Gentlemen in which he scored 63 runs very quickly, including five sixes, three of which were off successive balls.

The Strongest Asset

The bowling became the side's strongest asset. The spinners, Collins and Perera, had most people in trouble whenever they bowled. Perera bowled particularly brilliantly against Sandhurst without any luck, mixing his off breaks and leg breaks very cleverly. The weather undoubtedly affected his bowling, yet he still produced many fine spells in spite of this. Collins, with his left arm slow bowling, was an invaluable aid to the side. Besides attacking the batsmen, he could also bowl tight, though this was on occasion counteracted by numerous no-balls. The opening attack was provided by Walters and Wilkinson. Unfortunately, Wilkinson never really found his form and this left a great deal of responsibility on Walters. Walters bowled left arm round the wicket, and although perhaps he could cut the length of his run, he bowled accurately, and opposing batsmen could ill afford to take undue liberties. He bowled particularly well against the Royal Naval College, Greenwich. The Captain did not bowl himself as often as one would have liked, but when he did he made the batsmen play at him all the time. He possessed an ability to swing the ball which was particularly successful against the Forest Amateurs, when he took five for eighteen.

The individual fielding was on the whole good. Unfortunately as a team it was not so good, this being most evident against Ampleforth College, when lack of care led to our facing a total of over two hundred.

The thanks of the eleven are due to Padre Payton and Mr Simpson for their help and untiring enthusiasm throughout the season.

Full colours were awarded to Holdway, Kerr, Perera, Porter, Collins and Walters, and half colours to Wilkinson, Aylett and Herd.

2nd XI

Captained by Farwell, the Second Eleven had an average season. Of the thirteen matches played four were won, five were lost and four were drawn, though the result of a game rarely seemed to matter to a team which appeared to enjoy its cricket under any circumstances. Their best performance was against Sandhurst whom they held to a creditable draw,

J. W. J. R.

BATTING AVERAGES

	Inns.	N.O.	Runs	H.S.	Av.
Kerr	14	4	245	56	24.5
Holdway	20	2	425	64	23.6
Porter	20	2	402	108*	22.4
Briggs	15	3	262	61*	21.9
Walters	10	8	40	20*	20.0
Collins	16	2	252	40	18.0
Reed	18	2	251	56*	15.7
Aylett	14	3	139	35	12.6
Perera	12	2	114	28	11.4
Wilkinson	6	2	28	23*	7.0
Herd	13	2	70	21*	6.4

Also batted: Dobson, Skinner, Jones M. R., Jones, P. S. G., Evans, Buckham.
(* Indicates not out)

BOWLING AVERAGES

	O.	M.	R.	W.	Av.
Walters	165	49	365	28	13.04
Perera	218	20	724	46	15.75
Collins	241	43	672	41	16.38
Briggs	138	27	416	20	20.78
Wilkinson	76	19	206	6	34.3

Also bowled: Dobson, Skinner, Porter, Holdway, Evans, Buckham.

1ST XI RESULTS

May 8	R.A.F.C., 83	(l)
	Wisbech, 84-2	
9	R.A.F.C., 183-2	(w)
	Appleby Frodingham, 174-8 dec.	
15	R.A.F.C., 169-7	(d)
	I Zingari, 188	
16	R.A.F.C., 110-7	(d)
	Ampleforth, 202	
22, 23	R.A.F.C., 178, 138	(d)
	R.N.C., Greenwich, 205, 86-8	
Jun. 19	R.A.F.C., 103-4	(w)
	Free Foresters, 99	
20	R.A.F.C., 96-6	(w)
	Forest Amateurs, 93	
23	R.A.F.C., 169-2	(w)
	Sleaford, 168-4 dec.	
26	R.A.F.C., 176	(w)
	Old Cranwellians, 175	
27	R.A.F.C., 133	(l)
	Adastrians, 135-4	
30	R.A.F.C., 75	(l)
	Notts Club & Ground, 202-5 dec.	
Jul. 3, 4	R.A.F.C., 85, 160-9	(d)
	R.M.A. Sandhurst, 188	
10	R.A.F.C., 126	(l)
	M.C.C., 188	
11	R.A.F.C., 153-6 dec.	(w)
	Notts Mitre, 71	
14	R.A.F.C., 157	(l)
	Gentlemen of Lincolnshire, 190-8 dec.	
24	R.A.F.C., 54-2	(w)
	R.A.F. Cranwell, 53	

REPORTS OF MATCHES

R.A.F.C. v. R.M.A. Sandhurst

The performance of the college team was disappointing, though they had the worst of the weather. Sandhurst won the toss and elected to bat on a fast wicket. A catch off Walters, grounded at leg slip in his first over, might have made considerable difference had it been held, though in fact it did not prove too expensive a miss.

Wickets fell at regular intervals until Richardson and Kenny came

together and added 74 runs in a stubborn fourth wicket partnership. However, once they had been dismissed the remaining wickets fell comparatively quickly thanks to Perera, who span the ball with considerable guile, and Sandhurst were all out for 188. So far the College had done an excellent job and hopes ran high.

The College went in at 6.15 p.m. and by the close of play had lost four wickets for 21 runs. The following day was merely a continuation of the disasters started on the previous evening and by 2.45 p.m. the College were all out, Aylett being the only one to have made a reasonable score. This meant following on. Refusing to accept apparent defeat the College fought back well. The final score was 160 for 9. A draw was not a fair reflection of the game as a whole, which was a very exciting one. A cup was presented and will be held by the College for the next six months and then handed over to Sandhurst.

R.M.A. SANDHURST

1st Innings

Gibson c. Porter, b. Briggs	...	5
Phipps b. Perera	...	35
Keightley b. Collins	...	8
McCausland b. Perera	...	0
Richardson lbw. Briggs	...	38
Kenny c. Collins, b. Walters	...	37
Morgan st. Aylett, b. Perera	...	28
Arundell lbw. Collins	...	6
Cumberlege not out	...	11
Musafer st. Aylett, b. Perera	...	5
Smail b. Perera	...	0
Extras	...	15

Total

188
Bowling: Walters 10-4-16-1, Wilkinson 4-1-9-0, Briggs 12-3-24-2, Collins 31-7-63-2, Perera 26-5-63-5

R.A.F. COLLEGE

1st Innings

Reed c. Kenny, b. Cumberlege	...	1
Porter c. Musafer, b. Smail	...	10
Holdway c. Musafer, b. Cumberlege	...	0
Collins b. Smail	...	7
Aylett b. Cumberlege	...	35
Briggs c. Kenny, b. Arundell	...	11
Kerr b. Cumberlege	...	9
Herd b. Richardson	...	3
Perera b. Cumberlege	...	5
Wilkinson b. Richardson	...	0
Walters not out	...	0
Extras	...	4

Total

85
2nd Innings
Reed c. Kenny, b. Cumberlege ... 6
Porter c. McCausland, b. Richardson ... 36
Holdway c. Kenny, b. Richardson ... 27
Collins c. Kenny, b. Cumberlege ... 3
Briggs b. Arundell ... 13
Aylett not out ... 24
Kerr c. McCausland, b. Richardson ... 17
Herd c. McCausland, b. Richardson ... 9

Perera b. Richardson	...	2
Wilkinson b. Cumberlege	...	0
Walters not out	...	4
Extras	...	19

Total for 9 wickets ... 160

Bowling: Cumberlege 16-7-23-5 and 17-6-40-3, Richardson 8-3-11-2 and 17-6-41-5, Arundell 11-2-22-1 and 7-1-24-1, Smail 9-3-17-2 and 2-0-12-0, McCausland 5-1-10-0, Keightley 3-1-5-0, Morgan 2-0-7-0, Kenny 1-0-13-0

R.A.F.C. v. Old Cranwellians

The College were in a winning mood, having won their three previous matches. The weather was fine and, having won the toss, the Old Cranwellians batted first. Things went well for the College at first, but when D. Briggs came in he showed a complete lack of respect for the bowling which had hitherto looked quite adequate, and collected a very quick and attractive 67 runs enabling the Old Cranwellians to finish with a score of 175.

