

THE
ROYAL AIR FORCE
COLLEGE



JOURNAL

CRANWELL MARCH 1955

VOL. XXVII NO. 1

THE ROYAL AIR FORCE COLLEGE JOURNAL

MARCH 1955 VOL. XXVII NO. 1



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Edited and Published at the Royal Air Force College, Cranwell, Lincolnshire

and Printed by McCorquodale & Co. Ltd.

The Armoury, St. Thomas Street

London, S.E.1

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Grateful acknowledgement is made for permission to use the following photographs: Crown Copyright—pp. 26, 44, 45. Sergeant Baker—pp. 30, 31, 38, 39, 41, 55, 56, 57, 67, 68. Stanley Robinson—p. 32. Pilot Officer G. X. E. McLeod—p. 33. Messrs Van Hallan (Press and General Photographic Agency) Hounslow—p. 34. Gale & Polden, Ltd.—pp. 42, 72, 76, 82. Flight Lieutenant J. H. Granville-White—pp. 47, 48, 49, 50. Pilot Officer E. D. Frith—p. 51. Pilot Officer T. H. Sheppard—pp. 52, 53. French Air Force—pp. 59, 60, 62, 63. Flight Cadet P. P. Crowther—pp. 64, 65, 66. Flight Lieutenant D. V. Sandford-Evans—p. 69. Flight Cadet P. J. Faid—pp. 70, 71, 88. Flight Cadet J. P. T. O'Mahoney—pp. 80, 88. Flight Cadet J. D. C. Hawtin—p. 81. Squadron Leader G. C. T. Richards—p. 85. Flight Cadet D. J. McL. Edmondston—p. 88. Sidgwick & Jackson (Publishers)—p. 97.

EDITORIAL COMMITTEE

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Honorary Secretary: Flight Cadet A. Mumford.

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 101 of this issue. *Please Note.* The next issue of *The Journal* goes to press on Friday, 13th May, 1955, and all contributions intended for this issue must be in the hands of the Managing Editor by this date.



College Notes

At the start of a new year one looks forward, and in January, 1955, coming events threw their shadow before them with the introduction of the Provost as the new basic trainer. The Chipmunk has followed the other two post-war basic trainers, successively the Tiger Moth and the Prentice, into history. Before the end of the year the new flying training sequence may be fully established, and those now flying Provosts on North Airfield may be flying Vampires from South Airfield; those flight cadets now starting their flying training on Provosts may expect to be the first Old Cranwellians to reach wings standard on jets. Work on South Airfield has continued through mud, gale, fog, frost and snow, but much still remains to be done.

At the start of the spring term the College numbered 251 flight cadets and cadets, including 42 of the Equipment and Secretarial Branches. Nos. 64, 65, 66 and 67 Entries now live in the College building itself; Nos. 68 and 69 Entries in the Junior Mess. The new entry, No. 71, totalled 37.

'C' Squadron are Sovereign's Squadron for the spring term, and took over the guardianship of the Queen's Colour from 'A' Squadron at Church Parade on 9th January.



The Reviewing Officer at the passing-out parade of No. 63 Entry on 14th December, 1954, was Admiral of the Fleet Sir Rhoderick R. McGrigor, G.C.B., D.S.O., LL.D., First Sea Lord and Chief of Naval Staff. For the second time since the war the weather drove the parade into Hangar 30. As a result the ceremony lost some of its spectacle, but it gained in intimacy and in a sense of immediacy shared by the spectators.

Wings and prizes were presented by the Commandant on 13th December.



Group Captain D. J. Eayrs, C.B.E., D.F.C., who has succeeded Group Captain Keary as Station Commander. Group Captain Eayrs, who was at Cranwell from 1927-28, has recently returned from Kenya

In the New Year Honours List the College was well represented. We congratulate Squadron Leader A. C. Morris (Senior Equipment Instructor) upon his appointment as an Officer of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire; Squadron Leader D. G. Roberts, M.M., Senior Ground Combat Training Instructor, and Squadron Leader J. L. Aron, Senior Accountant Officer, upon their appointments as Members of the same Order; and Flight Sergeant J. Mitchell, n.c.o. in charge, Junior Entries, upon the award of the British Empire Medal.

We congratulate those who appeared in the January promotion list: the Commandant, Wing Commander E. A. Fairhurst, D.F.C., Wing Commander J. Cassell, Squadron Leader J. E. Townsend and Squadron Leader J. F. L. Long.

To our general satisfaction our spiritual guide, the Rev. W. E. G. Payton (Senior C. of E. Padre), has received an advancement in his temporal rank.

The former Flight Lieutenant W. G. Carr, M.B.E., now Squadron Leader, has taken over the post of Senior Equipment Instructor; we extend our congratulations and welcome him in this new guise.



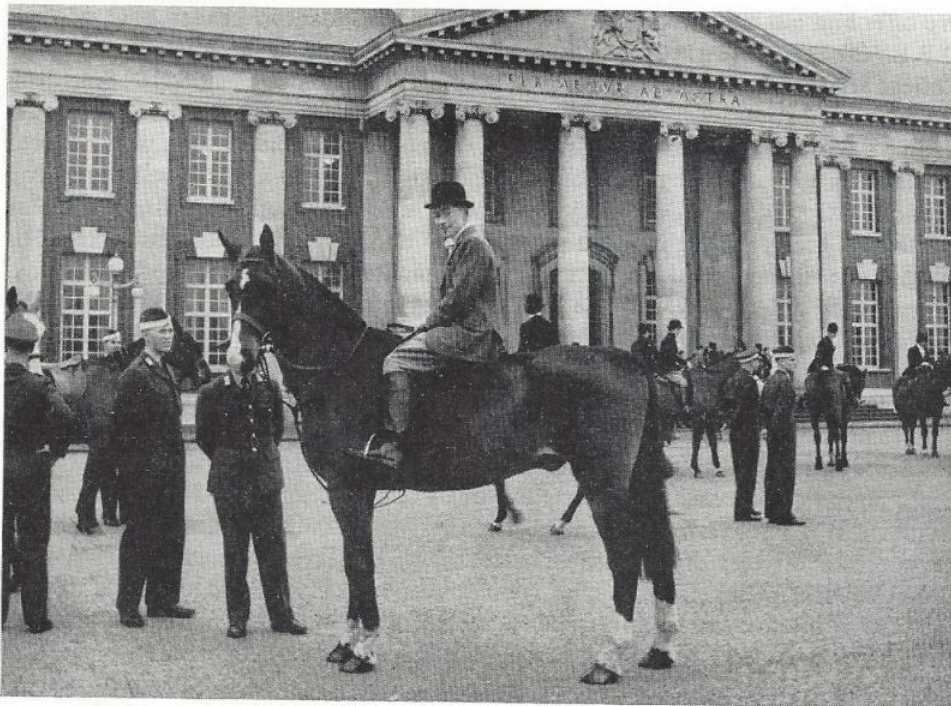
At the turn of the year we have said au revoir to many officers. Most hard hit was the department of the Senior Tutor (Equipment and Secretarial) which within the course of a few days lost all three of its squadron leaders; Squadron Leader W. F. Hook was posted to Headquarters Coastal Command to the staff of the Command Accountant after spending rather more than a year as Senior Instructor (Secretarial) for a few weeks at Digby and then at Cranwell. As officer in charge of the list of those to be invited to the passing-out ceremonies he held the power of social life or death.

We offer him our congratulations on his promotion. Squadron Leader A. C. Morris, O.B.E., the Senior Instructor (Equipment) has been posted to the Joint Services Staff College after more than three years at the College. He had commanded 'D' Squadron at Digby and with truly classical stoicism did his utmost to ensure its smooth assimilation into the three squadrons at Cranwell. His non-professional efforts were devoted to fattening pigs at Digby and toughening rugby forwards at Cranwell. Squadron Leader R. G. Bullen, G.M., has joined the R.A.F. Staff College at Bracknell. For two and a half years he had the post of Law and Administration Instructor. His imaginative methods and histrionic gifts illuminated his somewhat prosaic study. His sense of order controlled the accounts of the sports fund, and of the Cadets' Activities Organization and College society. His keen sense of the ridiculous and his educated palate opened new vistas to many. As we go to press, we lose as well Squadron Leader R. F. Sweeting, D.F.C., the fourth officer to hold the post of Air Staff Instructor. Squadron Leader Sweeting captained the War Studies team, focused its efforts and acted as its referee. He organized and performed in the station rugby team, played cricket and was Sports Editor of our contemporary *The Poacher*; was an imaginative and constructive member of the Mess Committee and, above all, was the energetic director of the Little Theatre which he leaves with an extensive, keen and competent membership, a club room and a workshop. A check of its records shows that in two years he has played a lead and supporting parts, has acted as producer and stage manager, and throughout has been officer in charge.

Squadron Leader P. Blackford has handed over the command of 'C' Squadron; and in consequence the College enters upon a period when no squadron is commanded by an Old Cranwellian. Continuity is maintained, however, through the appearance of post-war Old Cranwellians as Cadet Wing Officers; the present representatives are Flt Lt G. G. Lee in 'C' Squadron and Flt Lt R. Hollingworth who has just replaced Flt Lt L. C. Swalwell in 'A' Squadron. Squadron Leader Blackford controlled the Cadets' Activities Organization and as a farewell gift his squadron presented him with the return of the honour of being the commander of the Sovereign's Squadron.

Air Marshal Sir Lawrence F. Pendred, Air Officer Commanding in Chief, Flying Training Command, the Commandant and Air Commodore M. S. Calder, Air Officer Commanding R.N.Z.A.F. Headquarters in London, sample the pudding at the Junior Entries' Christmas dinner. The Assistant Commandant waits his turn





The Belvoir Hunt meets at the College. Flight Cadet Faid, up, waits for the hunt to move off

Amongst others, Flying Wing has lost on his promotion Wing Commander E. A. Fairhurst, D.F.C., whose farewell speech was a most notable *tour de force* and Flight Lieutenant P. A. Gifkins who often carried a whip for the beagles.

The Reverend E. F. O'Doherty, Roman Catholic Chaplain since 1950, has left Cranwell. In his stead we welcome back to Cranwell the Reverend J. J. Winstanley.

Tutorial Wing has lost Flight Lieutenant A. E. Gregory, one of the secretarial instructors, an able organizer of the successful series of seven-a-side hockey festivals and a dramatic critic of tact and perception.



After two and a half years Warrant Officer R. A. Masters, B.E.M., has given up the post of Cadet Wing Warrant Officer on posting to an O.C.T.U. He has contributed much to Cranwell and had formerly held the post of n.c.o. in charge of Junior Entries and, later, of 'C' Squadron disciplinary n.c.o. As Cadet Wing Warrant Officer Mr Masters played a full and worthy part in the heart of College ceremonial, in the Coronation ceremonies and in the review by the Duke of Edinburgh. He was blessed with a loud voice and it was perhaps never louder than when supporting the boxing

team. His presence was never more welcome than as the leader of the Resistance at survival camps, meeting evaders with liquid or solid refreshment—and even with his stew, which combined the properties of both liquidity and solidity in a unique degree.



The Queen's Colour was carried on the Church parades commemorating the Battle of Britain on 19th September and Remembrance Sunday on 10th November.

Visiting preachers at parade services have included the Very Reverend Dr A. C. Don, K.C.V.O., D.D., Dean of Westminster.



On 14th October Brigadier Sir John Hunt, C.B.E., D.S.O., visited the College and gave a lecture, accompanied by slides, in the station cinema on the ascent of Everest. Professor C. S. Lewis lectured on 'Maladjustment or Original Sin' on 15th October and on 4th November Air Commodore H. F. G. Southey, C.B., lectured on Coastal Command. In addition the following have visited the College:

On 16th September Lieutenant-Colonel Mitsuru Iwamiya of the Japanese Self Defence Force.

On 2nd October a party of miners from Newstead Colliery, and on 9th October a party of miners from Annesley Colliery.



*The first picture to be taken at the College of the Boulton Paul Balliol advanced trainer.
An article on the activities of Flying Wing appears on p. 55 of this issue*

On 14th October the Headmasters of Brighton College, Magdalen College School, Denstone, Kelly College, Wellingborough, Loretto, Highfield and Milner Court together with the Reverend N. P. Barry of Ampleforth.

On 11th November the Headmasters of Monkwearmouth School, Ayr Academy, Queen Elizabeth's, Crediton, and the Editor of the *Schoolmaster*.

During September the Inspector General of the Royal Air Force, Air Marshal Sir Charles Guest, K.B.E., C.B., spent a period at Cranwell.

From 12th-15th October a party of officers and cadets from the Royal Netherlands Air Force College.



During the Christmas vacation the Cadets' Activities Organization operated as usual, though naturally the scope of their activities was on rather a reduced scale compared with the summer vacation. The pot-holing section operated on and in Mendip; the mountaineering section met in North Wales; the skiers divided, some



CO-OPERATION, CO-ORDINATION?

Beneath the picture of Lord Trenchard the War Studies team relax at No. 63 Entry's passing-out ball on Tuesday, 14th December, 1954. Left to right: Squadron Leader W. G. Wood, the new Air Staff Instructor, Lieutenant-Commander J. D. O. Hinton, R.N., Squadron Leader R. F. Sweeting, D.F.C., the retiring Air Staff Instructor, Major J. W. Peyton, M.C., Royal Scots Fusiliers and Captain E. D. Bruton, D.F.C., U.S.A.F. Lord Trenchard was himself originally commissioned in the Royal Scots Fusiliers and later became Colonel of the Regiment

going to St Moritz with a party organized by the Combined Services Ski Association and the rest went to Inverness, where (though it is hard to imagine at the time these notes are written) snow was scarce. The Alistair Black Ski-ing Trophy was won by Flight Cadet P. D. Raeburn.



A series of Service visits to six Royal Air Force units was also paid during the Christmas vacation by No. 64 Entry. A party of six flight cadets had the good fortune to visit the first battalion of the Royal Lincolnshire Regiment in Berlin at the invitation of Major G. S. Cotton, formerly Army Instructor at the College.

No. 69 Entry enjoyed a survival camp in Snowdonia near Tryfan.



During the autumn term parties of flight cadets of the Equipment and Secretarial Branches carried out an enterprising series of visits to such units as Royal Air Force Swinderby, No. 7 M.U. Quedgeley, No. 21 M.U. Fauld, No. 48 M.U. at Harwarden, the Movements Section (Air) at Lyneham, and the Regimental Pay Office (Royal Artillery) at Leicester.

No. 63 Entry were the guests of the Bristol Aeroplane Company on 1st November.



We regret to record the death in Cape Town of Professor A. R. Richardson, D.S.O., F.R.S., Fellow of University College, London, and Emeritus Professor of Mathematics in the University College of Swansea, the first holder of the Chair of Aeronautical Science at the College. We also regret to record the deaths of Flight Lieutenant J. Cartwright, A.F.C., and of Flight Cadets J. F. Rhodes and C. H. W. Gardner. We extend our sympathy to the relatives of these gentlemen who through their different contributions helped establish the cumulative tradition that is the Royal Air Force College. In the words of Ovid: 'De multis grandis acervus erit'; which might be translated 'It is from the efforts of many that a noble pile will arise.'



The Ferris Drill competition, held on 6th November in Hangar 30, was won by 'B' Squadron. It took the form of a guard changing ceremony. We thank Major A. B. Pemberton and Captain J. B. B. Pollard of the Coldstream Guards who acted as judges.



The 'Per Ardua' Beagle Ball was held in the Officers' Mess on 15th October and the Blankney Hunt Ball in the College on 18th December. Both were very well attended and were successes both socially and financially.

The Blankney met at the Officers' Mess on 19th December and the Belvoir at the College on 25th January.

The Dramatic section of the College Society produced *The Happy Marriage* by John Clements on 29th November and the Little Theatre produced *The Hollow* by Agatha Christie on 7th December. A report on *The Happy Marriage* appears on a later page.



This issue marks the end of our long association with our former printers, Gale and Polden Ltd, who printed *The Journal* over a period of 34 years. The contract has been taken over by McCorquodale and Company Ltd, of London.

With the resignation at the end of last term of Squadron Leader J. F. L. Long from the position of Managing Editor, and more recently from the Chairmanship of the Editorial Committee, *The Journal* has suffered a considerable loss. Squadron Leader Long took over *The Journal* in September, 1951, and has therefore nursed it through no less than ten issues, the longest single term of office since the stewardship of Professor Rupert de la Bère. During these three years, at a time when production costs have been rising sharply, *The Journal* has undergone a transformation. It would not be possible to enumerate all the improvements that have been made during that time, but even the most undiscerning reader will have noticed the changes in typography, layout, photographs and paper. It is, perhaps, not generally recognized that these changes have not only allowed the amount of letterpress to rise by about a third without a corresponding increase in the number of pages, but have also enabled considerable production economies to be made. Squadron Leader Long guided the efforts of those engaged in preparing those two clever skits on well-known periodicals that have enlivened the pages of *The Journal* during the past year or two; moreover, it was largely his patience and perseverance that led to redesign of the cover in the interests of economy. He has bequeathed to his successor an editorial staff organized on professional lines, and a Manual of House Style, which includes a guide to editorial duties and procedure.

The Journal was indeed fortunate to have in the chair a Managing Editor whose technical knowledge of print and printing machines so well qualified him to carry out the difficult negotiations during the recent change of printers. Now, the Editorial Committee would like to take this opportunity of offering him its thanks for the unremitting efforts that he has made on behalf of *The Journal* during the last three years.



**The College greets Lord Trenchard
on his 82nd Birthday**

3rd February, 1955



The following message was sent by the Commandant to
Marshal of the Royal Air Force, The Viscount Trenchard,
G.C.B., O.M., G.C.V.O., D.S.O., D.C.L., LL.D.:

The Commandant, Officers and Flight Cadets of the
Royal Air Force College send their best wishes and
congratulations on this your 82nd birthday.



The Commandant received the following reply from Lord
Trenchard:

141, CRANMER COURT,
SLOANE AVENUE,
LONDON, S.W.3.

7th February, 1955

Dear Eeles,

Thank you very much for the telegram of
congratulations from yourself, Officers and Flight
Cadets on my birthday. It was kind of you to
remember. My best wishes to you all.

Yours sincerely,
(Sgd) TRENCHARD

Air Commodore H. Eeles, C.B.E.,
Commandant,
Royal Air Force College,
Cranwell

The Passing Out of No. 63 Entry

The First Sea Lord Reviews the Parade

THE First Sea Lord and Chief of Naval Staff, Admiral of the Fleet Sir Rhoderick R. McGrigor, G.C.B., D.S.O., LL.D., was the Reviewing Officer at the passing-out parade of No. 63 Entry on Tuesday, 14th December. Not since the visit of Lord Fraser in 1951 has the College had the opportunity of welcoming a naval officer to take the parade.

For the second time since the war the parade was held in the hangar, and as the hour for the ceremony drew near, it was obvious that the gloomy prognostications of the meteorologists had been well founded. The light rain which fell continuously might not have worried the Cadet Wing in their greatcoats, but the fate of the spectators on the Orange would have been miserable indeed.

The experience gained during the wet weather parade of No. 57 Entry two years ago was put to good purpose, and all the arrangements ran very smoothly. Unlike that memorable day in 1952, the wind was not unduly strong, so that it was possible to keep both ends of the hangar open. This gave the Cadet Wing more room to manoeuvre and the standard of drill was high.



The First Sea Lord presents the Queen's Medal to Under Officer B. B. Heywood, who also headed the Order of Merit

Among the spectators were Air Commodore M. S. Calder, C.B.E., LL.B., Air Officer Commanding Royal New Zealand Air Force Headquarters in this country, Group Captain D. W. Baird, A.F.C., his Senior Air Staff Officer, and Wing Commander W. D. Abernethy, his Senior Equipment and Purchasing Officer. New Zealand supplied no less than two out of the three Senior Under Officers on parade, including the winner of the Sword of Honour, Senior Under Officer G. Wallingford.

The Address of the First Sea Lord

After presenting the main awards Admiral of the Fleet Sir Rhoderick R. McGrigor said:

I have been greatly honoured in being invited to inspect you at your Passing Out review and to address you afterwards, and first of all I want to congratulate you on the fine performance you put up today at this parade, in spite of the difficulties of having to have it in a hangar. That is up to the standard of that great Service to which you belong.

In joining the Royal Air Force you have joined a Service with many great traditions. Traditions of courage and devotion to duty. Traditions of dogged determination and skill. Traditions which have been the admiration of all of us. Those traditions are now in your hands and I know it will be your aim not only to live up to them but to add to them. It is by setting an ever higher standard and adding to the traditions built up by our predecessors that we can best serve and be worthy of our country and our Queen.

Now in your Service you will see a lot of the other Services, the Army and the Navy. You will find very great rivalries between you and them. That is very healthy. You will also find that their methods are different to yours. That is very necessary because they work in a different medium, but remember, we are all one team—we all have to work together and a team cannot work together unless the teamwork is founded on mutual understanding and respect. And so I hope during your Service careers you will take every opportunity to get to know your brother officers in the other two Services.

One other thing, which I know you will never



The Inspection of 'C' Squadron. To the left of the Reviewing Officer is Under Officer Wright, commanding 'C' Squadron; to the rear, Senior Under Officer Wallingford, parade commander, and Under Officer Heywood, parade adjutant

forget and that is this—that in addition to being fliers or specialist officers in the Royal Air Force, you are also officers and that means leaders, responsible for the efficiency and well-being of your men. It will be your aim to earn their trust and their respect.

Finally, I know I speak for everybody in our country and not specially for the officers and men of the Royal Navy when I wish you every success and happiness in that great Service you have joined—the Royal Air Force of Her Majesty the Queen. Good luck to you all!

The Wings' Ceremony

On the eve of the parade the Commandant presented the wings, individual prizes and squadron trophies in the College lecture hall. As usual, many relatives and friends of the passing-out entry were present as well as College and Station officers.

After making the presentations the Commandant delivered an address.

The Commandant first apologised for the absence of the Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief,

Air Marshal Sir Lawrence F. Pendred, who, he said, had been compelled by the weather to make his way by road from another airfield. He felt sure that the C.-in-C. would be most disappointed to miss the ceremony.

He pointed out that it was the fifth occasion on which he had officiated at the prize-giving, and he felt that, among those who had listened to him before, he would soon have the reputation of a barrel organ whose limited repertoire of tunes had been somewhat exhausted. There was one tune, however, that he was always pleased to repeat every time—a very warm welcome to all the College visitors.

What motives had really inspired the members of No. 63 Entry to join the Royal Air Force College? Was it an impulse to get into the air? Was it high pressure sales talk on the part of an air-minded uncle? Or was it some ill-defined, ill-considered idea that they should just 'have a bash at the Raf'?

What had been the feelings of the parents when their sons had indicated a wish to make the air their life's profession? Had they wondered what

it was all about? Was the Royal Air Force really good enough for their boy? Perhaps their instincts had rebelled against this choice; perhaps headmasters had shown regret at the rejection of a safe job at home or an attempt at a scholarship to Oxford. Whatever their thoughts and forebodings, the parents had finally let their sons come to Cranwell. Some parents must have had that frame of mind when their sons wanted to go into the Air Force, and doubtless many boys arrived here with that background, 'only fortified by that one rather vague idea that they wanted to get into the air somehow, some way.' The boys themselves, the Commandant felt, on their arrival at Cranwell had very little idea what they were letting themselves in for.

What were the feelings of the parents today? Was it a feeling of pride or regret? Before expecting any reply to that question, the Commandant thought it his duty to tell them what the staff at Cranwell had tried to do for their sons in the intervening period.

First, at Cranwell we had tried to teach their sons to master the ever-growing complexities of modern aircraft, or to become really well versed in the techniques of the R.A.F. ground branches. Hence the award of those flying brevets which he had just pinned on their breasts, brevets which were not any sinecure but were signs of responsibility and skill. They were worn with pride by the flying members of the Royal Air Force at all times; but never, he felt, by No. 63 Entry with more pride than they were that night. The Commandant regretted that it was not possible to give any tangible recognition to the achievements of the Equipment and Secretarial flight cadets, who had to attain professional standards just as exacting as those required for their more mobile colleagues.

Secondly, we had tried to teach their sons a very wide range of subjects in the technical field, the humanities and the sciences. They had had a wonderful opportunity at Cranwell to acquire real learning and a genuine ability to think. Some had seized the opportunity with both hands; hence the award of those various diplomas, the winners of which he warmly congratulated. Others had worked hard, while a few had only just scraped through. Nevertheless, they had achieved the necessary standard and done their best.

The Commandant then spoke of that 'indefinable asset or attitude of mind,' which he said was 'the core of our Cranwell training and the basis of everything that we do.' The parents had sent to Cranwell boys full of boyish ideas, pranks and

enthusiasms; it had been the job of Cranwell to turn them into real men with high ideals and imbued with the traditions of a fighting service. They had been encouraged to develop an independence of thought and spirit, and a challenging outlook on everyday affairs; they had been instilled with a real sense of devotion, loyalty, discipline and example, which was designed to set the pace for the whole of the Royal Air Force. They would be expected in the future to command men and control difficult and dangerous situations with authority and assurance. Everything had been done to make their sons 'men of integrity, confident in their newly found skills and dedicated to a life where materialism takes second place to pride of achievement and self sacrifice.' Hence the award of those individual prizes and squadron trophies; and the final award of all, the Prince of Wales Trophy, awarded to the Sovereign's Squadron which 'guards our Queen's Colour, which is in fact the symbol of all these ideals.'

Had the College succeeded in its task? If so, he believed that the parents had cause for pride in their sons' achievements at Cranwell. If not, then they were fully entitled to their early regrets and forebodings. Here the Commandant paid tribute to his staff, one of the finest, in his opinion, to be found in the Royal Air Force, who had served devotedly and enthusiastically to develop and train their sons to the necessary standard. The members of No. 63 Entry had themselves contributed to this. Though still inexperienced and lacking the ability to apply their knowledge, they had nevertheless absorbed the ideals of Cranwell, and the Commandant felt confident that they would fail neither their parents nor the College in the future.

On the following day the First Sea Lord was to launch them on their careers. The hulls were tight and sound, their engines had been well tuned, and the captains of those ships, though at present unproved, had been well briefed. 'You gentlemen leaving tomorrow,' concluded the Commandant, 'leave this shipyard equipped with all that we have given you and full of confidence to master whatever lies ahead, and with the determination to keep your flags flying throughout the whole of your careers. I wish you gentlemen *bon voyage* and happy hunting, wherever you may go, and as you do your duty in the sky or on the ground, no matter where it is, think sometimes of this yard, this College in fact, where you were fashioned, knowing full well that you are setting the pace for those who follow and carving for yourselves a satisfying and successful career.'



Flanked by the Commandant and Wing Commander E. Holden, D.F.C., Officer Commanding Administrative Wing, Admiral McGrigor arrives on the scene of the now traditional tree-planting ceremony

Order of Merit

No. 63 ENTRY

General Duties Branch

- B. B. HEYWOOD, Under Officer: Queen's Medal; R. M. Groves Memorial Prize; J. A. Chance Memorial Prize; Rugby (Captain, Full Colours); Sailing; Ski-ing; Choral.
- J. D. PUGH, Senior Flight Cadet: Abdy Gerrard Memorial Prize; Athletics (Half Colours); Cross-Country; Sailing; Ski-ing; Debating; *Journal* (Sub-Editor).
- R. A. C. GOLDRING, Senior Flight Cadet: Cross-Country (Captain, Full Colours); Athletics (Captain, Full Colours); Rugby; *Journal* (Committee and Executive Editor).
- E. W. GOSLING, Under Officer: Riding (Captain); Modern Pentathlon; Photographic; Speleology.
- G. X. E. McLEOD, Senior Under Officer: Phillip Sassoon Memorial Prize; Rugby (Half Colours); Swimming; Tennis; Wildfowling; Photographic (Secretary); Jazz (Secretary); Classical Music; Debating.
- G. WALLINGFORD, Senior Under Officer: Sword of Honour; Shooting (Vice-Captain, Full Colours); Rugby (Full Colours); Swimming; Tennis; Athletics; Sailing; Ski-ing.
- B. R. KENT, Senior Under Officer: Rugby; Riding; Sailing; Ski-ing; Dramatics (President); Jazz; *Journal* (Committee and Editor).
- R. T. SNARE, Senior Flight Cadet: Athletics (Half Colours); Gliding (Captain).
- M. L. JONKLAAS, Senior Flight Cadet: Hockey (Half Colours); Tennis; Debating (President); Photographic.
- N. J. R. WALPOLE, Senior Flight Cadet: Athletics (Half Colours); Rugby; Music (Secretary); Debating.
- C. J. PHILLIPS, Senior Flight Cadet: Athletics (Half Colours); Sailing; Ski-ing; Printing; *Journal* (Committee and Deputy Editor).
- J. C. WATERS, Under Officer: Shooting (Half Colours); Gliding; Sailing; Ski-ing; Dramatics.
- J. WRIGHT, Under Officer: Hockey (Half Colours); Sailing; Ski-ing.
- L. G. HALL, Under Officer: Squash (Half Colours); Association Football; Dramatics; Jazz; Printing.



THE SENIOR TERM: DECEMBER 1954

Senior Flight Cadets R. W. Millward, M. J. Matthews, B. H. Jones, J. A. Campbell, A. R. Craig, N. J. R. Walpole, G. J. Phillips, M. A. Moore, S. A. Iqbal, D. L. Parsons, P. A. Barrow

Senior Flight Cadets P. J. Welby, B. N. S. Turner, K. P. Austin, R. A. C. Goldring, R. T. F. Snare, T. W. M. Scroggs, J. D. Hutchinson, B. F. Tomlin, T. A. M. Bond, J. Serrell-Cooke, M. J. Jonklaas, J. D. Pugh

U.O. B. A. Weeden, U.O. D. J. Hollis, U.O. E. W. Gosling, U.O. B. B. Heywood, S.U.O. G. X. E. McLeod, S.U.O. G. Wallingford, S.U.O. B. R. Kent, U.O. A. M. Chandler, U.O. J. Wright, U.O. J. C. Waters, U.O. L. G. Hall

- R. W. MILLWARD, Senior Flight Cadet: Dickson Trophy; Michael Hill Memorial Prize; Association Football; Gliding; Natural History (Secretary); *Journal* (Committee and Assistant Editor).
- B. F. TOMLIN, Senior Flight Cadet: Cross-Country (Captain, Full Colours); Ski-ing; Choral.
- B. A. WEEDEN, Under Officer: Debating; Dramatics; Jazz.
- J. D. HUTCHINSON, Senior Flight Cadet: Athletics (Half Colours); Hockey (Half Colours); Sailing; Ski-ing.
- P. A. BARROW, Senior Flight Cadet: Riding; Speleology; Fine Arts (Secretary).
- B. H. JONES, Senior Flight Cadet: Rugby; Rowing; Ski-ing; Wildfowling; Aeromodelling.
- D. L. PARSONS, Senior Flight Cadet: Rowing (Full Colours).
- T. A. M. BOND, Senior Flight Cadet: Athletics; Cross-Country (Half Colours); Aeromodelling.
- J. A. CAMPBELL, Senior Flight Cadet: Rowing (Full Colours); Sailing (Captain).
- S. A. IQBAL, Senior Flight Cadet: *Journal* (Assistant Editor); Photographic.
- M. A. MOORE, Senior Flight Cadet: Hockey; Printing.

Equipment Branch

- D. J. HOLLIS, Under Officer: Air Ministry Prize for Imperial War Studies; Air Ministry Prize for Equipment Studies; Royal United Service Institution Award; Rugby; Dramatics.
- P. J. WELBY, Senior Flight Cadet: Cross-Country; Tennis; Dramatics; Fine Arts.
- A. M. CHANDLER, Under Officer: Rugby (Full Colours); Athletics; Gliding; Sailing; Speleology; Aeromodelling; Dramatics; Photographic.
- B. N. St. C. TURNER, Senior Flight Cadet: Speleology (Captain); Gliding.
- T. W. M. SCROGGS, Senior Flight Cadet: Swimming (Vice-Captain, Full Colours).

Secretarial Branch

- A. R. CRAIG, Senior Flight Cadet: Aeromodelling; Debating.
- M. J. MATTHEWS, Senior Flight Cadet: Association Football (Half Colours); Athletics (Half Colours); Speleology (Captain); Printing (Secretary); *Journal* (Sub-Editor).
- K. P. AUSTIN, Senior Flight Cadet: Gliding; Shooting; Aeromodelling (Secretary).
- J. SERRELL-COOKE, Senior Flight Cadet: Cross-Country (Full Colours); Athletics (Half Colours); Canoeing; Sailing; Natural History.

Flying Through an Atomic Cloud

By WING COMMANDER R. G. H. DHENIN, G.M., A.F.C., M.B., Ch.B., M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.

The College was extremely fortunate in hearing a lecture given by Wing Commander Dhenin early in the spring term on 'Problems Related to Atomic Bombing'. Wing Commander Dhenin, who is one of the few officers in the Royal Air Force holding both a doctor's and pilot's qualifications, was the Captain of the Bomber Command Canberra which flew through the atomic cloud only six and a half minutes after the explosion of an atomic weapon at the Woomera Range, Australia. It was the first time such a flight had been made so soon after an atomic explosion.

Below we publish part of his lecture.

THE atomic bomb has brought with it new problems, not only for those upon whom the bomb falls, but also for those who deliver it. You are all doubtless aware that the effects of such a weapon are three: first, heat and light; secondly, blast; and thirdly, radioactivity.

The first and the second are immediate effects, the third both immediate and residual, and it is the third with which I want most to concern myself tonight. However, the heat and blast are by no means without importance to the bomber, since both are capable of destroying him if he is too near the explosion—and near is a very relative term, which depends upon the size of the bomb and the height above the ground at which it is exploded. If it is a conventional atomic weapon, an aircraft at 50,000 feet is immune to the heat and blast effect, but there is a very intense flash at the moment of the explosion which is capable of blinding temporarily any who happen to look at it. The importance of this problem, especially to a pilot, need not be emphasized, and it is a very difficult one to overcome. With much larger weapons an aircraft, even so high as 50,000 feet, may be in the gravest danger of being damaged by heat.

Now the radioactivity is the aspect I want to consider in more detail. There is an immediate temporary flash of gamma radiation and high energy beta when the bomb goes off; but the cloud which is left behind is highly radioactive. The range of the immediate flash is not much more than 1,500 yards, so that a high-altitude bomber will not be harmed. Should it approach the radioactive cloud, however, the aircraft and its crew will be exposed to a high dose of radioactivity from the fission products in the cloud. This radiation, both gamma and beta, will penetrate the aircraft and crew, and will continue to

do so so long as they are in the neighbourhood and inside the cloud itself.

So much was obvious a few years ago, but no one quite knew how great the dangers would be. There was no definite information available, except that the Americans had put unmanned drone aircraft through clouds with unknown results. The problems were many: what effect would the radioactivity have on the aircraft instruments and engines? Would it be possible to prevent radioactive material from entering the cabin? If not, how big a dose would the crew have to undergo and what would be its immediate and long-term effects? Would there be much turbulence actually inside the cloud? How much residual activity would there be on the aircraft? What would be the best method of decontamination and how long would it take? Moreover, the scientists were most anxious to obtain samples of radioactive material. The operation I am going to describe to you was an attempt to solve these problems by penetrating an atomic cloud in a Canberra.

• • •

Bernard Shaw, once asked by a reporter what he thought of the fact of Amy Johnson flying to Australia, replied that all the credit should be given to the aeroplane and that he could see little merit on her part, since all she did was cling to the machine. In 'Operation Hot-Box' my part was mainly that of the limpet. The real work was done by Group Captain Wilson, who originated the project and was such a tower of strength that we even felt able to tease him about his seniority in years, and by my navigator, Wing Commander Anderson, who had not merely to cling, but to be intelligent about which way we were going or where we had just been—no mean task at 500 m.p.h.

The aeroplane, a new Canberra, W.H.738, was carefully prepared for the trip and its task. Various modifications were made to the fuel tanks, the navigation and radio equipment, to simplify the task of flying a round trip of 20,000 miles, much of it over water. As to the task at Woomera we tried to make a realistic estimate of the possible dangers we might encounter in the cloud and to do what we could to prepare for them. These risks were as follows :

1. The risk of hitting something solid in the cloud
2. The risk of flame-out due to the dust
3. The risk of losing our airspeed indicator—again due to dust
4. The risk of inhaling or swallowing radioactive dust
5. The risk from external radiation.

The first risk we did not think very likely ; but a high-speed aircraft can be severely damaged by quite small objects—hailstones, for example. We had ejection seats to help us abandon ship, if necessary, and we saw to it that the seats were serviceable and that we were all familiar with the drills.

The second was also not very likely ; but we had a special high energy system fitted to give us the best chance of relighting if the fires went out. If this proved impossible a good belly landing

should present no difficulties in the open country where the explosion took place ; and we later arranged for a R.A.A.F. Lincoln piloted by a personal friend of mine to stand by 50 miles away to locate us and drop supplies if we should crash.

The third risk was, I thought, quite a likely one ; and though there should not be too much difficulty in landing without a knowledge of one's airspeed, a mistake can be very expensive. So we arranged for a R.A.A.F. aircraft to be airborne over Woomera for our return so that we could go in together in formation and he could call out to me the airspeed.

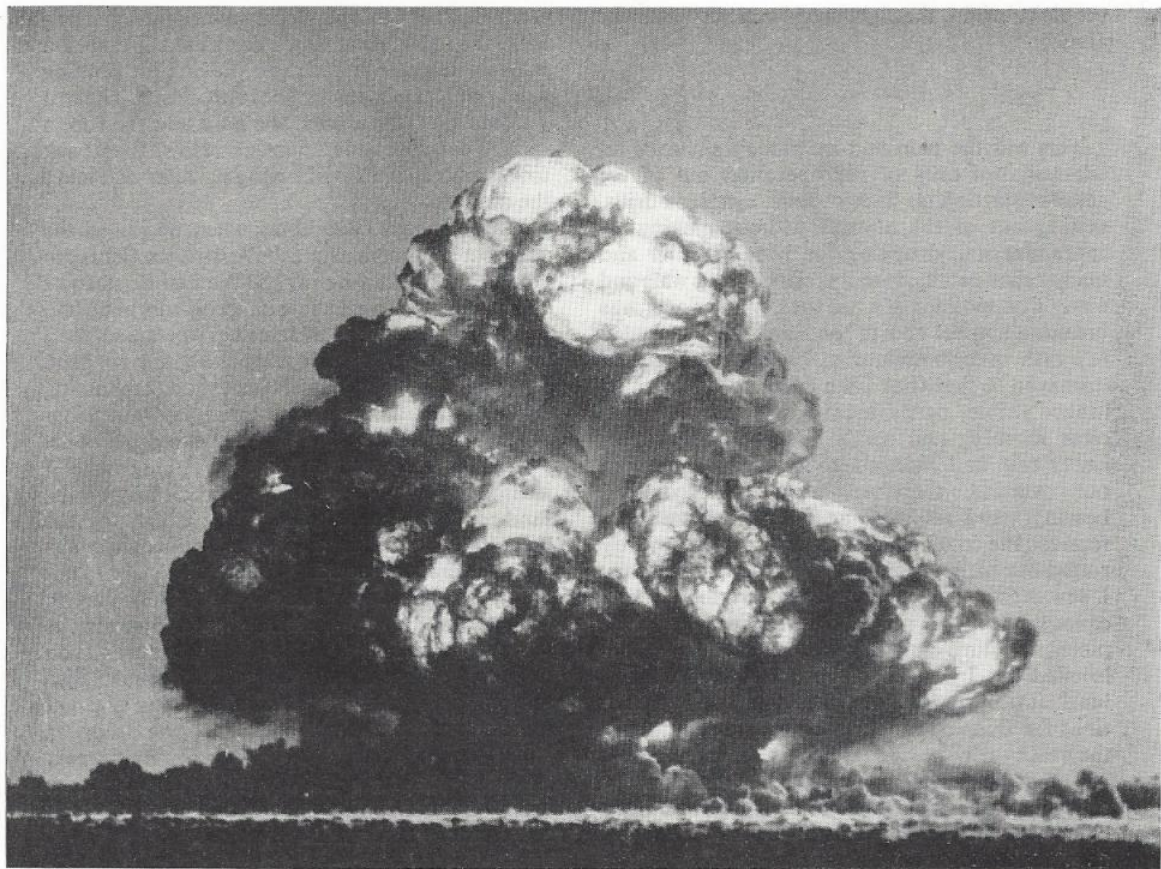
The fourth risk we countered by sealing the cabin—cutting off the pressurization air from the engines and sealing all possible leaks by fabric, dope and Sellotape. Though the cabin environment was scarcely enhanced by this treatment, we were of course using oxygen and preferred the discomforts of low pressure and no ventilation to the hazards of cabin contamination.

The fifth risk we could do little about except to calculate what radiation dose we could accept, and arrange to enter the cloud at a time appropriate to the dose.

With these arrangements settled we could prepare a plan for the operation itself. Here I will



Canberra W.H.738 and its crew. From left to right: Wing Commander E. W. Anderson (navigator), Wing Commander G. H. Dhenin (pilot), R.A.F. Medical Officer, Group Captain D. A. Wilson (observer), R.A.F. Medical Officer. The crest on the Canberra shows the White Swan of England on green fields facing across the sea; a Black Swan of Australia on desert sand, centred by the badge of the Medical Branch of the Royal Air Force



The Fireball at Woomera. This photograph was taken on the atomic test site in Australia, when the first of the two major explosions in the series occurred on 14th October, 1953 (15th October in Australia)

confine myself purely to the two factors which most affected the safety of the aircraft. The first of these was runway conditions. A strip had been prepared at X 200 and it was intended that we should operate from there. When we saw it, however, I felt that the loose surface might easily damage the aircraft and prejudice the success of the operation. Loose stones could be thrown up by the nose-wheel and engulfed by the engines with the most unpleasant results. We therefore decided to operate from Woomera, 300 miles away—not a great distance for an aircraft which can cruise at about 500 m.p.h.

Most important of all was the timing of the explosion. Since we wanted to be in a position to enter the cloud early we must not be too far away. On the other hand we must not risk exposing the aircraft to the actual explosion, nor must we be looking directly at it when it occurred. Apart

from the normal danger of looking at atomic explosions, a blind pilot cannot regain control of an aircraft—and a Canberra once out of control hits the ground very fast indeed. We therefore planned our position in space very carefully; exactly three minutes before the explosion we should be ten miles from the site at a height of 30,000 feet on a course of 300° which would take us towards a dried-up salt lake with the melodious name Lake Meramangye. We should then, at this precise minute, start to descend at a fixed rate to bring us to the height at which we intended to meet the cloud. At H - 1 minute we were to get a check call from the airstrip at the explosion site (Duck) and at H - 10 seconds we should begin an accurate turn (3° sec.) towards the explosion. We should thus be turning towards the bomb but not far enough round the turn to see the flash directly. By the time we wanted to enter we should be at

the right height, the right speed and very near the cloud.

This was the plan and we made numerous rehearsals, not only of the operation but of the details: starting up filter motors, ejections drills, getting out of the aircraft without picking up contamination, dropping the wing-tip filter and many other details. Finally, after a long wait and many disappointments, we took off as dawn was breaking and set course for Emu. We reached it in a little over 40 minutes at 30,000 feet, but were dismayed to find that Lake Meramangye was no longer visible, partly because it was not a very clear morning and partly because some recent heavy rain had changed its appearance. We did our orbiting, therefore, using radio-compass bearings, and all went according to plan. We received the count-down properly and were partly round our turn, descending, when the flash came. I saw it only as a reflection from the cockpit canopy but it was quite bright enough. We completed the turn and started the run-up. As we levelled out I noticed that I was over-breathing hard. It occurred to me that of the two explanations for this, the high carbon dioxide content in the cabin or fright, the latter was the more likely.

The first run was no more than a 'sniff' as we called it; we just immersed our wings for a couple of seconds so that the Group Captain could tell us whether we could reasonably go through the middle. As I turned he made his calculations and decided that we could. I therefore headed the aircraft straight at the centre and got ready for a rough ride. The cloud as we drew nearer, looked distinctly nasty. In colour it was a dark red-brown, very solid but boiling, as it were. I turned on all the cockpit lighting, for it was certain that I should not be able to see my instruments without lights. As we entered, it was indeed dark but not as turbulent as I expected, until just before we emerged, when the forces on the elevators increased to such an extent that I thought I might lose

control. Then, as the cloud gave us the parting kick, the light began to appear as at the end of a railway tunnel. We emerged, having hit nothing solid nor lost our engines or instruments. The rest was easy: a run through the base and the top, a quick beat-up of the scientists below, then back to Woomera to drop our wing-tip filter and leave the aircraft.

It was not yet 0800 hours when we joined the circuit at Woomera where the Australian Canberra was airborne, waiting for us. We had no need of his services, so we bade him good morning and went in to land. After landing we taxied to a dropping zone, established previously, to drop our wing-tip filter. This filter, now containing much highly radioactive material, lay in a wing-tip tank, secured to the wing by explosive bolts. When the wing was over the dropping zone, I jettisoned the tank which dropped cleanly on the sand; but it bounced, and being caught by the very strong wind began to roll towards the aircraft. There was nothing one could do but wait and hope that it would not damage any part of the machine. By good fortune it rolled under the nose, just clearing the nose wheel, and was soon stopped by Dr Morgan, the radio chemist, who courageously turned the tank into wind and got some ropes on it to pull it back to the dropping zone where it was to lie and cool down for a week.

Meanwhile we taxied the aircraft to the area where we planned to decontaminate it, got out and cleaned ourselves in the coldest shower in the southern hemisphere—an open shower fed by ice-cold water from a water cart while the wind blew at 30 m.p.h. and the sun was not yet up. Then we went to breakfast.

To return to what Bernard Shaw told the reporter, the aircraft cannot be praised too highly. Despite the long distance it had covered, the penetration of an atomic cloud, the sundry disagreeable decontamination measures, and what my pilot friends are pleased to call the supreme handicap of having a doctor to drive it, W.H.738 nevertheless broke the new record between Ceylon and Karachi on the way home.

THE SUMMER 'JOURNAL'

The next issue of *The Journal* goes to press on Friday, 13th May, 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.

Fighting the Migs in Korea

Four Months with a U.S. Sabre Squadron

The following account of a small part of the air war in Korea is based entirely on the personal diary and article written by Flight Lieutenant J. H. Granville-White, formerly of No. 46 Entry, who spent four months on active service there and was responsible for destroying one Mig and considerably upsetting several others during his short stay. He has provided all the photographs for this article and we are extremely grateful to him for his assistance and kind co-operation.

DURING the Korean War thirty Royal Air Force officers, six of whom were Old Cranwellians, served at different times with American Sabre squadrons in Korea. Most of these officers did their operational training and conversion to Sabres at Nellis Air Force base, Nevada, U.S.A. Having converted to the Sabre they spent three weeks getting thoroughly familiar with it. In this way they found out its operational qualities and limitations, and by the time the course ended were ready to meet the Communists over Korea.

Flight Lieutenant Granville-White arrived at the 51st Fighter Interceptor Wing at Suwon on 3rd April, 1953, in a cloud of dust after a long and bumpy ride in a jeep driven at high speed by a negro. There he met all the pilots in the wing and was shown the lines of Sabres which were soon to become so familiar. Stories were going round that it took up to six weeks' training before he could fly his first mission. This was extremely frustrating, as he had been sent to the unit expecting to fly operationally after only a short period of acclimatization.

The 'Clobber College' (the Americans' delightful name for Ground School) lasted three days in which time the new pilots were given lectures on

up-to-date intelligence, aircraft recognition, the latest type of gunsight, and survival. He was surprised to learn that the pilot who was shot down over the sea had a much greater chance of survival than the one who baled out over enemy territory. During 'Clobber College' Flight Lieutenant Granville-White flew on his first training flight. His instructor was an American second lieutenant with a total of 400 flying hours to his credit. Four training missions followed; these consisted of 'bouncing' or 'attacking' allied aircraft, as Number 2 or wingman, of a pair of Sabres. At the end of each of the training trips he practised 'flame-out' landing patterns and instrument let-downs. On the ground he was either in the 'caravan' or 'mobile', as the Americans call it, getting himself into the operational picture by checking aircraft as they took off and landed; or he was attending lectures on how the different mechanical systems in the Sabre work.

At last, on 15th April, 1953, two weeks after his arrival in Korea, he flew his first mission. After so much eager anticipation it turned out to be an anti-climax, for they saw no sign of enemy air activity, nor did they even need to arm their

The Sabre that Flight Lieutenant Granville-White shared with a United States Air Force officer





Flight Lieutenant Granville-White poses for his 'glamor photograph' behind the cockpit of a Sabre

guns. They flew over their emergency landing strip (a three-mile stretch of sand), over the rescue centre where the helicopters and amphibious aircraft were based, and so back home to do a let-down from thirty thousand feet.

Mission followed mission and the time passed quickly. The day-to-day routine varied so little that he found it difficult to remember what day of the week it was. They were usually on duty by 0600 hours, but during the summer every third day started at 0330 hours, as they had to be on 'pre-dawn readiness', standing by either to make, or to beat off, a dawn attack.

While they were airborne, fuel was a constant source of worry. The Sabres carried external fuel tanks which the pilots could drop off as they emptied or whenever enemy aircraft were in the vicinity, but the real trouble was that they had to fly two hundred miles, or the distance between Cranwell and Edinburgh, before there was any chance of fighting, and even then they always had to remember to leave themselves enough fuel to fly the two hundred miles back to base when they had finished. They flew as high as possible, first so that, if they were bounced by Migs, they could engage them on nearly equal terms, and secondly, to keep down their fuel consumption. When a pilot saw that he had reached his minimum fuel for returning to base, he called the code word 'Bingo' over the R.T. and everyone then understood that he was returning to base. The leader of the element could then make his plans for

further attacks accordingly. An extract from Flight Lieutenant Granville-White's diary illustrates the fuel problem very adequately.

I lost about 700 pounds of fuel when I dropped my tanks owing to slow tank transferring. My element leader had also lost fuel, so after half-an-hour's patrol, we pulled out and headed back to base. I was shorter of fuel than I had anticipated and took over the lead in order to make a small landing pattern. After shutting down the engines, I had seven gallons left.

One hundred pounds of fuel would last, at the most, for two minutes.

When Flight Lieutenant Granville-White had been in Korea a few weeks the Americans suggested what they called a 'glamor photograph'. This entailed climbing into flying clothing and standing half in and half out of the cockpit of a Sabre while his photograph was taken. First, however, there was a problem to be solved—a haircut. Fortunately, a South Korean came to the rescue and spent a morning cutting his hair, using lavatory paper to wind round his neck in place of a towel.

Once every three months each pilot was given five days' 'Rest and Recreation' in Japan. This leave was essential if only to have a bath, wear a tie and ride in a train, and was a very welcome change from the routine of the base.

On nearly every mission Mig contrails could be seen, but actual contact only occurred once in every eight or ten trips. Often hopes were raised as an unidentified aircraft was bounced, only to be dashed again when it was found to be a 'friendly'. Then followed the climb back to altitude in case a genuine enemy appeared. Flight Lieutenant Granville-White scored his first 'probable' (this was later confirmed) on 17th May, 1953. It is best described in the words of his diary, written up daily during his time in Korea.

I returned westwards and spotted two contrails heading north. I suspected them to be Migs heading for the 'fence' (the Yalu river), so I set up a 'bounce' on the farthest contrail, leaving my Numbers 3 and 4 men to take the nearest.

I was right; they were Migs. At this moment my Number 2 called 'Bingo—200 lb.'. I found two Sabres hot on the trail of the Mig, so moved into a firing position on the left of the firing Sabre. At this point we were heading down in a medium dive at 0.96 mach towards the fence, so I sent my Number 2 man home to get out of the area with the highest mach possible.

The first Sabre fired out on the Mig, so the Number 2 man moved in to fire at 15,000 feet, and broke off at 7,000 feet. I then moved over to the right side of the Sabre firing. These two Sabres

fired at 3,000 to 4,000 feet. When the second Sabre had fired out, we were heading for a valley running N/S.

I then moved in and fired one burst which seemed to hit the Mig in the engine section, as he slowed up and allowed me to close. By this time we were down to 4,000 feet, and I was in his slipstream being thrown around the cockpit like a ping-pong ball. My 'uncaged sight' flew off the screen, so I caged it and continued firing at 1,500 feet, when the filament in my sight went out. I then closed to 300 feet and continued firing, using the tracers for direction; most of my shots went over his canopy. I was out of ammunition, so broke to the left and last saw the Mig heading north-east up a valley. . . . I put in a claim and was awarded a 'probable' as my film showed the first burst which got a few lucky hits in the Mig's tail section.

Of course, very few missions provided the same satisfaction as this. Most of them consisted either of escorting fighter-bombers to their targets and back, or of airfield and road reconnaissance sorties during which the pilots had to count the number of Migs on North Korean airfields and observe the amount of activity on roads in the front-line area. Here is a description from Flight Lieutenant Granville-White's diary of a typical mission.

This 21st mission (J) was leading an 'airborne alert' over Chodo Island. I took an airborne spare with my four aircraft and used him after take-off, as my Number 4 man aborted with undercarriage trouble. I had been on patrol 330°/150° for twenty minutes, trailing thick persistent contrails at 43,000 feet above an overcast, tops at 40,000 feet, with not a sign of an enemy track. My Number 2 lost his oil pressure, so I withdrew; I had to instruct my Number 2 what to do, as without oil pressure one cannot advance the throttle after throttling



Another Mig pilot has to bale out. The open parachute can just be seen in the bottom right-hand corner



A combat photograph of a Mig 15. In June, 1953, the record number of seventy Migs were shot down

back. After my Number 2 had landed safely, I climbed up and made a 'flame-out' circuit from 10,000 feet over the airfield.

Little things often went wrong with the aircraft. Most of them were not serious, but were annoying, as pilots never, if they could avoid it, flew singly. The Number 2, or wingman, as he is called, would always cover his leader's tail from enemy attack, and when one of the pair had engine trouble they would turn back together for their mutual protection. After each mission Intelligence officers interviewed each pilot and the number of 'kills', 'probables' and 'damageds' were counted up and later celebrated with liquid refreshment.

Pilots were promoted on the number of missions they completed. When a pilot first joined a squadron he would fly as Number 2 or wingman; then, as he gained experience, he would become an element leader, having his own wingman to guard his tail. After this he would become leader of a formation of four or six aircraft, finally reaching the top as mission leader, which entailed leading up to 48 Sabres.

An incident which neither of the pilots concerned is likely to forget occurred when a Royal Air Force officer and his American Number 2 were making an airfield reconnaissance over Antung. The flak was heavy and accurate and the Number 2 was so busy not looking where he was going that he collided with his leader, losing his left elevator and damaging his leader's nose. Miraculously both aircraft could still fly and managed to land safely.

When the signing of the treaty to end the war changed from a remote hope to a distinct possibility the Migs started to fly at lower altitudes, giving the Sabres a chance to meet them on more

equal terms; during June, 1953, a record number of 70 Migs were shot down. It is worth recording that, of these, the first bagged by an Old Cranwellian was Flt Lt J. Lovell's (47). On 26th July everyone thought the treaty would be signed by 1400 hours, and a plan was devised for a last look at the familiar airfields and rivers in North Korea. This was to be flown before it was too late, and before the deadline a section of four Sabres was ready, pilots strapped in their cockpits

ready to set off on their last trip of the war. However, the war was not destined to finish that day, so they went on a sweep of the Yalu river instead!

At 1000 hours on 27th July, 1953, the treaty was at last signed, as twenty-four Sabres took off on what turned out to be a final patrol. Two hours later they were all safely back on the ground for the last time and the Korean war in the air was over.



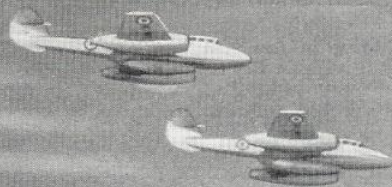
Sonic Barrier

By CAPTAIN RONALD R. JEFFELS

Royal Canadian Artillery

Quite suddenly the wall of tempered steel was gone;
I screamed defiance at the Universe . . . Mach One!
I caught Time's wings and fettered them,
With bolder, searching hand I touched the hem
Of Dawn's empurpled robe of grace;
And flesh-free, soul-borne, rose to conquer Space.
Then in my car of silvered fire-motion
Pursued the sparking tail of Comet through the Ocean
Of Cloud. Looked down the passage on a world to be,
Fed at the breast of Knowledge, stained her white knee
With thwarted-angel tears. And from that macrocosmic view
Saw souls ascending . . . glowing . . . new.
Then whirling, soaring, arching, looked at Noon
And turned in ceaseless circles round the Moon.
I bludgeoned Earth's eternal pull, assailed a Star,
Beat off foul Flux and Change and, turning from afar,
Swooped down. Aloft on that great arc of speed,
I watched where Thunderheads are born and feed;
Drew quarrels of Force at the quiver of God
And cast them down to scorch the sod
Where earth-bound mortals met for the comedy of Day.
From my bold vantage point I laughed and turned away.
Laughed loud for Man who harnessed Might
But never shared the passions of my Flight.

From Balliol to Meteor



ALL Visiting Vehicles Report to the Guard-Room' said a notice, which was displayed with a prominence clearly indicating that this was a new procedure at Royal Air Force stations and one that applied to 8 F.T.S. Driffield in particular. Whatever my squadron commander may have said about arriving at a new station, there it was in black, white and underlined in red. I do not know the exact definition of 'reporting' but since my arrival at the guard-room appeared to cause no interest, I deduced that as a visiting vehicle I was a failure. I was about to ask for the Officers' Mess when another disconcerting thing happened; as I moved forward to question the face in the blanched window, I caught sight of myself in a full-length mirror, above which a notice asked menacingly if I was a credit to the Service. I averted my gaze from the bulbous scarecrow that stared back at me with incredulous eyes and, wondering if any motor-cycling gear could ever be a credit to the Royal Air Force,

vowed never again to arrive at a new station on a motor cycle.

I found the Mess and a room not far from it that was to be mine. It was in a wooden hut, small but warm and draught-proof—features I have come to worship with fanatical fervour during the past few years.

By

Pilot Officer T. H. Sheppard

Nine others from No. 62 Entry made up our course—No. 97, the third of the 'All-

Weather Era.' We had a fortnight of Ground School together, attempting to absorb details of fuel, oil and hydraulic systems which as yet meant nothing to us. We revised meteorology, radio and navigation in the light of the Meteor—and quite a different light it shed, especially on navigation. As the fortnight crawled to a close, the general picture of things began to assume a coherent shape. Then began a week of half flying and half lectures before going on to full flying.

We were slow to start on account of the weather, which seemed determined to stop us



The author's Meteor flying in formation and turning steeply. The coastline of Bridlington Bay can be seen below

getting into the air. But fly we eventually did and it was well worth the wait. Initial impressions, once we had got into the air, were of popping ears, quietness, and a sort of fluidity in handling that gave us amazing freedom in the vertical direction. Impressions on the ground were a completely different matter, especially after our first 'famil.' trip, when we were expected to start getting the hang of things. At first the Meteor appeared to me to have immense bulk, of which a disconcertingly small proportion comprised the wings. It was the quintessence of solidity. It crouched—crouched resolutely on its undercarriage, covered with grimy silver dope, and waiting potently, as a gun waits to be fired.

Leaving the crew-room in the wake of your instructor, fighting the awkward mass of your parachute and dinghy, you catch fragments of his by now familiar briefing: '... hurry up your checks ... go steady with those throttles ... ? It's really rather like trying to carry a recalcitrant octopus, the weight and all those bits and pieces ... and remember, main wheels first and keep the nose wheel off as long as' The smell of a badly trimmed paraffin lamp assails your nostrils as you cross the pan to the aircraft and hear the whine of the next one starting up. There's a click as the last lug of the parachute release box is used up, and you waddle, bent under your burden and apparently decrepit, to negotiate the entrance to the cockpit. Getting in is not as simple as one might expect; initially it seems a feat of immeasurable strength and skill. In the first place, there is a definite order in which the steps should be tackled (different, of course, for front and back cockpits). An early error in the magic sequence

may well result in the would-be pilot getting himself wedged into the cramped cockpit and facing not only the tail, but, worse still, the angry visage of his instructor, by now well ensconced in the back seat. Your efforts are eventually crowned with success and a sympathetic, albeit grinning, airman helps you get settled, miraculously sorting out all the straps that you inevitably sit on, as you lower yourself into the seat.

'All right in the front?' says a strained but cheerful voice, as the portcullis-like cockpit slams down with the uncompromising clang of a safe door. The fact that you are clearly not all right does not hold back the inevitable 'O.K., Start up!' To your surprise you remember the procedure and the turbines respond. You are relieved, too, with that intense relief which stems from the knowledge that had they not started you would not have had the slightest idea what to do about it. After frantic checks (mustn't waste fuel) you nonchalantly wave away the chocks and attempt to taxi. . . .

A Meteor leaves the dispersal, lurching wildly across the taxi track, the rudder springing from full left to full right as each over-corrected brake application fights for that yellow line down the centre.

Eventually, one might even say fairly quickly,



'... the portcullis-like cockpit slams down with the uncompromising clang of a safe door.' The instructor's view of his pupil

the art of taxiing is mastered, as is the art of doing checks quickly and even getting into the cockpit. The actual flying is fun and, at first, slightly astonishing. The way in which the aircraft has to be heaved off, up and round in circuits and bumps is against one's instincts of self preservation, while the amount of bank needed for a normal rate-one turn makes rate-three beyond the



Main wheels first, then nose wheel (and perhaps some crack about No. 62 Entry!) The photograph on p. 51 shows Meteor 7s at No. 8 F.T.S. at Driffield doing high-level formation at 36,000 feet. The pilots are Pilot Officers Sheppard (nearest) and Crook, both of No. 62 Entry

black-out threshold. But once these things and the sheer power have ceased to cause amazement, the flying is smooth, brisk and free. First solo comes and goes, and the introduction to the Meteor 4 with its big, clear hood makes one feel like the conventional spaceman or, more mundanely, a goldfish. The pressurization is welcome, except for the weird noises in these old aircraft. No doubt I followed in the footsteps of many in being so carried away by the pleasantness and ease of the flying that I did not realize the staggering rate at which fuel is absorbed. I learned my lesson within a week of my first solo, when I had to fly back shakily on one engine in order to conserve the precious stuff. This asymmetric flying is a thing that causes great amusement to your instructor. An extra engine is another thing to go wrong, so you pretend the fire went out and do circuits on one. At low speed (160 knots) and high r.p.m. (14,000) the force required on the rudder pedal to keep the aircraft straight is, as the good book says, only just 'within the capabilities of the average pilot.' It is curious to note that it is always at such moments of stress when one is pitting one's muscles against the wind that one's instructor is in his most frivolous mood.

Alarmingly soon, intermediate handling tests are taken, and one comes to what was to me sheer misery—trying to fly a Meteor on instruments. To some it came naturally, but I was painfully slow in mastering the art; presumably the word 'ham', which occurred all too frequently in my flying report had something to do with this. However, it was another lesson and showed that even if the aircraft flew by brute force, it certainly could not be accurately controlled by it—not to the standards required by the instrument rating test anyway!

When the sentence of I/F was at last rescinded, formation flying started, but again it was an object lesson in how to relax in the cockpit. It was, however, a very pleasant lesson and a beautiful one too. Two aircraft in formation at 30,000 ft. with clean, white contrails behind them against a deep blue sky are a magnificent sight. Tail chases are tremendous fun, if a little exhausting—especially if you are in a Mk. 4 chasing a Mk. 7. The 7s generally have spring tabs on the ailerons, feather-light in comparison to the aged 4s and the chase becomes a two-handed, high 'g' affair.

As an all-weather course, we had to have a fair

share of night flying in the form of a compressed day syllabus—circuits, normal and asymmetric, high-speed runs and navigation. The navigation is all solo and comprises 'pundit-crawls' and high-level trips when the usefulness of radio is made forcibly apparent. Flying high at night with a full moon is a wonderful experience. Somehow everything seems to be mellow and peaceful—even the pressurizing relief valve stops making a noise if you are really lucky!

American G.C.As are an education in their accuracy and fast patter. My introduction to this aid was most convincing, as the talkdown director drawled over the R/T: '... double-check-ye-gear-diawn-an-larked-Farx-Item-you-are-just-tien-feet-high-orn-the-glide-path-ease-her-diawn-a-bit. You-are-faive-mahls-frerm-terch-diawn-an-

twenny-feet-left-I-say-again-left-uv-the-glide-path. . . .' Not bad! Is it time to produce a G.4.F marked in tenths of a degree?

The night flying, apart from the final handling test, night flying test and a final I/F check, finishes the course—twenty-two weeks of it, weather permitting.

The pupil-instructor relationship we found to be ideal and the Meteor a delightful machine to fly. Some of the Mark 4s have seen three times as much service as we have, but one develops an affection for their robustness and good natured tolerance towards youth and inexperience. Each aircraft has its own idiosyncrasies; one of ours snakes along rhythmically at low as well as high speed—we like to think it just wants to wag its tail because it's happy. Perhaps it is.



Flying Wing Since The War

It has been felt for some time that many readers of 'The Journal', particularly among Old Cranwellians, would like to learn something about the recent activities of Flying Wing. We, therefore, propose to publish annually a series of articles written by one of its officers. This first article, written by Flight Lieutenant A. B. Stinchcombe, our Old Cranwellian Editor, gives a brief account of Flying Wing's activities since 1946.

THE Flying Wing at Cranwell is responsible for the entire flying training of the flight cadets, but it is not a part of the College organization. It is, in fact, one of the three wings of Royal Air Force Cranwell. At the moment, this station exists solely because the College does, but it was not always so. In the past, numerous other units have lived at Cranwell and no doubt there will be other units in future, but always there has been, and will be, a closer liaison between the Flying Wing and the College than between the other occupants and the College.

The task of the Flying Wing is to make good pilots of the flight cadets and to continue their officer training during the time they spend at the flights. Just after the Second World War, the amount of flying done by each cadet during his stay at the College was in the region of 210 hours. As more advanced training aircraft have become available, this total has been increased first to approximately 250 hours and now to about 300 hours. It will remain much the same when the Provost/Vampire training programme becomes a reality.

When the College was reopened in 1946, the training aircraft used were the Tiger Moth and Harvard which were taken over from No. 19 Flying Training School. The Lincolnshire climate was not kind to those unfortunates flying in the open cockpit of a Tiger Moth and these were replaced by the Percival Prentice in 1948. This aircraft remained the basic training aircraft until 1952 when it was replaced by the De Havilland Chipmunk which enabled more instruction to be given during each flying detail. The latest change, to bring the College into line with the flying training schools, is to replace the Chipmunk by the Provost, a much more powerful basic trainer with a performance approximately the same as that of the Harvard. The Harvard continued to give outstanding service as an advanced trainer until 1953 when it was replaced by the Boulton Paul Balliol as an interim measure until the Vampire is introduced at Cranwell in the near future.

The new cadet, during his first two terms at Cranwell, continues to receive air experience and practical map reading instruction in the ever-faithful Ansons of Headquarters flight. Until



The new and the old. The Chipmunk, basic trainer since 1952, has been replaced by the Provost



The construction of runways on the South Airfield proceeds steadily, though much remains to be done. Here, one of the machines involved in the work can be seen laying asphalt

recently a Meteor 7 was established at Cranwell to give the senior entry a little jet experience before leaving. This has been replaced by a Vampire T11.

The Wing Commander Flying is also the Chief Flying Instructor. The present holder of these offices is Wing Commander I. N. MacDougall, D.F.C., an ex-cadet. His immediate predecessor was Wing Commander, now Group Captain, D. Peveler, D.S.O., D.F.C., and before him was another ex-cadet, Wing Commander S. B. Grant, D.F.C. Until Wing Commander Grant arrived, the chair was very ably filled for several months by Squadron Leader R. B. Cole, D.F.C., A.F.C., the Deputy C.F.I., who was later invited to become an Associate Member of the Old Cranwellian Association. The previous Wing Commander Flying, Wing Commander A. R. D. MacDonnell, D.F.C., had departed to study Russian. The Chief Flying Instructor of No. 19 Flying Training School became the first C.F.I. when the College reopened after the Second World War. He was Wing Commander T. B. de la Poer Beresford, D.S.O., D.F.C., now the Air Adviser to the High Commissioner in Delhi. He, too, was an ex-cadet and his successor, Wing Commander R. J. P. Prichard, O.B.E., D.F.C., A.F.C., was invited to become an Associate Old Cranwellian.

The Flying Wing must have used more airfields since the war than any other single flying unit. When the College reopened, the South Airfield was used for training purposes and the North Airfield by the Radio School. The satellites were Wellingore and Barkston Heath. Unfortunately Wellingore returned to its rightful use as arable land, but other satellites were found. Digby was much in use until some time after the Equipment and Secretarial Wing had been incorporated in the College, but is, alas, available no longer. Spitalgate is still being used and others, such as Wigsley, Scampton and East Kirkby have been used by the kindness of their owners.

The summer of 1954 saw a change in the face of Cranwell. The advanced stage of training was transferred, lock, stock and barrel, to Barkston Heath, and the North Airfield at Cranwell reopened for use by the basic trainers. Then the contractors moved in and started building the runways. Already, the South Airfield presents an unfamiliar aspect to those who have not visited Cranwell for some time. When the runways are completed, it is intended that the Vampires of the advanced stage will operate from them and that the basic Provosts will take their turn to use Barkston Heath as their base. The lecturers at Cranwell will have to compete with the whine of the Goblin and a new phase in the life of the Flying Wing at Cranwell will have started.

The Ecole de l'Air

By H. W. ACOMB, M.A.

The account below of the French Air Force Academy at Salon-de-Provence—to our knowledge the first complete one ever to appear in the pages of 'The Journal'—has been prepared by Mr Acomb, formerly a librarian at the College and now professeur d'anglais at Salon. We are much indebted to Mr Acomb for his kindness in writing this account and to the Ecole de l'Air for supplying a very large number of photographs to illustrate it, only a few of which we have been able to use here.

IN September, 1947, Air Commodore (now Air Vice-Marshal Atcherley, the Commandant of the Royal Air Force College, visited the Ecole de l'Air and was received by Colonel (now Général) de Maricourt, who commanded at that time. The visit was returned three months later when Colonel de Maricourt visited Cranwell.

From this exchange there has developed increasingly the friendly relationship which now exists between the two houses, in sport and in general understanding.

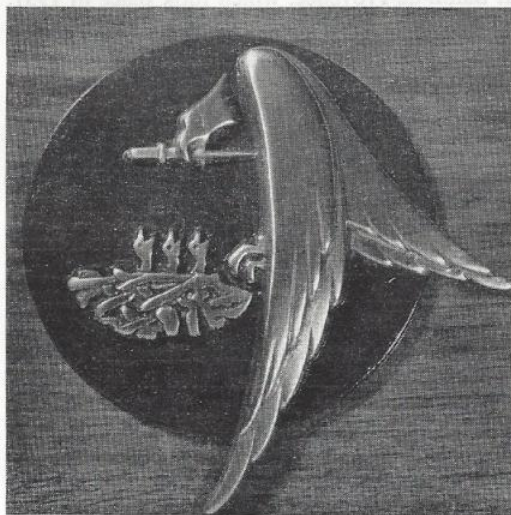
Since then there have been eleven reciprocal visits, either for the traditional sporting contests in rugby and fencing, or for less formal occasions and these have done great things for the *entente* which has come to exist.

Through these visits many Cranwell officers and flight cadets have made personal contact with their French opposite numbers and the following outline of the history and organization of the Ecole de l'Air is written to give them rather fuller knowledge and to inform other past and present Cranwellians who are aware of the links that exist between Cranwell and Salon, but who have not had the opportunity of personal contacts.

History of the Ecole

In common with other air forces, the Armée de l'Air (which is the title of the French Air Force) went through a period in which the *Personnel Navigant* (G.D.) officers who were directly recruited had been trained as officers in the older establishments concerned with the production of officers of the Army (in French terminology, the Armée de Terre). In France, these came from Saint Cyr, the Sandhurst of France, or from the Ecole Polytechnique, that foundation for which no exact equivalent exists in Great Britain.

Those young men who elected to make military aviation their career therefore began their specialized training as officers, usually as *sous-lieutenants* (pilot officers) at what was known as the Ecole d'Application at Versailles.



The badge of the Ecole de l'Air—an eagle offering a poignard to three eaglets

Even in the early days, however, there existed another channel of recruitment, which still plays an important role in supplying officers for the Armée de l'Air and of which more will be said later. It consisted of the selection, by competitive examination, of a certain number of men who had already some years of service and seniority to their credit in the ranks.

In 1931, a training school for *officiers mécaniciens* (engineers) was established and in 1934 the Ecole de l'Air was created as an independent establishment for training officers of the Armée de l'Air, to rank with Saint Cyr for the Armée de Terre and the Ecole Navale for the Marine (Navy). The first *promotion* ('entry' in Cranwell language) entered the Ecole de l'Air, still located at Versailles, in November, 1935.

A natural consequence of the comparative youthfulness of the Ecole de l'Air as an independent foundation is that none of its *anciens* has yet

attained a rank higher than that of *lieutenant-colonel* (wing commander), all the most senior G.D. officers in the Armée de l'Air having come from one or other of the two places of training already mentioned. It should also be remarked that the Armée de l'Air, unlike the Royal Air Force, but in common with many other Air Forces, has retained the titles of rank used in the Army.

After its creation as an independent establishment in 1934, a second most important landmark in the history of the Ecole de l'Air should be noted. This was its transfer to its present home, at Salon-de-Provence, which took place in 1937.

Inevitably, the tragic occurrences of the Second World War disrupted the normal development of the place and during the period of the war the Ecole knew five different stations in France as temporary homes between 1939 and 1945. Training was also carried on in French North Africa, promotions trained there doubling those formed in France. In 1946, after experiencing two more temporary homes since a return to France had become possible—one of these Versailles—the Ecole de l'Air was again installed in its proper place, at Salon.

That return must have aroused mingled feelings in the hearts of those who shared it. Against the triumph of victory and liberation there was the memory of all those of the house who would never come back and there was, in addition, the saddening sight of a devastated station. The *Base* (station) had been occupied by the Germans; it had been heavily bombed by the Allies and, before they pulled out, the enemy had sought to wreak as much damage as possible on its buildings.

War Record

A moving story lies behind the statistics. One-third of the past and present personnel of the Ecole de l'Air had given their lives in combat. Decorations gained included 10 Crosses of *Officier de la Légion d'Honneur*, 170 Crosses of *Chevalier* of that Order, and 860 citations. In addition, many who had been trained there served with the Royal Air Force as members of fighter or bomber squadrons bearing the name of French provinces, or elsewhere with the Allies, and it is no uncommon experience to see officers of the Armée de l'Air wearing the ribbons of British decorations.

This brilliant contribution, not only to the liberation of France but to the Allied cause in general, was corporately recognized in June, 1946, when the President of the French Republic conferred on the Ecole de l'Air the order of *Chevalier*

de la Légion d'Honneur, the badge of which decoration is on the *Drapeau* (Colour) which is carried on all ceremonial parades.

The official ceremony of conferment took place at Salon in June, 1947, in the presence of all surviving *anciens* of the Ecole de l'Air. The oldest of them was then not yet 35.

Organization

Any reader who has found enough patience to follow this outline thus far will have already realized that many differences exist between the Ecole de l'Air and the Royal Air Force College. Examination in more detail of the organization at Salon will reveal difference even more marked.

The most distinctive of these is that, at Salon, all categories of officers of the Armée de l'Air are trained. Secondly, it should be noted that about 40 per cent of those under training are not directly recruited from civil life but come from the Service as *sous-officiers* (n.c.os). The categories may be tabulated as follows:

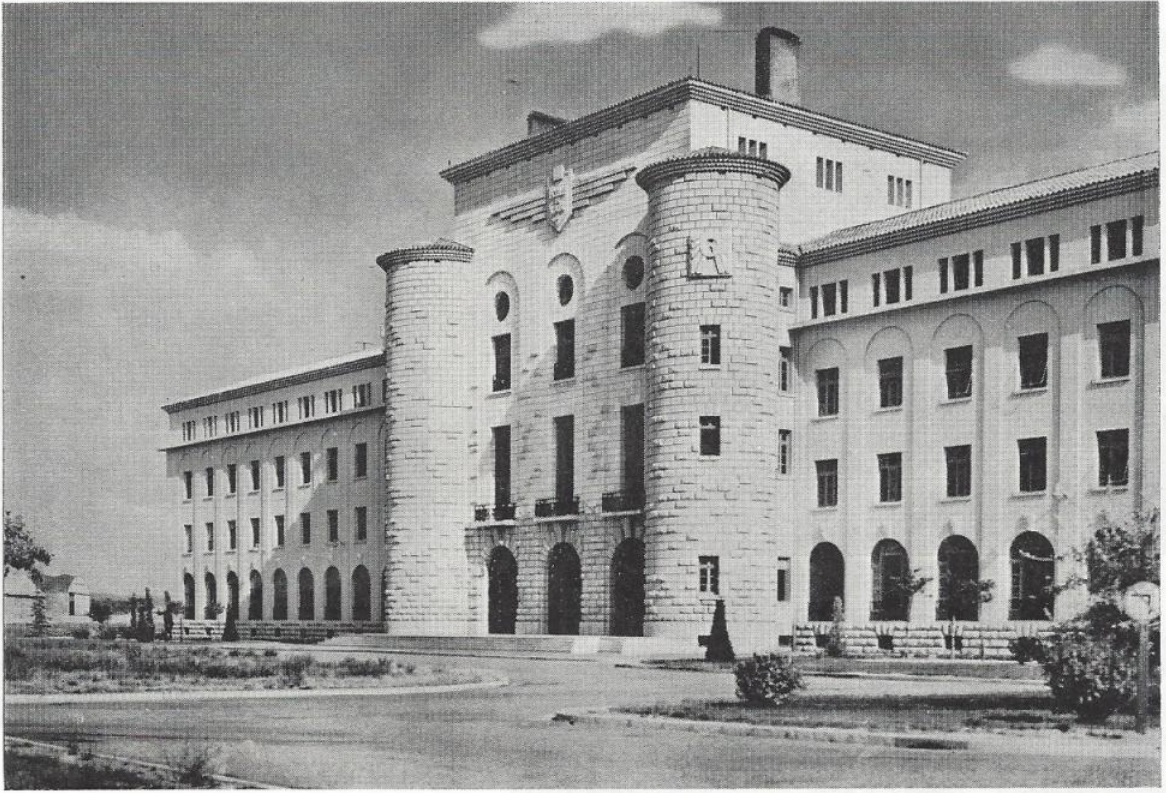
<i>Personnel Navigant (P.N.)</i>	G.D. (pilots and navigators).
<i>Mécaniciens</i>	Engineers, radio and radar.
<i>Officiers de Bases</i>	Operations room control, works and bricks, military training of ground personnel.
<i>Commissaires</i>	Finance, supply of uniforms, food and pay.
<i>Administratifs</i>	Secretarial.

A natural result of this diversity is that the number of *élèves* (cadets) under training is very considerable—at present about 750; that the life at the Ecole de l'Air is complex; and that the construction of a teaching time-table is a veritable nightmare for those concerned.

It is, however, easy to see that many practical advantages will accrue from this assembling in one place of all types. In their future life as officers, those who have passed through Salon together will have many links and common associations which will greatly facilitate their work, from whatever category they may come. One may call it, colloquially, a useful 'old-boy network'.

Entry to the Ecole

For all categories, entry is by competitive examination, though the nature and standard of that examination varies according to the category. Convenience in explanation of the standards demanded necessitates detailed examination in the order of the table given above and under the two headings of direct recruitment and recruitment from the Service.



The main building of the Ecole de l'Air, housing the administrative offices, the Salle d' Honneur, assembly hall and classrooms

Direct recruitment (including about 60 per cent of the *élèves*):

P.N.: Baccalauréat plus two years of special preparation. (The Baccalauréat is an examination for which it is difficult to find an exact equivalent in England. It is somewhat above the level of Matric. and it is conducted on a standard syllabus throughout France by the Ministry of Education.) Age limits, 17-21 years.

Mécaniciens: As above, but with an extension of the upper limit of age to 23 years.

Officiers de Bases: An examination which, by translating its French title freely, can be called Entrance Examination to Higher Commercial Studies. This also presupposes that the candidates have passed the 'Bachot' (colloquialism for the Baccalauréat).

Commissaires: Licence en Droit (i.e. first university degree in Law). Upward age limit, 25 years.

Recruitment from the Service (including about 40 per cent of the *élèves*):

All Categories: A level of education approximating to the first part of the Baccalauréat. Age limits—less rigid than those applying to Direct Recruitment candidates.

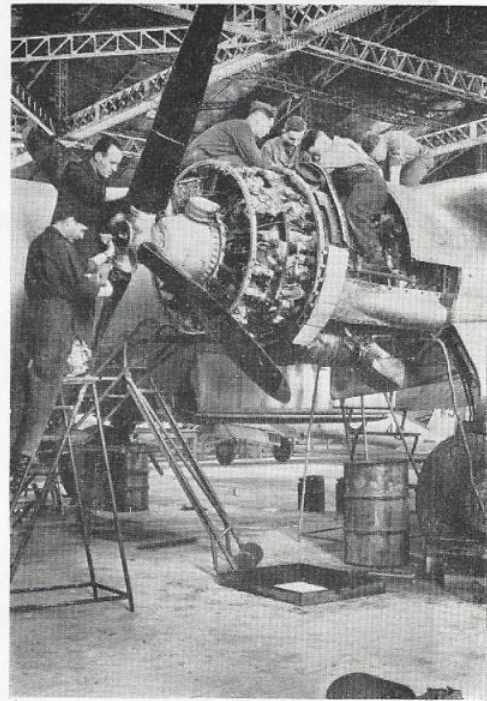
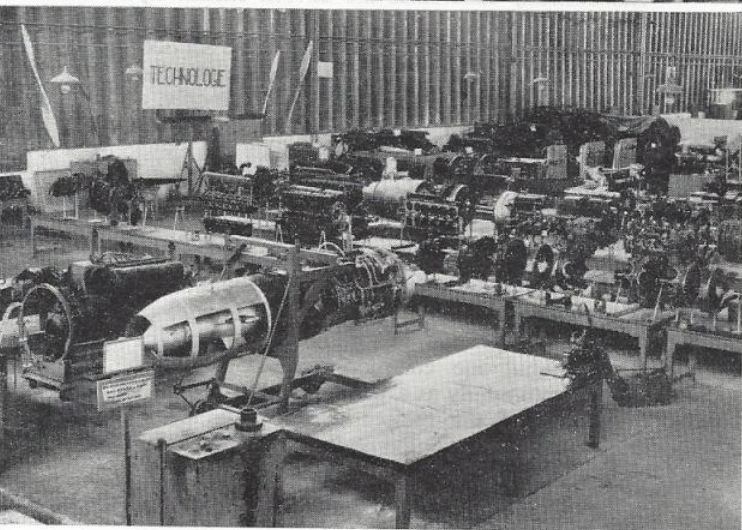
One or two comments must be made on the entry of those who come from the Service. First,

it is a condition of their acceptance as candidates that they should hold at least the rank of *Sergent*. Secondly, it is evident that those who gain admittance as *P.N.* will already have had flying experience. In fact, many have a large number of flying hours and experience of active service. *Administratif* candidates are chosen exclusively from the Service.

In all these classes of recruits from the Service, there are naturally many men who are married and the fathers of families. Not uncommonly, a man who failed in the competition for a place open to direct recruitment candidates will enlist and find his way to the Ecole de l'Air later by the alternative means of entry.

At the Ecole de l'Air there are, in fact, two training establishments—the Ecole de l'Air, properly so called (consisting of *élèves* recruited direct from civil life), and the Ecole Militaire de l'Air (comprising those who come from the Service)—but one common name is employed for the community as a whole.

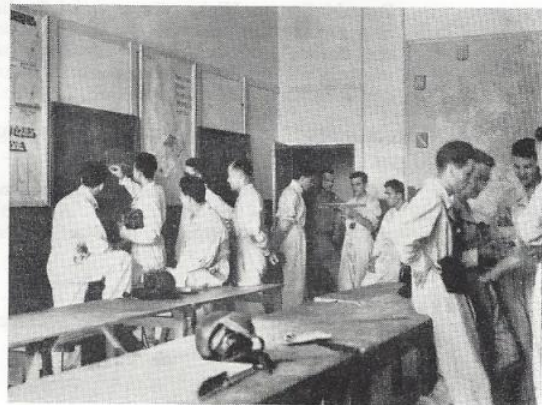
Because of the variety of categories under training the stay at Salon of *élèves* may vary con-



ASPECTS OF LIFE AT THE ECOLE DE L'AIR



Above left: Radio laboratory. Centre left: In the link-trainer room. Below left: A part of the aero-engine workshop. Above right: Mécaniciens at work on an aero engine. Below: U/t pilots in the briefing room before take-off



siderably. The range extends between one year and two and a half and from this year, for the first time since 1939, flying personnel will complete their basic training at the Ecole de l'Air in a period of two years, going afterwards to some station in France or North Africa for advanced training.