With play ending at 6 p.m. this gave the College two and a quarter hours in which to make the runs. This meant scoring quickly and cricket at its best. Holdway and Reed set the example and the winning hit was made with eight minutes to spare.

OLD CRANWELLIANS

1st Innings

Streatfeild lbw. Wilkinson	...	0
Wood c. Holdway, b. Wilkinson	...	6
Foster c. Wilkinson, b. Collins	...	26
Carse b. Briggs	...	17
Briggs c. Briggs, b. Perera	...	67
Blockey c. and b. Briggs	...	6
Mills b. Collins	...	14
Atherton c. Kerr, b. Perera	...	5
Gidman b. Perera	...	10
Young c. Reed, b. Briggs	...	9
Herrington not out	...	1
Extras	...	14

Total

175
Bowling: Walters 7-2-11-0, Wilkinson 5-1-15-2, Perera 11-3-0-41-3, Briggs 16-2-51-3, Collins 15-2-46-2

R.A.F. COLLEGE

1st Innings

Reed c. Briggs, b. Wood	...	39
Porter c. Young, b. Mills	...	23
Holdway b. Mills	...	64
Collins c. Wood, b. Atherton	...	18
Briggs c. Young, b. Atherton	...	5
Kerr not out	...	23
Herd not out	...	1
Extras	...	3

Total for 5 wickets ... 176

Bowling: Mills 14-1-45-2, Briggs 11-2-40-0, Atherton 11-4-1-35-2, Wood 4-0-31-1, Streatfeild 5-0-24-0

R.A.F. College won by five wickets

Inter-Squadron Matches

'B' Squadron were firm favourites with eight regular First Eleven players in their side. They drew with 'A,' but owing to the weather could not get a decision against 'C,' whom 'A' beat, and so 'A' Squadron won the cup.

J. W. J. R.

ROWING

The season was not successful from the point of view of regatta trophies, but, nevertheless, it saw a useful consolidation of the crews. With more time (alas, an impossibility), better results might have been obtained.

Last term we regretfully said farewell to Flight Lieutenant Ludgate, our officer in charge, but we are very fortunate in having Flight Lieutenant Lee as our new officer, and also Flying Officer Boulton as our second in command.

We again sent two crews and a sculler to the R.A.F. Regatta at Wallingford, but we were without last year's success.

We would again like to express our warm thanks to Boston Rowing Club for the continued use of their boats and boat house.

In the skiff pairs, in which a 'Flag Crew' (the Commandant, Assistant Commandant and Mess Secretary), a War Studies crew, and a crew from each Cadet Wing Squadron consisting of Squadron Commander, Cadet Wing Officer and Squadron Flight Sergeant took part, some hard racing took place, and the event was eventually won by the Flag Crew, who rowed extremely well.

J. L. E.

RESULTS

Trent Head-of-the-River: 1st IV—did not compete. 2nd IV—Junior Division: Started 30th, finished 14th.

Crew: (Bow) Noble, Penfold, Emtage, Bredenkamp, Parsons (cox).

Nottingham Regatta: 1st and 3rd IVs—beaten in quarter-final. 2nd IV—beaten in semi-final. Sculling—beaten in quarter-final.

Newark Regatta: 1st and 3rd IVs—beaten in quarter-final. 2nd IV—beaten in semi-final.

Peterborough Regatta: A. J. S. Whittaker won Junior Sculls. P. C. Brown beaten in semi-final, Junior Sculls. 1st and 2nd IVs beaten in first round.

Boston Regatta: A new 1st and a reorganized 2nd IV competed in Junior IVs event—2nd IV beaten in the final. A. J. S. Whittaker beaten in final of Junior Sculls.

Derby Regatta: Both 1st and 2nd IVs beaten in first round.

Squadron Regatta: Final result: 'B' 25 pts, 'C' 11 pts, 'A' 6 pts.

R.A.F. Regatta: 1st IV—beaten in second round. 2nd IV—beaten in first round. P.C. Brown, sculling, beaten in third round.

SWIMMING

After a very heavy training programme in the winter the swimming team had a good season this year. The general standard in the team was very high except, perhaps, in the backstroke, where the loss of Tucker was keenly felt. However, two good backstrokers are coming up and this weakness should be rectified next year. In the free style and breast stroke events the team was far stronger than ever before, and since only one of the free style swimmers has been lost, the prospects for next season are very bright. This season only eleven matches were held; of these six were won, four lost and one drawn. The most important of all these, the Sandhurst match, was won, and this is always the major aim of the season.

Water Polo

The water polo team this year was not quite so successful as last year, but achieved the same match record as the swimming team and also won against Sandhurst. The team played consistently well but there was often a tendency to build all the attacks around the captain, Whittam. This policy is reasonable whilst there is in the team a player of Whittam's capabilities. Next year, however, the team will have to play much more as a team if the same results are to be maintained.

Swimming v. Sandhurst

This year the match against Sandhurst was held at Cranwell in the evening and there were many troublesome rumours circulating about the Egyptian cross-channel swimmer in the Sandhurst team. However, in the match he proved not so dangerous as we had expected.

In the swimming events the match was extremely close, and towards the end Sandhurst needed only a second place in the diving to ensure victory, always assuming that we won the free style relay. The divers were well equal to the task fortunately, and the final score was 29½—26½ in our favour.

The water polo match was not quite so close and from the start our team was on top, with a quick goal from a foul throw. The final score was 4—1.

At the end of the season full colours were awarded to Ozanne, Newington and Farmer. Half colours were awarded to Walker, Thornton, Forbes and Harvey.

S. T. N.

RESULTS

May	Swimming	Polo
8	Leys School 19½	14½ 8 0
15	St. Pauls School 20½	27½ 3 3
19	Inter-squadron—Swimming—1st 'B', 2nd 'C', 3rd 'A'	
	Polo—1st 'B' and 'C', 3rd 'A'	
Jun.		
2	Newark S.C.	28 11 8 2
9	R.A.F. Cranwell	14 15 2 5
16	Northern S.C.	30 30 4 7
19	Oundle School	42½ 27½ 5 0
23	R.G.S. Newcastle	28 29 8 1
Jul.		
9	R.M.A. Sandhurst	29½ 26½ 4 1
14	Mansfield S.C.	36 16 5 8
17	Bishop's Stortford College	23 42 3 5
21	Players S.C.	30 28 9 8

(The figures in heavier type represent the scores of the College teams.)

TENNIS

Tennis, more than other games, suffers from the inconstancy of the weather. Our season was continually dogged by ill luck and this notorious summer.

Prospects at the beginning of term were by no means good since only two members of last year's team remained. However, we were fortunate in being able to find new talent among the junior entries, and in persuading people to play tennis in preference to other games. As the term progressed a steady, reliable team began to form, the most outstanding characteristic of which was the comparatively small difference between the first and third pairs. This is a good indication of the high all-round standard achieved.

The results on the whole were flattering since some of our more difficult matches had to be cancelled. Two attempts were made to play Sandhurst, but both had to be abandoned because of rain. On the first occasion it was decided to play the match unofficially on an indoor, wooden court. The result of this match was a victory to Sandhurst by six games to nought. However, another match was arranged later in the term. Unfortunately this too was cancelled because of rain.

Full colours have been awarded to Hawtin, Cohu, and half colours to King, Bridges, Carter, Kelly, Hayr and Walker.

J. D. C. H.



At the Royal Air Force Meeting. Left: The obstacle shoot. Centre: The team discusses prospects with Squadron Leader J. T. Morris (to the rear). Right: More obstacles

RESULTS

May 8	Dulwich College	6-3	(w)
12	Jesus College	5-4	(w)
19	Queens' College	4½-4½	(d)
Jun. 2	Emmanuel College	5-4	(w)
26	Old Cranwellians	5-4	(w)
Jul. 4	R.N.C. Greenwich	6-3	(w)
10	Rugby	7-2	(w)

Inter-Squadron
 'C' beat 'A' 6-3
 'A' beat 'B' 7-2
 'C' beat 'B' 5-4

SHOOTING

Full bore shooting practice began at the end of the last term with the annual Bisley Camp, and continued throughout the summer term on the 300-yard range in preparation for the Flying Training Command and Royal Air Force meetings.

The team was handicapped by the lack of a 600-yard range, which confined practices to rapids and snaps. This was remedied to a certain extent by visits to the Beckingham Ranges, and a good standard was reached by the first meeting.

At the end of the Royal Air Force meeting, the team went to Sandhurst for the annual match. Although the team led by 14 points in the early stages, Sandhurst won by 46 points with a score of 1,191 points.

The inter-squadron competition was held on 27th June. This proved to be a very close battle and was finally won by 'A' Squadron with 426 points, 'B' Squadron coming second with 404 points; and 'C' Squadron third with 399 points.

At the end of the term full colours were awarded to Wallingford and Salwey, and half colours to Waters and Derby.

C. H. S.

RESULTS

Flying Training Command Meeting
 Station Team Championship: Cranwell, 1184 pts, 1st (Winners of the Inglis Challenge Cup)

Cadets and Student Officers: Cranwell 'B' team, 600 pts, 1st (Winners of the Beamish Challenge Cup); Cranwell 'A' team, 584 pts, 2nd

Cadets and Student Officers, Individual Championships: Wallingford 1st, 161 pts; Derby 2nd, 156 pts
 Station Team Championship S.R.(b): Cranwell 3rd, 535 pts

Royal Air Force Meeting

Young Officers and Airmen Challenge Trophy: Salwey 3rd, 161 pts

Trenchard Trophy: Cranwell 6th, 1196 pts

Rifle XX Match: Cranwell 13th, 536 pts

Rifle 100 S.R.(a): Wallingford, 154 pts

Salwey, 161 pts

Rifle 50 S.R.(b): Salwey, 137 pts

ATHLETICS

Last season was an extremely poor one, mainly because we did not take our training as seriously as we should have done. We had plenty of potential athletes, but even the most gifted must train to get results.

It is difficult to pick out individuals from the team, other than our captain. In the distance events, Pugh, Tomlin and Griffiths were hard workers and deserved better luck. Phillips trained hard in his event, the javelin, and did very well considering that it was only last season that he took it up. Lawrance was another conscientious worker who should do very well next year.

The following obtained full colours: Griffiths, Lawrance and Sawyer. Half colours were awarded to Walpole, Matthews, Phillips, Brown, Morgan, Fraser and Osborne.
 J. N. S.

R.A.F.C. v. R.M.A. and R.N.C.

This was something more than just another match. It was, for many, a reuniting of old friends and acquaintances. Perhaps, because of this, more keenness was felt than at any other meeting at Cranwell during the term.

The morning of 10th July was by no means warm, but, as the afternoon drew near, conditions became quite comfortable. By the time the match was due to start, there were many spectators inside the stadium. This was a pleasing sight and gave the team good heart.

The first event was the 120 yards hurdles, in which we had entered Wallingford and Turner. Although both ran their best, they were up against strong opposition in the Sandhurst pair who were first and second. We took third and fourth places, with the Navy fifth and sixth. This race, as it happened, was an omen for the final result of the match.

The 220 yards was a very fine race indeed. The first four runners were all within two yards of each other and must all have broken 23 seconds. Our entries in this race were Keppie and Warner. The former took fourth position.

The pole vault was won at a height of 11 feet 3 inches with a record jump by Sandhurst. This was too much for Matthews of the College, but he achieved a personal best by coming second.

The two best races of the day were the 880 yards and 2 miles. The winners were very unlucky when they just missed breaking the College records.

From the start of the 2 miles Goldring and Griffiths kept well up, and as the race continued it could be seen that both our men had things under control. However, it was not until the start of the sixth lap that Goldring began to run away from the field stride by stride. In spite of the fast pace Griffiths was always well up in the bunch, but no one could have caught Goldring as he came in to win with about 150 yards to spare.

Mrs Eeles presented the trophy to Sandhurst, who won with 141 points; the College scored 84½ and the Navy 79½ points.



Activities and Societies



Amateur Radio

DURING the summer term, the society continued to operate the station on 'A' Site with considerable success. We found, however, that conditions on the 80 metre band were very often not favourable for a low powered transmitter such as our own. Despite this, we did manage to obtain many excellent contacts on radio telephone with old friends and new throughout the length and breadth of Britain and with some continental stations. On morse the range of the transmitter is considerably increased, and we had several contacts with stations in the Middle East, reaching as far as Royal Air Force Aden.

During the term, the transmitter and its ancillary equipment were built into one cabinet, which made the rig look far tidier. The transmitter was also modified to enable us to work on the 160 metre band. The first results on this band were not very pleasing, especially on radio telephone, but when the proper 160 metre aerial is erected, we hope for a great improvement. The speech quality of the transmission has been improved, thanks to improvements in the modulator, but the transmission is still not quite up to B.B.C. standard.

M. G. T.

Aeromodelling

The weather was kind to us this summer and many of the society's members were able to spend time flying their models rather than looking at them, as was the case during the autumn and spring terms.

It is very encouraging to see the numbers of club members from the Junior Entries. It is hoped that future Junior Entries will follow this example and take advantage of the opportunities granted to members of the society.

The Command Aeromodelling Championships were held at Cran-

well in the summer term and, although no club members competed, many did a fine job of work behind the scenes keeping the Championships running smoothly.

The society's tool kit is complete and includes an electric power drill as well as the usual aeromodelling tools. The society now has a range of twelve model aircraft engines as well as three sets of radio-control equipment, all of which will be loaned to society members free of charge.

K. P. A.

Dancing

During the summer we acquired a new record player, and the section had an increased membership. With twenty-eight members, we were able to restart our advanced classes and they soon mastered the more intricate steps of the Quick Step and Tango.

After this revival, it is hoped that the section will meet with more success in the future, and that more cadets will take advantage of the excellent instruction.

R. A. B.

Fiction Library

During the course of the past term, the Fiction Library has been completely reorganized. For a long time, it has been apparent that the library was not providing an efficient service. As a result, the main shelves of the library were closed, our stock of books checked and a new system of issue worked out. Buying, however, went on and a small bookcase was set aside in the Reference Library for the issue of new fiction books.

The new system, which came into operation on 7th October, is similar

to that used in public libraries, and will ensure a better check on all books. It will at last be possible for really popular volumes to be distributed fairly. No one supposes that the new system will be perfect and suggestions for improvement will be welcomed. Unless we have suggestions from the users of the library, we find it most difficult to improve the service. The best way for suggestions to be made is through Entry representatives.

The Fiction Library Committee is conscious that no reorganization would have been possible without the co-operation of Nos. 68 and 69 Entries, whose assistance in the task of checking, sorting and cataloguing has been most valuable. It thanks them for their help, which has always been cheerfully given.

A. M. W.

Fine Arts

The main work of the section was once again done under the eye of Mr Clark, our instructor at the Lincoln Art School. Results ranged from an attempt at surrealism to several ably drawn representations of classical statues, including the Venus de Milo. Mention must also be made of the work of the potters among us, who made good progress during the term. Attendance was good in the first half of the term but tended to fall off towards the end as examination time approached.

The section says good-bye to Flight Lieutenant Gregory, its officer in charge during the past year, and thanks him for the help he has given. It welcomes Flight Lieutenant Burn, of the Navigation section, as its new officer in charge.

P. A. B.

Debating

The Debating society held only one debate last term owing to the many other activities. On 10th May, the motion, 'This House prefers to live north of the Orange,' was discussed. Pugh proposed the motion and was seconded by Kent. The opposition was led by Griffiths who was assisted by Boyle.

A debate resolved itself into a discussion concerning the comparative merits of the Junior and Senior messes. A more weighty representation from the Junior mess at the debate finally turned the scales in favour of living south of the Orange.

The society was fortunate enough to attend the Cambridge Union's change of officers debate on 8th June. The motion discussed, 'This House refuses to take itself seriously,' was recorded for the Third Programme, and was most enjoyable.

During the term Boyle and Abraham were elected to the committee. M. L. J.

Music

The society held no organized programmes during the summer, but many members availed themselves of the record library. Our present policy is to buy long-playing records, of which we now have about eighty. J. D. H.

Photographic

The summer term saw the creation of a sound foundation for the Photographic Society.