Until now, since 1948, this training has been completed in the United States of America, or in Canada, a condition which has applied not only to *élèves* of the Ecole de l'Air, but also to many n.c.o. pilots and navigators in the Armée de l'Air.

Everyday Life of the Elèves

The unit in which an *élève* spends his life after arriving at Salon is called a *brigade*. There is a resemblance between a Cranwell squadron and a *brigade* at Salon, but there are more differences. In the first place, a *brigade* may comprise as small a number of *élèves* as twelve.

Secondly and most importantly, as there is only one entry a year at Salon (in October), all members of a *brigade* have the same seniority.

Those who stay for longer than one year at Salon are given the title of *aspirants* and assume certain powers of discipline and training responsibilities in their second year.

The first year direct-recruitment *élèves* are always known by the sobriquet of *poussins* (young chickens) and, during the first month after their arrival, they have to undergo an arduous initiation known as the *bahutage*. During this period, they are more or less entirely at the mercy of their seniors outside working hours and every device known to the inventive imagination is employed to test their stamina.

Naturally enough, this period terminates with an *arrosage* (literally rendered as 'a watering') though it is not water which fills the glasses at this friendly reunion, but something far more satisfying.

A considerable amount of time is devoted to *Instruction Militaire* and one of the *Divisions* into which the Ecole is organized for training and instruction is called the *Division d'Instruction Militaire*. The officer commanding it at present is a *lieutenant-colonel* (wing commander), an *ex-élève* of the Ecole, who wears among other decorations the D.F.C. His predecessor, also *lieutenant-colonel* and former *élève*, wore the ribbon of the D.S.O.

The other *Divisions* are *D.I.P.N.* (Flying Wing), *Division d'Instruction Technique* (Engineers) and *D.I. Telecommunications* (Radio and Radar).

The central organism concerned with all matters to do with teaching and discipline is

known as *Groupeement d'Instruction*, the officer commanding it being a *colonel* (group captain) and second in command of the whole establishment. His position corresponds pretty closely to that of the Assistant Commandant at Cranwell.

The Baptême

There is no ceremony at Salon which exactly corresponds to a passing-out parade at Cranwell. The nearest parallel is known as a *Baptême* (literally baptism), at which the essential features are:

- (a) the giving to a new *Promotion* of the name of some former officer of the Armée de l'Air who was specially distinguished. By that name the *Promotion* will always be known and referred to, as a Cranwell entry is by its number.
- (b) the reception of this name by the *Promotion*, all the members of which kneel on one knee, cap in hand, while one of the Senior *Promotion* reads the citation of the *Parrain* (godfather), i.e. the officer whose name the new *Promotion* will bear.
- (c) the entrusting of the *Drapeau* (Colour) to the new *Promotion*.

A previous ceremony, carried out soon after a new *Promotion* has arrived, consists of the conferment on each new *élève* of a *poignard*, the mark of an officer's right to command, and of the badge of the Ecole de l'Air or the Ecole Militaire de l'Air.

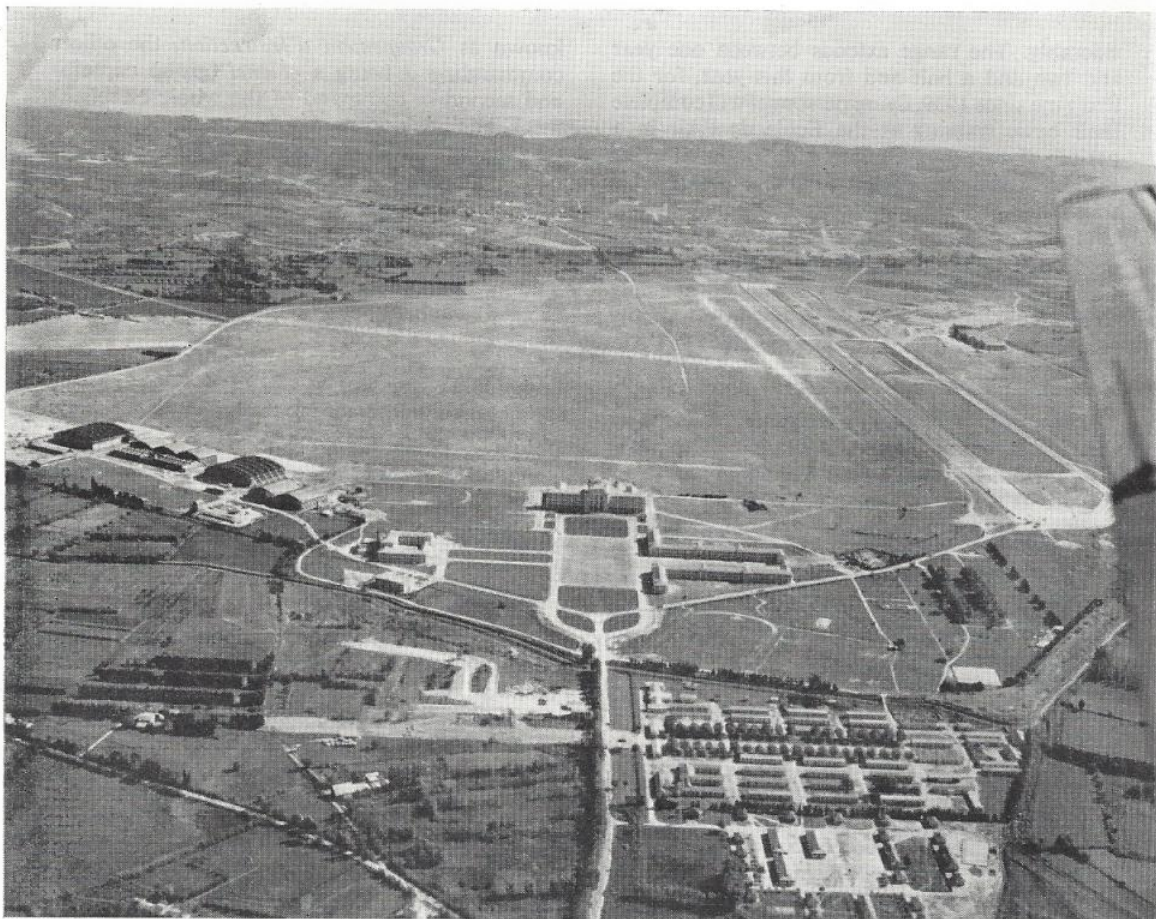
Cranwellians who visited Salon for the last June *Baptême* will certainly recall with pleasure the beauty of the spectacle. All the main buildings are floodlit, all those taking part in the parade are in white uniform and at the moment of the *Défilé* (march past) the advancing parade is also floodlit. No more beautiful setting for a military demonstration could be devised and the night sky of Provence provides a fitting canopy.

The Buildings

Mention has already been made of wartime damage to the buildings of the Ecole, but it would be more exact to use the word 'building' in the singular because, at the outbreak of war in 1939, only one permanent building had been completed. This was the monumental pile which faces the visitor on his arrival and dominates the parade ground.

Its official title is *Bâtiment de Direction et Etudes*, usually shortened to B.D.E. In it are housed the offices of the Commandant and his *Officiers Adjoints*, of the Officer Commanding the *Groupeement d'Instruction*, the library, the great assembly hall and the majority of the lecture theatres and classrooms.

Until 1952, after the reopening of the Ecole, this one building had to serve for administration,



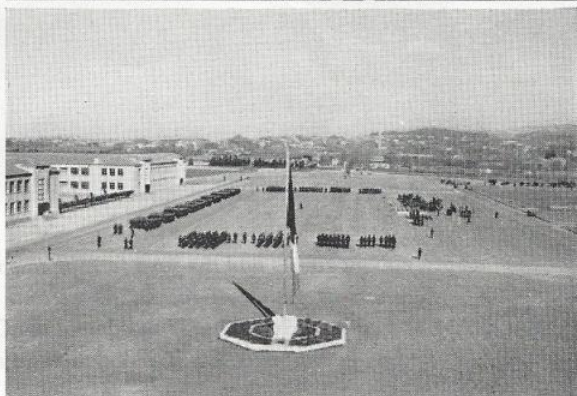
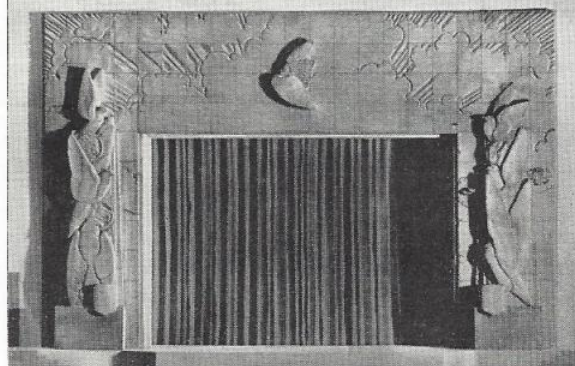
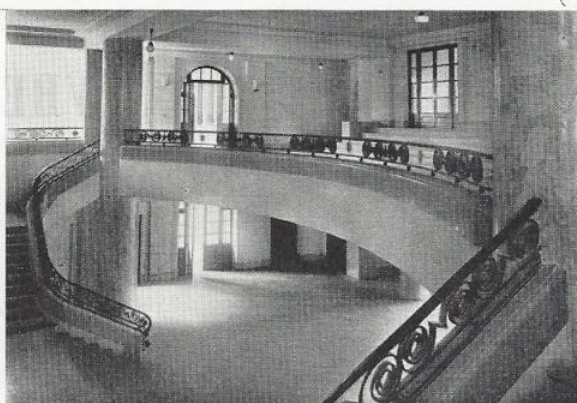
An aerial view, looking south, of the Ecole de l'Air as it appears today, showing the new runways (right), the main building (centre), with the élèves' blocks (to the right) and the élèves' mess and sanatorium (to the left). The new parade ground can be seen directly in front of the main building

for most of the teaching, and as living quarters for the *élèves*, the *Mess d'Elèves* (Cadets' mess) occupying temporary quarters in *baragues* (hutments). The inconvenience and congestion thus caused can easily be imagined, especially as the number of *élèves* increased rapidly each year.

During the past four years the picture has remarkably changed and there have been constructed two large and imposing blocks of living quarters and a mess with fully adequate space and the most modern equipment, to say nothing of a spacious ante-room, bar, and rooms for games, music, etc. In addition, new sick quarters have been built to replace a large, old house in the town of Salon which had served temporarily. All these new buildings are grouped round the parade ground and form a very impressive ensemble.

One difficulty remains yet to be overcome,

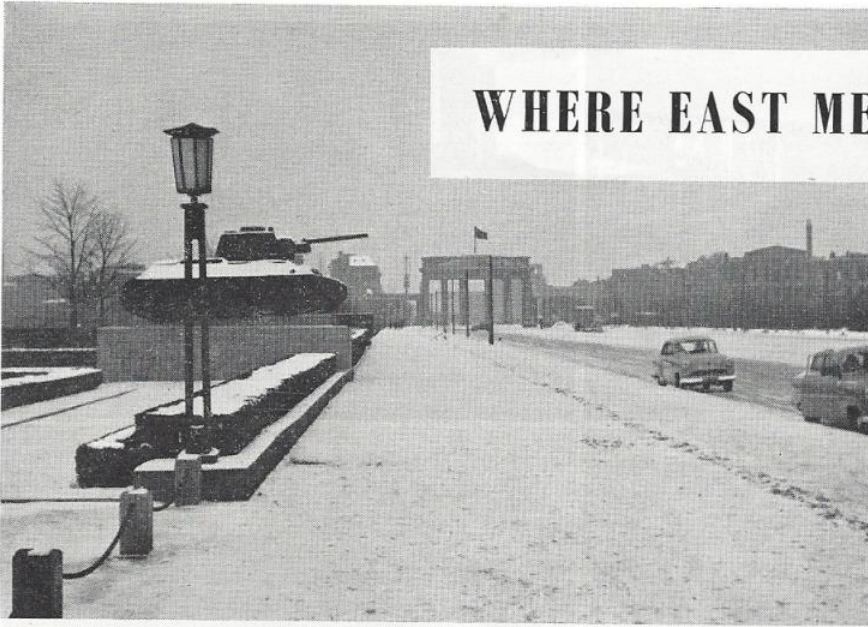
though it stands in the way only of aesthetic completeness. In Provence, because of the climate, the soil and the prevalence of the wind known as the *mistral*, which blows only too often with great force (in winter, with icy force) down the Rhône valley, it is difficult indeed to grow trees and to cultivate lawns in an exposed position. There is a constant battle between climatic conditions, at one extreme or another, and those responsible for the upkeep of the immediate surroundings of the Ecole de l'Air. Hundreds of trees have been planted and all possible means are employed to encourage the lawns. If the conditions demonstrated in a scale-model of the *Base* (station), showing all the trees fully grown and the lawns thrivalingly green can be realized, the fine buildings already mentioned will indeed have a worthy setting, but that is not yet.



Above left: The Salle d'Honneur, in which are housed the personal relics of some of the most celebrated names in the Armée de l'Air and the pennants of its numerous squadrons. Like all the important halls and rooms in the Ecole it bears the name of a famous aviator—Guynemer, of all names linked with French military aviation, perhaps the most greatly revered. It is no accident that Guynemer's motto, 'Faire Face' (freely rendered 'Face up to it'), has become the motto of the Ecole. Above right: The main hall and staircases, leading (to the extreme right) to the Salle d'Honneur. Centre left: The theatre, or assembly hall. This imposing hall seats 600 persons and is equipped with a fine, modern stage and lighting apparatus. It is enriched by a proscenium arch of boldly carved oak, which has been named after Marin la Meslée—'chasseur pilote au prestige inégalé' (fighter pilot of unequalled prestige). Centre right: A view of the parade of the Baptême from the windows of the Salle d'Honneur. The ancient town of Salon lies below the hill in the background. Right: The Ecole de l'Air main building as it was at the end of the war. This picture makes an interesting comparison with the one opposite and helps to show not only the extent of the rehabilitation that has gone on in the past decade, but also the immense amount of new building that has been commissioned and completed



WHERE EAST MEETS WEST



A Visit to Berlin Ten Years After

Six flight cadets had the good fortune to spend a week in Berlin during the Christmas vacation as guests of the 1st Battalion, the Royal Lincolnshire Regiment. Major Cotton, formerly Army Instructor at the College, kindly acted as the host of the flight cadets, one of whom describes here some of his impressions of the city.

EVERYTHING about Berlin was very different from the way we had imagined it to be. From the frequent news reports which one hears in England one might well conclude that the four sectors of the city are cramped together in a small area, and forces of the occupying nations are to be seen everywhere in great numbers.

This picture is entirely false. Each sector is large and there are few armed soldiers, save for the sentries, in any of the sectors. There is no apparent atmosphere of tension within the city, and the German people seem much too busy to bother about our political differences.

We were all amazed at the extent of the bomb damage, but pleased to see that it is in the British sector that most of the clearing and rebuilding has taken place. The British sector is by far the most pleasant, as it contains Berlin's 'West End'. This has been largely rebuilt and is very gay, especially at night, when the lights and neon advertisements are switched on. This area contains most of the night clubs, bars and dance halls of the city, and people come from all the other sectors to enjoy the night life there.

The Russian sector is very dull by comparison. Therein is contained the former cultural centre of the city, but now it is desolate everywhere. There has been little attempt at clearance and rebuilding, for there are still huge piles of rubble lying about. One road, Stalin-alley, is being rebuilt, and when complete will look most impressive. It contains many fine shops and restaurants in which most East Berliners have difficulty in finding anything cheap enough for their pockets. However, this magnificent road is only a façade, behind which stretch miles of ruins and one or two houses, sheltering from the cold winds behind mounds of rubble.

In East Berlin there are many more armed police than in the other sectors, and several squares have been cleared for army encampments after the riots of 14th July, 1954. However, the people seemed to have no difficulty in passing the barriers between the various sectors.

Our hosts were the 1st Battalion, The Royal Lincolnshire Regiment, and to them we are all most grateful for the way in which they organized our week's stay. They put themselves out in order

that we should see all sides of a typical infantry battalion, and also allowed us complete freedom of the officers' mess without any charge at all.

The section which we found most interesting was the support company, which operates on Gatow airfield. With them we fired off some practice three-inch mortar bombs and tried, without much success, to unearth a minefield. We each drove a Bren gun carrier, and with these formidable weapons we managed to liquidate one rabbit. We also spent a morning with the Independent Tank Squadron. Here again we were each given a turn at driving a Comet tank; one of our party produced such a loud series of explosions through the exhaust system that we prepared to go to ground.

Our barracks were in Spandau, next to the prison in which most of the German war criminals are serving their sentences. We attended films which showed very bluntly the nature of the Nazi atrocities, and dealt with the crimes of each person tried at Nuremberg after the war. Later we entered the prison and watched a guard-changing ceremony in which the Americans handed over to the British. It is an interesting fact that when the Russians take over they are driven through West Berlin in a sealed van, and they are not let out until they reach the guard-room inside the prison walls.

An interesting diversion was provided when we went to the political headquarters in the former

Bell joins the support company on Gatow airfield and tries his hand at the three-inch mortar



Olympic Stadium. Here we were lectured by Mr Black, the Assistant Political Adviser. He explained to us the many difficulties, political and otherwise, in post-war Berlin, and so stressed the importance of the refugee problem that we were disappointed at not being able to visit the refugee reception centre in the American sector. Afterwards we explored the stadium, which is much bigger than anything of its type in the United Kingdom, and is ornamented with some very elaborate and valuable sculpture.



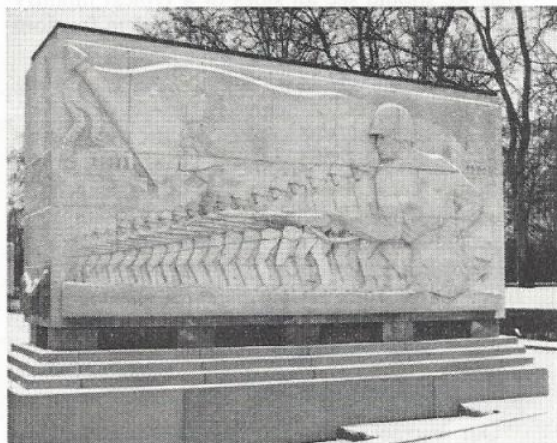
A morning with the Independent Tank Company. Noble and Crowther enjoy a ride on a Comet tank in the Grunewald forest area

We visited Tempelhof Airport, which was scarcely touched by Allied bombing: a remarkable piece of foresight. The airport is now controlled by the United States Air Force, whose modern radar system, used for tracing and controlling all aircraft flying in the Berlin corridors, was a source of great interest. At Gatow we saw many of the documents relating to the Berlin airlift, during the course of a very pleasant morning spent with the small Royal Air Force establishment out there. Indeed, there are so few officers at Gatow that the officers' mess is situated in one of the married quarters.

Our hosts went to great lengths to ensure that we should see as much as possible of Berlin night life. We were amazed at the hours which the average Berliner habitually keeps. No night club is really going well until midnight, and in many of them we saw people eating breakfast before leaving. Jazz and jive constitute the nightly diet of the German youth—the result of the American occupation—and the dance floors are all very small and completely packed. There is no licensing in the city, and therefore the curious paradox of comparatively little drunkenness exists. Drinks are served twenty-four hours a day in practically every shop, but most Berliners prefer to eat sausages and drink their coffee.

We also sampled the German public houses and came to the conclusion that most of them contained solemn groups of heavy-jowled gentlemen with closely cropped hair, sitting at small tables and playing a very involved card game. They all smoked incredibly thin cigars and continued their silent game well into the not-so-small hours of the morning.

Since the German cinemas have nearly all been rebuilt since the war, they are very lavish and comfortable. Most of the films shown are American with German sound tracks substituted. We usually attended the British cinema run by the N.A.A.F.I. in conjunction with the Army Kinema Corporation. There is also a very comfortable officers' club at which we were able to buy all sorts of exotic continental foodstuffs. In fact, the attractions offered by Berlin at night are so many and various that we seemed to spend little time in the barracks between dinner and



One of the many monuments which surround the Russian garden of remembrance. This one depicts the advance on Berlin

breakfast. However, towards the end of our stay the pace began to tell, and we realized the reason why our hosts preferred to spend their evenings in the mess, despite all that lay at their behest.

It would be wrong to consider the Berliner a frivolous person with nothing to do but drink and dance. All through the daylight hours the city is a hive of activity. The rebuilding programme, particularly in the western sectors, is going ahead rapidly. The people are well dressed and the shops are filled with a great variety of goods. Berlin is in many ways so very much like an English city that one is surprised to hear the people speaking German. There still remains, however, a great deal to be done before the scars of war are totally removed from the face of Berlin.

The end of our stay came all too quickly. We were disappointed not to see any Russian fighters, but we did see some of their transports at one of the airfields over which we flew. It was a most successful week, for which we all thank most sincerely the officers of The Royal Lincolnshire Regiment, and in particular Major Cotton, formerly of the War Studies team, and also Major Peyton and Squadron Leader Blackford.

J.A.B.



Fun and Games in Junior Entries

A RECENT innovation in Junior Entries which has proved to be a great success is the twice termly 'Games Evening', inaugurated about a year ago by Flight Lieutenant H. D. Hall, Officer Commanding, Junior Entries. These festive occasions have a three-fold purpose: first, to ensure that the cadets, whose leisure hours are by no means numerous, can relax on at least four evenings during their stay in Junior Entries; secondly, to enable officers and cadets to get to know each other by meeting informally round the billiard table, bar or darts board; and, thirdly, to teach the cadets the rudiments of organization. A committee of six cadets, supervised by Officer Commanding, Junior Entries, is formed to make all the arrangements, which include the invitation of various members of staff, representing all sides of College life. Two bars, superintended by the cadets themselves, and an excellent buffet are provided.

Guests join in the games, and often find themselves playing for one or other of the squadrons.

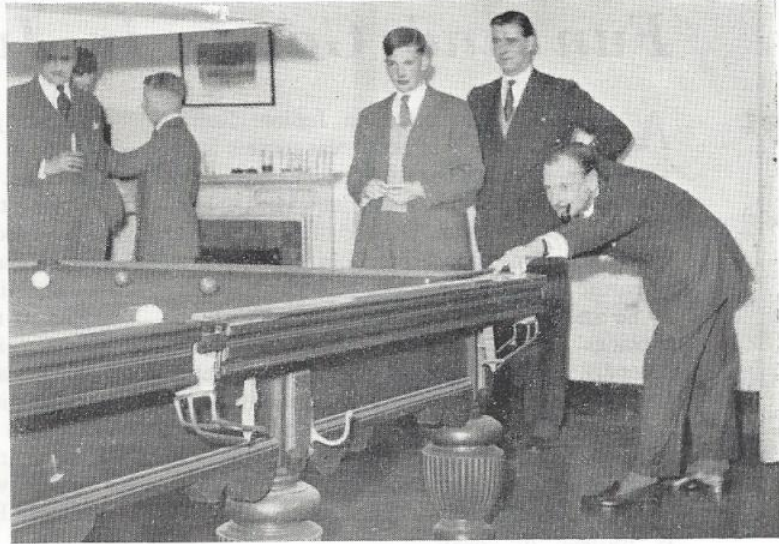
During the evening there is a cabaret of local talent, discovered during the initiation ceremonies. The standard of the entertainment is high, and the organizers never find themselves without willing, if not eager, artistes. At the end of the evening, either the Commandant or Assistant Commandant presents to the winning squadron a Jablo Spitfire blade. It was discovered by Flight Lieutenant Hall among a heap of miscellaneous relics, when he moved into his present office, and it has now become firmly established as the 'Games Evening' trophy.

There is keen competition to win the propeller, which stands in the winning squadron's hut, its mirror-like polish blending well with its surroundings.

These photographs were taken at a typical 'Games Evening' last term.



Top centre: A Maori haka by Little, Hayr, Bevan and Brown, all from New Zealand. Bottom left: Yunus and Duval consider the next move. Farouki looks on. Bottom right: French and Moran introduce the Commandant to a distinguished guest



Top left: This 'senior officer' greeted the guests on their arrival. Top right: The Commandant plays a shot during an inter-squadron snooker game. Bottom left: The final score. Bottom right: Flight Lieutenant Hall, Officer Commanding, Junior Entries, watches as Herd, representing 'B' Squadron, receives the Spitfire blade from the Commandant

Festivities & More Fun in J.Es

GAME	A	B	
DARTS	3	6	
CHESS	3	3	3
DRAUGHTS		2	4
TABLE TENNIS	4	12	
BILLIARDS			
SNOOKER		3	
SHUV $\frac{1}{2}$	20	5	
TOTAL	42	48	-75



THE 'PER ARDUA' (R.A.F.) BEAGLES

By

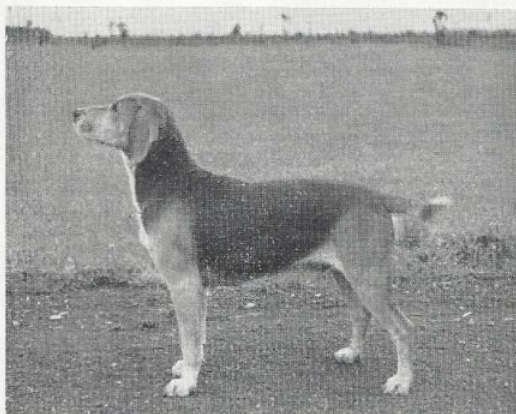
'With, But After'

THE Cranwell Beagles existed before the College. The record of their first season, starting in October 1919, appears over the signature of Squadron Leader A. C. Portal, who was then in modern parlance C.F.I. and later became Marshal of the Royal Air Force the Viscount Portal of Hungerford, K.G., G.C.B., O.M., D.S.O., M.C., D.C.L., LL.D. The season started the hard way with perhaps 100 miles covered on foot for each hare killed; but with the formation of the College the pack was put on a regular footing, meets took place regularly twice a week, the hunt servants were put into uniform and transport was provided. The pack had a highly successful existence until 1937 when the final meet was held in March at Stubton Hall attended by a field 100 strong. Of the flight cadet members of the hunt staff for its last season Squadron Leader J. P. D. Gethin, D.F.C., Wing Commander W. E. M. Lowry, D.F.C., Squadron Leader P. M. Wigg and Flying Officer D. E. Gould laid down their lives in the War. Wing Commander J. M. N. Pike, D.S.O., D.F.C., is still serving. The kennel huntsman, Mr B. Hickson, is now a batman in 'B' Squadron. The majority of the hounds were sold to form the Wick and District Beagles who now have a monopoly of the old Cranwell Beagle blood.

In 1951 Group Captain L. G. Levis, then commanding No. 3 I.T.S., formed the nucleus of a new pack, with hounds given to him by the Farley Hill Beagles and others bought from the Britannia, Newcastle and Warwickshire Beagles. Hounds were kennelled on the S.E. corner of the North Airfield at Cranwell in accommodation built entirely on a self-help basis.

The pack was formed with the blessing of the Royal Air Force Beagling Association, the president of which is Air Marshal Sir Lawrence Pendred who, as Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief, has taken a close personal interest in the doings of the pack. It was christened the 'Per Ardua' (R.A.F.) Beagles. Thanks to the diplomacy and influence both of Group Captain Levis and his wife, the pre-war country was recovered, the Masters of the Blankney and Belvoir Foxhounds

were, and still are, most co-operative. During its first season the pack showed good sport accounting for 5½ brace of hares, a figure which has been progressively improved upon each season. One of the main objects in forming the pack was to bring beagling within the reach of all ranks of the Service within a reasonable distance of Cranwell, and with this in mind regular meets are held at Binbrook, Scampton, Kirton-in-Lindsey, Nocton Hall, Syerston, Newton and Spitalgate; and meets have been held at Waddington and Cottesmore. The 'Per Ardua' is also in a position to help stations who wish to start packs by drafting them sufficient hounds to form a nucleus and by giving hard-earned advice on the best and cheapest way of constructing kennels and launching the hunt. This was done when the R.A.F. (Bishopscourt) Beagles were formed in Northern Ireland three years ago by Flight Lieutenant D. V. Sandford-Evans who has now taken over as Master of the 'Per Ardua'. Unfortunately the Irish pack had to be disbanded when the station was put on a care and maintenance basis. The hounds and most of the equipment were brought to Cranwell in March 1954 and re-absorbed into the 'Per Ardua', many of the hounds having been bred in Ireland; they have proved a very useful addition to this pack.



Britannia Postman, one of the 'Per Ardua' (R.A.F.) Beagles. This hound won distinction at the Peterborough Hound Show

During this season, in spite of bad weather and indifferent scenting conditions, sport has been excellent and 10½ brace of hares have been killed to date (29th January). The season started on 18th September and hunting has been stopped on three days owing to fog and frozen snow. Many thanks are due to the farmers, landowners and many civilians who hunt with us and give such wonderful support and hospitality to all who hunt with the 'Per Ardua'. To list every farmer, landowner, host and benefactor would be to write a directory of a country 30 miles long and 20 miles wide.

The pack has done well in the show ring during the last season, and to crown all, Britannia Postman at the Peterborough Hound Show was rated First Entered Doghound, Champion Doghound of the show and won the President's Cup. Postman was one of the hounds flown in from Northern Ireland.

Apart from the professional kennelman employed by the hunt (which is self-supporting on the proceeds of the hunt ball, the draw, subscriptions and caps), all the whipping-in and donkey work of summer exercise is done voluntarily by the Master, officers, flight cadets and airmen. Fields have varied between upwards of 100 on Boxing Day down to two or three shivering enthusiasts huddling at a crossroads on a blasted heath. It is encouraging to see that many officers and their wives who started beagling with the 'Per Ardua' and have been posted are now hunting

regularly with other packs all over England. It is a pleasure to see them back in our country for an odd day; and a great pleasure to see Group Captain and Mrs Levis out regularly during the Christmas break.

Why? What is the attraction? Killing hares? Not that; a fine hunt often ends in victory for the hare who by her speed and cunning has defeated the hunt, though without blood hounds will soon lose their drive. The only way to answer the question is to describe a typical day, say that mild January Saturday on which this article was belatedly hammered out. The meet was at 1.45 on the green outside Fulbeck Church. A comfortably sized field of 20-30 was entertained by Mr and Mrs Kelway. All sorts and conditions find a bond in beagling and for the record the field on that day included representatives of families in the following professions, vocations, trades and occupations: Royal Air Force, Army (serving and retired), landowner, farmer, corn merchant, doctor, stationer, land agent, electrical engineer, dentist, banker, jobbing builder and cook; together with the inevitable accompaniment of a Saturday village meet—a string of over-excited small boys in large wellington boots carrying sticks, who have the disconcerting habit of turning up game and panting at the most unexpected spots. (It is symptomatic of our times that more young men came 28 miles from Nottingham to attend this meet than came three miles from Cranwell.)



The Beagles meet outside the Officers' Mess early in the Spring Term, 1955



*Led by their Master,
Flight Lieutenant
Sandford-Evans, the
pack sets off*

At about two o'clock hounds moved off down the Brant Lane and drew uphill over grass and plough to the ridge above Reeve's Gorse before the first hare was put up in heavy plough. She ran left handed into the Low Fields over the Brant, then uphill to complete her first circuit behind Gorse Hill Farm; downhill again and a shorter circle, tiring and running her foil when she felt the hill again. A cast up the Brandon Lane hit off the line but she had earned a short squat beyond Caythorpe Beacon. Put up again she ran a figure eight on top of the ridge, as far as Victoria Farm, then down the hill beyond Reeve's Gorse again with all the pack except a couple and a half at fault. The Master lifted the pack, and with the help of a view from Jack Calder, the pack hit off the line again and hunted well for half a mile as far as Brant Lane. Here she was seen stealing away through a gap in a hedge, not more than twenty yards ahead of the leading hound, but a clover-leaf cast revealed nothing, and after a quarter of an hour it was evident that a very tired, very cunning and game hare had escaped after a hunt of one hour and twenty minutes.

But you are never far from a hare in this country. Hounds picked up another line and were still running strongly over the Brandon Lane when they had to be stopped in a rainstorm and gathering darkness. Scent was good on the grass but tricky on the plough, hounds had hunted well, in fine spirit and voice, and had earned a kill. Finally the three-mile hack home along the ridge,

dropping down into Fulbeck as the lights were coming; the feeling of ease and satisfaction soon disappearing in a flood of masterly invective when hounds, within half a mile of home, rioted on a breast-high scent and ran a wide circle in the dusk for a mile and a half before they could be stopped. Hounds back in the trailer, the field and hunt staff could settle to the noble tea that our hosts, through wide experience of beagling appetites, had laid ready. The distance covered by the whips was between 15 and 17 miles, but by far the greater part of the hunt could be followed by the less energetic followers who stuck to the ridge.

So once more the Beagles had provided entertainment and sport in the traditional manner over varied country for all and sundry. There are worse ways of spending a sports afternoon.

The hunt staff for the 1954-55 season is:

Flight Lieutenant D. V. Sandford-Evans—
Master and huntsman

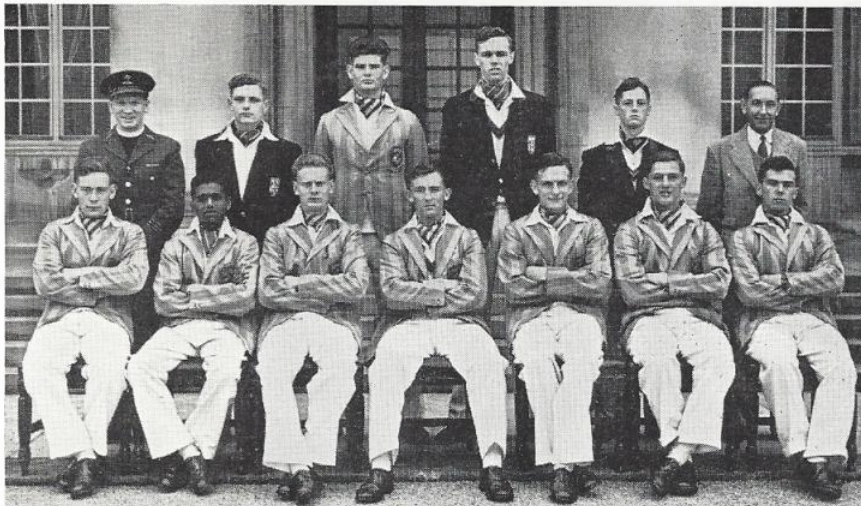
Flight Lieutenant I. J. Jukes—Honorary
Secretary

Mr Jack Calder—kennelman

Senior Flight Cadet F. S. Masterson—
whipper-in

Flight Cadet Q. M. B. Oswell—whipper-in.

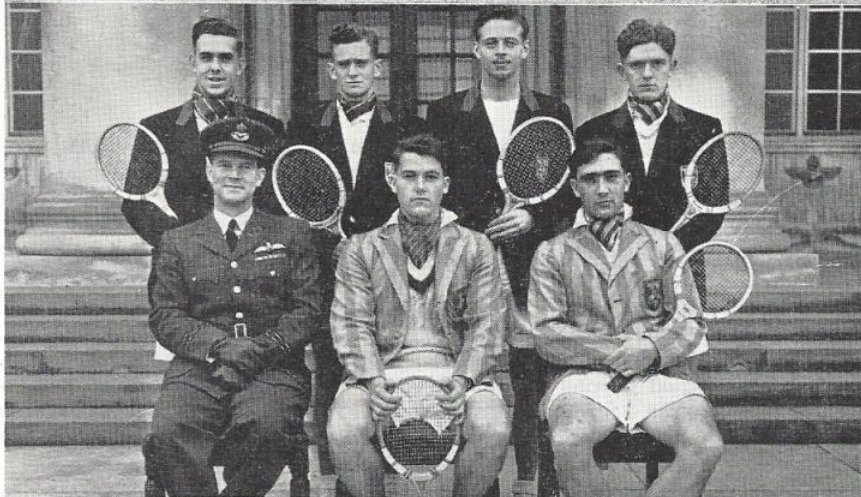
The following have carried whips upon occasion: Wing Commander J. F. Powell, Flight Lieutenant P. A. Gifkins, Flight Cadets M. G. Blinman and J. L. Emtage, and Mr Hilton Dawson.



CRICKET

Back Row: Rev. W. E. G. Payton, Cdt G. L. Aylett, Cdt M. P. Walters, Snr Flt Cdt I. D. Wilkinson, Cdt D. J. S. Herd, Mr Simpson

Front Row: Cdt J. B. V. Collins, Flt Cdt D. M. Perera, Flt Cdt J. W. J. Reed, U.O. K. R. Briggs (captain), Flt Cdt J. C. Holdway, Flt Cdt M. D. Porter, Flt Cdt M. E. Kerr



TENNIS

Back Row: Flt Cdt A. G. Bridges, Cdt K. W. Hayr, Flt Cdt F. R. Kelly, Flt Cdt P. Carter

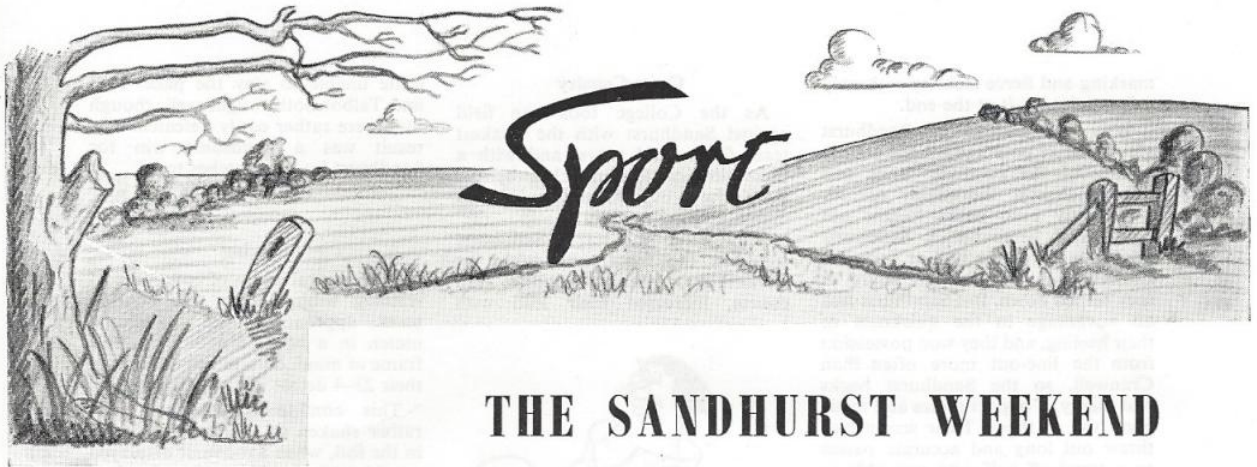
Front Row: Flt Lt P. B. McCorkindale, Flt Cdt J. D. C. Hawtin (captain), Flt Cdt T. R. Cohu



SWIMMING

Back Row: Cdt D. J. Moran, Cdt P. A. Bouch, Cdt J. R. Walker, Flt Cdt R. G. Forbes, Cdt J. H. E. Thornton, Flt Cdt M. J. M. Harvey, Cdt W. A. Edwards

Front Row: Sqn Ldr E. A. Fairhurst, Flt Cdt D. T. F. Ozanne, Flt Cdt T. W. M. Scroggs, Snr Flt Cdt J. R. Wittam (captain), Flt Cdt S. T. Newington, Flt Cdt M. J. H. Walker, Flt Cdt M. Farmer



THE SANDHURST WEEKEND

Boxing

THE annual boxing match against Sandhurst can usually be relied upon to provide considerable excitement, and this year was by no means an exception. On the evening of 3rd December, two very fit and confident teams paraded in the ring before an expectant crowd of spectators.

Within a few minutes the first boxers had stepped into the ring, ground their boots in the resin box and touched gloves—two bantamweights and both full colours. Situnayake from the opening bell pressed home his more penetrating attack with crisp and accurate punches to an opponent whose defence gradually weakened and then cracked suddenly: the referee intervened to stop the fight before the close of the round.

The second fight at featherweight began with Herd countering effectively against an opponent whose swinging rights looked dangerous from the start. In the second round, after close in-fighting, a vicious right to the head caught Herd unawares and dropped him for a count of four. Before he had fully recovered, he was knocked down, this time for a full count.

Both boxers in the lightweight contest quietly weighed each other up in the first round. Sandhurst's Mentzel had good footwork and, covering skilfully the attack which Monteith was trying to press home, occasionally landed some heavy punches. However, Monteith's aggressiveness kept him ahead on points all the way through and outweighed what he lost on misaimed punches against a crafty opponent.

The fourth fight, in which Cranwell's captain, Papworth, faced Waite, Sandhurst's light welter, started at a cracking pace. Papworth attacked his opponent's body strongly, and was ahead on the first round's exchanges. In the second round a too aggressive Papworth was lost in a flurry of punches and, after receiving some hard and accurate punishment, took a full count.

At light middleweight, Pollock used his height and reach to advantage to fend off with strong left-hand counterpunches, and beat an opponent who was always willing to come in to close quarters, where he was superior in punching power.

After the interval, in a close fight, Ettridge, boxing in fine style, though sometimes missing possible openings, beat Sandhurst's Douglas who, with heavy but often erratic swings, nearly pulled the fight off in the last round. Cranwell's supporters at this moment felt that victory was in their grasp; if one of the last three contests could be won the shield would be regained. This was not so

easy, as the crowd was to see.

In the light heavyweight contest, Thornton, having lost the first two rounds to his opponent's accurate head punches and skill at making him miss, made a spirited recovery in the final round. Orr, his opponent, however, just managed to stay out of serious trouble and Sandhurst had their third win. In a slow-moving opening round to the heavyweight class bout, Finch led with straight lefts but was occasionally shaken by heavy counterpunches from Sandhurst's Heggs, who was carefully watching for his opportunity. In the second round, Heggs forced the pace and, after he had compelled Finch to take two counts, the fight was stopped.

The programme now read four bouts to both teams: all depended on the last contest, a welterweight fight between vice-captain McArthur and a hitherto unbeaten Aylin for Sandhurst. The excitement amongst the spectators at this point had to be seen to be believed. Both boxers in their corners, although fully aware of the importance of their contest, seemed strangely detached from the noise. At the opening bell, both set a cracking pace of accurate lefts and a few rights to the head. In the second and third rounds, McArthur, although taking considerable punishment himself, shook Aylin with heavy counterpunching. Both boxers, tired after the close of the first round, fought gamely on to a fine finish. A hushed crowd heard that McArthur and Cranwell had won. The shield was presented to Cranwell's captain by the Commandant of Sandhurst and concluded what had indeed been a grand evening's sport.

A.R.P.

RESULTS OF MATCHES TO DATE

1948	Draw	3-3
1949	R.M.A.	7-3
1950	R.A.F. College	6-4
1951	R.M.A.	10-1
1952	R.A.F. College	5-5 (Decided by 1st string welter)
1952	R.A.F. College	9-2
1953	R.M.A.	7-4

Rugby

We came to the climax of the season, the Sandhurst match, with a fair amount of confidence derived from one or two good performances on our part and from Sandhurst's record for the season, which was as mixed as ours. Knowing, too, that in this match past form counts for little, when both sides strain their utmost to crown a successful season or to retrieve a disastrous one, we expected the usual hard-fought match of quick

marking and fierce tackling with only a few points in it at the end.

We saw instead a Sandhurst victory by 28 points to nil, the biggest victory of the post-war series and one which was thoroughly earned. Two fairly even packs fought out their usual fierce battle, Sandhurst getting more of the ball at first, but Cranwell having their fair share as they settled down. But Sandhurst had an advantage in the quickness of their heeling, and they won possession from the line-out more often than Cranwell, so the Sandhurst backs had plenty of opportunities and made good use of them. Their scrum half threw out long and accurate passes to a stand-off half who was able to form an effective link with his three-quarters or to carve out openings for them, and who seemed to have plenty of time to do either. Their three-quarters ran hard and straight, passed accurately and took their passes at speed. A stern defence was needed against this sort of rugby, but Cranwell's was not stern enough. The Sandhurst backs were tricky as well as hard runners, and so were difficult to tackle, but there was too much hesitation, too much groping for the man and, above all, the opposition were too often allowed to get into full stride, making the defence's task much harder. Cranwell's attack by contrast seemed slow; it was hampered by spoiling forwards, and only occasionally looked dangerous.

There were these differences between the sides, but they did not make a one-sided game. Cranwell did as much attacking as Sandhurst, their forwards, led by Heywood, ably supported by Evans and Marriot, taking the ball into the Sandhurst '25' on several occasions, but without enough penetration to cross the line. Above all, Cranwell never gave up trying, and strove to the end for a consolation score. Sandhurst's tries were scored from midfield rather than from constant pressure on the line, and so they made for the spectators a delightful exhibition of open rugby, while some extremely good place kicking extracted the utmost points value from the tries, allowing the winners to throw the ball about and take chances to add to their lead. A large crowd thoroughly enjoyed the match and we were honoured by the President of the Rugby Union, Mr. W. C. Ramsay, who kindly presented the trophy after the game.

J.W., R.D.A.S.

Cross-Country

As the College took the field against Sandhurst with the weakest team for several years, and with a succession of lost matches behind them, the prospects of winning this match seemed remote.

Right from the start, Sandhurst went to the front, and with the advantage of running on their own course, increased their lead with



every stride. Griffiths alone managed to stay with the Sandhurst pack, and Goldring was fairly well up, but the remainder of the Cranwell team were lagging lamentably far behind.

By the halfway mark, Griffiths was the only Cranwell runner in the first eight and, despite the lack of support from the rest of the team, managed to stay there. Sandhurst came home with an easy win, taking the first four places. Griffiths was fifth, and the remainder of our counting positions were 10, 11, 12, 13 and 14.

M.J.B.L.

Squash

We had trained hard for the Sandhurst match, hoping that we might be able to pull something out of the bag. Unfortunately, the expected happened, and our worst fears were realised. Hawtin, who joined us for this match, and who had been playing well up to then, never found his touch sufficiently to let his undoubted fitness tell. Bridges, on the other hand, who had had a better season than anybody else, and Brook, looked happier, but were

quite unable to stay the pace. Hall and Talbot both fought well, though they were rather easily defeated. The result was a handsome win for Sandhurst by five matches to nil.

D.C.G.B.

Fencing

With several weeks of concentrated training behind them, the Fencing team approached the Sandhurst match in a hopeful, even confident, frame of mind, determined to avenge their 23-4 defeat of the year before.

This confidence, however, was rather shaken in the first few bouts in the foil, when Sandhurst displayed considerable skill, strength and vigour. Many interesting and even bouts were fought with this weapon, especially that between Jackson and the Sandhurst No. 1, but it became obvious after a while that the Sandhurst team was a little too good for us. At the end of the first round the score was 6-3 in favour of Sandhurst.

The fencing had been quite exciting up to now and had attracted a considerable number of spectators, mainly Sandhurst supporters. An atmosphere of quiet confidence could be detected when the result was announced. This, however, was not to last very long.

The épée was the next weapon, on this occasion the electric épée, in the use of which the Cranwell team had had comparatively little practice. Despite this disadvantage, however, Hicks gave the College a good start by winning a very long and closely fought bout. This result was most encouraging to the Cranwell team, who proceeded with patience and accuracy to wear down their Sandhurst opponents and even the score.

Everything now depended on the sabre, the final weapon. Jones, Edmondston and Solman attacked with an irrepressible fury, and Sandhurst's fortunes began to go from bad to worse. The excitement reached its climax when Jones, apparently oblivious of what was at stake, won his bout and gained a winning lead for Cranwell. The final result was 15-12.

The College captain, Jackson, and Hicks and Solman put up particularly fine performances. As the team should be little changed, we can look forward to next year's contest with even greater confidence.

The team was as follows: Jackson, Edmondston, Jones, Carter, Hicks and Solman.

P.C.

COLLEGE AND SQUADRON SPORTS

CROSS-COUNTRY

DURING the autumn the cross-country team saw little of the success enjoyed by the teams of the previous three seasons. Illness and the loss of practically all last season's team largely accounted for this.

The team had to be picked, in the main, from the junior members of the College. Many of them had no experience of the standard of running required to win against the strong clubs and colleges with which we have fixtures. Too often during the term our runners were filling the last four or five positions, thus wasting the efforts of the more experienced members of the team.

In the latter half of the term, Goldring rejoined the team and in the match with Leicester gained first place with Griffiths runner-up. Even so, the College only managed to draw this match.

Of the individual team members, Griffiths put up the best performance throughout the term, and we saw some very good running from Chandler at the beginning and Goldring towards the end of the term.

Full colours have been awarded to B. F. Tomlin, T. A. M. Bond, M. J. Griffiths and R. A. C. Goldring. Half colours have been awarded to M. J. B. Lawrance.

Inter-Squadron

On Tuesday, 21st September, the annual inter-squadron cross-country was held and every physically fit member of the three squadrons turned out. The weather was ideal and the running surface, though rather slippery, was in excellent condition.

The Commandant started the race, and Griffiths soon took the lead. He set a cracking pace with most of the College team in hot pursuit. At the halfway mark, Griffiths, Goldring and Chandler were out in front with the rest of the field well strung out behind them. Goldring took the lead and began to draw away from his rivals. With one mile to go, Chandler took second place, with Griffiths third, and these were the final positions at the tape. Chandler, particularly, put up a very fine performance in his second term at the College.

While a search party went out to

pick up those who had fallen by the wayside, the points were totted up amid growing excitement. Then 'C' Squadron were announced the winners with 467.5 points, 'A' Squadron second with 482.9 points, and 'B' Squadron third with 536 points.

M.J.B.L.

SQUASH

At the beginning of the autumn term we faced a slightly less ambitious fixture list with a yet more inexperienced team, for there was only one player left from last season. Hence the result of the first four fixtures. Though we gave our opponents some exercise in each of these matches, rarely did we look like getting on top, owing probably to lack of match experience. We all knew how to play the individual shots, but we needed more practice in playing them from difficult positions. Lack of confidence caused by this prevented anyone from really getting the 'winner' frame of mind, so necessary in squash. However, the P.T. staff very kindly built up our ego for us, so that we had an enjoyably close match against an Officers' Mess 'A' team.

After the Sandhurst match we ended on an optimistic note, beating an Abbeydale team quite easily. That, I hope, bodes well for the spring term.

We feel hardly worthy of our coach — R.A.F. champion and amateur quarter-finalist—but we are most grateful to him and to Flight Lieutenant Smeeth for all their patience and help.

The team consisted of D. C. G. Brook, L. G. Hall, A. G. Bridges, G. A. Talbot and D. Homer.

D.C.G.B.

RESULTS

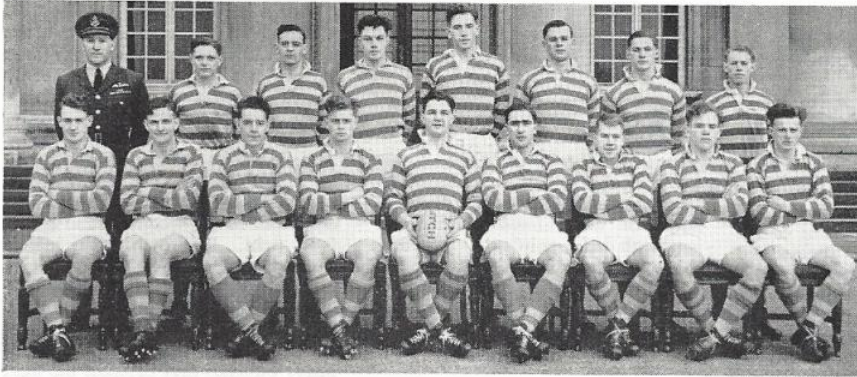
Oct.	6	Loughborough ...	(a)	0-5	(l)
	9	Notts. S.R.C. ...	(h)	0-5	(l)
	13	R.N.C., Greenwich	(a)	0-5	(l)
Nov.	3	R.A.F. Upwood...	(a)	0-5	(l)
	11	P.T. Staff...	(h)	4-1	(w)
	20	Officers' Mess,			
		R.A.F. Cranwell	(h)	2-3	(l)
Dec.	4	R.M.A., Sandhurst	(a)	0-5	(l)
	11	Abbeydale S.R.C.	(h)	4-1	(w)

BOXING

During the autumn term the College boxing team fought three matches, culminating in the keenly contested battle with R.M.A., Sandhurst. The first match of the season, fought at Cranwell on 9th October against Belsize Boxing Club, resulted in a 4-1 victory for the College. After Monteith had stopped his opponent in the second round of the first fight, Papworth, the team's captain, stepped into the ring to give his best ever performance, by clearly outpointing an A.B.A. representative. McArthur, in a bout with the Belsize captain, cut loose with a hail of heavy punches that brought the fight to an end in his favour during the second round. Pollock won his bout, but Paul was outpointed by a more experienced boxer.

The match against Oxford University staged in the Town Hall, and lost by 10 bouts to 3 was by no means valueless, as it provided good experience for the whole team, and gave the newcomers a chance to prove themselves in an actual ring contest. Herd, picking his punches cleverly, won the opening lightweight contest, while Allen, who followed, lost narrowly against a mediocre opponent. Fox, Paul and Nelson all showed the packed audience plenty of spirit, but were unfortunate in having their fights stopped owing to cut eyes. Monteith was unlucky to be disqualified while well ahead on points, the referee disapproving of his weaving and ducking methods. Papworth, matched against an experienced Blue, boxed well before a vicious right cross dropped him to his knees; after two further counts the referee stopped the fight. Moran boxed well in his first fight to confine his tough opponent to a points victory. Another novice, Little, after losing the first round to a more skilful boxer, went in with both hands to win on a points decision. Pollock, shaken after two early counts on the canvas, narrowly lost a hard fight; at light heavyweight, Thornton, connecting early with heavy punches, stopped his opponent in the first round.

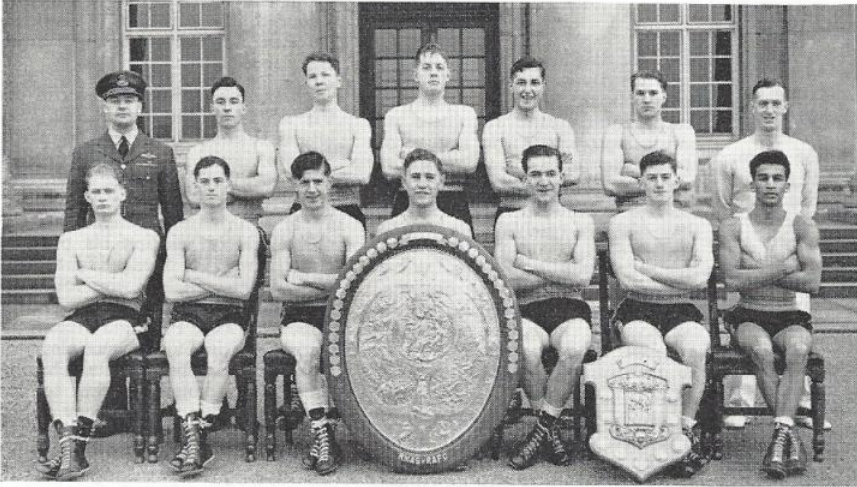
Matches with Birmingham University and the R.A.F. Officers had, unfortunately, to be cancelled, while the R.M.A., Sandhurst, fixture is reported on page 73. Considering that the season started with ten out of sixteen boxers as novices to College boxing, we can confidently look forward to an even more successful season next year. The thanks of the team go to Flight Lieutenant Hall



RUGBY

Back Row: Sqn Ldr R. D. A. Smith, D.F.C., Flt Cdt G. L. Aylett, Flt Cdt J. Andrews, Flt Cdt F. W. Daley, Cdt A. Mumford, Cdt P. C. Little, Flt Cdt M. D. Porter, Cdt B. T. Sills

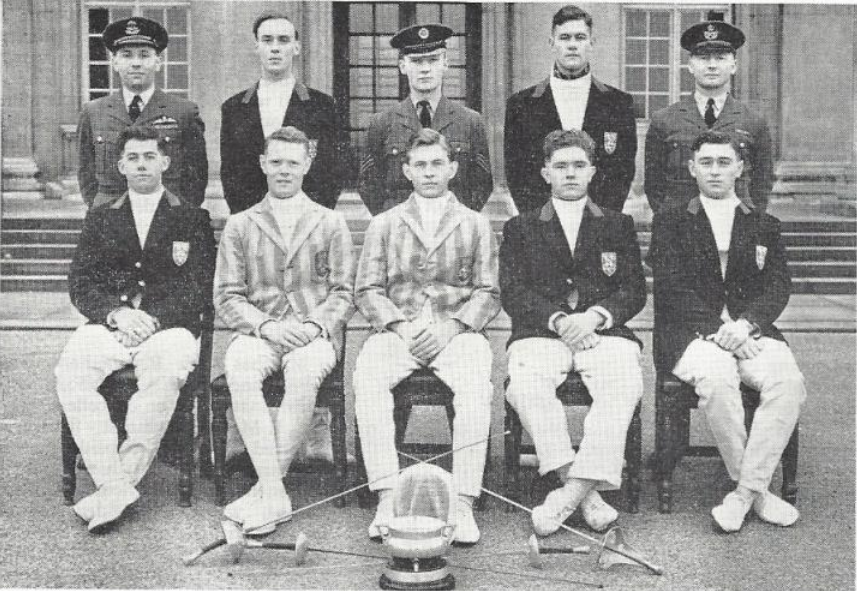
Front Row: S.U.O. G. Wallingford, Flt Cdt J. C. Holdway, Flt Cdt J. F. H. Marriott, Flt Cdt P. R. Evans, U.O. B. B. Heywood (captain), Flt Cdt T. R. Cohu, Flt Cdt L. R. Morgan, Flt Cdt H. W. J. Rigg, Flt Cdt T. R. Morgan



BOXING

Back Row: Flt Lt H. D. Hall, Cdt T. J. Nelson, Flt Cdt A. R. Pollock, Cdt R. I. Finch, Cdt A. G. Ettridge, Cdt J. H. E. Thornton, Sgt C. R. Free

Front Row: Flt Cdt R. I. Stuart-Paul, Cdt D. J. S. Herd, Flt Cdt P. W. Monteith, Flt Cdt P. M. Papworth (captain), Flt Cdt D. A. McArthur, Cdt G. P. Allen, Flt Cdt S. M. V. Situnayake



FENCING

Back Row: Flt Lt R. McDonald, Flt Cdt B. S. Bruce, Sgt P. Timms, Flt Cdt D. J. McL. Edmondston, W.O. G. D. Bird

Front Row: Cdt R. G. Solman, Cdt M. A. Hicks, Flt Cdt R. A. Jackson (captain), Flt Cdt P. Carter, Flt Cdt G. G. Jones

for the time and energy he has devoted to the supervision of our training programme, and also to Sergeant Free for his usual invaluable help as trainer and second.

The team was as follows; Papworth, McArthur, Allen, Collins, Ettridge, Finch, Fox, Herd, Little, Monteith, Moran, Nelson, Paul, Pollock, Situnayake and Thornton.

A.R.P.

HOCKEY

This term we have been severely handicapped by the small number of hockey players. From the twenty-five available, we had to select two XIs, and consequently the second XI is very inexperienced.

The first XI started the season well, winning two and drawing one of the first three fixtures, but we had to wait seven weeks for another win. Altogether the XI played ten matches, winning three, drawing one and losing six. Despite this poor record, there is much hope for next term, when we should have more players available.

The first XI has been well led by Hawtin, who is an example to all his team. He appears to be tireless, and his energy is only equalled by his skill. He has been well supported in defence, especially by Barillon at centre half, and Feroze at left back. The latter surprises our opponents by effective use of a singularly unorthodox grip. In the forwards we have two newcomers, Herd and Brain, both fast and thrusful players, while Fulljames is a vastly improved inside forward.

The second XI, despite their lack of experience, always put up a spirited display, and managed to draw with some quite good teams.

Flight Lieutenant Clancy after two years as officer in charge was succeeded at the end of term by Flight Lieutenant Radford.

N.P.M.

RESULTS

Sep. 22	R.A.F. Cranwell 'A'	XI	2-0	(w)
	25 Spalding H.C.	...	2-2	(d)
Oct. 2	Brigg H.C.	...	4-2	(w)
	9 Royal Artillery H.C.	...	1-7	(l)
	13 Nottingham Univ.	...	1-3	(l)
Nov. 3	Pembroke College,	Cambridge	3-6	(l)
	13 Bourne H.C.	...	1-3	(l)
	20 Normanby Park H.C.	...	3-0	(w)
Dec. 4	Bourne H.C.	...	1-3	(l)
	11 Lincoln Imps H.C.	...	2-5	(l)



SHOOTING

During the autumn term the shooting team, selected from seventeen flight cadets and cadets, shot in nine Nobel Trophy matches in the No. 25 Group League, and in four shoulder-to-shoulder matches. A high standard was maintained throughout the term and the College team obtained second place in the League, entitling it to an entry into the second stage of the competition. All Nobel matches were postal and were shot off at Cranwell. Salwey is to be congratulated on obtaining a place among the first 100, out of a possible 5,000 competitors. This achievement means that he now has a chance of being selected for the Royal Air Force team. The shoulder-to-shoulder matches included visits to Highgate School on 9th October and to the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, on 4th December. The remaining shoulder-to-shoulder matches were shot off at Cranwell against Oundle School on 6th November, and against Sandhurst on 27th November, when the College team avenged last year's defeat by beating the R.M.A. by 38 points. Salwey again distinguished himself by scoring 900 in this match.

The inter-squadron competition was shot off on 20th October, and resulted in a win for 'A' Squadron. A notable feature of this match was a brilliant 100 by Barrow of 'A' Squadron.

.22 Pistol

When pistol shooting really got under way, it was found that there were six fair shots, from whom were chosen a team of four to represent the College in the V.J. Trophy. The

standard was not as high as last year, and our disappointing position in the various leagues was probably due to inexperience.

Colours have been awarded to Barrow, Burrage, Hubbard and McVie.

J. McV., D.F.E.E.

RESULTS

Nobel Championship

R.A.F. Valley	...	1163-1120	(w)
R.A.F. Driffield	...	1160-1115	(w)
R.A.F. Thorney Island	...	1161-1141	(w)
R.A.F. Cranwell	...	1157-1136	(w)
R.A.F. Manby	...	1168-1161	(w)
R.A.F. Middleton St.	George	1161-1135	(w)
R.A.F. Oakington	...	1157-1178	(l)

Shoulder-to-Shoulder

Oct. 9	Highgate School	758-768	(l)
		(8 cards)	
Nov. 6	Oundle School	1517-1494	(w)
		(16 cards)	
27	R.M.A., Sandhurst	1542-1504	(w)
		(16 cards)	
Dec. 4	R.N.C., Greenwich	583-569	(w)
		(6 cards)	

Inter-Squadron

1st, 'A' Squadron 776; 2nd, 'B' Squadron 762; 3rd, 'C' Squadron 753.

FENCING

After a disappointing opening to the season, some concentrated training enabled the College fencing team to regain its lost prestige. After a series of three wins, the term ended with that notable victory over Sandhurst which is described on page 74.

Results gradually improved, as the season progressed, from a 16-11 defeat at the hands of Ericsson's Sports and Athletic Club in our first match of the season, to our victory over Eton College by 14-13 after a closely fought contest.

We now look forward with confidence to many more enjoyable matches in 1955 when the Ecole de l'Air, Salon, and other doughty opponents visit Cranwell.

P.C.

RESULTS

Sep. 21	Ericsson's Sports and Athletic Club	11-16	(l)	
	25 St. Paul's School	...	11-16	(l)
Oct. 16	Lincoln City Sword Club	16-18	(l)	
Nov. 13	Eton College	...	14-13	(w)
	17 Nottingham Univ.	...	22-5	(w)
Dec. 4	R.M.A., Sandhurst	15-12	(w)	

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

The 1st XI had a disappointing term and its performances throughout did not promise well for the Sandhurst match. In an effort to erase weaknesses, a great deal of shuffling of the players was necessary, and this tended to unsettle the less experienced members of the side. But, perhaps, the greatest trouble throughout the term, and one which only disappeared at the end, was a marked tendency for the defence to collapse during the second half. Almost all the big scores run up against us were caused by these collapses.

The 2nd XI was in difficult straits, having very few reserves and facing a continual demand for replacements for the 1st XI. Here, as well, morale was good, and some very spirited displays were put up.

The Sandhurst Matches

The soccer matches between Cranwell and Sandhurst were played at Sandhurst on Saturday, 13th November.

The 1st XI was rather outclassed, and although holding their opponents to 3-0 at half time, a collapse of the defence in the second half resulted in an easy 8-0 win for Sandhurst.

The 2nd XI had a far more even encounter, and, but for loose marking at the beginning, could well have forced a draw. As it was, they lost 1-3.

Our thanks go to Flight Lieutenants Hankin and Davis for their support during the season, and especially to Flying Officer Peters for his encouragement and guidance during what proved to be a difficult term. Lastly, our thanks are due to Mr. Simpson, who was a very hardworking and patient coach.

Full colours have been awarded to N. G. Lea, J. B. V. Collins.

J.B.V.C.

RESULTS

1st XI

Sep. 18	Appleby		
	Frodingham (a)	0-8	(l)
25	Elizabeth College,		
	Guernsey (a)	4-2	(w)
29	Queen Elizabeth's		
	G.S. (h)	4-1	(w)
Oct. 2	Repton ...	(a) 2-5	(l)
9	Leicester Univ. ...	(a) 0-6	(l)
20	College Staff ...	(h) 3-1	(w)
30	Cambridge Falcons	(a) 1-9	(l)
Nov. 3	Lincolnshire		
	Constabulary (a)	1-3	(l)
6	Elizabeth College,		
	Guernsey (h)	2-3	(l)
13	R.M.A., Sandhurst	(a) 0-8	(l)
17	Officers' Mess ...	(h) 6-2	(w)
20	Corinthian Casuals	(h) 2-3	(l)

24	Lincoln City		
	School (a)	3-3	(d)
Dec. 11	Leeds University	(h) 0-6	(l)

2ND XI

Sep. 18	Appleby		
	Frodingham (a)	0-11	(l)
29	Queen Elizabeth's		
	G.S. (h)	5-4	(w)
Oct. 2	Repton ...	(a) 2-3	(l)
9	Leicester Univ. ...	(a) 0-2	(l)
30	Sleaford A.F.C. ...	(h) 4-1	(w)
Nov. 13	R.M.A., Sandhurst	(a) 1-3	(l)
24	Lincoln School,		
	Wragby Road (a)	1-2	(l)
Dec. 11	Carre's G.S. ...	(h) 3-6	(l)

RUGBY FOOTBALL

It was an unhappy autumn term for the 1st XV, for they suffered several heavy defeats, culminating in a severe beating by Sandhurst. Nevertheless, there was a period in the middle of the term when the team struck excellent form and there were high hopes of building up a useful side for the Sandhurst match.

The first game of the season was against Leicestershire Colts, and was played, as usual, at Leicester during the Battle of Britain Week. They were a fast and fit side and the College team had no answer so early in the season. Rosslyn Park XXX and Harlequin Wanderers also proved too strong, but these defeats taught the team the necessity of close marking and first-time tackling. The fact that the lesson had been learnt was shown by heartening displays against Cambridge University LX Club and Oxford University Greyhounds. There then followed victories over Nottingham High School and Nottingham University.

After that we had little success, the XV losing first to Leicester 'A' after a hard struggle, and then to Worksop College. The Royal Air Force, fielding a strong team captained by Flight-Lieutenant R. V. Stirling, showed up our weak marking and tackling again. The following Saturday, the team travelled down to Greenwich and gave a spirited showing against the Royal Naval College. More thrustful running by the three-quarters would have won the match. However, it was a wet and windy day and they did well to handle the slippery ball so competently. The forwards played with great zest and obviously enjoyed themselves in the mud.

The 2nd XV had a full season, playing thirteen matches and winning seven of them. Their fixture list was one of the best ever, and many keen and enjoyable games resulted.

'C' Squadron won the inter-squadron rugby competition for the second successive year.

We would like to record the thanks of all who played rugby to Squadron-Leaders Smith, Morris and Wilson, and Major Peyton for taking so much time and trouble in organizing and in coaching the various teams.

P.R.E.

RESULTS

1st XV

Sep. 16	Leicestershire Colts	(a) 3-32	(l)
22	R.A.F. Cranwell...	(h) 9-9	(d)
25	Rosslyn Park XXX	(a) 6-33	(l)
Oct. 2	Stoneygate ...	(h) 17-6	(w)
6	Oundle School ...	(a) 8-8	(d)
9	Harlequin		
	Wanderers (a)	3-42	(l)
13	Cambridge LX		
	Club (h)	20-19	(w)
27	Oxford		
	Greyhounds (a)	16-16	(d)
Nov. 6	Nottingham H.S. (h)	5-0	(w)
10	Nottingham Univ. (a)	9-0	(w)
13	Leicester 'A' ...	(h) 9-13	(l)
17	Worksop College (a)	10-14	(l)
20	London Scottish		
	Ext. 1st (h)	6-12	(l)
24	R.A.F. XV ...	(h) 3-33	(l)
27	R.N.C., Greenwich (a)	3-3	(d)
Dec. 4	R.M.A., Sandhurst (a)	0-28	(l)
11	Westleigh ...	(a) 8-9	(l)

Played 17; won 4; lost 9; drawn 4; points for: 135; points against: 277.

2ND XV

Sep. 25	Spalding ...	(a) 9-27	(l)
Oct. 2	Stoneygate ...	(a) 8-3	(w)
9	Wisbech ...	(h) 6-5	(l)
13	Leicester Univ. ...	(h) 3-10	(l)
16	King's School,		
	Grantham (a)	24-0	(w)
20	'A' XV v. Stamford		
	School (h)	24-3	(w)
27	Loughboro' G.S. (h)	12-9	(w)
30	Welbeck College...	(a) 0-8	(l)
Nov. 6	Henry Mellish		
	Old Boys (h)	0-6	(l)
13	Ruston's ...	(a) 12-5	(w)
17	Workshop College (a)	14-10	(w)
20	Grimsby ...	(h) 5-26	(l)
Dec. 11	Oakham School...	(a) 0-5	(l)

Played 13; won 7; lost 6; drawn nil; points for: 117; points against: 107.

3RD XV

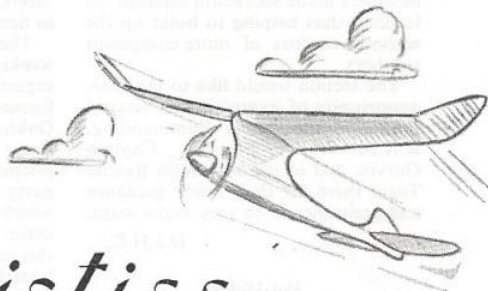
Oct. 2	Stoneygate ...	(a) 6-11	(l)
9	Wisbech 2nd XV...	(a) 26-3	(w)
13	Leicester University		
	2nd XV (h)	3-16	(l)
16	Nottingham H.S. (h)	11-9	(w)
30	Lincoln Colts ...	(a) 11-0	(w)
Nov. 6	Henry Mellish Old		
	Boys 2nd XV (h)	3-6	(l)
20	Grimsby 2nd XV (a)	3-11	(l)

Played 7; won 3; lost 4; drawn nil; points for: 63; points against: 56.

INTER-SQUADRON

Sep. 29	'C' Squadron 12: 'A' Squadron 0
Oct. 20	'A' Squadron 16: 'B' Squadron 5
Nov. 3	'C' Squadron 20: 'B' Squadron 5

Activities and Societies



Field Shooting and Wildfowling

DURING the autumn term the section organized a total of seven field shoots and eight wildfowling meets. As the membership had risen to 14, these meets were very well attended, particularly the Sunday morning expeditions to Frieston Shore on the Wash. A shortage of guns became the major drawback on many shoots, since few members are lucky enough to have their own; we managed, however, to borrow some from the station armoury.

The field shooting at Barkston Heath developed into an attack on pigeons, of which we shot over a hundred, but several pheasants came our way, owing mainly to the efforts of the officer in charge of the section. The effect of myxomatosis was clearly shown by the fact that not one rabbit was seen during the whole term.

In spite of the unearthly hour at which we had to leave our beds on Sundays, the wildfowling shoots became extremely popular. After an early breakfast in the College we used to arrive at Frieston Shore in time to take up positions on the marshes just before dawn. Very often the tide drove us in to the shore just as dawn broke, and did not allow us to get within range of the duck and geese. Even when the tide was in our favour the weather was not sufficiently cold to bring the birds in to feed. We only succeeded in bringing back five widgeon. Nevertheless everyone enjoyed these expeditions into the bleak wilderness of the marshes.

G.A.T.

Gliding

The shorter days and various transport difficulties, which included the towing of our winches from the South Airfield, restricted the amount of gliding completed during the autumn. We were unable to hold a course during the Christmas leave because Scharfoldendorf is now

closed as a gliding site, and the new site in the south of France, which we hope to visit in the summer, was unable to take us.

Permission has now been given for us to take our Prefect to other gliding sites in the country, but at present the cost is so heavy that it would be cheaper to hire gliders at the clubs themselves. The section is

THE CADETS' ACTIVITIES ORGANIZATION

looking forward to spending a week in the south of France at Easter with a good soaring wind.

A.A.B.

Mountaineering

The mountaineering section was honoured during the autumn term by a visit from Wing Commander A. J. M. Smythe, Chairman of the R.A.F.M.A. He gave a most instructive talk on the technique of rock-climbing, and showed some excellent photographs of mountain scenery and mountaineering. He pointed out that short one-day meets, like those held by the section at Gardoms Edge in Derbyshire during the term, were invaluable in preparing members for more difficult climbs on the continent. The section is most grateful to him for stimulating that enthusiasm for rock-climbing which has increased considerably in the College during the last few months.

This enthusiasm is reflected in the diary of the section's latest meet, held during the Christmas vacation in North Wales. The party of eight members and one R.A.F.M.A. leader

left for R.A.F. Valley in two Ansons, on the first morning of the leave, taking with them their camping and climbing equipment. Included in the climbing equipment were ice axes and crampons, but, unfortunately, the snow and ice reported in the preceding day's newspapers, disappeared before our arrival. From R.A.F. Valley we travelled to Llyn Ogwen in a Mountain Rescue team truck, loaded with equipment and generous provisions. Here, a barn had been booked for the six-day stay.

During this time, over twenty climbs of varying standard were completed on the local climbing grounds—Tryfan, the Idwal Slabs, the Gribin Facet and the Boch Clwyd Buttress. Conditions were ideal throughout, except on the first day when the party split up into three sections of three to climb the Gashed Crag route to the south summit of Tryfan. There were high winds at the foot of the climb, cloud for the final two hundred feet and the rock was very wet.

The danger of being benighted on a mountain during the winter months was well brought home to them all. On several occasions, a party wishing to complete a climb, left for the barn as dusk was falling and, during the long walk back, had some unpleasant falls in the quickly gathering darkness.

The longest, but by no means the most difficult climb completed was 'Charity', a route of 475 feet in length on the Idwal Slabs. Led by Lawrance and seconded by Collins and Pollock, the party found the three-hour climb very interesting and saw some magnificent views. On the same day, Daley and Rigg, the former leading, helped two members of the Cambridge University Mountaineering Club out of difficulties, when they managed to climb past them on the same route and assist them with their ropes from above.

Most members climbed with the R.A.F.M.A. leader, L.A.C. Vaughan, and derived considerable benefit from his skill and experience. Six

members made successful attempts at leading, thus helping to build up the section's nucleus of more competent climbers.

The section would like to take this opportunity of expressing its sincere thanks to the Officer Commanding, R.A.F. Valley, Group Captain Garvin, and to the Mountain Rescue Team there for their ready guidance and assistance in so very many ways.

D.J.H.C.

Pot-Holing

Since the summer expedition to France, the section has held two

meets, one in Yorkshire and the other in Somerset.

The Yorkshire meet was held one weekend during the term to provide experienced assistance for the newly formed society at Royal Air Force Oakington. The cave visited was Bar Pot. After descending two pitches to a depth of 300 feet, the party discovered a small passage, which eventually emerged into the main chamber of Gaping Ghyll. In this cave system there is a magnificent waterfall and several large stalactite formations. Altogether, they spent eight very instructive and interesting hours underground.

Several members of the section made an expedition to the Mendips during the Christmas vacation. The meet was most successful and, despite the wet weather, they visited several caves, including Swildon's Hole, Stockhill Swallet and Eastwater Swallet. All hopes of tackling Primrose Path unfortunately had to be abandoned, when they learned that it included a pitch of 175 feet, for which they were inadequately equipped. At Eastwater Swallet the party successfully reached the bottom of the cave after a certain amount of difficulty. On the way back they were lost for about twenty minutes at Boulder Maze, but eventually reached the surface after seven hours underground.

The highlight of the expedition was a descent into the pot discovered by the Bristol Exploration Club last year. As far as the second pitch the going was extremely difficult, and included some very tricky crawls. From then on a series of pitches and passages, including a traverse over a hole twenty feet deep, led to a stream passage. On the way they saw several good rock formations, including a very fine curtain. Some way down the stream passage they turned off into a chamber called 'The Dining Room', where, appropriately enough, they cooked and ate some food. After eight hours underground they were glad to return to their headquarters at Crosscombe Youth Hostel.

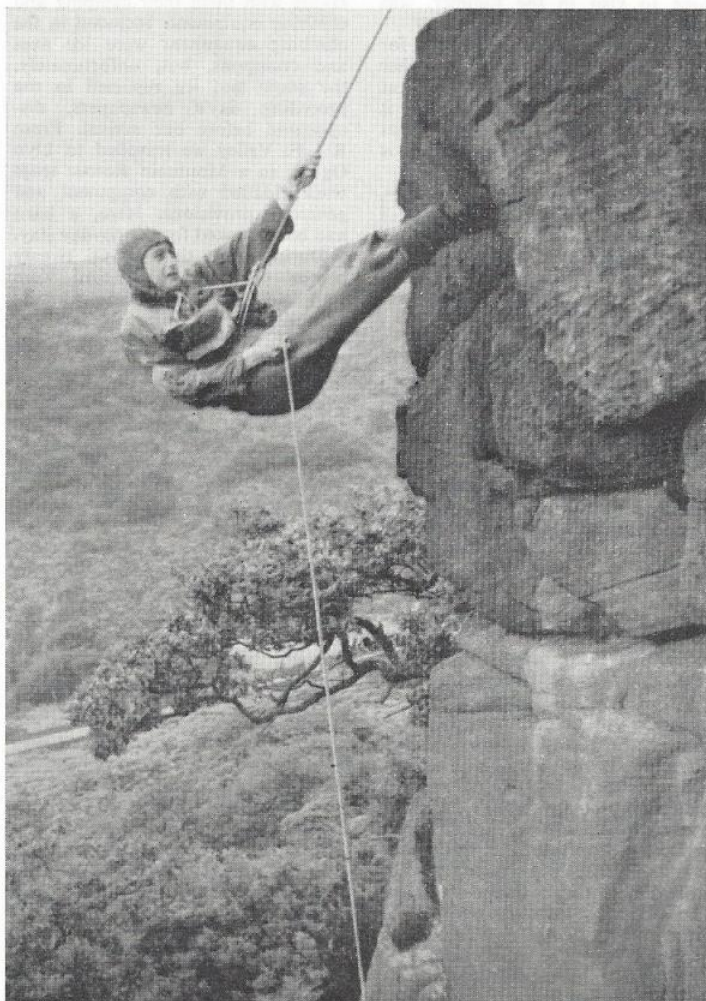
The section has certainly derived considerable pleasure and benefit from these meets, and all those who went to Somerset are most grateful to Pilot Officer Barnard, formerly of No. 61 Entry, for his help and excellent leadership. Now that several promising new pot-holers from Junior Entries have joined the section, they look forward to more ambitious expeditions in the future.

B.M., R.I.S.P.

Riding

The highlight of the autumn term was the inter-squadron Jorrocks Trophy, the competition for which was held on the North Airfield on Sunday, 10th October. A large number of spectators saw 'B' Squadron take first place, 'C' Squadron second and 'A' Squadron third. Our thanks are due to Mr and Mrs Ransom for their very able judging, and for their helpful advice to the competitors.

During the term members enjoyed several days' hunting with the Blankney and, despite the bad



Jones leans well out while abseiling down a face in the Black Rocks, Derbyshire. (This photograph by J. P. T. O'Mahoney was shown at the Photographic section's winter exhibition)



At the top of the ski run Bridges prepares to descend once more

weather, had some very good sport. Surprisingly enough, there were too many foxes.

The membership of the section is rather poor, particularly in the Senior Mess, and though the position is better in the Junior Mess owing to the increased interest in pentathlon, the section would welcome more support throughout the College. From the spring term, Junior Entries have been granted the privilege of riding, and it is hoped that they will take full advantage of it.

G.A.F.

Sailing

In September the section had a most enjoyable match against Sandhurst at Hayling Island. Throughout the day's racing the College team was encouraged by a Battle of Britain display at Royal Air Force Thorney Island. However, the Sandhurst team, manoeuvring their Fireflies most adroitly, gained victory by one point.

Score: R.M.A., Sandhurst, 19 points; R.A.F. College, 18 points.

Work has begun already this term on preparing our boats for the water.

The section hopes to have two boats afloat by March, and repairs on a third completed by Easter. At the moment, the purchase of a new boat is being negotiated. Later this term a triangular match with the Royal Military Academy and the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth, is being arranged on the Welsh Harp, Hendon. At Easter the section is planning cruises with the Island Sailing Club, Hamble.

P.J.F.

Ski-ing

During the Christmas vacation, members of the Ski-ing section visited both Switzerland and Scotland. Two groups went to Newtonmore to join parties organized by the Scottish Council of Physical Recreation. The first, six in number, went for the week before Christmas, but the lack of snow and the great difficulty of reaching what little had fallen, made it seem to some of them more like a mountaineering holiday. The two flight cadets who went after Christmas were more fortunate, and found snow-covered slopes within fairly easy reach.

The other party, consisting of three officers and nine flight cadets, went to St. Moritz under the auspices of the Combined Service Winter Sports Association. On 20th December, they flew in two Ansons from Cranwell to Solingen, a Royal Canadian Air Force Station. At the uncivilized hour of 0200 hours they caught a train for Switzerland, and, to their great delight, were greeted at St. Moritz by clear skies and four feet of snow. Except for three days, the weather remained ideal for ski-ing, and the depth of snow, both on the slopes and in St. Moritz itself, enabled them to ski down the well-covered trails right into the main square.

On the first day they were divided into classes, and lessons began in earnest. The instruction was excellent and quite soon they had mastered the rudiments of ski-ing and the even more difficult art of falling painlessly. During the fortnight they attempted several long runs with considerable success and enjoyment.

On 2nd January, five of the party competed for the Alistair Black Trophy; the course was about half a mile in length, and the individual runs were timed by Squadron Leader

Taylor, assisted by Flight Lieutenant Carus. The race was won by Raeburn in the total time of 1 min. 12 secs. Brook's 1 min. 17 secs. included a ten-second penalty for a fall; Ginn was third in 1 min. 25 secs.

No bones were broken during the visit, though Fox and Kharegat were incapacitated for a few days by bad cuts on their calves, caused by the metal edging of their skis while they were doing fast runs on icy trails. Some of the party took the opportunity to do some ice skating and curling. Unfortunately, the Cresta toboggan run was not open, so they were unable to see any descents, but those who watched the International Ski Jumping contest were most impressed.

On the social side, St. Moritz has much to offer, especially during the evening. On most afternoons we were to be found at the Chesa Veglia, renowned for its excellent teas and

tea dances. Our enthusiastic rendering of the Conga in ski boots one afternoon nearly brought the house down in more ways than one. Christmas, as is the Swiss custom, was celebrated very quietly. New Year's Eve, however, was a different matter, and one or two of us sat down to breakfast on 1st January, resplendently arrayed in evening dress. All too soon our fortnight came to an end, and it was time to bid farewell to our charming hosts and many new friends of several nationalities.

We should like to take this opportunity of thanking our hosts in Switzerland, Scotland and at the Royal Canadian Air Force station at Solingen for their generous hospitality, and also the Combined Services Winter Sports Association and the Scottish Council of Physical Recreation for making these expeditions so enjoyable.

P.D.R.

These, as well as the radio equipment, are for the use of all our members.

W.A.E.

Chess

The autumn term was most successful; the Chess team played three matches, two of which were won and one drawn. Moreover, the revival of interest in the Chess section was most encouraging, and its members now number fourteen.

Early in the term, the College team met the officers on home ground, both sides fielding unusually strong sides. Interest was maintained until late in the evening, when, after a final adjudication of the one remaining game, the match was announced a draw with 2½ games each.

For the first time for several terms, the team travelled to Sandhurst. While other Cranwell representatives were meeting strong opposition on the playing fields, the members of the Sandhurst Chess team were also proving formidable opponents. After three hours, the position was all-square, Farlam and Wright having won their games, Wraight and Warner having lost theirs. Everything now depended on the final game, which proved to be a tense, evenly matched battle. Finally, however, Davis managed to break through his opponent's defence, and win for us a most exciting and close match.

It might be thought that, after Sandhurst, Sleaford would prove to be an easy victim. On the contrary, their team is one of the best in Lincolnshire, and fields more than one County player. It was, therefore, with mixed feelings of relief and triumph that we returned to Cranwell.

A.M.W.

THE COLLEGE SOCIETY

Aeromodelling

THE Aeromodelling section enjoyed a successful term, but on the whole the weather was unsuitable for flying our models outside. Some control-line model flying was, however, done in the old cadets' garage. Among the designs flown this way were a Wyvern and a Seamew, constructed by Kharegat, and one or two of Canning's own designs—not to mention a Hurricane which stunted its owner through First Term Guest Night in the College!

A number of free-flight scale

models will soon be waiting for an improvement in the weather to undergo their test flights: Bouch is building a scale model of the Marcoupe, while Smith has recently completed a Luton Minor and a Stinson 105 Voyager.

The section held a static exhibition at the end of the term in the Fiction Library, and the exhibits, though comparatively few, were of fine workmanship.

Section funds have recently helped us to purchase two new diesel motors, bringing our total to about a dozen.



POT-HOLING SECTION OF THE C.A.O.

Winners of the Pye Cup Summer 1954

Standing: Cdt S. A. Edwards,
Cdt D. J. Webber, Cdt G.
Ainley, Cdt P. Walker, Cdt
M. Yunus

Seated: Flt Cdt R. I. Stuart-
Paul, Flt Cdt B. T. Mitchell,
Snr Flt Cdt. B. N. Turner,
Snr Flt Cdt M. J. Matthews,
Flt Cdt A. Wright, Flt Cdt
F. J. Faid, Cdt M. J. F. White

Choral

Last term the Choral Society again worked in conjunction with the Ladies' Training College, Lincoln. We hoped that the joint choir would be able to give a carol service here at Cranwell which would include excerpts from Handel's *Messiah*. Practices were held every Friday evening in Lincoln and the first few were well attended. Soon, however, night flying took away many of our keenest supporters in No. 64 Entry as well as the coach which we normally used. Many of the practices had to be cancelled and eventually all hopes of holding a carol service had to be abandoned. Nevertheless, the keener members of the Society, about half a dozen basses and a few tenors, managed to make occasional visits to Lincoln. We hope to start a male voice choir which will function independently.

D.T.F.O.

Dancing

The membership of the Dancing section increased from 28 to 45 in the autumn term, most of the members being in the elementary class. During the term, both elementary and advanced classes were taught the modern waltz, quickstep, slow foxtrot and tango; and the advanced class reached a fairly high standard.

Since most of the members were in the Junior Year, a lot of teaching time at the beginning of the term was lost on account of Knocker Cup practices, but this was largely overcome by increasing the length of later lessons, and by the keenness of our teachers, Miss Coupland and Mr Boyd, whose help has been much appreciated by the section.

R.J.

Debating

During the term the Debating society held only one debate. The motion, 'This House is of the opinion that the rights of the individual should be sacrificed for the good of the many', was rejected by a narrow margin. Bell proposed the motion, seconded by Eden, while Goldring, ably seconded by Walpole, opposed it. In spite of spirited attempts on the part of the proposer and his seconder to confuse the House about the meaning of the motion, it was rejected. At this meeting the new rules of the section were approved by the House.

A.A.B.

Engineering

The section was re-formed towards the end of the autumn term after a lapse of over a year. The decision to resurrect it was justified by an excellent attendance at the opening meeting, and an initial membership of nearly 40 flight cadets.

As the vast majority of members are active motorists, it was decided to concentrate the activities of the section on motoring at first, and then gradually to extend the scope according to demand.

At present we are engaged in setting up workshop facilities in the cadets' garage, and finding a permanent home for the section. This is most important, as our plans for the future include a library of technical periodicals and reference books, and also informal lectures and discussions, all of which need space, warmth and quiet—three rather formidable requirements at Cranwell.

In the future we hope to arrange visits to various aircraft and automobile manufacturers, and from there on the activities of the section will depend upon the members, from whom suggestions—however ambitious—are always welcomed.

M.J.M.H.

Fiction Library

During the autumn term the Fiction Library was reopened after a reorganization. The newly introduced system of issuing books on tickets is now working smoothly, and a most satisfactory number of books were borrowed last term.

The library now comprises nearly two thousand books, most of which are modern novels, and this number is constantly being added to with recent publications. Any suggestions for new titles, or for improved organization, will be welcomed by members of the Fiction Library Committee.

During the spring term it is hoped to extend the hours during which the library is open so that books may be borrowed at any time during working hours.

At the end of the term, Mr Tanner, the new librarian, succeeded Squadron Leader Long as officer in charge of the Fiction Library and Chairman of the Fiction Library Committee.

A.M.W.

Fine Arts

The section started the autumn term with the regular Friday evening art classes at Lincoln. It was during

these classes that several members branched out into the world of oil painting, and consequently we now have an enterprising little group which is delving ever deeper into the intricacies of canvas.

Membership has been increasing steadily and we are now a very flourishing section. Even so there is need for more members from the Junior Entries, as many of the section will soon be passing out.

The term's highlight was the annual winter exhibition held in conjunction with the Photographic and Printing sections on passing-out day. This gave members the chance to show their work and prove their talents to visitors, who took a keen interest.

Among the exhibits was a beautifully executed water colour, 'Geese Alighting on the Water', by Tyrrell, some fine landscapes in pen and wash by Biddiscombe; a self-portrait by Thomas, and various cartoons and sketches of aircraft.

The Fine Arts section has had a very enjoyable and successful term which was duly celebrated with an excellent section party.

J.P.T.O'M.

Jazz

The activities of the Jazz section were somewhat restricted last term, mainly because our record library was unserviceable. However, several informal meetings were held in members' rooms. Flight Lieutenant Carus kindly gave the section some records, and our library has now swollen to over 100. This term Captain Bruton, U.S.A.F., has taken over the section and has already been most helpful in getting American catalogues, from which we have chosen records not advertised over here.

The record player is now in use again and we hope to hold a full meeting at least once a fortnight. We are also considering visits to Nottingham or Leicester, where some fine jazz concerts are occasionally held.

T.R.C.

Music

The winter evenings have stimulated interest in the section. Many cadets have their own record players, and the record library, which is open to all cadets and contains a wide selection of long- and short-playing records, has been busy supplying their demands. So popular has it been that some works may have to be lent out on a roster basis in future.

Many members joined in the visit last term to the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet production of *Coppélia* in Nottingham. During the spring term we shall organize a visit to a concert by the Hallé Orchestra, again in Nottingham. If there is sufficient support, the Sunday evening record recitals in the Library Annexe will be continued.

This term we welcome Flight Lieutenant Lofting, of Standardization Flight, who is taking over from Flight Lieutenant Clancy as officer in charge of the section.

J.D.H.

Photographic

The Photographic section made steady progress during the autumn term, and the training scheme for inexperienced members produced fruitful results in the quantity and quality of entries for the end-of-term exhibition.

Towards the end of the term a studio was opened in the Senior Mess and immediately proved to be a centre of activity. Facilities available in this room include dry mounting and retouching equipment for the preparation of exhibition prints, and

with the addition of studio lights and 'props' it is hoped that a greater interest will be taken in portraiture and still-life work.

The highlight of the autumn term was the exhibition held in conjunction with the Fine Arts and Printing sections. Over fifty entries for this exhibition were received and the high standard reflected the enthusiasm and effort of all members concerned. It is hoped that with improved facilities and greater membership the quality and range of subjects will be still further improved in future.

The section looks forward to further progress in the future, and is confident that the quality of work will continue to improve, and that more followers will be won to this most enjoyable of graphic arts.

J.P.T.O'M.

Printing

The autumn term was the most prosperous that the Printing section has had for some time. Of the total membership of ten, five were fully qualified, three nearly so and the others progressing well with their training.

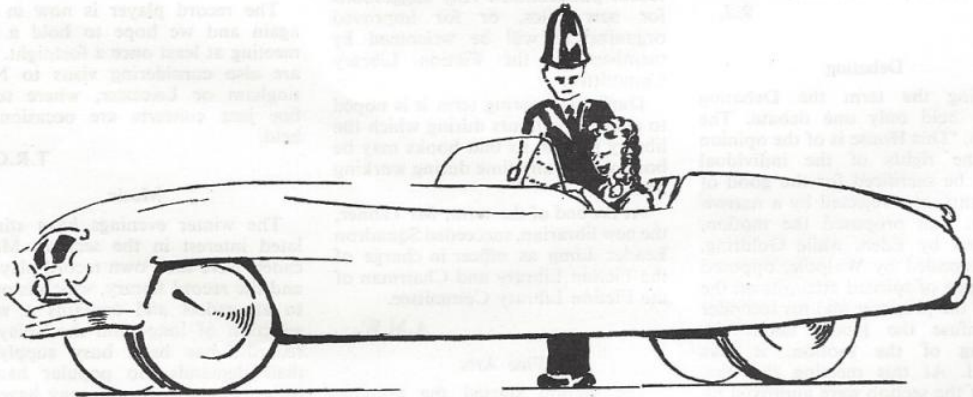
By the end of the term the section had completed thirty-nine jobs, the average run on each being about 250. The section is also in the process of doing what is probably its most complex, although not its biggest, job yet, namely, the printing of a fourteen-page wine list for the College Mess. It has involved us in a number of difficulties, one of which was to obtain suitable paper. However, it is hoped that the job will now be quickly and satisfactorily finished.

A certain amount of new equipment was purchased by the section during the term, including two new sets of College crests. The section has also carried out some experiments with new inks and papers—some three-colour Christmas cards were produced by one member of the section, and much useful information has been gained.

At the end of the term, the section joined with the Fine Arts and Photographic sections in an exhibition of work on passing-out day. The Printing section displayed a selection of work covering the past year.

The standard of work and the spirit in the section was high throughout the term and we can look forward to a prosperous 1955.

D.F.E.E.



'Well, officer, I washed my car yesterday and I simply can't do a thing with it!'

Histrionics....



The Happy Marriage



ON Tuesday, 30th November, the Dramatic section of the Royal Air Force College presented their final performance of *The Happy Marriage* by John Clements. It was not, we must admit, a very happy choice of play and all credit is due to the section for making a success of the evening.

The Happy Marriage, which the author somewhat optimistically describes as a 'farical comedy', is based upon the French play *Le Complex de Philemon* by Jean Bernard Luc. It is possible to perceive the French origins of the play beneath the clumsy translation and even, at times, imagine how the lines might have run in the original. The plot follows the classical French formula of creating a situation out of what appears to be nothing—in this case the unusual diagnoses and prescriptions of the preposterous psychiatrist, Dr Protheroe. To this worthy medico, any slight eccentricity that a married person unwittingly shows is an outward sign that he, or she, has tired of the affections of the chosen mate. The sole cure for this state of affairs *a la* Protheroe is by the decomplexation of the complexes. This is done by a 'transfer of the affections.' The result, from the spectator's point of view, is that two hours and three acts are taken up with the play's main characters, Henry and Helen Mansell-Smith, doing their level best to persuade each other into an illicit affair with their friends, Audrey and George Foster, and subsequently wildly regretting it, while frantically trying to avoid complete social upheaval. During this there are occasional diagnostic interruptions by the learned doctor, by Miss Patt (Henry's attractive secretary), and by Briggs, a manservant; all this and no more.

For the success of the evening we

were largely indebted to Gloria Peyton for her excellent performance in the chief role. It was her first appearance at Cranwell, but quite evidently she has considerable stage experience. Her undoubted confidence and ability inspired the rest of the cast to give performances of a really high standard. She played the silly, ingenuous Helen to perfection and skilfully managed to prevent us from realizing how truly barren the dialogue was by her attack. Timothy King, in his second stage venture at Cranwell, found himself in a very different part from his last (as Stanhope in *Journey's End*). He made a good stage partner for Gloria Peyton, as Henry. His great strength was not so much his histrionic ability, which is insufficient as yet to fill out the role

he was called upon to play in *The Happy Marriage*, but his stamina and vitality. He lacked subtlety of inflexion and often Stanhope's ghost called from College cellarage. His gestures are still undertrained though not untrained. Yet when he was given the stage for his telephone call in the second act he did very well indeed, an indication, if ever we needed it, that he has great reserves for a future producer to call on. He was, of course, under the difficulty of having to portray a man some 15 years older than himself, one, who, though perfectly normal by ordinary standards, finds that his reactions are being hopelessly misconstrued by his wife. In all, this was a competent and lively performance.

As Audrey Foster, Patricia Long



'How many husbands have you known that have remained faithful to their wives for eleven years, let alone eternity?' asks Dr Protheroe (Bill Turnill) of his patient, Helen Mansell-Smith (Gloria Peyton)

did not have an easy or a pleasant part to play. Audrey was the smooth if catty wife of a self-made man, not a little given to living in the sort of romantic world beloved of Raina in *Arms and the Man*, yet somehow Patricia Long managed to bring warmth into the part and enliven the dead embers of the words that made up her dialogue. She performed the scene in which Audrey attempts to seduce Henry with considerable skill—a scene which might, so easily, have proved most embarrassing. John Bell, as George Foster, was just a bit larger than life, and he gave a rather rough and unconvincing performance, chiefly because he fell into the mistake of overacting. The part he had won for himself was unenviable in the extreme, and he should be commended for trying to make something out of what virtually amounted to nothing.

Bill Turnill was miscast as Dr Protheroe. It was the worst part in the play to perform, and he certainly was not assisted in any way by the costume that the producer deemed it necessary for him to wear, which suggested a nineteenth-century undertaker rather than a fashionable psychiatrist. Malcolm Kerr gave a neat performance as Briggs, the manservant, his timing and assurance as usual being excellent, and Joan Newcombe deserved better things than the part of Miss Patt, Henry's secretary, but she made the most of limited openings.

Very special mention must be made of the set. Over Mr. Carolan's excellent construction David Eden, Brian Eley, Brian Warner and Derrick Burrage produced what was the best set we have seen for many a term. It

was full of colour, gay, and most cleverly put together. The use of ultra-violet light on special paint to create star—and street—light was an excellent stroke. The music and effects were again well handled by Richard Horsfield (though the record chosen to set the tone for Act 3 was dreadful), and praise is also due to Michael Walker who, so our programme announced, was responsible for the costumes. With the notable exception of Dr Protheroe this was the best-dressed production for some time.

The Printing section produced some extremely professional programmes.

Peter Davis produced the play and he did all that was possible with rather a mediocre comedy. The play had undoubtedly suffered at the hands of the translator and if it did not 'come across' it was not Davis's fault, or that of his cast. He managed to inspire the players to overcome this, and an otherwise poor play produced a lively evening's entertainment, thanks to some good acting, good costumes and a first-rate set. A.W.S., J.A.

Aladmin and his Glim Lamp

ON Friday, 10th December, after the final Guest Night, No. 63 Entry presented their revue. The title and programme promised us a pantomime (with a difference), and it must be admitted that the ensuing scenes had at least one thing in common with the modern trend in pantomimes. The pantomime had nothing whatsoever to do with the original story and was definitely unfit for children.

In spite of this No. 63 Entry produced a good revue. They did their duty well in taking off well-known members of the staff, and with this intermingled songs and sketches of varying merit. Special mention must be made here of Senior Under Officer McLeod who brought the house down with a mime entitled 'G. Epstein McLeod'. Discretion forbids us from going into further detail.

There was one extremely good parody of the popular record 'Dragnet', but of the other sketches perhaps the less said the better. They were of the type that depend for their humour upon trousers, beds and bridal suites, and are, ideally, the province of a concert party at the far end of a very long pier. One cannot really question their inclusion on grounds of good or bad taste, but they were doubtful runners all along owing to their extreme age.

The songs, which were sung with gusto, suffered from the customary inability of the artistes to get their words across coherently. The finale, usually a weak moment in most revues at Cranwell, was, by contrast, well co-ordinated, loud and lively. This brought to a close an amusing evening's entertainment and our thanks are due to No. 63 Entry for providing it. A.W.S.

A NOTE ON THE WORK OF SSAFA

BRIGADIER R. E. H. STOTT, Regional Appeal Officer, has kindly contributed the following note on the work of the Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Families Association, which we are glad to publish.

Although it was in 1885 that Major (later Colonel Sir James) Gildea first formed what was to become SSAFA, it is surprising how few people realise the full scope of this now very large organization, which has been in continuous existence since that date. Even as far back as the Boer War the Association spent over one million pounds helping Service families, and this figure has been increased many times over both in the First and Second World Wars.

In peacetime what can SSAFA do to help? First and foremost, of course, it is a welfare organization designed to look after every aspect of family welfare.

SSAFA tries, when the Serviceman is separated from his family, in some measure, to take his place, for we all know how difficult it is for the wife to deal with the many problems of modern living without the help of her husband.

The Overseas Service of SSAFA, which was started during the last war, and which has representatives in the main Commands overseas, exists to help in all the many problems that arise through separation.

Throughout the British Isles there are 15,000 voluntary representatives of the Association who can visit families in their own homes and who can give them instant practical help, either in the form of advice, or, in necessitous cases, an immediate grant.

SSAFA provides an emergency home for children, when mothers are ill, at Springbok

House, near Chelmsford, and a Clothing Branch for supplying clothing to families in real need. It also administers and controls a Nursing Service of fully qualified Nursing Sisters to look after Service families overseas.

SSAFA is always ready to meet an emergency. For example, the Association provided up-to-date news of their families for ex-prisoners immediately on their release after the Korean War, sent a ton of clothing to the survivors of the *Empire Windrush* within 24 hours of the disaster and helped when families were returned at short notice from Egypt and Trieste.

In its work SSAFA is more than just a Service fund; it is a vast welfare and advisory organization existing solely to look after the interests of the serving and ex-Serviceman's family.



OLD CRANWELLIAN NOTES

HONOURS AND AWARDS

THE following honours and awards in the New Year Honours List were received by Old Cranwellians, whom we congratulate:

C.B.: Air Commodore D. R. Evans (1930).
C.B.E.: Group Captain A. G. Dudgeon (1928).
O.B.E.: Group Captain H. E. Bufton (1936).
A.F.C.: Flight Lieutenant R. M. Raw (1947).
 The Queen's Commendation for Valuable Services in the Air: Squadron Leader J. A. Sowrey (1934); Flight Lieutenant R. Watson (1948).

Three Associate Members received honours and awards:

O.B.E.: Squadron Leader A. C. Morris.
M.B.E.: Squadron Leader D. G. Roberts.
Bar to A.F.C.: Wing Commander R. B. Cole.
Mentioned in Despatches: Flight Lieutenant D. A. Caris (1948).

PROMOTIONS

The following promotions took effect from 1st January, 1955:

Air Marshals: F. J. Fressanges (1921), T. G. Pike (1924).
Air Vice-M Marshals: J. G. W. Weston (1927), E. M. F. Grundy (1928), A. D. Selway (1927), A. Earle (1928), L. W. C. Bower (1928).
Air Commodores: H. Eeles (1929), F. A. Pearce (1931), M. W. B. Robinson (1929), W. E. Oulton (1929), S. C. Widdows (1929), J. Worrall (1930).
Group Captain: W. I. C. Inness (1934).
Wing Commander: M. C. Raban (1938).

APPOINTMENTS

Since the last issue of *The Journal*, the following appointments have been made:

A.V.M. H. H. Brookes (1922) to be A.O.C., Iraq.
 A.V.M. E. M. F. Grundy (1926) to be Chairman of the N.A.T.O. Military Agency for Standardization.

A.V.M. W. H. Kyle (1928) to be A.O.C., Malaya.
 Air Cdre M. L. Heath (1927) to be Director of Plans.
 Air Cdre W. R. Worstall (1926) to be Director of Air Engineering.
 Air Cdre W. E. Oulton (1929) to be Director of Operations (3).
 Air Cdre J. Worrall (1930) to be Commander, Eastern Sector.
 Gp Capt D. P. D. G. Kelly (1933) to the staff of the School of Land/Air Warfare.
 Gp Capt W. P. Welch (1929) to the Air Staff of Coastal Command.
 Gp Capt A. R. D. MacDonell (1932) to the staff of Joint Services Staff College.
 Gp Capt F. H. Tyson (1930) to the staff of the School of Land/Air Warfare.
 Gp Capt W. D. Disbrey (1931) to the Technical Staff of Bomber Command.
 Gp Capt B. H. Becker (1931) to the department of the Air Member for Personnel.
 Gp Capt T. B. de la P. Beresford (1933) to be Air Adviser to the High Commissioner in New Delhi.
 Wg Cdr L. D. Wilson (1935) to Leconfield for flying duties.
 Wg Cdr T. M. Buchanan (1933) to command R.A.F., Newton.
 Wg Cdr G. A. V. Knyvett (1931) to the administrative staff at Driffield.
 Wg Cdr D. T. M. Lumsden (1934) to the department of the Chief of Air Staff.
 Wg Cdr A. R. Atkins (1934) to the technical staff at Headquarters, British Forces, Aden.
 Wg Cdr E. B. C. Davies (1931) to the department of the Air Member for Supply and Organization.
 Wg Cdr J. B. Grant (1936) to the staff of the Allied Air Forces, Southern Europe.
 Wg Cdr K. Gray (1931) to the staff of the Supreme Headquarters, Allied Powers, Europe.
 Wg Cdr R. B. Cole (Associate Member) to West Raynham for flying duties.



From the
WINTER
EXHIBITION



Left: 'Lizbeth',
 by F. J. Faid



Bottom left:
 'Avalanche', by
 C. H. Salwey



Bottom right:
 'Shetland Pony',
 by
 D. J. McL. Edmondston
 (Another exhibit may
 be seen on p. 80)



NEWS

Cranwell

Recent arrivals at Cranwell as flying instructors are Flight Lieutenants D. Guthrie (1947), E. F. Hemming (1947), W. E. Kelly (1948), F. R. Lund (1949) and G. O. Eades (1948). Flight Lieutenant R. Hollingworth (1948) has taken on the additional task of Cadet Wing Officer.

Squadron Leader P. F. Blackford (1938) has handed over his task as a Cadet Squadron Commander to take over command of Edinburgh University Air Squadron.

Duxford

A correspondent tells us that at Duxford are Flight Lieutenant R. J. Spiers (1947), Flying Officers R. Dick (1950), J. W. Heard (1950), D. J. Foster (1951), J. N. W. Pickersgill (1951) and J. C. Dunne (1950).

Australia

Serving with the Royal Australian Air Force on exchange postings are:

Flight Lieutenants T. L. Kennedy (1948) with Transport Wing somewhere in Japan, H. H. Caillard (1946) with a Canberra squadron, M. D. Fenner (1948) with the same Canberra squadron, J. H. Palmer (1947) with a Lincoln squadron, I. H. F. Walmsley (1948) with a Neptune squadron, and R. W. B. A. George (1947) at Woomera.

Personal

We congratulate (rather belatedly we fear) Flight Lieutenant K. V. E. Gilbert (1947) on his marriage and Flight Lieutenant E. F. Hemming (1947) on the addition to his family. We also congratulate Wing Commanders H. D. Clark

(1937) and K. F. Mackie (1935), and Flight Lieutenants D. H. Mills (1949) and D. A. Arnott (1948) on the additions to their families.

We wish Wing Commanders P. Heath and P. D. W. Hackforth success and happiness in their retirement.

We regret to record the deaths of Air Vice-Marshal J. G. Hawtrey, Air Commodore G. D. Stephenson, Flight Lieutenant J. W. Wills and Pilot Officers D. D. Vickers and D. G. Edwards. We extend our deepest sympathy to the relatives and friends of these officers.

THE SOVEREIGN'S SQUADRON

Points Scored in the Autumn Term

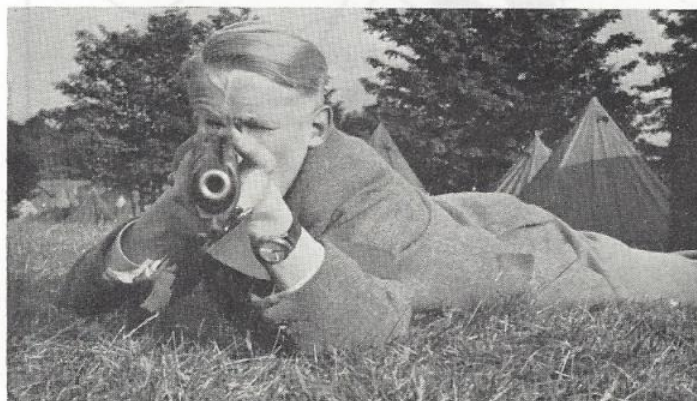
	'A' Sqn	'B' Sqn	'C' Sqn
Chimay Cup	6	3	9
Ferris Drill Trophy	2	8	5
Knocker Cup	7	4	1
	—	—	—
	15	15	15
	—	—	—

Prince of Wales Trophy awarded to 'C' Squadron, winners of Chimay Cup

INTER-SQUADRON COMPETITION

Points Scored in the Autumn Term

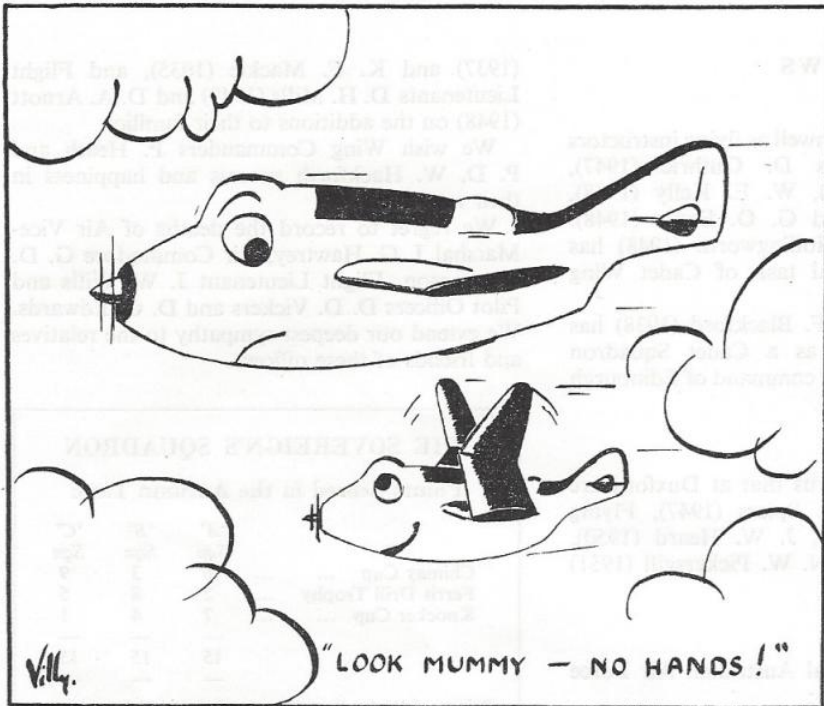
	'A' Sqn	'B' Sqn	'C' Sqn
Rugby	15	5	25
Association Football	8	8	20
Cross-Country	12	4	20
Fencing	10	6	2
Shooting	10	6	2
	—	—	—
	55	29	69
	—	—	—



TAKING AIM AT BISLEY

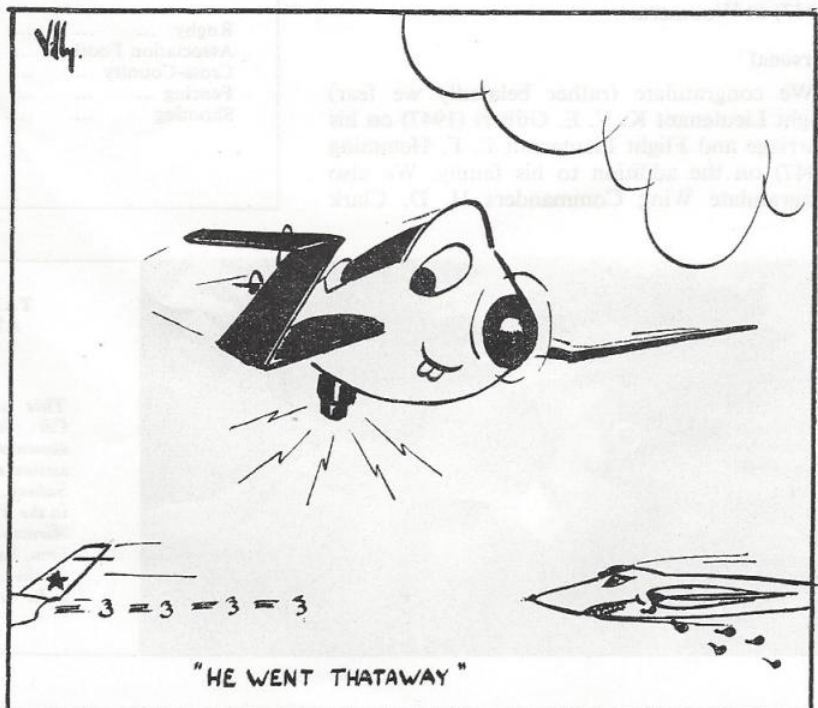


This photograph of Flt Cdt Salwey was also shown at the Photographic section's winter exhibition. Salwey, who came third in the Young Officers' and Airmen's Trophy last term, has obtained a place in the R.A.F. Rifle 100 S.R. (a) and Rifle 50 S.R. (b)



GANNET

YEARZOO ZURRY



Letters to the Editor

Right off the Map

My dear Editor,

On reading the last issue of your Journal I notice that the article 'Safari in Kenya' makes a statement I find difficult to accept. The sub-title says 'and farther south to the Kalahari', and in the text it says 'After leaving Amboseli we travelled south across the Kalahari Desert. From the road we gained our first view of the snow of Kilimanjaro.'

Although I have no maps handy at the moment (being at home with 'flu) my own idea is that these cadets travelled across the Nyiri Desert (approximately 0230S. 3730E.) whereas to the best of my knowledge the Kalahari Desert is about 2400S. 2200E.—at least 1,200 naut. miles away. Therefore—unless they had unusual radar vision—they could not have been in the Kalahari Desert and at the same time have seen the mountain in question. In 1936 I spent some time in the Kalahari on a photographic survey—so I know it well. Please don't take this too seriously but you might ask the chaps in question where they did go. Perhaps I should tell you that I'm a Fellow of the Institute of Navigation and hold one of the few Air Master Navigation certificates so I read these articles with interest and care.

Kindest regards,

Yours sincerely,

EDWARD CHILTON,
Air Vice-Marshal.

Air Ministry,
London, S.W.1.
23rd December, 1954.

Our correspondent writes:

Air Vice-Marshal Chilton has rightly pointed out the mistake in my report on our trip to Africa, a mistake which I very much regret. Though a distance of some 1,200 miles may seem small to a flight cadet at Cranwell—just over two hours in a Canberra—it is an error on which I feel neither my navigation nor geography instructor would look very favourably. I have no excuse, unless the unwonted heat of the sun so turned my head that I unconsciously adopted romantic names to suit our romantic adventures.

We were, of course, nowhere near the Kalahari Desert; we were in the desert plain which is bounded on the north by the Athi River and on the south by Kilimanjaro and the towns of Moshi and Arusha. I would like to take this opportunity of apologising to all readers of *The Journal* and to Air Vice-Marshal Chilton in particular.

Sports Reporting

Sir,

It is in no spirit of criticism that I wish to make a request to *The Journal* staff and to secretaries of sports for better reporting of sports. I know how extremely difficult it is to make routine accounts and even reports on special matches lively and interesting; after all, the best writers of this sort of thing are hard to come by, even in highly competitive Fleet Street. But, for all that,

the amateur sports writer has much to make his task a pleasant one. He, presumably, is interested in his sport and anxious to let others share this interest. He must watch the vicissitudes of the season with anxiety, pleasure, pride, anger, confidence . . . He generally has 'views' about teams and about those who go to make up the teams. Some fixtures will have been of outstanding interest to him; others not. Even in the dullest match there exists a spirit of competition. Yet, as readers, we are not often privileged to catch the authentic note of excitement in your columns.

May I call upon secretaries of sports particularly, from whom the raw material must come, to remember that among their readers are many who take a special interest in the fortunes of their old squadrons on the sports field, many who, because of their connections with Cranwell, want to know how sports are faring at the College, many who simply like to read a good sports account and many, in the schools at home and abroad, who may see in sports at Cranwell a way of satisfying, partially perhaps, their ambitions. It is natural, too, that the periodical sports report should offer to members of teams and posterity alike an accurate record of what passed during a season. If a balance sheet can be drawn up, so much the better. The season can then be seen in perspective.

It is possible that some sports' secretaries labour under the mistaken belief that since much report writing is, of necessity, a matter of routine, their attitude should reflect this. Nothing could be further from the truth. Their readers *want* to be interested. There is an enormous fund of goodwill on which to draw. Is it not possible for *The Journal* to provide its readers, within a very short time, with sports reports that really do capture the transient spirit of the field?

K.O.

Our Sports Editor writes:

In his letter K.O. has drawn attention to one of the weakest sections of *The Journal*. The success or failure of the sports section depends primarily on the secretaries of sports; after all, though an editor may correct a spelling mistake or give surgical treatment to a mutilated sentence, he can hardly be expected to incorporate into a dull report small enlivening details of a match that he did not see. As it is, most sports reports look like a severely amended page of Q.Rs. or a Victorian patchwork by the time they reach the hands of the typist. This is partly because so many of the secretaries can be seen hastily scribbling off a few lines the night before press day; and partly because the tables of results which they present are often incomplete and do not conform to *The Journal* layout, which can be seen in any recent copy.

With certain exceptions, such as the writers of the excellent boxing reports and the rugger reports in the present issue, sports secretaries are not making the most of their opportunities. They would find a critical study of some of the better sports reports in our daily newspapers most rewarding. Some of the reports, for instance, on the recent series of Test matches with Australia must, by their very brilliance and vigour, have caught and retained the attention of many thousands of people to

whom the words googly or Chinaman are as incomprehensible as hieroglyphics or a surrealist poem; whereas even the most fanatical sportsman must often yawn over *The Journal* sports section and turn over to a more inspiring page.

The November Journal

Sir,

I would like to congratulate *The Journal* on the production, last issue, of a very interesting number. Somehow, a lot more life seemed to have subtly infused itself into the pages right from the beginning. It was nice, for instance, to see a change from the erstwhile stereotyped pictures of the passing-out parade, while the summer activities were very efficiently put across—and I mean efficient with all its journalistic implications. Each section of the activities was written up in an informally interesting way and good use was made of photographs. Particularly effective was the two-page pictorial treatment of the survival camp in the Harz mountains.

The general impression is of unobtrusively slick production and airiness—some of the Senior Entry are even smiling!

I would, however, like to mention that, despite the overall smoothness, closer inspection revealed some instances of plain sloppy work. Some lines appeared twice (p. 224), blocks did not line up and were in some instances of poor quality (p. 229, lower r.) while the last sixteen pages, though clearly a need for economy had been felt, were printed on what appeared to be very dingy paper beside the usual art paper. Small points, perhaps, in any magazine, but a pity to appear as rough edges in a journal that in the past four years has improved out of all recognition.

Yours faithfully,
Comet Sugar Peter.

Sir,

On behalf of all those who were involved in the production of the last issue of *The Journal*, may I express our thanks for the kind words of your correspondent, 'Comet Sugar Peter'? None of us was really happy about the last number, as your correspondent doubtless perceived from the boxed comment 'About this Issue'. We were obliged to work within very narrow financial margins indeed and this affected the shape of the issue at many points.

May we reply briefly to the criticism levelled? We agree that the finish of the last issue was not what it might have been; however, everything that could be done to ensure quality finish was done. We, too, were not satisfied with the printing of the blocks. The point about the paper at the back is, perhaps, the most substantial. The paper actually used, though of the same weight and quality as paper used in a similar position in *The Journal* on previous occasions, was, we have been told, probably the product of a different mill. As your correspondent will understand, we specify type, size and weight after examining samples, and theoretically, there should be no variations in quality. But this is not always so in practice. 'Comet Sugar Peter' will be happy to learn, however, that under the new contract, *The Journal* will not be obliged to use two grades of paper, but good substitute art throughout.

J.L.

R.A.F. College.

Cri de Coeur to O.Cs

Sir,

A very welcome sign in recent issues of *The Journal* has been the appearance once again of articles by Old Cranwellians and other 'outside' contributors on their experiences at flying units and in the 'other Air Force'. I have only to mention the excellent article by Flight Lieutenant Furze on his historic dash from England to New Zealand to indicate what I think many *Journal* readers, like myself, would like to see. The training value of such articles cannot be over emphasized.

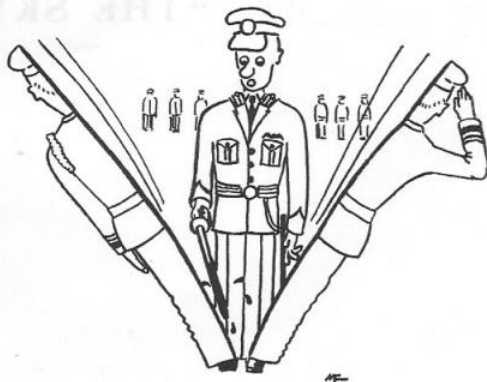
It may be, of course, that your potential contributors outside Cranwell (counting Old Cranwellians alone, there are nearly a thousand!) fear that sheer pressure on space will make you, Mr. Editor, wary of considering their offers. Could you not explain that, far from turning the proverbial deaf ear or cold shoulder, you would be glad to add imported grist to the editorial mill as well as the home-grown stuff? Before the war *The Journal* abounded with articles of general Service interest and I am certain that a clear green light from the top of the College tower would encourage a like flow from well-placed post-war correspondents. At the moment, I feel, your potential contributors may take the view, quite mistakenly, that your policy is forever amber.

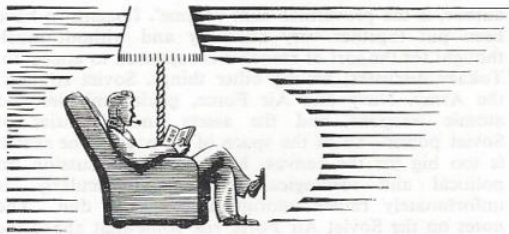
J'ATTENDRAI

R.A.F. College

J'ATTENDRAI's *cri de coeur* is a timely reminder of something that tends to be forgotten; over half our readers are Old Cranwellians and we most certainly need their help and co-operation in producing *The Journal*. Though there may be many amber lights and cold shoulders at Cranwell, especially during February, they are always green and warm respectively towards contributions received from both inside and outside the College. The editorial staff are at the present time most anxious to follow up the article on Korea in the present issue with articles on recent operations in Malaya and Kenya, if only the contributors will come forward. Indeed, among our thousand Old Cranwellian readers there must be many who have something useful and interesting to contribute; to them, we would say—not 'forever amber' but 'evergreen'.

Editor





Book Reviews

The Second World War

Royal Air Force, 1939-1945, Volume II. The Fight Avails,
by Denis Richards and Hilary St. George Saunders.
(H.M.S.O., 13s. 6d.)

THIS second volume of the history of the Royal Air Force during the last war continues the story from December 1941, at the time when Japan first entered the war, up to the point at which the Allied Forces were established in Italy and on their way towards Rome.

Inevitably, the early chapters make sombre reading because they recount the series of reverses in the air, on land and on the sea which culminated in the surrender of Singapore, 'a supposedly impregnable fortress', with the loss of 70,000 defenders, followed by the loss of Burma. Subsequent chapters of this book trace the history of Coastal Command's long battle with U-boats and surface raiders, of the early stages of Bomber Command's assault on Germany, of all the many fluctuations in the Middle East campaigns which reached their climax at Alamein and in Tunisia. Finally, the first landings on European soil, in Sicily and then in Italy, are described.

The reader will find that only towards the middle of the book does the justification of its sub-title appear, with the final expulsion of the Axis Forces from North Africa at the conquest of Tunisia. In the authentic style of the serial, the last chapter of the book, 'The Path to Rome', leaves the reader to wait for the appearance of Volume III before he can read the details of the final stages of that journey and its end in the Eternal City.

That event may have been of relatively minor military importance, and certainly it was but the prelude to long and arduous fighting which had to be carried out before Italy was cleared of the enemy. Yet the psychological effect on world feeling caused by the capture of the Italian capital was of great importance and, therefore, for the sake of dramatic effect, it is a pity that this volume did not contain a little further account of that stage of the war.

Individual events of particular moment are naturally numerous and cannot be detailed in a brief review, but two of widely differing character cannot be omitted from special mention. The first is the long epic of superhuman fortitude chronicled in the story of Malta. The second is a single act in which equal courage was combined with technical skill of the highest order to accomplish the destruction of the Ruhr dams.

The production of this volume is, in general, quite excellent, but if the price had been slightly increased, certain details could have been improved, notably some of the maps, which are not too easy to read. It would be surprising if the addition of a few shillings to the price of such a book would affect in any measure public demand for it. With that margin of money to spend on production, some accounts of special incidents might have been made less tantalizingly short than they are and aids to

- Books Received
- ROYAL AIR FORCE, 1939-1945, Volume II.
THE FIGHT AVAILS,
by Denis Richards and Hilary St. George Saunders
(H.M.S.O., 13s. 6d.)
- BETRAYAL OF AN IDEAL, by G. A. Tokaev.
(Introduction by Sir David Kelly.)
(The Harvill Press, 21s.)
- SOVIET IMPERIALISM, by G. A. Tokaev.
(Duckworth & Co. Ltd, 12s. 6d.)
- AIRCRAFT FOR ALL, by S. E. Veale.
(Ward Lock & Co. Ltd, 12s. 6d.)
- THE WORLD'S FIGHTING PLANES,
by William Green and Gerald Pollinger.
MacDonald & Co. (Publishers), Ltd, 12s. 6d.)
- ARNHEM LIFT, by Louis Hagen.
(Hammond Hammond Ltd, 8s. 6d.)
- WORLDS IN SPACE, by Martin Caidin.
(Sidgwick & Jackson, 17s. 6d.)
- SOUND BARRIER, by Neville Duke and Edward Lanchbery
(revised and enlarged edition)
(Cassell, 8s. 6d.)
- CHESHIRE, V.C., by Russell Braddon
(Evans Bros, 12s. 6d.)
- YOU'LL DIE IN SINGAPORE, by Charles McCormac.
(Robert Hale, 12s. 6d.)
- FLIGHT HANDBOOK (Fifth Edition),
compiled by the Staff of *Flight*.
(Iliffe & Sons, 15s.)
- SINGLE OR RETURN, by Fritz Wenzel.
(Purnell & Sons, Ltd, 12s. 6d.)

the reader, in the form of dates on each page, would make it vastly easier to follow a narrative which, by the nature of its arrangement in chapters, is not continuous. The index is good, but footnotes are not a satisfactory substitute for a bibliography.

W.H.A.

A Spell Broken

Betrayal of an Ideal, by G. A. Tokaev. (Introduction by Sir David Kelly.) (The Harvill Press, 21s.)

Soviet Imperialism, by G. A. Tokaev. (Duckworth and Co. Ltd, 6s.)

COLONEL TOKAEV will already be well known to readers of *The Journal*, if not for the very responsible position which he, as an engineer officer, held in the Soviet Air Force, at least for the remarkable escape which he and his family made to the West in 1948 under the very noses of the M.V.D. It was only a matter of time before the Colonel, freed from the attentions of interrogators and journalists, produced his own story set down in his own words. This is what he has done in *Betrayal of an Ideal*.

There is no need to have any doubts about this book. It is not just another escape story; nor is it the result of an uneasy conscience seeking to justify past actions. This, the first part of an autobiography, is, from its first page, of absorbing interest and patently sincere: here, in straightforward and simple prose, the Revolution of 1917 comes alive, seen as it is from a strictly personal standpoint. Like Freda Utley, in her moving book, *Lost Illusion*, Colonel Tokaev shows how the idealism which stirred the older Bolsheviks and which supplied the Revolution with its chief motive force, was destroyed by Stalinist manipulators and place-seekers. To this

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Tel. Sleaford 23

extent the Colonel's story is, of course, not new; what is new is the approach and the wealth of detail that he offers the reader. There are many touches that delight, notably the author's disarming frankness and his native pride. He is proud to have sprung from peasant Ossetian stock, proud to have been the most promising 'tractorist' in his part of the Caucasus; frank about his burning political connections, his lack of self-control, and his behaviour in the sordid affair with Katya. These are but a few of the candid sidelights that throw the massive and stark events, in which he had his part to play, into sharp relief. He has much that is interesting to say on the workings of the State and Party apparatus in pre-war days, on the outlook and personalities of a number of the Old Guard (some of whom he knew personally), on the squalor of life in Moscow and Leningrad in the late '20s and early '30s for the ordinary worker, and on the work and organization of the Zhukovsky Air Academy in Moscow (where he was a student-officer). He writes, too, of what he calls the 'secret opposition' into which he had gravitated by 1932. But, unlike some emigrés, he does not make vast claims for the opposition to the Soviet régime either during the period he writes of (i.e. down to the mid-'30s) or now. He draws a picture 'of rare individuals, striving almost without unity, certainly without knowing one another and without the additional moral strength which comes to men who are fighting openly and side by side—a picture as of too few men labouring to cleanse the Augean stables with miniature hand-forks. . . .' One's only complaint—and it is a small one—is that this fascinating book might have been checked more carefully and tiresome inconsistencies removed. (How many readers, for instance, will realize that Vladikavkaz, Ordzhonikidze and Dzhaudzhikau are one and the same place?)

By comparison, *Soviet Imperialism*, by the same

author, is the proverbial 'slim volume'. It seems to have been put together very hurriedly and without much thought for the sort of reader it is supposed to appeal to. Tokaev discusses, among other things, Soviet strategy, the Army, Navy and Air Force, guided missiles and atomic weapons, and the assets and liabilities of Soviet power—all in the space of 73 pages. The sketch is too big for the canvas. Much of the discussion, on political and ideological problems particularly, is unfortunately rather unoriginal and even dull. The notes on the Soviet Air Force rise somewhat above the general level and are not without interest. One wonders, nevertheless, the authority for some of the Colonel's statements, as, for instance, his claim that Chief Marshal Novikov and Colonel-General Repin have been released from imprisonment. This sounds dangerously near speculation. May one say, in conclusion, that this book has its moments?

J.L.

Aeroplanes Galore

Aircraft For All, by S. E. Veale. (Ward Lock and Co. Ltd, 12s. 6d.)

The World's Fighting Planes, by William Green and Gerald Pollinger. (MacDonald and Co. (Publishers) Ltd, 12s. 6d.)

THERE are already seven books in Messrs Ward Lock's series 'Books For All', and the subjects covered range from science to ships. The most recent addition, *Aircraft For All*, is as comprehensive an introduction to aeroplanes as one could wish for in 250 pages. Lavishly illustrated and right up to date, this book is part history, part theoretical study, part handbook and will undoubtedly find a wide market among general reader and aeronautically minded youth alike. A final chapter deals with the art of aircraft spotting and offers drawings and silhouettes of 13 recent aircraft types. For the price, this book is a remarkable achievement these days.

The World's Fighting Planes is purely and simply a handy recognition book and is a descendant of the much larger *The Aircraft of the World*, reviewed in these columns last March. The authors naturally draw extensively on the earlier volume. Aircraft are shown alphabetically by country and maker. The illustrations are of a high order of clarity and the history and specifications of each aircraft as shown are briefly given. Inevitably inquisitive eyes will fall on the Soviet section of this book where details are given of, among others, the Il. 28, the Lavochkin Type 21, the Mil. Type 36 and the Tupolev Type 35. A note of topicality is added by concluding the Soviet section with picture and silhouette of the Type 37 which appeared over Moscow for the first time on 1st May last year. Beautifully printed throughout (cover included), serious spotters will welcome this latest addition to the recognition library. It has no special recognition axe to grind.

L.F.

At Arnhem

Arnhem Lift, by Louis Hagen. (Hammond Hammond Ltd, 8s. 6d.)

MR HAGEN'S story of the gallant battle of the First British Airborne Division at Arnhem ten years ago cannot be dismissed as 'just another war history'. Mr Hagen is himself a German, but, as his ancestors were

Jews, he fled to England in order to avoid persecution from the Nazis. He developed a bitter and deep-rooted hatred for the Nazi régime and all through his book he speaks contemptuously of the poor fighting spirit of the German units. His perfect knowledge of the German language made him a valuable man in the Arnhem theatre of war, where there was no such thing as a front line.

It is the easy, lucid style of this book that permits a very accurate description of the close-quarter, almost guerilla-type, warfare. The layman who has never fought in the front line can only gain a vague idea of the actual shooting side of a battle. He may read in the newspapers of large advances or setbacks and of acts of individual bravery, but never knows how a small unit actually defeats its enemy with rifles and field craft. Mr Hagen supplies this missing link. His detailed diary records the gradual change of plans when it is realised that the relieving army will not get through; he tells how an emergency headquarters is set up and a line of cottages is fortified and effectively held by a handful of men.

The excellence of this book is that it makes no excuses for the failure of the operation. Mr Hagen is content to record the principal events of the dramatic eight days without pointing any moral or glamorising a decidedly unpleasant affair. The book ends with the withdrawal of the remnants of the fighting force back to British-held territory across the river Rhine. It is an anti-climax, but any other ending would not have accorded with the truth.

Mr Hagen is a shrewd judge of men, and is obviously able to ignore those whom he considers unworthy of his attention. He has a word of praise for all those who fought bravely, or as well as they were able, but there is no mention of those whose spirit broke in the face of defeat until the end of the book, when he gives us a pithy description of their emergence from the cellar in which they had been covering. The author was a sergeant, and even in the stress of battle, he never relaxed his attitude of respect towards his officers, even when some of them made the most obvious blunders. In this he showed his German ancestry and upbringing.

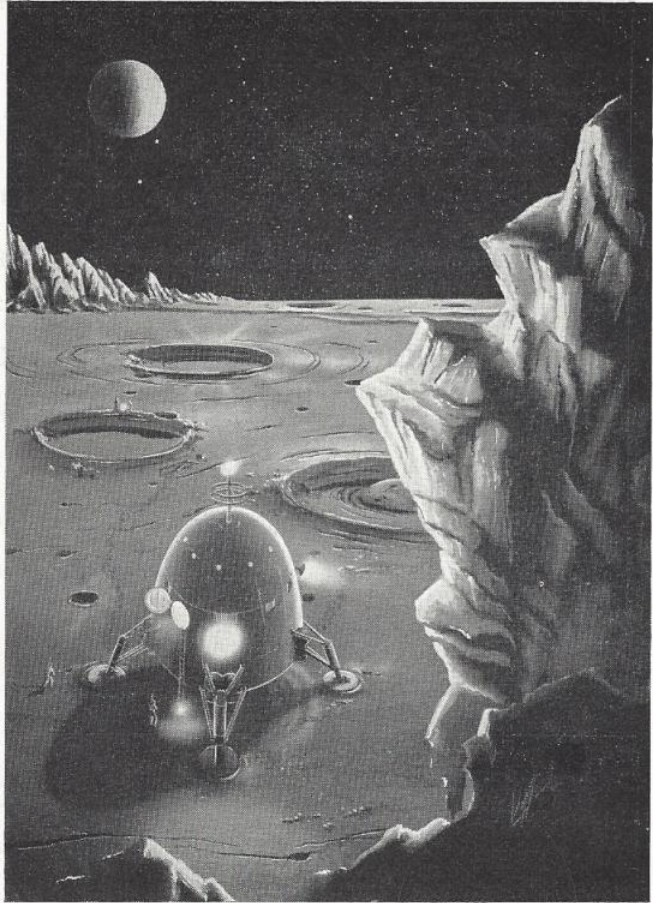
This book provides a compact, exciting and balanced account of an historic event. It is humble in its intention and noble in its achievement. *Arnhem Lift* must take its place on any bookshelf of war histories.

J.A.B.

Expanding World

Worlds in Space, by Martin Caidin. (Sidgwick and Jackson, 17s. 6d.)

TO the casual observer who picks this book up and runs through the illustrations, it would appear that Mr Caidin has simply attempted to add one more title to the science fiction bookshelf. However, nothing could be farther from the truth. *Worlds in Space* seems to pack



One of the many fine illustrations from Martin Caidin's *'Worlds in Space'*, which is reviewed below

into its two hundred pages as much information on future travel as could be found in any eminent space scientist's brain, but in doing so, Mr. Caidin sets off a chain reaction of thought in the mind of the reader. The question of where we go when we do reach the outer planets crops up again and again. The illustrations, though appearing at first glance rather fantastic, are based upon scientific and what appears to be logical argument. As well as the excellent sketches by Fred L. Wolff, there are many pages of official photographs from the United States Navy, Army and Air Force records of rocket development.

The book deals with the past, the present and the future of planetary travel. It outlines the main points in early German rocket experiments, and from there takes the reader to the deserts of Nevada, Arizona and New Mexico, where American research took place immediately after the Second World War. The author considers every conceivable aspect of rocket travel, and the facts which emerge can spur one's enthusiasm or throw one, a quaking mass, into thin air.

The chapter on gravity should not tax the elementary school child, and the layman should have no difficulty

in understanding the problems of 'g' as they affect modern earth flight. These problems are linked with those of accelerations in space. Mr Caidin points out that America will be ready within the next few years to launch an expedition into space by way of a man-made earth satellite, and all that is required now is the will and the means. One of the greatest problems facing metallurgists is that of finding a substance hard enough to resist the constant pounding of meteorites in space, for no space station, he feels, could be pressurized safely with a skin constantly being punctured by this bombardment. The author dwells extensively on the measures taken to correct any fault in either space ship or station, and runs over the danger to a certain country if an enemy establishes a space station first. The use of the sun's rays to focus heat is an obvious weapon, and in the wrong hands this could prove more catastrophic than an atomic bomb.

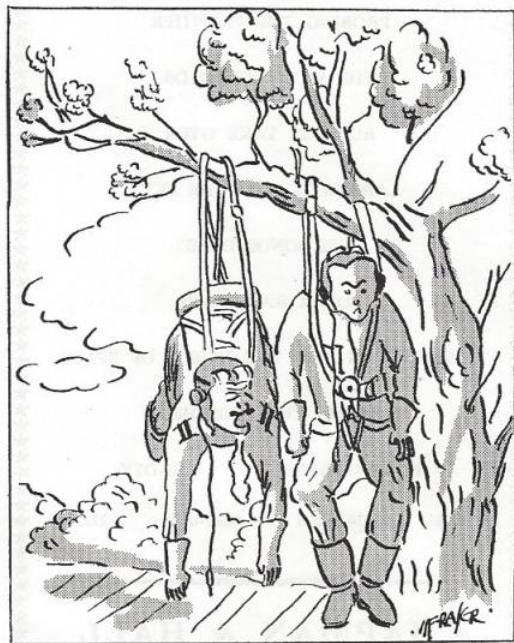
Worlds in Space also provides a neat introduction to astronomy, and such old sources of controversy as the possibility of the presence of life on Mars are explored logically and simply. The book might well be entitled *Introduction to Space*.

A.J.S.W.

High-Speed Flight

Sound Barrier, by Neville Duke and Edward Lanchbery (revised and enlarged edition). (Cassell, 8s. 6d.)

NEVILLE DUKE and Edward Lanchbery's *Sound Barrier* was first published in August 1953, and this revised edition includes reference to developments during the past year. The character of the book is unchanged, and it still contains a great deal of data about



'O.K., Neville Duke. Now get us down!'

most aspects of high-speed flying, reference to which has been much simplified by the addition of an index. From the technical viewpoint, the attempts to give simple explanations of complex phenomena are not always convincing and are often marred by looseness of expression. Reference is made, for example, to a thrust of 'about five miles a second' and the purpose of the turbo-jet is said to be to 'convert all the gas into thrust'.

But *Sound Barrier* makes no pretence to be a technical handbook. It is a very readable and restrained history of high-speed flying, which is right up to date, and offers much interesting information which is not readily to be found elsewhere—and certainly not at so reasonable a price.

H.M.D.

A Great Airman

Cheshire, V.C., by Russell Braddon. (Evans Bros, 12s. 6d.)

THOSE who like their biographies light and shallow will find much to satisfy them in this book. In so far as it contains the facts of Cheshire's career, it must be of interest to many who regard him as a great man.

Group Captain Cheshire is sensitive, imaginative and modest. Such a man faced with the task of providing material for a professional journalist must don a protective mask. It is that mask that Mr Braddon has described. He obviously never knew when Cheshire was pulling his leg. He records, with ludicrous earnestness that Cheshire had no head for heights, and that that was why he liked flying low. He draws a picture of a charming young man with nice fingernails and a winsome smile, who is naive and impractical and whose conversation is straight Wooster. Yet this is the man whose passion for detail drove him to spend hours blindfold in a grounded aircraft until he knew every detail of it by touch. This is the man whose practical intelligence devised and perfected a new technique of bombing. This is the man whose language was incisive enough to make him the greatest master bomber of the war.

Mr Braddon, I am afraid, never began to understand his subject. He lacks the humility of a good biographer: always he assumes equality; at times he is patronizing. He says: 'When I met Cheshire I was a complete heathen. I remain one today.' He must have been badly out of his depth with Cheshire. He could only watch, bewildered. Perhaps that is why his book is so solidly man-of-the-world.

I believe that Cheshire was our greatest airman, and that he has since shown that airmanship was only one facet of his greatness. He deserved a better biography.

G.C.T.R.

A Tale of Endurance

You'll Die in Singapore, by Charles McCormac. (Robert Hale, 12s. 6d.)

CHARLES MCCORMAC, an R.A.F. sergeant, was captured by the Japanese during the fall of Singapore. He starts his story with an account of the atrocious treatment which he received while in a prison camp, and tells how he planned an escape for himself and a party of sixteen others. The escape was daring, but tragic: only four people managed to get away alive.

The story of their four-thousand-mile journey, through Japanese-occupied territory, is a tale of almost unbelievable hardships and adventures. The four of them walked at least a thousand miles through some of the

worse jungle territory in the world. They travelled the entire length of Sumatra and Java before meeting up with an underground organization, which arranged for the two survivors to be flown to Australia and safety.

The style is forthright and masculine. The author makes no vulgar appeal to sympathy: he merely describes with admirable restraint the inhuman way in which the Japanese treated their prisoners of war so that the reader quickly appreciates why the most appalling horrors and hardships were preferable to captivity under such conditions.

J.A.B.

Aerial Abigail

Flight Handbook (Fifth Edition), compiled by the Staff of *Flight*. (Iliffe and Sons, 15s.)

IN 1910, *Flight Manual* was published to 'provide a work of reference on flight and aeronautics' and to 'provide a key to the articles appearing in the weekly periodical *Flight*, whereby new readers may be enabled to pick up the essential threads of the subject with facility'. The objects of this fifth edition of *Flight Handbook* are essentially the same and are achieved to a marked degree in nearly 300 pages packed with information. The fourth edition appeared in 1945 and a comparison of the two volumes serves as a striking reminder of the extraordinary advances which have been made in aeronautics in the last 10 years. Atomic power units, critical Mach number, boundary layer control, pulse-jets, ram-jets, cabin pressurization, shock waves, supersonic aircrews, transonic aerodynamics—these are but a few of the entries appearing in the index for the first time in this edition.

It is difficult to think of a topic which might conceivably come within the scope of this book and which is not, in fact, included. Each chapter is fairly self-contained and a great deal of information is given in a very digestible form on a range of subjects from aerodynamics to navigation, from aircraft structures to cabin furnishing and from airships to rotorcraft. There are a number of errors and misleading passages, particularly in the more theoretical parts, but none of them is very serious, nor do they greatly impair the value of the book as a work of reference.

Flight Handbook is liberally and well illustrated, including 12 large cut-away drawings, among them drawings of the Provost and the Vampire Jet Trainer. As a reference book for the non-specialist it can be strongly recommended.

H.M.D.

A German Escapes

Single or Return, by Fritz Wenzel. (Purnell & Sons Ltd, 12s. 6d.)

HERE is yet another addition to the unending stream of escape stories that sprang up at the end of the last war and has flowed on unchecked ever since. It differs from those that precede it in that it comes from the 'other side' and is therefore a novelty that demands attention.

Herr Wenzel spent some six years and eight months as a captive in allied prisoner of war camps and, as a journalist, after the war he no doubt felt well equipped to write his experiences. Perhaps he felt that the stream of escape stories was too one-sided and that the public should be reminded that allied p.o.w.s were not the only ones to dig tunnels and indulge in the noble art of 'goon-baiting'. Whatever his motives were, Herr Wenzel has produced an unusual and interesting book.

He tells the story of how Franz von Weira, a German Luftwaffe pilot, made his escape from the West and returned safely to Germany, only to be killed in action a few months later, over Russia. After escaping from captivity twice in England, only to be recaptured again after a few hours of freedom, von Weira was transferred to Canada where he jumped from the train carrying a batch of prisoners to a new camp near the borders of the United States, which was not then at war with Germany, and gave himself up to the first person he met. He announced his nationality and reason for being there and was promptly treated as a national hero by the excited American authorities. The fact that all the people with whom he came in contact before his arrival in the United States spoke fluent French, as he did himself, considerably diminishes the greatness of his achievement. Compared with some of our escapes, this was child's play.

The story of von Weira's escape occupies only a small portion of the book, and in the remainder Herr Wenzel attempts to paint a picture of life in an allied p.o.w. camp. This he does with a certain amount of success, but there pervades these chapters an atmosphere of patronizing arrogance that most readers will find intensely irritating. One detects a lack of sincerity, and all the time the author is apparently trying to justify not only himself but also his German masters.

However, in spite of its shortcomings *Single or Return* should be read for two reasons: first, because it gives us a view from the other side of the fence; and secondly, because it is a short, concise narrative which, while hardly enthralling, is certainly entertaining.

D.C.W.

EDITORIAL STAFF OF THE JOURNAL

Managing Editor: Flight Lieutenant C. N. C. Carryer (Telephone: Sleaford 300, Extn. 365 or Sleaford 891)

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Deputy Editor: Flight Cadet M. E. Kerr ('B')

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Entry Representatives: Senior Under Officer Hines (64), Flight Cadets Bridges (65), Armstrong (66), Boyle (67), Constable (68), White (69), and Cadet Scouller (70)

CADET WING LISTS

PROMOTIONS

'A' Squadron: Senior Under Officer F. M. A. Hines, Under Officers R. Horsfield, B. S. Bruce, A. L. Whitman.

'B' Squadron: Senior Under Officer D. N. Cousins, Under Officers P. M. Papworth, L. R. Morgan, J. Bredenkamp.

'C' Squadron: Senior Under Officer J. N. Sawyer, Under Officers J. F. Merry, M. A. Noble, A. Salter.

NO. 71 ENTRY

'A' Squadron: J. W. Blockey, Cranleigh School. A. J. Chaplin, Solihull School. P. D. Cliff, Sedbergh School. R. F. Haigh, Grove Park Grammar School, Wrexham. D. S. Hills, Hove County G.S. R. L. Jones, Moseley Hall G.S., Cheadle. P. S. Martin, Epsom College. W. J. R. Neve, King Edward VIII G.S., King's Lynn. J. H. Scullard, Haileybury College. J. A. Tiffen, Bedford School. E. D. Walker, Nautical College, Pangbourne. N. B. Youd, Brigg G.S.

'B' Squadron: G. C. Coates, Mitcham County G.S. A. S. Cottingham, Lewes County G.S., No. 1 School of Technical Training, Halton. C. P. J. Coulcher, Eastbourne College. A. J. Gibson, Sale G.S. J. D. Heron, Hamilton Academy. R. J. Lee-Bolton, Gresham's School. E. J. Nance, St. Paul's School. H. R. Ploszek, King's School, Chester. M. A. F. Ryan, Maidstone G.S. W. I. C. Stoker, Dollar Academy. G. C. Williams, Marlborough College.

'C' Squadron: A. E. Clayton, Wyggeston G.S., Leicester. J. J. R. Cohu, Sherborne School. T. H. F. Delap, Abbotsholme School, Uttoxeter. R. K. D. Hutchings, St. John's College, Southsea. A. C. R. Ingoldby, Royal G.S., Newcastle-upon-Tyne. R. H. B. Le Brocq, Victoria College, Jersey. R. B. Nelson, Methodist College, Belfast. D. J. L. A. Prosser, Haileybury College. D. H. Scott, Strathallan School. N. G. Steel, Bedford Modern School. R. L. Thomas, Haileybury College. A. R. Watkins, Taunton's School, Southampton.

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. Officer Commanding 'C' Squadron: Squadron Leader K. Johnson. Cadet Wing Officer 'A' Squadron: Flight Lieutenant R. Hollingworth.

Tutorial Wing. Air Staff Instructor: Squadron Leader W. G. Wood. Senior Equipment Instructor: Squadron Leader W. G. Carr, M.B.E. Senior Secretarial Instructor: Squadron Leader V. E. M. Harding. Law and Administration Instructor: Squadron Leader D. Q. Watson, D.F.C. A.S.E. Instructors: Flight Lieutenants P. Fairhurst, C. E. Wells. Equipment Instructor: Flight Lieutenant C. S. Jackson.

Flying Wing. Squadron Leader S. B. Winn. Flight Lieutenants R. Blackburn, E. F. Hemming, P. K. V. Hicks, F. R. Lund, P. D. Pritchett, G. F. T. Young.

DEPARTURES

The following have left the College or Station Staff since the last issue of *The Journal* went to press:

Squadron Leaders: P. F. Blackford, R. Bullen, W. F. Hook, A. C. Morris, R. F. Sweeting.

Flight Lieutenants: A. E. Gregory, R. D. Jake, W. G. J. Merrifield, P. A. Gifkins.

Errata

Volume XXVI, No. 3, p. 216, caption, for *Lawrence* read *Lawrence*; p. 217, caption, for *B* read *C* in each case; p. 237, col. 1, para. 3, l. 9, delete *the*; p. 238, col. 2, l. 6, for *Cran* read *Crau*; p. 243, under heading 'Rowing', para. 5 should read *In the skiff pairs in the Squadron Regatta, in which a, etc., etc.*

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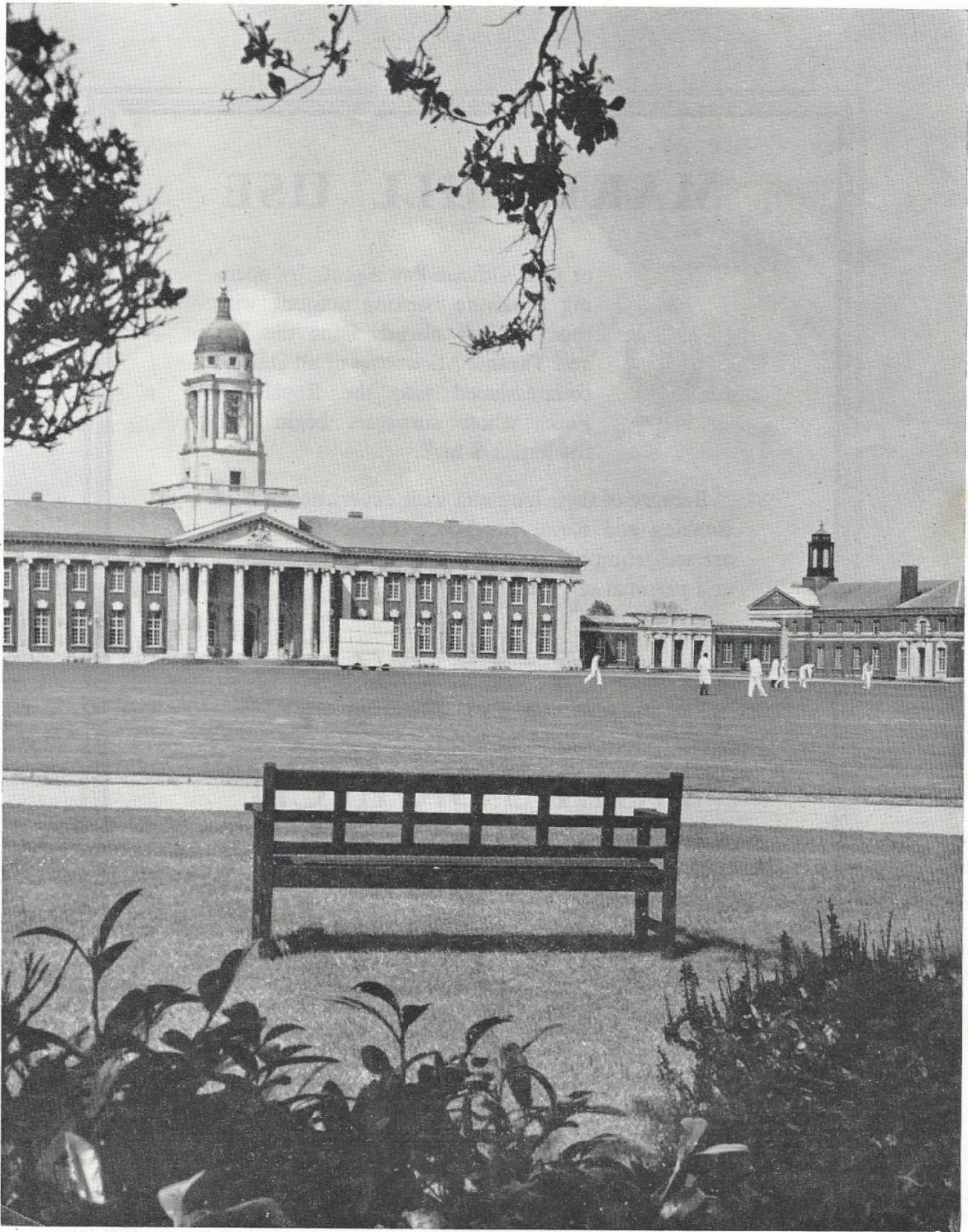
THE
ROYAL AIR FORCE
COLLEGE



JOURNAL

CRANWELL JUNE 1955

VOL. XXVII NO. 2



THE
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Edited and Published at the Royal Air Force College, Cranwell, Lincolnshire

and Printed by M^cCorquodale & Co. Ltd.

The Armoury, St. Thomas Street

London, S.E.1

All opinions expressed in 'The Royal Air Force College Journal' are those of the authors and do not necessarily represent official policy

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Grateful acknowledgement is made for permission to use the following photographs: Sergeant Baker—pp. 128, 132, 133, 135, 137, 138, 140, 141, 144-146, 147, 188. Messrs Van Hallan (Press and General Photographic Agency), Hounslow—p. 142. Gale & Polden, Ltd.—pp. 143, 191. Air Vice-Marshal D. Macfadyen—p. 150. The Editor of *Flight*—p. 151. R.A.A.F. College, Point Cook—pp. 153, 154. Flight Cadet P. D. French—pp. 175, 178. Flight Cadet J. McVie—p. 177. Flight Lieutenant C. N. C. Carryer—p. 176. Cadet C. P. J. Coulcher—p. 179. Squadron Leader G. C. T. Richards—pp. 193, 194. Stanley Robinson—p. 197. Flight Cadet P. P. Crowther—pp. 171-2 (top and bottom). Under Officer D. T. F. Ozanne—pp. 173-4. Flight Cadet D. J. Moran—pp. 181-2. Flight Cadet M. C. Ginn—p. 185. Flight Cadet P. J. Faid—p. 186. Flight Cadet J. M. Nevill—p. 172.

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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 183 of this issue. *Please Note.* The next issue of *The Journal* goes to press on Friday, 23rd September, 1955, and all contributions intended for this issue must be in the hands of the Managing Editor by this date.



College Notes

THIS *Journal* records events during the period called, with singular ineptitude, the spring term.

After a mild spell in January, winter set in with a rigour to rival 1947. It was only by extraordinary efforts that the flying syllabus for the term and an emergency sports programme could be completed. Flying was impossible on 21 days and the sports fields under snow for about seven weeks.

At the start of the summer term the College numbered 238 flight cadets and cadets, including 39 of the Equipment and Secretarial branches. The new entry, No. 72, numbers 28.

'C' Squadron handed over the guardianship of the Queen's Colour to 'A' Squadron, Sovereign's Squadron for the summer term, at the start of Church Parade on 1st May. This ceremony, now a year old, is fast becoming one of the more impressive of the College's formal acts.

The Reviewing Officer at the passing-out parade of No. 64 Entry on 5th April, 1955, was Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Sanders, G.C.B., K.B.E., Commandant of the Imperial Defence College. The Reviewing Officer's address is printed elsewhere. It has been called a model of the straightforward, simple address such as in these taut circumstances the passing-out entry can absorb; it contained sufficient for them to ponder over in retrospect, and its delivery ensured a lasting impact.



We congratulate the Assistant Commandant, Group Captain D. H. Lee, D.F.C., upon his appointment as a Chevalier First Class of the Order of St. Olav by the King of Norway. Group Captain Lee's previous appointment was that of Adviser to the Royal Norwegian Air Force. We also congratulate the Station Commander, Group Captain D. J. Eayrs, C.B.E., D.F.C., upon his appointment by Her Majesty the Queen as a Companion of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath in recognition of gallant



The Commandant presents the British Empire Medal to Flight Sgt. J. Mitchell, n.c.o. in charge, Junior Entries.

and distinguished service in Kenya.

At the Commandant's Parade on 25th March the Commandant presented to Flight Sergeant J. Mitchell, n.c.o. in charge, Junior Entries, the British Empire Medal awarded to him in the New Year Honours List.

Many officers of the College staff left us at the end of the spring term, to all of whom we offer our grateful thanks and best wishes. They included Squadron Leader G. C. T. Richards, Senior Instructor in English and secretary-general at the College, holding the office of Secretary both to the College Society and to the Cranwell Information Committee. His pen and his camera have spread the fame of Cranwell; and his astringent wit has made many search their hearts.

Squadron Leader W. G. Carr, M.B.E., has been posted after a term as Senior Equipment Instructor and three years as an equipment instructor at Cranwell and Digby. At Digby he was also Officer Commanding Junior Entries and an unrivalled performer among the languors of survival camps.

Squadron Leader Carr has been replaced by Squadron Leader E. L. Macro who was a flight cadet in 1939.

The Flying Wing has lost five flight commanders and seven flying instructors, including Flight Lieutenant J. P. M. Reid, the father and propagator of *The Poacher*, a healthy child with a loud voice and a good circulation; Flight Lieutenant A. B. Stinchcombe, the Old Cranwellian representative on *The Journal* editorial committee, who acted as a delicate sounding board for news; Flight Lieutenant W. R. Carus, a former 'B' Squadron Cadet Wing Officer; Flight Lieutenant D. A. Cree, a former 'B' Squadron Cadet Wing Officer and Officer in Charge of gliding; Flight Lieutenants B. A. Phillips and B. Harvey, mainstays of Station rugby; and Flight Lieutenant J. R. Cox, the captain of the Station hockey team.

The Tutorial Wing has lost its oldest inhabitant, Flight Lieutenant J. N. Quick who, apart from a year at Cranfield, had been with the College since 1947. We have lost an outstanding tennis player, and a squash player and coach *par excellence*. The Service at large will profit by his knowledge formerly confined to Cranwell, for during this year he will be engaged in making a film on aerodynamics.

The Cadet Wing has lost Flight Lieutenant H. D. Hall, formerly 'A' Squadron Cadet Wing Officer, latterly Commanding Officer, Junior Entries, who effectively filled the traditional role of his post by hiding beneath a tough exterior a kind heart. In addition to other duties he was Officer in Charge of swimming and of climbing. We give elsewhere an account of Mrs Hall's first but, we dare to predict, not her last appearance on the stage.



We were delighted to entertain once more our colleagues from the Ecole de l'Air at Salon and to establish a bond of friendship with the new Commandant, Colonel P. M. Bigot. The rugger match for the third consecutive occasion ended in a draw, while Salon won the fencing. After dinner at the Guest Night Colonel Bigot in an admirably turned speech presented to the College a silver cup with excellent clean lines to be competed for by the French linguists. It is understood that the cup will be awarded to the flight cadet in the Senior Entry who reaches the highest standard in French and will be held by his squadron during the subsequent term. An incentive of this sort to the more widespread knowledge of French, so necessary in our N.A.T.O. associations, is valuable and apposite. An account of the visit is given elsewhere in this *Journal*.



The world première of *The Sky is Ours*, the latest of the three films that have been made on the College, was held in the Astra Cinema on 16th February. A large audience attended, including many of Nos. 62 and 63 Entries, who featured so largely in the film, many Service and civilian guests, the College as a whole and the director and producer of the film. Proceedings were opened with a short concert by the Band of the Royal Air Force College; Associated British Pathé then presented a documentary



This picture, taken from the North Airfield during February, gives some idea of the difficulties that the College had to contend with during the spring term

film, *Tonight in Britain*, the coming newsreel and then, after a fanfare by the ceremonial trumpets, *The Sky is Ours*. The version of the film shown is that intended for use by the Schools' Liaison Officers and it was well received even by the flight cadets of the audience. Our guests were subsequently entertained at a reception in the main hall of the College.

The film was subsequently shown to our visitors from Salon, to our guests at the passing-out ceremonies and to No. 45 Staff Course.



The thirty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the College was marked, one day late, on 6th February by a special service of thanksgiving in the Church of St. Michael and All Angels. The opportunity was taken to make a formal recognition of our long and friendly association with Sleaford. The service was attended by the Chairman and most of the councillors of the Sleaford Urban District Council. The Chairman took the salute at the march past after the service; the party then toured the College and were entertained to lunch in the Officers' Mess. The preacher at the service was the Reverend E. W. P. Ainsworth, Assistant Chaplain-in-Chief Technical Training Command and a former College Chaplain.

The dorsal curtain which so long served as reredos in the Church of St. Michael and All Angels has had to be pensioned off at last. In its place a canopy, or tester, now surmounts the high altar. The centre is occupied by an Astral Crown and the front by the words of the College motto. On the underside is the sun in glory quartering the stars, and on the edge the royal lions and the cranes of the College coat of arms.

Preachers at parade services during the term have included the Right Reverend the Bishop of Grantham, the Right Reverend the Dean of Lincoln, the Chaplain-in-Chief, and the Sub-Dean of Lincoln. At the final church parade of the term it was good to hear the Church reverberate once more to the devout and sonorous boom of Padre Owen, who so recently left us.



The seventh of our annual six-a-side hockey festivals was held on Sunday, 3rd April. Nineteen teams, ten Service and nine civilian, competed. The morning's games were played off in heavy drizzle and the pitches were soon badly cut up. In the afternoon the sun broke through and the festival took on a more festal atmosphere. The College team, having played four consecutive games in the afternoon, reached the final and fought out a goalless draw with Grimsby who, however, were declared the eventual winners having forced the greater number of corners.



The dramatic societies have been active. The Dramatic section of the College Society presented *The White Carnation* by R. C. Sherriff on 22nd March to a rather



During the spring term, the College packaging exhibition, part of which can be seen here, was opened for the first time. The exhibition is for instructional purposes, and every flight cadet now spends some of his training time in this room

smaller audience than usual. Five days before, the Little Theatre scored a resounding success before an unusually large audience with the world première performance of an original play, *A Bottle for Breakfast*, written and produced by Wing Commander V. Jessop, the Senior Dental Officer.

The Ferris Drill competition was held on 5th March. Captains F. R. D. Pearce and D. C. Alexander of the Royal Marines kindly acted as judges. For the second time owing to the weather the competition had to be held in Hangar 30. It took the form of the mounting of a guard of honour. 'C' Squadron won the competition by a very narrow margin from 'A' Squadron.



Visitors to the College have included :

On 7th February His Grace Archbishop D. Mathew ; Mr A. R. Maxwell Hyslop of the Ministry of Education ; Mr H. A. Wickstead, Deputy Director of Education in the Parts of Lindsey ; and the Headmaster of Stamford School.

On 8th February a film on the Handley Page Victor was shown and questions answered by the Chief Designer, Mr C. F. Joy.

On 10th March the Headmasters of Edinburgh Academy, Wycliffe College and Strathallan School.

On 24th March Air Commodore A. H. Wheeler, C.B.E., visited the College and lectured on the work of Boscombe Down.

The usual round of visits has been made and our thanks are due in particular to the directors of Sir W. G. Armstrong Whitworth Aircraft Ltd and Armstrong Siddeley (Motors) Ltd factories who entertained No. 64 Entry.

On 4th February a highly successful winter ball was held in the Officers' Mess.



Under the terms of the Tate Gallery and National Gallery Act the College is about to be deprived of the use of the majority of the pictures hanging in the ante-rooms. These have most kindly been made available to us by the trustees of the Tate Gallery and the Chantry Bequest. Expressed in the lowest terms something in the neighbourhood of 600 square feet of painting will have to be found to replace these pictures. We cannot within a reasonable time make good this loss from our own resources. Accordingly a wide appeal is being made in the hopes of finding pictures matching in quality those which we shall be losing. We take our good fortune in the matter of pictures so much for granted that this deprivation may serve as a salutary shock and lead both to a higher appreciation of the pictures we are fortunate to have and greater determination to increase the College's own collection.

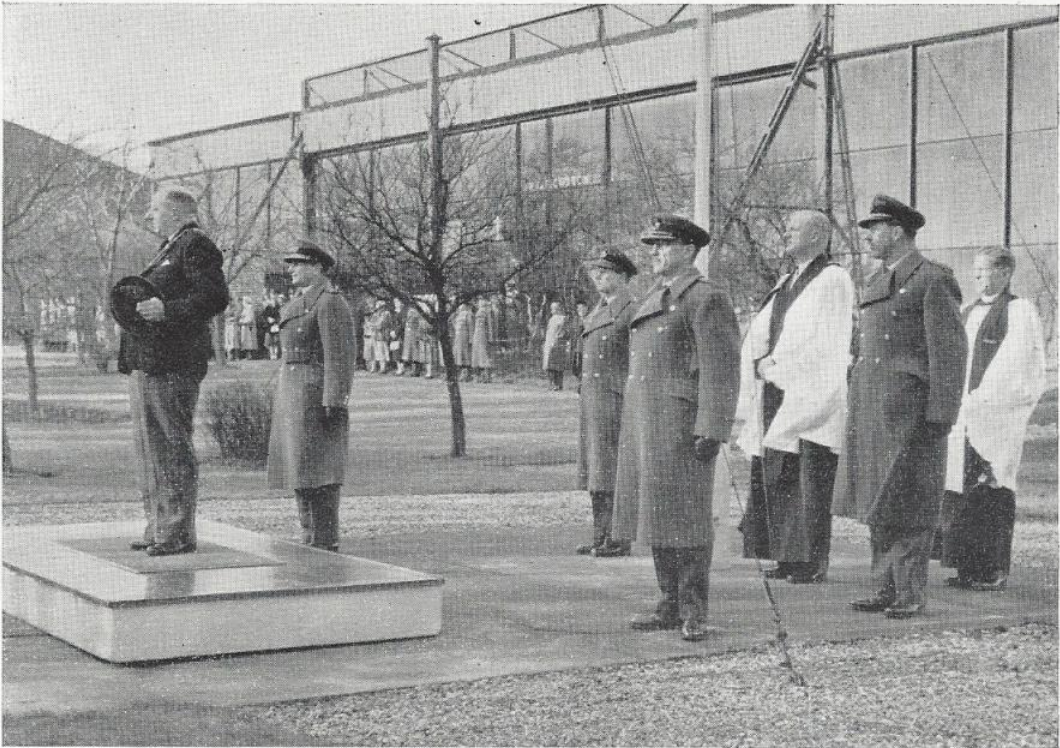
The R.A.F. 'Per Ardua' Beagles concluded a successful season with the traditional meet at Green Farm, Navenby, at the invitation of Mr Hales. 12½ brace were killed during the season, a most creditable tally in view of the number of days on which hunting was cancelled or curtailed through hard frost or deep snow.



The Cadets' Activities Organization had a most successful vacation. The Canoeing section entered a team for the Devizes—Westminster race and other parties less energetically paddled their own canoes on the Wye and the Broads. The pot-holers carried out a series of explorations in their system, the Poll Ardua, in the South of Ireland. The mountaineers climbed in the Glencoe area and the skiers skied in Scotland. A party toured Provence on foot and by bus and broadcast their experiences on the French service of the B.B.C. on 14th May.

Service visits included for the first time a visit to a United States Air Force base where a party of flight cadets were most kindly entertained. No. 65 Entry went on a navigation exercise to Gibraltar, while a large party of officers and cadets visited army units in Germany for a week.

All those who have been members of the Officers' Mess will be sorry to hear of the sudden death of Mr Fred Bartlett, the Head Steward, who was due to retire within a few days after 34 years spent in the service of Cranwell.