The Senior Mess darkroom was completely redecorated and fitted with much-needed power points, enabling members to use more electrical equipment. The purchase of new equipment and the overhauling of old completed the renovation of the darkroom, and this now provides full facilities. Among recent darkroom additions are some adjustable developing tanks, a full-sized enlarging mask, print-washing attachment, water-filter, dishwarmer, film dryer and a print trimmer.

During the term the new Junior Mess darkroom was not neglected and it was possible to put into it enough equipment for straightforward developing, printing and enlarging. The floor was covered with linoleum to cut down dust. Though it is not equipped to the scale of the Senior Mess darkroom, this junior counterpart will, we hope, provide for the needs of those members of the society who live in the Junior Mess and more especially those in Junior Entries. There is, of course, no bar on members using the better equipped Senior Mess darkroom.

A scheme whereby instruction is given to inexperienced members now operates. Already membership has doubled and now stands at 34. It is noted with some considerable satisfaction that several of these new members are from Junior Entries, who up to now have seemed rather reluctant to join us. J. P. T. O'M.

Printing

For most of the summer term the Printing section was handicapped by a shortage of qualified members. Only two were available for some time, and the fulfilment of orders was rather a struggle. However, the section did deal with nineteen orders during the term.

Several new customers, particularly the Little Theatre, have been favourably impressed with our work, and our list of regular tasks is now increased. The usual rush of orders towards the end of term was met, despite the shortage of staff, and all customers were satisfied.

The section recruited some newcomers from the Junior Entries at the end of term, and with a membership of twelve we are looking forward to more progress; when we get a membership of twenty-five we have been promised an electric press, which will increase our production rate, and enable us to fulfil yet more orders. D. F. E. E.

THE MARCH 'JOURNAL'

The next issue of *The Journal* goes to press on Friday, 21st January, 1955.

Secretaries of sports, activities and societies are reminded that their reports must be in the hands of the Editor (Senior Mess, Royal Air Force College) by this date.

The Editor is happy to accept reports in either MS or typewritten form, but would appreciate the use of alternate lines in MS reports and double-spacing in the typewritten.

The Editor, in accepting reports, understands that officers in charge of sports or sections of the Cadets' Activities Organization and the College Society are satisfied with the accuracy and general tenor of the report and concur in the views expressed.

Errata

Volume XXVI, No. 2 p. 132, col. 2 l. 5, for *passing-out* read *new*. P. 139: the table of results shown in col. 1 should appear after the second paragraph of col. 3. P. 142 (box): The points secured by 'C' Squadron should read 6, 8, 4. For *Autumn Term* in the sub-title read *Spring Term*.

THE CADETS' ACTIVITIES ORGANIZATION

Mountaineering

The Section has now established a small nucleus of experienced leaders and climbers, as two well-attended day meets at Gardom's Edge in Derbyshire proved in the summer term. As the standard of climbing improves, it is hoped that expeditions a little farther afield may soon be attempted. Certainly some first-rate climbing and mountaineering are not far off. D. J. H. C.

Sailing

Dinghy sailing on the Trent at Newark proved very popular during the summer as many more members were able to make use of Service transport for the journey to the river.

Four sailing matches were held, including a triangular match against Sandhurst and the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth. The College came last, but was only beaten by one point. A return match has been arranged early in the autumn.

The winter will be spent training new crews for next season's races, and maintaining the section's three sailing dinghies. Next summer, if we have achieved a sufficiently high standard, our aims are Clyde Week, the Flying Training Command championships and the Royal Air Force championships. T. H.

Beagling

Although the summer is the close season for hunting, the fitness and success of the hounds in the following season depends largely on the exercise they receive during the summer.

The 'Per Ardua' beagles have been kept up to scratch and were successfully represented in two major shows. Twilight, a lemon and white bitch, won second prize in her class at Harrogate Show, while Postman, one of the hounds which the Master brought with him from Ireland, won the Champion Doghound class at the Peterborough Show. This now means that we have one of the best hounds in the country—a promising start to the new season. Q. O.

Histrionics....



JOURNEY'S END



ON Tuesday, 20th July, the Dramatic section of the Royal Air Force College presented *Journey's End*, by R. C. Sherriff before a large and expectant audience. It was, indeed, a pleasant surprise for everybody to find that the society was not attempting the customary farce or light comedy, but instead, a vivid and difficult drama. It was a brave step to take and, happily, the production was an unqualified success.

The scene is a dugout in the British front lines in March 1918 and the play tells the story of five officers during their six day tour of duty in the front line. The stage is set with the withdrawal of the previous company's commanding officer, Hardy, and we are at once introduced to the five officers of the new company. There is Stanhope, the commanding officer, a born leader of men on whom the hardships of trench warfare have left their mark in the form of an unquenchable thirst for whisky. His second in command is a likeable peacetime schoolmaster named Osborne or 'Uncle,' as his fellow officers call him. The junior officers are Trotter, a corpulent and vulgar cockney, who has risen from the ranks; Hibbert, a weak and cowardly wisp of a man who is continually trying to get himself removed from the front line on fictitious medical grounds; and lastly there is Raleigh, a fresh youngster, just commissioned, and on his first tour of duty in the front line. He was at school with Stanhope and his adolescent hero worship towards his commanding officer is shattered when he sees how the rigours of war change a man. The party is completed by Mason, a cheerful cockney, who is the officers' cook.

In the early parts of the play the scene is set, with the usual front line

duties and the announcement that a large German attack is expected. Hibbert breaks down completely and is only prevented from seeking the safety of the supporting trenches at the rear by Stanhope's drawing a gun on him. Stanhope then learns from his colonel that his company has to produce a surprise raid on the German lines in order to capture a prisoner to glean more information concerning the expected enemy attack. Stanhope selects Osborne to lead the raid and, reluctantly, is forced to send Raleigh as his assistant. The raid is a success and a prisoner captured, but at the expense of Osborne, who is killed.

That night the officers get completely drunk on the excuse of celebrating the success of the venture. Raleigh is thoroughly disgusted and refuses to join them, not realizing

that the real reason for the alcohol is to try and forget Osborne's death. Then, finally, the German attack comes and Raleigh is wounded. He is brought down into the dugout where, alone with Stanhope, he dies. Stanhope wearily leaves him to join in the defence of his position, and then a German shell lands on the dugout to bring a noisy, yet effective curtain.

The part of Stanhope was played by Timothy King, a newcomer to the Cranwell stage and without stage experience of any sort, and he did very well indeed. It was not an easy part to play, demanding enormous 'stage personality,' authority and immense stamina, yet he showed a sureness of touch and confidence that was quite incredible in one so short of 'stage hours.' We saw a good performance also from Bill Turnill,



A moment of light relief in 'Journey's End'. From left to right: Trotter (played by Bell), Stanhope (King), and Hibbert (Turnill)

another newcomer to the Cranwell stage, as the cowardly Hibbert. He was convincingly frightened, and he handled the breakdown—a scene that might so easily have been extremely embarrassing—with great skill.

Peter Davis, as Osborne, made a very creditable attempt at a part he was not fully equipped to play. The author sees Osborne as the solid, avuncular rock about whom the play revolves, and somehow Peter Davis did not inspire the confidence that the part demands. In places he was really very good indeed, but he was at times let down by his own voice, which, despite its added years, sounded too immature for a part of this kind. Quintin Oswell, in the part of the young Raleigh, was convincing but, at times, he appeared to be rather unsure of himself. However, he is yet another newcomer to the Cranwell stage and with experience will gain the confidence his acting needs. His was, for all that, a commendable performance.

The light relief—and my goodness how we needed it!—was excellently provided by John Bell and Malcolm Kerr. Kerr gave a delightful character study of Mason, the cockney cook, and John Bell, even if he tended rather to overact, was convincingly vulgar as Trotter. What a pleasant change it was to have comedy handled skilfully, and with such excellent timing.

Of the other parts, Peter Crowther's sergeant-major was quite adequate, while Francis Daley was sufficiently stiff and pompous as the

colonel. Rodney Jackman produced a guttural enough snarl to convince us that he was, in fact, a German prisoner, and Stewart Cresswell, as an army runner, bounded happily on and off the stage, presenting a salute that suggested he was having acute trouble with an insubordinate flea.