THE THIRTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY

On 6th February, to celebrate the thirty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the College, we welcomed to a commemorative service in St. Michael's Church the Chairman of Sleaford Urban District Council, Councillor A. Butler, and Councillors G. Dawson, S. S. Williams, L. Kidd, E. A. Smeeton, D. G. Parr and H. Brewin.

Above: Councillor Butler takes the salute after the service. To the rear, are the Commandant, his A.D.C., the Assistant Commandant, the Rev. E. W. P. Ainsworth, Assistant Chaplain-in-Chief, Technical Training Command, who preached the sermon, the College Adjutant and the Rev. W. E. G. Payton. Below left: After the Parade. Below right: The Commandant and Councillors arrive for the Church service.





THE PASSING-OUT PARADE, TUESDAY, 5th APRIL, 1955

Above: The Cadet Wing marches past in slow time. Below left: The Reviewing Officer on his arrival at the Orange shakes hands with the Assistant Commandant. The Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Sir Lawrence F. Pendred, and the Commandant look on. Below right: Air Marshal Sanders presents the Sword of Honour to Senior Under Officer F. M. A. Hines



The Passing Out of No. 64 Entry

The Commandant of the Imperial Defence College Reviews the Parade

THE fair weather which has in the past so regularly attended the passing-out parades as to be almost traditional, after deserting us in December returned once more on the occasion of the passing-out parade of 30 flight cadets of No. 64 Entry on Tuesday, 5th April, 1955. The rain which had fallen with depressing persistence on the previous afternoon, happily stopped during the night, and cheerful faces were in evidence at the Commandant's weather conference on the morning of the parade.

The College welcomed as Reviewing Officer the Commandant of the Imperial Defence College, Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur P. M. Sanders, G.C.B., K.B.E.

Reviewing Officer's Address

In his address Air Chief Marshal Sanders said:

It has become a tradition—the accepted and expected thing—that a passing-out parade of the Royal Air Force College shall be second to none in smartness, precision and ceremonial efficiency. Today you have worthily upheld that tradition. I congratulate you.

But this parade, although a fine achievement in its own sphere, is only a symbol, a note of pageantry to mark a day of ceremonial importance to you, the flight cadets of 64 Entry—the day you receive the Queen's commission and begin your careers as regular Air Force officers.

It is also an important day to me, who am one of those who will very soon be finishing his career in the Service. While I feel extremely proud to have been invited to be your Reviewing Officer today, it is also a great pleasure and satisfaction to me, and I have no doubt to those others of my vintage who are also here watching at this time, to see, and to have the opportunity, a little later on, of meeting some of the young men who have come forward to serve their Queen and country in the Royal Air Force and to carry on after we have gone.

For the past 37 years we and many others far greater, who gave their lives as well as their endeavours, have tried to play our parts in

building, developing and maintaining the Royal Air Force in accordance with the inspiration and tradition given to us in the early days by our first great leader, Lord Trenchard.

If we have not failed in our task, and I think history will say that we did not altogether fail, then you can and must do even better in the years to come, years when air power may well be the dominating factor in deciding the fate of our country and possibly of the whole world. Now that may seem a formidable challenge. It is. A tremendous challenge. But I see no reason why you should not be able to meet it providing that you are resolutely determined to give of your best at all times.

Now it is customary on these occasions for the Reviewing Officer to offer a few brief words of advice to those who are leaving Cranwell as to how to tackle the work and task to come. My advice to you can be summed up in two words. Try always to be *reliable* and try always to be *willing*.

The overwhelming need for reliability in a flying service should need no explanation and no special emphasis, for unless it exists in full measure, both in the air and on the ground, the lives and fortunes of many may be endangered. I therefore merely remind you of it.

But what I mean by being willing may not perhaps be quite so obvious; what I would say about it is this: Try always to remember that you are officers as well as aircrew, administrators in the Equipment branch or specialists of other kinds, and that your first and primary duty is to play your parts wherever and whenever needed, as officers in the supervision and direction of all the million activities, administrative as well as operational, which are necessary in a great fighting Service.

Some of the duties inevitably will seem to you dull and boring, some perhaps even distasteful compared with your own special and particular interests, but they have all got to be done by someone, and quite often that someone will be you. But if you show that you are ready and willing always to tackle and to do your best

at every single job you are called upon to undertake, then the Service will get the best possible value from you and you will undoubtedly get on in the Service. Willingness coupled with reliability in all fields are, I assure you, much more valuable than brilliance in merely a few.

Well that is my advice to you—rather mundane perhaps, but if you follow it, I think you will find it of value. It was given to me, or something very like it, many years ago, and in my fairly long service experience I have never found it wrong.

And so God bless you all and give you success in your careers and the happiness which comes from work well done.

The Wings' Ceremony

Many relatives and friends of No. 64 Entry as well as College and Station officers attended the presentation of wings, individual prizes and squadron trophies in the College lecture hall on the eve of the parade in the presence of Air Marshal Sir Lawrence F. Pendred, Air Officer



The planting of the commemorative tree. Air Marshal Sanders plies the spade, while Mr Dodsworth, leading groundsman, holds the tree firmly in position

Commanding-in-Chief, Flying Training Command.

The Commandant made the presentations and delivered an address. After welcoming the visitors and congratulating the winning squadrons and individuals, the Commandant went on to say that No. 64 Entry's final term had not been an easy one. This had been due partly to the appalling weather both in the upper air and on the ground, where many inches of snow had been slow to disappear, and partly to the unsatisfactory position concerning aircraft serviceability which had faced us at the beginning of term. The Commandant here paid tribute to the officers and airmen of the Flying and Technical Wings, whose intensive and untiring efforts had enabled No. 64 Entry to complete all their training on time for the passing-out day.

Stating that he had the intention of speaking to the flight cadets who were passing out, not so much as Commandant of the College, but rather more as the Chairman of the Old Cranwellian Association, the Commandant continued:

'From time to time we have all read in Air Ministry publicity pamphlets and advertisements the appeals that are made for "young men of good calibre" to join the Air Force. Now I for one am rather suspicious of this Air Ministry classification of "young men of good calibre." What are they? To me sometimes it conjures up visions of a long line of teddy boys formed up in front of an R.A.F. Recruiting office gazing with bewildered and puzzled expressions at a Flight Sergeant Mitchell or a Flight Sergeant Holt. Presumably you gentlemen in front must, when you joined the Air Force, have been rated by the Air Ministry as "young men of good calibre." But tomorrow, somewhat paradoxically, you will be no longer young men but you are going to be "old boys." Old boys. Some may snigger at that term these days but to me that term is much more reassuring than "young men," particularly "young men of good calibre" because to me it indicates a background of tradition and achievement and a sense of values that have been gained in a hard school. In addition to becoming "old boys" tomorrow, you gentlemen are also going to become Old Cranwellians and that is the important thing. As Old Cranwellians you are going to have responsibilities and on leaving here you must be ready and willing to undertake those responsibilities.'

It had been suggested, the Commandant said, that the wide field of interest that was covered at Cranwell necessitated a shallow training. He did



The Reviewing Officer pauses to speak to Senior Flight Cadet Skinner, during the inspection of 'A' Squadron. To the left of Air Marshal Sanders is Under Officer Horsfield, commanding 'A' Squadron; to the rear, Senior Under Officer Hines, parade commander, and Under Officer Papworth, parade adjutant

not consider this to be a disadvantage, for it provided that broad foundation on which they could base their careers, develop their knowledge and widen their experience. It was a very stimulating feature of Air Force life that there was always something new to learn, and the broader their foundation of knowledge the greater the field of endeavour open to them. They must, however, make the necessary effort to cultivate the skills they had already acquired. By setting the pace as officers and leaders, and by maintaining the high standards of the Cranwell tradition, their influence in their units and in the Service at large could be of immeasurable value. On the other hand, the Old Cranwellian who failed to respond to the challenge and slipped back into mediocrity and inefficiency would forfeit all respect and be guilty of what might well be described as an act of conspiracy against the country, the Service and the College.

'We all know,' he then said, 'how small the Cranwell entries are on their arrival here. They are smaller still when they leave. It is obvious, therefore, that we cannot afford any passengers amongst the Old Cranwellians. Each one of you must be determined to make his mark whatever

you may be, whether you are a G.D. officer, or whether you are an Equipment officer; whether you come from the Commonwealth or from the British Isles; whether you serve in the Royal Pakistan Air Force or the Royal Ceylonese Air Force, or whether you serve in the Royal Air Force itself, you must make your mark wherever you are. The attitude of your less fortunate colleagues who have not had the advantage of your Cranwell training, towards your actual performance must never be "I am as good or better than you." It should always be "I wish I were as good as you," and I say performance deliberately because it will not be on your Cranwell reputation that you will be judged, but it will be on your day-to-day performance in your unit and in the Service as an officer, on your ability to set a standard and on the skill you show in your various professional jobs. If you are only going to be as good as the rest of them you will only have yourselves to blame; but if you stand out, then the time that you have spent at Cranwell will have been fully justified and the reason for the existence of this College will be reaffirmed.

'You leave us, gentlemen, tomorrow, I know, with high hopes and good intentions, coupled

with the support and encouragement of all of us present here this evening. On behalf of the College I wish you every success and the fulfilment of your ambitions in Her Majesty's Air Forces and, as an Old Cranwellian, I welcome you into our ranks, confident that though your numbers are small, your contribution will be great and equal to the standard expected of you.'



Order of Merit

No. 64 ENTRY

General Duties Branch

- J. F. MERRY, Under Officer: Queen's Medal; Air Ministry Prize for Imperial and War Studies; Rowing; Athletics; Canoeing; Choral; Debating; Scottish Country Dancing.
- F. M. A. HINES, Senior Under Officer: Sword of Honour; J. A. Chance Memorial Prize; Abdy Gerrard Fellowes Memorial Prize; Association Football; Sailing.
- J. N. SAWYER, Senior Under Officer: Dickson Trophy; Michael Hill Memorial Prize; Athletics (Full Colours); Canoeing; Speleology.
- A. D. MEEKS, Senior Flight Cadet: Hockey (Half Colours); Cricket.
- R. HORSFIELD, Under Officer: Hicks Memorial Trophy; Rugby (Half Colours); Gliding; Camping; Dramatics.
- A. SALTER, Under Officer: Swimming; Canoeing; Field Shooting; Gliding; Sailing; Ski-ing.
- D. N. COUSINS, Senior Under Officer: Phillip Sassoon Memorial Prize; Hockey; Cricket; Camping; Jazz.
- D. C. WHITMAN, Under Officer: Hockey (Half Colours); Rugby; Cricket; Mountaineering; Wildfowling.
- J. BREDEKAMP, Under Officer: Rowing (Half Colours); Rugby; Tennis; Squash; Canoeing; Choral; Dancing.
- C. A. HERBERT, Senior Flight Cadet: Royal United Service Institution Award; Rowing (Full Colours); Sailing (Secretary); Dramatics; Fine Arts (Secretary).
- P. M. PAPWORTH, Under Officer: Boxing (Full Colours); Rugby; Canoeing (Secretary); Jazz.
- J. C. HOLDWAY, Senior Flight Cadet: Cricket (Full Colours); Rugby (Full Colours); Archery; Ski-ing; Music.
- A. W. SKINNER, Senior Flight Cadet: Cricket (Half Colours); *Journal* (Committee and Editor).
- M. G. THOMAS, Senior Flight Cadet: Fencing; Radio (Secretary).



Accompanied by Wing Commander I. N. MacDougall, Officer Commanding, Flying Wing, the Reviewing Officer inspects the instructors of No. 1 Squadron on the Flying Wing Parade.



THE SENIOR TERM : APRIL 1955

Senior Flight Cadets A. L. Willings, J. C. Holdway, M. A. K. Ayub, A. W. Skinner, C. A. Herbert, P. D. Penfold, F. S. Masterson, J. S. Creswell, R. L. Barcilon

Senior Flight Cadets C. G. Richardson, R. A. Jackson, N. G. Lea, A. D. Meeks, G. H. Hopkins, S. M. V. Situnayake, A. P. Hilton, D. A. McArthur, K. McDonald, M. G. Thomas

U.O. J. Bredenkamp, U.O. L. R. Morgan, U.O. P. M. Papworth, U.O. J. F. Merry, S.U.O. J. N. Sawyer, S.U.O. F. M. A. Hines, S.U.O. D. N. Cousins, U.O. R. Horsfield, U.O. M. A. Noble, U.O. A. Salter, U.O. D. C. Whitman

P. D. PENFOLD, Senior Flight Cadet: Rowing (Full Colours); Choral (Secretary).

L. R. MORGAN, Under Officer: Rugby (Full Colours); Sailing; Jazz.

J. S. CRESSWELL, Senior Flight Cadet: Rugby; Squash; Tennis; Sailing; Ski-ing (Captain); Speleology.

S. M. V. SITUNAYAKE, Senior Flight Cadet: R. M. GROVES Memorial Prize; Boxing (Full Colours); Ski-ing.

M. A. NOBLE, Under Officer: Rowing (Full Colours); Rugby; Canoeing; Parachuting.

R. A. JACKSON, Senior Flight Cadet: Fencing (Full Colours); Ski-ing; Camping; Photographic.

F. S. MASTERSON, Senior Flight Cadet: Rowing; Beagling.

A. P. HILTON, Senior Flight Cadet: Rugby; Cricket; Sailing; Ski-ing (Captain); Gliding; Music.

K. McDONALD, Senior Flight Cadet: Canoeing; Gliding; Ski-ing; Speleology.

A. L. WILLINGS, Senior Flight Cadet: Shooting; Gliding; Engineering; Radio.

N. G. LEA, Senior Flight Cadet: Association Football (Full Colours); Athletics; Camping; Wildfowling; *Journal* (Chief Proof Reader).

R. L. BARCILON, Senior Flight Cadet: Hockey (Full Colours); Canoeing.

C. G. RICHARDSON, Senior Flight Cadet: Gliding; Speleology; Fine Arts.

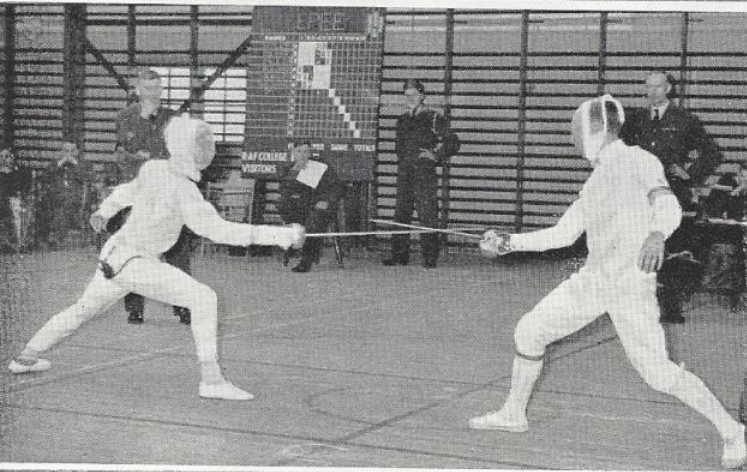
Equipment Branch

D. A. McARTHUR, Senior Flight Cadet: Air Ministry Prize for Equipment Studies; Boxing (Full Colours); Association Football; Parachuting.

G. H. HOPKINS, Senior Flight Cadet: Shooting; Riding; Sailing; Speleology; Music.

M. A. K. AYUB, Senior Flight Cadet: Canoeing; Riding; Sailing; Ski-ing; Speleology.





The Visit of the

As another page records, it was the turn of the College to welcome the French team seventh in the series of annual exchange visits. The weather was ideal for the events from being carried out. These included the usual sporting events, a trip to the Cranwell Little Theatre, coach trip to Southwell, Newark and a luncheon with the President of Queens' College and a tour of the College. A fine flying display laid on by the Flying Wing, in which Provosts from Marham and a Valiant from Gaydon put up impeccable performances.

Some of the more memorable moments of the visit are mirrored in the photographs. Colonel Bigot inspects the Guard of Honour upon arrival at Cranwell, while the French cadets in the Main Hall.

Left: A moment in the fencing match, won by the Ecole. Below left: The College team; the College players are presented to Colonel Bigot. At the bottom right: the exchange of tokens.



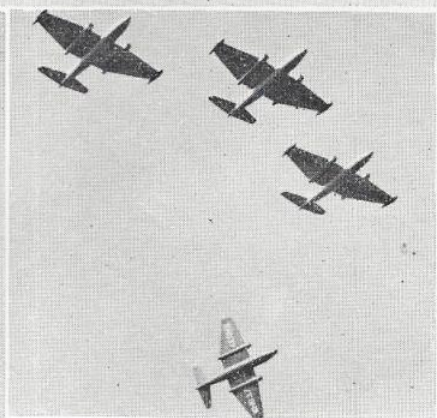
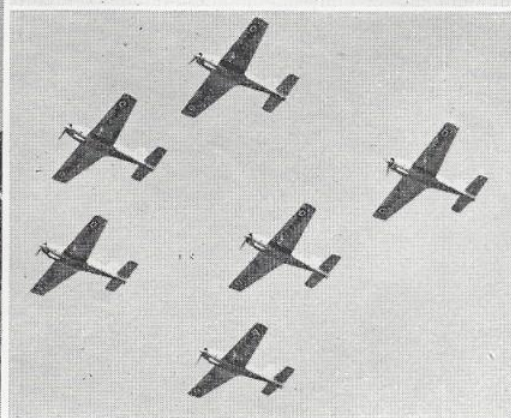
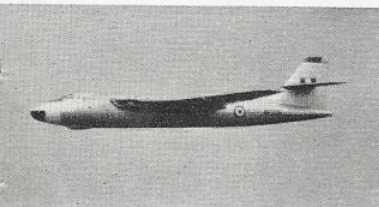


Ecole de l'Air

Some old friends and new of the Ecole de l'Air last March in the not exactly kind, but this did not prevent the full programme of fixtures of rugby and fencing, a Guest Night in the College, a visit to Blankney (for the point-to-point races) and to Cambridge (for university). One of the highlights of the programme was the very good performances of the Balliols from Cranwell, Hunters from Wattisham, Canberras from Cranwell, and the Commandant meets the rugby spectators at the rugby match (left) and

and on the following page. Above (from left to right): Colonel and flight cadet hosts make contact with their guests. Right centre: In the Library and Science Block.

low left: The fencing teams; the Commandant meets the rugby spectators at the rugby match (left) and

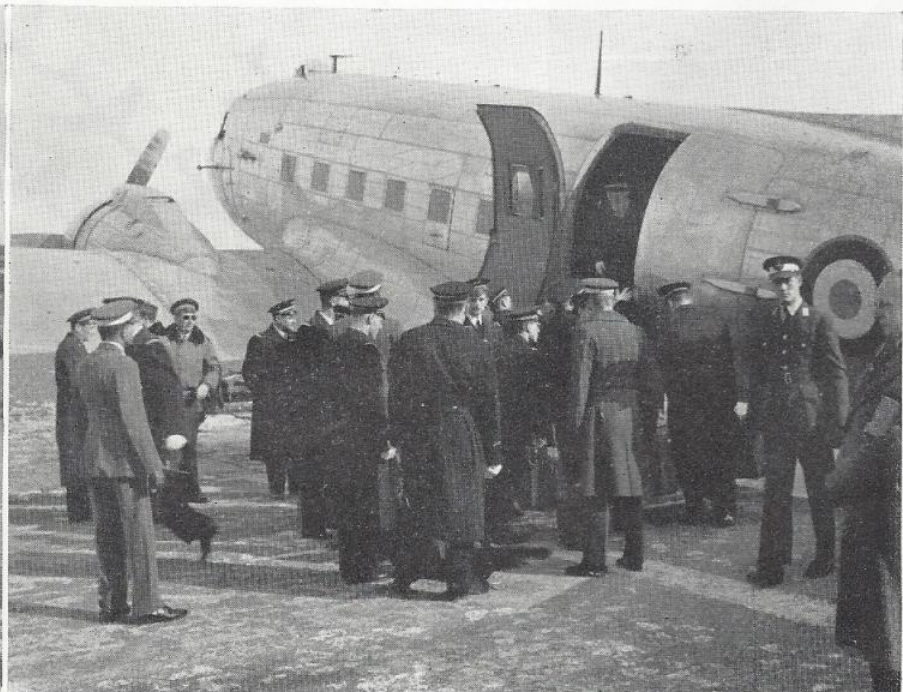




The Visit to Cambridge and the Farewell

Top left: A host and guests during the tour of Cambridge's shops. Top right: Walking through the grounds of King's College. Centre right: Inside King's Chapel; (left) the Cambridge party under the

sundial at Queens' College. Below left: The Commandant presents Colonel Bigot with a commemorative album of photographs of the visit just before take-off; (right) the French cadets prepare to leave



Cranwell in the Early 'Twenties

By D.M.

TWENTY hours' solo in an elementary trainer and about half that number of hours' dual instruction with a few passenger flights was the total flying cadets did at first during the two-year course at Cranwell! 'Wings' were not awarded until some weeks after passing out from Cranwell and when further training in operational squadrons had been completed.

In retrospect that seems a strange start for those who were about to make the R.A.F. their career; but it is easy to look back and be wise after events. Lessons were very soon learned from early experience and the R.A.F. owes much to the wisdom of the early College authorities who gave it such a splendid start. It would be invidious to mention names other than perhaps the first Commandant—Air Commodore C. A. H. Longcroft (later Air Vice-Marshal Sir Charles)—who will always be remembered with affection by cadets who served at Cranwell under him.

The R.A.F. Cadet College, as it was then called, opened in February, 1920, and I arrived in August of that year and so was in the Second Entry to Cranwell. I found that there were two terms senior to mine, since a number of ex-Naval cadets had been transferred from Dartmouth to undergo one year's training as flight cadets before being commissioned in the R.A.F. Thus there was the 'Naval Term' in addition to the normal first term. As the full course was of two years' duration and there were only two entries a year, we first reached the full strength of four terms in August, 1921. The Cadet Wing was organized in two squadrons only, 'A' and 'B,' and the Flying Wing comprised 'A,' 'B' and 'C' Flights. During the first year at Cranwell a flight cadet was treated once a week, weather permitting, to a brief passenger flight during which he was required to sketch some local village from the air! Flying instruction started at the beginning of the second year and it was only then that the non-starters in flying were weeded out. Such a policy was therefore destined for early revision.

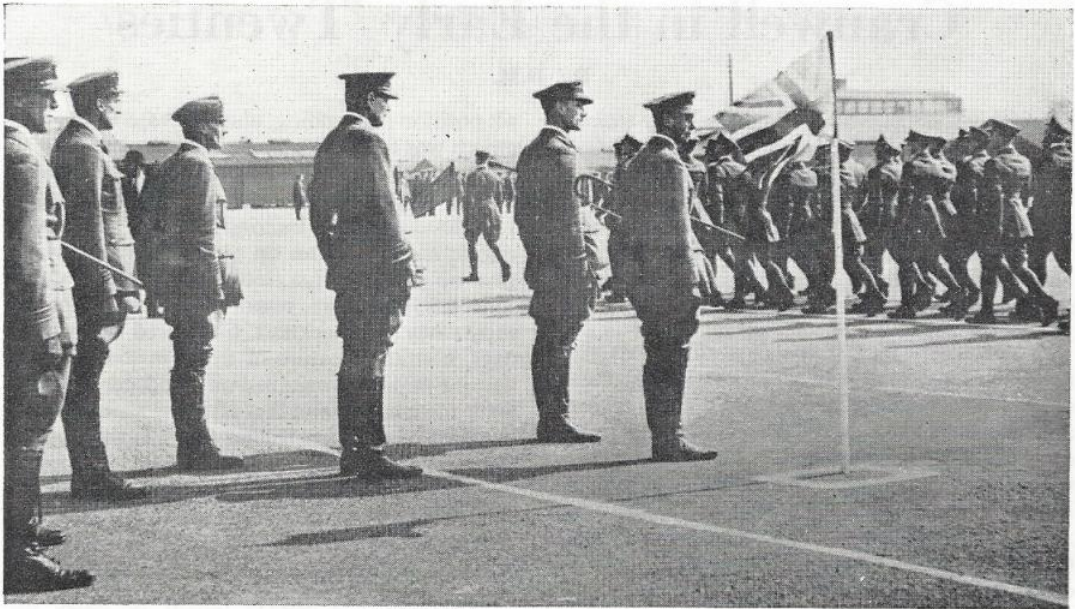
Flying for cadets took place only on the southern aerodrome, and my most lasting impressions of the flying flights were the noise and smell! The only aircraft flown by cadets was the Avro with the Gnome Monosoupape rotary engine. This engine had no throttle but was handled by a mixture control, which had only one

set position for running, and the switch. A special switch was fitted on top of the control column so that taxi-ing speed could be checked by switching off the engine. When taxi-ing, this produced a very loud staccato buzzing noise. The Gnome engine had to be run on pure castor oil, which gave off pungent blue smoke with a sickly smell. This was, I am sure, responsible for some of the early cases of air sickness. Compared with nowadays, a strange feature of flying instruction was that the pupil was enjoined on no account to look at his instruments and that all flying must be done by 'feel.' The reason behind this was that instruments were primitive and could not be relied upon. The one exception to the rule was that an occasional eye must be kept on the oil pressure gauge. Parachutes for pilots or passengers were, of course, unheard of.

The pupil was always taught to judge his approach to the aerodrome without the use of the



Air Commodore C. A. H. Longcroft, first Commandant, remembered with affection by cadets who served under him



H.R.H. Prince Albert, later King George VI, takes the salute at the march past on the College parade ground, 23rd March, 1920. On the Prince's left is the first Commandant; to the rear is Lord Trenchard, then Chief of the Air Staff

engine and any contravention of this, or 'rumb-ling,' as it was called, was very much frowned on. Again there were good reasons for this. Engines were by no means reliable and forced landings were frequent. A feature of our training was thus practice in executing forced landings.

During my last term, a forced landing competition was organized. A 50-yard diameter circle was marked out on the aerodrome and the winner would be the cadet who finished his landing run nearest to the centre of the circle after throttling back at 2,000 ft. Only the first competitor took part in the trial and he finished in the middle of the circle. But unfortunately he landed off a half turn of a spin and the aircraft was completely wrecked!

Two names in my Flying Log Book are of particular interest to me. In my first year I find that the Chief Flying Instructor, Squadron Leader Portal (now Marshal of the Royal Air Force Lord Portal) was pilot while I was sketching the village of Rauceby. On another occasion, Flying Officer Harold Balfour (afterwards Under-Secretary of State for Air, and now Lord Balfour of Inchrye) force-landed in a hurry on the northern aerodrome with his engine on fire just as we were setting course for Leadenham!

I suppose life for the first flight cadets was a good deal more spartan than nowadays. We lived five to a wooden hut partitioned into two rooms,

one the sitting-room and the other a dormitory, with far from modern conveniences located at one end. Heating was supposed to be furnished by a central stove in each room. As the fuel ration was never sufficient, the huts in winter were bitterly cold. First drill parade was at 0655 hours and this was the time frequently chosen for the electric power system to fail, so that dressing often had to be completed in the dark. As the water system was also usually cold at that hour, the flight cadet did not feel in his most cheerful mood on those dark winter mornings.

First parade finished at 0730 hours, and after breakfast fall in for colour hoisting parade sounded at 0810 hours. This parade was quite impressive and consisted of three wings—the Cadet Wing, the Flying Wing and the Boy Entrants' Wing. I suppose about 1,500 in all were on parade. The Cadet Wing formed the centre of a hollow square and was flanked by the other two wings. When the colour was raised on the flag-staff some 150 yards away, the executive word of command was 'Royal Salute, Cadet Wing present arms.' The band, under its first conductor, Warrant Officer Halford, then struck up the National Anthem. I can clearly recall A. C. Bangay (the present Bandmaster) looking resplendent with the big drum resting against his leopard skin apron. An amusing incident occurred one day when the flagstaff was being repainted. As the

flanks turned outwards to face the flagstaff, the figure of a painter in a bowler hat was observed perched at the top of the flagstaff in a wooden cradle. To the amusement of all he politely raised his hat immediately the National Anthem was struck up.

Uniform for all parades was tunic with breeches and puttees. We had a standard baratheia uniform for best occasions and, during the week, wore a tailor-made thick serge uniform of the same design. With the latter we were allowed to wear grey flannel trousers off parade. As all uniforms had to be tailored individually, we did not appear in uniform until about six weeks after arrival at Cranwell. Before our uniforms were ready, bowler hats and stiff white collars were the order of the day for Church or formal parades.

The first cadets were a little bewildered by the number of different uniforms worn by the officers in those days. The R.A.F. had been formed for less than two years and many officers still retained the first R.A.F. khaki uniform, and others the very pale blue fashion with gold rank stripes that shortly followed it. For flying, some even wore the old R.F.C. khaki uniform, and I can remember one of the early instructors flying in tartan trousers. But on Church parades all turned out in 'best blue,' which was much like the present pattern except for breeches and puttees for the junior officers; squadron leaders and above wore black field boots with breeches. White shirts with stiff white linen collars instead of blue were also standard dress. There must have been some doubt on the correct method of wearing neck decorations at that time, but this was solved by the

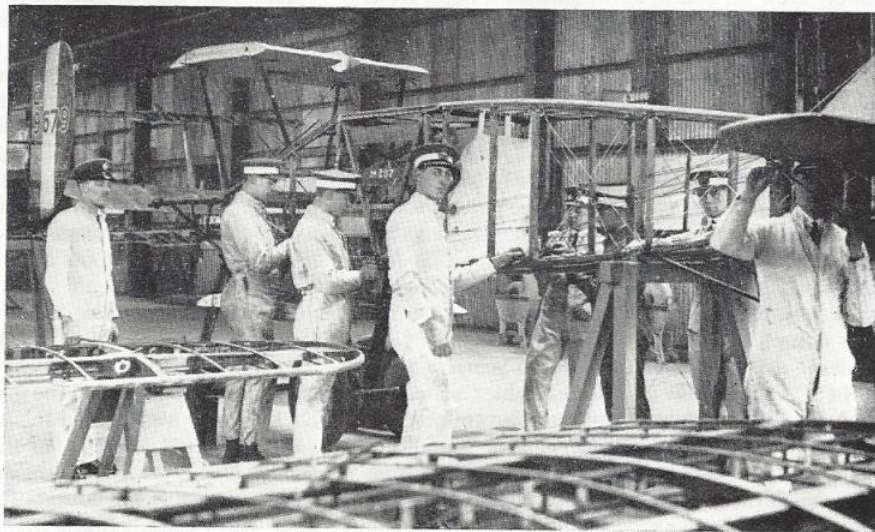
Commandant and the Assistant Commandant wearing a stiff evening dress collar with black bow tie, underneath which hung the Order of St. Michael and St. George.

Church parades were held at first in the gymnasium and the altar and chancel were contained behind a roll-top desk type of blind which was raised on Sundays only. I think it would be about in the middle of 1921 that the present Church hangar was consecrated and this was filled to capacity each Sunday by officers, cadets, airmen and boy entrants.

The original cadets' Mess, which was situated roughly opposite to the present main gates of the College, has now disappeared. This wooden building was infested with rats which made good practice with a .22 rifle in the dining-room after dinner. I understand that the rats migrated to another building on the station when the cadets went on leave. One Duty Officer was reported to have been given a bad fright when he saw many hundreds of eyes glinting in the moonlight as the entire colony scurried across the parade ground behind the Mess.

As a means of stimulating interest in the internal combustion engine, each cadet was issued with a P. & M. motor cycle which he was required to maintain in running order. Petrol and oil were a free issue and permission could be obtained to take the cycles away on leave. This perhaps was not quite such a happy arrangement as it might sound at first, since most of the cycles were in a sad state of disrepair. During my entire time at Cranwell I remember I never succeeded in getting any gear except top to function! One bright

Rigging instruction was a regular part of the cadets' syllabus in those early days





Result of a cross-wind landing

autumn Sunday afternoon a 'reliability run' was organized round the local countryside, passing through the villages of Leadenham, Caythorpe and Fulbeck. Many failed to complete the course and those who did lost most of the marks available for completing the course too quickly. Few had efficient silencers and I believe the College authorities were inundated with complaints from irate neighbours for the disturbance of their Sunday afternoon's rest. Strange to

say, there was only one accident and in that, unfortunately, a cadet broke his leg which set him back one term.

I do not think any article on early days at Cranwell would be complete without some tribute to the first domestic staff of the College who so quickly and so obviously became devoted to all that Cranwell stood for. A few of the original members are still serving and I know it is true to say that when revisiting Cranwell nothing gives the early ex-cadet greater pleasure than to meet these older members of the staff once again. They alone have served the College from its start. Long may they continue to do so.

Early Days of Instrument Flying

By J. H. P.

(An Old Cranwellian)

THERE has long been a saying among pilots: 'Visibility nil, even the birds walking,' to denote really bad weather conditions. Not so many years ago pilots were content to follow the birds' example and stay on *terra firma*, but now the development of instruments, radio aids to navigation, and automatic pilots, has enabled aircraft to operate, when necessary, under any conditions of visibility and cloudbase. A remarkable demonstration of this ability was given some years ago by the U.S.A.F. Flying Fortress which, with a safety crew on board, accomplished a flight from the U.S.A. to England without the controls being touched by the crew between lining up for the take-off and finishing the landing run at the end.

While it must be admitted that neither R.A.F. aircraft nor commercial airliners are yet able to emulate this feat, which of course can only be done with the aid of much costly and heavy equipment, the fact remains that the pilot of today is trained to view take-offs and landings in conditions of 500 yards visibility and 300 feet cloudbase with confidence, provided the necessary aids are available. Hence one of the reasons for the complexity of aircraft cockpits and pilot training today compared with 25 years ago.

In 1930 a pilot in an R.A.F. fighter squadron had a straightforward training programme. The aircraft, in some squadrons, had no radio, no oxygen, and their guns were only fitted in time for the fortnight's annual firing practice. The training he was required to do consisted largely

of formation flying and aerobatics, with some six hours of night flying in the summer. There was an early form of turn indicator in the cockpit, but this was ignored by many pilots because the only cloud flying instruction received at flying schools was with the use of the magnetic compass and 'bubble' (sideslip indicator). Flying in clouds by this method was not calculated to inspire confidence in instrument flying. The erratic behaviour of the magnetic compass during turns is well known.

However, official interest in tackling the problem of operating in bad visibility was not lacking. About this time the R.A.E., Farnborough, was working on a system for landing in thick fog. The procedure was to fly a captive balloon from the aerodrome so that it was just visible above the top of the fog layer. This alone called for unusually precise met. information. The balloon then was used as a guide for a pilot to start his descent on a pre-arranged compass heading, and at pre-arranged engine r.p.m. and airspeed readings. The aircraft used, an Avro 504N, made its approach at minimum speed—about 50 m.p.h. Below the aircraft hung a string with a weight at the end. When this weight hit the ground a light shone in the cockpit and the pilot had to pull hard back on the stick to flatten out and land. The system was not adopted for the R.A.F.

Also in this year, 1930, the Air Ministry started its instrument flying courses for squadron pilots, and, with others, I found myself reporting at the

The Avro 504N, showing the blind-flying hood fitted over the pupil's cockpit. This folding canvas hood could be operated either on the ground or in flight



Central Flying School, Wittering.

The C.O. of the Instrument Flying Flight was an officer who had recently returned from attending a course with the French Air Force. He told us that the French way of ensuring that the pupil did not cheat was to cover his head in the open cockpit with a sort of metal dish-cover, which was screwed down before take-off! For the final test—a navigational flight in a twin-engined transport aircraft—the pupil was accommodated in the passenger compartment where, just to confuse his normal sensitiveness to the attitude of the aircraft, the controls were arranged so that he sat facing the tail. He described his horror when, during the test, the safety pilot came back to watch him, leaving the cockpit unattended.

After hearing these tales we were much relieved to find that the French system was not being adopted *in toto* by the R.A.F. The C.F.S. was using the normal training aircraft of the time, the Avro 504N, and had fitted the pupil's cockpit with a folding canvas hood which could be operated either on the ground or in flight. Another local modification was to de-rig the aircraft so as to give them less dihedral angle, thus reducing their lateral stability. If a wing dropped in flight it remained down until the pilot corrected with aileron. This was considered desirable in case the normal stability of the Avro over-simplified the problem of instrument flying. The aids to instrument flying were simple enough—Reid and Sigris turn and sideslip indicator (which has remained in use by the R.A.F. ever since), and a form of angle of climb and dive indicator consisting of coloured liquid in a vertical glass tube. The latter, however, was so affected by acceleration and deceleration errors as to be of doubtful use, except during steady flight. Lastly, a stop watch enabled one to change course accurately.

The syllabus of the course was remarkably similar to the modern equivalent, although much simpler, since at that time we had no radio (in training aircraft) and therefore no navigational aids and no assisted approach. All the same, the average pilot found his work cut out in learning to concentrate on his instruments and ignore his instinctive obedience to 'feel' and the message of the wind noise in the bracing wires of a biplane. We were taught climbing, gliding, gentle and steep turns, changing course, and recovery from spins. At that time we were made to skid all our turns, by holding off bank, thus making it easier to control the turning rate by use of rudder only. This is, of course, no longer taught. Then we finished up with cross-country flights, more a test of endurance than navigation since one was at the mercy of dead reckoning and a met. wind. With the hoods fitted to these Avros there was always a temptation to cheat by looking out through the slit between the hood frame and the side of the cockpit, and I remember on one cross-country peeping out at what appeared to be a convenient straight railway line, only to realize to my dismay that what I was following with such conspicuous success was one of the Avro's flying wires.

The course over, we went back to our respective squadrons, and although, in my experience anyhow, there was no sudden burst of enthusiasm for continued training in this new art—owing to lack of suitably equipped aircraft—the lesson had been well and truly learnt, that it was possible to fly an aeroplane in two ways, by the horizon and 'feel,' or by complete concentration on instruments. That lesson still has to be learnt by each new pilot today, though the modern trainee whose mind is filled from earliest days with instruments, cockpit drill, R/T procedure, and radio equipment, may unconsciously neglect the former method.

The R.A.A.F. College, Point Cook

By AIR CADET G. K. WHITE

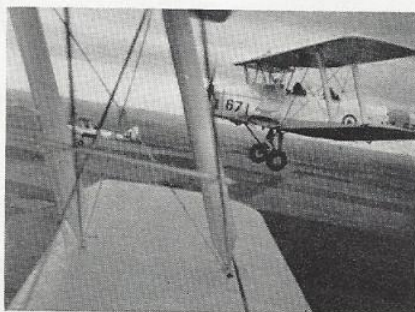
THE last time a Cranwell cadet saw our College at Point Cook was in 1953, so probably not many of you who were on that trip are present now. We hope, by exchange of magazines and by articles such as this one, to broaden the mutual understanding and appreciation between the two Colleges, which, although under similar administration, nevertheless differ in some respects.

Our course here is four years long—four years of what the recruiting people are prone to describe as 'adventure.' Each year has three terms of strenuous academics, strenuous sport and strenuous relaxation, punctuated by many and varied organized holidays.

From an academic viewpoint, the first year is equivalent to the final year of secondary education; it is also the year in which the 4th class receives its 'grinding grounding' in College and Air Force life. They have no leave for four months, but in that time they do at least have a taste of flying. This amounts to eleven hours in Tiger Moths—a gruelling flight assessment designed to test the cadet's aptitude for flying and his learning capacity.

The second term vacation in 4th class is one of the best of the whole four years—that is the skiing trip to Mount Buller, in Northern Victoria. They make their own skis, and although a week in the snow doesn't make champions of them, they do find what ski-ing feels like, and where it hurts the most.

Having struggled through 4th class year, the cadets are faced with the prospect of no flying for a year and a half, a first-year university course in science as well as a few Service subjects. To counteract this, there is the prospect of the canoe trip—100 miles down the Goulburn river to prove a cadet's 'courage and endurance.' Second term break brings the fascinating tour of Darwin, Thursday Island, and Townsville, in Queensland. At this time of year, a change from the wintry conditions of Point Cook to the tropics is, to say



Flying over Point Cook. The 'Tiger' is soon to be replaced by the Winjeel as initial trainer

the least, appreciated.

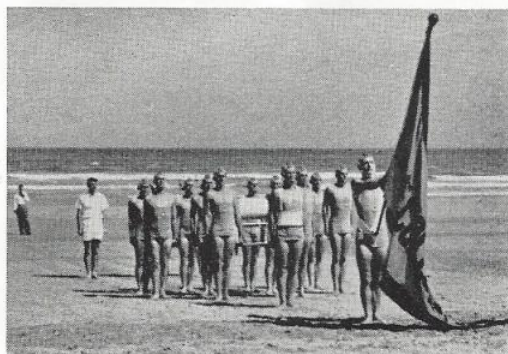
Halfway through 2nd class—that is, the third year—flying training starts. The first six months is basic training on Tiger Moths and Wirraways, and the final year is taken up with applied training on Wirraways.

Tiger Moths are soon to be replaced by Winjeels—an Australian design—and Vampires will eventually supersede Wirraways. This

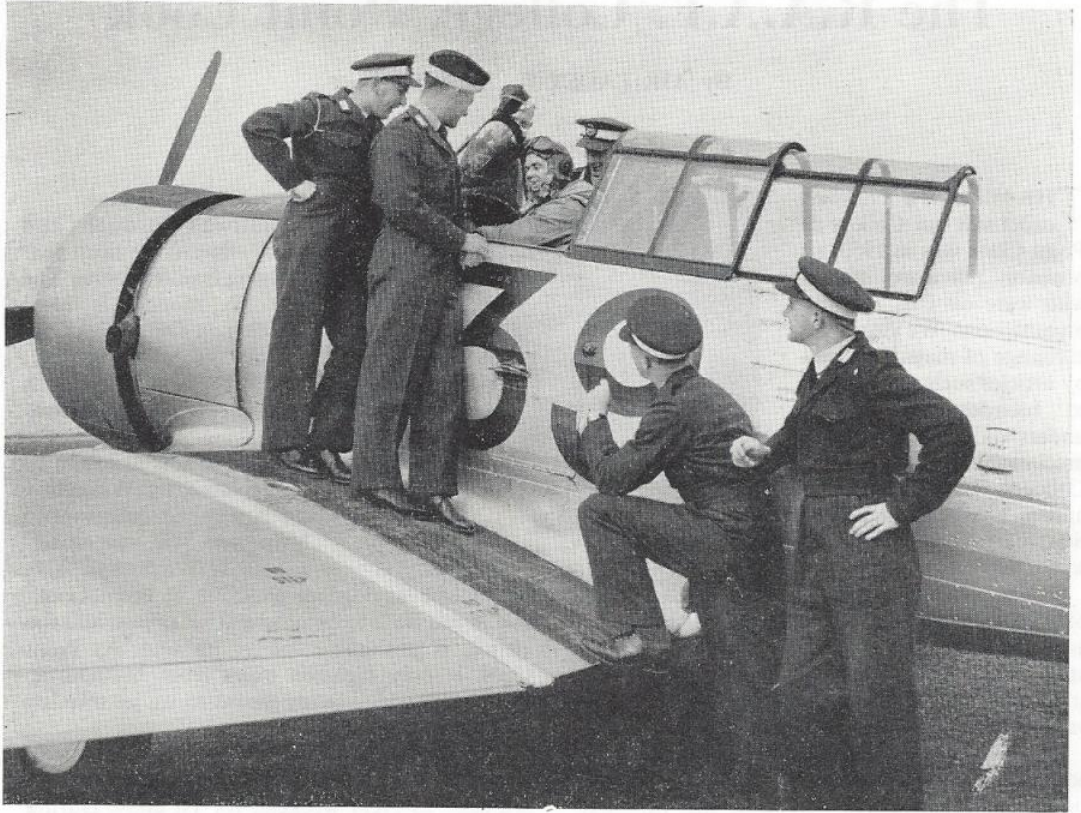
may mean leaving our situation at Point Cook, as it is too close to commercial air routes, and the airfield is unsuitable for jet training. As Point Cook is only eighteen miles from Melbourne, with all that Melbourne means to us, jet training has its disadvantages.

At present, we have leave every Saturday, with weekend leave varying from once a month for 3rd class to every weekend for 1st class. During the winter our Saturday afternoons are occupied with sport against Melbourne teams in competition matches.

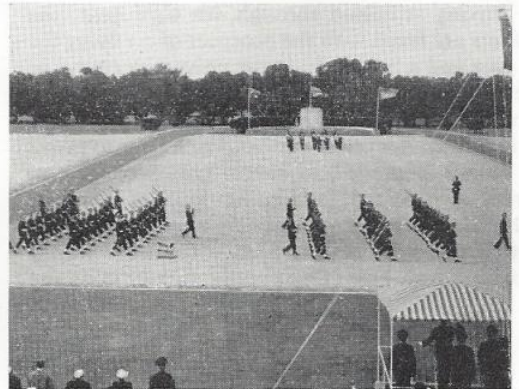
The College places a great emphasis on sport. Rugby is 'the thing' from March to September, and we field two teams, one in Melbourne first-grade competition, and one in the second. Hockey is played on a similar scale, and last year



The College has its own surf life-saving club, which always does very well in the Victorian championships



Above: Not a Harvard, but a Wirraway, the applied trainer at the R.A.A.F. College. The Cranwellians talking to the pilot were members of the rugby team which visited Point Cook in 1953. The Australians won by 13 points to 12. Left: Survival exercise? These two air cadets have been taking part in one of the College's realistic 100-mile escape walks, during which the police, local farmers and many others combine in efforts to 'capture' the cadets. Below: The climax of the four-year course. Australian air cadets march past on the Graduation Parade



we won the 'B' grade competition. Of the relative prowess of our respective rugby teams I shall say little, for the annals of both Cranwell and Point Cook contain the records of the memorable 1953 match. Of the other sports, athletics, cricket, swimming, basketball and tennis are what we all call major sports, although many cadets find time to indulge in squash, yachting and golf. In fact, they have to find time, for it is considered that potential officers must have experience of all sports. The surf life-saving club flourishes for most of the year.

There is just as strong an emphasis on 'culture.' Debating is a feature of the second term, and it is also in this period that we produce our annual play. All aspects of College activity are combined in the inter-flight competitions, in which each flight scores points for drill, academics, sport, debating and so on.

Since this is an Air Force college, it is to be expected that aeromodelling is rife; it is often limited to a fine display of static models, all carefully made, and an even finer display of

dilapidated wrecks. Other hobbies come and go as 'fads' but photography stays as the favourite, with a well-equipped darkroom to satisfy its adherents.

Lighter entertainment is provided in the ante-room and library, and in fact the mess is virtually run by the cadets through its mess committee. As is natural, as much administration as possible is placed in the cadets' hands, with supervision by the staff.

We are a young College, whose traditions are still being formed; it is hoped that the four-year course will produce the right type of officer to fill the ranks of our Air Force. We feel that the four years, with its graduation from civilian to Service technical studies, a system of carefully designed privileges, a balanced course in the humanities and science, combined with Service subjects and sport, is the ideal period to mature a potential officer. We are pleased to note that the success of our first courses in Korea, Malaya, England and Germany fully justifies our beliefs.

From Our Files — August, 1920

TO the airman a knowledge of the air is a matter of supreme importance, for the air is the medium in which he has his being, and is the medium the changes and phenomena of which may cause him considerable perturbation from time to time. A well-founded forecast of coming weather changes is to him a necessity enabling him, first, to avoid the danger which may come to him as a result of those changes; and, secondly, to put himself in a position to be able to utilize those changes to his own advantage. But it cannot be too much emphasized that these changes, important and even deadly as they may be to him, cannot be foretold even by an expert meteorologist by just a casual glance at the sky and a casual tapping of the 'weather glass,' but that their prediction requires a wide-flung organization, daily weather charts, much careful study, and an appeal both to physics and to precedent. Nor must the meteorologist be expected always to be right, for meteorology is a vast subject, and even the greatest meteorologists are, at present, only on its margins. There is, in sober truth, no subject which makes for greater humility in its student than does meteorology.

But no paper on the subject, however brief and whatever else be omitted, can be considered complete if it does not mention the ingenious method by means of which, by the aid of a certain amount of mathematics, a theodolite, and a small balloon filled with hydrogen, a meteorological station is enabled to explore the atmosphere at any time during the night or day, and to determine the wind direction and speed at various heights. It is really a quite romantic matter that on a day of blue sky a pilot may request by telephone to be furnished with the wind conditions up to and including 10,000 feet, and that this information for every 500 feet up to the height required, and to a high degree of accuracy, can be telephoned back to him red-hot, so to speak, from an actual experimental exploration, within 25 minutes of the moment he made his request! A chain of such ascents at selected points over the British Isles at definitely fixed hours is now a routine part of the work of meteorological stations, and means that the upper air is being exactly mapped three or four times daily, and the value of such information to aviation is difficult to over-estimate.

The United States Air Force Academy

Group Captain J. E. Kirk, O.B.E., an Old Cranwellian now serving with the British Joint Services Mission in Washington, has kindly contributed the following article on the new U.S.A.F. Academy at Colorado, the site of which he recently visited.

DURING a recent visit to the Air Defense Command at Colorado Springs I was given the opportunity to visit the site of the new United States Air Force Academy. Situated almost at the geographical centre of the United States in the foothills of the Rocky Mountains the Academy will occupy 20,000 acres of rugged ranchland in the shadow of Pike's Peak (14,109 feet).

The committee which selected this site from among the sixty-seven examined will earn the blessings of every cadet to enter the Academy for, unlike the Cranwell area of Lincolnshire, this part of 'Colorful Colorado' has been a favourite holiday resort area for a great many years and combines breathtaking scenery with cool summers and moderate winters. The architects and engineers given the task of constructing the Academy intend to preserve the beauty of the site by carefully distributing the buildings among the magnificent trees on the sunny slopes of the lower foothills.

The course at the Air Academy will be for four years and the general objectives are.

- (1) To offer courses of study leading to a baccalaureate degree.
- (2) To offer training which will lead to qualification as an aerial navigator and introduce the initial phase of pilot training.
- (3) To inspire and imbue young men with a lasting desire for a career as a flying officer in the Air Force, and to develop an understanding of the problems affecting the security of the nation and the role of the Department of Defense.

Selection will be from candidates between the ages of 17 and 22, and for the first intake of 300 nearly 6,000 applications have been received. Instruction will start at Lowry Air Force Base in July 1955 but it is hoped that by the time of the third entry in the summer of 1957 construction on the permanent site will be far enough advanced to permit a move into the new buildings.

Candidates for cadetship have to pass medical examination, pilot's aptitude and officer quality

tests, and the College entrance examination. The number of applicants is always likely to far exceed the demand, and competition will be keen. As the Air Force wants as many as possible of its cadets to become pilots the qualifying score in the pilot's aptitude test will be set very high.

Selection is by competition but each State is allocated a number of vacancies in proportion to its representation in Congress and holds its own competition to fill those vacancies. Each senator or representative may nominate ten candidates for his State competition; thus a total of 5,310 may be competing this year for 255 of the 300 vacancies. The District of Columbia, Hawaii, Alaska, Puerto Rico, the Canal Zone and the Vice-President of the U.S.A. may each nominate ten candidates to compete for one vacancy. Eleven vacancies are allotted for competition among the sons of regular servicemen, twelve go to regulars already serving, eleven more to members of the reserve forces and five to the sons of men who lost their lives on active service. When the Academy is functioning fully each annual intake will be a little over 600 to give a full strength of 2,496 cadets.

Upon admission to the Academy each cadet has to agree to serve as a commissioned officer for not less than three years following the date of graduation. He also has to undertake to fly and to complete his pilot training after graduation, if offered such training. If he leaves in less than six years he undertakes to complete reserve training up to the sixth year after graduation. Obviously the Air Force, which anticipates obtaining 50 per cent of its officers from the Academy, hopes that the majority of cadets will stay on for long periods of regular service.

Pay during cadet service is a little over \$80 per month (owing to the different cost of living I suggest an exchange rate of about \$8 to the £, if Cranwell cadets begin to get envious), plus a ration allowance. According to the brochure, 'With proper economy during his four years, the cadet is able to save enough to purchase the initial supply of uniforms and equipment he will need as an officer.' There is no leave during the

first year but thereafter the cadets get a four-week break in the summer and about ten days at Christmas.

From the foregoing you will have appreciated that the Academy is not a flying school. None of the graduates will be rated pilots but each will receive 355 hours of ground instruction and 171 hours flying, including 50 hours, pilot training, in order to qualify in navigation and bombing, and to decide if he has the necessary aptitude for the pilot training to be given subsequently at a flying training school. The U.S.A.F. feels that insufficient time can be spared in a four-year course to teach all the complexities of modern pilotage but that by qualifying as an observer the cadet will have mastered many of the skills he will need during his pilot training. Cadets who do not go on to earn their pilots' wings will be available for assignment to other combat crew positions.

As might be expected, major importance is placed upon leadership training, and the academic approach to this subject in the Directorate of Psychology is closely integrated with instruction in every aspect of military training. Great

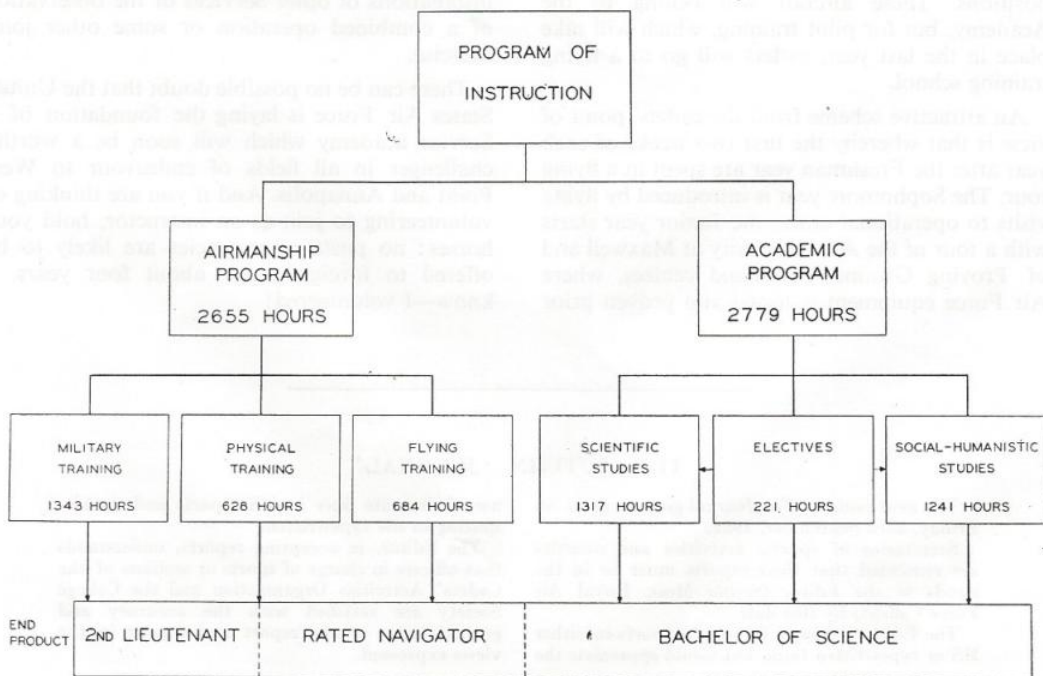
emphasis is placed upon English and cadets will be judged throughout the course on their ability to express themselves, whether it be written or oral, in forceful, effective English.

The Scientific Division is devoted to the study of aeronautical sciences, and courses are designed to be functional rather than purely academic. Instruction is related to aircraft equipment and aviation problems and much of the background to navigation training, such as drawing and electronics, is incorporated in the work of this division. During 221 hours spent in aircraft design each class is divided into teams which are required to design an aircraft (shades of the Wright brothers).

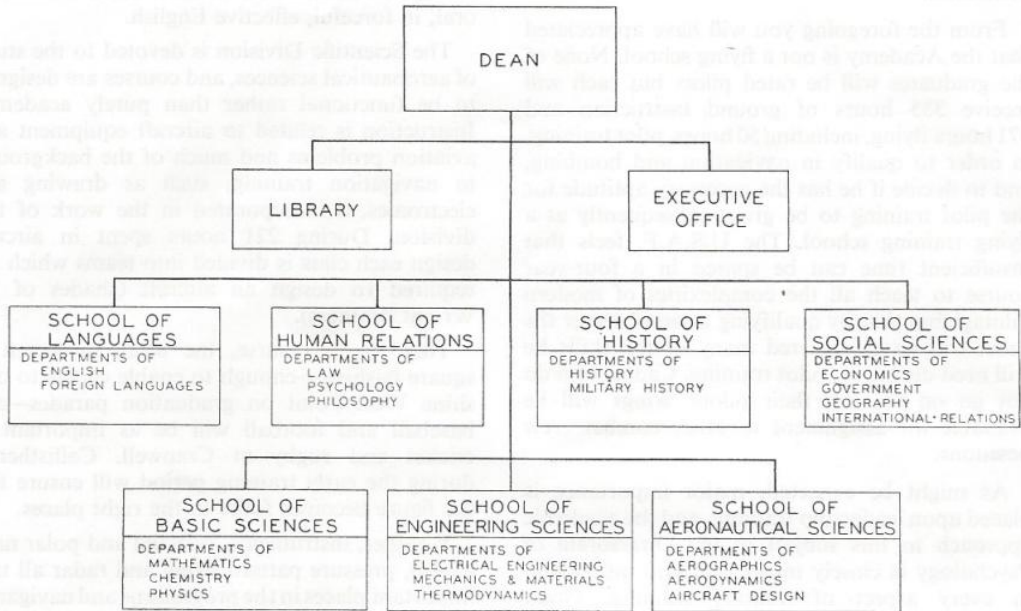
There is, of course, the usual modicum of square bashing—enough to enable cadets to outshine West Point on graduation parades—and baseball and football will be as important as cricket and rugby at Cranwell. Callisthenics during the early training period will ensure that the figure becomes fuller in the right places.

Weather, instruments, celestial and polar navigation, pressure pattern flying and radar all take important places in the programme and navigation

FOUR YEAR PROGRAM OF INSTRUCTION
UNITED STATES AIR FORCE ACADEMY



FACULTY ORGANIZATION
UNITED STATES AIR FORCE ACADEMY



air instruction will be given in the Convair T-29 Navigator Trainer equipped with 12 navigator positions. These aircraft will belong to the Academy, but for pilot training, which will take place in the last year, cadets will go to a flying training school.

An attractive scheme from the cadets' point of view is that whereby the first two weeks of each year after the Freshman year are spent in a flying tour. The Sophomore year is introduced by flying visits to operational units; the Junior year starts with a tour of the Air University at Maxwell and of Proving Ground Command centres, where Air Force equipment is tested and proven prior

to acceptance into squadron service. The Senior year will probably commence with a visit to installations of other Services or the observation of a combined operation or some other joint exercise.

There can be no possible doubt that the United States Air Force is laying the foundation of a Service academy which will soon be a worthy challenger in all fields of endeavour to West Point and Annapolis. And if you are thinking of volunteering to join as an instructor, hold your horses: no posts or vacancies are likely to be offered to foreigners for about four years. I know—I volunteered!

THE AUTUMN 'JOURNAL'

The next issue of *The Journal* goes to press on Friday, 23rd September, 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.

midsummer miscellany • midsummer miscellany • midsummer miscellany • •

Midsummer



Miscellany

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Forty-Four Miles Without an Engine

PUFFS of woolly cloud dotted the blue sky as I sat looking up from the cockpit of the glider which, though I little knew it at the time, I was to fly for the next hour and a half, over a distance of 44 miles.

The flight started in the same way as any other. The cable tightened, a crisp call, 'All Out' to the signaller, the glider quivered, moved slowly forward, and then picked up speed. As it left the ground I pulled it back into the steep climbing attitude necessary to give every foot of height possible.

To my delight I sensed a gentle upward motion as I approached the officers' married quarters. It was very weak lift, however, and I did not expect it to last long, so I circled gently in it, gaining height very slowly, and all the time drifting downwind. Soon I was over the South Airfield, still creeping up. Then, as I crossed the new runways, the glider surged upwards at nearly 200 feet a minute. The warm sun was shining into the cockpit, and the College was gradually diminishing in size, when two Meteors flashed past underneath me, giving me an unusual feeling of superiority.

If my lift failed now I was still within gliding distance of Cranwell, so I settled down to see what height I could reach.

Twenty minutes after I took off I looked at my altimeter—it showed 4,500 feet. Cranwell seemed a long way below me. I had a look downwind: the visibility was good and the clouds appeared ideal. Now I faced a problem. Should I risk going off on what might be a farcical cross-country of one or two miles, or should I play safe and return to Cranwell? There was no doubt in my own mind at all—I would go. I turned downwind.

The cloud-lift just balanced my sink and I flew for a short time straight and level. It was very cold at 4,000 feet, and the only way I could keep the blood circulating in my hands was by flying the Grunau with my knees and banging my hands together to warm them—not the best way to use what little lift there was, and very soon I found myself sinking. Remembering to increase speed to get through the downdraught quickly, I pressed on to get to the next cloud downwind. It was rather a tense moment, while I searched

for the lift under that cloud. If I failed to find it and landed a mere three miles from Cranwell I would have been rather unpopular, but if I did find it I would be able to cover a reasonable distance. The moment of uncertainty soon passed, and with a surge I was being carried up again. This time I went right to the cloud base, but there decided to stop, as my turn-and-bank indicator was misreading. For a makeshift I had been using my ears, which just projected into the airflow above the canopy. If my left ear felt colder than the right I applied left rudder and vice versa. It was rather crude, but effective—though not effective enough for cloud.

I was wondering when and where the lift would give out when I noticed the cloud base lowering; this forced me down lower than usual to keep me clear of it. Soon now, I feared, I would have to land. Peterborough slipped past 3,000 feet below me, and ahead was an empty sky—no cloud, no lift. I gained what height I could in the clouds around me and then set course downwind, losing height all the way. Soon Wittering was behind me and ahead I saw the small town of Oundle.

Still hoping to get a little more lift I made for a cloud ahead of me which was fairly close; I was lucky and was soon circling in a very strong thermal. Then I lost it, and a thermal once lost is difficult to find again. Immediately I found myself in the characteristic 'downwash' area which invariably surrounds a thermal, and was losing height rapidly.

At 900 feet I looked round for somewhere to land. Oundle School was close to me so I picked a cricket pitch as my landing field, and, after a despairing attempt to get some lift off the glinting roofs of the houses in the town, I judged a circuit and landed close to the hedge to avoid damaging the cricket pitch. Soon I was surrounded by Oundle boys, who helped me park the glider safely, and showed me a telephone.

Three hours later an energetic retrieving crew was dismantling the glider, and by half past twelve we arrived back at Cranwell tired, but satisfied that the air round Cranwell is not quite as flat as the country it covers.

M.C.G.

Wife's Eye-View

FOR THE FIRST TIME

THE WISE, FAR-SEEING AND MATERNAL EYE

UNCOVERS THE TRUTH

EVERYONE knows what squadron commanders, flight commanders, adjutants, tutors, instructors and others think about cadets; but has anyone ever asked, I wonder, what wives think about them?

By wives, of course, I do not mean cadets' wives; they are, presumably, rather in the future. But rather wives of the above-mentioned categories—squadron commanders, flight commanders, and so on. Wives of these gentlemen do, from time to time, meet cadets, individually, or in small groups, and with a wise, far-seeing and maternal eye, probably detect in cadets something that is far beyond their despairing husbands' grasp.



Take Bracebridge and Heath, for instance. They have been asked to tea and arrive, clean and shining, on the dot (*why* on the dot?) of four o'clock. Sheepishly they follow you to the drawing room and sit on the nearest upright chairs, very, very upright

themselves. The Daughter of the House Next Door, home for the holidays, has been asked to tea too (so nice for the young people to get to know each other), and she comes in, curled and demure, five minutes later. Introductions. She sits timidly in the remaining upright chair.

Husband enters, breezily rubbing his hands and apologizing for his lateness. Tea is brought in, and conversation begins. That is to say, wife and husband start talking. They decide on Foreign Travel and discuss, in an amusing way, that funny man with the beard and the beret on the Paris train last August, the complexities of sea bathing in Spain, and how very picturesque Venice was, but how very. . . .

After twenty minutes of interesting and instructive reminiscence, they realise, dimly at first, that their guests are all still there, all still very upright, but that their bright chatter has not elicited so much as a smile from their audience. They have been conversing, in fact, entirely *à deux*.

What is the solution, you ask yourself desperately. Should they have been beguiled into rather less upright chairs? Obviously it was a mistake to invite the Girl Next Door. Whatever the answer, it is too late to retrieve the situation now well lost, and you brace yourself for a further plunge into the icy conversational water.



By way of complete contrast there is Coggon-Snitterby. There is no need to invite a friend with Coggon-Snitterby—he will soon be Senior Term, and is a Man of the World and, better still, he Understands Women. Coggon-Snitterby is always at his ease. As he enters the drawing-room his eye instinctively singles out the most comfortable chair and he makes for it at once. Settling down firmly into it, he crosses his legs, accepts a cigarette with a smile and leans forward for you to light it.

He will chat smoothly and easily with you on any subject you choose—although, of course, what he really likes you to talk about is Coggon-Snitterby. He has very definite ideas on Woman's



Place in the Home, and will tell you so quite charmingly, just in case you thought perhaps he might offer to help with the washing up after dinner. (If so, how wrong you were!) C-S, however, has great charm, or

anyway he must have something, you think as, smiling and alert, he takes his leave in the still watches of the night. You try very hard to look as smiling and alert yourself as you say good-night, but it is very hard, and as soon as the door has closed behind him you collapse, only to remember a moment later the pile of dishes that now awaits your attention.



Then there is Muggins, who is most assuredly not at his ease, nor yet a Pillar of Silence. Muggins, in fact, *never* stops talking and tends to be rather an exhausting guest. *Have you Heard?*

is how his conversation very often begins, and what follows is more often than not most certainly what you ought not to have heard, but none the less interesting for all that. Muggins, too, loves talking about Himself, but in a rather less egocentric way than Cog-

gon-Snitterby, so that you soon find you know Muggins's complete Life History, where he was

born, where his family live, what his father does, and the complications of his sister's latest love affair. It renders the art of conversation down to its simplest terms, since all you have to say is Yes, or I Do So Understand, or merely look horrified.



Quite a different kettle of fish is Golly, the games-playing cadet. He has little or no time for Wives, the trivialities of polite conversation or, indeed, anything very much except Sport. He stands in front of the fire, sherry glass clutched awkwardly in a rather large hand, replying abstractedly to your extremely intelligent and penetrating comment on last night's film at the Astra. Then you mention casually this afternoon's game (you did not see it yourself, but you have heard We won).

His eye lights up and he almost drops his sherry glass in his excitement. Ignoring you, and all but knocking you over as he turns to your husband, he becomes quite lyrical in his description

of the game. You listen, amused and interested. After half an hour or so, your smile has become fixed and you think Perhaps it is Time to see how Things are going in the Kitchen. Avoiding your husband's glassy stare (he did not see the game either), you tiptoe from the drawing room as the Last Half is re-enacted and, here and there, replayed.



In rather a different category is the cadet whose girl friend you put up for the Grad Ball. More often than not you put up two girl friends for the ball, as the spare room has two beds, and hotels are so expensive. Usually the cadet and his girl friend arrive soon after the parade and luncheon are over. They stand on the doorstep rather shyly, girl friend in very high heels, cadet in his very best uniform, buttons gleaming, clutching a large and heavy suitcase containing her evening dress. You



shepherd girl friend to the spare room, cadet to the drawing room, and then you organize some tea. Conversation over tea is simple, as the morning's parade can be discussed and interesting behind-the-scenes anecdotes exchanged.

You are just clearing away the tea tray and planning to leave your guests together for a bit when the bell rings, and you open the door to find them standing on the doorstep rather shyly, girlfriend in very high



heels, cadet in his very best uniform, buttons gleaming, clutching a large and heavy suitcase. . . . You only remember then that of course you had invited *two* girl friends, and you put the kettle on all over again.



Next morning, after the ball, you get up bright and early after two hours' sleep to cook breakfast for the girl friends who, inevitably, must catch the transport at eight o'clock. You realise suddenly, as you lean wearily against the kitchen stove, that the cadets belonging to the girl friends will almost certainly turn up at breakfast time, and that your shabby dressing gown and last night's make-up simply will not do. So you make a frantic effort to be your normal smiling self, coolly reigning over the breakfast table, pouring out coffee for one and all.

Cadets at this time are usually the ones with most to say. They are very grateful to you for having their girl friends to stay. Very sorry they couldn't find you to have a dance with you the night before. They looked everywhere for you. . . .

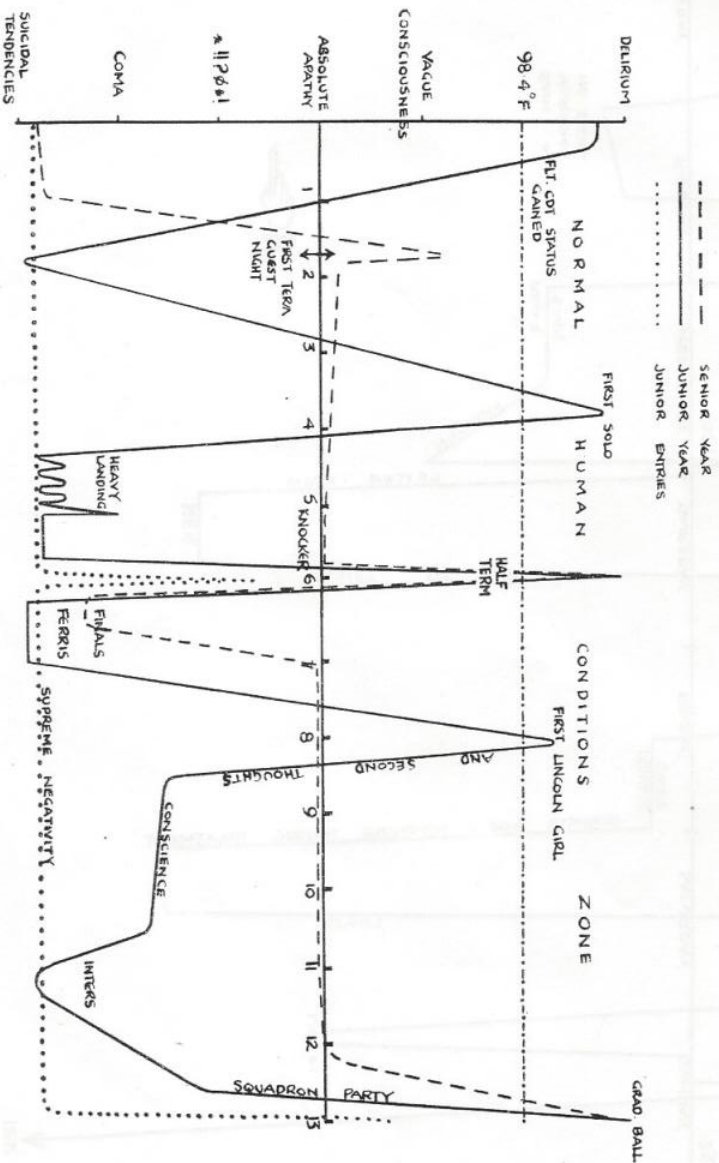
M.K.



The Results of an Assessment made by a Board of Unknown Gentlemen on the Life and Natural Habits of the Flight Cadet

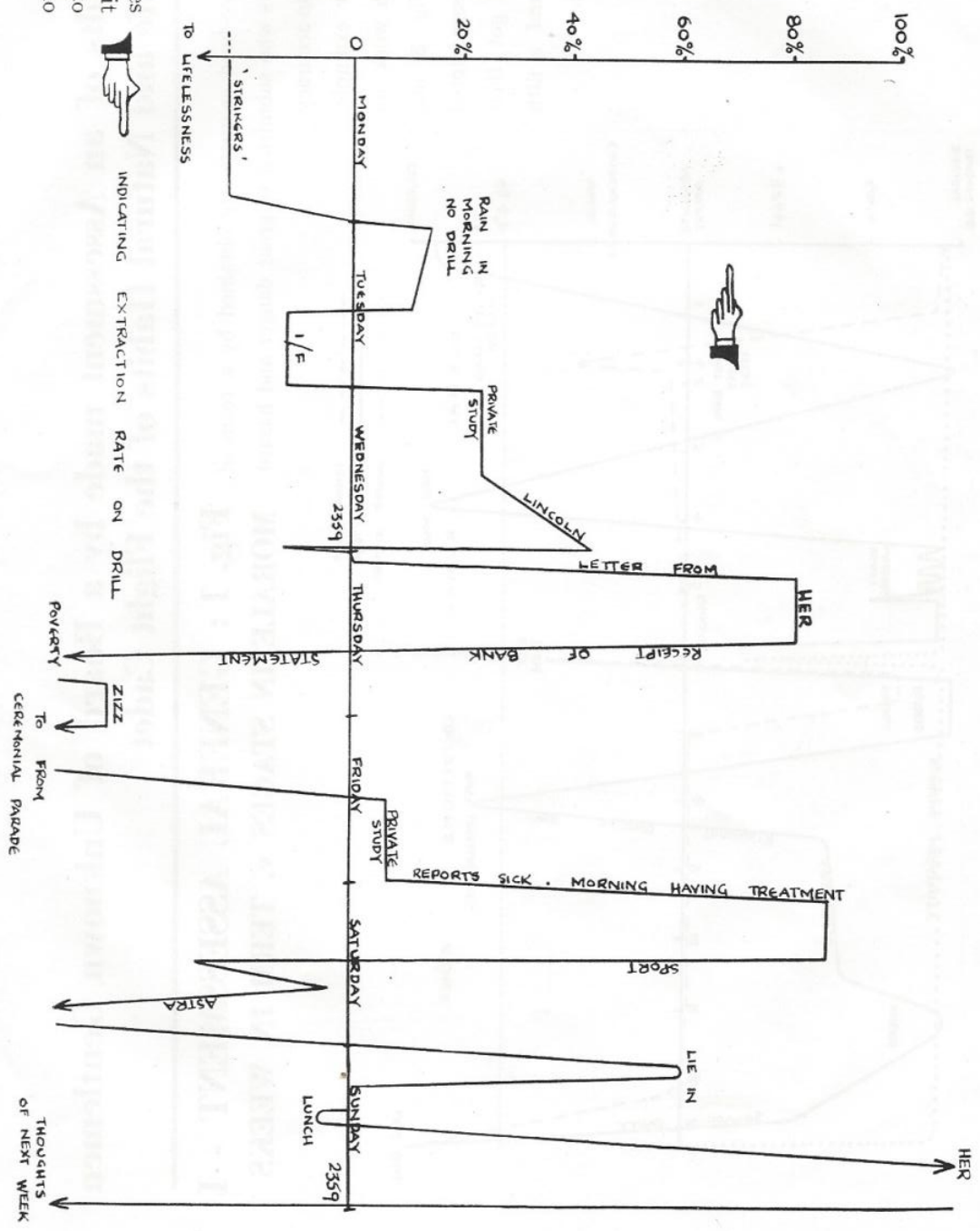
These facts have been energetically obtained by a team of research workers who submitted to great danger and hazard in order to obtain accuracy of results. For example, during research work on material for Fig. 3, one member of the team fainted on drill, three got their fingers burnt and a fifth his face slapped.

Fig. 1 : GENERAL ASSESSMENT - I
MORALE IN STAGES V. TERM IN WEEKS



Note: Senior Year graphs are often influenced by a series of purge disturbances from external factors. These reflect considerably on the Junior Year curve.

Fig. 2 : GENERAL ASSESSMENT - II
% INCREASE IN BLOOD PRESSURE v. WEEKLY EVENTS (per unit Ft Cd)



Note: Above 85% cases were found to exhibit signs of life similar to those found in Homo Sapiens.



INDICATING EXTRACTION RATE ON DRILL

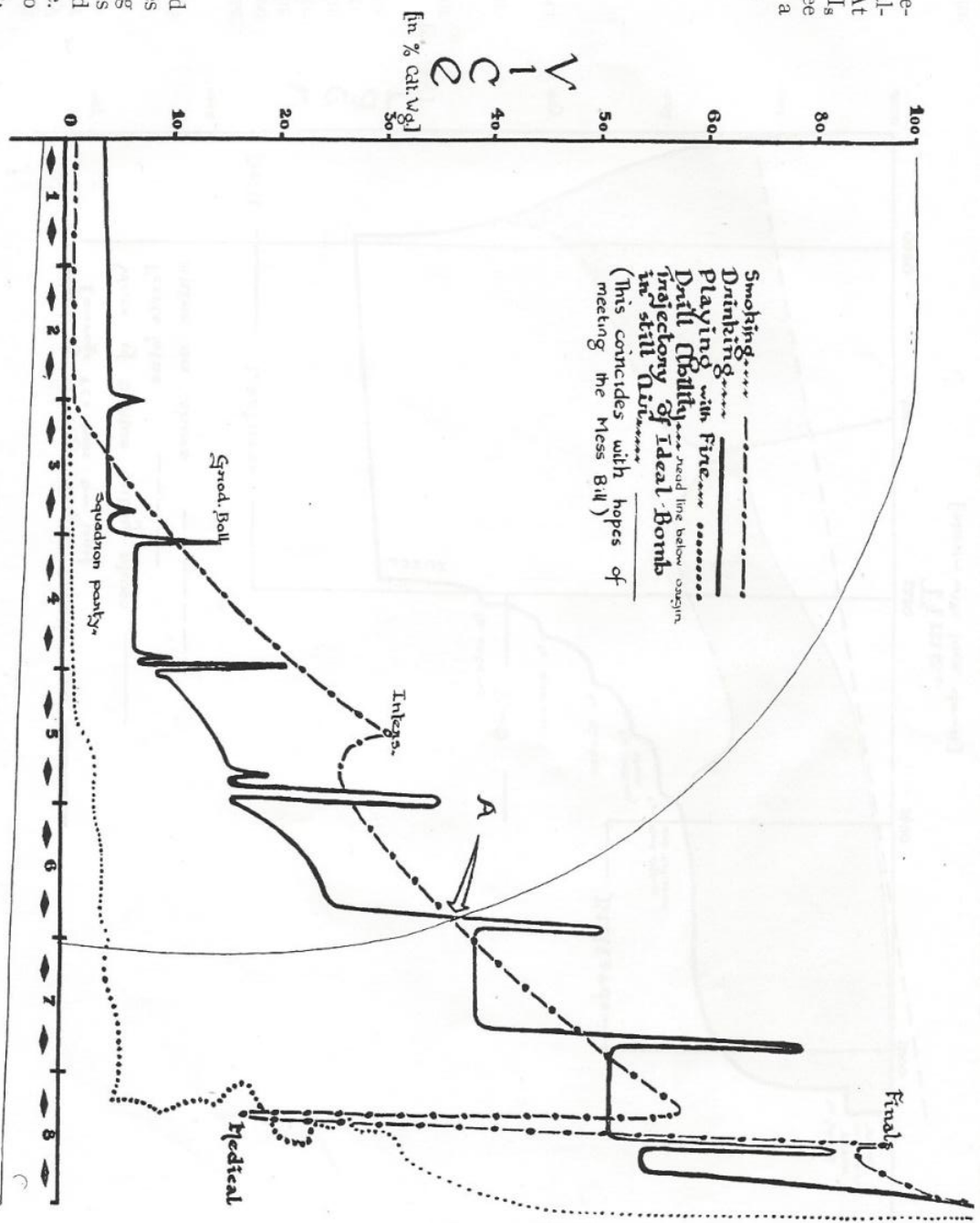


Poverty To ZIZZ From CEREMONIAL PARADE

THOUGHTS OF NEXT WEEK

Fig. 3: ACTIVE INTERESTS v. COURSE (Plotted as Vice v. Terms)

Note: Point A represents the optimum alcohol-smoke ratio. At this point the I reaches its T-T: three sharp hiccups and a puff of smoke result.



Thanks are extended to the external sources who offered interesting information on this subject; it is regretted that it is unprintable. The Board are also indebted to Mavis, Francesca and Shirley for valuable research.

Terms
[in terms]

Fig. 4 : DISTANCE/WEAR RATIO (per unit Ft Cdt)

Note: (i) The Ferris Line is obtained by integrating the other curves. The area below this line is directly proportional to energy used and is known as the Bull Area.

(ii) The rapid increase in Senior Entry shoe wear is due to the frantic race to get to coffee break and the ensuing scramble to reach the front of the queue.

(iii) Conversion factor example:

For non-average four-legged Ft Cdt.
 $\frac{dw}{dt} = \text{Boot} \cdot 4x$

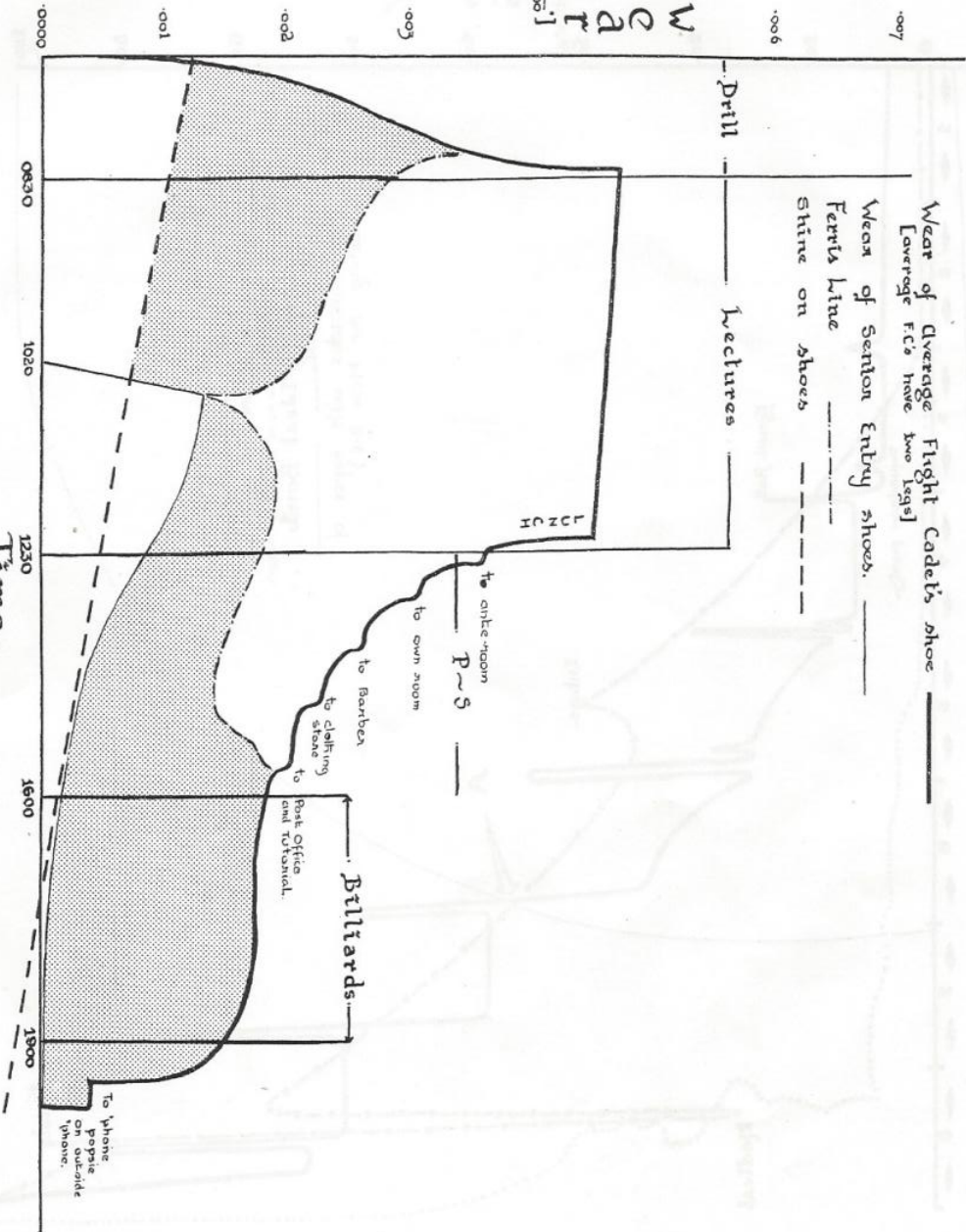
where

$$\frac{dt}{dw} = dt$$

$$\frac{dw}{dw} = dw$$

$$\dot{x} = \frac{4}{\text{ins. Hg.}}$$

$$x = \text{footsize in ins. Hg.}$$



The final results of the Board's findings will probably be made public at a later date. This depends entirely upon action taken by Mavis, Francesca and Shirley.

IVAN ITCHYVOTSIT'S HOROSCOPE STARLIGHTS NEXT TERM

Gazing upon my crystal boot I discern a weird confusion of hyper-zodiac signs, riding aloof from the strife of the normal zodiac. It is obvious that these superior forces hold sway. They are thus interpreted:

$\frac{1}{4}$

65 ENTRY The interplay of thin blue lines and the warring hyper-zodiac signs indicate paradise regained. (Not all is crystal clear however; some must needs beware.) All signs on the ascendant.