Mr Carolan again provided a first class set, and credit is also due to John Waters, Barry Heywood and Brian Warner for their lighting and stage effects. Richard Horsfield and Derek Burrage handled the sound

effects with an enthusiasm that denoted complete enjoyment in their task.

Barrie Bruce, who made a brief appearance on the stage as Hardy, produced the play, and all credit is due to him for a very fine evening's entertainment. The play ran smoothly throughout; the cast was obviously well rehearsed and the final result was without doubt the best production we have seen at Cranwell for a very, very long time.
A. W. S.

Revue Order

ON Friday, 23rd July, after the final Guest Night, 62 Entry presented their revue. In spite of the admonitions recorded in the last issue of *The Journal* from a 'member of 60 Entry' (name and address, of course, inevitably supplied but not published) it must be admitted that 62 Entry's revue was rather like the proverbial curate's egg: good and bad in parts; but mostly good.

Many aspects of College life and activities were held up to good-natured ridicule, and even this magazine suffered. The only complaint we can offer is that we thought it a bit hard to suffer this at the hands of our former editor, Tom Sheppard, who produced the revue!

The undoubted talents of 62 Entry were used to produce many and varied sketches, and special mention must be made of Senior Under Officer Frith, who produced two

most amusing caricatures of members of the staff, and to Tom Sheppard who wrote, produced and acted in nearly everything. Indeed without his efforts the show would have been virtually non-existent.

The only serious complaint one can raise against the revue is that it was a bit too long and, as usual, under rehearsed, though less under rehearsed than is customary. The efforts of the musical element of the Entry were unfortunate and, in this line, one cannot help but hope that the day must come very shortly when a passing-out entry can produce a revue *without* one of their number miming to a gramophone record. However, it was a most amusing evening's entertainment and a great credit to Tom Sheppard and the members of 62 Entry. We enjoyed ourselves immensely.
A. W. S.

EDITORIAL STAFF OF THE JOURNAL

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Deputy Editors. Art: Senior Flight Cadet C. J. Phillips ('C'). *Letterpress:* Senior Flight Cadet R. W. Millward ('A').

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Photographs: Flight Cadet P. J. Faid ('A').

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Chief Proof Reader: Flight Cadet N. G. Lea ('A'). *Drama:* Flight Cadet J. Armstrong ('B'). *Statistics and Special Duties:* Flight Cadet A. A. Boyle ('C').

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Entry Representatives: Under Officer Weeden (63), Flight Cadets Hines (64), Bridges (65), Armstrong (66), Boyle (67), Constable (68), and Cadets White (69) and Scouller (70).



OLD CRANWELLIAN NOTES

PROMOTIONS

We congratulate the following Old Cranwellians on their promotions on 1st July, 1954:

Air Vice-Marshals: J. L. F. Fuller-Good (1921); J. N. T. Stephenson (1926).

Air Commodores: H. F. G. Southey (1924); E. J. Corbally (1927); C. S. Moore (1929).

Group Captains: A. R. D. MacDonnell (1932); P. E. Warcup (1934); C. D. Milne (1935).

APPOINTMENTS

Recent appointments of Old Cranwellians include those of:

A.V.M. G. P. Chamberlain (1923) to be A.O.A. Fighter Command.

A.V.M. H. A. Constantine (1926) to be A.O.C. No. 25 Group.

Air Cdre B. C. Yarde (1924) to be Commandant General of the R.A.F. Regiment and Inspector General of Ground Combat Training.

Air Cdre W. H. Hutton (1926) to be A.O.A. Coastal Command.

Air Cdre G. W. Hayes (1923) to be A.O.C. No. 67 (N. Ireland) Group.

Air Cdre F. A. Pearce (1931) to be Director of Manning.

Air Cdre H. A. V. Hogan (1929) to be A.O.C. No. 81 Group.

Gp Capt S. L. Blunt (1926) to the department of the A.M.S.O.

Gp Capt J. B. Tait (1934) to the air staff of H.Q., M.E.A.F.

Gp Capt J. A. H. Loudon (1925) to command R.A.F. Uxbridge.

Gp Capt C. C. Morton (1930) to the air staff of No. 90 Group.

Gp Capt D. S. Kite (1931) to the technical staff of Bomber Command.

Gp Capt C. R. D. L. Lloyd (1930) to command R.A.F. West Kirby.

Gp Capt W. H. N. Turner (1929) to the administrative staff of No. 27 Group.

Gp Capt W. S. Reed (1929) to command R.A.F. Hendon.

Gp Capt W. G. Abrams (1924) to the N.A.A.F.I. Board of Management.

Gp Capt G. S. Powell-Sheddon (1935) to the department of the A.M.S.O.

Wg Cdr R. Lloyd (1936) to the department of the A.M.S.O.

Wg Cdr J. H. Iremonger (1936) to the air staff of Fighter Command.

Wg Cdr D. F. Dixon (1933) to command R.A.F. Steamer Point, Aden.

NEWS

Annual General Meeting

About eighty members attended the meeting which took place after the annual cricket match, won this year by the College.

Air Commodore R. W. L. Glenn was invited to be an Associate Member of the Association.

The rules of the Association had been revised to meet changed conditions and the amendments were approved by the meeting.

A recommendation of the Editorial Committee of *The Journal* that the existing cover should be redesigned and flat-printed throughout in order to reduce printing costs was approved.

The accounts for the past year were explained by the Chairman and passed by the meeting. It was felt that either the subscription should be raised or that members attending the annual dinner should pay for it in order that there should be no annual deficit. The general feeling was that the subscription should be raised and the Chairman asked that members should be circularized to find out the opinion of the majority of members on this point.

The committee for the following year is Air Commodore Eeles, Group Captain Nelson, Group Captain Baines, Group Captain Nuttall (retd.), Wing Commander MacDougall, and Flight Lieutenant Stinchcombe.

Reunion Dinner

The guest of honour was Major-General Griffin, Colonel Commandant of the Royal Lincolnshire Regiment, who was invited to become an Honorary Member and presented with an Old Cranwellian tie to mark the occasion.

A most enjoyable evening was spent by those who attended. Other guests included the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Croydon and the Director of Studies. Among members present were two past commandants, Air Vice-Marshal G. R. Beamish and Air Vice-Marshal L. F. Sinclair, and Air Vice-Marshals the Earls of Bandon, J. L. F. Fuller-Good and J. G. Franks.

Cranwell

Group Captain E. D. MacK. Nelson (1931) has left to take up an appointment on the Directing Staff of the Royal Air Force Staff College, Bracknell; the appointment of Assistant Commandant has been taken over by Group Captain D. H. Lee (1933).

Also leaving Cranwell is the Station Commander, Group Captain R. C. Keary (1927), who is joining the Senior Officers' War Course at Greenwich. Group Captain D. J. Eayrs (1927) has taken over command.

Associate Members

Squadron Leaders A. C. Morris (Senior Equipment Instructor), D. Roberts (Senior Ground Combat Training Instructor) and Flight Lieutenant A. T. Williams (Cadet Wing Adjutant) have accepted invitations to become Associate Members of the Association.

United States Air University

The Directing Staff of this University includes Group Captain M. W. S. Robinson (1929) and Wing Commander J. R. Armistead (1937).

Awards

The following American awards have been made to Old Cranwellians for services in Korea:

D.F.C.: Flight Lieutenants J. H. G. White (1946), J. H. J. Lovell, I. Gordon-Johnson (1947), R. Watson (1948).

Air Medal: Flight Lieutenants T. N. M. Bayne (1947), J. F. H. Chick, I. Gordon-Johnson (1947), J. H. G. White (1946), J. L. Mansell (1948), J. N. Murphy (1948), R. Watson (1948).

Erratum

An error in our last issue of these Notes made Flight Lieutenant T. Bennet (1947) the A.D.C.

to the A.O.C. Malta, whereas Flight Lieutenant D. Wright (1947) is the actual holder of the office.

From all Quarters

A number of Old Cranwellians are now stationed in Germany at the following places:

Fassberg: Flight Lieutenant D. P. English (1949); Flying Officers S. H. R. L. D'Arcy (1948), D. B. Durrant (1949), C. Crook (1950).

Oldenburg: Flight Lieutenants J. N. Murphy (1948), H. J. Ridout (1949); Flying Officers D. V. Clack (1950), J. D. B. Christey (1950), D. J. House (1950) Pilot Officer D. C. Purse (1951).

Ahlhorn: Flying Officer L. R. Davis (1950).

Jever: Flying Officer B. Watson (1950); Pilot Officer J. R. Sandle (1951).

Wildenrath: Flying Officers G. H. Burley (1950), J. L. Harrison (1950).

Geilenkirchen: Flying Officer R. Humpherson (1950).

Bruggen: Flying Officers G. A. Coatesworth (1950), J. F. B. Jones (1948).

Wunstorf: Flying Officer D. Harcourt-Smith (1948).

The A.D.C. to Commander-in-Chief 2nd T.A.F. is Flying Officer R. C. F. Peirse (1949).

At Malta on the flying side are Flight Lieutenant R. W. Fox (1949), Flying Officers Tabernacle (1949), D. R. Atkinson (1949), P. Bureau (1950). At the M.U. there are Flying Officers J. K. Craven-Griffiths (1949), P. J. Broad (1948) and Pilot Officer J. R. Davies (1950).

On exchange postings with the Royal Australian Air Force are Flight Lieutenants R. B. W. A. George (1947), J. W. Price (1945) and G. J. Clayton (1948).

* * *

We are indebted to Wing Commander E. H. Lynch-Blosse (1935), who is at present serving at Changi, for the following list of Old Cranwellians serving, or about to serve, in the Far East:

Commander-in-Chief: Air Marshal F. J. Fressanges (1921).

Butterworth: Flight Lieutenants J. M. Robertson (1946), F. D. Hoskins (1949); Flying Officers G. J. Brand (1951), W. B. Topping (1950), G. H. Baker (1951); Pilot Officers A. C. Whitson (1951), W. F. Close (1951).

Changi: Air Vice-Marshals A. D. Gillmore (1923) and W. J. M. Akerman (1920). The Reverend B. Knight. Group Captains L. P. Moore (1925), A. Pyke (1930), M. H. Rhys (1930); Wing Commanders J. W. Arney (1933),

L. Rose (1933), R. A. L. Morant (1938), T. N. Stack (1937). Pilot Officers M. A. Howells (1952), B. W. Opie (1950).

Hong Kong: Air Commodore R. C. Field (1926); Wing Commanders G. V. W. Kettlewell (1935), R. T. Frogley (1935); Flying Officer B. Huxley (1950).

Kuala Lumpur: Group Captain H. P. Broad (1929); Wing Commanders B. Barthold (1935), J. C. Bevan.

Seletar: Wing Commanders G. N. D. Evans (1935), G. Burgess (1934); Squadron Leader M. C. Raban (1938); Flight Lieutenants D. B. Robinson (1946), F. Jacobs (1948), N. A. Innes-Smith (1949), R. Lockyer (1948); Flying Officers R. L. T. Polgreen (1949), M. Dark (1949), C. D. Sharpe (1950); Pilot Officer J. H. Bishop (1949).

Tengah: Group Captain D. G. Stokes (1932); Flight Lieutenants C. E. F. Cooper (1949), A. N. P. Cornish (1949).

Clark Field: Flight Lieutenant E. A. Peters (1949).

* * *

Flight Lieutenant P. C. Skinner (1946), father of the first son of a post-war Old Cranwellian, is to be congratulated on the addition of a daughter to his family. We congratulate also Group Captain J. C. Pope (1931), Wing Commander D. R. S. Bevan-John (1936) and Flight Lieutenants K. A. C. Wirdman (1949), J. M. Robertson (1946), A. B. Stinchcombe (1946) and R. H. Gidman (1947) on the additions to their families.

Our best wishes go to Flight Lieutenant F. Knapper (1947), and Pilot Officers I. H. Keppie (1952) and J. E. Tierney (1952) on the occasion of their marriages.

We regret to record the deaths of Squadron Leader A. Ferris and Flight Lieutenant B. G. Rendle. Our deepest sympathy is offered to the relatives and friends of these officers.

The following obituary has been written by Air Vice-Marshal F. C. Halahan, who was Commandant of the Royal Air Force College during Squadron Leader Ferris's time as adjutant:

'It is with great sorrow we heard of the death of Squadron Leader Ferris. Sandy Ferris, as we all knew him, was for three years the Cadet Wing Adjutant from 1927-1930.

'Sandy was a good disciplinarian and a good officer, but withal, he had a very kindly heart and a sense of humour typically Irish. His red face could be stern, but very soon cracked into

a wonderful smile, and all the cadets of his time thought him wonderful.

'He took intense interest in all the cadets' athletic efforts, and never missed a match or game from the touch-line.

'On the occasion of a St Patrick's Dinner, which we always celebrated in style, he used to obtain the service of Irish pipers in their traditional uniforms, who played Irish tunes during the meal and after. At one of the dinners, he released a little white sucking pig, after the Royal Toast had been celebrated in the usual way, and we all had great difficulty in capturing it, as he had carefully greased it all over.

'He came back to the Service in the late war, his old cheery face redder than ever, but his health prevented him from staying to the end, although he had the joy and pride of meeting again many of his cadets, who were then senior officers, and doing great things on active service.'

We also record with regret the death at the age of 81 on 25th September of W. M. Maris, whom many older Cranwellians will remember. His last years were spent at the British Legion Home at Cromer and he enjoyed good health almost to the end.

THE SOVEREIGN'S SQUADRON

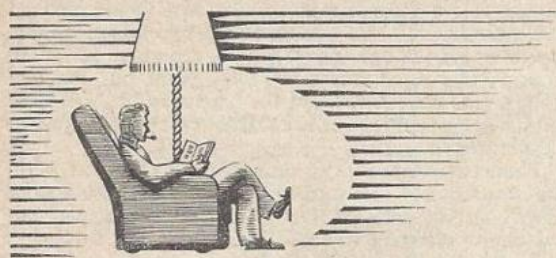
Points Scored in the Summer Term

	'A' Sqn	'B' Sqn	'C' Sqn
Ferris Drill Trophy ..	8	5	2
Knocker Cup	7	1	4
Chimay Cup	6	9	3
	—	—	—
	21	15	9
	—	—	—

INTER-SQUADRON COMPETITION

Points Scored in the Summer Term

	'A' Sqn	'B' Sqn	'C' Sqn
Cricket	25	15	5
Rowing	3	15	9
Swimming	2	10	6
Water Polo	2	8	8
Tennis	6	2	10
Shooting	10	6	2
	—	—	—
	48	56	40
	—	—	—



Book Reviews

Books Received

V.2, by Walter Dornberger.
(Hurst and Blackett, 16s.)

WIND, SAND AND STARS, Antoine de Saint-Exupéry
(translated by Lewis Galantière).
(William Heinemann, 10s. 6d.)

THE DANGEROUS SKIES, by Air Commodore
A. E. Clouston.
(Cassell and Co. Ltd., 13s. 6d.)

CITY, by Clifford Simak.
(Weidenfeld and Nicolson Ltd., 9s. 6d.)

NIGHT FLIGHT TO ZURICH, by Cecil Freeman Gregg.
(Methuen, 10s. 6d.)

600 QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ON AIR FORCE LAW, by
Group Captain H. M. Shurlock, O.B.E., R.A.F.
(Gale & Polden Ltd., 10s. 6d.)

The German Rocket

V.2, by Walter Dornberger. (Hurst and Blackett, 16s.)

THIS is the story of the German long-range rocket weapon, told by the man who from 1930 until 1945 was in charge of research and development of the liquid-propellant rocket for the German Army. The Treaty of Versailles restricted Germany's conventional armaments and indirectly aroused an early interest in the possibilities of the rocket for long-range bombardment. Scientists with dreams of space travel were drawn to the Army Weapons Department's experimental establishment at Kummersdorf, near Berlin, and in the early 'thirties much useful research was carried out by these enthusiastic pioneers. Lack of finance was the main obstacle, and the author records that a much needed pencil sharpener could be obtained only by describing it to the tight-fisted Treasury as 'appliance for cutting wooden rods up to 10mm. in diameter as per sample.' In the same way, a typewriter became an 'instrument for recording test data with rotating roller as per sample.'