66 ENTRY The sign of the brass button dominates the scene. (There are no flies on this senior entry.) You will try to restore Cranwell to the noble attitude prevailing when the brass buttons were a mere *wring* through the bull's nose (see hyper-zodiac sign for 73 Entry). Net result: Jack is still unaware that his is not a

K-type dinghy and paddles tirelessly against the rest.

In your zeal for 'purges,' do not neglect your G.C.T., Grad. Ball and Finals, and do not deny the ignorant monster, Thesis, his favourite dish—Time. Lucky number—13.



67 ENTRY Many are called but 12 are chosen. The mirage, Chevron, looms large; do not snatch at it, lest it vanish, to appear next term up someone else's sleeve. As term progresses, so conscience pricks; do not resist it, lest on turning to Finals this is the call: 'No humanistics, no mechanicals.'



68 ENTRY Not an exacting term. Hibernation after 'inters' is indicated, but set the alarm for flying and sport, lest you sleep on forgetful and forgotten. Don't let too many baseballs slip through your fingers to the ground.



69 ENTRY This is your last chance to strike oil. Familiarity with marble corridors breeds content, but avoid the narrow straits in the middle of the sea.



70 ENTRY You are Victor Fox now, but watch your Item Fox as there are clouds on the horizon. Till then make the most of your clear skies.



71 ENTRY Are your Hartz broken? Junior Entries are behind. Welcome to the fold, but stay in, for the sheep dogs are close behind ready to pounce on strays. They are over-playful on first acquaintance, so I've heard.



72 ENTRY The recovery from the spiral of subservience is straightforward as long as you don't spin in the other way. Sport of the moment: crow baiting. Later in the term an epidemic of georgettes before the eyes will spread. Not to worry; it clears itself up.



73 ENTRY Success! You're in. (Silence Moriarty!) A great broadening and twisting of the mind is in store for you.

Further Outlook

To the north of the road an important visitor is expected. My crystal boot foresees no violent changes to accommodate the visitor.

To the south, the holiday camp thrives under new management.

Did someone say my boot was unserviceable?

Editor's Note: For further information and future forecasts consult Chief Stargazer Smith.

Regrettably

THE man who gives never accepts.
He feels embarrassment taking what he wants to give and accepts a responsibility for what he's taking to ensure its safety till he gives it away.

The man who gets quietly keeps and thinks ill of any man who may need aught of what he given keeps.

Life at eighty is regrettably very much the same as at twenty: a thousand takers have a single name.

B.N.C.

Flies

HIS Pedagogic Majesty
Was talking to the class
While the insects on the window panes
Were sliding down the glass.
The rain was on the outside
And the insects on the in,
And as we sat and stared at them
The window looked *so* thin.
It must be rather horrible
To be so close to rain
When one's happily gyrating
On a dirty window pane.
The pleasures of an insect
Must be lamentably few,
And they must be so much nicer
When the sky below is blue.

When the world is turning over
'Twixt a metal window frame
It's really quite refreshing
For things never look the same;
His Pedagogic Majesty's
Inverted for a start,
And there's lots of other pleasant things
To warm an insect's heart.
An exigency developing
An attitude aloof
Is the prospect of the fly-swats
All reclining on the roof.
We observe between our legs
The panorama of the heath
Where the green-sky meets the grey-grass—
It's still raining underneath.

And as we sat and saw
The frantic frolics of the flies
And wistfully we wondered
At the where and which and why's,
'Twas appallingly apparent
That our Pedagogic Prune
Was on his wretched roundabout
And ranting round the room—
(In a metaphoric manner
That was made to mar, of course,
Our constant concentration
On our happy hobby horse.)
But his vigorous verbosity
And vitriolic voice
Contrived to cure our craving
For the creatures of our choice.

T.H.S.

Contemplation

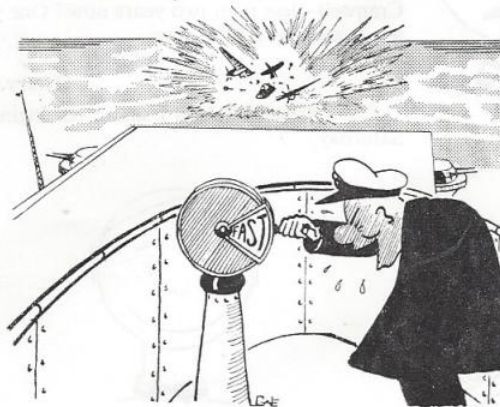
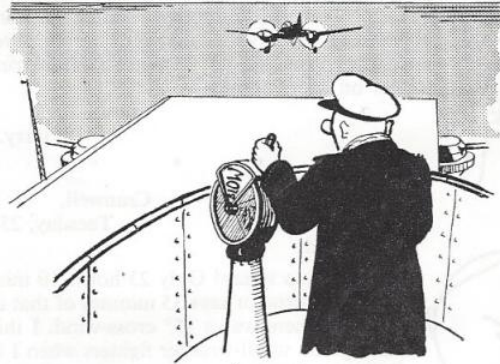
IS she coy, or is she subtle,
Shy, or rather clever,
Waiting for the chance to make
Me *hers* for ever?

Is her whimsical caprice
A merciless contrivance
To goad me on to vain desire
And laugh at my connivance?

If so, beware, my sweet young thing,
You're safe while I remember.
But fire with nought on which to feed
Too soon becomes an ember.

D.St.J.H.

I found a dog called Hesitation
At the station.
I called it that because
It had long pause.



What's in a Name?

Flight Cadet H. Claggers,
Junior Mess,
(the rest as before)
Friday, 7th.

Cranwell,
Wednesday, 8th.

Dear Dad,

Only three weeks and six days to the end of term. You remember I couldn't decide between canoeing, pot-holing, mountaineering, sailing and ski-ing? Have decided to stay at home and sleep—we only get two private study afternoons a week this term.

I come off strikers on Friday. Please tell Sue I shall ring her about six-thirty on Saturday night. Then I'm off to a hop at Linevenford. It's not really being unfaithful to Sue: just part of the course here.

Must pack up now to do my belt for this evening's parade—must remember to scrub off the boot polish first. Then down to some maths swotting. Inters maths exam. in a fortnight. Must improve on First Exams. After all, I could hardly do worse.

Love,
Harry.

* * *
Cranwell,
Saturday, 25th.

Dear Dad,

I should have done some work for that maths exam. Still, I did finish one and a half questions. Four, at least, of the other chaps only finished six, so it won't look as bad as the First Exam. results did.

By the way, can you lend me some money? On the Kit Inspection it turned out that I had lost rather a lot of clothing, and my clothing allowance won't cover it. To keep me going on parades, could you send me Uncle Pete's blue shirt? Better make it your nylon one—it's not quite such a bright colour.

I don't think I shall be able to go to the Grad. Ball unless I can find my O.P. uniform and lose three or four of the girls I've invited.

Till the end of term,

Love,
Harry.

JAKE

Dear Dad,

Something went wrong. As I said, it was a brilliant idea, perfectly rehearsed, and yet, a bare hour later, I was six miles from College, with a high-ranking and high member of the Senior Entry strapping me on to the back of a donkey, whose halter made it better dressed than myself. Eventually managed to persuade a bewildered drunk to unfasten me, and then picked my self-conscious way back to Cranwell.

Collapsed into my room about 4 a.m., and very foolishly looked at my webbing. Blanco on back brasses. Cleaned them. Brasso on webbing. Cleaned it. Blanco on brasses. Cleaned them. Brasso on. . . . Got to bed about 5.15. Up late this morning, no breakfast, sprinted up to College, remembered gun-pad halfway, collected pad. Rather late for squadron inspection so Squadron Commander gave me one to myself—unfortunate. Collected seven days for blanco on brasses plus seven for brasso on webbing. Three days from S.U.O. for being late. Two from another Under Officer for sticking my bayonet into him on the 'Present Arms.' Will you tell Sally I shan't be ringing her on Monday night.

Love,
Harry.

* * *
Cranwell,
Tuesday, 25th.

Dear Dad,

Went solo today! Only 23 hours 10 minutes and my instructor says 35 minutes of that don't count as there was a 15° cross-wind. I think I shall go on to all-weather fighters when I leave Cranwell—less than two years now! One year, ten months and three days.

Love,
Harry.

P.S.—Please tell Jean I shan't be ringing on Saturday.



HAMELIN • MOEHNE • LA LINEA • DEVIZES • ORANGE • HICKLING
LISDOONVARNA • GLENCOE • NETHYBRIDGE • AVIGNON • SNOWDON
HORSEY • SALCOMBE • MARSEILLES

Vacation Activities

EASTER, 1955

With the Armour of B.A.O.R.

FROM 18th to 26th April nine officers and forty-one flight cadets were attached to army units in B.A.O.R. The purpose of the visit was to foster understanding and co-operation between the army and the Royal Air Force. The party was divided into nine sections, each section living with a different armoured regiment. The regiments visited were 4th Queen's Own Hussars, 8th King's Royal Irish Hussars, 9th Queen's Royal Lancers and 17th/21st Lancers, and 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 6th and 8th Royal Tank Regiments.

On returning to Cranwell, each section prepared a report relating their experiences and activities. The

following account of this most ambitious venture is based on those reports.

All the units arranged lectures on various subjects ranging from the political situation in Germany to tank engines. Everywhere the cadets found that the army was only too glad to give them the fullest possible information about the latest methods of tank warfare and the various problems involved.

Several parties were fortunate enough to take part in manoeuvres, living under canvas in the training area and thereby getting in more 'tank time' than others who visited the 'scene of battle' day by day. Those who lived in messes through-

out their stay, however, seem to have been well satisfied with their higher standard of living. The 3rd Royal Tank Regiment was intrepid enough to put some of the cadets in charge of a formation of four tanks, which they directed as a troop; apparently they confused their ground tactics with formation flying with surprising results.

They were given many interesting demonstrations. Some saw tanks' camouflage being 'tested' by low-flying Venom aircraft of 2nd A.T.A.F., which circled and beat up the area for about a quarter of an hour. Others were shown demolition work, 'the *pièce de résistance* being the destruction of a slab of concrete one foot thick by 12 pounds of gun cotton.' They later saw an 'advance to contact' by Centurions, 'a splendid festival of dust and thunder flashes.' One party was given an accidental demonstration of how not to cross a river in a tank, which almost ended tragically. 'The tank slipped off the bridge and ended upside down in the water, trapping the crew. Prompt action by the crew of the following tank undoubtedly saved their lives.'

As one cadet put it, 'All tank crews and commanders seemed most eager to explain details and let us take over whenever possible.' Most of them, therefore, were able to display their prowess as tank pilots with varying results. One of the more skilful 'drove his squadron commander's tank on an exercise for nearly three hours. Apart from grating his gears occasionally, he apparently gave the major a com-



Abraham pilots his Centurion tank over a piece of conveniently open ground



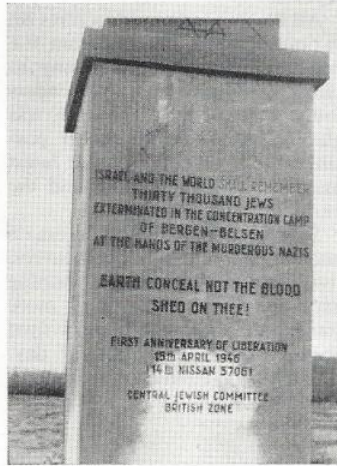
A party of cadets with Flt Lt E. R. Williams and an army officer grouped around the Hermanns Denkmal statue near Detmold

fortable ride.' Others were less successful. A nameless novice from the Far East with the 4th Queen's Own Hussars struggled for a long time to remove his tank from a ditch; the tank itself finally gave up the struggle. An army officer gloomily prognosticated that 'it wouldn't move for some time.' A record was set up by one of the 8th Royal Tank Regiment's visitors, who achieved the impossible by starting a tank in fourth gear. The wreaths of smoke which poured out of the engine a few seconds later, caused by a burning clutch, soon convinced him that such revolutionary methods of driving are economically unsound. They were all impressed by the tree-felling capacity of the Centurion Mk 7; whether or not these 'lumberjack' manoeuvres were deliberate or accidental is not mentioned. One party even had the audacity to suggest a 'stock tank race'; 'but after some discussion involving the tank unserviceability rate and the astronomical cost of spare parts, the proposition was shelved indefinitely.

They were given the opportunity to fire various weapon, sincluding the Bren, Sten and pistol. Perhaps the most interesting experience in this field was firing the Centurion's 20 pdr with a .22 adaptor fitted to and aimed through a tank sight on a miniature range. Four cadets

competed for a monetary award generously offered by the Commanding Officer of the 8th Royal Tank Regiment. The idea was to aim the tank's guns on to a target card over a simulated range of 2,000 yards.

It would, of course, be impossible to mention all their activities for, as one cadet writes, 'While our hosts were most careful to ensure that we saw a great deal of army life, they were anxious that we should see as much of Germany as possible.' At least two parties visited No. 652 A.O.P. Squadron, where they were given flights in dual-control Austers, in which they



The Jewish memorial at Belsen

did photographic missions, low flying and dual instruction. The Squadron Chipmunks, however, for some reason or other, remained mysteriously hidden throughout their stay! The A.O.P. pilots, Artillery officers, proved charming hosts, always most willing to get the cadets into their native element whenever possible.

All escaped unhurt at the Regimental stables of the 9th Queen's Royal Lancers and at the Army Dog School where five mounts and two hundred dogs respectively proved strongly allergic to blue uniforms. On the other hand, there are no reports of sensitivity trouble during the visit of another party to a brewery, nor were any rats seen

in the legendary town of Hamelin. Many cadets were taken to see the huge statue of Hermann's Denkmal, a legendary warrior who repelled the Roman legionaries in his native forests. The Moehne dam proved most interesting 'for one could detect the new stonework, and a kiosk was selling photographs on postcards of the breach of the dam taken immediately after the famous raid.' Of more morbid interest were the remains of the notorious concentration camp at Belsen, little of which is left except the foundations of the S.S. staff buildings and the huge mass graves.

Some had the good fortune to spend a weekend at the Officers' Sailing Club on the Moehne Sea. Though the elements were unfriendly (several yachts capsized) 'the intrepid cadets ventured forth on the turbulent water. One cadet's yacht snapped a mainshroud, necessitating the lowering of the mainsail. He and his captain sailed bravely on, using only the foresail and though they could have made harbour (other Cranwellians repudiate this) they were glad to be "rescued" by a motor boat.'

The Colonel of the 8th King's Royal Irish Hussars took a party of cadets to the races at Hamburg. He gave them an excellent meal at the Officers' Club before the race. Whether he also gave them some



The street in Hamelin down which the pied piper of legendary fame led his victims

hot tips is not mentioned, but as the Colonel's horse came in last, and the cadet's report adds laconically 'We lost money on the day,' we must judge this matter for ourselves.

They were all nobly entertained in the various Officers' Messes; one party found an excellent lunch waiting for them on their arrival the first day, though the time was 1500 hours. Many were introduced to 'billiards fives,' 'a game which

would doubtless be banned at Cranwell.' A mention of injuries sustained by bodies and clothing is probably sufficient explanation of this surmise.

The success of the entire expedition was due largely to the arrangements made and the kindness shown by the army hosts. All who went thoroughly enjoyed their brief glimpse into the daily life of the Royal Armoured Corps. Major Peyton of the War Studies team,

who took so much trouble on their behalf, certainly deserves their gratitude. The conclusion to one report probably best sums up the feelings of all the officers and cadets who went to Germany. 'We learnt,' he writes, 'a great deal about army life and equipment, and we feel that this will greatly help our understanding of the army's needs in peace and war. The visit was most enjoyable and well worth the efforts of those who made it possible.'

The Navigation Trip to Gibraltar

IT was 65 Entry's turn to make the nav. trip to Gibraltar in the Easter leave. A member of the party of 12 who made the trip writes:

Four Lincolns did the job and take-off was from Shawbury on Friday, 22nd April, very early in the morning. The route lay due south across France until the Mediterranean was touched at Sète. We flew out over the Mediterranean before turning westwards in order to keep well clear of the jealously protected Spanish territory.

The weather was fine throughout the trip, and as we could see the ground all the way, our task of navigating was made easy. We were very impressed by the snow-covered peaks of the Alps away to the east, rising two or three thousand feet above us. Map-reading, naturally, was not easy in this mountainous area, but it was enjoyable nevertheless to sit in the bomb-aimer's position and see the steep valleys with their vast network of rivers, the many modern dams and irrigation schemes, and the tiny farms and villages clinging to the sides of the mountains.

After we had established V.H.F. contact with Gibraltar the cloud began to thicken and we eventually homed on to the Rock, using Rebecca-Eureka. We were surprised to find that when landing at Gibraltar part of the circuit is flown on the other side of the Rock from the landing strip. This state of affairs is surely a blessing to all those pilots who never could fly a

downwind leg parallel to the runway. On landing we were met by Flight Lieutenant D. Woods (No. 54 Entry) who looked after us very well throughout our stay. He made sure that we saw as much as possible and did all that we wanted to during the weekend and our thanks are due to him for a very successful visit.

We moved into the Transit Officers' Quarters and then went to the shopping centre, where we were attracted by the wide range of cheap Japanese products, particularly textiles and fancy cigarette lighters. In the evening we went across the

frontier into the Spanish town of La Linea. One of the main attractions at La Linea is the very cheap sherry and *vino* which we lost no time in sampling. We were at once beset by hordes of tiny children trying to sell us all sorts of weird foods, but the 'overripe' smell which they all seemed to exude quite dissuaded any would-be customers. Mural decoration in the bars at La Linea consists mainly of the stuffed heads of *toros* that have met a brave end in local *corridas*. These memorials, everyone agreed, showed some very fine types of bull and prompted one of us to point



Aboard a launch of the Marine Craft section during a tour of the naval dockyard at Gibraltar. Seated in the foreground are Farmer, Browne and Flt Lt E. S. Williams



An exciting moment during the bull-fight at La Linea

the plain moral that even away from base one's leisure seemed to be somewhat overshadowed.

For the rest of the evening we enjoyed Spanish night life, which covers a multitude of sins, and we even ventured into a dance-hall. We soon stopped dancing, however, when we realized—not without acute embarrassment and discomfort—the energetic and unusual way in which the Spanish girl expects to dance. Definitely no market for the Creep here.

On Saturday morning we were taken out for a trip in one of the launches of the Marine Craft section. We toured the naval dockyard populated by British, American and Portuguese warships. Then we went out to sea and looked at the Rock 'from the outside.' We also saw many of the local inhabitants fishing from their small and overloaded boats. After we came ashore three of us were taken to Catalan Bay. This is a separate village community on the eastern side of the Rock. It was founded by a band of Genoese pirates who were shipwrecked there many years ago, and was virtually cut off from the rest of Gibraltar until the present tunnels were completed. Now it is a peaceful and prosperous village sheltered by the Rock from the

Atlantic winds and built round the best bathing beach in Gibraltar.

Whilst we were there, we heard the result of that week's lottery. Unfortunately beginner's luck did not favour us and we came away without the much sought after £10,000. We spent the rest of the afternoon shopping and pausing for refreshment. Towards teatime it was quite usual to see a Cranwellian staggering down the main street under an extraordinary assortment of carpets, baskets, tablecloths and awkwardly shaped parcels containing either a fine bargain or a piece of rubbish—we couldn't tell the difference, and it all seemed so cheap anyway.

On Saturday evening we were all invited to a cocktail party given by the Station Commander, Group Captain Johnson, and Mrs Johnson, and we all enjoyed it immensely. For the rest of the evening we stayed on the Rock and visited the night clubs most usually frequented by the British people living or stationed in Gibraltar. During the courses of various cabarets we were treated to some first-class exhibitions of Spanish dancing. This includes an incessant castanet rhythm from the lady and some very vigorous heel stamping and

clicking by the man. Most of the dances tell a story in the course of which the man usually dies. These scenes were particularly effective as the men threw themselves about the floor with a most impressive fervour.

We were taken on a tour of the defence positions of the Rock during Sunday morning and our guide-in-chief was Flight Lieutenant Jackson, who provided us with a very interesting and informative morning. The initial drive along the roads which cling to the precipitous sides of the Rock was a thrilling experience and we were not surprised to learn that the life of a military vehicle used for travelling continually to and from the top of the Rock is only four weeks. We walked through miles of tunnels and saw many of the gun positions and observation posts. We visited the St. Michael cave system, with its fantastic stalactites and stalagmites and saw the entrance to the mysterious tunnel which has never been explored and is thought to pass under the Mediterranean and connect Gibraltar with North Africa.

We encountered a colony of the famous Rock Apes and they entertained us well for a long while. They are curiously attracted by windscreen wipers and love to rip them from cars and destroy them. We had been forewarned of this and guarded our four cars carefully, but even so these crafty animals staged a show of acrobatics on a long rope which drew off our attention long enough for one of them to creep around behind us, leap onto the bonnet of a Land Rover and carry off the windscreen wiper with a victorious chatter.

What was probably the highlight of our stay was our visit on Sunday afternoon to the bull fight in La Linea. This entertainment was new to all of us, but it is by no means a difficult sport to enjoy. It was not as good as we had been led to believe, but in true British fashion our sympathies lay with the bulls: six fine strong animals, standing no chance whatsoever of leaving the ring alive. We were suitably impressed by the matadors, who put

up a good show whether they were teasing the bull with their red capes or leaping over the bull's horns to place the little darts—called *bandilleros*—into the bull's neck and so madden it, or manoeuvring to deal the death blow with the sword. At all times we admired their courage, grace and agility. We did not admire the role played by the *picadors*, who rode in on padded and blindfolded horses and used long spears to tear open the muscles in the bull's neck to impair its ability to toss and gore a man. This was the really sanguinary part of the game and we learned afterwards that in the best bull fights the *picadors* are not used.

The bull fight lasted for three hours and afterwards we stayed in La Linea until the border closed.

We each went our separate ways and it would be impossible to record what each of us did. However we all made full use of the inexpensive drinks and ate some of the unusual dishes available, particularly the octopus and swordfish. Octopus has an odd taste rather like warm jellied veal with a fish flavour, though for obvious reasons we found it oddly reminiscent of sherry. We also observed the quaint Spanish custom whereby everyone walks round the town just before their evening meal. At sunset therefore the streets are thronged with people, all wishing each other Good-night.

We left Gibraltar on Monday morning. The flight home—over the sea all the way—was uneventful as we were again blessed with good weather. We were able to make

good use of the H₂S round the Spanish coastline and later over the Scilly Isles and Bristol Channel. The cloud thickened beneath us as we approached the English Channel and so we were glad to be able to fall back on Gee as a fixing aid. All four aircraft landed at Shawbury within a few minutes of each other after a seven-hour flight.

We passed through Customs and, having expressed our thanks to our respective crews and in particular Wing Commander Swales and Wing Commander Seagar, we left Shawbury soon after tea. In conclusion we would like to thank Squadron Leader Steele and Flight Lieutenants Burns and Williams for giving us such an enjoyable way in which to practise what they have taught us.

J.A.B.



Above: A party of cadets ready to set off on the 36-hour exercise, Operation Time Bomb. Their disconsolate expressions were not entirely due to the prospect of carrying their burdens up and down the Welsh mountains; it was pouring with rain when this photograph was taken. Left to right: Chandler, Hunter, Bacon, Mundy, White (sitting), Goodband, Ettridge

Top right: Flight Sergeants Holt and Chandler remind us that they too were there

Bottom right: The judges of the cooking competition seem well pleased with 'D' Flight's culinary efforts. Left to right: Squadron Leader Roberts, Flight Lieutenant J. A. Smith, the Commandant, Squadron Leader Bazalgette, Cadet Symons

SNOWDON

SURVIVAL I



Broadcast Interview

Rendezvous Avignon

During the Easter vacation five flight cadets of No. 67 Entry, with two officers, spent a week in Provence seeing the sights and brushing up their French. Four days were spent at Avignon, at an hotel lying almost within the shadow of the famous Palais, and three at the Ecole de l'Air, at the kind invitation of Colonel Bigot, the officer commanding the Ecole. Some of the party were interviewed by the B.B.C. French service upon return and their impressions, as broadcast, are printed below

QUESTION

Je vous ai parlé il y a deux mois de la visite des élèves-officiers français à l'Ecole de l'Air britannique de Cranwell. Mais les cadets de la Royal Air Force ne se contentent pas de ces échanges officiels, et ils ont récemment organisé une petite expédition dans le midi de la France pour se familiariser avec le pays, ses habitants, et aussi pour perfectionner leur français. Voici les impressions de l'officier qui a eu l'initiative de ce voyage et de deux des cadets qui y ont pris part. Je vais laisser au commandant L., qui est professeur . . . à Cranwell, le soin de nous expliquer le but de cette randonnée en Provence. Je crois, mon commandant, que vous connaissez bien cette région?

ANSWER

Oui. J'ai été quatre fois en Provence en trois ans.

QUESTION

Et quel est le but de votre voyage?

ANSWER

Nous avions pour but de voir—comme on dit en anglais—une grande 'tranche' de la Provence en une semaine; nous avons voulu explorer de Vaison-la-Romaine à Marseille et de Nîmes à Aix-en-Provence. Mais en fait nous ne sommes allés que jusqu'à Orange; et un des élèves-officiers qui était parti à

pied d'Avignon est presque arrivé au Pont-du-Gard. Autrement, nous avons visité toutes les villes, les curiosités et les antiquités de notre projet.

QUESTION

Vous êtes allés en Provence en avion?

ANSWER

Mais oui. Et à mon avis, ce vol au dessus de la France a été pour nous, habitants d'un pays du nord, la meilleure introduction à la Provence. On peut apprécier d'un coup d'oeil la grande diversité du paysage provençal, qui fait un contraste frappant avec notre Lincolnshire.

QUESTION

Je vais demander à l'élève-officier T. qu'est-ce qui l'a le plus frappé?

ANSWER

Je crois que c'est l'accueil que tout le monde nous a réservé, et qui a vraiment touché nos coeurs dès que nous étions arrivés. Nous n'oublierons pas la patronne de notre hôtel qui était désolée de ne pas pouvoir trouver des drapeaux britanniques pour nos chambres.

QUESTION

Et où habitez-vous à Avignon? C'est l'élève-officier McV. qui va me répondre.

ANSWER

Dans un petit hôtel meublé—comme ceux qu'on voit dans les films français. Les chambres étaient situées autour d'un grand escalier tournant, et le toit semblait aller jusqu'au ciel. La patronne nous donnait le petit déjeuner, y assistait, et nos dictionnaires aussi! Nous parlions de ce que nous ferions la journée, et elle nous enseignait des phrases utiles, spécialement les expressions familières. Pour le repas de midi, nous achetions notre déjeuner—du pain, du

The mausoleum at St. Remy-de-Provence. The relief shows a Roman battle scene

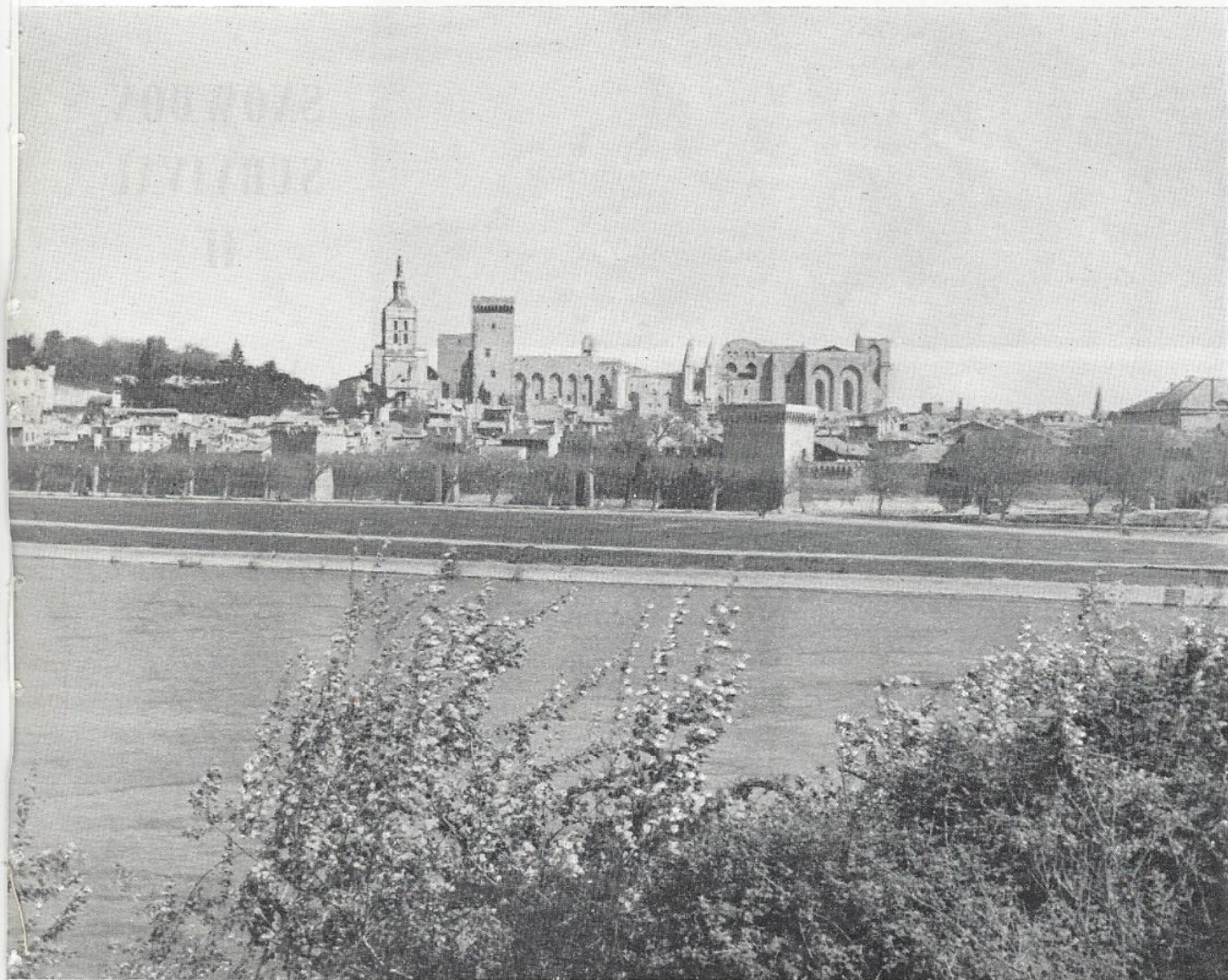


Above: Avignon, as it are the cathedral (cent

beurre, des fruits-chambres.

Une dernière qu'élèves-officiers ont-i

Ca n'a évidemment scolaire. Nous no ami du patron de fesseur.' Ancien so professeur a corrigé les élèves-officiers e. tantôt les élèves-offi frappés de sa con marseillaise et du l'offenserai pas si je ici la plupart des ex



...appears from across the river Rhone. The city's mediæval ramparts are clearly visible in the middle distance, while dominating the landscape (left) and the magnificent fortress-palace of the Popes (centre right). The river is an artery for freight traffic. Below: The old Port at Marseilles

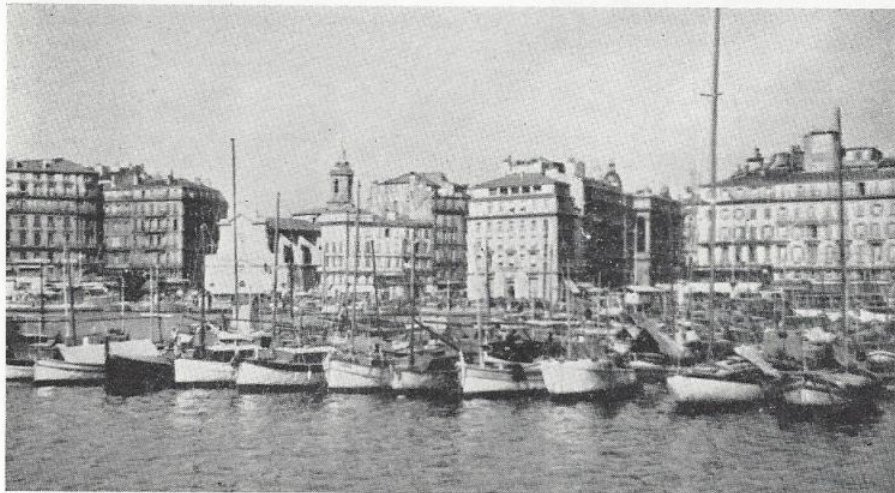
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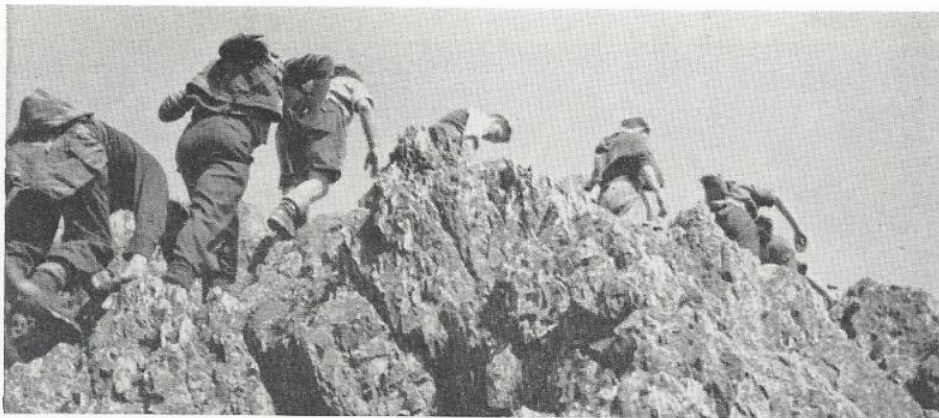
QUESTION

...question, mon commandant: les
...ls fait des progrès en français?

ANSWER

...nt pas été un enseignement très
...us souviendrons toujours d'un
...l'hôtel à Avignon, notre 'prod
...ldat de l'armée de terre, notre
...des lettres écrites en français par
...ous a aidés, tantôt les officiers,
...ciers. Nous avons été fortement
...naissance de la langue verte
...dialecte provençal; et je ne
...dis que je ne peux pas répéter
...pressions qu'il nous a apprises.





SNOWDON SURVIVAL II

No. 70 ENTRY

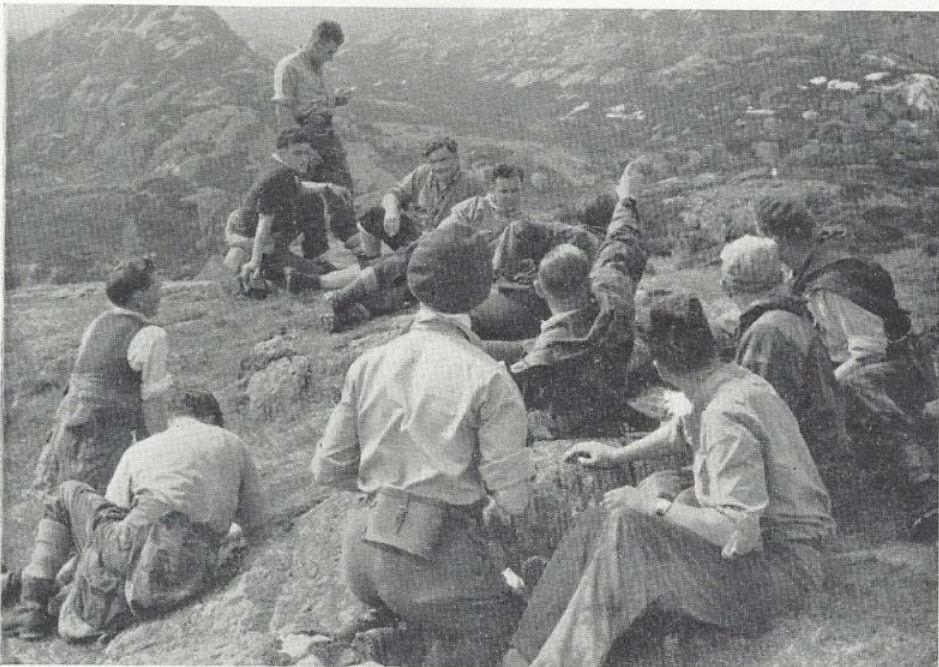
Top: A party of cadets navigating Crib Goch, part of the Snowdon horseshoe in N. Wales



Centre: Squadron Leader Roberts briefs the four flight cadet commanders before the ascent of Tryfan. Members of the Royal Air Force Mountain Rescue Team from R.A.F. Valley are seen in the background



Bottom: Mumford (left) supervises the rest of his flight during preparations for the camp cooking competition



Canoeing on the Broads

ON 18th April Coulcher and Coates set off by train from London for a six days' canoeing expedition on the Broads. One of the party here describes their experiences.

We were very glad to find, when we reached Wroxham, in Norfolk, that our packed 'Tyne' canoe was still in a good state of repair and even more pleased to discover an assembling and launching site only 300 yards from the station. It took us nearly three hours to assemble our canoe and to gather together and stow all necessary stores. However, at 1600 hours, the journey by river actually began—the canoe lying very low in the water and the mountains of kit balanced precariously above it.

Our destination by water was the two large and comparatively uncivilized Broads of Hickling and Horsey; whilst our intentions were primarily ornithological.

On our first evening we pressed down the river Bure, intending to cover as much ground as possible. The river was extremely calm, the current was with us, and two very amateur canoeists had the very gratifying experience of passing many becalmed yachts which haunt the Broads highway. We found the canoe rather difficult to handle at first, but after an hour or so we made good progress and at 2000 hours had travelled 12 to 15 miles.

After making a small detour, we pitched camp at Ludham Bridge. Next day we paddled rapidly and by 1600 hours found ourselves to the east of Potter Heigham—the Mecca of the Broads—and at the entrance to Heigham Sound which itself leads to Hickling. Here we met another group of ornithologists with whom we were to become very friendly during the next few days. We paddled up Heigham Sound and found a vast expanse of water lying away to our north—an area of about four square miles, which at no time is more than six feet deep and in many places is down to a mere six inches, with an additional three inches of thick mud, as we soon found to our cost. However, night was drawing in and a permanent camping site had to be found. We tried many areas, some too wet, others too far from the nearest stores, before we came upon a small flattish area on the edge of an enclosed bay and protected from the north by a bank. This proved to be an ideal site, although we found the natives were more friendly than their dogs. The village of Hickling was only 20 minutes' walk away and the bay turned out to be a passage haven for the myriad of migrant waders which pass up our eastern shore.

During the next three days we made excursions from our base camp around Hickling, paying



The camp site on Hickling Broad. The famous bird artist, Roland Green, uses the building in the background as an observation post for his studies

particular attention to the Whiteslea reserve, and to Horsey, which is joined to Hickling by a 1½-mile-long meadow dyke. The weather was all the time very fair, with long periods of sunshine accompanied by a cold N.E. wind. The canoe was found to be the ideal form of transport on the Broads, although only one other canoe was seen during the whole trip and many people were obviously surprised to see such a craft amongst those 'denizens of the swamp,' the yachts. At first we were careful to canoe around the reed beds, but, gaining confidence, we found that she would glide through six inches of water and reeds quite safely. All three days were spent watching the fauna of the area while the evenings were passed in the local inn, 'The Pleasure Boat.' In between times a certain amount of food was cooked, and one of our two primus stoves gave us valiant service; the other is perhaps best not mentioned. We gather that the local inhabitants are still discussing a minor explosion which had been observed in the area of Hickling Broad.

On Saturday our trip was scheduled to end, and at 0600 hours the tent, or what was left of it, was dismantled and stowed away. Encouraged by a shower, we completed our four-mile trip down Hickling in record time.



The headquarters of the Whiteslea Nature Reserve. Coates is seen in the foreground paddling the Tyne canoe.

DEVIZES to

THE trip began on a fine Thursday morning. Rogers and Pollock, looking the worse for wear after a graduation ball and resembling a couple of American doughboys, complete with peaked caps and close-cropped hair, made their way to Devizes.

When they reached the military barracks, where they were to be accommodated, they were confronted by the other competitors, among whom were the cream of British canoeists. They thought it would be prudent to remain mysteriously reticent about their own training for the event; Lincolnshire weather had prevented them from having much more than a hazy idea of what the inside of their canoe looked like.

Next morning, complete with all the statutory impedimenta for the race, their canoe with its two double-bladed paddles was lowered gently into the water. They pushed off under the strict surveillance of the starter and various other officials, entrants and local inhabitants, the more knowledgeable of whom were making hurried bets that they would capsize in their unstable-looking K-2 before reaching the bridge ten yards away. They confounded the experts by capsizing ten yards the other side of the bridge, making it look, they hoped, as if they always made a point of familiarizing themselves with the water they were to canoe over.

After twenty minutes' delay while they emptied the cause of all their misfortunes of as much water as possible, they decided to stabilize the, by now, even more unstable and deadweighted canoe. Rogers removed his high seat and sat low in the canoe while Pollock, preferring comfort to stability, retained his former position.

Ready once more, they forced their way down the sluggish canal

with an increasing sense of stability to the first lock fourteen miles away, which they sighted with relief after over three hours' paddling. The portages, which they had been warned would be very tricky with a keel rudder, were unbelievably easy once they had worked out a drill. Indeed after forty-five of them they fancied themselves fairly proficient. Hip-deep mud, gravel, nettles, riverweed, high banks and submerged boulders all tended to make this problem more interesting. They passed safely through the 1,000-yard-long Savernake tunnel over reedshallows, portaged a 400-yard stretch, circumnavigated weirs and fallen trees and passed under bridges with hardly two feet of water clearance.

Just before dusk, having passed Hungerford, they stopped at a lock where they recuperated with the aid of cans of self-heating soup, dates, raisins and hard tack. The portages now became more difficult with the onset of darkness, the moon being only a sporadic visitor. On one occasion, with only the flash of a torch to guide them, they had to cross a 'Danger, Unsafe' single-plank footbridge, complete with their heavily laden canoe.

The shadowy reflections on the water were often very deceptive. On one occasion, their first warning of the approaching bank was a sickening crunch as their bows made contact; once, they narrowly averted disaster when they heard the alarming sound of tumbling water only about five yards ahead, when they were under full way. It took no more incidents to remind

them of the need to use their pot-holing-type spotlight for most of the time. Quite dark it must have been, for even a fish failed to notice them and landed amidships—another unwelcome omen.

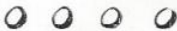
One of the most pleasant experiences on this enjoyable, if ill-fated, trip, was their paddle through Newbury as the church tower was striking eleven. While they slipped gently beneath magical footbridges, between sombre houses whose road was water, and over the reflections from street lamps harmonized to the dip of their paddles, Newbury assumed the atmosphere of a Venetian backwater.

At 0300 hours they were both feeling quite fresh and at last imagined that they were making some impression on the course. They had managed well over half the portages, overtaken three other crews, reached the faster water for which their canoe was designed, and were feeling confident.

Then it happened. After a difficult portage into a fast bystream, they noticed water coming in quickly; with the canoe half full of water close to an unassailable bank they struck out for the opposite side—and went under smoothly. Once more they had to beach, invert and drain the canoe and extract their not-so-waterproof bags. This time, however, was the last, for the keel had a two-foot split where old caulking had given way under the strain of repeated portaging. Disconsolately they made their sleeping arrangements for what was left of the night.

After 'drying' themselves on a wet towel, they succeeded in extricating from the débris one almost dry sleeping bag and one dry set of clothes. Too weary to haggle over their spoils, they slept through the dawn.

A.R.P.



Sailing at Salcombe

NINE members of the Sailing section spent a week of the Easter leave cruising and dinghy sailing with the Island Cruising Club at Salcombe. The yacht chartered for the cruise was an old friend, the 78-ton Brixham trawler, 'Provident.'

Lees, acting as an advance party, helped to complete the fitting-out programme, so that by the time the rest of the party arrived on 13th April, 'Provi,' as she was affectionately known, was more or less ship-shape. The eight offshore sailors soon made themselves at home, while Jackman settled in aboard 'Hoshi,' which was used to accommodate the dinghy sailors. By the time the club launch came alongside, everyone was ready to go ashore to sample Devon cider, which compares very favourably with Lincolnshire beer.

Next day the final tasks were completed, and the crew were given an enjoyable and instructive lesson on the intricacies of setting and stowing sails by the Club Commodore's son. By now, the skipper, Mr Sleightholme, and his wife, who was to cook for them, had come aboard.

Meanwhile Jackman had been finding his sea legs in dinghies. He soon graduated to a Fairey Marine Swordfish moulded hull dinghy, in which he had a most enjoyable time for the rest of the week sailing round Salcombe.

On Friday, under an overcast sky with a stiff breeze blowing from the east, the 'Provident' crew made sail and slipped their cable. As they sailed out, Lees and Moran were instructed to get the anchor over the side, ready for future use. At this point the skipper, fearing the loss of this important piece of equipment, tactfully suggested that they should 'shackle the chain on.' After a very pleasant sail down to Plymouth, the anchor was again the subject of some caustic comments when it got temporarily caught up at a critical moment.

They spent the evening assessing the merits of Plymouth's hospitality to seafarers; this came well up to expectations.

The following morning, while polishing the brasswork to an acceptable Cranwell brilliance, they saw Royal Air Force Mountbatten on parade about 200 yards away. A suggestion that they should shout out a series of conflicting orders at random to enliven the ceremony was fortunately turned down.

The skies were blue and a fresh wind was blowing from the east when they set sail from Plymouth. They soon reached the delightful anchorage between Fowey and Pobruan where they attended a local dance. Their ready acceptance of the skipper's suggestion that they should stay there for the weekend is sufficient comment on the success of the evening. The weather remained sunny and they enjoyed a variety of activities which included battles between dinghies with potatoes as cannon balls, and quiet evenings in the local talking to ancient mariners.

By the time they reached St. Mawes Page and Webber, the most

recently initiated members, were taking things in their stride, while the rest of the crew considered themselves to be old salts. After a quiet evening at St. Mawes, they retired to bed, expecting to find themselves in the same place the following morning. The anchor, however, thought otherwise and was determined to make a third and final attempt to wreck them. They were woken and summoned on deck by the urgent tones of the skipper, from whom they learnt that they were dragging their anchor. As always, Cranwell rose to the occasion, and after a hectic half hour they made fast to the buoy in Falmouth, which is just across the river. Their sighs of relief were cut short, however, when they learnt that the buoy was unsafe; so they moved again and anchored, this time successfully. While in Falmouth they collected among other things, comic masks and noses which were the occasion of a good deal of laughter and some obvious comments.

The last days of the cruise arrived all too soon. Regretfully they said goodbye to the skipper and his



Three of 'Provident's' crew, apparently untroubled by sea-sickness, await the arrival of the next meal. Left to right: Tickell, Lees and Baerselman

wife, wishing them a successful summer's cruising and intending to return at the earliest opportunity.

J.R.L.

Epilogue: *That Dinghy Feeling*

Towards the end of the Spring Term the 'C' Squadron sports chart recorded the interesting fact that one flight cadet, who had conscientiously avoided water since his Junior Entry days was now apparently swimming in every spare minute. It turned out that this deplorable excess of keenness was in fact born of fear: he was going to Devon during the Easter leave to learn the rudiments of dinghy sailing.

Living in a houseboat of the Island Cruising Club at Salcombe, he soon made his first tentative foray on to the water and discovered that, at Easter at any rate, sailing is not a shirt-sleeve sport. Delighted by his own enthusiasm and undaunted by ignorance, he soon made



Tickell polishes the binnacle of 'Provident'

his first solo. Before the end of the week the erstwhile novice was skippering a boat, without many clues, but, fortunately, also without major mishap. In particular, he learnt by experience the three main points about running aground: how to avoid it, how to overcome it, and how to borrow a dry pair of

trousers.

Despite his initial pessimism, he did not capsize and was, in fact, only once completely immersed, when he misjudged the distance between the houseboat and a rowing boat. College blazers are not efficient life-jackets.

R.J.

Pot-holing: Mountaineering: Ski-ing

Pot-holing in Ireland

AT Easter five present and past members of the Pot-holing section under Pilot Officer R. Green (No. 61 Entry) visited for the fifth time in four years the County Clare area of Southern Ireland, in order to explore the Poll Ardua, a system discovered by the section in 1951. One of the party here describes the expedition.

While we crossed Ireland, there lurked at the back of all our minds thoughts of the formidable Canal—a stretch of ice-cold murky water many feet below ground which had so far foiled every attempt to cross it. There was something strangely challenging about this obstacle—no one had ever set foot on the other side and the prospect of

achieving this excited the whole party.

As it involved a ducking, the operation was left until the last day, so that more straightforward exploration of side passages as far as the Canal could be carried out in reasonable comfort.

On the day of the assault on the Canal we set out after a really substantial meal—for the true pot-holer travels on his stomach. After a quick check on all equipment we set off fully clothed into the ever-deepening water which soon reached our waists. By the time it touched our armpits we were having some difficulty in breathing owing to its icy coldness. Not wishing to swim unless it was absolutely necessary, we now clung desperately to a side

wall, our heads just above the water, and edged our way slowly to the far side.

Reaching dry land at last, we had to keep moving, so we set off at a brisk pace to explore the main passage, taking it in turns to lead the way, so that we could each have the satisfaction of being the first to tread on new ground. We came upon some wonderful formations and promising side passages. Having proceeded as far as possible along the main passage, we turned back towards the Canal, for by now we were feeling the effects of our soaking. Only then did it really dawn on us that we had actually succeeded in crossing this formidable obstacle. Our success had been mainly due to the lack of rain during

the previous few weeks, which had made the Canal somewhat shallower than in other years.

On our return to the Canal we discovered that a rainstorm on the surface had caused the water level to rise so rapidly that it was too deep to wade. We were therefore obliged to swim, a most difficult task, dressed as we were in denims and boots, and encumbered with helmets, lights, etc.

When we finally reached the camp above ground several hours after our first wetting, we were all frozen stiff and dog tired. We all agreed, however, that the adventure had been well worth every minus centigrade degree of it. We had conquered the obstacle which had become almost a personal enemy of ours over the years.

This triumph, coupled with the extraordinary heat-wave we encountered during our week's stay, made it the most enjoyable and successful meet for some time.

S.A.E

Mountaineering at Glencoe

This Easter seven members of the Mountaineering section flew to Kinloss, Scotland, and thence by use of the Royal Air Force Mountain Rescue Unit transport, which has its headquarters there, to Glencoe. The party arrived at 1700 hours on 6th April at Mrs Downie's tea rooms, which were used as a base for the meet.

The morning of the 7th dawned with rain and thick mist on the tops,

thus postponing a ridge walk over Aonach Eagach, which was too difficult for an inexperienced party in such weather. Instead, with the help of a young climber, the party visited Gearn Aonach, or 'Lost Valley,' as it is generally known. They crossed some snow and ice, but not so much as was encountered later in the meet. On the way back everyone experienced some excellent scree-running.

For the next few days the weather continued to be very bad and little rock climbing could be carried out in Glencoe, even by experts. The Cranwell party limited its activities to a few short climbs to the north of Altnafeadh, and a ridge walk over Dearn Aonach, where the route led over some fine snow slopes. The value of the ice axe became increasingly apparent to everyone, especially when glissading down the longer snow slopes to the valley.

The weather for the last few days began to clear a little and they split up into two parties, one party spending most of its time climbing the snow slopes, while the other concentrated on rock climbing, including the traversing of the Aonach Eagach, which is one of the finest ridges in Scotland.

We left Glencoe on 12th April, having gained valuable experience on the snow slopes; moreover, the less experienced members had learnt that fundamental lesson, essential for all mountaineers, the necessity for good rope handling.

C.Q.

Ski-ing in Scotland

Once again this Easter all ski-ing took place in Scotland. Eight of us joined courses organized by the Scottish Council of Physical Recreation, held this year at Nethybridge, each lasting a week. Unfortunately the Scottish Kandahar was run before any of us arrived but we were given a full account by Squadron Leader Taylor, who had managed to see it.

To reach the snow was an arduous task as the nearest road, if so it can be called, to the slopes was four miles away. After a few days the walk became fairly pleasant and by the end of the course most people were bounding up the path. The ski-ing itself was only fair because of the sticky state of the snow. It was possible, however, to reach a high speed on the steeper of the two slopes, called 'The White Lady.' These two slopes, each about three-quarters of a mile in length, offered ample scope for the beginner and the advanced alike. The ski-ing instruction given by continental students studying in Great Britain was excellent, as were the displays of fancy ski-ing which they gave once or twice. By the end of the course most of us felt that we were mastering the sport.

At the end of each day, for those not exhausted by the walk and ski-ing, dances and other entertainments were organized.

Our thanks must go to the officials of the Scottish Council of Physical Recreation for making each course so enjoyable.

P.R.

EDITORIAL STAFF OF THE JOURNAL

Managing Editor: Flight Lieutenant C. N. C. Carryer (Telephone: Sleaford 300, Extn. 365, or Sleaford 891)

Editor: Senior Under Officer M. E. Kerr ('B') (Extn. 125)

Executive Editor: Flight Cadet N. M. J. Fraser ('C')

Assistant Editors. Photographs: Flight Cadet P. J. Faid ('A'). *Societies:* Flight Cadet D. J. H. Collins. *Activities:* Flight Cadet J. H. Constable ('B'). *Book and Play Reviews:* Flight Cadet R. Jackman ('C'). *Sketches:* Flight Cadet W. R. Thomas ('A'). *Sport:* Flight Cadet A. R. Pollock

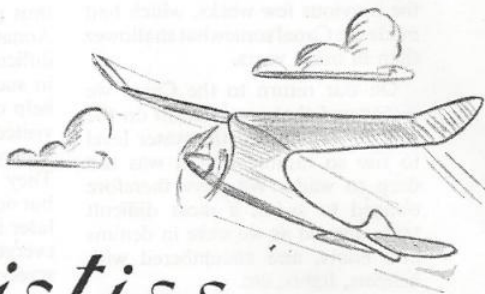
Sub-Editors. Photography: Flight Cadet P. D. French ('C') and Cadet W. I. C. Stoker ('B'). *Sketches:* Flight Cadet E. J. E. Smith ('B'). *Statistics and Distribution:* Flight Cadet R. I. Finch ('A'). *Liaison:* Flight Cadet A. Mumford ('A') *Book Reviews:* Flight Cadet B. C. Scouller ('C'). *Articles and Features:* Flight Cadet D. V. Duval ('B'). *Photography-Plans:* Flight Cadet M. J. F. White ('C')

Chief Proof Reader and Index: Flight Cadet J. Armstrong ('B')

Entry Representatives: Senior Flight Cadet Bridges (65), Flight Cadets Armstrong (66), Boyle (67), Constable (68), White (69), Scouller (70), and Cadet Watkins (71)



Activities and Societies



Canoeing

DURING the close season the section has increased in size so that it now has over 60 members, including a large number of Junior Entries cadets. We have also added to our stock of canoes by buying a K-2 racing kayak, with a view to widening the section's field of activity.

Bad weather in the spring term prevented us from continuing our training on the Trent at Newark, and so we faced a new season with great enthusiasm and very little practice. However, the new members made full use of the Easter vacation, and several crews canoed on the Wye and the Broads, with varied fortunes. Rogers and Pollock gave the K-2 its first test in the Devizes-Westminster Canoe Race, which is reported elsewhere. This is the second time that we have competed in this event, which is perhaps the most arduous of all canoe races.

Early in the summer term we are again entering several crews in the Bedford-St. Neots race, and hope to do ourselves full justice against some very experienced opposition.

We welcome Flying Officer Llewelyn who has succeeded Flight Lieutenant Carryer as our new officer in charge. S.J.G.C.

Field Shooting and Wildfowling

The spring term was not very successful as far as the section was concerned, the weather spoiling our chances far too often and making conditions very difficult. Early in the term, however, several excursions were made to the marshes at Boston where we shot a few widgeon and one member 'bagged' a goose.

Fieldshooting was gravely hampered by the snow which prevented our making full use of what little transport we had, and consequently only about thirty pigeons fell to our guns. Later in the term when the weather cleared, we tried our hand at clay pigeon shooting which was most

enjoyable, and we also spent a few cartridges on the numerous black crows which appear to own Cranwell airfield.

G.A.T.

THE CADETS' ACTIVITIES ORGANIZATION

Gliding

The gliding programme this spring was greatly disrupted by the bad weather and its after-effects on the surface of the North Airfield. We did manage a few days of gliding, however, and several members were sent off solo, in preparation for a projected visit to France during the Easter leave, which unfortunately had to be cancelled.

We say goodbye to Flight Lieutenant Cree who has been officer in charge since January, 1954, and welcome in his place Flight Lieutenant Sercombe, who has been helping the club for some time as an instructor.

Our membership is now over 50, many from Junior Entries. Many new winch drivers and some cadet instructors will have to be checked out early in the summer term if we are to cope with the number expected when the sun shines.

M.C.G.

Riding

This term the Riding section's four horses braved many an icy morning to carry flight cadets on their morning exercise. Happily all four survived. At one time they were stable-bound for 10 days, during which time they were exercised on straw in the stable yard.

The highlight of the term was the meet of the Belvoir Hunt at the College. Two flight cadets rode with the hunt that day, experiencing a tough day's riding which included a run through Sleaford Wood.

Towards the end of the term during the visit to the College of a party from the Ecole de l'Air, Salon, several members of the Riding section accompanied a party of the French cadets to the Blankney Hunt Point-to-Point. This visit was enjoyed by our French colleagues, although most of them came away looking, perhaps, a little mystified.

P.J.F.

Sailing

During the spring term the section put in some hard work on the three dinghies, and by the end of term all of them were almost ready for the season. The fleet will be further increased in June with the arrival of the new 12-foot national.

Membership flourishes, and the section sails in term time at Newark. At Easter a most successful cruise was held with the Island Cruising Club at Salcombe, as reported elsewhere.

J.R.L.

INDEX OF THE 'R.A.F. COLLEGE JOURNAL'

An index of the post-war numbers of the *R.A.F. College Journal* has been prepared and will be available shortly. It is not proposed to send copies to all subscribers in view of the great expense that would be involved, but librarians and readers who possess complete sets may wish to receive copies. These may be obtained on request to the Managing Editor.

THE COLLEGE SOCIETY

Aeromodelling

BAD weather during the past few months has prevented the section meeting regularly, but as soon as the fine weather arrives, several members will be trying out their new models.

It is hoped that the club's radio-control gear will soon be used since it is to be installed in a semi-scale power model with a span of almost six feet. The flying of the model and its manipulation will be in the hands of three members.

W.A.E.

Chess

During the spring term, the College chess team played only two matches, one against the Officers, and one against Oxford University.

Both matches were played away. The Officers provided a constant supply of beer and a most enjoyable evening. Played over five boards, the match was weighted in favour of the College team, who were in better practice than their opponents. We won by three games to two.

Our trip to Oxford provided members of the team with an experience of first-class chess which was of considerable value. That we lost was only to be expected, but the result of four games to one looks more one-sided than was actually the case. We came close to scoring a win, for the games were all close and well fought, the fortunes turning against us only at the end.

A.W.

Debating

The society has been re-formed and reorganized. Today its keynote is informality, and its objectives are high. During the spring term we held three meetings, of which two were informal discussions, and one a formal debate. For the first time, Junior Entries were genuinely encouraged to join the society and a balloon debate, followed by a discussion, was held in the Junior Entries' Lounge. During the debate it was decided that although Marilyn Monroe had some good points, Lady Docker would benefit the world most by remaining in the balloon.

In the Junior Mess later in the term we tackled an old nut in a new way,

when a discussion was held on the relative merits of public and grammar school education; unfortunately the old nut withstood the heated battering we gave it and no result worth mentioning can be recorded here, although plenty of new talent was discovered during the evening.

The formal debate in the Senior College was held on 15th March. The motion, 'In the opinion of this House, British Railways should be turned into roads' was debated with the aid of many statistics and even more gusto. Although attendance was poor because of examinations and visits, those present, under the chairmanship of the officer in charge, appeared to enjoy themselves thoroughly.

During this term we hope, if we reach a high enough standard, to invite some guest speakers to one of our debates. For this project, we will need the full support of all our members.

A.A.B.

Photography

The spring term is usually the least active, photographically speaking, of the three, and last term, as might be expected, was no exception.

In spite of setbacks, some good work has been produced and Turnill is to be commended for his excellent

air-to-air shots of the Provost. The flying display for the visit of the French cadets from Salon brought out many cameras, and most of the results were satisfactory.

The two darkrooms, newly equipped with more developing tanks, timers and a retouching kit, now provide ample facilities to meet the needs of our many members. The studio, opened before Christmas, has been used for formal and informal portraiture.

Another exhibition to top our endeavours of last Christmas is planned for July.

M.C.G.

The Film Society

At the beginning of the summer term, a new section of the College Society was formed, with the intention of showing films of both historical and contemporary interest.

The combination of serious study and entertainment has proved to be a popular idea, over forty members having joined the section before activities ever started. It is planned to show five films a term to our members and three films a term to the rest of the College Society. All these meetings will be held on Sunday evenings, and details of the film to be shown will be posted in the usual way.

It is hoped that talks will be arranged on various subjects associated with the cinema, and it is also envisaged that future production on a limited scale would not be beyond our means or capabilities.

A.W.



Gliding from the North Airfield. Boyle and Heron ready for take off

Fiction Library

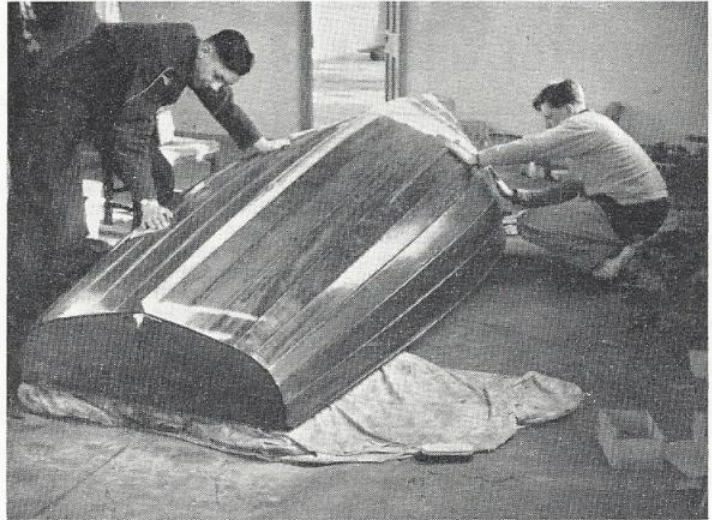
During the spring term the fiction library was open at all times during the day, and a corresponding increase in the number of loans was noticed.

However, the number of flight cadets who use this excellent library is still disturbingly low. This could be due to lack of time or the fact that the library is in too secluded a part of the College, or even that people are busy writing their own books. Nevertheless, we have decided to increase the publicity of the library and it is hoped that this will stimulate interest in this fine, modern collection of some two thousand books.

A.W.

Printing

At the beginning of the spring term work progressed on the wine list for the College Mess. It was completed in time for the Founders' Day luncheon. A number of other tasks were completed during the term, including the tickets for live entertainments at the Astra cinema, and work has started on a 2,000 reprint of



Duval (left) and Baerselman put the finishing touches to the hull of 'Shambles' in preparation for the coming season

certain forms for the College Society accounting department. Throughout the term all the members worked well and willingly.

At half-term the section was able to move into its new room, which is a great improvement.

D.F.E.E.

' JOURNAL ' AWARDS

TWO years ago, during the term of the Coronation, the Editorial Committee decided to offer awards for exemplary work done for *The Journal* by flight cadets who were not members of the Editorial Committee. The College Society has recently offered to make two additional awards. It is proposed to publish each term the names of those flight cadets whose contributions have been judged worthy of an award.

From the June, 1953 issue up to and including the November, 1954 issue the following flight cadets have received awards ranging from thirty shillings to ten shillings and sixpence:

Flight Cadet R. L. Lees
Flight Cadet G. X. E. McLeod
Flight Cadet M. A. Howells
Flight Cadet I. D. Brimson
Flight Cadet D. P. Stables
Flight Cadet W. R. Thomas
Flight Cadet J. E. Abraham
Flight Cadet A. A. Boyle
Senior Under Officer E. D. Frith
Senior Flight Cadet J. D. Pugh
Flight Cadet J. A. Bell
Flight Cadet P. R. Evans
Flight Cadet S. A. Iqbal

Flight Cadet E. J. E. Smith
Flight Cadet R. A. Jackson
Flight Cadet J. McVie
Flight Cadet A. R. Pollock
Flight Cadet H. N. J. Rigg

The Awards Sub-Committee have recommended that the following awards should be made for the March, 1955 issue:

Articles and Reports

College Society Award (30s.) Senior Flight Cadet J. A. Bell for the article 'Where East meets West' (page 64).
Journal Award (21s.) Flight Cadet A. R. Pollock for the boxing reports (pages 73 and 75).
Journal Award (21s.) (Held over from November, 1954, issue.) Shared between Senior Flight Cadet J. A. Bell and Flight Cadet A. J. S. Whittaker for their book-reviews (pages 97 and 99).

Photographs and Sketches

College Society Award (30s.) Under Officer J. P. T. O'Mahoney for the photograph on page 80.
Journal Award (21s.) Flight Cadet W. R. Thomas for the sketch on page 90.



SPORT IN THE SPRING TERM

The Ecole de l'Air Rugby Match

WHILE weather conditions for this match were good as far as the players were concerned, the large crowd of spectators had to huddle in the shelter of the cricket pavilion, out of the cold west wind. The College all looked forward to a victory which would end the run of drawn games but again the two teams fought a hard match to finish all square with six points each.

From the kick-off it became obvious that neither side would gain a runaway victory and the battle raged hot and strong in the middle of the pitch. However, the much greater weight of the French pack ensured their possession of the ball from most of the set scrummages, in spite of some good hooking by Gibson, and, after they had carried play to our end, one of their three-quarters went over for a try which was not converted.

The score at half time stood at three points to nil, but soon after the restart the French were awarded a penalty following some loose play near our 25-yard line. They kicked a good goal and thus gave themselves a six-point lead. At this point the Cranwell team made a good recovery and the French were never given another chance of scoring. In the set scrummages we bound more tightly and packed lower, therefore hooking the ball practically

every time. In the line-outs, Marriott and Daley were successful in getting the ball back, and in the loose Rigg's 'bulldozing' breaks-through gained ground time and again.

The ball steadily moved towards the French line and when Coombes was given a chance he seized it with both hands and went over near the corner flag for a fine try. Porter's kicking was not up to its usual high standard and the kick went wide. Within five minutes of the end, Cohu, the Cranwell captain, who had been playing a first-class game at centre three-quarter, scored with a well-placed drop kick to level the scores.

When the final whistle came, yet another Salon match had ended in a draw. Mention must be made of the full-back Holdway, for his safe pair of hands and good, accurate kicks, and also of Aylett, the scrum-half, who produced a long, clean service throughout the game and kept the ball on the move the whole time.

J.A.B.

(Photographs of the Salon matches can be seen on pp. 144-5. For an account of the fencing match against the Ecole de l'Air, please turn to the appropriate heading on p. 190.)

Hockey against Sandhurst

THE Sandhurst match this year was played on Saturday, 26th March. Training had begun in earnest almost three weeks before, so when the College XI, containing five members of last year's team, arrived at Sandhurst, they were confident of a victory for the second successive year.

A slight breeze and plenty of sun greeted the players as they went on the field. The first half was played at a cracking pace, Sandhurst scoring their first goal after fifteen minutes. This half was fairly even with Cranwell at times moving the ball well, especially down the left wing. The handling of the forwards, however, was poor and a close shot was missed by our centre forward in his excitement to hit the ball hard.

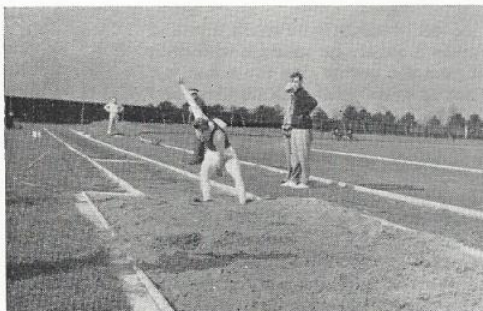
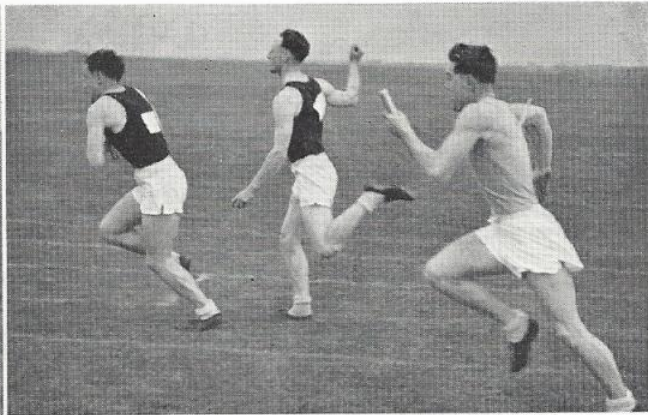
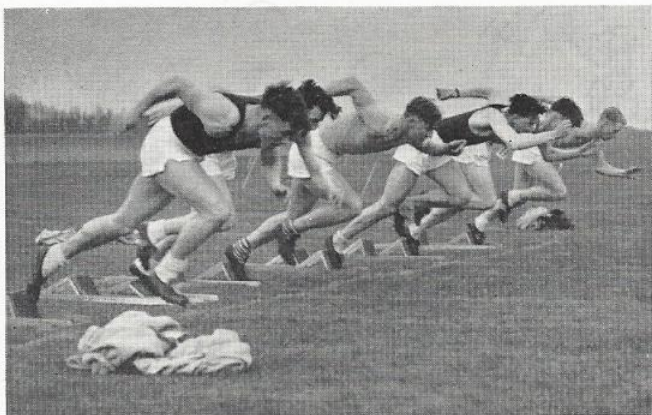
The teams changed ends and we were still in a position to win the match. The next twenty minutes, however, saw Sandhurst smash into our net five goals. One person at this time stood out in the Cranwell defence—May, at right back, who played one of his finest games for the

College. He alone broke up several dangerous attacks and Sandhurst, though well realizing this fact, were unable to subdue him.

Other players deserving mention were the captain, Hawtin, who played an excellent game at left half and Durnford in goal who did well to stop the number that he did. The Sandhurst forward line, ably supported by their captain and centre half, Ward, was the best we encountered during the season, making the most of all openings, especially during the second half. Four of the seven goals were scored by Sandhurst's centre forward Mears, who combined well in attack with his inside forwards. They, unlike our own, drew their opposite numbers before passing.

The score in this game was disappointing, and there was little excuse for it. The game, however, proved an excellent, if chastening, experience for the whole team.

D.J.H.S.



THE INTER-SQUADRON ATHLETICS MATCH

Top left: The start of the 100 yards. The result of this race was: 1st, Sawyer of 'C' Squadron (third from right); 2nd, Gallwey of 'B' Squadron (fourth from right) and Warner of 'A' Squadron (second from right). Top right: An exciting moment during the 4 x 110 yards relay. White hands over the baton to another of the winning 'C' Squadron team. Middle left: White of 'C' Squadron competing in the hop, step and jump. Middle Centre: Mrs Eeles presents a cup to Griffiths of 'C' Squadron, winner of the mile. Middle right: The Commandant ties the ribbon to the rope to start the tug of war. Flight Lieutenant Jarvis looks on. Bottom left: Lea ('A') and Rogers ('B') struggle for third place in the 120 yards hurdles. The result of this race was: 1st, Card ('B'); 2nd, Turner ('A'); 3rd, Lea ('A'). Bottom right: The winning 'A' Squadron tug of war team. Standing: Biddiscombe, Edmondston, Turner, Hall. Kneeling: Osborne, O'Mahoney, McVie, Rigg



CHIMAY CUP COMPETITION

ATHLETICS

THIS year there were no athletic standards and the event was decided entirely by the inter-squadron athletic meeting. The three squadrons started training in good time and it was obvious from the outset that the competition would be keen. However, continuous snow and bad weather restricted training to the gymnasium for three weeks.

On the day of the match the cinder track was not fit to be used so the running events were competed for on a grass track laid out on the North Airfield. Although the times could not be good the competition was keen and many of the events had exciting finishes.

In the last two sprints a great tussle ensued between Warner ('A') and Sawyer ('C'), Sawyer taking the honours in the 100 yds. and Warner in the 220 yds.

The two middle-distance events were won by Lawrance ('A'), comfortably in the 440 yds., but only after a close finish in the 880 yds., when he narrowly beat Little ('C').

Card ('B') did extremely well throughout the afternoon and gained first place in no fewer than three events: the 120 yds. hurdles, long jump and the hop, step and jump, in which he covered a distance of 42 ft. 4½ in.

Ryan ('B') won the two-mile event while Griffiths took the lead early in the one mile and was never seriously challenged.

One of the outstanding performances was by Burns ('C') who threw 148 ft. 10 in. in the javelin event.

Perhaps the most exciting event of the afternoon was the medley relay. 'C' Squadron took the lead in the second 220 yds. lap, held it throughout the 440 and were 10 yds. ahead at the changeover for the final half mile. Little ('C') held the lead with Lawrance ('A') keeping just behind him. With 50 yards to go Little put in his final sprint but was unable to hold Lawrance who crossed the line, giving 'A' Squadron the victory.

In the tug of war a high standard was reached this year. 'A' Squadron, with a heavier and better co-ordinated team, beat 'C' Squadron in the final in two straight pulls.

A.R.P.
M.J.B.L.

BOXING

'A' v 'C'

In the opening bout of the evening at bantamweight, Situnayake ('C') stopped a determined but inexperienced Raeburn in the second round. Tiffen at light-welterweight won a hard fight, using speed and science to combat White's aggressiveness. Allen, Ettridge and McArthur of 'A' Squadron and Le Brocq ('C') all

	Points Scored		
	'A' Sqn	'B' Sqn	'C' Sqn
Athletics ...	25	5	15
Hockey ...	8	20	8
Boxing ...	15	3	9
Squash ...	10	2	6
Pistol Shooting	10	6	2
	68	36	40

won their fights within the distance. Rigg's faster punches beat Neville in a somewhat unorthodox heavyweight bout.

Result: 'A' Sqn., 15 pts. 'C' Sqn., 12 pts.

'A' v. 'B'

The best inter-squadron boxing match was undoubtedly that between 'A' and 'B' Squadrons. 'A' started off shakily after their bantamweight failed to make the weight. In a hard-fought lightweight contest Herd just managed to beat Allen. The light-welter and light-middleweight bouts provided the outstanding fights of the evening. Tiffen fought spiritedly to lose a close decision against his more experienced opponent, Monteith, while a grimly determined Coulcher, fighting magnificently against the repeated attacks of McArthur, held out until the middle of the last round.

Result: 'B' Sqn., 13 pts. 'A' Sqn., 13 pts.

'B' v. 'C'

More disappointing than the two previous ones, this match saw 'B' Squadron lacking the aggressiveness shown against 'A' Squadron. Steele ('C') won a good contest against Ryan, and White ('C') beat Baldwin, both losers fighting on well to the last bell. A more experienced and aggressive Nelson ('C') beat Mundy while Little ('C') won his contest against his slower and heavier opponent.

Result: 'B' Sqn., 11 pts. 'C' Sqn., 15 pts.

A R P

HOCKEY

The hockey competition was hurriedly completed in two evening matches during the last week of term after many postponements.

In the first match, which proved to be rather scrappy, 'A' and 'C' squadrons drew with two goals each. 'A' squadron then faced 'B,' the favourites, to whom they eventually lost 0-1, after holding them for most of an exciting game. In the deciding match 'B' beat 'C' 3-0, a score which might well have been much bigger had the 'B' Squadron forwards not spoilt their opportunities by poor shooting.

N.M.

SHOOTING

With the abandonment of the inter-squadron triangular match and the introduction of separate inter-squadron fixtures, the competition in the spring term was somewhat prolonged, though it proved an accurate test of each squadron's consistency. Perhaps one weakness of this innovation is that a squadron may obtain the highest aggregate of points without winning the actual competition as, indeed, was the case with 'B' Squadron.

The first match took place on 2nd February when 'A' Squadron beat 'C' Squadron by 625 to 590 points. Two weeks later, 'A' narrowly defeated 'B' by 614 points to 605. The final match was fired on 2nd March, when 'B' beat 'C' by 644 points to 619, resulting in an overall win for 'A' Squadron, with 'B' in second place and 'C' third.

J.McV.

SQUASH

'A' Squadron were most fortunate in having three members of the College squash team, though 'B,' with Hawtin and Collins might well have proved strong rivals, had not these two been engaged in a hockey match which was being played on the same day. As it was, 'A' won fairly easily.

'C' Squadron, with the fourth and fifth strings of the College team and Cohu, formerly a College first string, gave all five members of the 'A' team a close contest, but were not quite good enough to defeat their opponents. On the other hand, they had little difficulty in beating 'B' Squadron.

D.C.G.B.

REPORTS ON COLLEGE SPORT

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

THE heavy snow that fell during January and February prevented the first eight of our matches from being played. Outside practice was also impossible, and only gymnastic work in the evenings could keep the team in training. Of five matches played, the College lost four, their only victory being against the Officers' Mess.

During the Easter vacation the College sent a team down to Cambridge to play one of the English Schools' representative elevens. This formidable opponent had been well trained, and though the College held them gamely to a 2-0 lead in the first half, the Schools' side finally ran off winners by 6 goals to nil. It was, however, a thoroughly enjoyable match and well worth the team's journey to Cambridge.

The new entries have some very promising players who should combine well with the older members of last season's 1st XI to make a very useful soccer eleven.

P.W.

RESULTS

'A' XI			
Officers' Mess	...	4-2	(w)
Birmingham			
University	...	0-11	(l)
Leeds University	...	0-6	(l)
Ruskington	...	2-4	(l)
English Schools' XI	...	0-6	(l)
2nd XI			
Birmingham			
University	...	3-3	(d)

BOXING

During the spring term the College boxing team had two matches and lost them both. After losing several seasoned boxers it was inevitable that the team should suffer from the lack of consistent training periods during a crowded term.

Our first fixture was fought in the Corn Exchange at Cambridge against a University team. Monteith was the first to step into the ring, facing an opponent who had the advantage in height and reach. For the first two rounds the College boxer kept ahead by using hard, crisp counterpunches,

only to take a number of heavy head punches from a fitter opponent in the last to lose a close decision. Allen, fighting at lightweight, also was overwhelmed after considerable punishment from a stronger University boxer.

Our welterweight, Moran, was unable to penetrate his opponent's long reach and lost on a points decision. McArthur, the team's captain, then followed in a keenly fought battle against Cambridge's light-middleweight, Young. Though frequently hurting Young in the first two rounds, McArthur, with a dropping guard, himself sustained heavy punches in the third. The referee awarded a very close fight to the University boxer.

Nelson, however, managed to outbox a tough but inexperienced boxer before being awarded the decision on a disqualification. Ettridge at middleweight, after boxing coolly to win the first round, was shaken in the second by a heavy right, exchanged punches and was then caught by a perfect 'short-arm' to the head.

Next to duck under the ropes, Pollock, with an advantage in reach over a strong opponent, won the fight in the second round after feint and uppercut had opened the way for the final stomach punch. Finch, our heavy-weight, used his height to keep his opponent at distance with prodding left-hand punches to win clearly on points. After the final bout, the programme read Cambridge, 6 bouts; R.A.F. College, 3.

The second match against Belsize Boxing Club in London was also lost, again by 6 bouts to 3, giving the newly awarded Challenge Trophy to Belsize. Tiffen, puzzling his opponent with his awkward style, had a deserved win at light-welterweight. Allen, after picking his punches, knocked out his man. After a hard fight, Nelson lost on a close decision, as did McArthur, whose opposite number was both experienced and competent. Thornton, fighting under a weight disadvantage, lost after a fine battle against a strong opponent.

Here we would like to thank Flight Lieutenant Hall for his tireless energy and interest in the boxing team, wishing him every success in his new posting.

A.R.P.

CROSS-COUNTRY

Although the weather upset both fixture list and training schedule, the College running team improved considerably during the spring term. When outside training was possible everyone worked hard and the team reaped its full benefit in the few matches we were able to hold.

Luckily the two best fixtures of the term were not cancelled. The first, a triangular match, was held at Greenwich between Greenwich Naval College, Milocarian, and ourselves. The Navy entertained us well and the race, run on an extremely friendly basis, was won by Cranwell. The team packed well and, although Milocarian took first and second places, Cranwell had the next six.

The other highlight of the term was the Hyde Park Relay. This race consists of six laps of the park, each competitor running one lap of $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Twenty-seven teams from all over the country entered for the event and our final position was 15th. Chandler and Griffiths put up the best performances for the College, Chandler's time being 14 minutes, 25 seconds and Griffiths only two seconds slower. This was a very well organized and enjoyable match.

Throughout the term our two most junior runners, Harrington and Ryan, did extremely well and both gained half colours.

M.J.B.L.

RESULTS

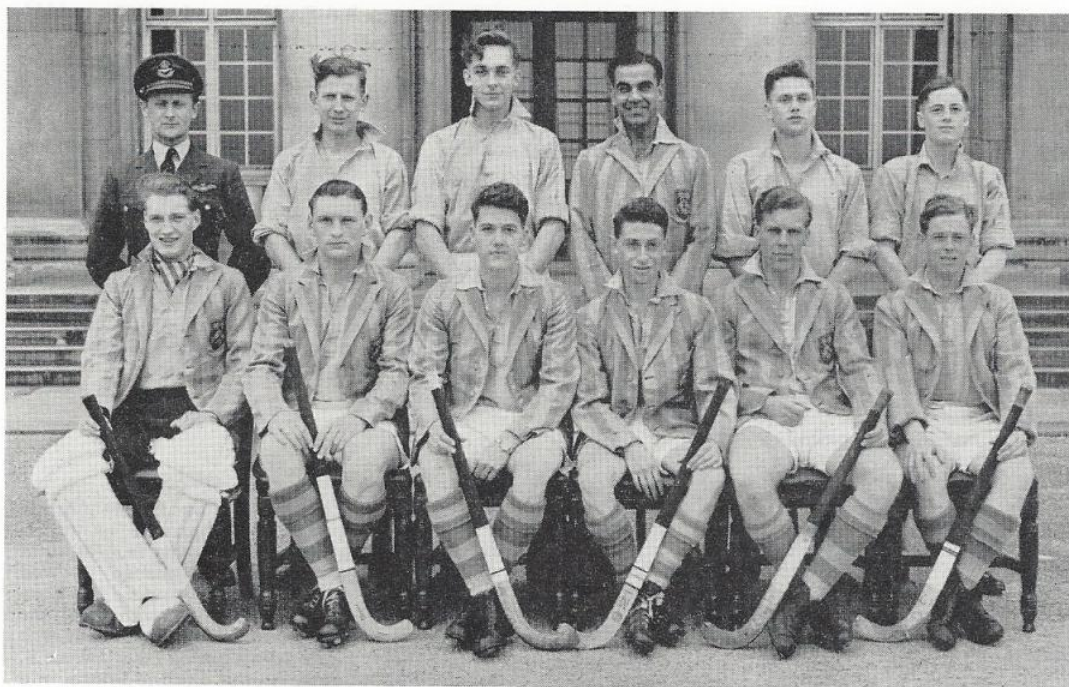
Jan. 29	Nottingham University	(a)	(l)
Feb. 5	Greenwich & Milocarian	(a)	(w)
	12 Oundle School	...	(h) (w)
	26 Hyde Park Relay		
		(27 entrants)	(a) 15th

FENCING

After our victory over the R.M.A., Sandhurst, in December the team started the spring term with renewed enthusiasm to win the forthcoming match with the Ecole de l'Air, Salon. Under the expert coaching from Sgt. Timms the team progressed from a 6-21 defeat by Loughborough College to a series of victories culminating in a 17-10 win against Grimsby Hospitals Fencing Club a few days before the Salon match.

Although remembering well the good form of our Salon opponents last year, the College team went into the match with plenty of confidence.

After the presentation of tokens between the two captains, we settled



THE HOCKEY TEAM—SPRING TERM, 1955

*Flt Lt H. R. Radford, Cdt C. P. Brain, Flt Cdt R. C. Tomkins, Flt Cdt Z. K. Feroze,
Flt Cdt C. W. Bruce, Flt Cdt D. J. S. Herd*

*Flt Cdt H. T. M. Durnford, Flt Cdt N. P. May, Flt Cdt J. D. C. Hawtin (captain),
Snr Flt Cdt R. L. Barcion, S.U.O. D. N. Cousins, Flt Cdt M. O. Fulljames*

down in grim determination to beat Salon at their favourite weapon, the foil. Of the nine bouts with this weapon, we managed to win three. Jackson, the College captain, was narrowly beaten in an exciting contest by Prost, the leading Ecole foilist.