But by 1936 sufficient progress had been made for Kesselring, who was at the time Director of Aircraft Construction, to approve the building of a new research station at Peenemünde, on the Baltic coast. With increased facilities and sufficient financial support rocket development progressed steadily, and by the end of 1939 the A.5, the fore-runner of the V.2, was successfully launched and controlled in flight. But early in 1940 Hitler struck rocket work from the priority list, considering that the project was too ambitious, and so difficulties were encountered in obtaining raw materials and technical staff needed. Nevertheless, the first V.2 was launched successfully in October 1942, although the weapon was not used operationally until September 1944. The long delay is attributed partially to the Führer, who had dreamt in March 1943 that the V.2 would never be used against England and withdrew his favour for a further four months. In addition much intrigue and bitter wrangling was taking place as powerful industrial interests attempted to take the new weapon over from the Army. When the V.2 was finally used operationally it was too late to have much effect on the course of the war.

This is not a technical book; but it imparts a large amount of technical information and appears entirely accurate. The interest of the reader is held throughout, but his patience may be somewhat tried by the lack of chronological sequence.

The heavy R.A.F. raid on Peenemünde of 17th August 1943, when 1,500 tons of H.E. bombs are said to have been dropped, is graphically described, but, although 735 were killed, the author states that material damage was slight and a delay of only four to six weeks was caused.

There are pen sketches of Hitler, Himmler, Göring and other leading Nazis who visited the rocket stations from time to time. The author appears to have had few illusions about the moral character of his country's leaders but did not allow that fact to detract from his efforts to make the new weapon a success. That such a complicated and unconventional device could be created and brought to near perfection says much for the skill, technical knowledge and devotion to the task of a small band of dedicated men. It is surely true that the V.2 ranks second only to the atomic bomb amongst the inventions of the war and also in its implications for the future.

J. N. Q.

Proud Pilot

Wind, Sand and Stars, Antoine de Saint-Exupéry (translated by Lewis Galantière). (William Heinemann, 10s. 6d.)

THIS is more than just a very good book. In *Wind, Sand and Stars*, Antoine de Saint-Exupéry has combined an adventure and philosophy in one. Briefly, it is the story of his time as an airline pilot in France, Morocco and South America, but it is much more than that. It tells of the terrifying conditions in which he and his colleagues sometimes flew in the pioneer days of civil air transport, and of the incredible courage of these pilots, one of whom crawled back to civilization after his aircraft had crashed in the Andes and left him without food in the snow, three days and nights from help.

Saint-Exupéry writes vividly of his own experience when his aircraft crashed in the African desert on a record attempt from Paris to Saigon and how, without any food or water, he and his navigator walked 124 miles across that desert before they were rescued.

Yet, in spite of these experiences, possibly because of them, Saint-Exupéry, it seems, managed to get from life far more than the average person does. He stands out as a man of unusually clear vision. He seemed to have an infinite capacity of appreciation of things and events; and yet he never let this capacity blind him

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Manager: D. Fleming

Tel. Sleaford 23

to life's hard reality. He saw how much of their world the town-bound missed and pitied them for their blindness. He saw beauty in the desert, the mountains, the clouds and the stars, and was passionately fond of flying which he felt gave him these things to appreciate in abundance.

It is good to see a second edition of this great airman's book, and how right the publishers have been to give us it. Saint-Exupéry was an exceptional pilot and an exceptional man, and it is no accident that he, the airman's author *par excellence*, should have been honoured by all airmen. One can, after reading *Wind, Sand and Stars*, understand why. There has been only one Saint-Exupéry.

T. H. S.

Autobiography of an Airman

The Dangerous Skies, by Air Commodore A. E. Clouston. (Cassell and Co. Ltd., 13s. 6d.)

UNLIKE so many modern writers, Air Commodore Clouston has chosen a particularly apt and telling title for his book. *The Dangerous Skies* is his autobiography and tells a fascinating and lively story. It is a book that will be read quickly as the desire to find out what happens next is never quite satisfied.

The book follows Clouston's career from the age of eighteen, when as the son of a New Zealand gold-mining engineer he came to England in 1926 to join the Royal Air Force. After four years Clouston went to the R.A.E. at Farnborough as a test pilot, flew autogiros, and then conducted a series of tests on icing in a Handley Page Hayford. The tests are extremely interesting to read about but one feels that some of the experiences recounted have matured through the years. One such

instance is a reference to the Hayford being covered all over with ice to a depth of over two inches—which on brief calculation turns out to represent some ten tons of water. It does, however, point out the fact that things were found out the hard way in those days and it is to such experiments that we owe our present respect for cu. nims.

Clouston continued at Farnborough as a test pilot, but found time to make several long distance record flights in the original D.H. Comet, the accounts of which are more than interesting reading.

In the war he rejoined the R.A.F. after doing further research and test flying, but until he became a Group Captain and had command of a station continued to do much the same kind of job.

A more suitable commandant for the Empire Test Pilots' School would have been hard to find, but Clouston is a better pilot than he is writer. A pedant might find his style inconsistent, and at times too clipped—most noticeably when he is recounting periods in his life rather than a definite flight or occurrence. But this shows, perhaps, what a true flyer he was and how much more absorbing he found his work than any other aspect of his life. It is work that captures the imagination of the reader to such an extent that the writing, one finds, has been hardly noticed.

T. H. S.

Canine Conquerors

City, by Clifford Simak. (Weidenfeld and Nicolson Ltd., 9s. 6d.)

THE popularity of science fiction seems to be as little on the wane as that of the apparently unperishable 'whodunit.' The difference between the two types lies mainly in their development; whereas Conan Doyle would have little difficulty in understanding the modern detective story, the jargon and stock-in-trade of the science fiction author, so familiar to the avid reader of this kind of literature, are becoming more and more incomprehensible to the uninitiated. Nevertheless, among so much that is trite and childish, there are certain recognized 'classics'; there are the books which manage to titillate the exacting fancy of the more mature connoisseur with something really unusual. *City* is one of these.

It consists of eight stories, to which are prefaced notes prepared by historical experts of the canine race, which has taken over control of the world after the disappearance of man. These tales, whose authenticity is a bone of contention between such Doggish experts as Tiger and Rover, trace the strange fortunes of earthly inhabitants, and especially of one family, the Websters, from 1990 to a date many thousands of years in the future. In the first tale we are introduced to a world in which the city has become an anachronism, owing to the development of the helicopter and tank farming, a new method of agriculture which has flooded the market with cheap land. The automobile has become as much a curiosity as the hansom cab in 1954. In the final tale mankind, who long since learnt the art of metamorphosis into Jovian form, have evacuated to Jupiter; to the Dogs they are as fabulous as the unicorn or phoenix. Only the oldest robots remember them.

The intervening stories contain all the ingredients that the enthusiast can reasonably expect, from plastic 'thinking caps' to a cylinder filled with fluid, where the bewildered human, correctly preadjusted to the era in which he is to awake, can 'take the sleep' for any period he chooses.

C. N. C. C.

A Human Inspector

Night Flight to Zurich, by Cecil Freeman Gregg.
(Methuen, 10s. 6d.)

INSPECTOR Higgins is not infallible. It is this very fact that makes him so likeable. The reader certainly is compelled to admiration: but not a sustained admiration. The inspector sometimes errs; and even if the reader follows him into error he may yet retain his pride, for he has erred in very good company. The reader who avoids the pitfalls into which the inspector falls will feel no contempt for the man. He will agree that the mistakes were human and understandable. He may even agree that, in the inspector's embattled circumstances, he might have made them himself.

The plot is rich. Indeed it contains all the ingredients of at least three detective stories. From dockside warehouses, a riverside tavern equipped with buzzers, and a vice den, collect a wasps' nest. Stir vigorously with a Japanese sub-machine-gun, throwing in reefers, knock-out drops, and Sugar in a mink coat. Garnish with huge negroes, smugglers, river police and diamonds; and serve, piping hot, to twin brothers, one purposely poisoned, the other mistakenly shot. And I bet you'll never guess.

G. C. T. R.

600 Questions and Answers

600 Questions and Answers on Air Force Law, by Group Captain H. M. Shurlock, O.B.E., R.A.F.
(Gale & Polden Ltd., 10s. 6d.)

THIS is the tenth edition of a book, first published in 1939, which is well known to many officers, particularly those who have found it a valuable aid in studying for promotion examinations.

A wide range of Service legal procedure from the initial complaint against an offender to the confirmation of finding and sentence of a court-martial is covered by questions and answers which with supporting references are grouped under subject headings.

In form and content it differs little from the ninth edition. References have been changed to follow the introduction of the third edition of Queen's Regulations and small changes in law and procedure have been recognized by the inclusion of a few new questions and answers, but a major change, the Courts-Martial (Appeals) Act, 1951, is not admitted.

Those officers who experience difficulty in becoming proficient in the use of M.A.F.L. and Queen's Regulations will find Group Captain Shurlock's book helpful in suggesting questions and providing a method of checking answers for completeness and accuracy.

R. B.

Letters to the Editor

The Senior Entry Revue

Sir,

The restrained letter of 'Ex-60' will doubtless have caused many of your readers to give thought to the important central question that he raised—that the Senior Entry Revue is 'not fair game' for your drama critic. 'Ex-60' wishes only to see fair play. May I put another point of view, based upon my experiences after submitting myself to several Senior Entry Revues?

'Ex-60' argues that the Senior Entry Revue 'is strictly a private after-dinner entertainment' and therefore exempt from public criticism. Is this a true statement of the position? In the sense that the Senior Entry Revue takes place within the walls of the College and that no one who is not invited to the last Guest Night of term can attend it, 'Ex-60' may appear to have reason on his side. But a Guest Night, as the phrase implies, involves the attendance of guests who may or may not know much about the ways and customs of the College. Exactly *how much* they know cannot be gauged in advance. At the particular Guest Night there were, to the best of my recollection, several guests who were unconnected with the College. They attended the revue afterwards, and doubtless left the College with certain impressions. Can such a performance really be called 'strictly private'? Hardly. Much more is obviously involved than the antics of those on the stage and, in my opinion, your critic was quite right in drawing attention to the shortcomings of the revue. Indeed, in my opinion, his criticism was mild to the point of kindness.

The red herrings about 'average' R.A.F. officers at Mess Guest Nights and the 'uninhibited acts' at First

Term Guest Nights need not have been drawn into the discussion. There is no true basis for comparison. As 'Ex-60' will probably agree, no one who is not a flight cadet has the privilege of participating in the first term initiation ceremony.

However, let us grant 'Ex-60' that the revue is a 'private affair.' What follows? That an audience must put up with being bored? That gross lapses of taste should be tolerated? That *The Journal*, which is primarily a mirror of life at the College, should, like an aged prude, pretend that certain things just do not happen in real life? Of course not, Sir, and may you continue to permit your kindly critic the liberty of your columns when he chooses to venture an opinion.

Yours faithfully,

L. F.

(Name and address supplied)

'Vague'

The Editors wish to thank all those readers at home and abroad who have sent kind messages of encouragement about the last issue of *The Journal*. These messages have been passed on to last term's Editor. The following letters are acknowledged with thanks: Miss Audrey Withers (Editor of *Vogue*), Mr J. H. Sandeman-Allen (Advertising Manager, Schweppes Ltd.), Mr K. B. Fountain (Samuel Jones and Co. Ltd.), Mr P. B. Fox (Gale and Polden Ltd.), Mr C. J. S. Bonington, Miss Penelope Vintras, Wing Commander Lyne and Pilot Officer Alun Morgan.

CADET WING LISTS

PROMOTIONS

'A' Squadron: Senior Under Officer B. R. Kent, Under Officers D. R. B. Johnson, D. J. Hollis, L. G. Hall.

'B' Squadron: Senior Under Officer G. X. E. McLeod, Under Officers A. M. Chandler, E. W. Gosling, B. A. Weeden.

'C' Squadron: Senior Under Officer G. Wallingford, Under Officers B. B. Heywood, J. Wright, J. C. Waters.

No. 70 ENTRY

'A' Squadron: W. R. R. Anderson, George Watson's Boys' College, Edinburgh. N. O. Bacon, Latymer Upper. C. P. Brain, Cheltenham College. D. A. Cowley, George Dixon Grammar School, Birmingham. C. D. Drew, King Edward VI School, Stafford. A. G. Ettridge, No. 1 School of Technical Training, Halton. E. H. James, No. 1 School of Technical Training, Halton. T. W. R. Langford, Sacred Heart High School, Girvan. P. S. Naylor, Tiverton G.S.

'B' Squadron: D. V. Duval, Clifton College. T. E. Enright, Christian Brothers' College, Dunedin, N.Z. I. D. Gallwey, Bedford School. P. J. Hunter, Aberdeen Grammar School. R. Kidney, Eltham College. J. J. Mason, Epsom College. D. A. P. Mundy, Hardye's School. R. F. Robertson, St. Michaels' College. E. J. Walter, Harwich G.S., No. 1 School of Technical Training, Halton.

'C' Squadron: M. N. Farooki, Royal Pakistan Air Force College, Risalpur. P. E. Goodband, Bedford School. G. R. Hart, St. Edward's School, Oxford. D. St. J. Homer, Wrekin College. R. G. Kerr, McLaren High School, No. 1 Radio School, Locking. T. J. Nelson, Cranleigh School. D. C. Scouller, John Fisher's School, Purley. R. G. Solman, Portsmouth Southern G.S., No. 1 Radio School, Locking. D. Symons, Michaelhouse, Natal, S. Africa. C. E. Truman, Peter Symond's, Winchester. E. B. Voller, Prince Rupert School, B.A.O.R.

STAFF APPOINTMENTS

The following appointments to the College and Station staff have been made since the last issue of *The Journal* went to press: Assistant Commandant, R.A.F. College. Group Captain D. H. Lee, D.F.C.

Officer Commanding, Royal Air Force Cranwell. Group Captain D. J. Eayrs, C.B.E., D.F.C.

Headquarters, Royal Air Force Cranwell. Squadron Leader Plans: Squadron Leader J. E. Bazalgette, D.F.C.

Cadet Wing. College Adjutant: Flight Lieutenant P. W. Gee; Cadet Wing Officer, 'C' Squadron: Flight Lieutenant G. G. Lee; College Administrative Officer: Pilot Officer H. Howes.

Tutorial Wing. Senior Engineering Instructor: Squadron Leader W. L. Clarke; History Tutor: Flight Lieutenant F. G. Carter, D.S.C.; Secretarial Instructors: Flight Lieutenants N. E. Bishop, D. L. A. Finlay.

Flying Wing. Squadron Leaders M. Hoyle, L. S. Lumsdaine; Flight Lieutenants G. A. Francis, W. S. S. Garnett, G. W. H. Grobler, D. Guthrie, R. W. Hall, P. R. Watson, J. A. Worrall. Technical Wing. Wing Commander J. S. Cassell. Squadron Leader F. Healey.

Administrative Wing. Wing Commander E. Holden, D.F.C.

DEPARTURES

The following have left the College or Station staff since the last issue of *The Journal* went to press:

Group Captains: E. D. McK. Nelson, R. C. Keary.

Wing Commanders: G. W. J. Cozens, K. M. Crick.

Squadron Leader: D. W. Bedford.

Lieutenant-Commander: J. G. V. Holt, R.N.

Major: W. E. Charlson, U.S.A.F.

Flight Lieutenants: J. P. Britton, C. D. C. Briggs, J. E. Dawes, K. J. Derisley, J. P. Douglas, G. A. Gunn, F. A. Leckie, E. Markwell, R. P. Nelson, J. Primrose, A. R. Taylor, W. N. Waudby A. T. Williams.

Flying Officers: J. Storey, J. L. Sayers, A. C. F. B. Findon.

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Deputy Director of Legal Services, Royal Air Force and of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at Law

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