There was a close contest in epee, Cranwell just winning by five fights to four, a fair representation of the matching of the two teams. Salon led now by ten fights to eight, leaving nine to be fought at sabre, usually our best weapon. However, on this occasion, we were sadly disappointed, only Edmondston winning his contest. This failure at sabre accounted largely for the final result, 9-18 in favour of the Ecole de l'Air. Nevertheless, as usual, it had been a hard-fought and enjoyable match.

During the term many of our successes were due to the victories in the foil of Jackson, our captain for over a year. We extend our thanks to Sergeant Timms for his helpful guidance in our training.

The team against Salon consisted of *Foil*: Jackson, Carter, Hicks. *Epee*: Jackson, Solman, Hicks. *Sabre*: Edmondston, Jones, Hicks.

M.A.H.

RESULTS

Jan. 15	East Midland Championships (a)	Pled 2nd
Feb. 23	Loughborough College (h)	6-21 (l)
Mar. 5	Grimsby Hospitals Fencing Club (a)	21-6 (w)
	9 Nottingham University (a)	6-6 (d)
	12 Grimsby Hospitals Fencing Club (h)	17-10 (w)
	19 Ecole de l'Air ... (h)	9-18 (l)
	26 Bedford School ... (a)	13-5 (w)

HOCKEY

Seventeen hockey fixtures had been arranged for the spring term, only seven of which were played, owing to the weather. During January and February our practices were nearly all confined to Hangar 30.

On the first Saturday of the term, without having had any field practice, we travelled to Henlow. We drew this match three all after a very fast and enjoyable game. We had to wait until February for our next match, this time against the Royal Naval College at Greenwich. After the snow and rain the pitch was like a quagmire, but we struggled through the mud to victory by two goals to one.

After defeating the Station XI 4-1, we next faced the Champion Command team, Fighter Command, and went down 1-4 in an excellent game against a fine side. The other full 1st XI fixture was against R.M.A., Sandhurst, which is reported elsewhere.

The first XI's primary weakness this season was the lack of shooting power. The approach work of the forwards was good (Fulljames in particular was always scheming), but we failed near the goalmouth. The defence remained firm for most of the season until the Sandhurst debacle.

The second XI, still handicapped by lack of experience and practice, played only two matches, those against R.N. College, Greenwich, and R.M.A., Sandhurst, both of which they lost.

Full colours have been awarded to Hawtin, Barclon and May.

The Six-a-Side Tournament

This tournament provides a pleasant conclusion to the College hockey season. In this, held on the last Saturday of term, 20 civilian and Service teams competed, playing matches of ten minutes each way.

The College team was rather unlucky in having to play all its matches in the afternoon, whereas the other teams had theirs spread over the whole day. However, we overcame this and, coming first in our section, continued to the semi-final, in which we beat Grantham 2-1. The final against Grimsby was drawn on goals, penalty and short corners, but lost by two long corners to one after a really exciting game. The team was Barclon, May, Fulljames, Herd, J. Collins and Blockey.

M.N.

RUGBY FOOTBALL

The fairly successful spring term made up to a certain extent for our poor results during the autumn term. Unfortunately the number of fixtures was reduced after bad weather had left the pitches snowbound for several weeks, till just before the Ecole de l'Air match, reported elsewhere.

Visiting Henlow, the 'A' XV started off the term well with an encouraging display of attacking moves. Although Henlow fought hard throughout, their fly-half being outstanding in defence, we were able to win fairly comfortably. However, against Bedford, while the Wanderers fielded a weaker side than last year, the College XV never seemed to have enough sparkle. We paid the penalty of watching an opponent getting through with the ball when a low tackle or fall on the ball would have stopped an attack developing. Our scrappy play gave the match deservedly to Bedford.

The best game of the season, though we lost, was perhaps that against Stoneygate. This match produced good attacking and defensive play by

both sides and a draw would perhaps have been a more representative result.

The three matches played against school sides were all won, although those against Oundle and Denstone were always in the balance.

The 2nd and 3rd XVs, suffering even more heavily from the weather, did not have much success. They did, however, have some enjoyable games and attempted to play good open rugby in the proper spirit.

Finally, we would like to thank all those who came to support the XV throughout the season. There were more supporters than last year, though we would welcome many more.

G.L.A.

RESULTS

'A' XV

Jan. 8	Cadet Sqn.,		
		Henlow (a) 19-0 (w)	
		26 Oundle School ... (h) 16-13 (w)	
		29 Uppingham	
		School (a) 16-8 (w)	
Feb. 5	Bedford		
		Wanderers (a) 6-12 (l)	
		9 Denstone College (h) 8-3 (w)	
Mar. 12	Stoneygate ...	(a) 0-3 (l)	
	18 Ecole de l'Air ...	(h) 6-6 (d)	
	23 R.A.F. Cranwell...	(h) 3-3 (d)	
	26 Kesteven ...	(h) 11-6 (w)	

Played 9; won 5; lost 2; drawn 2; points for: 85; points against: 54.

2nd XV

Jan. 29	Leicester		
		University (a) 6-15 (l)	
Feb. 5	Boston ...	(h) 3-14 (l)	
		9 Denstone College (h) 3-8 (l)	
Mar. 12	Stoneygate ...	(a) 0-9 (l)	
	26 Wisbech ...	(a) 15-0 (w)	

Played 5; won 1; lost 4; drawn nil; points for: 27; points against: 46.

3rd XV

Mar. 26	Wisbech ...	(a) 0-18 (l)	
Apr. 2	Spalding ...	(h) 8-3 (w)	

Played 2; won 1; lost 1; drawn nil; points for: 8; points against: 21.

SHOOTING

The .22 rifle team began the spring term with high hopes after qualifying, through sound and steady performance, for entry into the second stage of the 1955 Nobel Cup competition. Only 39 out of the initial 138 teams managed to do so. The College was given a bye in the preliminary round but was beaten subsequently by

R.A.F., Upavon, by 1162 to 1154 points.

A certain measure of success was achieved in the Flying Training Command Smallbore Championship. The team shot over all opposition as far as the final match, but were then beaten by R.A.F., Feltwell, 580 to 559 points. All matches during the term were conducted by post.

A new challenge to a .22 rifle match was received from the Royal Military College of Canada. Although we were most keen to accept it, the inevitable delay of transatlantic communication obliged us to postpone the fixture to next season.

J.I.B.

SQUASH

The results of our matches, though apparently unimpressive on paper, are more encouraging than those of previous terms. Although we won only two matches, we came very close to winning four more with almost the same team as that which suffered such heavy defeats during the winter term. The team owed much to Bridges who had a very good season, while newcomers Martin and Cuff both looked promising.

We are most grateful to Flight Lieutenant Smeeth and Sergeant Catherine for their help and encouragement during last season, and welcome in their place Squadron Leader Riseley-Pritchard and Lieutenant-Commander Hinton as officer in charge and deputy respectively.

The team was as follows: D. C. G. Brook, A. G. Bridges, M. J. White, P. Cliff, D. St. J. Homer. The following also played during the season: G. A. Talbot, P. Martin, D. Ozanne, T. Cohu.

D.C.G.B.

RESULTS

Jan. 19	Nottingham		
		University (a) 2-3 (l)	
		22 Nottingham	
		S.R.C. (a) 0-5 (l)	
		29 Bath Club ... (a) 1-4 (l)	
Feb. 5	Pembroke College (a)	2-3 (l)	
	9 Loughborough		
		College (h) 1-4 (l)	
		12 Doncaster Gram-	
		mar School (h) 3-2 (w)	
Mar. 5	Magdalene College (a)	2-3 (l)	
	12 Abbeydale S.R.C. (a)	1-4 (l)	
	16 R.A.F. Upwood ..	(h) 4-1 (w)	
	19 Eton College ...	(a) 0-5 (l)	





Tony Dale (Duncan Harvey) one of the guests at the Greenwoods' ghostly reunion on New Year's Eve insists on testing his sense of balance

The White Carnation

THE Dramatic section of the College Society, under the direction of Malcolm Kerr, presented R. C. Sherriff's play, *The White Carnation*, at two public performances towards the end of the spring term. If the result, in terms of enjoyment, was not up to the standard of some recent productions, the fault lay not so much with the producer, his cast and behind-the-scenes men—they all put their backs most commendably into providing us with a good evening's entertainment—as with the play itself which, if one is honest with oneself, was an indifferent one.

It may be, of course, that one has come to expect too high a standard of competence from the competent craftsmen of the theatre. Undoubtedly the author comes into the class of competent craftsmen. His idea was not a bad one; he had, or so one would think, an admirable, ready-made situation to develop within the limits of the conventions of the realistic theatre. But he bungles the job. The dead man (John Greenwood), who by some freak of science gets left behind in this world after an annual reunion of friendly ghosts and who causes consternation among his former neighbours by refusing to accept the fact that a dead man, under the law, no longer exists, is not convincingly drawn by the author, nor are the episodes in this man's fight for a second earthly existence skilfully contrived. Indeed, his second existence is incredibly boring! The supporting roles—all minor ones in relation to the chief part—are either too insubstantial or too rigidly conventional. The dialogue is flat. A play for amateurs? No. Was the College Dramatic section wise to attempt it? That depended upon the talent which they possessed to realize this play.

It is doubtful whether, on this occasion, the talent of the section was up to the task. There were many actors and actresses able and ready to do well in other parts, but

the parts offered by the author were, generally speaking, ill suited to their capacities. This was particularly true of Peter Davis who was asked to perform a miracle, act right outside his normal range, and without respite (he was on the stage almost without a break from the rise of the curtain to the end). No amount of producer's guile could have brought Davis to a complete realization of the part of John Greenwood. The other parts, almost without exception, offered too little scope for amateurs. On the other hand, to be fair to the author, it is also true to say that insufficient thought seems to have gone into the routine business of production.

It is, however, the principal object of a *Journal* review to provide a balance sheet of the evening's entertainment. Mention has already been made of the weight of responsibility that Peter Davis had to bear as John Greenwood; nothing that has already been said can detract from the merit of this marathon achievement. Ronald Finch was well cast as the gawkish Police Constable Thompson; though he seemed unable to forget altogether that he was behind the footlights, he made the most of his few opportunities. Gordon Browne, as Police Sergeant Phillips, had to contend with a very ill-defined part and through no fault of his the audience was left with a vague impression of a rather nondescript uniformed figure reacting to stimuli with the uniformity of an amoeba. One of the best performances of the evening was given by John Constable as Mr Gurney, the coroner; acting with admirable restraint and assurance, he succeeded in avoiding the pitfalls that beset the young actor who attempts to simulate a realistic portrayal of age and experience. Eric Smith, making the most of a good voice, a flair for histrionics and a natural accent, did well as the fiery and baffled Dr MacGregor, though there were times

when his handling of his stethoscope suggested a first-year medical student rather than a respected G.P.

Mavis Hall, in her first appearance with the Dramatic section, gave a most charming performance as Lydia Truscott, the young lady who befriends the obstinate and benighted John Greenwood. She moved naturally on the stage, and if her voice lacked volume, it possessed nevertheless the essential quality of sincerity. Michael Walker started well as Mr Pendlebury, the vicar, but was unable to sustain the part, owing largely to his limited range.

The part of Mrs Carter, the next-door neighbour who has a disconcerting habit of popping in at awkward moments, was well portrayed by Terry Dufton, who was obviously no stranger to the stage. She carried through one difficult emotional scene with commendable realism, though her gestures tended to be too stereotyped. Samuel Key, by the use of clever make-up and a well simulated gravity of deportment made a successful stage debut as Sir Horace Duncan of the Home Office.

The other characters, Lady Mary, wife of John Greenwood, played with an assured competence by Alannah Riseley-Pritchard, and their guests at the Christmas Eve party, had little opportunity to display their dramatic talents. To infuse the spirit of Christmas into the College Hall would require an histrionic expertise

and, perhaps, a supply of stage liquid comforts such as would warm the heart of Tony Dale, the most tipsy member of the party, realistically played by Duncan Harvey. Ann Smith portrayed his suitably anxious fiancée. Mary Constant acted the part of Lady Wallace with an easy assurance, while David Edmondston as her husband threw himself wholeheartedly into the festivities. Patricia Long, as the elegant wife of Major Howard (John Baerselman), made the best possible use of a voice which combined clarity of enunciation with variety of expression.

The production staff led by David Eden did a good job behind the scenes. Set construction was in the able hands of Mr Carolan. Properties were looked after by Rodney Jackman, music and effects by Richard Horsfield and Brian Cresswell, lighting by Brian Walker and Richard Feakes, make-up by Michael Ginn, costumes by Terence O'Grady, while Peter Biddiscombe and Christopher Richmond also assisted. Timothy King made an efficient house manager and Quentin Oswell as prompter was present but not heard. The whole production, as mentioned earlier, was in the hands of Malcolm Kerr who, considering the enormous difficulties with which he was faced, did very well indeed.

J. C.

No. 64 Entry Revue: 'The Floor is Ours'

EVERY Senior Entry has the advantage of knowing that its audience's critical faculties are going to be mellowed before the show by food, wine and the 'Posthorn Gallop'; but 64 Entry, not content with this, added an extra pre-curtain fillip in the shape of a very amusing and cleverly designed programme, much of which miraculously still seems funny.

The entry was fortunate in having a topical theme ready-made for them, and no one was surprised to see a skit on the recent Cranwell film, *The Sky is Ours*.

Reversing the normal Service bowdlerizing process, 64 gave us some

amusing songs to the tunes of some of the better-known 'drinking songs.' These were popular, but all tended to be too short. In the funniest of the songs, Hopkins and Penfold, in the now hackneyed but ever-popular Western Brothers' style, bemoaned the fact that 'There's no A.M.O. about Love.'

As usual, the greatest volume of laughter was accorded to the impersonations of well-known members of the staff, some of which from a flight cadet's point of view were terrifyingly lifelike, though the effect was frequently spoilt by a refusal to accept the obvious fact that what is funny for thirty seconds is often

extremely tedious after ten minutes.

The sketches were the weakest part of the show and tended to drag heavily on long after they had ceased to be even mildly amusing. One delightful exception was 'Franco-American Co-operation,' a short and very erudite cameo which, for full appreciation, demanded a practical knowledge of both the French and American languages.

The revue as a whole was most successful: No. 64 Entry performed their exacting task very adequately and the audience was well entertained.

R. J.



Three of the caste of 'The White Carnation.' Left to right: John Constable as Mr Gurney, Michael Walker as the vicar, and Samuel Key as Sir Horace Duncan of the Home Office



OLD CRANWELLIAN NOTES

AWARDS

THE following awards have been made since the announcement of the New Year Honours:

C.B.: Group Captain D. J. Eayrs (1927), Officer Commanding R.A.F. Cranwell for gallant and distinguished services in Kenya.

Group Captain D. H. Lee, D.F.C., (1933) has been appointed Chevalier 1st Class of the Order of St Olav by the King of Norway.

APPOINTMENTS

Since the last issue of *The Journal* the following appointments have been made:

Air Mshl G. R. Beamish (1923) to be A.O.C.-in-C., Technical Training Command.

A.V.M. C. E. Chilton (1924) to the staff of Coastal Command.

A.V.M. A. Earle (1925) to be Assistant Chief of Air Staff (Policy).

A.V.M. J. G. Franks (1923) to the staff of Technical Training Command.

A.V.M. F. G. S. Mitchell (1920) to the staff of Maintenance Command.

A.V.M. G. B. Beardsworth (1923) to be A.O.C. No. 24 Group.

A.V.M. H. A. V. Hogan (1929) to be A.O.C. British Forces, Aden.

Air Cdre L. P. Moore (1925) to be A.O.C. No. 43 Group.

Air Cdre R. C. Mead (1927) to be A.O.C. No. 81 Group.

Gp Capt J. H. Lapsley (1936) to command R.A.F. Wahn.

Gp Capt C. Broughton (1930) to the staff of H.Q. F.E.A.F.

Wg Cdr G. A. Mills (1932) to command R.A.F. Wroughton.

Wg Cdr P. S. Gomez (1930) to the staff of Fighter Command.

NEWS

Cranwell

Recent arrivals at Cranwell as flying instructors are Flight Lieutenants N. R. C. Price (1949), C. D. Walker (1948), J. R. Coleman (1949), C. P. Francis (1947), T. A. Bennett (1947), D. B. Durrant (1948).

Farnborough

A correspondent tells us that Wing Commander I. N. M. MacDonald (1937) is Chief Test Flying Instructor at the Empire Test Pilots' School.

On the present course are Flight Lieutenants R. J. Spiers (1947), C. M. Bruce (1946), P. J. Bardon (1947), A. M. Christie (1949) and S. H. R. L. D'Arcy (1948).

Test flying at Farnborough is Flight Lieutenant J. L. Price (1948).

Wahn

Serving at Wahn are Squadron Leader R. H. G. Weighill (Associate Member), Flight Lieutenants M. H. Miller (1947), J. M. A. Parker (1949), W. I. Worsley (1949), R. P. J. King (1949), Flying Officer L. A. Boyer (1950), and Pilot Officer M. A. Kelly (1951).

Middleton St George

At Middleton St George as flying instructors are Flight Lieutenants D. J. B. Keats (1949) and R. H. Robson (1949).

Little Rissington

On the staff at Little Rissington are Flight Lieutenant D. G. Slade (1950) and Flying Officer J. M. Henderson (1951).

Church Fenton

The first two members of No. 62 Entry to join squadrons reached here on 6th June, Pilot Officer

C. Pearson to No. 19 Squadron and Pilot Officer T. H. Sheppard to No. 72 Squadron.

F.E.A.F.

We have received news of an unusually large gathering of Old Cranwellians at Singapore for the sixth annual reunion. The Commander-in-Chief and 31 other former flight cadets attended.

Air Marshal F. J. Fressanges (1921) presided and those attending included Air Vice-Marshal Akerman (1920), Air Vice-Marshal A. D. Gillmore (1923), Air Vice-Marshal W. H. Kyle (1928), Air Commodore R. C. Field (1923) and Air Commodore L. P. Moore (1925). The guest of honour was Air Vice-Marshal F. R. W.

Scherger, R.A.A.F., the Chaplain-in-Chief and the Reverend B. Knight.

Personal

We congratulate Flying Officer G. S. C. Mumford (1951) on his marriage and also, very belatedly, Flight Lieutenants D. J. B. Keats (1949) and C. H. Foale (1949) on their marriages.

We congratulate Mr Dudley Williams (1926) upon retaining his seat at Exeter with an increased majority.

We regret to record the deaths of Flying Officers T. J. Hartnoll (1951) and J. R. McEntegart (1951). We extend our deepest sympathy to the relatives and friends of these officers.

Letters to the Editor

This Mouldy Mag : Two Views

Sir,

How many cadets at Cranwell read this *Journal*—how eagerly is it awaited, how eagerly discussed? I sincerely hope that *The Journal* staff are not satisfied with the answers they can give to these questions.

If we pick up the usual production, it stares grimly up at us, each page more forbidding than the last. It looks dull, even before the earnest reader begins his self-allotted task.

And task it certainly is at present. We first of all find the College Notes. These seem rather out of date with the information they give, but one is willing to wade through them, knowing that they fulfil a definite function as a College record. But whether a large percentage of cadets ever read them is a matter which perhaps *The Journal* staff could enquire into with some profit.

Following these notes come the articles. Hereafter boredom descends like a black pall until with a sigh the magazine is chucked out of sight. How long this takes depends not on the interest of the articles, but on the patience of the reader.

I have eavesdropped occasionally on conversations held by the cadet staff of *The Journal* and I gather that they are not always allowed to reject unsuitable material without giving offence. The judge of what a cadet likes must be a cadet—this should be the Cranwell magazine written especially for real live cadets, so let's cut out all the dead-wood dull articles, no matter who wrote them, and instil some snap and bite into 'our mag.' I do not say that all articles must come from cadets, but let the articles assume that the cadet is interested in matters totally unconnected with flying. Surely he can obtain all the flying 'gen' he needs from the various technical magazines. *The Journal* should cater for all his other interests, which should be wide and varied if he is to be a good officer.

With a weary sigh, the super-patient cadet (a purely hypothetical person one feels) passes on to the Activities and Sports sections. The staff are good enough to issue to all secretaries a guide on how to go about writing their little pieces. I venture to suggest that the best place for this lugubrious nonsense is the wastepaper basket. Secretaries should take their job more seriously and get help if necessary in making their reports readable. At present I already know that the tiddly-winks section held a successful Easter meet at Merthyr Tydfil—but what *really* happened at Merthyr Tydfil? Surely cadets don't tiddly-wink all the time. And anyway surely something really interesting, or funny, happened when they were tiddly-winking; it cannot have been as boring as the secretary makes out.

I hope that *The Journal* will take this rather spleenful venting of my wrath in good part. But let them realize that *The Journal* is in a rut and needs a good shaking. It is more than 'half in love with easeful death' and new life is desperately needed. Let's have it, and when cadets are interested again the articles will begin to flow in. Start a campaign, a big competition, be devils and make a splash! Then perhaps *The Journal* can take its rightful place as being one of the most important events of the term.

Yours faithfully,
Scriblerus.

Sir,

Acting on the principle that by returning thanks for something received one might be given more of the same commodity, I venture to address a letter of congratulation on the March issue of *The Journal*.

Your problem, as I see it, is to arrive at a nice blend of the domestic and the general interest, recognizing that your readers are both the present population of Cranwell and those of an earlier vintage; that there are those who

want to see their own names in print and those who are eager to see signs of decadence in an institution that can never be what it was. Your mixture should satisfy both parties and you have given it body by a collection of articles of a wider general interest that should free you from any accusation of parochialism.

It is perhaps invidious to single out special features but a correspondent should not take refuge in generalities. The College Notes to be really interesting should, of course, be scandalous. I recognize your limitations in this respect and congratulate you on making them amusing as well as informative.

The special articles on 'Flying through an Atomic Cloud,' 'Fighting the Migs in Korea,' 'The Ecolz de l'Air' are such as a Service journal wants but cannot always command, providing among the snippets, solid reading on subjects of interest to most of us.

It is good to see articles by Old Cranwellians, and they get into such unusual places and jobs that there should be a constant supply of material. But it may be as difficult to get an article out of an Old Cranwellian as it is to extract written work from a flight cadet. Incidentally has *The Journal* a correspondent with the R.A.F. expedition to the Himalayas and has it placed under contract the present Commandant for an article when he leaves on 'The Cares of a Commandant'?

I applaud your assumption that a proportion of your readers is sufficiently literate to appreciate book reviews and I cannot regret the absence of strip cartoons. Finally, though, unlike some readers, I do start at the beginning, your cover seems to me plain, well proportioned and dignified, a thoroughly appropriate one for *The Journal*.

I am not 'Disgusted,' nor can I truthfully call myself 'Mother of Three,' so I must remain,

Yours faithfully,
Pro Bono Publico.

R.A.F. College.

Photographs Good and Bad

Sir,

Having heard, in the course of post-publication rambles through the corridors of the College, a number of ill-founded criticisms of the photographs in the last issue of

The Journal, perhaps, as a *Journal* elder, I could, through your columns, bring a little perspective to the discussion.

First, very few of your critics take account of the fact that not even the most careful blockmaker (and *The Journal's* blockmakers quite obviously come into this category) can make a good block out of a bad photograph. The proverb about the sow's ear applies. Examples of poor photography are to be seen on pp. 65 (top), 70 and 71. Unless a photograph has contrast and good definition (and the untrained eye should be able to detect both), it is not possible to do more than touch it up and hope for the best. It is certainly not possible to bring into focus a photograph that begins by being a fuzz, as one earnest photographer sincerely believed.

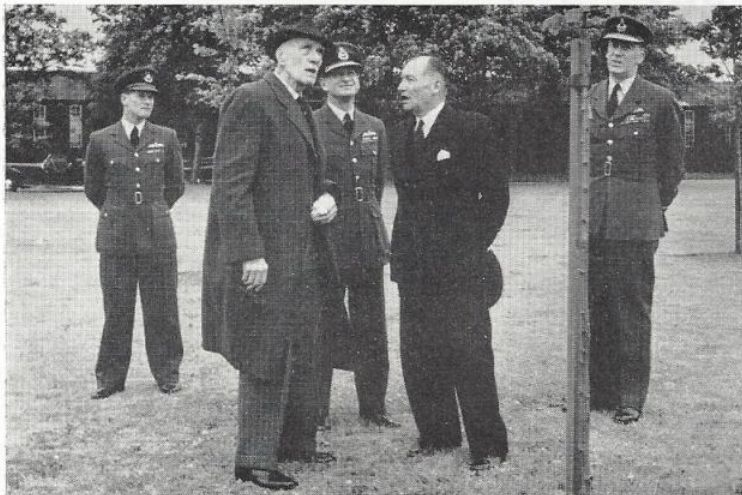
Secondly, amateur journalism cannot rely upon a flow of first-rate photographs because, ultimately, it cannot pay for them. The editor of a magazine like *The Journal*, moreover, for reasons of topical or historical interest, or sentiment, is obliged to accept for publication photographs which a professional editor would turn down. It is patently unfair to criticize *The Journal*, or any amateur magazine for that matter, for poor photography when there is, generally speaking, but one source—i.e. its own readers—for photographs.

Thirdly, to keep costs down *The Journal* is obliged to use substitutes for expensive art papers. These substitutes can themselves affect the quality of the final impression. Given a good photograph, careful blockmaking and meticulous printing, good definition can be maintained to a large extent (and indeed was maintained in most cases in your last issue). But, given a poor photograph, the substitute art papers only exaggerate the faults of the original.

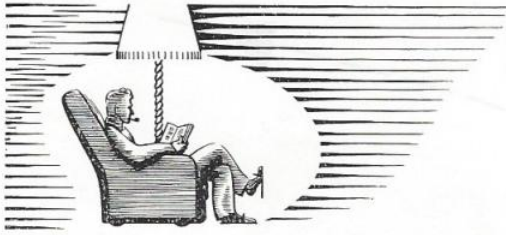
It may be that your photographically minded readers will read these words and look to their cameras. I hope so. It may also be that the more charitable among them will make some allowance for the physical limitations put upon a *Journal* editor. He is not a magician, nor is his printer's rule a wand.

J.L.

R.A.F. College.



Before the Church Parade on 19th June, 1955, the Sunday of the Old Cranwellian weekend, Air Vice-Marshal Sir Charles Longcroft, K.B.E., C.G.M., D.S.O., A.F.C., Retd., first Commandant of the College, planted a commemorative tree. He is seen here at the close of the ceremony inspecting the many other trees that have been planted by distinguished visitors to the College since this traditional ceremony was inaugurated. Watching the Ceremony (to the right of the picture) is Air Marshal Sir Dermot Boyle, K.C.V.O., K.B.E., C.B., A.F.C., Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Fighter Command



Book Reviews

Victory in the Air

Royal Air Force, 1939-1945. Volume III. The Fight is Won,
by Hilary St. George Saunders. (H.M.S.O., 13s. 6d.)

TO begin reading a book by attacking the last chapter and to savour the excitement of the dénouement without having previously followed the intrigue is generally considered to be a breach of the canons of good reading, if not positively a form of mental cheating.

This volume may, perhaps, be classed as an exception to the general rule because of the length and unavoidable complexity of the narrative of which this is the third and final instalment. However that may be, the present reviewer, having observed that Chapter XVII bears the title 'The Balance Sheet,' succumbed with little resistance to the temptation to read it first and felt afterwards that the doctrine of the end justifying the means contained, for once, no sting of reproach. That chapter, in the space of less than twenty-five pages, including two full-page statistical charts, traces the main lines of the story which these three volumes have recounted in detail.

Thus, the extraordinary course of the war in the air from 1939 to 1945 springs into vivid relief. The slowly mounting sense of inevitability concerning the final outcome of the war, a sense which was only too often impossible for the ordinary citizen and perhaps also for many of the leaders to grasp, except in terms of blind and dogged faith, can here be realized.

The period covered by this last volume is from the later part of 1943 to the capitulation of Japan which marked the final end of hostilities. It begins with the story of the cumulatively heavier attacks on Germany which preceded and led up to 'D-Day,' furnishing a kind of tragic overture 'Before the Curtain Rose,' as Chapter IV is called. Also described in other chapters are the ultimate success of the long and weary struggle of Coastal Command against the U-boat and, very fully documented, Germany's desperate last fling against Britain in the form of flying bombs and rockets.

The final stages of the war in the west and south of Europe are fully narrated in a way which leaves the reader with an impression not unlike that produced by the climax of an Elizabethan tragedy in which, one by one and in varying manner, the leading villains are left corpses on the stage. Such a parallel is obviously an oversimplification because of the vastness of human misery involved in all these operations, but perhaps it is nevertheless permissible.

After completing the account of the advance of the Western Allies as far as the Elbe, the scene is changed again to the Far East and the final chapters describe the re-entry into Burma and the collapse of Japan. To the last of them is given the arresting title 'The Rising Sun Sets,' which is most aptly chosen.

Except for the chapter 'The Balance Sheet,' which was jointly written by the two authors concerned in producing

Books Received

ROYAL AIR FORCE, 1939-45, Volume III
THE FIGHT IS WON,
by Hilary St. George Saunders.
(H.M.S.O., 13s. 6d.)

THE LAST SORTIE, by Herbert Zand.
(Hart Davies, 12s. 6d.)

DOWN IN THE DRINK, by Ralph Barker.
(Chatto and Windus, 12s. 6d.)

FRONTIER TO SPACE, by Eric Burgess.
(Chapman and Hall, 21s.)

SEA FLIGHT, by Hugh Popham.
(William Kimber, 15s.)

JOURNEY INTO SPACE, by Charles Chilton.
(Herbert Jenkins Ltd., 10s.)

THE FIRST AND THE LAST, by Adolf Galland.
Translated by Mervyn Savill.
(Methuen, 18s.)

A FLIER'S WORLD, by Wolfgang Langewiesche.
(Hodder and Stoughton, 12s. 6d.)

this history, this volume is the work of Hilary Saunders, though he died without seeing it appear. As in the previous volumes, there is a copious supply of statistical and illustrative material in the form of maps, charts and appendices.

W.H.A.

Doomed Fortress

The Last Sortie, by Herbert Zand. (Hart-Davies, 12s. 6d.)

THERE are not many accounts available of the swift Russian advance across Eastern Germany at the end of the Second World War and so few of the facts of the situation are known. Mr Zand has written a novel about life in a fortress doomed to fall before the Russians, a novel in which we are given a very vivid picture of life for the defeated German people. The story is simply that of an infantry division being mutilated—mainly by air power—and falling back to defend a large town. The town is soon encircled and stifled, and in its death throes all its moral and physical corruption is exposed.

Mr Zand has infused into each page of this book a pervading atmosphere of inevitable destruction, but even so, he never becomes morbid. He expresses, through the mouths of his characters, many and varied philosophies, mainly about loyalty and faith. He shows how a staunch militarist can become convinced that armies are futile and evil. He shows how a wandering Slav girl of no definite nationality can persuade and rule an army staff officer. He proclaims that the test of a dictatorship is its ability to retain the faith of its followers in the face of repeated defeats. He shows that, whereas Communism could do this, Nazism could not. He depicts all types of men and women, from the neurotic artist, now an infantryman, to the staunch Party man who recites his catechism while surrendering to the enemy.

One of the best features of this book is that it does not write down to the reader. It gets on with the job of telling

its story and leaves the reader to supply many connecting links for himself. Mr Zand's vivid imagery heightens the horrific effect, particularly his use of many nightmare sequences. *The Last Sortie* is the full story of a war of attrition in which a hundred yards gained was considered of far greater value than a thousand lives. Here is a thrilling and fast-moving novel and an accurate war history.

J.A.B.

Ordeal in Dinghies

Down in the Drink, by Ralph Barker. (Chatto and Windus, 12s. 6d.)

ALL the stories to be found in *Down in the Drink* have basically the same theme: a flight over the sea and a 'ditching,' followed by terrible ordeals until the final rescue. But how different are the circumstances of each adventure and how one admires the determination to live and the courage shown by those who faced incredible hardships in small dinghies on the open sea.

Most pilots have perhaps a subconscious fear of flying over the sea. When one crosses the coast, the steady note of the engines seems to change and they begin to sound a little rough. Thoughts of 'ditching' drill may come to mind. In this book the reader goes through the agonies and suspense of the actual 'ditchings' and is then made vividly aware of the terrible experiences of the unfortunate crews struggling to survive under almost unendurable circumstances.

The book is well illustrated with photographs, and there are several useful maps to assist the reader where detailed description would be tedious and obscure. To each story is appended an interesting and appropriate postscript.

These moving tales of bravery and endurance show most convincingly the value of sound leadership, sheer 'guts' and the will to live, when apparently all is lost.

W.G.W.

High-Altitude Rockets

Frontier to Space, by Eric Burgess. (Chapman and Hall, 21s.)

THE rapid development of the rocket as a weapon of war has provided the scientist with a valuable tool for probing the upper atmosphere. *Frontier to Space* is an account of the use of high-altitude rockets for this purpose. In the foreword the Astronomer Royal, Sir Harold Spencer Jones, says that 'the author has been at great pains to collect together information and data that have hitherto been available only in technical papers and reports.' Of the truth of this comment there is ample evidence. An extraordinary amount of factual information is gathered within the 174 pages of this well-produced volume. The lengthy lists of references (mostly American) at the end of every chapter are a valuable feature of the book as well as an indication of the breadth of Mr Burgess's researches. The depth of his researches is not quite so evident and it must be said that this concentrated collation of facts and figures will not, as a whole, be readily digested by the average reader. But there is a fascinating story of pioneering progress and achievement interwoven with the rather formidable mass of data—and it is a story that repays well for the unravelling.

After details of the performance of existing rockets, a lengthy description is given of the types of experiments

which are being made to investigate the characteristics of the stratosphere and ionosphere. The necessary instrumentation of the rockets for these experiments is outlined and a comprehensive survey is made of the results so far obtained. The use of rocket-borne instruments to collect information on solar and cosmic radiations is described in two further chapters and in the final chapter the possibility of establishing an artificial satellite is considered. A feature of the book is the large number of well-presented and informative illustrations.

Frontier to Space is not a bedside book but for anyone seriously interested in the prospect of space travel it can hardly fail to provide absorbing reading

H.M.D.

A Naval Pilot's Story

Sea Flight, by Hugh Popham. (William Kimber, 15s.)

THERE have been several books about the Fleet Air Arm, both during and after the war, but to my knowledge *Sea Flight* is the first to be written by a typical member of what we knew affectionately, and the Navy also knew, as 'the Branch.' When one reads a book for review purposes one's critical faculties are over-sharp, perhaps, since, at first reading, I had the impression of a succession of backdrops of failure to a rather dull tale of one man's war in the air above the sea. The backdrops were the Navy's hopelessly outmoded aircraft and equipment, and its misuse of what it had. The tale contained no great episodes, no participation in any great victories, no association with any terrible defeats. For these reasons I gave the book a very low mark at first, but on second reading I changed my mind.

Though this book will remind old naval aviators of those times, and convey to a younger generation a clear picture of the spirit of that Service, it is essentially a personal story. No man of perception could perhaps have lived through such an extraordinary series of adventure without bringing out some thoughts worth recording. It is precisely these thoughts, retrieved by Popham from all the futility and chaos of war, which make this book so well worth reading.

Anyone who was in the Branch will find the clock put back ten years with startling clarity. They will wilt again before Chief Petty Officer Wilmot's 'yellow fangs and the bloodshot and unremitting eye, and the voice like a rusty winch.' They will find every stage of training recalled so freshly and intimately as prompts the belief that the writer kept a diary.

All young pilots should read this book for its timeless love of flying. Though it was all so primitive—no R.T., a duty pilot at the end of the runway, obsolete aircraft, and flying instruction given by 'resting' operational pilots with too little experience themselves and precious little guidance to help them—Hugh Popham found on his first solo that 'everything that had ever been said or written or dreamed about flying was at that moment acceptable and true.'

Besides the many sharp pictures of machines and places, experiences and events, the writer's wartime companions are no stage characters, invented or overdrawn, but are vividly and truly portrayed, as those of us who knew them well can vouch. They all comprise a fair selection of specimen flying sailors, though the circumstances of war caused them all to play their natural parts with a little more than normal intensity.

There is as much in this book about ships as aircraft

and the writer often becomes lyrical about them and the sea (as well he might!), but his descriptions have an attractive honesty and commendable lack of sentimentality which render the story at once intimately personal and yet quite objectively readable. Without heroics, he speaks of the tension of flying from ships and the endless waiting for something to happen—'The mood on board was resolute, cheerful and as taut as wire.' Yet there is no false modesty which leads to an over-admission of fear: in this connection, his comments on those who didn't want to succeed too well on their final training' so that they might obtain a nice safe billet in a second-line squadron at home, are particularly interesting.

'It's gorn, sir!' the lift driver said, as the Hurricane went overboard. And so it had. Gone, too, are those times—we should like to hope—for ever, but 'there were certain things worth retrieving: the moments of exhilaration, of tranquillity, of intensified experience. They were the waste-product of violence, part of no pattern, irrelevant to the purpose in hand; but they stay in one's memory after many other things that seemed of greater weight at the time have been rubbed out. They are the souvenirs which one brought back out of the ruins.'

In this Branch autobiography there are many souvenirs certainly worthy of your examination.

J.P.M.R.

Jet Morgan and Co.

Journey into Space, by Charles Chilton. (Herbert Jenkins Ltd., 9s. 6d.)

REGULAR followers of the radio serial 'Journey into Space' will find this book a well-written account of some of the earlier adventures of Jet Morgan and his crew. The story is another of the 'first space-ship to the moon' class, complete with the by now conventional meeting with creatures from outer space.

Jet, Mitch, Lemmie and Doc, the chronicler, take off from a site in Australia. After a rather stormy passage through some meteorites, they reach and explore the moon, where they have their first encounter with the strange space 'beings.'

The most ingenious part of the story takes place during their return journey, when they discover that they have apparently 'lost' some days. By means of Doc's diary, written during their travels into time, they manage to fill the gaps in their memories.

Although the story is fairly conventional 'space fiction,' it reads as an interesting adventure yarn, neither over-technical nor horrific. The style is clear, straightforward and unspoiled by the cheap jargon that so often figures prominently in novels of this type; the story itself moves swiftly and the suspense is well sustained. Characterisation, though a little shallow, is sufficiently convincing to carry the story.

R.J.

A German Ace

The First and the Last, by Adolf Galland. Translated by Mervyn Savill. (Methuen, 18s.)

The First and the Last is the story of Adolf Galland's flying career. It is a story with a developing theme of implied tragedy—the tragedy of the German Luftwaffe.

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EVANS

Of interest primarily to the strategist, the strategical aspect of air war is dealt with more and more as the book progresses, since during the war Galland rose to the rank of lieutenant-general in command of the Fighter Arm. Galland is clearly an exceptional aviator and proved it at a very early age. He was one of the select few who were members of the secretly trained Luftwaffe embryo, fought in the air in Spain and commanded a Me. 109 squadron during the Battle of Britain. While it must be remembered that it was the German custom to retain good fighter pilots in combat almost indefinitely as opposed to our 'tour of duty' system, his bag of over one hundred kills is an impressive one. Time came, however, when Galland, despite his own efforts to the contrary, was given a staff job in the German Air Ministry.

It is here that the book will appeal to the historian and student of war studies in that the effect of, and countermeasures to, Allied action is related in great detail. And as a background to this action there is the pigheadedness of the German High Command, their refusal to listen to the experts they had themselves appointed, and above all their persistent, almost incredible, denial of the facts as they were. They ignored unfavourable reports on the air war, absurdly overrating their own effectiveness despite brutally frank reports to the contrary from their generals. It was this, perhaps, that laid the foundation of Goering's attitude towards the development of new aircraft and the amazing delays between prototype and production—delays that were caused merely by refusal to sanction any development on the grounds that the war would soon be over and that such work was not worth while. Both the Me. 163 and the Me. 262 suffered delays of 18 months, the F.W. 190 and the He. 177 waited a year. Indeed the development of the Me. 262 was carried out in secret as Hitler had

expressly ordered work to cease on it in 1941 since it was not expected to bear fruit within a year!

One can detect how disheartening and embittering all this was to Galland who, after such enthusiastic beginnings, ended by slamming his Diamonds to the Knight's Cross on the table in front of Goering and subsequently being relieved of his post. Later, when he had been proved right, he was given command of his beloved Me.262s after futile and irresponsible orders had been given for their conversion to long-range 'blitz-bombers.'

T.H.S.

As the Pilot Sees It

A Flier's World, by Wolfgang Langewiesche. (Hodder and Stoughton, 12s. 6d.)

IF I were a student pilot I would like to have Mr Langewiesche as my instructor. Here is a flier with a great depth of experience as test pilot, research pilot, ferry pilot and instructor, who also has the ability to impart knowledge in a casual, down-to-earth manner which is at the same time both interesting and absorbing.

A Flier's World is not a text-book, but an amazing amount of technical knowledge is contained therein. Subjects range from meteorology, principles of flight and problems of high-speed flight to instrument flying, and the author's approach to these aspects of aviation is well shown by his chapter headings: 'How fast can we fly?', 'Winds that blow straight up!', 'The three secrets of human flight,' and 'What makes the weather.'

One of Mr Langewiesche's greatest assets is his way of explaining some of the more difficult parts of his subject in a chatty, confidential and almost irrelevant manner. This makes the more technical of his chapters read like a novel or, more often, like a book of humour. On finishing the chapter, however, one finds that the information has been absorbed and is ready for use.

Some of the most interesting chapters of the book are those which describe actual ferry flights over ocean, jungle and desert. Here is some of the finest writing of its kind since Antoine de Saint Exupéry. His description of a pilot's reactions to foreign places and people is vivid and graphic, and he conveys the authentic realism of an airman's necessarily transient impressions with sensitivity and style.

I would wholeheartedly recommend this book to all who are interested in aviation. It can unashamedly take its place alongside the more technical text-books, because of the masterly explanations offered of some of the more puzzling aspects of flying. At the same time it has a place on the bookshelf with those books of a more general interest, in which we read of other people's experiences in the world of aviation.

J.L.F.

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'C' Squadron: Senior Under Officer T. R. Morgan, Under Officers S. W. R. A. Key, C. H. Salwey, J. D. Harvey.

NO. 72 ENTRY

'A' Squadron: R. S. Alcock, Market Bosworth Dixie Grammar School. H. G. Cracroft, Cheltenham College. R. B. Gilvary, St. Benedict's School, Ealing. I. Henderson, Duke of York School, Nairobi. C. C. Lane, Gravesend Grammar School. D. P. Malin, Plymouth College. J. G. McCluney, High School, Glasgow. A. J. M. Meadows, Calday Grange Grammar School. J. M. Turner, St. Paul's School. D. G. G. Waterman, Portsmouth Grammar School.

'B' Squadron: P. R. Adamson, John McGlashan College, Dunedin. R. L. B. Bell, Rossall School. D. L. Bywater, Liverpool Institute High School. T. E. Close, Wimbledon College. P. B. Curtin, Ardingly College. D. J. Forster, Bishop Wordsworth's School. B. I. Mason, South-East Essex County Technical School. L. N. A. Nel, Pretoria High School. A. P. Stock, Saint Brendan's College, Bristol.

'C' Squadron: D. C. Cameron, Chatham House Grammar School, Ramsgate. J. F. Forshaw, Administrative Apprentice School, Hereford. J. H. M. Fox, Boston Grammar School. A. C. E. Holbourn, Rutlish School, Merton. R. B. R. Howell, Elizabeth College, Guernsey. D. A. Noon, Henry Mellish Grammar School. Sulaiman Bin Sujak, Victoria School, Singapore. M. J. O. Taylor, Ixopo High School, Natal.

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: Officer Commanding, Junior Entries: Flight Lieutenant L. A. Robertson. Cadet Wing Officer 'B' Squadron: Flight Lieutenant G. O. Eades. R.A.F. Regiment Instructor: Flight Lieutenant J. R. Lewis. Records: Flight Lieutenant C. L. Adams.

Tutorial Wing: Senior Equipment Instructor: Squadron Leader E. L. Macro. A.S.E. Tutor: Flying Officer R. P. Llewelyn.

Flying Wing: Flight Lieutenants J. R. Coleman, D. C. Evers, C. P. Francis, W. E. Kelly, K. N. Rice, R. C. Stewart, G. D. Walker, K. M. Williamson. Flying Officers T. F. Coplestone, P. L. Oliver.

Administrative Wing: P.M.R.A.F.N.S. Squadron Officer E. Lay.

DEPARTURES

The following have left the College or Station staff since the last issue of *The Journal* went to press:

Squadron Leaders: G. C. T. Richards, W. G. Carr.

Flight Lieutenants: W. R. Carus, J. R. Cox, D. A. Cree, L. J. Day, H. D. Hall, B. Harvey, K. W. Johnson, B. A. Phillips, J. N. Quick, J. P. M. Reid, B. E. Short, A. B. Stinchcombe, A. I. Thompson and R. T. F. Waterfall.

Errata

Volume XXVII, No. 1, p. 43, under title, for *R. G. H. Dhenin* read *G. H. Dhenin*; p. 101, col. 2, name of publisher, for *Purnell & Sons Ltd.*, read *William Kimber & Co. Ltd.*



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JOURNAL

CRANWELL NOVEMBER 1955

VOL. XXVII NO. 3



HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF THE NETHERLANDS
INSPECTS THE CADET WING

Cranwell, Tuesday, 26th July, 1955

THE ROYAL AIR FORCE COLLEGE JOURNAL

NOVEMBER 1955 VOL. XXVII NO. 3



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Edited and Published at the Royal Air Force College, Cranwell, Lincolnshire

and Printed by McCorquodale & Co. Ltd.

The Armoury, St. Thomas Street

London, S.E.1

All opinions expressed in 'The Royal Air Force College Journal' are those of the authors and do not necessarily represent official policy

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

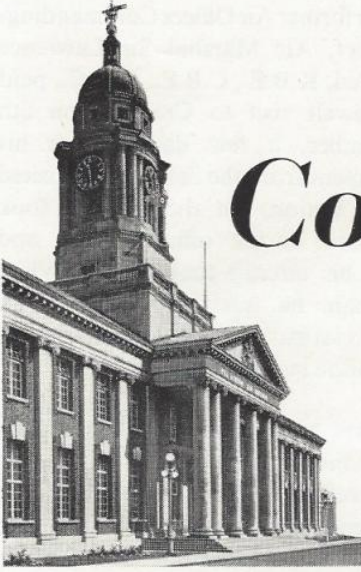
Grateful acknowledgement is made for permission to use the following photographs: Sergeant Baker—*frontispiece*, pp. 228, 229, 233, 235, 236, 237, 239. Gale & Polden, Ltd.—pp. 241, 278. Photographic News Agencies, Ltd.—p. 244. *The Times*—p. 245. B.S.A. Co., Ltd.—pp. 247, 248, 249. Flight Cadet J. M. Nevill—pp. 252 (top), 253. Flight Cadet J. L. Blackford—p. 252 (bottom). Flight Lieutenant G. H. Jarvis—p. 255. Flight Cadet P. D. French—pp. 256 (left), 281, 282. Flight Cadet B. T. Sills—p. 256 (right). Cadet J. M. Turner—p. 257. Flight Cadet F. J. Faid—pp. 258, 259, 260, 264, 287. Cadet D. G. G. Waterman—p. 261 (top and bottom). Flight Cadet P. P. Crowther—p. 262. N.A.T.O.—p. 263. Cadet L. N. A. Nel—p. 280. Squadron Leader H. A. B. Porteous, O.B.E.—p. 283.

EDITORIAL COMMITTEE

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Honorary Secretary: Flight Cadet D. V. Duval.

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 249 of this issue. *Please Note.* The next issue of *The Journal* goes to press on Friday, 27th January, 1956, and all contributions intended for this issue must be in the hands of the Managing Editor by this date.



College Notes

THE announcement of the coming appointment of Air Marshal Sir Dermot Boyle, K.C.V.O., K.B.E., C.B., A.F.C., as Chief of the Air Staff was made when *The Journal* was already in print and space does not permit a full recognition of this epoch-making event in the history of the College. It is recorded that shortly after the opening of the College Lord Trenchard said to Sir Charles Longcroft, the first Commandant: 'All of us older folk are either Army-minded or Navy-minded. I shan't be happy until I see one of your fellows sitting in my chair.' That day has now arrived. We felicitate Lord Trenchard upon this happy culmination to his foundation and congratulate Sir Dermot Boyle upon his appointment which will serve as an inspiration to all flight cadets and as a crown for the labours of all who have served on the staff.



At the start of the Autumn term the College numbers 248 flight cadets and cadets, including 39 of the Equipment and Secretarial branches. The new entry, No. 73, numbers 47, including two cadets of the Royal Iraqi Air Force and two of the Royal Thai Air Force. They are the first cadets from non-Commonwealth countries to be admitted to the post-war College.



'C' Squadron are Sovereign's Squadron for the Autumn term of 1955.



Air Marshal Sir Lawrence F. Pendred, Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Flying Training Command, on his farewell visit to Cranwell, pauses to speak to a bandsman during his inspection of the Guard of Honour

Our former Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Air Marshal Sir Lawrence Pendred, K.B.E., C.B.E., D.F.C., paid a farewell visit to Cranwell on 6th September, a few days before his retirement from the Service. He visited many sections on the Station, took luncheon in the officers' mess and when his aircraft took off for White Waltham he was provided with an aerial escort. Sir Lawrence later made the following signal:

'I am both proud and touched by the honour paid to me on leaving Cranwell today; my retirement does not end my long association with Cranwell nor does it loosen the bonds of affection which bind me to her. The escort was quite frighteningly good. Au revoir.'

During his three years as Commander-in-Chief, Sir Lawrence has taken a direct and personal interest in all happenings at Cranwell. In particu-

lar, as President of the Royal Air Force Beagling Association, he has followed most closely the fortunes of the 'Per Ardua' (R.A.F.) Beagles.

Sir Lawrence Pendred's last formal ceremony at the College was to present wings and prizes to No. 65 Entry. His speech on that occasion is recorded elsewhere in this *Journal*. We wish him every good fortune in his task of organizing the civil defence of one of the most highly industrialized regions of England.

We learn that Air Marshal R. L. R. Atcherley, C.B.E., A.F.C., is to become Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief on his return from the United States in December. When an Old Cranwellian, the first to become Commandant of the College, becomes Commander-in-Chief of Flying Training Command the wheel will have turned a full circle.



We regret to have to record the death of a former Chief Flying Instructor and Assistant Commandant, Group Captain L. W. B. Rees, V.C., O.B.E., M.C., A.F.C., in Nassau at the age of 71.

Group Captain Rees, who had lived in the Bahamas since 1933, was commissioned from Sandhurst into the Royal Artillery in 1903 and seconded to the R.F.C. in August, 1914. He won his Victoria Cross for attacking single-handed a formation of 10 enemy aircraft, shooting down two and scattering the rest. Wounded in the leg

and with his aircraft damaged, he pursued the fleeing enemy firing at close range until his ammunition was exhausted.

Group Captain Rees was Chief Flying Instructor in 1922 and Assistant Commandant from March, 1923, to December, 1924. He is still affectionately recalled at Cranwell as a strict disciplinarian beneath a smiling exterior. He used a motor scooter to get about the Station and was a keen toxophilite and falconer. In *The Third Service*, reviewed elsewhere in this issue, Sir Philip Joubert mentions another of Group Captain Rees' great interests—archaeology. In Transjordan, while flying in the desert, he used to parachute, complete with spade, to carry out an immediate investigation of any likely site.

A few days before his death Group Captain Rees had taken action finally to present to the College certain articles which have been in our safe-keeping for some time. One is the Ceremonial Sword presented to him by the citizens of Caernarvon which hangs in a glass case at the western end of the dining hall. At the same time he presented the two silver cups which he won at Sandhurst in 1903 for fencing.



The passing-out parade of No. 65 Entry took place on 26th July, 1955. His Royal Highness the Prince of the Netherlands graciously acted as Reviewing Officer. A special fanfare based on *The Flying Dutchman* was arranged for the occasion by the Director of Music. (All will be glad to hear of Squadron Leader Bangay's recent promotion.)

On 9th June, the occasion of the Queen's Birthday, a ceremonial parade was held on the Junior College Parade Ground. The parade comprised the Queen's Colour of the R.A.F. College with the Cadet Wing under arms, and two squadrons each from the Flying, Technical and Administrative Wings. In the course of the parade the Commandant presented the Queen's Commendation for Brave Conduct to Mr E. A. Cooper of Londonthorpe Heath, Mr A. Watson of Grantham, and Mrs Fazackerley and Mrs Gadd of Barkston Heath, who were instrumental in saving Flight Cadet Monaghan from a crashed aircraft.

We congratulate Wing Commander A. E. Davey upon his appointment as an Officer of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire in the Birthday



The Commandant presents the Queen's Commendation to Mrs Doris Fazackerley

Honours List. Wing Commander Davey is the Senior Equipment Officer and has been for nearly three years an enterprising and hospitable President of the Mess Committee.

We congratulate the Reverend H. M. Jamieson, M.A., B.D., upon his promotion to the temporal rank of Wing Commander; the balance of power between the Other Denominations and the Church of England has thus once more been restored.



The Commandant sent the following message to the First Battalion of the Royal Lincolnshire Regiment, who share with us *The Poacher* as their Regimental March, on the occasion of their embarkation on 18th July for Malaya: 'The R.A.F. College extend best wishes for a safe voyage and good hunting in the future.' The Regiment returned a suitable message of thanks. As we go to press we hear of their first successful operation in Malaya.

A message of greeting from the Royal Air Force College was sent to the United States Air Force Academy on their inauguration day, 11th July.



There has been the inevitable general exodus of staff at the end of the summer term. We have said goodbye to two senior tutors, one squadron commander, a Flying Wing squadron commander, eight flight commanders, seven flying instructors, five tutors and an A.D.C. to the Commandant.

Space does not permit us to make suitable farewells to all these officers but a few must be singled out for special mention. Wing Commander J. W. Sim, G.M., after four years as Senior Tutor (Aeronautical Science and Engineering) has left for Headquarters 2nd Tactical Air Force. Wing Commander Sim will be remembered for his discerning standard of instruction and for the rehousing of the various departments of the science faculty in huddled but well-equipped accommodation on North Airfield. The thanks of the ladies of the Station are due to Mrs Sim who organized the Wives' Tennis Club which on Thursday afternoons is reputed to play a little desultory tennis as an appetizer for a gargantuan tea.

Wing Commander H. C. D. Blasbery, Senior Tutor (Equipment, Secretarial and Administration), has left for the Joint Services Staff College. Upon Wing Commander Blasbery fell the principal load of integrating the former Equipment and Secretarial Wing from Digby with the College. He arrived here at a time when the move had just taken place and, starting from scratch, he had to establish the tone and manner in which this integration would be achieved. The success of his work was dramatically illustrated by the award at the end of the summer term of the Sword of Honour to Senior Under Officer T. R. Morgan, this being the first occasion on which the Sword of Honour has been awarded to a flight cadet of a ground branch. As the officer in charge of the passing-out parades, he succeeded in imparting to a highly developed organization the pleasing façade of spontaneous hospitality. We congratulate Wing Commander Blasbery upon the award of a prize in the Gordon Shepherd Memorial Prize essay competition. The contributions from Mrs Blasbery's pen are well known to subscribers to *The Poacher*.

Squadron Leader J. F. L. Long has left the College after five years on the staff as an instructor in English. In this environment mention of his work for *The Journal* is scarcely necessary, since *The Journal* is in itself *monumentum aere perennius* to his work as Managing Editor. He made many organizational changes which have improved its efficiency and financial stability, and in the aesthetic sphere he has altered its format and perfected its layout. Our thanks must also go to Mrs Long for her many contributions to the Dramatic section and for her work as *Journal* typist; her sure fingers and critical eye helped to prevent the errata from becoming one of the larger sections of *The Journal*.

Squadron Leader E. Taylor, A.F.C., the Officer Commanding 'B' Squadron, has left on the completion of his tour for an extended period of leave in New Zealand. He was an outstanding pianist and organizer of ski-ing.

Flight Lieutenant P. B. MacCorkindale has left after a long connection with the College as a flying instructor and A.D.C. to the Commandant. His wide experience of Cranwell and his other personal qualities made him an ideal occupant of this post where the inexpert is in danger of floundering between the devil and the A.O.C. His great share in the organization of rugger on the Station and of the flight cadets' tennis will long be remembered.

Our thanks go to these and all the other departing officers, who are recorded elsewhere, for their contribution to the work of the College.



We regret to have to record the death of Mr J. W. Robinson, the postmaster. Mr Robinson arrived at Cranwell on 16th October, 1916, and set up his post office in the centre of the camp. It has long been closely associated with the College. His boast was that it was established in the shadow of the College and that all the most famous Service names of all nationalities have passed and will pass through its doors. Mr Robinson's office was at the gate of the old College and on the other side of the road he saw the growth of our permanent buildings. Latterly the post office had been left as an island in the middle of the College lawns. From it for 35 years Mr Robinson met the needs of flight cadets.



The summer vacation as usual was a time of particular activity for flight cadets. Nearly all the branches of the Cadets' Activities Organization were engaged upon ambitious schemes, accounts of which appear elsewhere. Particular mention might be made of the exploits of the potholers who discovered a new system in North Italy and of the gliders who held a most successful camp in Derbyshire. Many visits were paid to Royal Air Force units. A large contingent spent a fortnight with the Mediterranean Fleet and others visited naval units based in the United Kingdom. A small party visited N.A.T.O. formations and units in Europe. This visit proved both inspiring and illuminating to the flight cadets. The party was most kindly and hospitably received by its hosts who included Old Cranwellians from the 2nd to the

62nd Entry. A most surprising and gratifying discovery was that many Old Cranwellians read *The Journal*. The editor wishes most heartily that more of them would contribute.

In June No. 65 Entry were the guests of Rolls-Royce Ltd at Derby and of A. V. Roe Ltd at Manchester. In July No. 71 Entry visited the collieries at Newstead and Annesley; parties from these collieries are due to pay a return visit to the College on the first two Saturdays in October. No. 67 Entry visited R.A.F. Langtoft in July.

During the summer term Equipment flight cadets have made instructional visits or been attached to No. 7 Maintenance Unit Quedgeley, No. 2 Maintenance Unit Southampton, and to the Movements Section (Air) at Lyneham. Secretarial flight cadets have visited the Regimental Pay Office (R.A.M.C. and W.R.A.C.) at Nottingham and the R.A.F. Record Office at Gloucester.

These visits broaden and illuminate the Cranwell course and we heartily thank our hosts for their hospitality in accepting these parties and their generosity in their instruction and entertainment.

Visitors to the College have included:

On 3rd-4th May the Assistant Commandant, Directing Staff and Students of the Royal Air Force Staff College, Bracknell.

On 19th May the following headmasters: Rev. D. L. Graham, M.A., Dean Close; H. A. March, M.A., Cranleigh; Rev. L. H. Waddy, M.A., Tonbridge; M. Lloyd, M.A., Uppingham.

On 30th June Sir John Cockcroft, who gave a lecture on 'The Peacetime Uses of Atomic Energy.'

Preachers at Parade services included:

On 1st May The Reverend A. M. Hardy, C.B., C.B.E., M.C., D.D.

On 15th June The Lord Bishop of Lincoln. Sir Charles Longcroft, the first Commandant, took the salute at the march past after church parade on 15th June.

The Per Ardua (R.A.F.) Beagles held their puppy show on 14th May on the court at the west wing. Eight and a half couple of puppies were on the flags and prizes went to Mrs Rhodes, Mr Bexon, Mrs Bristow, and Mrs Powell. The judges were Captain T. E. Bayley, M.F.H., and Mr Charles Mitchell. Members of the hunt and the farmers of the district over whose land we hunt were entertained to tea afterwards in the R.A.F. College.

The Dramatic section of the College Society produced *The Importance of Being Earnest* in July. The play was excellently produced, and when Lady Bracknell, Gwendoline and Ernest/John occupied the stage the pace was furious.

The Combined Cadet Force Camp was held at Cranwell from 25th July to 2nd August. It was attended by 24 officers and 305 cadets from Alleyn's School, Radley College, Kelly College, Blundell's School, Cheltenham College, Bradfield College, Marlborough College, George Watson's College, Haileybury School, Harrow School, Ampleforth College, Leeds Grammar School, Aberdeen Grammar School, Dollar Academy, Edinburgh Academy and Monmouth School. The Cheltenham College contingent had to withdraw early as some cases of scarlet fever had developed at the school. The average flying time for each cadet was 1 hour 50 minutes; in addition they



His Royal Highness The Prince of the Netherlands at the controls of his Dakota, after reviewing the passing-out parade of No. 65 Entry

carried out an ambitious programme of ground instruction, of sport and even found time to go to sea in Air-Sea Rescue craft from Boston. For the first time certain volunteers from among the flight cadets stayed on during the vacation to assist in the administration of the camp, one being attached to each flight.

The Ferris Competition was held on 24th June. It took the form of the mounting of a guard of honour with a Squadron Standard. The judges were provided by R.M.A. Sandhurst. 'A' Squadron won.

The Knocker Competition was held on 8th June, 'C' Squadron winning.

The ante-rooms of the College have at present the bare appearance of waiting-rooms now that the threat of the removal of pictures on loan from the Tate Gallery and the Chantrey bequest has been realized. Many flight cadets who took their good fortune for granted have been shocked by the gap left by the loss of these old friends. There is reason to hope that in the near future some of these gaps may be filled by pictures of comparable merit.

At the time of going to press we are on the verge of seeing the South Airfield brought back into operation. The runway and taxi tracks have been completed and the final refinements of wiring and lighting are now being installed. Flying Wing Headquarters have returned after their temporary migration to Barkston Heath. To assist future historians we record that the first aircraft to land on the main runway, an Anson piloted by the Commandant, did so at 1540 hours on Friday, 12th August, 1955. It is hoped to publish a description of the airfield in a later issue.

The whine of Vampires has now become a familiar hazard and from the start of the Spring term the Vampire training programme should be fully under way.

SOESTDIJK PALACE,

August 4th, 1955

Dear Air Commodore Eeles,

I should like you to know how very much impressed I am by what I saw on that memorable day last month. The results of the training of your cadets, their spirit and bearing, are excellent and I can only repeat that the honour of taking the salute was most certainly a very great pleasure to me.

With my sincerest good wishes for the College, the cadets and yourself.

Yours,

BERNHARD

Prince of the Netherlands

Air Commodore H. Eeles, C.B.E.,
Commandant,
Royal Air Force College,
Cranwell,
Sleaford, Lincs

H.R.H. The Prince of the Netherlands Reviews the Parade

ON 26th July, 1955, at the passing-out parade of 33 flight cadets of No. 65 Entry, the College was honoured by the presence of His Royal Highness Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands.

At 1050 hours on the morning of the parade, in warm, bright sunshine, typical of so much of the summer, His Royal Highness brought his Dakota in to a perfect landing on the North Airfield. The aircraft itself with its bright and attractive paintwork shining in the morning sunshine was an impressive sight, as the Prince taxied towards the waiting line of cars.

Shortly afterwards His Royal Highness, wearing the uniform of an Air Vice-Marshal of the Royal Air Force, stepped down from his aircraft and was greeted by the Lord Lieutenant of Lincolnshire, the Earl of Ancaster, the Secretary of State for Air, Lord De L'Isle and Dudley, the Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Flying Training Command, Air Marshal Sir Lawrence F. Pendred, and the Commandant of the Royal Air Force College, Air Commodore H. Eeles.

His Royal Highness was then driven to The Lodge where Lord and Lady Ancaster and their daughter Lady Jane Willoughby, Lord and Lady De L'Isle and Dudley, Marshal of the Royal Air Force Sir John and Lady Slessor, Air Marshal Sir Thomas and Lady Pike, and Air Marshal Sir Lawrence F. and Lady Pendred assembled.

Meanwhile a large number of visitors had already assembled on the Orange, where the various uniforms of the three Services and the bright summer dresses of the ladies made a most colourful spectacle.

At 1128 hours exactly, as the escorting jeep, followed by the car of His Royal Highness entered the main gate, Senior Under Officer T. R. Morgan, Parade Commander, called the Cadet Wing to attention. His Royal Highness was met at the west end of the parade ground and escorted to the saluting base by the Commandant while the trumpeters of the Royal Air Force College played, appropriately enough, a fanfare from *The Flying Dutchman*. As Prince Bernhard stepped on to the dais, he was received with a Royal Salute, the Netherlands National Anthem was played and His Royal Highness's personal standard was broken at the masthead.

There followed the inspection and the march

past, first in slow and then in quick time, during which the high standard of marching and dressing and the precision of the drill movements were especially noticeable. Then, as the Cadet Wing reformed line, the band played *Lillibullero*, well-known for its historic associations with the Dutch Royal family. After the Advance in Review Order and Royal Salute, His Royal Highness presented the Sword of Honour to Senior Under Officer T. R. Morgan of the Secretarial Branch, the first flight cadet of a ground branch ever to receive this honour in the history of the College, and the Queen's Medal to Under Officer D. T. F. Ozanne. His Royal Highness then delivered an address.



On his arrival at the west end of the parade ground, His Royal Highness shakes hands with the Assistant Commandant



After the address, the Queen's Colour, the Senior Entry and the Cadet Wing were marched successively off parade, and His Royal Highness was escorted into the College.

Reviewing Officer's Address

In his address to the Cadet Wing, His Royal Highness said:

In September, 1940, just about 15 years ago, I started flying in the I.T.W. at Hatfield. In April, 1941, I got my wings in the same way as some of you got them yesterday, and in 1941 His Majesty the King graciously granted me the honorary rank of Air Commodore in the Royal Air Force Volunteer Reserve. This month Her Majesty the Queen has honoured me very much indeed by promoting me to Air Vice-Marshal and I am deeply touched by this token of appreciation from Her Majesty and from her Royal Air Force.

Since those days in September, 1940, I have flown almost four thousand hours. I love flying just as much as when I started it—in fact I do not understand how anybody who loves flying can ever give it up unless he has to.

I also saw some active service at this time—



*Left: The inspection of 'C' Squadron. To the rear of the Reviewing Officer are Senior Under Officer Morgan, parade commander, and Under Officer Ozanne, parade adjutant
Above: The Flying Wing Parade*

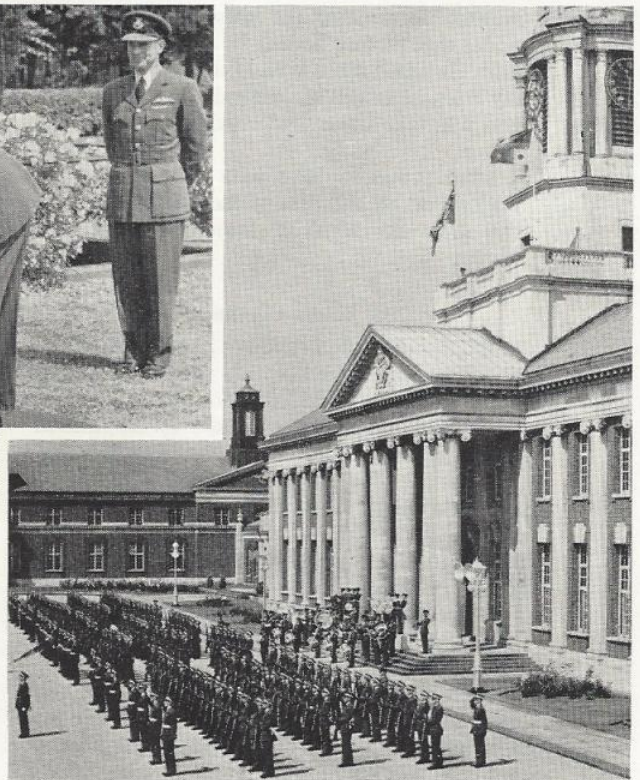
not thanks to the R.A.F. who were most strict and threatened to ground me if I ever went on operations, but thanks to my American friends, in particular General Doolittle, who was a little less strict. In those days I was young and eager and I felt that I simply had to have that experience, and now at a much riper age I have learned to realize that some people cannot do the same things that others can, or even may not do the same things as others, and I am sure that some of you in your life will learn the same lesson. However that may be, I still am very very interested in flying or subjects that have to do with it, and in particular the Air Forces—our own and those of our allies and for that reason I felt not only honoured but also very pleased when I was asked to take the salute today at your parade.

Now I want you to know that what I saw here today at your parade was really first class, very smart, excellent; you have got very good reason to be proud of yourselves. I congratulate you.

Now there is one thing I would like to impress upon you, and it has struck me that the same point has been made by quite a few of the personalities who took the salute before me in former years, and that is the co-operation between the Services. It is natural, and it should be so, that you should be proud of your own Service, and equally naturally you must and will believe that air power is all-important. These are excellent feelings but I can assure you



*Above: His Royal Highness plants a commemorative tree
Right: The Cadet Wing receives the Reviewing Officer with
a Royal Salute*



from personal experience that only perfect co-operation and co-ordination between the three Services will make a really efficient fighting machine, and therefore, while you should always be happy to wear your blue uniforms, you should make it a point and I mean all of you, in whichever position in the R.A.F. you may find yourself, to learn as much as you can about the two other Services, and by learning about them, acquire respect for the part they play, and confidence in them whenever you have to work with them together.

Another point I want to stress and that is that you must consciously and continually develop your qualities of leadership. To me leadership means to have the human touch and by that I mean that you have got to know your men and look after them. Without that you will never be a good leader. The second thing to be a good leader is to know your job to perfection. You have learned a lot here—keep on learning—know your job really well and then whenever you are in a position to command never forget to check and recheck and double check, and finally always keep the men under your command informed and by that I mean informed about all matters big and small.

Now I told you I started to fly at Hatfield 15 years ago and that was in the days of the Tiger Moth, the Master, the Hurricane and the Spitfire, and now I would like to speak a few words to those of you who have just got your

wings. You will soon all fly jets and I have flown quite a few and I can assure you of one thing. While I myself in my young days have also done some low flying and a bit of showing off, that sort of thing in a jet is *out*. In my opinion, in an aircraft that flies so many times faster than those we sometimes fool about in, low flying can only be done by those who have great experience and by that I mean great experience in jet flying. Otherwise it is an extremely dangerous, irresponsible and foolish act. I know it will be difficult to restrain the impulse—I have had it myself—but if you want to save your own lives, and what is perhaps even more important if you want to play a role in making a really efficient Royal Air Force, it is important that you have a very rigid flying discipline based on self discipline. I am sorry you will miss some of the fun we used to have when we were young, but one has to face facts and they are hard facts—sometimes they can be a little too hard.

That reminds me of a great friend of mine who used to be the Commandant here a few years ago. He had a Night Fighter station and he had there in the Officers' Mess a picture of Sir Isaac Newton—and as you know Sir Isaac

Newton formulated the laws of gravity—and under that picture he had an inscription and it said ‘He killed more than Hitler did’; and that, my friends, is still an eternal truth, so I trust you will take these few words to heart about flying.

I am proud to have seen you here today. I wish you all the best of luck and success in this great Service, Her Majesty’s Royal Air Force.

The Wings Ceremony

A large gathering of relatives and friends of the passing-out entry together with many College and Station officers attended the presentation of the wings, individual prizes and squadron trophies in the College lecture hall on the eve of the parade.

On this occasion the presentations were made by the Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Flying Training Command, Air Marshal Sir Lawrence F. Pendred, in the presence of the Commandant. Air Marshal Pendred delivered the following address:

Commandant, Ladies and Gentlemen, and in particular you flight cadets whom I have just congratulated.

At each of the last seven prizegivings in this hall, I have sat comfortably in the chair the Commandant is now occupying and I have watched him present the wings and the prizes and I have listened to him with great pleasure making his terminal address. It is his prerogative to do these things, but today he has pressed me to take his place because very shortly I am giving up Flying Training Command and retiring from the Service. I do appreciate the honour he has done me and I thank him for it, and perhaps as this is my Service ‘swan song’ you will excuse me if, in developing my theme, I mention my own connections with Cranwell throughout the years.

I am sure you all know that the three main ways of becoming an officer in our Service are through Cranwell, through Henlow or by way of what is called the Direct Entry scheme which is providing the vast majority of our officers and which has taken the place of the old Short Service Commission. It is true to say, nevertheless, that every young officer, whether he has been trained in one of the Colleges or not, is a potential full-career man, and every direct entrant can hope to reach high rank, but, and this is the point I want to develop, the ex-Cranwell cadet is *expected* to reach high rank. He is expected to become Station Commander in due course and from then on he has particularly good prospects of becoming Group

Commander, Commander-in-Chief, or Director General at the Air Ministry, or even an Air Councillor. All this is eventually wide open to you graduates sitting in front of me, and now why does the Service expect or count on you in particular to fill these appointments? I will tell you.

It is because initially you were more carefully selected than the other officers because you were trained here at the oldest and most famous of all Air Cadet Colleges. Because you have been taught here to study, how to study, and how to keep yourself informed and how to think logically and independently. And because you will always carry with you when you leave here two loyalties instead of one. One to the Service and the other to Cranwell. You will want to do well by both of them. You will want Cranwell as well as the Service to be proud of your achievements. You will never let either of them down and always, perhaps unconsciously, should you find yourself in any personal or Service quandary, you will think back to your training here and you will ask yourself ‘What would the Cranwell standard be in the circumstances?’ and you will choose the right course to adopt. It is quite true to say that you are the ones with the great advantages and very great things are expected of you.

One of my earliest ambitions was to graduate at Cranwell and I did so after a course of two months and I graduated as a Fleet Sub-Lieutenant because it was before the days of the Royal Air Force, and having achieved that ambition my second ambition was to instruct at Cranwell because, on returning from overseas after the first war, it seemed to me that Cranwell was a part of the new Service, as indeed it was, and quite the best Station at which to start a peace-time career. I was lucky enough to have that ambition realized also, and from then on, although I cannot call myself or claim to be an ex-cadet, or even a member of the Old Cranwellian Association, I acquired that other loyalty of which I have spoken.

Indeed, all through my service life Cranwell has been in my thoughts very much to my advantage. I will let you into a secret: I have always wanted tremendously to be the Commandant, but that was one of the ambitions that fell apart and I find myself now commanding the Commandant, which perhaps is the next best thing. As C.-in-C. I have delightedly watched Cranwell growing more beautiful, more comfortable and better equipped, and I have impatiently watched the growth of your



His Royal Highness The Prince of the Netherlands presents the Sword of Honour to Senior Under Officer T. R. Morgan

new airfield and I am determined, incidentally, to be one of the first to land on it.

I have told you that in order to show you how the spirit of Cranwell can grip anyone who has served here. How much greater then would be its influence on you who are literally *of* Cranwell. It will not be just another of your old schools, the memories of which will fade as the years go by. It will be, and continue to be, a living and up-to-date inspiration to you. A place you can call your own and if you continue to be guided by its standards and ideals, you are bound to succeed.

Now it is the custom on these occasions to give you a bit of advice, but I know you have had an abundance during the last two or three days so I am confining myself to two pieces only. First, do not be ambitious in the sense of trying to get into the limelight at the expense of your brother officers. You will be greatly disliked if you do, and I can assure you that your seniors will very quickly rumble you, but by all means set yourself high aims, but go about attaining them in a modest and un-

dramatic manner. You will find that most of your contemporaries will not be Old Cranwellians. Do not try to make that blatantly obvious. They will lack certain things, I know, which you have got, but so far as flying is concerned they will be just as good pilots as you are, and on the ground they will be trying their best to be efficient officers.

And you Equipment and Secretarial graduates, you will have a great deal to learn from your colleagues in your units, and for a long time to come, so my advice to you is just do your job with Cranwell efficiency, and a little bit more than your job if you can do so without treading on anybody's toes. I can assure you that Flight Commanders and even Station Commanders are very quick to spot a particularly keen and efficient young officer, and due advance and credit will follow, but they will give you no credit at all if they see that you are thrusting yourself forward for the sole purpose of showing how good you are.

My other piece of advice is this, and I must admit that it is pretty long-term advice. When the opportunity comes, do make up your minds to plough back into the Service the skills and the knowledge which you have gained. However happy you may be in your units at the time when the chance comes, do consider becoming an instructor. When you feel that you have got something to give, do look upon it as your duty to the Service and to Cranwell to give it. I find that far too few officers nowadays are volunteering for these somewhat unspectacular but vitally important instructors' posts, in spite of the enormous personal interest and satisfaction which can be got from them. It is so much better to ask for one of these posts than to be press-ganged, and the volunteer officer is very much more likely to get enthusiastic about his task than the one who is detailed for it. I know that it will be five or six years before this opportunity comes to you but when it does I hope you will remember my advice and act on it.

At this point the Commandant has a few forthright comments to make on your progress while you have been here and he has briefed me to say this to you: You have been, apparently, a very good all-round entry, and you have had a proper sense of duty and responsibility. This has been particularly noticeable in your last term here when you have set a very fine example to the rest of the Wing. Your flying is assessed as good average and academically you are high average, but I am told that two or three of you have not had very good results from your

studies, that you could have done better. Now I can assure you that you will regret that, and I do exhort you to make good your omissions by passing your promotion exams first time and by qualifying for Staff College at the first opportunity. If you do not, you will not get the profit that you should from being Cranwellians.

I have heard that the Equipment and Secretarial graduates have done specially well—indeed one of them gained the highest marks so far achieved for professional subjects and I commend him most heartily. I think, Ladies and Gentlemen, you will agree with me that taken all round that is a very good report indeed and I warmly congratulate all of you graduates again, and I also congratulate the Commandant and his staff and I include in that the airmen of this station and the College servants because without their willing help and co-operation no results at all would have been possible.

May I say that I am delighted to see so many parents and friends here at this ceremony. You know it is your presence which makes the day and also the far greater tomorrow, and I warmly welcome you on behalf of the Commandant, and finally I would like you graduates to know that when I see you on parade tomorrow I shall be absolutely confident that your bearing and your drill will be worthy of our Royal guest and with all my heart I wish you happy and successful careers.

Order of Merit

No. 65 ENTRY

General Duties Branch

- D. T. F. OZANNE, Under Officer: Queen's Medal; Abdy Gerrard Fellowes Memorial Prize; Swimming (Full Colours); Association Football (Half Colours); Sailing; Choral (President); Orchestra.
- S. T. NEWINGTON, Senior Flight Cadet: Swimming (Full Colours); Fencing; Squash; Canoeing; Sailing; Speleology; Fine Arts.
- J. A. BELL, Senior Flight Cadet: Air Ministry Prize for Imperial and War Studies; Rugby; Tennis; Camping; *Journal* (Sub-Editor); Dramatic; Debating; Fine Arts; Choral.
- D. J. MCL. EDMONDSTON, Under Officer: Fencing (Full Colours); Field Shooting; Sailing; Fine Arts; Dramatic; Photography.
- J. D. HARVEY, Under Officer: Boxing; Association Football; Sailing; Field Shooting; Music (Secretary); Dramatic; Fine Arts.
- G. B. BROWNE, Senior Flight Cadet: Gliding; Aeromodelling; Dramatic.
- P. R. EVANS, Senior Flight Cadet: Rugby (Full Colours); Hockey.
- J. E. M. A. N. RATNAYEKE, Senior Flight Cadet: Hicks Memorial Trophy; Ski-ing; Gliding.
- M. E. KERR, Senior Under Officer: Phillip Sassoon Memorial Prize; J. A. Chance Memorial Prize; Cricket (Full Colours); Rugby (Half Colours); Sailing; *Journal* (Committee and Editor); Dramatic (Producer); Fine Arts.
- J. P. T. O'MAHONY, Under Officer: Riding; Field Shooting; Sailing; Photography (Secretary); Fine Arts (Secretary).
- P. G. BIDDISCOMBE, Senior Under Officer: Shooting (Full Colours); Association Football (Half Colours); Sailing; Dramatic; Fine Arts.
- A. G. BRIDGES, Senior Flight Cadet: R. M. Groves Memorial Prize; Dickson Trophy; Michael Hill Memorial Prize; Tennis (Full Colours); Squash (Full Colours); Sailing; Engineering; Choral; Fine Arts.
- M. FARMER, Senior Flight Cadet: Swimming; Rugby; Hockey; Canoeing; Speleology; Aeromodelling.
- A. M. WRAIGHT, Senior Flight Cadet: Royal United Service Institution Award; Squash; Shooting; Gliding; Debating; Engineering; *Journal* (Sub-Editor); Film Section (Secretary); Fiction Librarian.
- J. H. TURNER, Under Officer: Athletics (Half Colours); Association Football (Half Colours); Sailing; Riding; Choral.
- J. D. C. HAWTIN, Under Officer: Hockey (Full Colours); Tennis (Captain, Full Colours); Sailing; Fine Arts.
- J. F. H. MARRIOTT, Senior Flight Cadet: Rugby (Full Colours); Athletics; Cricket; Swimming; Choral; Fine Arts.
- G. A. FARLAM, Senior Flight Cadet: Fencing; Shooting; Angling; Speleology; Riding (Secretary); Chess; Fine Arts.
- S. W. R. A. KEY, Under Officer: Rugby; Rowing; Athletics; Speleology; Sailing; Gliding; Wild-fowling; Fine Arts.
- P. F. HUNWICK, Senior Flight Cadet: Rugby; Rowing; Sailing; Speleology; Wild-fowling; Fine Arts.



THE SENIOR TERM : JULY, 1955

Senior Flight Cadets M. T. N. Liddiard, A. M. Wraight, J. J. Tyrrell, C. Richmond, P. R. Davis, S. T. Newington, Z. K. Feroze, G. B. Browne, B. A. Rogers, J. E. M. A. N. Ratnayeke, J. C. L. Fell
U.O. S. W. R. A. Key, Senior Flight Cadets D. F. E. Eden, G. A. Farlam, J. F. H. Marriott, A. G. Bridges, R. C. Tompkins, T. R. Cohu, P. F. Hunwick, J. A. Bell, M. Farmer, P. R. Evans
U.O. J. D. C. Hawtin, U.O. B. J. McGill, U.O. D. J. McL. Edmondston, U.O. J. P. T. O'Mahony, S.U.O. P. G. Biddiscombe, S.U.O. T. R. Morgan, S.U.O. M. E. Kerr, U.O. D. T. F. Ozanne, U.O. C. H. Salwey, U.O. J. H. Turner, U.O. J. D. Harvey

C. H. SALWEY, Under Officer: Shooting (Full Colours); Hockey; Fencing; Athletics; Riding; Angling (Secretary).

T. R. COHU, Senior Flight Cadet: Rugby (Full Colours); Tennis (Full Colours); Cricket (Half Colours); Squash; Field Shooting; Sailing; Jazz (Secretary).

Z. K. FERZE, Senior Flight Cadet: Hockey (Half Colours); Ski-ing; Photography.

J. J. TYRRELL, Senior Flight Cadet: Gliding; Canoeing; Photography; Fine Arts.

C. RICHMOND, Senior Flight Cadet: Rugby; Shooting; Rowing; Aeromodelling; Radio.

Equipment Branch

B. J. MCGILL, Under Officer: Air Ministry Prize for Equipment Studies; Athletics (Half Colours); Association Football; Speleology.

D. F. E. EDEN, Senior Flight Cadet: Printing (Secretary); Music; Photography; Debating.

J. C. L. FELL, Senior Flight Cadet: Gliding; Riding.

M. T. N. LIDDIARD, Senior Flight Cadet: Cricket; Fencing; Riding; Gliding; Debating.

Secretarial Branch

P. R. DAVIS, Senior Flight Cadet: Air Ministry Prize for Secretarial Studies; L'Ecole de l'Air Trophy for French Studies; Sailing; Dramatic Society (President); *Journal* (Assistant Editor); Music; Debating; Sailing.

T. R. MORGAN, Senior Under Officer: Sword of Honour; Rugby (Full Colours); Athletics (Half Colours); Hockey; Squash; Sailing; Speleology; Jazz.

R. C. TOMPKINS, Senior Flight Cadet: Hockey (Half Colours); Rugby; Tennis; Squash; Canoeing; Speleology.

B. A. ROGERS, Senior Flight Cadet: Fencing; Modern Pentathlon; Canoeing; Camping; Film Society; Fine Arts.

Cranwell in the Early 'Thirties

By A.R.D.M.

IT was the road that established the dividing line between the present and the future; between the old Cadets' Mess and the 'Huts,' and the still unfinished brick and stone College. The long, straight road that lay like a grey ribbon through the Camp, almost from Byards Leap to the village itself from which the camp takes its name. The road was there from the beginning; from 1917. It will always be there.

In the early 'thirties, however, it symbolized to those of us living in the old Cadets' Mess the threshold of a promise—a promise rich with hints of luxuries to come; of rooms to ourselves; of spacious ante-rooms and a dining hall for five hundred; of central heating! We were to move into the new College building at the beginning of our third term. We were to live 'across the road'! Our first year as flight cadets was spent in anticipation—and speculation of what was to come.

We arrived at Sleaford station early one afternoon in September, 1932, new, inexperienced, and dressed in a wide variety of styles, ranging from dark suits to plus-fours. Only the bowler hat, which had been so clearly stipulated in our joining instruction, was common to all of us. I had never before seen plus-fours and a bowler hat together: I've never seen it since!

From Sleaford to Cranwell we travelled in R.A.F. transport, clutching our suitcases and bowlers and speculating among ourselves as to the identity of an erect and authoritative figure in R.A.F. uniform who had us very quickly under control. This was Joe Beresford, the Cadet Wing Sergeant Major. Some of us were as yet uncertain of R.A.F. rank emblems, so we called him 'Sir' to be on the safe side.

There were about thirty of us from the train. A few had already arrived earlier in the day, bringing our total to forty or so. We were split among the three squadrons which comprised the Cadet Wing—'A,' 'B' and 'C' Squadrons. I went to 'B' Squadron.

The Cadets' Mess, and the 'Huts' where we slept and studied and relaxed in the evenings, were wooden, verandahed buildings. The Mess contained a junior and senior ante-room, a dining-room and a large but antiquated kitchen. The Mess had remained unchanged since it had been put up in 1917. To the new arrival it breathed an atmosphere of unquestionable tradition. Photographs of young men in R.F.C. uniforms, and

paintings of Sopwith Pups and D.H.9a's hung on the walls. The heavy leather furniture was scarred and patched and stitched. The whole place was somewhat spartan, but scrupulously clean.

The Huts were connected with the Cadets' Mess by means of covered walkways. The Huts themselves were interconnected by verandahs running the full length of each row. I remember most clearly the pounding roar of a downpour of rain on the tin roofs. I recall also the solemn precepts given me on my first evening by the Third Term Cadet in charge of my hut, and the strange, exciting smell of my new uniform, mess kit and half-wellington boots.

On weekdays we wore officer-type barathean tunics, grey flannel trousers and black boots. Our shirts were white flannel with long-pointed soft collars through which we wore a tie-pin. Our officer pattern caps had white cap-bands.

On ceremonial occasions we exchanged our soft collars for stiff ones with rounded edges and put on breeches and puttees. Uncomfortable though these were, and laborious though it was to wind your puttees so that they both ended exactly in line with the side seam of your breeches, there was something undeniably satisfying in the sense of smartness they imparted. The only occasion on which I've been caught preening myself was when my squadron under officer surprised me with my mirror tilted so that I could gauge the effect of my well-flared breeches and neatly rolled puttees!

For the first two terms we lived in the Huts and the old Cadets' Mess. We graduated on the parade ground through a First Term Squad, under a ginger-haired Sergeant Major from Edinburgh. We then joined the ranks of our squadrons where we met the full force of the personality of Joe Beresford. Joe was neither a tyrant nor a bully; he was a first-class drill instructor whose word was law and whose tireless ambition was to improve, and still further improve our standard of drill and ceremonial. We were roared at, not because we were necessarily bad but simply because we fell short of the unattainable standard of his own perfection. Joe made us sweat and toil but when, a year after I arrived, he came to say goodbye to us on retirement from the Service, he came as a friend. We passed him a little later as we marched in a squad to our lecture, and we gave him an eyes right which nearly dislocated

our necks. He had his small daughter by the hand and he took off his bowler hat and stood there bareheaded and said 'Thank you, Gentlemen, thank you,' as we marched past.

Most lectures took place in what was known as 'The Triple Block,' so called, as far as I remember, because there were three subjects studied there, Electricity and Magnetism, Statics and Dynamics, and Maths. These were taught respectively by three civilian professors affectionately known to us as 'Coulomb,' 'Struts' and Peter Pitches. Rupert de la Bere, or 'Bass,' also held sway near the Triple Block. Bass was virtually the Director of Studies; he was the professor of the humanistic subjects.

We started our flying training in the first fortnight after our arrival, and I freely confess that much of what 'Bass,' 'Coulomb,' 'Struts' and Peter Pitches taught me during those early days passed in one ear and out the other. Our pre-occupation was flying; our first solo was an occasion of intense private and personal triumph. You could see the aeroplanes coming in to land by looking out of the lecture-room windows. You felt an almost animal envy of the chap who was up there, and the significance of Ohm's law seemed purely academic.

We flew from the South Airfield. The aircraft and Flight offices were housed in five black corrugated iron hangars. They stood there gaunt and by no means weather-proof, with only a narrow strip of rough tarmac between them and the grass airfield. There was no Flying Control as such. The Watch Office contained the Duty Pilot with one telephone, a pair of binoculars, a Veray pistol, with a selection of coloured signal cartridges, and an Aldis lamp. The Chief Flying Instructor, then a squadron leader, occupied a small 'bungalow' building between the Watch Office and the Eastern edge of the tarmac. Neither the Duty Pilot nor the C.F.I. could see very much of what was going on, owing to the convex topography of the airfield.

Flying training took place approximately once a day for each flight cadet. The first two terms were spent on the elementary type of aircraft and the third and fourth terms on Service types. When we first arrived, and during our first term, we were given our elementary instruction on Avro 504Ns. This remarkable aeroplane was very like its famous predecessor the 504K, but it was fitted with a radial engine—a Lynx—and a slightly more modern undercarriage. It was fully aerobatic, had a maximum level speed of between 90 and 100 m.p.h. and was virtually un-taxiable in a strong cross-wind. The senior terms were, at



A review of aircraft in July, 1931. Older readers will recognize some of the types of aircraft that are mentioned in the article

this time, flying Atlases and Siskins.

We made our first solos on the Avros, and my log book records about 30 hours' total flying during our first term. We flew through a hard winter when the flat Lincolnshire countryside was covered with snow, and the icy slipstream whipped our faces and tore through our flying overalls, chilling us to the bone. I remember losing all feeling in the fingers of my throttle hand and being so cold that my arms and legs seemed no longer to belong to me. When we landed my instructor, a flight sergeant, made me run twice round the hangar block to restore my circulation.

The instructor occupied the front cockpit, the pupil the rear. I never realised how much encouragement I had drawn from the sight of that helmeted head with its blue scarf until the day of my first solo when suddenly it was no longer there. I had made three passable landings with my instructor at the far end of the airfield, after which he turned to me, grinned, hopped out and said, 'Off you go!'

Breathing rather heavily, I took off, completed the circuit, sidled away from an Atlas that had turned in under me, and settled down to my first glide in. Somewhere out of the corner of my eye I sensed a small solitary figure sitting on his parachute underneath the windsock, and then it was time to level off. I bounced once and involuntarily said 'Sorry, Flight,' and then I was down. My instructor climbed in, put his thumb up and

shouted 'Not bad!' We taxied back to the hangar and I entered 'First Solo' in my log book in red ink.

Just before the end of our first term two of the instructors brought in the first of the new elementary trainers, the Avro Tutor. We knew they were expected, and as soon as they were sighted over the western boundary we rushed out to watch them land. There were two of them, flying in tight formation and diving as they approached. They pulled up vertically over the hangar, broke away and landed. We swarmed round them. Compared with our ancient 504Ns, the Tutors were a big step forward in aircraft design. They were, of course, still biplanes and they were powered by the Lynx. But they were small and compact. A Townsend ring round the engine was moulded neatly into the fuselage. They had brakes, and the cockpits, though still open, gave reasonable protection against the elements. They looked right, and were credited with a top speed of 120 m.p.h.

We continued our elementary flying training on the 504Ns until the end of our first term. When we started our second term they had all been replaced by the Tutors. We found the new aircraft very easy to fly, delightful for aerobatics and altogether up to our expectations.

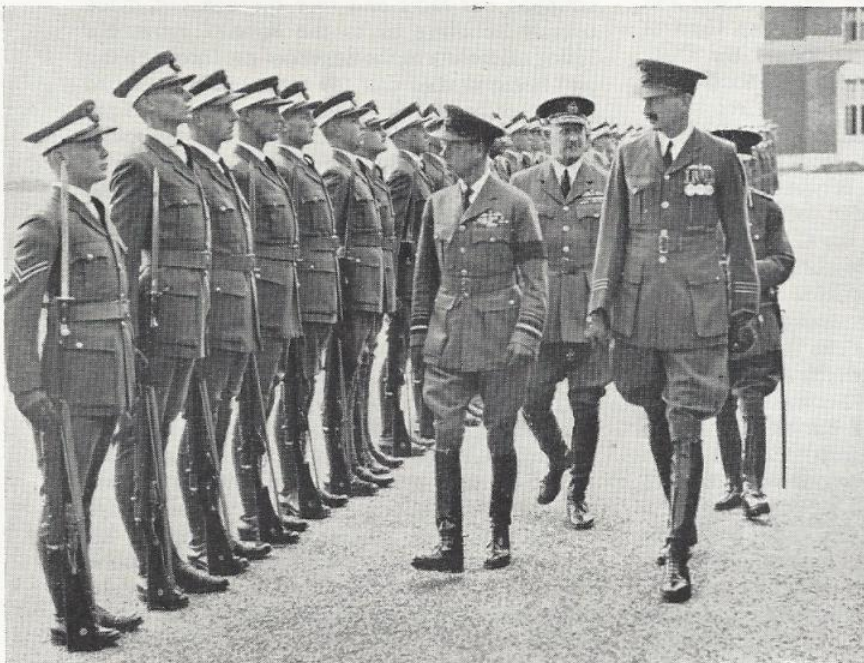
We were still in the old Cadets' Mess and the Huts, but the College was almost ready for occupation, and several of the senior term cadets

had been shown over it. Smoke could be seen coming from the kitchen chimneys at the back, and the grass that had been sown in a great circle in front of the College had been mown for the first time.

And so, our spartan existence continued throughout our second term. We were no longer Bog Rats; we had acquired some small status as Second Termers and we were gaining experience as pilots. We flew solo cross-countries to Hucknall, Duxford, Upper Heyford and Catterick. We got lost, and forced landed in small fields from which we were retrieved by our instructors. We came back from Grantham late on Saturday nights and stole into the kitchen premises of the Cadets' Mess and helped ourselves to Sunday morning's breakfast rolls. We would hide under the tables in the dining-room while Thistle, the old pensioner, who was on duty at night, sheezed round in pursuit, switching on and off the lights in the hopes of catching us red-handed. I cannot remember that he ever did.

Our second term drew to its close. We had finished our elementary flying training. Next term we were to graduate to Service types and I was to join 'E' Flight, the Siskin Flight, for training in single-seater fighters. Next term we were to move into the College; we were actually going to live 'across the road.'

I find it very difficult to recall to mind my first impressions of our third term, and life in the new



The Duke of Windsor, when Prince of Wales, inspecting a Guard of Honour after his arrival at the College on the occasion of the opening of the new College building in 1934. To the right of the Prince is Sqn Ldr C. E. V. Porter, commanding the Guard of Honour; to the rear is the Commandant, Air Vice-Marshal W. G. S. Mitchell

The Duke of Windsor, when Prince of Wales, declaring open the Royal Air Force College building on 11th October, 1934. On his left are Lord Londonderry, Lord Yarborough and Lord Trenchard. On his right is Air Chief Marshal Sir Edward Ellington



College. The change-over was not one of degree but one of kind, and I think that was because we had rooms to ourselves and therefore privacy. I believe that privacy and the opportunity for solitude and for unshared reflection, which it offers, is one of the most important ingredients in the growing-up process of a young man. In the Huts one was seldom alone; more often indeed the room was full and, as a junior member, one was lucky to have a chair to sit on. In consequence one tended to tag along, conforming with the general social theme which the senior members dictated, putting aside, for fear of having them laughed at or ridiculed or gently but firmly squashed, many of the thoughts and ambitions which are the private companions of all young people.

At first, when we moved over into the new College, we were almost afraid of the privacy of a room to ourselves. We circulated in small groups from one room to another. We clustered together in the broad passageways and, for the first few days, we dropped our voices to a whisper on coming into the ante-rooms. A loud laugh seemed almost as disrespectful as bad language in church. I think we were all somewhat overawed to begin with: it took us several weeks to settle down and to get the measure of our new surroundings. But by the end of our third term we felt at home again: we had perhaps lost something or left something undefinable behind in the Huts, but we had gained

enormously in a new sense of dignity and importance. It was almost the transition from a school to a university, and the growth of an intellectual quality in our lives and outlooks began to make itself felt.

In our own rooms we began to read and write and discuss things with a few close friends. Against the constant background of our flying, there developed and germinated many of the ideas that went to form the various extra-mural activities of the College Society of today.

Our transition from the elementary aircraft to Service types was of a different order; it was material and professional, and was summed up in the words of my new flight commander when we joined 'E' Flight. He said, 'You are now going to learn to fly aeroplanes which were built to fight in the air as weapons of war.'

By 1933 the Siskin was no longer in squadron service with the R.A.F., and had been replaced by the Bulldog. But in 'E' Flight at Cranwell it represented the fighter and it mattered little to us that it was obsolete. Our flying assumed a new importance; it was as though we were almost operational pilots. The Siskin was a squat, business-like little single-seater biplane with a very short lower plane. It stood very much nose up on a tall undercarriage which made it tricky to land, as the tail had to be brought down and the aircraft brought right through the stalling altitude if a three-pointer was to be made. It also tended

to drop a wing, roll onto the tip of its large upper mainplane and stand on its nose.

The dual Siskin was simply the single-seater with a second cockpit and dual controls built immediately behind the front pilot's position. It was an unhappy looking affair with the instructor sitting perched up, as it were, on a second hump. But it served its purpose, and we flew Siskins through the second winter, and they were as cold, if not colder, for our instructors behind, as were the 504Ns of our first term.

I am not sure whether any of my contemporaries in 'E' Flight got through without breaking a Siskin: I don't think anyone did. I certainly didn't, and indeed had the distinction of standing the flight commander on his nose. It was an unpleasantly gusty day and we must have landed slightly out of wind. We bounced; there was a shout down the voice tube from behind, but it was too late. When it was over, I scrambled out, while the flight commander sat there high in the air above the crumbled mainplane and broken propeller. His only comment was 'That was a bloody awful landing, badly conceived and shockingly executed.'

We learnt a lot on our Siskins. They were

excellent for aerobatics, but would flick off the top of a loop if pulled round a little too tight. They were always a challenge to us and a real 'daisy kisser' was a rare and encouraging event. Siskin Lip and a bloody nose were regarded by us as honourable scars.

During our fourth and last term the few serviceable Siskins which remained were finally removed and 'E' Flight was re-equipped with Bulldogs. At the same time the two Atlas flights were beginning to receive the first of their new Hawker Harts. And so, in the space of a year we had seen the passing of the old Cadets' Mess, the Avro 504Ns, the Siskins and the Atlases, and the opening of the new College and the arrival of the Tutors, Bulldogs and Harts.

As I look back on those changes, and feel once more that surge of power, when I opened the throttle on my first solo in a Bulldog, or hear sometimes in my memory the harsh crackle of a Hart taking off, and again recall the pageantry of our graduation parade set against the backcloth of the new College, it seems that they were all part and parcel of living 'across the road.'

It was, if you like, the closing of one chapter of the book and the opening of another.

From Our Files — Spring 1932

ALTHOUGH this article may appear revolutionary and destructive, it is, in effect, just the reverse. It is an attempt to justify an endeavour which, at this time, is foremost in the minds of us at Cranwell—the attack on the Long-Distance Record.

For the past few weeks the Long-Range Monoplane has been our chief interest. We have inspected it, photographed it, and watched it flying; have done everything except considered the reason for its existence and the results it is expected to show to justify the expense of production.

I see three possible ways in which the monoplane may be of use to the Service:—

- (1) As a prototype of some useful service or civil aircraft;
- (2) As a contribution to navigational knowledge;
- (3) As a publicity stunt.

These points need considering. Can the monoplane possibly be the prototype of any future service aircraft? Only for a long-range bomber. If this is the intention, then it is easily refutable. The present range of the monoplane is something like 5,500 miles at an economic cruising speed of

eighty miles per hour. With the necessary Service accessories, bombs, guns, etc., the range drops to 2,900 miles and the speed to seventy-five miles per hour—this for an aeroplane which requires a run of 2,600 yards before taking off.

In civil aviation there is a need for new mailplanes, but the trend in this direction is for a very fast machine with comparatively short range, say, 400 miles. The monoplane is certainly not a development of such a type, nor can it furnish data likely to be useful for such development.

As a navigational observatory the results do not justify the expense of two lives. Nothing is to be learned about air navigation which could not be gained on short flights.

There only remains the question of publicity. It is true that the setting up of a record would give British aviation generally a fillip, and the fact that it is a Service endeavour would enhance the prestige of our Service, but the Air Ministry is so averse to publicity that this can hardly be the reason.

The Sunbeam Motor-Cycle

A Visit to the B.S.A. Factory at Redditch

By PILOT OFFICER T. H. SHEPPARD

ALL but airborne, a two-wheeled cluster of components blurred past me; its exhaust note jarred like a machine-gun firing blanks and the expression on the rider's face, discernible for a brief second as he rushed towards me, betrayed the fact that perhaps he was not the most relaxed of men. One man's fish, I thought, is another man's *poisson*, for this seemed to epitomise all that motor cycling should not be, though was, I fear, the light in which many people saw it.

An hour and a half later I was at Redditch seeing how one of the world's finest motor cycles is made. There in a small factory, of which only a small part is given over to their manufacture, are made Sunbeam motor-cycles. Now produced by one of the twenty-six members of the B.S.A. group of industries (of which Daimler and Lanchester are a part), the Sunbeam was originally made by John Marston Ltd, which was taken over by B.S.A. during the war. In 1944-45 the idea of a new motor-cycle was born—the brain-child of chief designer, Erling Poppe. He took the best advantage of a designer's paradise—a new motor-cycle had to be designed from scratch. Sunbeam's managing director, Mr James Leek, said of the new machine, 'Our aim must be a motor-cycle as modern as tomorrow, but built in a famous tradition. A judicious blend of originality and the orthodox, combining dash with dignity. Within these limits the designer can start with a clean sheet of paper and really let himself go.'

And that, at times to Mr Leek's consternation, is just what Poppe did. This was a machine designed as an integral whole from the start and not merely a match-up of currently available accessories like many motor-cycles were and still are. The venture needed a great deal of courage—and capital; to say nothing of the unusual design, ingenuity was needed to ensure that in the hard world of business the capital did not fall on barren ground. Courage was indeed one of the keynotes when launching a project with such unprecedented features as shaft drive, car type clutch and gearbox, ultra large section tyres and complete unit construction of the twin cylinder overhead camshaft power unit and accessories. Conviction of final success and the financial backing of B.S.A.

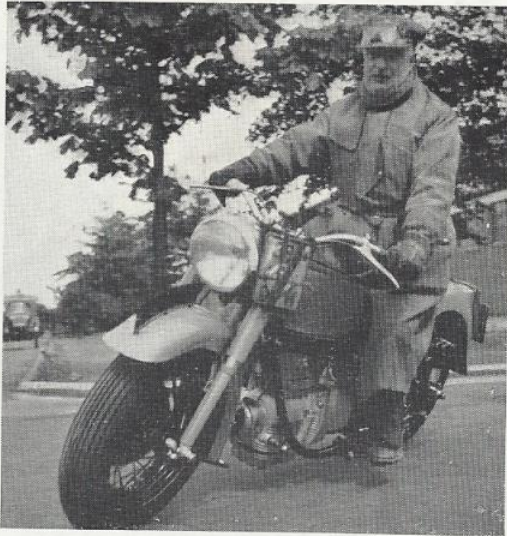


The small Redditch factory, part of which is concerned with the manufacture of the Sunbeam motor-cycle

were important ingredients in the concoction of such an expensive prototype which by its very nature involved the special manufacture of many precision parts. Preliminary consultations for the final worm drive, for the transmission shaft universal couplings, for the ignition equipment and special generator, for the clutch and for the new balloon tyres, had all to be negotiated with complete confidence in the basic design, since very definite specifications had to be laid down if expensive experimenting was to be avoided. Because of the extreme expense of special tyre moulds the prototype had to run on filed-down car tyres, the effects of which on steering assessment—difficult in any case where such large cross-sections are concerned—can well be imagined.

Telescopic front and rear springing was very new in the days of the Sunbeam's inception but even here radical steps were taken and early experiments with pneumatic suspension were abandoned in favour of coil springs with progressive hydraulic damping. When I asked Mr Geoffrey Bayliss, of the Design Department, why the pneumatics were given up, he replied simply, 'We couldn't keep the air in'—typical of the abundant supply of common sense that tempered all the ingenuity that is apparent in the design.

In such a radical design difficulties were bound to arise; yet it is a tribute to the Sunbeam that



Harrison leaving the works for a test run. The leather tank-cover is to protect the finish. Note also the chrome protection on the large and effective headlight

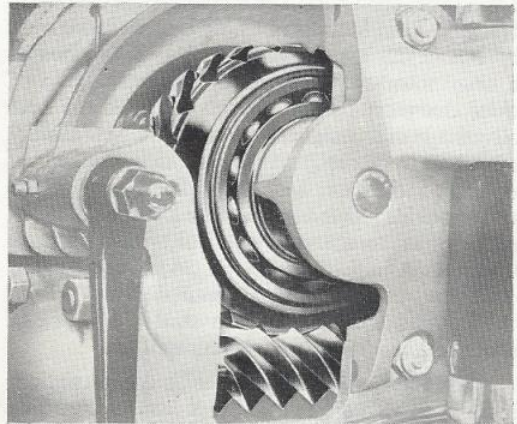
they were very few indeed. The nigger in this luxurious woodpile was the mounting of the power unit. Smooth as the engine was, the mere fact that the crankshaft axis ran fore and aft instead of the conventional transverse arrangement brought severe problems in mounting and vibration damping which, allied to the fastidiousness of the design team, presented a *bête noire* of the 'noirest' possible kind. By introducing a sprung bolt for one of the fixing lugs the vibration was reduced and production started. Meanwhile, however, work continued and a floating two-point rubber suspension system with rubber vibration snubbers was devised which isolated the engine from the frame completely, allowing it, as it were, to vibrate as much as it liked without any movement being transmitted to the frame. So great was the improvement and so strong was the concern for complete customer satisfaction that all the machines that had then been produced were recalled and the new mountings fitted free of charge. Similarly after trouble had been experienced with the camshaft drive chain tensioner a new one was designed, tested on a Sunbeam at the M.I.R.A. test ground for fourteen days and nights and then fitted at the firm's expense to all produced machines.

Such was the quest for perfection. And the reason for its achievement is not hard to understand after a visit to the Redditch factory where one finds a group of enthusiasts who are, above

all, interested in their job. From a staff of under four hundred these fine examples of craftsmanship are constructed at the rate of between forty and fifty a week. There are no lengths of belt-fed benches suckling bored workers; the longest production line is no more than forty-odd yards. The atmosphere is one of independence of policy and common-sense practicality in approach. It is under these conditions that good design and manufacture thrive.

Mr. C. Harrison was the tester of the complete machines; he has tested every one that has left the Redditch works over a twenty-mile road route. At the end of each test he makes out a report on the motor-cycle under some thirty-five different headings. His enthusiasm and appreciation of the machine which may have been expected to wane after eight years at the job was a very worthy testimonial for the Sunbeam. It was not the kind of enthusiasm that can be assumed merely to impress visitors.

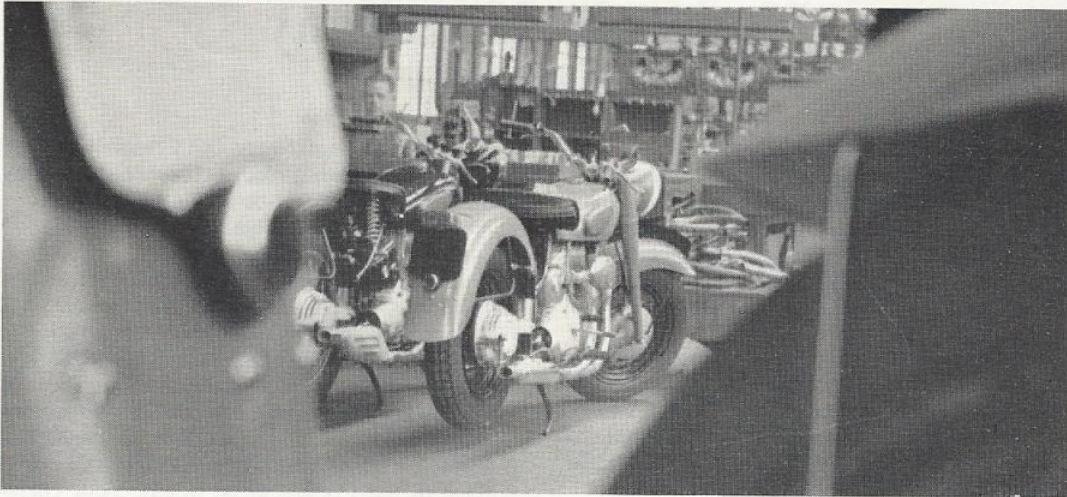
But before Harrison has a chance to render his searching report, engine and gearbox are tested separately and then together in a power test for



Close-up of the 'back axle,' a magnificent affair, beautifully made and assembled to very fine limits

an hour and a half. Electric motors are used to test gears for silence and free engagement. And if all this is not enough, three current production machines are kept constantly in use at the factory to simulate customer usage.

In an era of cheap chromium plating and inferior paintwork it is refreshing to see the care that goes into producing the very high quality finish on the Sunbeam. All finished parts are first given a bonderizing treatment which combines



Viewed from between two assembly-line machines, the tested product, oil drained and polished, awaits packing and delivery

rustproofing with a paint binding surface; and after three layers of undercoating have two final coats, stove finished at 230° F. for one hour. The wheels are black stoved at 450° F. which produces an incredibly tough finish. After this the brake drums are skimmed out and trued in case the heat affected them! My own Sunbeam, some three years old now, has often been mistaken for new, a tribute to both the finish and the design which has changed only in detail since its original conception in 1946.

But what does this background of unrelenting high standards produce as a finished article? A machine which provides very high standards of comfort, smoothness and handling. The comfort approaches luxury, the smoothness is extreme,

while the low centre of gravity and almost telepathic steering belie the machine's 430 lb. weight. At first glance one wonders how all the gears, shafts and pistons have been got into the amazingly clean 'cast in one piece' exterior of the engine block, while even closer inspection still leaves a rather 'ship-in-a-bottle' impression. The engine's appearance is as simple as its function—to convert a trickle of petrol, the only thing that seems to go in, into a gleaming revolving shaft, the only thing that seems to come out.

But in that conversion is the delight of the connoisseur, the pleasure of one who appreciates fine engineering and the well-trained purr of a flexible engine.

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Motoring Miscellany

By SPLIT PIN

THIS is the first time your correspondent has taken up his motoring pen at Cranwell. This fact is, of course, not important, but may as well be mentioned. It may equally well be mentioned that the subject proved even more miscellaneous than at first suspected.

*

It is tentatively suggested by the scientific adviser to your correspondent that a regulation about keeping three-wheeled cars at the College should be revised in view of the new trend in that line. Three-wheelers are cheap and economical, and are now much safer than before.

*

Most Cranwell car owners are anxiously waiting for their cars to start ailing. I can reassure them. By far the commonest cause of Sir-I-have-the-honour-to-report-why-I-was-late-back-from-Retford is lack of petrol. In spite of the amount he is paid, the average car owner puts in only enough to get him from A to B and back, with about 5 c.c. extra to get him down to Marshall's. (No charge for this advertisement.)

*

Winter is nearly upon us. Soon Mr Crosby will be crooning his inevitable *White Christmas* at us two or three times a day, and the minds of flight cadets dwell on the harmful qualities of packed ice. The usual remedy here is to drain the radiator. A centrally heated garage has been discussed; a member of the Secretarial branch blithely suggested that a Vampire should be left running all night. He was cried down by members of the G.D. branch who, exercising their thermodynamics, spoke learnedly of CO₂ poisoning.

*

I understand that on reading a Sunday newspaper the other week about the coming pay rise for jet-pilots, certain 'glamour boys of the R.A.F.' rushed to their cars and drove them over the nearest cliff. To those cadets, now sadder and wiser, I would say that the College 'spiv' is offering for hire at high prices block and chain tackle, which he has borrowed from workshops. It now seems to be a matter of *Profunda petimus!*

As a matter of interest to Old Cranwellians and cadets, the following record runs are claimed by various current 'would-be Stirling Moss' types:

Lap record of Orange: 33 secs.

Lincoln-Cranwell: 10 mins.

Grantham Station-Cranwell: 11½ mins.

Cranwell-Grantham Station: 13 mins.

London-Cranwell: 2 hrs. 10 mins.

One complete barrel-roll in a Ford V8.

The Lincoln-Cranwell run started half a mile before the right-hand turn to *The Horse and Jockey* and ended at the College, and included following a squadron commander from Cranwell village to the College at 30 m.p.h. Your correspondent would like to hear from any Old Cranwellians or cadets who have claims or information on this subject. Letters should be addressed to Flt Cdt S. Pin, c/o The College Journal.

*

It was hinted in the F.G.S. that one flight cadet intended bringing back a hearse in the near future. The controversial point was whether or not it should contain a coffin. At this point one harassed flight cadet, who had been so ill-advised as to walk past the post office towards West Site at lunch time, suggested that all officers should drive hearses, as one would then know when to salute. He complained that he had saluted two corporals in a new Ford, missed a squadron leader in an old Ford, and then saluted a civilian in a car just like his C.W.O's.

*

In a recent excursion, 69 and 70 Entries managed to transport no fewer than forty people quite a considerable distance in their own transport. Well done indeed! I believe they all got back too.

*

G.D. cadets are reminded that 'Bonedomes' are *not* to be worn in private transport.

*

I feel sure we all sympathize with the flight cadet who was in the terrible position of having to choose between a new M.G. and an old (1954) T.R.2. As far as we know, he is still sweating it out.

A.M.

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Summer Vacation

BLAIR ATHOLL
PORTLAND
CHERBOURG
LIGURIA
PARIS

in Retrospect

FONTAINEBLEAU
CAMPBILL
CORNWALL
GERMANY
MALTA

JULY TO SEPTEMBER 1955

As usual during the Summer term groups of cadets might be seen at various times gathered together in the Library Annexe or in less official places formulating plans for the coming vacation. The results of these preparations may be read in the following pages. Besides the various expeditions arranged by the Cadets' Activities Organization, which included an exciting discovery by the Potholing section in Italy, parties of cadets visited naval units both at home and abroad, while two other small groups, one very unofficially, travelled to France. Though these activities may not have been quite as extensive as in past years, they were, without exception, extremely successful, as may be judged from the enthusiastic accounts of those who took part in them.

With The Mediterranean Fleet

DURING the Summer vacation a number of flight cadets were attached to units of the Royal Navy. Twenty-three flight cadets spent a few days learning naval techniques and customs during a visit to H.M. ships and establishments in the Portsmouth Command; another smaller party visited ships of the Second Training Squadron based on Portland.

Other cadets went farther afield. On 12th August two officers and 18 flight cadets flew from Thorney Island to Malta. There they split into two groups and spent nearly three weeks aboard a number of H.M. ships of the Mediterranean Fleet.

On returning from these missions each flight cadet wrote an account of his experiences. These reports express in glowing terms the cadets' appreciation not only of the wonderful naval hospitality, but also of

the efficient way in which their hosts introduced them to the bewildering complexities of modern warships. It is only possible within the limited space available to publish one of these accounts.

Almost immediately after our arrival at Malta, our group went aboard the light fleet carrier H.M.S. *Albion*, where we were promptly introduced to naval liquor prices.

Albion is a *Hermes* class carrier, and on this particular trip she had on board about 24 aircraft, made up of Sea Hawks, Sea Venoms, Skyraiders and Avengers; and of course there were two 'choppers'—Dragonfly helicopters. Before we sailed we were given a talk by our guide, philosopher and friend, Lieutenant-Commander Madden.

We sailed from Valetta Grand Harbour and joined H.M.S. *Eagle*

outside. We embarked a Skyraider, our first sight of deck landing; whereupon we all stated our preference for a good solid runway, though they assured us that it was not difficult.

Albion and *Eagle* were to carry out exercises with the American 6th Fleet in the region of Crete. On the first full day at sea we were shown over most of the ship and watched the flying, which was extremely interesting. We also saw some of the dangers inherent in naval aviation when one of *Eagle's* Sea Hawks 'ditched.'

Next day the exercises began with search and strike operations by each side. We were beaten up by various American aircraft, as were they by ours.

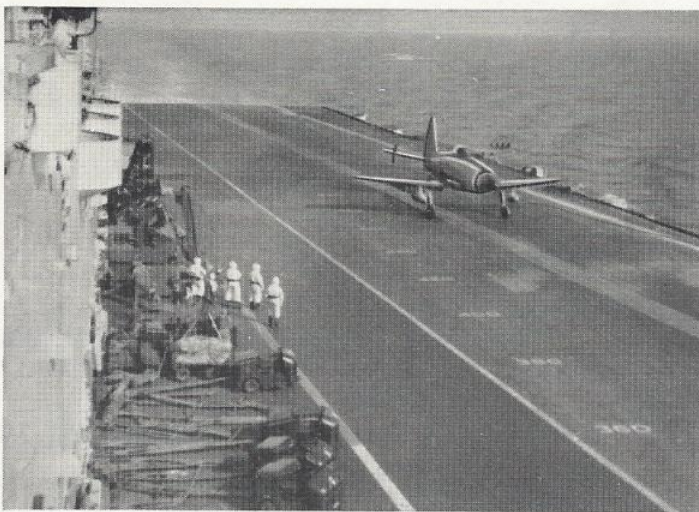
Anti-submarine and air defence exercises continued; when not watching these we were given talks on the formidable domestic prob-

lems on board, on gunnery and defence, and on servicing and maintenance of the aircraft.

Our second week opened on board the cruiser H.M.S. *Birmingham*, whose smartness struck us immediately. Because of the small size of the gunroom we fed in the wardroom, and slept on deck or below. During our stay on *Birmingham* we visited the frigate H.M.S. *Loch Alvie*, where we spent a very interesting day. Exercises started with anti-aircraft Bofor practice against a sleeve target towed by an aircraft. Seamanship exercises were then carried out with H.M.S. *Carron*, which involved passing a jackstay to port and then to starboard, and towing for'ard and aft.

Back on *Birmingham* we sailed next day and anchored in St Paul's Bay. On a day devoted to general exercises, the Cranwell contingent was ordered to 'rig a whaler for sailing.' This we did quite quickly under guidance and when attacked by the midshipmen's whaler we unfurled their jib and captured one of their hats; there were no casualties on our side!

Having said goodbye to *Birmingham* we were taken over to R.A.F. Luqa, where we met the rest of the Malta party. So ended a successful and profitable visit, during which



A Wyvern landing on H.M.S. Eagle. The crash crew in their asbestos suits can be seen to the left of the picture

we had learnt a great deal about the naval way of life and seen at first hand the complicated gadgets and organization that the Navy has devised to meet the exacting requirements of modern warfare.

Our grateful thanks are due to our kind hosts and others, especially Lieutenant-Commander Hinton of the War Studies team, for all the efforts that they made on our behalf.

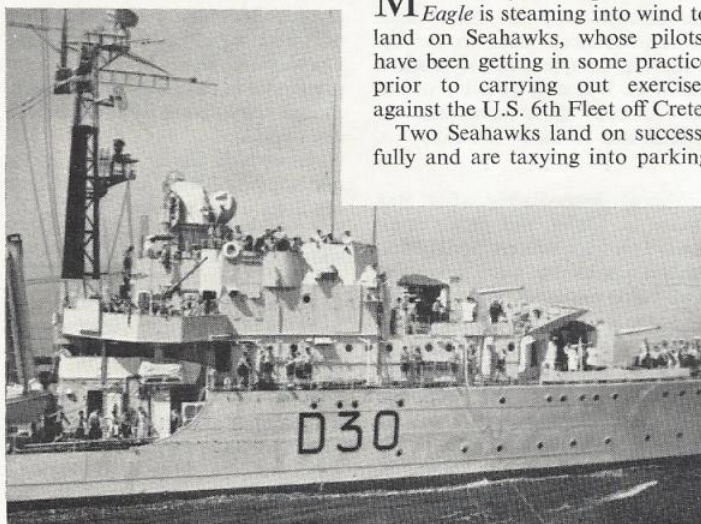
J.L.B.

Seahawk Overboard!

MONDAY, 15th August. H.M.S. *Eagle* is steaming into wind to land on Seahawks, whose pilots, have been getting in some practice prior to carrying out exercises against the U.S. 6th Fleet off Crete.

Two Seahawks land on successfully and are taxiing into parking

positions on the starboard side forward, as No. 3 lands on. He picks up No. 2 arrester wire nicely and has just about halted completely when—bang!—the arrester wire parts. One end wrenches out the deck-hook and swings the nose across the deck to starboard. The pilot applies power to help the brakes straighten the aircraft, then realizes he'll have to keep going and attempt to get off again. More power and a weave up the deck, attempting to straighten out. The marshalls scatter as the Seahawk swings perilously close to the two parked aircraft. The Seahawk clears the bow but hasn't enough flying speed. Can he get it in the precious 60 feet left from the flight deck to the sea? The nose is eased down and then starts to come up but the aircraft is mushing. Splash! He hits dead ahead of the carrier, with full flaps and wheels down. *Eagle* is still steaming at full speed



H.M.S. Carron alongside. Squadron Leader Johnson and a party of flight cadets are just visible on the after-bridge

with other aircraft hoping to land on. Will the Seahawk be run down? *Eagle's* bow swings neatly to port, the alteration being just sufficient to miss the ditched aircraft with the bow and not so much that the stern would slide into it as the aircraft passed aft.

Now the hood has been pushed off the Seahawk by its pilot and the helicopter (airborne alongside *Eagle* throughout all take-offs and landings on) is preparing to swing in. As the aircraft floats past *Eagle* amidships the pilot looks relieved as he stands on the starboard wing.



The Dragonfly helicopter a moment or two after it had successfully picked up the pilot of the 'ditched' Seahawk

Then the bow wave catches him and flings him into the sea. Immediately the helicopter is over him and the rescue net is lowered. The first attempt to net him fails but the next succeeds and he is hauled up in the net like an oversized fish.

The helicopter returns and lands on the stern of the flight deck. Out jumps a wet but nimble figure, and the lucky pilot is running along the deck none the worse for wear.

(Time elapsed from wire parting to pilot being back on board—about three minutes).

K.J.

Climbing and Pony Trekking

Climbing with the Commandos

ON 9th August eleven members of the mountaineering section under Flight Lieutenant Bolton were detached to No. 42 Commando Royal Marines in Cornwall; the visit was part of an ambitious one-year scheme to train experienced climbers and leaders, both of which the section lacks at present. After assembling at Bickleigh the party travelled to Gibraltar Camp, which was to be their home for the next seven days.

On the following morning they were introduced to the instructors, all highly skilled rock climbers, trained in cliff assault, and the programme of instruction began. The first lessons were learnt on the nursery slopes where the penalty for a mistake was a fall of only a few feet. The next few days were spent in consolidating these lessons on the longer climbs, led by the instructors, in Sennen Cove; finally, when they had gained enough experience, most of the party were able to 'lead' the instructors. Two of the party attained the Commando rating of leaders of 'very difficult' climbs, while the majority passed out as leaders of 'difficult' standard climbs.

On several afternoons swimming and sunbathing on the sandy beaches of Cornwall gave respite to aching muscles. It was, however, noticeable that when a dance was arranged one evening, the cadets

regained their energy and freedom of movement miraculously quickly.

When the time came to leave Sennen the cadets said goodbye to instructors who had now become personal friends. The whole party was very impressed with the fine spirit and genuine but unassuming toughness of the Commandos and it was a great pleasure to climb with them. All the cadets of the section are very grateful to them and to everyone who made the visit possible.

C.M.Q.

Pony Trekking in Scotland

On 6th August Hicks and Thornton set off from Grantham on a seven days' pony trek in Scotland. The following account of the venture has been written by one of the party.

It was fairly early on Sunday morning after a tiring journey from Grantham when we reached the hotel at Blair Atholl, Perthshire. After a quick wash we were introduced to the rest of the party and to an athletic-looking Scotsman who was going to take us trekking. There were eleven in our party, only three of whom were men.

After breakfast each morning we would go up to the Castle in order to catch, groom and saddle our ponies. These were Highland ponies, or garrons.

On the first day we went for a toughening-up trek around the

local area. We strongly recommend that no one should go trekking if he cannot rise at the trot. One man in the party, who was unable to cultivate the art, was forbidden by the local doctor to ride for at least a fortnight, and even had to take his meals, buffet-fashion, standing up.

For the rest of the days the treks became longer, although on several occasions we stopped for lunch and a swim at some deserted loch. Some of the longest rides took us to Loch Tummel and around the forest of Atholl.

One of the most enjoyable rides was made on the last day but one, when we trekked up Glen Tilt. Half-way to Braemar we found a wonderful pool for swimming and Thornton tried his hand at catching salmon, which unfortunately were a bit too quick for him.

On the last day we got the groom to take us around a nearby glen. We forded the River Garry and cantered most of the way on the rough roads, ending up at the Castle.

After settling up our account, we left for the village station accompanied by the rest of the party who gave us a wonderful send-off. Our last glimpse of Blair Atholl was the white castle, the sight of which will always bring back memories of a wonderful holiday.

M.A.H.

'My Resistance is Low'

An Interlude in the Happy Harz

ONE of the highlights of this year's Survival Camp in Germany enjoyed by members of No. 71 Entry was the escape and evasion exercise held in co-operation with a company from an infantry regiment based nearby.

The exercise was meant to simulate the conditions likely to be experienced by baled-out aircrew in enemy territory. The cadets teamed together in crews of three and were briefed to the effect that they had been shot down over Hanover and were making for a Resistance Headquarters near Altenau. They were to treat everyone as enemy and were to speak to no one. They were told of the existence of an underground movement and were given the map reference of the ridge where the contact would be made.

I had been with the C.O. the previous day when he had visited the local Company Commander and had discussed terms for the exercise. We learned that in addition to providing the aggressor force he also intended to use a private Gestapo organization called 'S.P.G.O.'—n.c.o.s and private soldiers dressed in civilian clothes.

The resistance movement has always been a strong feature of our Survival Camps in the past and we had already toyed with the idea of laying on something special for the occasion. With the news of the S.P.G.O. the situation began to look promising and the C.O. mentioned casually that he had been considering using some of his staff as resistance men.

Terms agreed upon, both parties parted on terms of mutual trust, the kind of guarded trust that follows the end of an uneasy truce, and began to make their preparations for the day.

Over the evening meal back at base camp we decided that the underground movement would operate in the area of the most likely danger spot, a road-crossing

point, and that a two-man team would be able to cope with the stream of evaders passing through to the rendezvous. This left the C.O., with two officers, one w.o., and three n.c.o.s to act as neutral observers.

Flight Lieutenant Jarvis, known as Hans, had acquired a ski cap of the kind favoured by the German workers in the area and wore in addition to his faded blue denim trousers a coat borrowed from a local Gasthaus. This garment was green with age and gave off an authentic aroma of stale cigars and *liverwurst*. His job was to patrol the ridge overlooking the road in the guise of a local woodman and to direct evaders down to a crossing point on the road where the second resistance man, Fritz, would give them the signal to cross whenever the coast was clear.

This was my post, and, without doubt, for sheer entertainment value was the plum job of the day. My rig was quite simple but very effective. I was to be an ordinary German tourist of the kind to be encountered all over the Harz. Dressed in a lounge suit and wearing a long black plastic mackintosh I needed only to wear my trilby with the brim turned up to complete the disguise. I carried a brief case, bowed my back and walked with a stick, puffing contentedly all the while on a black cigar.

Hans and I took the same path to the top of the ridge and whenever we met gave polite greetings to each other in German. The plan was that I was to take the first party down to the road as soon as they arrived, and having seen them safely across I was to stroll along the road smoking my cigar and await the arrival of more customers. If all was well I would remove the cigar from my mouth as a signal to those waiting to break cover and cross the road.

The first two teams arrived together and Hans briefed them to follow me at a respectable distance, to obey any signals I might give them, and stressed again the danger of speaking to me or of doing anything that might compromise me.

We set off through the woods and for a time everything went well; the evaders moved quickly and quietly and we were soon in a position overlooking the road. I signalled them to go to ground and gave my attention to searching the area for signs of the enemy. It was soon obvious that the army had made a focal point of this particular stretch of the road since it contained the only two bends for some distance in either direction.

I told my charges to wait until they saw me give the signal and moved down towards the road. I was encouraged in the success of my disguise when one of our own n.c.o.s, Flight Sergeant Legg, passed without recognizing me and received the surprise of his life when I addressed him by name.

Once on the road I saw that we had not picked the best crossing point—or rather we had chosen a too obvious one. The Company Commander's radio vehicle was parked on the corner of the road and the major was taking his ease on the grass verge with a bottle of beer and a packet of sandwiches. Trusting that he would not remember me from the previous day's meeting in his office I strolled nonchalantly towards him, puffing hard at my cigar. As I came abreast of him I eyed his beer enviously and raised my hat in greeting. 'Guten Tag,' I said. He gave me half a glance, grunted, and went on with his meal. Emboldened by this I sauntered up to the radio car and, in the manner of a curious tourist, poked my nose inside and spoke to the radio operator. 'Was ist das?' I asked, pointing to the radio, and before he could answer,

'Ach, der Radio, nicht? Es ist sehr gut.' Since he was busy taking down a message over the R/T I did not expect an answer and was not surprised when he waved me impatiently away.

I had waited long enough, however, for the message I had overheard told me that other patrols were being dropped back to the line of the road. Once round the corner I removed the cigar from my mouth and had the satisfaction of seeing three figures slip across the road.

No sooner had they gone to ground than an army truck came by with a couple of soldiers in plain clothes sitting in the back. I watched them turn the corner and left the road in order to by-pass the major without attracting attention. Once past the two bends I rejoined the road and saw the two S.P.G.O. men talking to the truck driver at a road junction ahead. These two characters could not have been more conspicuous had they been waving Union Jacks, and were quite obviously not heart and soul in their jobs.

I knew that there was a small Gasthaus just above the junction and I wandered up to it and sat down at a table outside. Most of the family were outside taking the sun and I knew from previous acquaintance that one of the sons spoke English. When he had brought me a beer (much needed by this time) I asked him not to give me away and explained the reason for my disguise. He relayed this information to the rest of the family who thoroughly enjoyed the joke and were quite eager to join in the game. They had not long to wait, for the two Gestapo boys came up to the house in search of some beer. By this time I was talking nineteen to the dozen to a dear old lady who must have been at least eighty and although half of what I said was certainly not German I hoped it was not recognizable as English. The German beer was, of course, responsible for my improved fluency.

I moved along the bench and



Hans and Fritz go over the evaders' escape route

patted the seat between the old lady and me; 'Kommen sie hier,' I said. The family chorused my welcome and as the two lads looked at us I could see the indecision in their faces. They hesitated and the shyer of the two turned away, saying, 'Come on, Geordie, let's give it a miss.' As soon as they had turned the corner of the house the whole family was rocking with mirth and it was some time before I was able to move. At last, after shaking hands all round, I took my leave of them and returned to my patrol.

Several Army vehicles passed me on my way down the road and I waved my stick to one of the subalterns as he passed in his radio car. Rounding a bend in the road I came upon my two young friends whom I had helped to discourage from taking beer at the Gasthaus. I was now in the mood to pile it on thick and walked boldly up to them and enquired of them the way to the next village. 'Wo ist Neu Schulenberg?' I asked. They looked blankly at me so I took out my German tourist map and pointed to the road and to the village. They looked nonplussed and then the older of the two yelled, 'Ere Sarge, come over 'ere and 'elp us; this bloke's lost.' The bushes on the far side of the road parted and a sergeant in plain clothes crossed the road. This was even better. I went through the same rigmarole, puffing great clouds of black smoke in

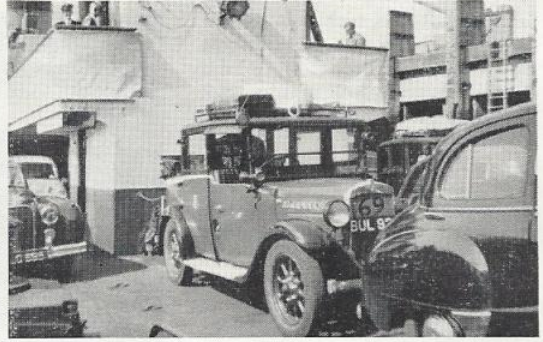
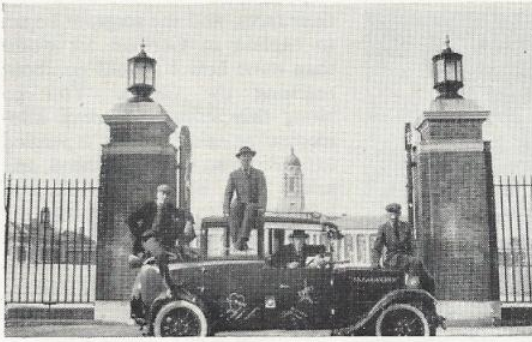
their faces, and the sergeant began to explain in German far worse than mine how I should go about reaching the village. 'You go along this strasse for zwoi kilometres,' he said. I put on a puzzled expression, scratched my head, and said, 'Was ist zwoi? Ach, zvei kilometre!' and began to nod my head in understanding. I made a great fuss of shaking hands and lifted my hat as I went my way.

Although I kept to my patrol on the road I saw nothing further and at the end of the afternoon I was picked up by the Land Rover and taken to the rendezvous. On the way there we passed the sergeant and his two Gestapo men and I stood up and raised my hat as we went past. The expression on his face was beautiful to see but an even more satisfying moment came when we met the Major at the rendezvous. His first comment is unprintable but he afterwards admitted being completely taken in and said that the most convincing part of my disguise was the raincoat, which no one but a genuine German would be so foolish as to wear all through a hot summer's day.

The result of the exercise was very encouraging, four complete crews having reached safety out of the eleven dropped. Each crew had its own adventure to tell and many amusing encounters with the enemy were told and re-told in the tents that night. One evader was chased uphill by a not-so-fit army sergeant who gave up, panting, and gasped to his mates, 'This is not my idea of a ruddy game!' Two of our own n.c.o.s were mistaken for cadets and had the utmost difficulty in convincing the army that they were acting as umpires.

Whether or not the resistance movement contributed materially to the success of the exercise we would not like to say, but we do know that it will be a long time before we get such a marvellous opportunity of 'pulling the Pongos' legs.'

L.A.R.



Left: Members of the party and their vehicle photographed after their return. Right: 'Jacky' on the 'flight deck' of H.M.S. *Dinard*

To Paris By Taxi

AS soon as cadets reach the comparative freedom of the Junior Mess they attempt to increase their mobility by purchasing 'something' on four wheels. The old taxi—one of the College vintage vehicles—that four flight cadets of No. 69 Entry purchased certainly had four wheels but very little else. None of them knew anything about cars, but after working feverishly for two months they had learnt quite a lot and eventually induced 'Jacqueline'—the name has certain Belgian associations, we understand—to come to life again.

After a variety of experiences, during which she became quite notorious in the neighbourhood of Cranwell, she was judged worthy of a trip to the continent. One of the party here writes about their adventures.

We camped at Dover on the 14th August—two sleeping in a tent and two in the back of 'Jacky' and by midday on the following day were ready to go to the Eastern Docks in order to board the ferry. Much to our surprise, we went through the customs very quickly, but owing to her size 'Jacky' was the last car to be backed down onto the 'flight deck' of H.M.S. *Dinard*, where she took up her position, contentedly enough, behind a Mark VII Jaguar and a huge Rolls-Royce.

Two hours later we roared onto French soil to be greeted by smiles and cheers of enthusiasm from the local populace, who were obviously amused by the bright insignia, including a large '69' on the bonnet, with which 'Jacky' was profusely adorned.

After passing through the customs and obtaining a *laissez-passer* for 20 days, we set off for Paris, which we reached early on the following afternoon. Here we were fortunate enough to find a cheap hotel, where we had a wash and shave before venturing out into the streets. We quickly learnt to drive *à la française* and to remain oblivious of the crazy antics of some of the other drivers. We all thoroughly enjoyed a hectic drive around La Place de la Concorde, which was just like being on a glorified bumper car track. Our first place of call was the Eiffel Tower where we were horrified to learn that it would cost the equivalent of ten shillings to go to the top. After consulting our pockets we went halfway up, from where we had a wonderful view of the city as the sun was setting.

Two days of sightseeing in Paris, including a visit to a night-club in Montmartre, where it seemed one had to drink beer at eight shillings a bottle or be thrown out, upset our financial plans considerably, so we turned Jacky's bonnet towards the coast. We drove through Caen to Mont St Michele, a famous castle and church on an island.

That night we stopped at a little seaside resort called St Pair, where we were fortunate to meet a French girl who spoke very good English. She introduced us to her friends, and for the next seven days we enjoyed the sunshine and the incomparable hospitality of the French.

During our return up the coast to Boulogne, we spent a little time in all the major towns: Deauville, the famous seaside resort where many film stars and other well-known personalities can be seen, Le Havre, the quaint old town of Harfleur, Fécamp and Dieppe. At Berck we saw some interesting wrestling bouts, one of which was between an English girl and the French woman champion. The cheers of our little minority for the English girl caused a good deal of consternation among the majority.

All too soon we were once more aboard the ferry, bidding a regretful farewell to the receding French coast. A young customs official at Dover was so sceptical of our protestations that we had nothing to declare that he proceeded to search every inch of our baggage and practically took 'Jacky' to pieces, much to the amusement of our fellow passengers. He need not have worried; not even 'Jacky' had anything to hide; the cost of two days in Paris had taken care of that.

B.T.S.

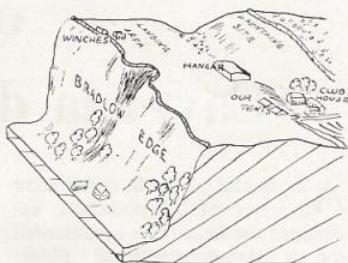
Soaring at Camphill

THIS summer leave the Gliding section spent two weeks at the Derbyshire and Lancashire Gliding Club's site at Camphill. We took four gliders (Kranich, Grunau, Prefect, and Tutor), a winch, a bowser to carry our fuel supplies, and full camping equipment. We lived in tents, but were fed by the Derby Club.

Twenty members of the section, whose experience varied from 30 hours and a 'Silver C' leg to two hours, stayed at the camp. Some obviously knew how to soar, others had only heard about the currents of rising air caused when a wind of 20 knots or so blows up a cliff edge like that at Camphill.

The section's preparations during the summer term were extensive, and included a weekend's gliding at Barkston Heath, which was in effect a small scale camp. It gave us practice in de-rigging, transporting and re-rigging our gliders. Teams were formed, and they became so expert on their various assigned machines, that each could be rigged in less than 30 minutes.

High standards of soaring were reached at Camphill; we made two cross-countries, 11 'C' certificates, and six legs to 'Silver C's.' As the thermals were very narrow, the nine members who climbed at least 2,000 feet under cumulus clouds



Our artist's impression of the site at Camphill

showed great skill.

Pilot Officer Wraight's flight of 12 miles in the Kranich was our first effort. The Derby Club members looked on enviously as he climbed up and away, his machine looking as graceful as the crane it is named after.

The five-hour endurance leg to the 'Silver C' is attained most easily in ridge lift conditions, and every morning one of us got up at 0500 hours to see if the westerly 'ridge wind' was blowing. On four mornings it was, and sufficient members left their beds to launch three pilots, muffled against the chill of dawn, and loaded with enough chocolate to keep them flying for five hours. The wind was

always fickle, and an hour and a half was the longest early morning trip made. Eventually the west wind came to stay, and Bulloch, Norman and Feakes stayed at about 1,000 feet for their five hours. When they landed, Mayes, Ginn and Flight Lieutenant Sercombe took over their machines, found a standing wave which was just beginning to form, and climbed as high as 2,400 feet before nightfall. Having completed their five hours they then returned. These six flights received mention in *The Aeroplane*, an indication of the position we have regained in the gliding world.

The weather was fine and sunny, and the ridge often helped the thermals to 'pop.' Pilot Officer Key went up to cloudbase for 45 minutes on two successive days in thermals just when most of us had given up and gone to lunch. Edwards was involved in a strong thermal which whisked him up to 2,400 feet very quickly. Then he flew into fierce sink which brought him down again even more rapidly. Flight Lieutenant Sercombe contacted a fine thermal and climbed steeply in it to 4,100 ft.; he just missed the gain of height—3,281 feet—required for the 'Silver C' leg. He tried for his 32 miles cross-country, but only managed about 25. Nevertheless it was the best thermal trip of the camp.

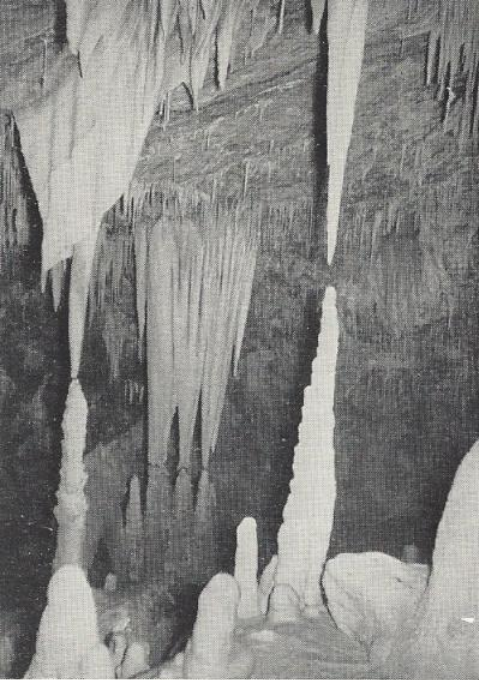
Camphill is in a beautiful part of Derbyshire, and the fine warm weather helped to make the camp an enjoyable holiday in itself. Each one of us experienced the unique thrill of sitting silently suspended in clean sparkling air over the hills and precipitous valleys of the Pennines. None of us will forget the eerie beauty of floating slowly to and fro in an invisible upsurge of air, the lee-wave of Mam Tor, in the company of several other sleek sailplanes, each catching the evening sun as they turned.

The camp has more than doubled the soaring ability of the Club; when we started, we had seven 'C's,' and two 'Silver C' legs; now we have 18 and 8, respectively.

M.C.G.



Solman and Flight Lieutenant Sercombe pause for a moment, while assisting Ginn (on the right) to prepare for take-off in a Grunau during the five-hour endurance trips



'Making Ends Meet' or 'Interior Decoration': these stalagmites and stalactites should meet in 2900 A.D.



'Seated one day at the organ. . . .'
A massive stalagmite boss and stalactites, with straw stalactites from the roof

The Discovery of 'Caverna di Cranwell'

AT the end of the Summer term a party of 19 potholers exchanged the heat-wave of Cranwell for a thunderstorm at Finale Ligure Marina (the name does justice to the situation on the Italian Riviera). Fortunately, the Italians do not play soccer during the summer for it was on the town football pitch that camp was eventually set up after collaboration with the local *carabinieri*.

From this base the section operated in three parties, the first week being spent in exploring most of the major caves of the vicinity. One small piece of original work was accomplished with the penetration of a narrow passage or 'litter-box' which had not hitherto been forced. Hours of digging in very cold and muddy conditions, however, were rewarded only a few yards farther on by the discovery of an impassable mud-bank.

The section turned now in search of a system less familiar to local cavers and perhaps offering variety from squeezes and crawls in the shape of deeper pitches (vertical shafts).

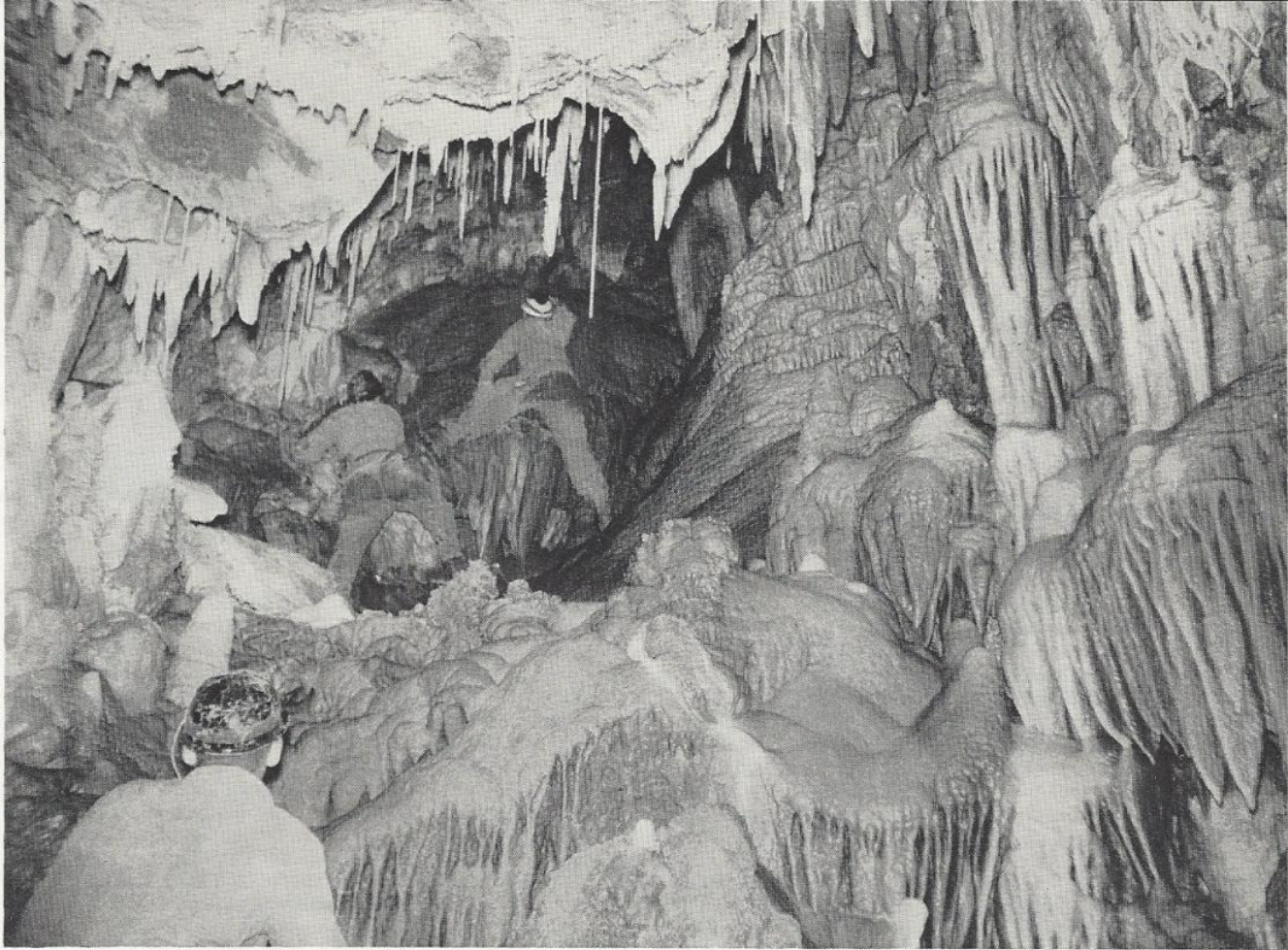
After some hesitation the Italians revealed that at Borgio there was a pothole which was very deep, very dangerous and very rarely visited, called 'Caverna di Staricco.' For any expedition to this pothole they advised taking 200 m. of ladder (600 ft.). Allowing for the expected exaggeration in these figures, a party of six under Pilot Officer Turner set off the following day with 12 ft. of ladder and 50 ft. of rope.

As they drew near to the vicinity after a two-hour trek over mountainous country from our camp, it occurred to them that they might have a problem in finding the cave owing to language difficulties. The problem soon materialized when a

peasant replied to their enquiries with a very rapid flow of the local patois. Urgent repetition of the words *Staricco*, *Grotta* and *Caverna*, gave way to visual aids in the form of a rough map of the area in the dust of the road. But the old man could not be induced to indicate the route to the pothole. Indeed he seemed to view both the party and the idea with the gravest suspicion. The group was then joined by another peasant who it transpired was gifted with a sense of humour. In good English he enquired whether the strangers spoke that language. Eagerly they replied, only for hopes to be dashed when the Italian immediately walked away saying that he, unfortunately, did not. Desperation took the place of hope. The first peasant was urged along the track and the party set off in pursuit. A footpath up the mountain led, after ten minutes, to the edge of a pothole. It seemed that *Staricco* had been located!

The descent was down an open 10-ft. pitch, through a hole and then down a further 20-ft. pitch to a short crawl ending at a rift. After descending for some 20 ft. the two side walls closed in to make progress almost impossible and very uncomfortable. Where was this 200 m. (600 ft.) pitch of which the Italians had spoken? Since no way lay ahead, the party spread out to search at the bottom of the rift, in the faces of the side walls and a short way back before the rift.

Eventually, about half-way down the side of the rift, Flight Cadet Hunter found a small hole which led through a series of narrow squeezes to a small and very restricted crawl (Hunter's Crawl). The end of the crawl, 15 yards beyond the hole, revealed a stalactite grill completely barring the passage. Breaking away the



'Venture to the Interior' or 'Per Ardua ad Hades': three of the party traversing the rift in one of the four main chambers of the system

work of thousands of years the party squeezed through the jagged opening and found themselves in a tiny chamber from which led four crawls. The right hand crawl suddenly broke out into a vast chamber ('Arduus Chamber') full of every conceivable type of formation—stalactites, stalagmites, columns, pillars, helictites and fins of every shape and size, all against a background of stalactite flows covering much of the floor and walls.

Nowhere within the Section's experience in Britain, Eire, France, Yugoslavia or Italy had formations been seen to compare with these in number and variety. This first chamber was about 80 yards long, 60 yards wide and up to 75 feet high. At various times the ceiling had collapsed leaving the floor strewn with huge boulders. Exploration of the chamber revealed

stalagmites 2 feet across and 6 feet high, and in places the walls were covered with thousands of small helictites—tiny, grotesquely twisted and curled stalactites. The helictites were of particular interest for only a few examples of them are known in Europe. Various theories as to how they form have been put forward. Originally it was believed the abnormal shape was due to the effect of air currents in the cave distorting the calcium carbonate as it was deposited out of solution. It seems more likely that they occur when the rate of supply of the water droplets is reduced and percolation through the walls of the stalactite promotes growth along many axes different from the original. Multiple curtains of dripstones (stalactites and stalagmites) hung from the ceilings. Even the most tentative progress was accompanied by the sound of breaking crystal. One of

five pitches on the perimeter of the chamber led to a further chamber with an underground lake ('Basil's Lake') some 8 feet deep and 40 feet by 30 feet in area.

The following morning all three working groups set off with Signor Campi, an Italian potholer, to check whether it was, in fact, 'Caverna di Staricco' that was the scene of operations. He soon identified the pothole as 'Caverna di Pomera,' little visited and thought to end at the first rift. 'Staricco' was some 200 yards away starting with a deep pitch and leading to a large lake chamber. Signor Campi agreed that either a completely new chamber had been discovered or else a new way had been found into 'Staricco.' In order to resolve this question half the party went into 'Staricco' and the other into 'La Pomera,' each with the aim of forcing an entrance into the other pothole.

Entering 'Staricco' a series of permanent wooden steps led to a much smaller chamber than the one encountered the previous day. For half an hour a way was sought into the chamber of 'La Pomera' without success. Having examined the whole cavern the second party then rejoined the other group in 'La Pomera' to continue with the exploration of the new system.

Eastward from the main chamber for 250 yards stretched a series of chambers all containing magnificent formations and branching at various points into stalactite caverns, grottoes, avens and climbs. At the far end the system appeared to terminate in the wall of a lake. Traversing round the side of the lake a small window on the far side was discovered through which could be seen a further and somewhat larger lake chamber. Some 10 feet below the window was the surface of the lake which varied from six to twelve or more feet in depth. Exploration of the West Series of passages revealed several small caverns leading off at various points of the 100 yards extent.

The following day all three sections returned to explore systematically and sketch the new system which had now, at the request of the local Italian potholers, been renamed 'Caverna di Cranwell.'

A 'Controller,' positioned in the main chamber, sent off parties in different directions to explore new ground. As the parties returned they reported their finds to him.

Altogether in the system four



'Restrictions—Breathing Prohibited!' White entering the narrow gap, previously sealed by the stalactite grill

large and 15 small chambers were discovered as well as an underground stream, numerous caverns, lakes, avens, pitches and stalactite grottoes. The formations seen included stalactites made up of colourless crystals of gypsum, organ pipes, calcite crystals, anthodites (branched stalagmites, which are very rare in Europe), candlesticks, stalactite straws which were up to eight feet in length, large stalagmite bosses and a wonderful collection of helictites.

On the last day two small parties went into the system. The first set off with the intention of crossing the underground lake and discovering what lay beyond, while the second party undertook the photographing of some of the numerous formations. The first party soon reached the lake and with chilly memories of the Easter swim down

the canal in the 'Per Ardua' pothole in Ireland, were determined to get across as dry as possible. In the centre of the lake part of the roof had fallen in, forming a small island. Using the 50-ft. rope, the 12-ft. ladder was belayed by a system of swing support ropes. Pilot Officer Turner then stripped and gently eased himself onto the ladder; then, by manipulating the ropes, the ladder was swung several feet out to the right. Thus a footing on the island was obtained. Six feet of water separated the far side of the island from the almost sheer sides of the far mudbank. A leap and a scramble with a slight wetting and the far bank was reached. Beyond this stretched a chamber 30 yards long with a second chamber above and a small cavern to the right. A final chamber containing many very beautiful crystalline formations lay at the end of a short climb.

The discoveries in 'Caverna di Cranwell' are of great importance, partly because a series of underground chambers such as these are very unusual, but more so because of the amazing wealth and variety of the formations.

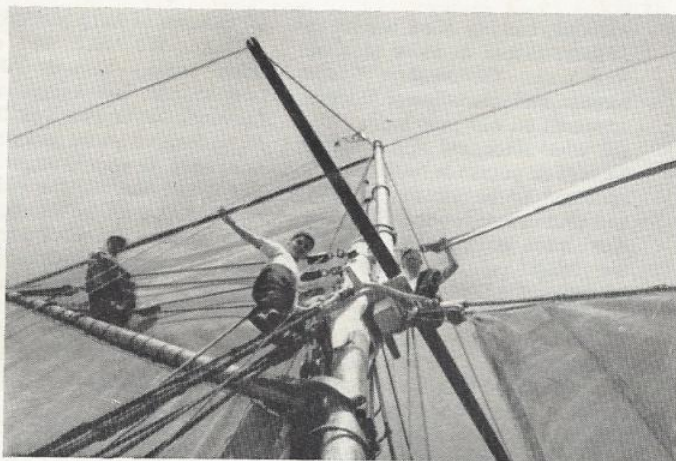
On account of the restricted entrance, at present 'Caverna di Cranwell' is inaccessible to the ordinary visitor, but in years to come it may well become one of the main tourist caves of Italy. The brilliance of the formations would make the construction of an easy entrance to the chambers well worth while.



'Hoar-frost.' A close-up of a magnificent example of the rare crystalline formations

Cruising to Cherbourg

'Provident' Becalmed



BETWEEN 30th July and 7th August eleven flight cadets and cadets sailed on the Island Cruising Club's ketch *Provident*. The skipper, Mr Michael Brownlees, the mate, Mr Jack Chambers, and the cook, Miss Gloria Gover, were supplied by the Club. The plan was to sail to Cherbourg and back, certainly not an over-ambitious project in normal summer weather. As it happened, tides, lack of engine and, most of all, their frequent desertion by any kind of wind, caused difficulties, which are here described by one of the party.

Our first attempt to reach Cherbourg proved abortive owing to a forecast of fog, when we were

some hours out from Brixham. As we would have been well into the shipping lanes by nightfall, we deemed discretion the better part of valour and returned to harbour. During this time two useful lessons were learnt. First, how not to hoist a dinghy inboard; someone let go of the for'ard falls, so that the bow dipped dangerously into the water which filled the dinghy; experienced help from the skipper retrieved the situation. Secondly, we learnt that bathing from a vessel like the *Provident* is best done at the end of a rope; a speed of two or three knots was rather faster than the brisk swim that we had optimistically expected.

On the following day we left harbour before a slight breeze, which wafted us softly but decisively out of our mooring. All morning we sailed steadily through Torbay, until the wind dropped, when we drifted on course during the afternoon. Then the breeze freshened, and we moved on at speeds varying between two and six knots until the following morning, when it began to slacken again. Just before lunch, the log gave up the hopeless struggle and dropped, and we were left becalmed in the Channel out of sight of land—'as idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean.' The only answer was to be idle and become painted too, so we stripped off and prostrated ourselves in the worship of Apollo. Lunch was served to a pink, half-baked crew. During the afternoon we bathed

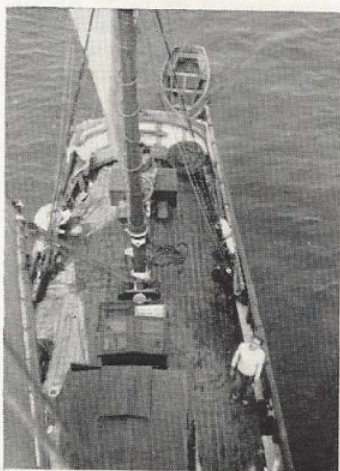
Worm's Eye View: the mainmast of 'Provident' with Baerselman, Morgan and Broadbent aloft

among odd boxes and an assortment of flotsam, a sure sign of our proximity to the shipping lanes.

With the approach of evening a slight wind blew up. During the night a number of large ships passed us, including one of the 'Queens,' and on the following day we sailed on to Cherbourg, where we dropped anchor in the inner harbour at 1100 hours.

After lunch we carried out a reconnaissance of Cherbourg, where we discovered a Viking festival, similar to that held at Hastings, in progress, complete with decorations, public address systems and a pageant in front of the town hall. In the evening an 'assault' was made on Cherbourg by several independent formations of flight cadets. An interim rendezvous and headquarters was established in the Casino, where a small band was doing justice to some modern Latin-American numbers. After several successful engagements all forces withdrew at 0130 hours to the end of the jetty where twelve of us packed into the larger dinghy to row back to *Provident*.

After breakfast we prepared to sail, and left our mooring at 1030 hours. As we passed the outer breakwater the French tricolour was struck in the presence of a full 'fire piquet parade' mounted in true Cranwell style by the duty watch. We sailed easily out of the



Bird's Eye View: the stern of 'Provident' as seen from the mainmast shrouds

harbour, making good use of the offshore breeze to move at about four knots. The coast of France receded, and the outline of Alderney appeared on our port beam. Then the wind slackened and although we held on course at two knots, we appeared to be moving sideways and southwards towards Alderney. After lunch we began to notice that the roads on the island were becoming steadily wider, and it was clear that we had insufficient wind to overcome the drag of the Alderney Race. The only answer was to anchor and hold on until the tide turned, when the force of the race should carry us north-eastwards. Two kedge anchors tied to a new warp were thrown over the side and when they gripped the bottom, there was a mad dash by all hands to prevent the warp, insufficiently secured, from disappearing over the side. The warp was made fast to the bowsprit, the mainmast, and then the gunwale cleats. After a while we seemed to be moving slightly, and so the warp was cautiously pulled up. It came up easily and it was found that the warp had parted; we had lost

20 fathoms of warp and two kedge anchors. We were still drifting fairly rapidly towards Alderney, and so our last kedge, securely fastened, was thrown over the side. But it dragged on the rocky bottom, and when it was brought up we discovered that all the paint had been scraped off by the rocks; we were left with an anchor worn down to the bare metal. At this point a small French fishing vessel appeared, and after a brief conference, carried out at fifteen yards in French, we passed them a line, and they towed us into Braye harbour, in Alderney.

Having moored safely, we learned that cigarettes and beer were duty free and that the Annual Alderney week was being held on the island, with shows, displays, decorations, dances and tourists. The skipper and the mate visited the Trinity House vessel *Patricia*, lying at anchor nearby, and managed to borrow a launch with crew, which would tow us beyond the race at 0530 hours the following morning. Meanwhile all of *Provident's* crew went ashore, where we soon began to appreciate the difference that

excise duties make to the standard of living.

The following morning the launch towed us out for three miles, the tide turned and a light breeze drifted us out of reach of the race. The afternoon was very calm, but later freshening winds took us along at a steady five knots. The evening of the next day found us approaching Start Point. As we turned northwards to start our run up the coast and into Brixham, the wind was blowing quite hard and for the first time we began to appreciate the thrill of sailing: the lift and roll of the deck, the plunge of the bowsprit, the sails billowing out, and the foam thrown off our bows and 'boiling in the wake.'

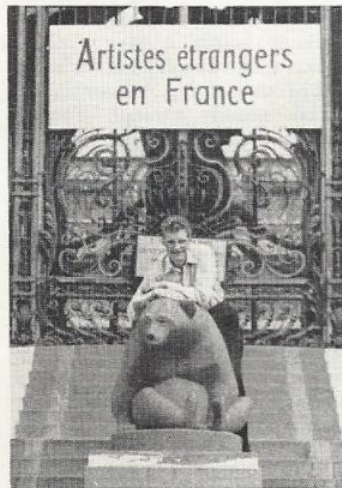
A steady ten knots up the coast enabled us to enter Brixham harbour at 1030 hours the next day. Customs clearance was quickly obtained, and having packed our kit and tidied the ship we said goodbye to *Provident* and to the skipper, his mate and cook who had done so much to make our trip enjoyable and interesting.

J.C.

A Visit to N.A.T.O.

DURING the summer vacation a precedent was set for the addition of one further Service visit to the normal College repertoire, when a short tour was made of N.A.T.O. formations and units in Europe. It has long been recognized that it is an essential part of the flight cadet's training to be well versed in the activities of the other two Services. Now that our strategy is so closely integrated with that of other countries it is probably of even greater importance that the flight cadet should understand how the forces of N.A.T.O. powers are co-ordinated and directed.

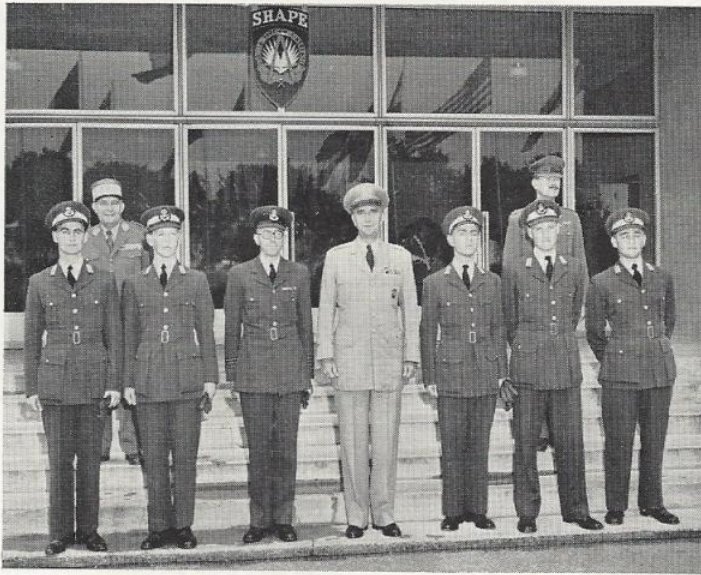
As a result of an invitation made by General Gruenther when he acted as Reviewing Officer in July, 1954, a party of one officer and five flight cadets was selected to pay this first visit. It has been described by one of the participants as 'the ideal



Durnford and a bear. The bear is the figure nearer to the camera

Service visit'; the party received a fascinating insight into the defence plans amongst the North Atlantic Powers from the level of Supreme Headquarters to that of a squadron. In addition they were most hospitably entertained in most agreeable surroundings.

Transport was provided by a College Anson. In Paris the party was accommodated under S.H.A.P.E. arrangements in an hotel near the Arc de Triomphe. A full day was spent at Supreme Headquarters. First the party was briefed by the United Kingdom National Military Representative on the position of national and international staffs. After luncheon with the R.A.F. officers attached to S.H.A.P.E., the party was given a full and illuminating briefing by Air Marshal Sir Walter Dawson on strategic thinking in S.H.A.P.E.



The visiting party photographed outside the front entrance to S.H.A.P.E. with General C. V. R. Schuyler, Chief of Staff

Joining up with parties from North Carolina University and Nebraska University, they then attended the lectures on the history and political organization of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. The formal visit to S.H.A.P.E. ended with a *vin d'honneur*. Before its return to Paris the party was most kindly entertained by Lady Dawson. It is regretted that one flight cadet so abused this hospitality as to arrive for what is technically known as 'a blind date' in a three-star general's car.

Another full day was spent at Fontainebleau at Headquarters Allied Land Forces Central Europe and Headquarters Allied Air Forces Central Europe. In the morning at Aircent a full programme of lectures covered the subjects of training operations and logistics in the Allied Air Forces in Central Europe. Air Commodore T. C. Dickens, the Air Officer Commanding, entertained the party to luncheon in the Officers' Club at Fontainebleau and thereafter Colonel L. W. G. Hamilton took them to Landcent where an exposition was given of the mission and organization of Allied Land Forces in Central Europe. By the end of the day the

party had seen a fully integrated headquarters and had been addressed by officers of many Services and nations, when it finally bade farewell to a Belgian General, General Servais, the Chief of Staff A.L.F.C.E. The most terrifying international experience, however, was the return to Paris in transport driven by a corporal of the Royal Canadian Air Force.

There was time available in Paris for sightseeing and most members managed to cover a fair galaxy of Baedeker stars. The two laziest members of the party hired motor scooters and learned a great deal about Paris traffic, even if they were too terrified to see anything else.

Although they must, through ignorance and terror, have violated every known traffic regulation, they were stopped by only one policeman. They avoided complications on this occasion by feigning complete ignorance of the language, an effect somewhat spoiled by their fluent expressions of gratitude as they rode off.

From Paris the party proceeded to R.A.F. Laarbruch, a new N.A.T.O. airfield built in 12 months and in a forest between the Rhine and the Dutch frontier, from which a tremendous effort can be put up by Royal Air Force and Dutch aircraft. Much could be learnt here of the actual implementation of the policies discussed and laid down at the more exalted headquarters. Thanks to the kindness of an Old Cranwellian C.O. opportunities arose for visits to the battle areas of Arnhem and Nijmegen, Klever, the Reichwald Forest and the Rhine.

On the next day the tour continued through Gütersloh to No. 2 Group Headquarters, where the methods of control and operation were explained.

The last night was spent at Oldenburg where the squadron roles and aircraft were displayed, together with a special demonstration by the R.A.F. Regiment.

The return journey took a route over Holland to Manston where Customs were cleared with easy consciences. Financial, if not moral, sanctions prevented any thought of illicit imports.

Even so short a visit as this made N.A.T.O. a living organization with an effective and truly international chain of command, and no longer a text-book theory. R.J.

'JOURNAL' AWARDS

The Awards Sub-Committee has recommended that the following awards should be made for articles, reports, photographs and sketches published in the June, 1955, issue of *The Journal*:

Articles and Reports

College Society Awards (30s.). To be shared equally between Pilot Officer J. A. Bell for the article 'The Navigation Trip to Gibraltar' (page 173), and Flight Cadet M. C. Ginn for the article 'Forty-four Miles Without an Engine' (page 159).

Journal Award (21s.). Flight Cadet A. R. Pollock for the article 'Devices to . . .' (page 180).

Photographs and Sketches

College Society Award (30s.). Flight Cadet J. McVie for the photographs on page 177.

Journal Award (21s.). To be shared equally between Flight Cadet P. D. French for the photographs on pages 175 and 178, and Flight Cadet D. J. Moran for the photograph on page 181.

The Great Ouse River Canoe Race

THE race was held on 22nd May between Bedford and St Neots bridges, a distance of fifteen miles, which included five portages and two derelict locks which had to be shot. The handicapping system used spread the starting times of the various types of canoes over an hour and three-quarters, the first leaving at midday. The Canoeing Section entered five canoes, a Prout, three Tynes and the K.2., all two-seaters.

The crews arrived at Bedford bridge by coach at 1030 hours with



Coates and Ryan wringing out sodden clothing after two submersions in the Great Ouse

the canoes following in a three-ton truck, and quickly changed into warm and comfortable clothing. The collapsible canoes were erected and racing numbers fixed on them, by which time the first canoe was just starting. The Prout, crewed by Scullard and Ryan, was the first of our canoes away and they ran into trouble immediately in the form of a leak. As it was not serious they

pressed on to the first portage some hundred yards down stream.

Twenty-nine minutes later the three Tynes got away, crewed by Carter and Sawyer, Kharegat and Canning, and Coulcher and Coates. During the first portage on to a subsidiary channel Kharegat and Canning lost a lot of distance, pursuing downstream one of their paddles which had drifted away.

The Prout was still taking in water but making progress and successfully navigated the next two portages and both locks. Four miles out, however, part of the framework slipped out of place and the coaming collapsed, causing the canoe to fill up and capsize. The crew got it onto the bank, emptied it and then carried on. The Tynes had no trouble at all and carried on, slowly overhauling the earlier starters. Kharegat and Canning finally came into the last section, a four-mile length of the main stream, one place behind Carter and Sawyer but some distance behind them, with Coulcher and Coates two places farther back.

But it was the crew of the K.2 who had the greatest misfortune. The repairs made to damage caused in the Westminster-Devizes race were nullified by the jolting the canoe received during the journey down, and it made water from the very start.

Starting from scratch with a handicap of one and three-quarter hours, Lawrence and Pollock piled



Carter and Sawyer, eyed by a suspicious swan, set off for St Neots

on the speed. At the first portage they had to empty the canoe but it filled and sank just after they had negotiated the first lock; thereafter it sank every mile or so. The crew refused any offer of help or a tow and finally crossed the finishing line under their own steam having, according to their reckoning, swum more of the course than they had paddled. Dry clothing and tea were ready for them in the St Neots Clubhouse.

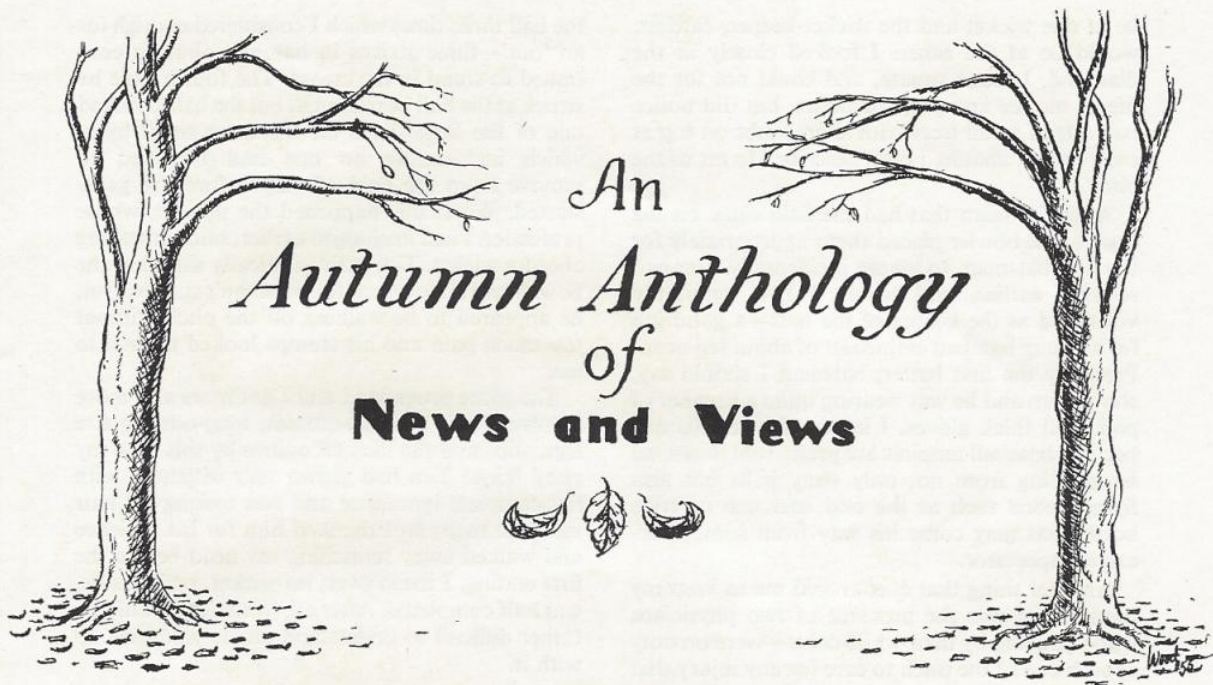
The first two Cranwell canoes home, Carter and Sawyer, Kharegat and Canning, were placed fifteenth and sixteenth in the final order, though Carter and Sawyer's actual paddling time showed that they were only some fifteen minutes behind the winners at the finish.

After the presentation of the trophy, the five crews stowed their canoes on the lorry again. They then departed in search of food, before returning to the College after a very enjoyable if somewhat strenuous day on the river.

J.W.C.

THE PYE TROPHY

The Pye Trophy, awarded to the section of the Cadets' Activities Organization that showed the most enterprise in planning and organizing its vacation activities, and achieved the best results, has been won by the Gliding section. The Pot-holing section was warmly commended for its successful mission to Italy.



An
Autumn Anthology
of
News and Views



‘This Ain’t Cricket’

By CAPTAIN BUTCH

Our West Point Cricket Commentator

I HAVE often heard the expression, ‘that’s not Cricket,’ the significance of which, I must admit, was not fully appreciated until I arrived at Cranwell and had an opportunity of really seeing the game played. This was a thrilling experience—to exaggerate a bit—and one that I shall use to advantage in relating my cultural development when I return to the colonies in the spring.

One Saturday afternoon, shortly after my arrival at Cranwell, I was observing the numerous sports activities around the College when, over on one ‘keep fit area’ some distance away, I saw a few flight cadets throwing what appeared to be rocks at another chap who was caged in a net with only a stick to defend himself with. It appeared that he was receiving some form of punishment for, no doubt, some minor infraction of the rules and regulations governing one’s conduct on the playing field. Being keen, as is said, to keep abreast of all College activities, I approached the enclosure cautiously to observe what was up.

After a few minutes of watching I came to the

erroneous conclusion that some crude form of baseball was being played. My astonishment, obviously conveyed by an open mouth, at this expenditure of energy, was no doubt quite marked, because a young lad asked if I had ever seen cricket played before. Naturally I had not and gathered very quickly that a form of batting practice was being conducted and that the proper game would be starting shortly—if not ending in the same manner.

The lad mentioned above, Timpkins by name, volunteered to explain the game play-by-play should I have a day or two to spend. I told him that surely the ‘hub,’ War Studies that is, could not tolerate the absence of a discussion member for such a time, but I would appreciate having a few ‘endings,’ or six outs explained if he could spare the time.

The game got under way and I thought it time to learn something about where the various players aligned themselves. I asked where the battery, catcher and pitcher would stand. Tim said that the bowler (which gave me visions of ten-pound balls, oak alleys and kingpins) would

be at one wicket and the wicket-keeper, catcher, would be at the other. I looked closely at the diamond, I mean square, and could not for the life of me see any gates or doors, but did notice two sets of small trees with short limbs on top at each end of what had been described to me as the pitch.

After the team that had the field came on the square, the bowler placed them appropriately for the first batsman, to whom incidentally Tim had referred earlier, and whom I had ignorantly visualized as the keeper of the bats—a good job for a young baseball enthusiast of about ten or so. Presently the first batter, batsman I should say, showed up and he was wearing quite a number of pads and thick gloves. I kept quiet on this one because baseball umpires are pretty well protected by padding from not only stray balls but also flying debris such as the odd beer can or coke bottle that may come his way from some over-excited spectator.

Another thing that encouraged me to keep my mouth shut was the presence of two physicians who—judging by their white coats—were on duty at each end of the pitch to care for any injury that might be sustained.

The batsman shortly took his position in the batter's box which I understand, in cricket, is related to something that a cleaning and dyeing establishment puts in trousers, and the game was on.

The bowler shot a fast one down the pitch and it appeared to me to be a 'ball' inasmuch as it hit the ground in front of the batsman who took a healthy swing and caught the leather on the first bounce for what looked to me like a 'home run' because it went over the circle which I assumed to be an imaginary fence. At any rate the batsman ran towards the bowler with his bat in his hand for no obvious reason, and I knew right then that one or both of the physicians were going to get some business; however, the outfielder, whom Tim called a 'long-on' or a 'mid-off'—not quite sure which—held up both hands as the ball hit the ground beyond the circle and one of the gentlemen in a white coat said something about 'over the boundary' and gave the batsman six runs, which I thought was mighty nice of him.

A little later the bowler from the other end of the pitch threw a hot ball to the other batsman. I gathered just from observation that the first bowler had been told by the coach that he was no good and needed a rest after throwing only six balls. Tim patiently explained that an 'over' had been completed. Anyway this pitcher was a little better, I thought, because the batsman swung at

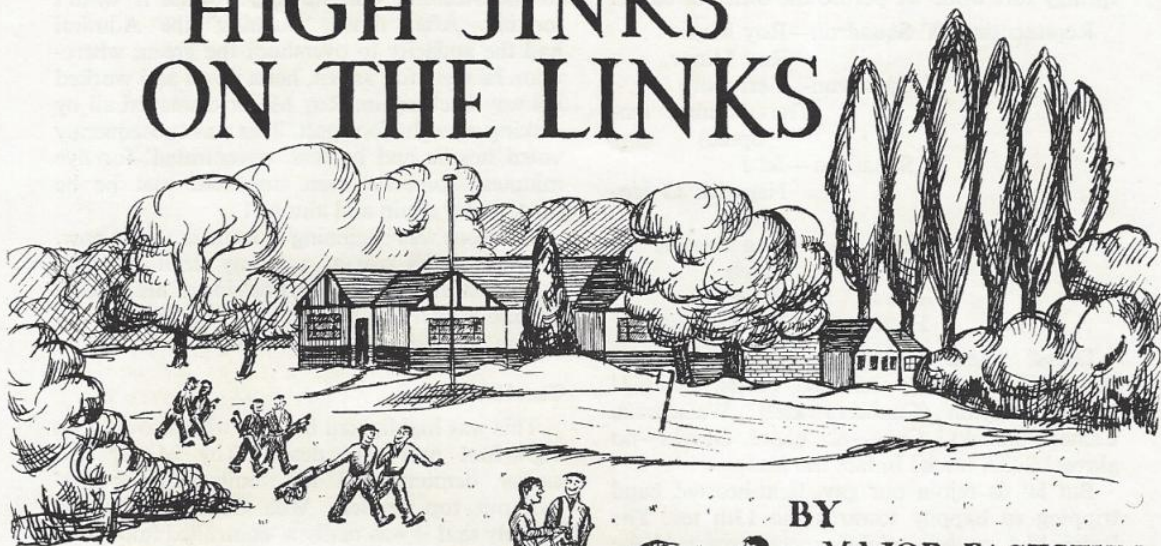
the ball three times which I considered enough for an 'out'—three strikes in baseball—but he continued to stand in the crease. The fourth time he struck at the ball he missed it, but the ball knocked one of the little limbs off the three small trees, which incidentally no one had bothered to remove from the field of play before the game started. When this happened the umpire, whose profession I had misjudged earlier, said something about a wicket. Tim enthusiastically said that the bowler had knocked off the batsman's stumps; yet, he appeared to be walking off the pitch without too much pain and his stumps looked normal to me.

The game progressed and I got more and more involved with wickets, creases, long-ons, square legs, slips and the like. Of course by this time my good friend Tim had grown very disgusted with my complete ignorance and was tearing his hair out with rage; so I thanked him for his patience and walked away scratching my head before the first ending, I mean over, no wicket, or is it side, was half completed. After all, 'rounders' would be rather difficult to understand unless you grew up with it.



'Says something about Better safe than sorry'

HIGH JINKS ON THE LINKS



BY
MAJOR FACTOTUM

166 and all that. No, not a slip of the pen. It was the 'B' Sqn score at the close of play one fine June evening. Cricket? No, not quite! Golf? Yes, but again not quite—if you understand what I mean. But let us start at the beginning.

It was a College lunch session which produced a discussion on golf. How well some had played at St Andrews—no one ever seems to have played anywhere else—the Royal and Ancient game—bogeys—and so on. Discussion was animated and resulted in a grand challenge.

In order to satisfy honour an officers' intersquadron competition was arranged. War Studies were co-opted—it is suspected, to provide comic relief. A total of eight players (?) to hit (?) four balls. There was some doubt whether this was an eight-ball foursome or a four-ball eightsome. Pongo P said it couldn't possibly be an eightsome without bagpipes. Ann Temple failed to provide an answer. Nevertheless a date was finally agreed upon and then began a period of working up that probably accounted for (a) an increase in the number of golf balls sold in the Mess and (b) the sudden retirement of numerous locals who hitherto had eked out a precarious living selling second-hand balls.

Eventually, however, everyone worked up to the pitch (and putt) of perfection. Tuesday, 21st June, was selected as the nearest suitable day to the longest of the year. Maximum daylight was



considered essential; a sound appreciation, as it turned out. On that day local club members were somewhat disturbed to see on the order of play board—'R.A.F. Eight by Four Balls.' Some had a vision of the R.A.F. Henley eight proceeding up the fairway, hotly pursued by the Admiral brandishing a telescope. Others hoped it was all a horrible mistake and prayed for rain.

So it was that at 1730 hours eight brave sons and two 'general factotums' to act as umpires, referees, judges, prompters, lost-ball hunters, were eventually ready, willing and able on the 1st tee. A loosening up period was essential of course—to get everyone in the swing so to speak. This, however, failed to reduce the excessive number of loose shots later on.

The error in taking up position on the 1st tee was quickly apparent because the 'eight by four' though strengthened by infantry had no right of way whatsoever. Twice 'honour' was forfeited. After the third honour one bright and presumably unsuperstitious spark decided that the obvious answer was to start at the 13th. We had a 2,000-yard approach march before commencing battle.



Let us leave the 'eight' treading the rich springy turf while we peruse the order of battle.

Representing 'A' Squadron—Roy Major
Roy Minor
'B' Squadron—Gerrypot
The Admiral (co-opted)
'C' Squadron—Jet J
Negative G (co-opted)
War Studies—Wee Georgie
Butch
'General —Pongo P
Factotum' The Jazelbet

Dress? There appeared to be no general standard! Anything checked! Shirts, spotted! Trousers, nylon (Canberra kit?)! Waistcoats, Camel! Smocks! Caps—no caps! Gloves—no gloves! Suits, track! In fact the lot.

But let us rejoin our gay, light-hearted band tripping so happily towards the 13th tee. The Butch had, as one might expect, produced the latest mark in labour-saving devices—a caddie trolley. It is suspected that it was really brought to give Wee Georgie some amusement. By the end of the evening Wee Georgie was checked out, a fact he celebrated by doing a ground loop.

And so we come to the 13th from which point the highlights of the evening will be described in an exclusive hole-by-hole commentary.

The 13th

The Admiral produced a coin with two 'heads' and chose to let his partner drive. 'B' Sqn, apparently undeterred by the warning notice about boundaries, astounded everyone by driving not one but four balls out of bounds. Thus it was that 'B' Sqn were nine off the tee. Jet J was next and stayed in bounds by the skin of the ball. The Butch 'drove' left and maintained the general standard of play. Roy Major was last and spoilt everything by heading straight down the fairway. So the match was under way.

Before departing everyone agreed to count all strokes (within reason) and meet on the green. So with a 'tally-ho' and the cry 'look out for balls, while you are there' they went their ways. Strangely enough everyone seemed to get back onto the fairway within 200 yards and a quick check showed 'A' Sqn were 1, W.S. 2, 'C' 3 and 'B' 11. Quite remarkable really, and not surprisingly 'A' won the hole.

The 14th

This time all went off to a good start—except 'B' who raised eyebrows and divots with two

near misses before quitting the tee. Jet J suggested to the Admiral that he hit it while it wasn't looking. After much 'reaching' the Admiral had the audacity to overshoot the green, whereupon he went full astern, helm down and worked his way back again. Roy Major dismayed all by sinking an eight-foot putt. This was subsequently voted hostile and he was 'coventrated' for five minutes. Someone even suggested that he be made to try again and aim off!

Everyone was beginning to settle down by now. Butch had his cap at a jaunty devil-may-care angle presumably to allow one side of his head to acquire a Riviera tan and 'B' Sqn was really hitting out—28 for two—no effort!

The 15th

This was highlighted by Jet J who also shot an eight-foot putt—but dead! Roy Minor had earlier demonstrated his 'built-in hook-slice' (without top rudder). Wee Georgie suggested politely that it was really a 'controlled hook'—as if he knew!

By now 'A' and 'C' were nicely in the groove, W.S. were in the mood and 'B' in a rut—when not in the rough.

The 16th

Negative G startled everyone by going *up* more than *along*. However the de-icer had been switched on before take-off (final check) so all was well.

The 17th

This was undoubtedly the Admiral's hole. He made an excellent shot, and then shouted 'Heads' which seemed a strangely inappropriate remark for a man of the sea to make in public. A local some 300 yards away was seen to raise his hands above his head and jump into a bunker. He was safe, however, by 150 yards. Someone quietly suggested that this was possibly the naval method of straddling—that being the short one.

'A' Squadron was really in trouble and gave the cue to Negative G for *the* understatement of the match: 'That's quite an awkward situation—elephant grass.' Roy Minor eventually played out by taking a reciprocal heading, muttering something about a 'back beam approach.' Jet J shouted 'Watch it, watch it, watch it!' Whereupon everyone watched—and lost it.

By this time a queue was forming in the rear and courtesy required them to lose 'honour' once more. Everyone took time out, stood-down and dreamt of birdies, eagles, Dan Dare, P.C. 49 and all that.

So to the 18th

Wee Georgie thought he was going home. Jazelbet went home and Gerrypot and Roy Minor went into the rough—the built-in slice once more! Jet J rather upset form by sending one down the fairway. However, he insisted on underhitting ('in case I go into the club-house, old boy') which was all good gamesmanship. Nevertheless 'C' were on in three and won the hole handsomely.

All very close and anyone's game. Some eager beavers proceeded direct to the 1st tee, while others felt the need for sustenance. The Army came to the rescue again; Pongo P was used as a chocolate store cupboard and stocked up. No charge for portage.

The 1st

This was it. Right in front of the club-house. Nonchalance was the order of the day; two practice swings and away. That, at least, was the theory, but 'B' Sqn was quickly in trouble, within seven yards in fact, and thereafter proceeded on alternate starboard and port tacks up to the green. This was 'reached' in 11 and the ball 'sunk' in 14. On seeing 'A' overshoot, the Butch remarked gleefully 'That's a beauty—that's through!' Roy Major, on the other hand, was frightfully English and shouted 'Brakes' whereupon from down in the jungle a faint chant was heard 'Undercart, mixture, pitch, fuel, flaps.'

The 2nd

Wee Georgie wrested the altitude record from Negative G and then, on going off course, was heard to say 'Watch out for slice, chaps.' Everyone watched but again *it* was very difficult to find.

Roy Major was by now hitting them straight as *they* come (or go). The Admiral was putting the fear of death into his ball. In fact he had by now resorted to creeping up on *it*, thus hoping to catch *it* unawares. Any improvement by these tactics was imperceptible.

Gerrypot amazed everyone by exclaiming 'Ah, ah', presumably the 'B' Squadron code. The situation did actually call for a few chosen words as we were being squeezed (a good Culbertson term) again from the rear and 'honour' was once more at stake. This time a local, *en passant*, quipped 'looks like a cricket team you have here.' Pongo P, acting in his capacity as scorer, replied that a quick glance at the score would confirm his worst suspicions.

The 3rd

The Admiral was again accused of frightening the ball. Butch went further and had *it* suing for

peace with a beautiful shot straight and true. W.S. were on the way to winning another hole.

The 4th

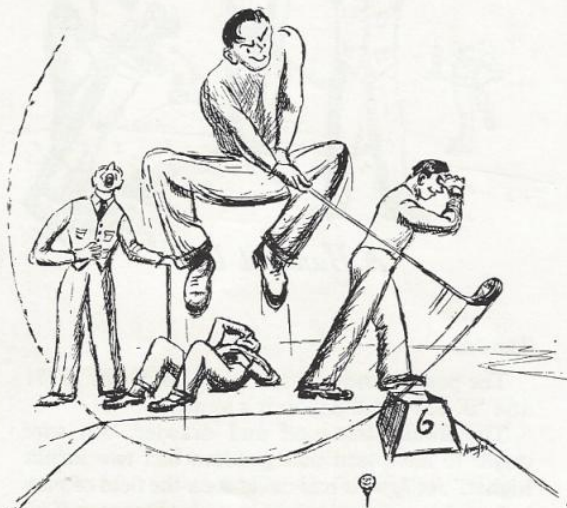
This hole is remembered because Wee Georgie accused Negative G of having a ball that was softer than his. He refused to give his reasons for such an accusation and was awarded 'three days extra War Studies' on the spot. No more was heard from him—least of all any appeal—until a frustrated voice muttered the now familiar words 'I'm in the jungle.' The only other claim to fame by this hole was that it was won by 'B'—the Admiral for once being (and remaining) on course.

The 5th

Thus 'B' had the distinction of shooting first. All (repeat all) got off well and 'A' sank in bogey 3. This was it—the Hogan touch. Not before time, really, as so much of the 'game' had been spent within the tedious cycle—hit, search, find, hit, search, find, with little to relieve the monotony. Pongo P was used mainly as an extra and became adept at finding balls, though usually OPs.

The 6th

The Admiral soon had everyone convulsed and rolling on the dew which was already lying in



The Admiral Airborne

ominous profusion on the grass. He was really taking this stealthy approach angle to heart but was spoiling all by jumping a foot high and turning before making contact. Even the Admiral's

address was unusual in that he always took two or three practice swings up to shoulder level. The end of these addressing swings always found the head of the club a good foot from the ball. Whether or not contact would be made was always in doubt until the very end.

On this particular occasion contact was lost three times. The Admiral took his failure very well. On being asked why he was rubbing two mashies together he remarked that he thought it was more original than *The Caine Mutiny* and anyway getting hold of one ball was difficult enough.

Roy Major spoilt the fun by dropping a 20-foot putt. Faces were indeed glum at this turn of events but on learning that 'B' Squadron was now 'a hundred up' all hands stood to and cheered this stout performance. This show of appreciation was acknowledged by the casual raising of a cap and mashie.



The 7th

The position now was—'A' 67, W.S. 68, 'C' 71 and 'B' 102—still anybody's game.

The Butch drove off and drawled 'Ah sure ought to have teed that goddam ball two inches higher.' Jet J, who had never seen the field of play before this evening, asked in a blasé manner if he ought to take a driver. On being told to use any wood he liked Jet J went off to look for one. He appeared quite desperate!

Gerrypot naively asked where the pin was. He got short shrift and was angrily told to aim over the red sand box on the ladies' tee some 20 yards ahead. To ask anyone at this stage to aim

accurately in any direction was extremely optimistic but, nothing daunted, Gerrypot sent a quiver through the ranks by actually hitting the little red box.

The 8th

Once again the Hogan touch by all—except 'B' who went only seven yards. Pongo P, still officially the referee (etc.), decided he ought to lend a hand and offered to hit the ball out of the rough. This proved a rash suggestion. The result was one miss, then a three-yard slice, a roar of mirth all round and not unexpectedly—a lost ball. Even the sight of Butch 'tearing his hair' failed to produce the ball. Pongo P decided to retire to officialdom with the score 1 miss, 1 hit, 1 lost ball. A voice said 'no wonder they call it the P.B.I.' and was promptly awarded 'two extra Army Hours' by the unbiased referee.

The 9th

The tempo was increasing perceptibly. Roy Minor reproduced his controlled hook, Gerrypot decided he wanted to play to the same green as the previous hole while Butch pushed one straight up the middle—decapitating about 50 innocent daisies in the process. Negative G alone was cool in the crisis—probably something to do with his de-icer.

The end of this hole found the 'cricket team' at the farthest point from the club-house. Three hours had elapsed since the first tee up and no one was amused at the thought of the return journey, though 'B' Squadron raised morale and another cheer—a little weaker this time—by reaching their 150.

The 10th

This hole called for a W.S. huddle and council. Wee Georgie decided the ground looked like the Minden Gap and wondered if he ought to play between the hills. Bets were laid and with a swish and smack Wee Georgie attained a new altitude record. Play was held up while all hands were mustered to chip the ice off the ball.

The 11th

The climax was fast approaching—the step became lighter and the evening became darker. An added hazard to any low shots were the bats. By this time, it may be added, the golf links were empty, all locals having retired to the warmth and 'wet' of the club-house. In the distance Balliols could be heard warming up for night flying and an early 'bird' was already aloft.

However, our pioneering spirits were undaunted and Jet J asked for a shovel. The Butch sent two into the trees and put a sudden end to the amorous discourse of a couple of unsuspecting

pigeons. Pongo P was once again misused for spotting and found two more balls but not, of course, the ones for which he was looking.

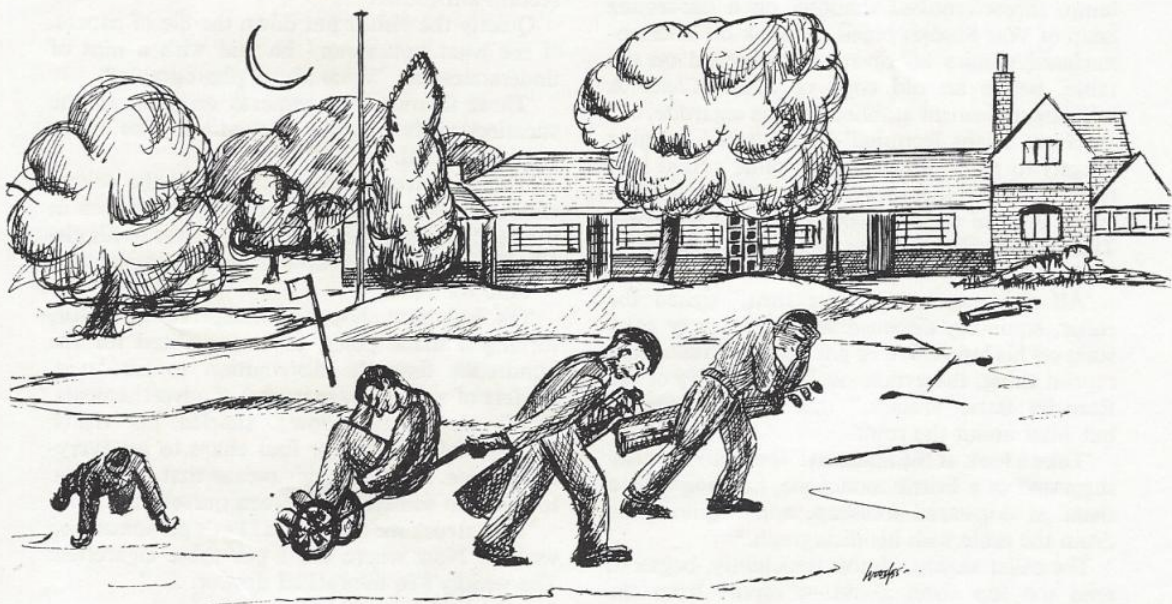
The 12th

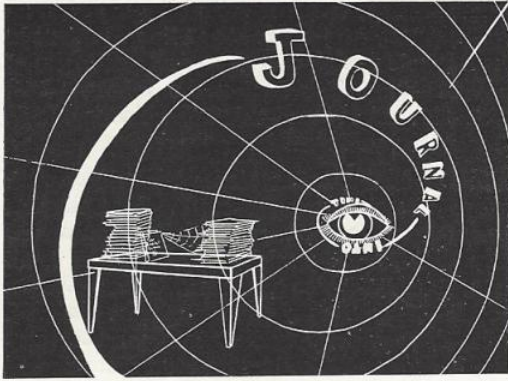
The final hole—at last! By now, although we were 2,000 yards plus from the club-house our noses were in the air—home sweet home (the 19th). The scores were critical too—‘A’ 98, W.S. 100, ‘C’ 103 and ‘B’ 158.

All got off to a good start ; by now it was a habit. ‘B’ was the exception (another habit) and they landed in the creek with the obvious attendant remarks. The main body set out while dusk set in and nearly out. Gerrypot and the Admiral now began a series of shots intended to ‘de-creek’ themselves. This took time! Meanwhile the main body was doing well and, at the green, as one looked back, one could see in the distance the familiar figures of Gerrypot and the Admiral still tacking slowly up the general line of the fairway.

The tension, out front, was very high but all credit to Roy Major and Roy Minor. In the end the last hole was won by ‘A’—worthy winners of this marathon. The final scores were ‘A’ 104, W.S. 107, ‘C’ 111 and ‘B’ 166, which is where, dear reader, you came in.

In the fast-gathering gloom the cricket team wended its weary way towards the 19th with many a surmise about an extension. It was now four hours, 6,137 yards, 488 strokes and 1,314 misses since the once gay, carefree party had set out. In that time many a divot had been removed, much fairway and, needless to say, much more rough, explored. The locals were awestruck and enquired how many night hours were needed to qualify for the R.A.F. Golf Association! No answers were recorded. Nevertheless we had enjoyed it, and ‘A’ were voted the best of a bad bunch. If nothing else, we had learnt, above all, to take the rough with the smooth.





From Our Exclusive Correspondent
November Issue, A.D. 2155

SLUMPED over a desk in the musty depths of a forgotten corridor in the eerie East Wing sat a motionless body. *The Journal* editor blew smoke rings: he was thinking. His drawn face, illuminated only by the soft glare of a bedside lamp, threw crooked shadows on a depressing heap of War Studies précis. A book on Thermodynamuclear dynamics lay open and unheeded on the table, beside an old copy of *Space Clues*. A nervous movement stubbed out his cigarette.

'Guest Night lectures!' he muttered, turning sleepily to gaze vacantly at the caller's tired bow tie. He spoke rather sadly, 'Every term a *Journal*, every *Journal* a packet of worry for someone. This feature, for instance, it just can't be done, I tell you.'

'All right, something else then,' sighed the caller, squinting disconsolately at an ugly soup stain on his lapel. 'We've got till tomorrow. That reprint thing, the article on "The Passing of the Ram-Jet Basic Trainer," that's easy enough—but what about the rest?'

'Take a look at the material!' the editor wearily suggested in a brittle monotone, handing over a sheaf of dog-eared foolscap, and beginning to drum the table with his dictagraph.*

The caller slowly, almost reluctantly, began to read the top sheet aloud—a report from the activities and societies editor. . . .

'The activities' and societies' contributions have shown an immense improvement over last term. (It must have been that lecture we gave the

* This has not been invented yet. It is a handy item of journalistic equipment and completely replaces the out-moded pencil. When switched on and placed between the speaker and a piece of paper it picks up the sound levels and, with a sonomagnetic computer attached to a 'giron-rod' type detector, prints the spoken word.

secretaries!) It is now only two weeks after press day and already three reports of nearly a side of double-spacing are in my possession. Content isn't much more inspiring than usual but I'll try to expand some of the more spectacular features: the Camping section, for instance, has bought a new billycan to replace the one left behind at that caravan site (reported in the Feb. '53 issue); the mountaineers once again lost their rocket tickets and had to climb Snowdon with only two guides; the Fine Arts section had 20 new members last term, bringing their total membership to 21—the Lincoln jaunt has apparently been reinstated.'

The next two reports to catch his eye were from the sports and vacation editors. By now his voice had developed an alarmingly suicidal intonation:

'The sports section of *The Journal* will be just about as unconvincing as last term. Who reads the sports section anyway?'

'Last vacation lots of activities were organized, including the now well-established navigation trip to the moon. However, as none of them was written up, I suggest you cut out this particular section altogether.'

Quietly the visitor put down the file of papers. 'I see what you mean,' he said with a hint of understatement. 'What about photographs?'

'Three fellows took cameras on some of the vacation visits,' replied the editor. The caller looked hopeful.

'The only trouble being,' went on the editor, stifling a yawn, 'that one dropped his camera in the Med. and another lent his negatives to his girl friend who tore them up during an argument.'

'And the third?'

'Oh, he's been chopped,' whispered the editor, turning a shade paler, as he visualized for the hundredth time the distribution to his 'avid' readers of a thirty-page issue—of advertisements.

'It's always the same,' snarled his visitor angrily, 'left to three or four chaps to get everything done. I suppose this means that we'll have to cook up something between ourselves.'

'That struck me too. Right! Let's get something written. Now where did I put those cigarettes? The whisky's in the locked drawer. . . .'

* * *

A knock at the door, and through the gently curling pall of cigarette smoke that veiled the room the tousled head of the reveille orderly appeared, mumbled and disappeared. The sound of his receding footsteps heralded the arrival of another ceremonial morning.

* * *

'Seven-fifteen,' yawned the visitor, vainly trying to brush ash from the crumpled crease of an O.P.

trouser. 'Just time to change my shirt and fetch my belt.'

* * *

Term after term during the last two centuries the above story has been re-enacted. Though the principal characters vary, the scene remains the same.

Nevertheless, as a harassed editor said two

years ago (after a vain appeal the term before and 10 days before he shot himself), 'The Journal, come what may, must go to print.' Thus it is that the present editor believes that problems affecting us in this Year of Grace 2155 will still be affecting the lives of flight cadets for countless years to come. . . .

A.R.P.

Spotlight on Resins

Our star reporter writes this term on youth and the elastic trade—or a short way to £1,000 a year at twenty.

AFTER my latest series of startling revelations of corruption in the blanco and thimble industries, and my exposure of embezzlement in the webbing trade, I have decided to move away from these fields of the more seamy side of life. Having cleaned up the country for our growing youth, I am now going to tell the younger generation how to make a career which will be of lifelong service to the public. Yes, I am talking of the Resilient Resins Industry. In particular I shall refer to the method of obtaining a permanent career in this industry.

Last week I found myself at Naedallus House, a pleasant building in secluded surroundings in the English outback. I was there at the invitation of the Chairman of the British Resins Committee, who run Naedallus House as a selection board for future permanent servants of the industry. It was decided that I should take the place of a candidate and see for myself how the cream of British youth is selected.

Last Wednesday then, I arrived at the local railway station, and was driven to Naedallus House in a vintage omnibus (the chairman is a keen collector of antiques) by a chauffeur in a smart livery of light blue and old gold.

In the evening I listened to an introductory talk by the chairman on the advantages and standards of the career I 'aspired' to. He stressed the fact that the country depends on such men as my companions at Naedallus House and myself. Of selection methods he said 'we have flexible standards.' He remarked on the fact that the

industry had backing in the cotton trade and in Threadneedle Street, and that consequently the standards were high. 'Indeed,' he continued, 'although you may be selected here, it does not necessarily mean that you will complete your training. Unfortunately some people cannot complete the course and the Elastic Industry has to suspend them. One can also be suspended on disciplinary matters; for example, some people are suspended for infringing Section 40 of the Welfare State Act for conduct liable to undermine the support of the country.'

The following morning the selection tests began. First, there were written papers on such subjects as mechanics, stresses and shearing strains (the study of mechanics is, of course, vitally necessary in the industry). In the paper on 'How best to improve the Industry,' answers such as unity of direction, flexibility, and grouping of similar functions gained good marks.

Then there were initiative tests; after all, in moments of strain someone must take the initiative. A great premium was also laid by the examiners on tact and diplomacy. To finish the tests there was a medical examination. This is important because the resins are tested and used in all parts of the world. Consequently the employees of the industry must be able to stand any climate. When all was finished the candidates learned of their results and went their separate ways.

Having experienced these tests, I would recommend the profession to anyone with courage, initiative and ambition, and so I close Spotlight for this term.

B.C.S

The aerodynamics staff emphatically deny that the atomization of a potato will produce fission chips

Important Discovery in Lincolnshire

The Editorial Staff of 'The Journal' gratefully acknowledge permission to reproduce the following extract which appeared in 'The Times' on 17th June, 1955.

RECENT excavations in the neighbourhood of the Royal Air Force College, Cranwell, have brought to light the following account of what must have been a tribal war in pre-Christian times. A verbatim translation is given below.

At that time, there lived at a place called Crane, near the town of Sleae, some tenscore young men, youthful and eager for battle; and they were strong in spirit, and the gods were with them.

And it came to pass that some of these young men possessed a most worthy and ancient Chariot, which could carry many, and in it a good time was had by all. And its fame spread far and wide, even unto the ears of the enemy.

Now in those days, the young men of Crane and the enemy were wont to come in peace to worship at a temple called Rete, wherein were divers playful young maidens, and the young men of Crane would march by chariot.

But it happened that one night the enemy broke the peace, and nearly broke the Chariot, leaving it half a day's march from the temple. And the young men of Crane waxed exceeding wrathful, and curses like 'Bolshevism' and 'Peasants' were heard on all sides. As they spoke, there arose from their midst a young man saying:

'Hearken unto me, men of Crane, shall we then leave unavenged this deadly insult to the Chariot?'

And all did answer 'Nay.'

And speaking again he said: 'Let us to arms, and punish these Crows!'

And all did answer 'Yea.'

Then, lifting up his voice, he cried aloud to the gods: 'Lend us thy help, O gods, that we may be avenged!'

And the gods did answer: 'Amen Amen we say unto you—If Crane last for a thousand years men shall remember, and shall say, "This was their finest hour".'

(Editor's Note: We feel that a similar remark

has been made quite recently, but are unable to place it.)

So the preparations were made, and in a few days a mighty caravan was assembled. Many were the Chariots, and forty good men and true went forth to avenge the honour of Crane, and, at the third watch, they arrived at the camp of the enemy, a place called Kirte Linde.

There in their many pits, slept the hosts of the enemy, and their guards were not watchful. Bearing on high furled standards of many small sheets, and carrying their pots of woad, the men of Crane descended, fleet and stealthy as the leopard, and the silence of the tomb was upon the camp.

And the elders of Crane had decreed that not a hair of a man's head should be harmed.

And they came, each by his own way unto the tents of the enemy, and while some did enter, and cause hayoc within, others desecrated the face of the arena where the enemy were wont to disport themselves at the coming of each dawn.

Great was the chaos and confusion, and proud were the inscriptions on the face of the arena. Now unfurled, the banners were borne high on the night air. Even yet no man woke, nor stirred in his pit, nor did the guards suspect.

Then, lo, the blazing torches of an enemy chariot returning from a binge swept the arena! But the men of Crane were fleet of foot, and were as the shadows of the night, nor was any man seen. So their labours continued, till the rape of the Chariot was avenged.

And at the appointed time, each man returned to his chariot, and there came a mighty roar from the camp, of many bangers* and similar contrivances.

Praising the gods, their spirits lightened, the young men of Crane returned whence they came, unto their several pits, their task well done. So perish all enemies of Crane!

A.M.

* *Note:* The reference to bangers is the only one recorded in Europe at that time. Explosives had been known in China centuries before this date, but in Europe were unknown until the 13th century.

Musical Parade Ground

or

'Devil Take the Hin'most'

CRANWELL has a passion to be different. The latest product of this mania is the game of 'Musical Parade Ground.' This is a compulsory game in which nobody wins and everyone is eliminated or disqualified in one fell swoop—all rather disappointing.

The basic rules are simple. The game is invariably played at the end of a church parade with the assistance of a band and callers. It can be practised with callers alone, but this is not nearly so much fun.

At the end of the parade, the warrant officer is summoned. This indicates to the eager cadets 'On your marks.' (You are roughly there already.) 'Offishah on paradah . . .' ('get set'), ' . . . dish-mish' ('go!'). Salute, two three, then freeze, counting two three, two three, until the band opens up with a rather faster-than-double time. Speed off the mark is then the criterion of success.

The idea is to get off the parade square before the music stops. This is a fairly easy game to play, if you are not in the Sovereign's Squadron in front of the College steps. If you are so placed, however, you first have to decide whether you are level with the east or west half of the steps. Having made this far-reaching decision, you head with all possible speed towards the nearest doors, masking as little of the College front as possible with your objectionable person; a sad disillusionment considering that only a moment before you had been exhorted to stand up straight and proud, puffed up like a turkey cock, as if the Sky indeed were Yours. If you choose the wrong side, you are called back and disqualified; on the other hand, if your calculations are correct, you walk at top speed towards the side doors. One of the rules of the game is that you should walk in time with the band; this results in some extraordinary antics, because the judges, all tone deaf, render a vocal accompaniment which as often as not drowns the band.

The game begins to get really interesting as you approach the side-doors. By that time both band and judges are losing their breath, and the scene around the door becomes strongly reminiscent of Holborn tube station at the rush hour, as a mass of bodies struggle to be first through the inadequate doorways. What makes this miniature

survival exercise particularly unfair is the handicapping system of the game, called 'sizing,' whereby all the tallest and heaviest competitors are placed near the doors, while the smaller ones have to start from the middle of the pitch. Therefore, in the desperate struggle that ensues, might is right, and the strongest would always win, were it not for certain tactics, based on cunning and experience, which are available to the weak. These are as follows:

1. Gang together, and with a steady push feed those in front more quickly through the doors.
2. Use the same technique, except that the push should be violent and irregular in order to collapse the scrum, enabling you to clamber nimbly over the sprawling bodies.
3. Run between their legs.
4. Join the front of the queue unnoticed; this subterfuge is very difficult, as everyone else is trying to do the same.
5. Leave your bayonet fixed before the game begins.
6. Utilize the rifle, for it far surpasses the elbow as a weapon. Most vulnerable targets are: ribs, shins, ankles, boots and heads. This weapon is also very useful in defence, as it lends weight to any argument.

If all these tactics fail, then other methods must be resorted to. The rules use the words 'off the parade ground,' so, if the doors are impassable:

1. Use nearby windows. (Beware of tumbling into the laps of certain College notables.)
2. Scale a drain-pipe onto the roof. (Mind the new paint.)
3. Scale a lamp-post. (Too conspicuous except for the very thin.)
4. Cultivate the Indian or Pakistani rope trick. If this is unsuccessful, attempt the rising rifle trick by sticking the rifle barrel into the grass verge.
5. Make use of training received in College activities:
 - (a) Sprinters can seek safety behind 'A' or 'C' Squadron wings, though they must decide which one in good time.

(b) For mountaineers the columns on the steps offer an elevated form of escape.

(c) Potholers can gain complete immunity from the penalties awarded by the judges by disappearing through a grating.

(d) G.C.T. enthusiasts can either dig a foxhole in the flowerbed or lie down well camouflaged with flowers stuck in mouths, noses, ears, belts, etc.

6. A more aggressive measure is to assault and remove a bandsman from his euphonium, insert self, wait and hope. Failing a euphonium, a piccolo might suffice.

7. Bluff

(a) Run up, dismantle saluting base and flags and remove them through main College doors. (The zealous fatigue party pose.)

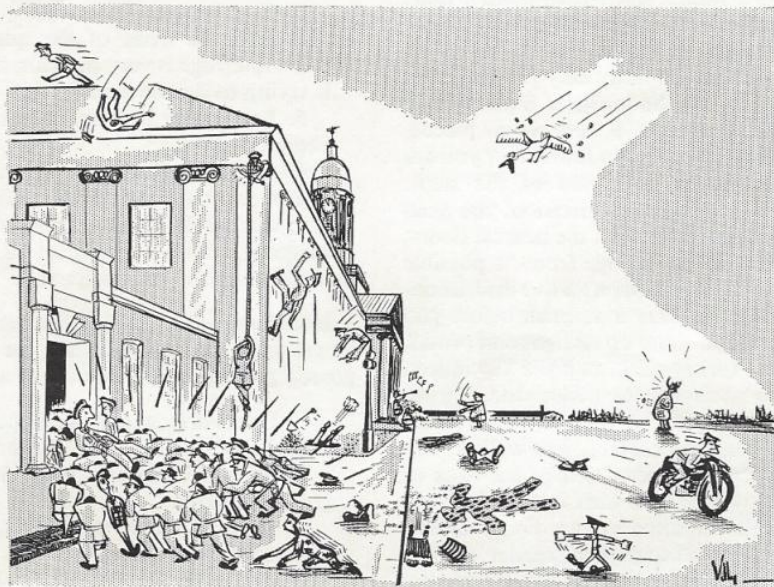
(b) Stand and wait: if challenged, reply that the 'other flight sergeant' had instructed you to remain behind.

(c) If you get away to a very slow start, stand still, close eyes and snore quietly.

(d) Arrange for one competitor to 'faint,' two or three others remaining to attend him; meanwhile appeal frantically to the judges for sympathy.

Colours awarded for the game are black and blue and worn on the body. The game cannot be recommended for children: it does not conduce to gravity of deportment, and brings out all those savage instincts which lurk dormant and menacing in even the most youthful of our species. Moreover, the forfeits paid by him who either graces the pitch too long with his presence or disfigures the College front are, we understand, less pleasant than those reserved for the chair-less participant in the equivalent children's game. Couldn't we try 'musical chairs,' just for a change?

M.J.F.W.

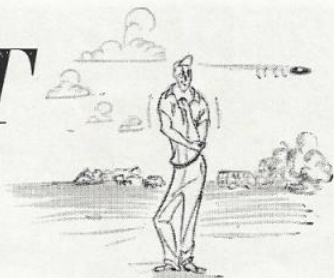




SPORT

in the

Summer Term



The 1955 Cricket Season

THE weather this year treated College cricket much more kindly than in 1954 and the wickets consequently were much firmer and faster. Both the First and Second Elevens enjoyed full seasons spoilt only in our own minds by the rather unsatisfactory results obtained during such wonderful weather.

Lack of Team Form

With five old colours in the team, the College this year held high hopes of fielding a really strong side, strong enough perhaps to gain that victory over Sandhurst which has been so elusive in the past. Unfortunately the eleven started badly and indeed never looked like becoming a powerful combination. The bowling, in particular from our openers, was not aggressive enough and with the exception of Le Brocq the batting was far too erratic to produce consistent results.

All members of the team seemed to find or lose their form at the same time with the result that on many occasions they scored over 200 runs on one day and less than 100 on the next. The fielding never attained a high standard, far too many possible catches finding their way to the ground. Perera, who bowled consistently well, would have had a far more impressive analysis if he had received greater support from the field. These three factors enabled several potentially weaker teams to draw or even gain a win at our expense.

However, despite the unimpressive results achieved there was plenty of good cricket played during the season. The College victories over Ampleforth College and the Adastrians were particularly outstanding, on both occasions our team racing the clock to win with only seconds to spare.

Individual Performances

Individual performances seldom lived up to expectation but the newcomers in the side showed considerable promise. Porter, the captain, was unfortunately unable to rediscover his fine form of last year and a tendency to go for the runs often brought

about his premature downfall. Le Brocq had a very successful first season and proved the mainstay of the batting, an achievement marred only perhaps by his running between the wickets. Kerr was sporadic in form but whenever he managed to get set he was a delightful batsman to watch. His 90 runs against Sandhurst was Cranwell's highest individual score since the war. Cliff gained his place in the team in mid-season and scored runs freely: a painstaking batsman, he extricated the side from several tricky situations. Close always looked full of runs but could never get into his full stride and had less than a fair share of luck. Aylett failed to regain his promise of last season but did improve considerably towards the end of the season. Martin hit the ball extremely hard but often lost his wicket by going for the runs.

On the bowling side, Walters was another who could not find his form of last season with the new ball, thereby throwing a heavy burden on to the spin bowlers. A variety of bowlers were tried to partner him. Buckham improved enough to gain a permanent place but even at the season's close was uncertain of his length. Perera again bowled extremely well, his legbreaks and offbreaks repeatedly shaking the confidence of opposing batsmen. Collins, a slow left arm bowler, completed the attack; Kerr was groomed into making a very fair support bowler and was unlucky not to gain more wickets.

Martin kept wicket well but until near the end of the season had difficulty in taking the ball cleanly at vital moments.

R.A.F. College v. R.M.A. Sandhurst

Sandhurst won the toss and chose to bat on a hard batsman's wicket. From the first overs they scored quickly, while Cranwell in the period before lunch forfeited any chance of winning by dropping half a dozen catches behind the wicket. At lunch Sandhurst's score was 120 for 3 wickets instead of 100 for 7, as it might well have been, but for these costly mistakes. After lunch they hammered the bowling relentlessly and scored a further 250 runs before tea, declaring at 383 for 6 with Crombie 155 not out.



CRICKET

Back Row: Rev. W. E. G. Payton, Cdt T. E. Close, S.U.O. M. E. Kerr, Flt Cdt H. Buckingham, Flt Cdt G. L. Aylett, Mr F. W. Simpson

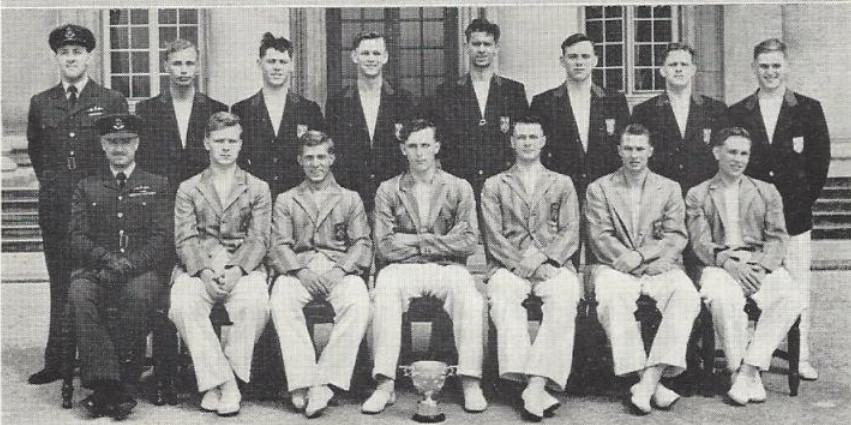
Front Row: Cdt P. S. Martin, Flt Cdt M. P. Walters, Flt Cdt J. B. V. Collins, Flt Cdt M. D. Porter (captain), Flt Cdt D. Perera, Cdt P. D. Cliff, Cdt R. H. B. Le Brocq



MODERN PENTATHLON

Back Row: Sqn Ldr L. S. Lumsdaine, D.F.C., Flt Cdt M. A. Hicks, Cdt W. I. C. Stoker, Cdt L. N. A. Nel, W.O. G. D. Bird

Front Row: Cdt J. J. Mason, Flt Cdt P. C. Little, Flt Cdt H. W. J. Rigg (captain), Cdt M. J. O. Taylor, Flt Cdt A. B. E. Caiger



SWIMMING

Back Row: Flt Lt G. O. Eades, Flt Cdt D. J. Moran, Flt Cdt R. G. Forbes, Flt Cdt C. R. B. Tickell, Flt Cdt A. C. Edmunds, Flt Cdt P. C. Little, Flt Cdt M. J. O. Taylor, Flt Cdt G. C. Williams

Front Row: Flt Lt L. A. Robertson, Flt Cdt M. J. H. Walker, U.O. D. T. F. Ozanne, Snr Flt Cdt S. T. Newington (captain), Flt Cdt J. R. Walker, Flt Cdt J. H. E. Thornton, Snr Flt Cdt M. Farmer

A tired Cranwell side made a poor reply and close of play on the first day found us with only 74 runs for 7 wickets. On the resumption of play there came a grand recovery from Cliff and Perera, and the score mounted to 161, when Perera relaxed his concentration and was out. Helped next by Walters and then by Buckham, Cliff took the score to 200 and his own score to 68 before he, too, lost his wicket.

Morgan, Sandhurst's captain, quite naturally enforced the follow on and this time we saw a little more of the side's real ability. Kerr and Cliff put on 119 for the third wicket, Kerr going on to make a solid 90 before being bowled. Ending the game on a bright note Martin showed complete contempt for the bowling and hit 37 runs not out. The game ended in a draw with Cranwell 51 runs on and 4 wickets standing.

R.M.A. SANDHURST

1st Innings

Phipps c. Perera, b. Buckham	... 29
Gibson b. Buckham	... 3
Morgan c. Perera, b. Buckham	... 34
Beckett c. Le Brocq, b. Perera	... 23
Marsden lbw. Perera	... 63
Crombie not out	... 155
Berry st. Martin b. Perera	... 31
Wilcox not out	... 35
Extras	... 10

Total for 6 wickets ... 383

Did not bat: Smail, Arthur, Gordon
Bowling: Walters 13-2-60-0, Buckham 15-2-65-3, Collins 23-2-101-0, Perera 18-1-94-3, Kerr 6-0-42-0.

R.A.F. COLLEGE

1st Innings

Porter c. Gordon, b. Beckett	... 9
Martin c. Morgan, b. Arthur	... 0
Le Brocq c. Berry, b. Morgan	... 48
Close b. Beckett	... 0
Kerr st. Gordon, b. Morgan	... 6
Collins st. Gordon, b. Morgan	... 0
Aylett b. Smail	... 4
Cliff b. Beckett	... 68
Perera b. Smail	... 42
Walters b. Smail	... 5
Buckham not out	... 4
Extras	... 14

Total ... 200

2nd Innings

Porter c. and b. Beckett	... 6
Martin not out	... 37
Le Brocq b. Morgan	... 21
Close c. Wilcox, b. Morgan	... 0
Kerr b. Morgan	... 90
Collins b. Smail	... 0
Aylett st. Gordon b. Morgan	... 48
Cliff not out	... 16
Extras	... 16

Total for 6 wickets ... 234

Bowling: Arthur 27-2-105-1, Beckett 33-5-11-73-4, Morgan 42-9-107-7, Smail 42-10-106-4, Marsden 3-0-18-0.

At the end of the season full colours were reawarded to Kerr, Porter, Perera, Collins and Walters, and awarded to Martin, Le Brocq and Cliff.

2nd XI

Captained by Evans, the Second Eleven had a quiet season, though a little more successful than the first team's. Here, too, was the lack of a match winner noticeable and several games slipped from our grasp when victory was near. Several fine performances were put up during the course of the season and some members may well gain their place in the First Eleven next summer.

BATTING AVERAGES

	Inns.	N.O.	Runs	H.S.	Av.
Le Brocq	... 18	3	549	103*	36.6
Collins	... 18	3	423	65	28.2
Cliff	... 9	0	250	68	27.6
Kerr	... 15	0	231	90	15.4
Perera	... 14	4	154	42	15.4
Porter	... 18	0	229	51	12.7
Walters	... 10	2	98	40	12.2
Aylett	... 14	2	139	51*	11.6
Martin	... 16	2	154	37*	11.0
Close	... 13	0	105	25	8.1
Buckham	... 9	5	18	4*	4.5

Also batted: James, Heron, Youd, May, Drew, CoHu, Bevan.

(*Indicates not out)

BOWLING AVERAGES

	O.	M.	R.	W.	Av.
Buckham	82	21	263	14	18.8
Perera	200.5	20	743	39	19.0
Collins	259	53	695	36	19.3
Youd	62.3	15	180	4	25.5
Walters	148.5	36	406	14	29.0

Also bowled: Heron, Beggs, Porter

1st XI RESULTS

April 30	R.A.F.C., 77	(l)
	Notts. Mitre, 112-7	
May 7	R.A.F.C., 97	(l)
	Wisbech, 98-8	
11	R.A.F.C., 95	(l)
	Nottingham University, 120-5	
14	R.A.F.C., 172	(d)
	I Zingari, 132-9	
21, 22	R.A.F.C., 143, 80	(l)
	R.N.C. Greenwich, 141-9, 85-6	
June 4	R.A.F.C., 152-4	(w)
	Ampleforth College, 151-2	
18	R.A.F.C., 191-6	(d)
	Old Cranwellians, 128-9	
25, 26	R.A.F.C., 184-9, 160-7	(w)
	Adastrians, 227-5, 116	
July 2, 3	R.A.F.C., 200, 234-6	(d)
	R.M.A. Sandhurst, 383-6	
6	R.A.F.C., 166-7	(d)
	Gentlemen of Lincolnshire, 94-7	
9	R.A.F.C., 139	(l)
	M.C.C., 224-4	
16, 17	R.A.F.C., 241-6, 122-7	(d)
	Gentlemen of Leicestershire, 209, 230-5	
20	R.A.F.C., 64	(l)
	Notts. Club and Ground, 65-0	
23	R.A.F.C., 106	(l)
	Woodhall Spa, 176-8	

TENNIS

This summer was in many ways a disappointing one for the College tennis team. With a 1st VI completely unchanged from last year's team, prospects seemed bright, especially as 1954 had been a year without defeat.

However, with four of our first five matches cancelled or postponed by a host of unforeseen circumstances, the season did not get off to a good start. We managed to beat the Station team quite comfortably and after Jesus College had gained only a 5-4 victory over us, we still expected to have a successful season.

Our hopes were unfounded: a series of matches followed which were all lost in the final round. Individual matches were nearly always evenly fought with the eventual result constantly in doubt, but somehow fortune did not seem to favour the College.

The Sandhurst match as usual remained the highlight of the season and here success might very well have been achieved, but for an unfortunate combination of strong opponents and a rather unfamiliar grass surface. The outcome was a 7-2 victory for Sandhurst.

The effect of the change of surface at Sandhurst became more obvious when R.N.C. Greenwich were our opponents on the following day. The College team, by now more familiar with the conditions after nine sets experience, gained a comfortable 8-1 victory.

Full colours were reawarded to CoHu and Hawtin, and awarded to Bridges, Hayr, Carter and Walker.

P.C.

RESULTS

May 4	R.A.F. Cranwell	... 5-3 (w)
June 7	Jesus College I	... 4-5 (l)
	Jesus College II	... 4-5 (l)
14	Leicester College	... 3-6 (l)
17	Old Cranwellians	... 8-1 (w)
25	Nottingham Univ.	... 3-6 (l)
July 2	R.M.A. Sandhurst I	... 2-7 (l)
	R.M.A. Sandhurst II	... 2-7 (l)
3	R.N.C. Greenwich I	... 8-1 (w)
	R.N.C. Greenwich II	... 4-5 (l)
9	Rugby School	... 4-5 (l)
16	Eastgate L.T.C.	... 4-5 (l)
20	Wellingboro' School	... 3-6 (l)

FENCING

This year, the Young Officers' and Cadets' Competition at the Royal Tournament provided our only summer fixture. The coach, Sergeant Timms, did well to coach the team to the state of training that they eventually reached, being continually harassed not only by the usual termly distractions but by some illness also.

Three members of the team managed in the competition to confound their most pessimistic critics and reach by no means unworthy positions in the final placings.

In the sabre class Bridges fought his way to second place with a hail of spectacular cuts, while Jones battled doggedly close behind to obtain third place. In the foil, where our expectations ran high, we received a disappointment. Two of the more experienced members in the team succumbed early, whereas Cowley, the team's novice, showed surprising dexterity in fighting his way to the finals where he finished in 6th place, two below Hicks. In the bayonet matches the team was not as successful as we had expected, although Mumford and Williams gained well-deserved second and fourth places.

The College fencers wish to express their gratitude to Sergeant Timms who spent much of his last months of service in moulding us into a confident team. The College team at the Royal Tournament competition was *Foil*: Hicks, Cowley, Morgan, Solman. *Sabre*: Bridges, Edmondston, Jones. *Bayonet*: O'Mahoney, Mumford, Blackford, Williams.

R.G.S.

MODERN PENTATHLON

This summer the College recorded its first win in Modern Pentathlon against R.M.A., Sandhurst, by the margin of only 4 points in 20,000. The credit for this splendid win goes largely to Squadron Leader Lumsdaine, unfortunately no longer at the College, the gymnasium staff, and Mr Edgeley who put in much time and work in both training and organizing.

Selection of the team this year proved difficult and training was both rigorous and thorough. In this way Sandhurst were faced by a team more confident than usual. The fencing was close, the College winning by four hits only. Little won this event with only one loss. The standard of the next event, shooting, was low, owing no doubt to a general attack of competition nerves. Here the College managed to increase their lead, as also in the swimming which Taylor won in almost international time.

By now the College was leading by about 1,500 points; the next event, however, riding at a neighbouring racecourse, reduced the lead to precisely two points. Taylor had a clear round and was a joint winner of the event but the rest of the College team had disappointing rides.

In the last event of the match, running, which was completed in a



Little competing in the Modern Pentathlon against Sandhurst

tense and expectant atmosphere, the team managed to increase their lead by two more points, thus winning the Trophy. Little who won the running in a very fine time, also won the individual competition, a fine performance considering that this match was his first attempt at the sport.

Full colours were awarded to Rigg and Little, and half colours to Taylor, Mason and Caiger.

H.W.J.R.

RESULTS

1	Little	...	R.A.F.C.	...	4370
2	Shelbourne	...	R.M.A.	...	4296
3	Rigg	...	R.A.F.C.	...	4291
4	Harvey	...	R.M.A.	...	4102
5	Taylor	...	R.A.F.C.	...	3997
6	Mason	...	R.A.F.C.	...	3904
7	Templer	...	R.M.A.	...	3834
8	Daglish	...	R.M.A.	...	3602
9	Jones	...	R.M.A.	...	3400
10	Turnbull	...	R.M.A.	...	2699
11	Caiger	...	R.A.F.C.	...	2676
12	Nel	...	R.A.F.C.	...	1796

Totals: R.A.F.C. 19,238; R.M.A. 19,234

(Only first five individual scores in each team count towards aggregate.)

ATHLETICS

Before the Summer term started, the College Athletics team had aimed at obtaining as many fixtures as possible with the larger University College teams, on the assumption that the best form of training is stiff competition. At this early date we were already preparing for 2nd July when we would meet Sandhurst and the Royal Naval Colleges in a triangular match.

With a team consisting of very few of last season's members and a majority of inexperienced newcomers we travelled to Birmingham to meet the University and the Alverstone Club of Cambridge University on a fine new track in cold blustery conditions. The team was badly defeated by far more experienced and fitter athletes including several University Blues.

The next fixture, a most enjoyable one against Leicester University College, was held in delightful rural surroundings on a warm, sunny day, and resulted in a comfortable win for the College. Outstanding in our team were Gallwey, who won both the 100 yards and the 220 yards in good times, and Card, who won both the 220 yards Low Hurdles (his first attempt in this event) and the Hop, Step and Jump, beating a Middlesex County representative in both events.

We lost the annual match against Loughborough College, held at Cranwell towards the end of June, although good individual wins were recorded by Lawrance in the quarter-mile event and by Card in the Hop, Step and Jump.

In the only match after the triangular at Sandhurst the College team went to the Channel Isles to compete against Elizabeth College and Guernsey Island Athletic Club. A versatile team of ten, depleted by an injury to Card, landed in Guernsey five hours overdue after delay at Tangmere caused by bad weather. In fine weather and before a large crowd the team was introduced to the Lieutenant-Governor of the Channel Islands. Our small team, though hampered by a grass track, put up some very creditable performances in this match. Gallwey continued in winning form to take both the 100 and 220 yards events, while Griffiths in his only half mile of the season did well to finish level with Lawrance in first place. Fraser had an exciting tussle in the high jump with Collette, the Island's outstanding athlete, but was beaten into second place. The College finished the match in fine style by winning the relay, run over 4 x 220 yards, an unaccustomed distance for our team.

Full colours were re-awarded to Lawrance and Griffiths, and awarded to Card, Gallwey and Fraser.

R.A.F.C. v R.M.A. v R.N.C.

The result of the triangular match this year was a rather disappointing one for the College. At the beginning of the season it looked as though we had the potential talent to win this fixture but on the actual day of the match we were beaten into a sorry third place.

In the match itself the blue vests of Cranwell were appearing in the last three places all too frequently. In the first event, the 120 yards hurdles, the College first string, Card, one of the best performers of the season, had the misfortune to pull a muscle in the first few yards. He did manage, however,

to finish in third place in this race and went on to win the Hop, Step and Jump event later in the afternoon with a distance of 42 feet 7 inches, a fine achievement, considering his injury.

Gallwey in the 220 yards sprint ran exceptionally well for the College and broke the tape two yards ahead of the R.M.A. competitor, after fighting hard all the way down the final straight. The half-mile event proved to be another exciting race. Jameson, from Sandhurst, went quickly into the lead and set a cracking pace with Lawrance right at his heels. These two kept close together until, with only two hundred yards to go, Jameson made a final all-out burst to win by nearly 20 yards.

Once again Sandhurst had beaten us far too convincingly.

M.A.
M.J.B.L.

ROWING

At the beginning of the Summer term the College Boat Club moved from Boston to Newark. The boats and equipment at Newark Rowing Club are in excellent condition.

The first fixture was on 21st May against a four from St Peter's School, York, who were a much younger crew. Despite a rather unstable boat we worked well together and with a good rhythm won by two and a half lengths. On 4th June the College was drawn against Beckett's School in the first round of the Junior Fours event at Newark Regatta. In this race we rowed at far too low a rate and followed an unsteady course, losing by one length.

Boston Regatta came next on 25th June. A beautiful day found us drawn against Leeds University over a seven-furlong course of dead water. After a slow start and a good lengthening of our stroke we were a length behind Leeds who were rowing at a higher rate of striking. The race continued in this way right down the course until with a final spurt we went up rapidly to lose by only a canvas. On 2nd July the crew went to Oundle School to row against their 'A' trial four. This proved to be a pleasant visit and highly beneficial for relations between School and College; we were extremely well entertained. The course was a rather tricky one with weeds and bays all along it, but in spite of this we managed to win the race by two lengths.

The first boat's final appearance was at Derby Regatta on 9th July, when the luck of the draw put us against Nottingham Britannia, a

crew with four junior cups already to its credit. It was a glorious day and an enjoyable regatta. The race was close all the way up the six-furlong course and had we known the river better we would undoubtedly have pressed Britannia harder at the finish. They were a very strong crew and only a length separated us at the finish.

The first four was crewed by Whittaker, Emtage, Hart and Ploszek and coxed by O'Grady.

G.R.H.

SWIMMING

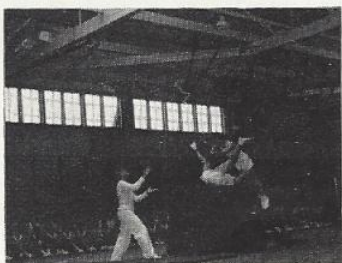
During the summer, the College swimming team had an excellent season, winning seven of its eight fixtures. The hard training to which the team was subjected during the winter months quickly paid dividends: in the very first match, Walker, J., broke the 100 yards free-style record. This record was to be broken many times again and by the end of the season stood at 56.4 seconds. This final record was established by Newington who improved by five seconds on his previous year's best.

Fortunately the College now has an extremely good back-stroke swimmer in Taylor who lowered the College back-stroke record to 65.4 seconds. Walker, M., was again consistently on good form and remained unbeaten throughout the season.

The Sandhurst Match

With six consecutive victories already behind us we went down to Sandhurst very confident of beating them for the third year in succession. Our confidence was not misplaced and we gained first and second places in every event except the diving and breast-stroke.

In the water-polo we missed Whittam's forceful play both in attack and defence. Owing to our lack of numbers we were unable to swim a team of fresh players and consequently started with a consider-



W.O. Bird ready to assist gymnasts on the long-box during the Knocker Cup Competition

able disadvantage. The final result gave Sandhurst a 4-2 victory. The teams against Sandhurst were:—

Swimming: Newington (Capt.), Walker, J., Walker, M., Forbes, Taylor, Thornton, Edmunds, Moran, Little, Williams.

Water Polo: Ozanne (Capt.), Newington, Walker, M., Tickell, Thornton, Taylor, Farmer.

J.H.E.T.

RESULTS

May	Swimming	Polo
11 Mansfield S.C. ...	34 -24	5-11
14 St. Paul's School ...	30 -18	2-3
25 Northern S.C. ...	39 -19	2-8
June		
4 Oundle School ...	50½-23½	—
18 Leys School ...	28 -20	5-0
22 R.G.S., Newcastle ...	39 -26	6-1
July		
2 R.M.A., Sandhurst ...	35 -23	2-4
9 Bishops Stortford ...	20 -36	1-7

Note: The scores of the College team are given first.

Swimming: Won 7, Lost 1
Water Polo: Won 2, Lost 5

SHOOTING

Full-bore shooting began at the end of the Spring term after '22 shooting had finished and a practice camp was held at Bisley during the last weekend of the Easter leave. This gave the future team much essential experience in rapid and snapshooting and also in firing over the larger ranges not available at Cranwell. The College team with four reserves were chosen early in the Summer term and began to train for the Flying Training Command meeting. Our entry, however, was withdrawn so the team continued practice for the Royal Air Force meeting which itself was eventually postponed.

The team went to Bisley on 7th June to spend three days practising on the Siberia ranges for the forthcoming match against Sandhurst. This match took place at Sandhurst on 11th June, resulting in a win for the College by 1,213 to 1,132 points. Salwey and Derby achieved the two highest scores of the day with 168 and 174 points respectively.

By this time a date had been fixed for the Royal Air Force meeting. This unfortunately clashed with the passing-out parade at the close of the Summer term, the College team being thus able only to shoot in the Trenchard Cup competition on 28th July. In this match the team scored 1,091 points, obtaining 28th place in a field of 72 teams.

The team was as follows: Salwey, Hubbard, Derby, McVie, Bennett, Enright, Mason and Lee-Bolton.

R.J.B.

THE CHIMAY COMPETITION

THE inter-squadron sports competition for the Summer term consisted of the usual six sports: cricket, tennis, rowing, shooting, swimming and water polo. The various matches this year were played off under a new system which obviated two of the previous difficulties with squadron fixtures. As three of the sports, namely, swimming, shooting and rowing, could be decided on one day, the fixtures were spaced evenly throughout the term's calendar. The remaining three could only be decided by having three matches for each of them. To facilitate the arrangement of College sports fixtures, and to give more cadets a chance of representing their squadrons, by preventing all-rounders from competing in more than one sport, three squadron sports days were arranged. Thus the cricket and tennis matches were played off simultaneously during the afternoon and the water polo in the evening.

Shooting and Swimming

Shooting, held in early May, was the first inter-squadron match to be decided and its result provided considerable surprise. The 25 yards range was used, because the 300 yards range had an inadequate safety area and only some of the competitors were qualified to shoot there. This change of ranges lessened considerably the shooting ability necessary to obtain a high rather than an average score. 'A' Squadron entered a strong team consisting completely of College representatives and were expected to win by a comfortable margin. However, this team shot unconvincingly and when the final scores were announced 'C' Squadron became the winner with 456 points, followed in second place by 'B' with 447 points and lastly 'A' with 433.

The swimming competition which was fought in the middle of May provided a very exciting afternoon's sport with the result continually in the balance until the last event, the free-style relay, which 'C' Squadron won quite comfortably. 'C' Squadron thereby beat 'B' Squadron by only a small margin while 'A' Squadron once again finished last.

Sports Afternoons

The next three inter-squadron events were the three squadron sports afternoons, 'A' versus 'C' on 1st June, 'A' versus 'B' on 22nd June and 'B' versus 'C' on 13th July. Since in

recent years there had been a large number of squadron cricket matches drawn through lack of available time, a new policy was introduced this summer. Each side was to bat for a maximum of 24 overs and the team scoring the most runs would win.

'B' Squadron had a more balanced team than either of the other two squadrons, being fairly strong in both batting and bowling and this did prove the decisive factor. 'A' Squadron with a younger team of strong batsmen narrowly lost to 'B,' while 'C' were beaten more easily by the eventual winners. 'A' Squadron in the first match had proved superior to 'C' so the final order read, as expected, 'B,' 'A,' 'C.'

While the cricket was being fought out on the field and watched anxiously from the pavilion, the squadron tennis matches were being played with equal rivalry in a more sequestered spot nearer to the College. The match between the two stronger contestants, 'A' and 'B' Squadrons, who together had nine members of the first and second teams, proved, as was expected, the decisive one. The result was again in doubt till the last few games: Hawtin and Carter of 'B' Squadron, both College players, proved unbeatable—as indeed they remained throughout the whole series. The second and third pairs were then faced with the task of winning two matches between them. This, in face of the strength and experience found throughout the whole of the 'A' Squadron team, proved too difficult and 'A' won by 5 matches to 4.

Both these squadrons beat 'C' by 7-2, thus leaving 'A' the winners.

Water Polo

Since the three water polo matches took place in the evening they were all well attended, the acoustics of the building combining with inter-squadron fervour to make a loud and what from outside appeared to be a rather frightening uproar. In the first two matches both 'C' and 'B'



A thrilling tussle in the goal-mouth during the water polo match between 'B' and 'C' squadrons

beat a weak but gallant 'A' Squadron team. In the close and exciting last match 'B' gained revenge for their defeat in the swimming by beating 'C' Squadron after extra time.

The Inter-Squadron Regatta

By the end of these three matches and before the last event, rowing, took place 'B' Squadron had established a lead of points which ensured that they would be winners of the Chimay Cup. However, a larger issue was at stake for them in the result of the rowing though they were in the unfortunate position of being unable to do anything about it themselves. Only one point at this stage separated 'A' and 'C' Squadrons, so that, if 'A' beat 'C,' 'B' Squadron would become Sovereign's Squadron; on the other hand if 'C' beat 'A,' this honour would fall to 'C' Squadron.

The inter-squadron regatta took place in dull weather at Newark on 20th July. In the fours race 'C' Squadron made the most of the good coaching they had received by beating 'B' Squadron, while 'A' Squadron, though last, put up a good display considering their lack of experience. In the pairs event Gallwey and Armstrong ('B') raced very well to win, whilst Thomas ('C') sculled masterfully to win two races.

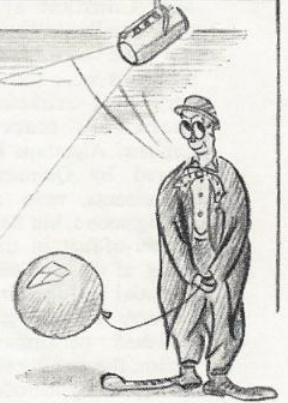
There was also keen competition in the double gigs crewed by officers of 'B,' officers of 'C,' the War Studies team and senior officers. The final race between 'C' Squadron and the senior officers was a hard-fought battle, the Commandant and Flight Lieutenant Lee stroking their stout-hearted crews to a dead heat for the traditional prize of beer. On this happy note the squadron regatta ended, leaving 'B' Squadron possessors of the Chimay Cup and 'C' Squadron Sovereign's Squadron for the Autumn term.

A.R.P.

	Points Scored		
	'A'	'B'	'C'
	<i>Sqn</i>	<i>Sqn</i>	<i>Sqn</i>
Cricket ...	15	25	5
Rowing ...	3	9	15
Tennis ...	10	6	2
Swimming ...	2	6	10
Water Polo ...	2	10	6
Shooting ...	2	6	10
	—	—	—
	34	62	48
	—	—	—

Histrionics.....

The Importance of Being Earnest



ON Tuesday, 12th July, the College Dramatic section presented Oscar Wilde's *The Importance of Being Earnest* in the Main Lecture Hall to a large audience prepared, as always, to be tolerant. On this occasion their tolerance was not even called on, let alone exploited, and this was due partly to the intrinsic worth of the play itself, but more especially to the high standard of production.

Wilde's 'trivial comedy for serious people' is too well known to require description here. In choosing a play which for so long has been the favourite stand-by of those whose job it is to arrange school play-reading sessions or dramatic sketches in radio variety programmes, the producer ran obvious risks. The producer and cast were faced with the same sort of difficulties as beset the budding Hamlet who seeks desperately to find a new way of posing the hackneyed question 'To be or not to be.' Most of the audience in the College Hall must have seen or heard the play with famous stage virtuosi in the name parts; many of them no doubt had very decided views on how the famous witticisms should be delivered. *The Importance of Being Earnest* is indeed too familiar to succeed purely through its humorous plot or dialogue. No matter how willing the audience may be to laugh at the familiar repartee, the play will eventually be judged on the quality of production and acting.

Timothy King produced intelligently and firmly. The cast was obviously well rehearsed and moved surely about the stage. In a play which is known largely for its dialogue, he did not ignore incidental stage business, and thereby added extra point and enjoyment to many of the scenes.

Outstanding in a good cast were Gloria Peyton as Gwendoline and David Scouller as John Worthing. Mrs Peyton's expression and speech were excellent, and she was thoroughly convincing and enter-

taining as the society girl with claws on her tongue. Scouller was most impressive in his first performance on the Cranwell stage, his confidence of voice and movement and the variety of his gestures and facial expressions being especially commendable. His Ernest was indeed a worthy partner to Mrs Peyton's Gwendoline.

Lady Bracknell, as played by Mary Constant, was not quite as sharp and brusque as we have seen her, but was nevertheless a sufficiently domineering character.



A dramatic moment: Miss Prism (Terry Dufton) hands the elusive handbag to a resurgent Ernest (David Scouller)

Mrs Constant appeared, very occasionally, to lack confidence in her own performance, but such moments were too few to spoil a very good character study. Lady Bracknell's scapegrace young nephew, Algernon Moncrieff, was played by Quintin Oswell. His movements were sure and his acting sound, but he was rather too matter-of-fact in the part; something of the studied negligence so essential to Algernon was missing.

Terry Dufton gave her usual polished performance as Miss Prism, the governess. In a range of acting which included austereness, fear and coyness she was never at fault. Jill Cassell made her first stage appearance in the part of Cecily Cardew, John Worthing's young niece, and made a very creditable showing in a part which was undoubtedly too light for her. We were grateful to Bill Turnill for not presenting Dr Chasuble as the conventional stage vicar. The temptation must have been great but he overcame it and, with restraint and good acting, made the most of an unpromising part. Lane, Algernon's butler, was acted by Rodney Jackman, who gave a suave, dignified performance with a hint of dry humour not out of keeping with the part. One could not but feel pity for the rapidly advancing senility of Timothy Nelson in the part of Merriman, butler to the Worthing household. John Constable walked on as a footman.

The back-stage work was well up to the standard of these productions. Mr Carolan and William Thomas were responsible for an excellent set. Michael Walker, the stage manager, and his assistants, Ronald Finch and Geoffrey Jones,

all of whom in a play of three different scenes were called upon for greater efforts than usual, did their job most efficiently. The lighting under Colin Truman and costumes under Terrance O'Grady were effective and convincing respectively, while Colin Coates

with tubes of paint and other paraphernalia carried out some remarkable facial transformations. Peter Crowther was an energetic house manager, and Sidney Edwards as prompter was ready, though unheard.

R.J.

65 Entry Present A Masque

LACKING nothing in ambition, No. 65 Entry proudly presented 'A Masque: Ballet, Opera, Shakespeare' after the final Guest Night. That their talent and enthusiasm were equal to their ambition was a matter of considerable relief to the audience who, in convivial mood after wine, cigars and farewell speeches, were a trifle awed by the impressive threat on the programme.

The show did, in fact, comprise three parts which were surprisingly recognizable as ballet, opera and Shakespeare, or at least as country cousins of the same. The ballet, starring Svetlana Biddiscombensa and Karrenski was a short but enthusiastic opening which dissipated not only any lurking fears of a highbrow entertainment, but also any hopes of a quiet post-prandial nap. The choreography, attributed to 'Thunderboots,' was probably yet another shock to those whose memories of his earlier work in this field were confined to half an hour's brisk supervision on the parade square.

Opera followed in the shape of 'The Student Prince' except that another word more appropriate to a revue of this type had been substituted for 'Prince.' Whether

or not the title had any special significance is perhaps immaterial, but the operatic efforts themselves were most entertaining. Key, who gave vent to an extraordinarily false falsetto as the 'beautiful (albeit heavily bewhiskered) Nellie,' and Marriott, the enthusiastic villain, who was obviously revelling in his traditionally long-drawn-out death, were particularly amusing.

Every member of the College staff who braves the end-of-term revue waits to see in which direction the inevitable shafts of good-humoured satire will be aimed; the entertainment would seem incomplete without them. Shakespeare offered subtle possibilities, and 65 made the most of them in 'Harry Caesar, or 65 Bring Home Bacon.' This was a clever skit dealing with the threatened importation of 'navigatores' to Cranwell, and contained some delightful attempts at defamation of character which were, for once, woven into a more or less integrated plot.

The final verdict on the revue can perhaps be expressed most fairly in the performers' own words: '65 brought home the bacon.'

R.J.

THE SPRING 'JOURNAL'

The next issue of *The Journal* goes to press on Friday, 27th January, 1956.

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.



Activities and Societies



Aeromodelling

THE Aeromodelling section was rather dormant during the summer term, as its nucleus consists of members of No. 68 Entry who had to prepare for Intermediate Examinations. However it sprang to life once more and members started building again feverishly in preparation for an exhibition at the end of the Autumn term.

A number of members were asked to act as judges and timekeepers in the eliminating rounds of the Flying Training Command championships which were held at Cranwell over the weekend of 8th-10th July. All who went were pleased to be of any service and thoroughly enjoyed an even more exciting weekend of model flying than was provided last year.

It is hoped that the section's radio control equipment will be in service once more before the end of the Autumn term after being idle for a considerable time. Moreover, all members have a comprehensive construction programme which includes almost all types of model aircraft yet built as well as original designs of their own. Preparations for mock carrier-deck landings are going ahead well.
W.A.E.

Choral

The Choral section, which has been dormant throughout the summer, will in future meet at 2030 hours in the band gallery of the College every Friday. It intends to concentrate in future on a lighter type of song than before, to meet more popular appeal. The section plans to train itself to a standard that will enable it to enter in local choral competitions, and with this aim in view, it is hoped to attend concerts to gain experience. The Secretary is exploring the possibility of the society attending the Hallé Choir and

Orchestra performance of *Messiah* at the end of term.

There are some vacancies in the choral society for tenors and basses, and the services of an additional pianist are needed. The Secretary can be contacted through 'C' Squadron office.

B.C.

The Film Section

The Film section, which started its career at Easter, had a very successful first term. The membership soon reached the maximum number of seventy-five and at most meetings there was an attendance of over forty. Soon after its start the section became affiliated to the Federation of Film Societies and the British Film Institute and thus has the privileges and advantages of an associate membership. As the section was still finding its feet, the emphasis in the programmes was on modern films rather than the early 'classics.' However, it is hoped that the films shown were of value in increasing the section's knowledge and appreciation of the art of the cinema.

During the term the programmes were designed to illustrate certain aspects of the modern cinema. Britain's strong points in film-making, the documentary and the farcical comedy, were well exemplified by 'Fires were Started,' a documentary dealing with the London blitz, and by Ealing Studios' immortal farce 'Lavender Hill Mob.' America was represented by two unusual examples of her art, the abstract and the short satirical film. Perhaps the most outstanding and certainly the most striking film was the Mexican portrayal of juvenile delinquency in 'Los Olvidados.' Another side of the section's work is to select films for general showing to the College which are of educational value as well as good entertainment. Among the films

chosen, 'No Highway' and 'Fall of Berlin' admirably fulfilled both conditions.

Now that the section is becoming more firmly established, it is hoped that the programmes for future terms will include some of the early silent films, and also introduce some more unusual features such as the surrealist film. In the future it is intended to devote some of the section's meetings to lectures by people connected with the film world.

The past term has been very useful and the section has learnt many lessons from it. Perhaps above all the need for a permanent cinema capable of accommodating all the members of the society and for proper projection facilities is most pressing. It is hoped that this problem will soon be overcome so that the section may have a permanent base for its future ventures.

R.I.F.

Debating

Our Summer term's activities were limited to two debates, both on rather frivolous subjects. The motion of the first: 'This House believes in the existence of spirits' was proposed by Fell and seconded by Constable; O'Mahoney and Scouler opposed. There were naturally many personal reminiscences of terrifying encounters with the ghostly brotherhood; and, needless to say, more than a casual reference to the spirits which, with traditional cunning, have been liquefied and stored in familiar bottles. The motion was carried by a narrow majority.

The second debate which attracted a fair representation of the humanistic tutorial staff was held on 21st June. Voller, seconded by Solman, attempted with histrionic vigour to convince the House that Marilyn Monroe would make a better wife than Mrs Beeton, while Jackman and

Homer, as opposer and seconder respectively, pleaded the superiority of good cooks over good looks. Needless to say the motion was carried.

During the term Abraham was elected secretary and Scouller to the Committee.

D.St.J.H.

Printing

At the beginning of the Summer term a small party from the section visited the Lincoln Art School. An interesting evening was spent inspecting up-to-date machinery, and discussing with the Principal and students at the school relative merits of various types of modern machinery.

On Saturday, 9th July, 1955, a small party travelled down to London by train for the 10th International Printing Exhibition. Unfortunately, owing to a Sailing match at Dartmouth, and an extra large mess bill for the month of June, only two cadets, namely, Bennett and Mason, managed to go.

The exhibition was international in every sense of the word. There were buyers and viewers from all parts of the world collected under one roof

and anxiously trying to see everything at the exhibition in one short day. The exhibits, which were very pleasantly explained by charming saleswomen, ranged from such items as wallpaper down to bank-notes. Great interest in this latter exhibit was shown by the Junior Mess representative of the party.

During the term some essential replacements to our printing machinery were purchased by the section, and during the latter half the printing room was a hive of activity, producing, amongst other things, the College play programme, and a large number of Wings Ceremony programmes.

The section now looks forward to the long dark evenings of the Winter term when the manpower, and thus the efficiency of the section, will not be reduced by evening sports training and other outside activities of the Summer term.

R.B.

Fine Arts

During the Summer term the membership of the Fine Arts section greatly increased, and our visits to the Lincoln Art College were therefore less affected by night flying and other unavoidable activities.

We experimented with a wide range of new media. Some members, notably Biddiscombe, whose scraper-board technique is of a very high standard, used oils and scraperboard with promising effect.

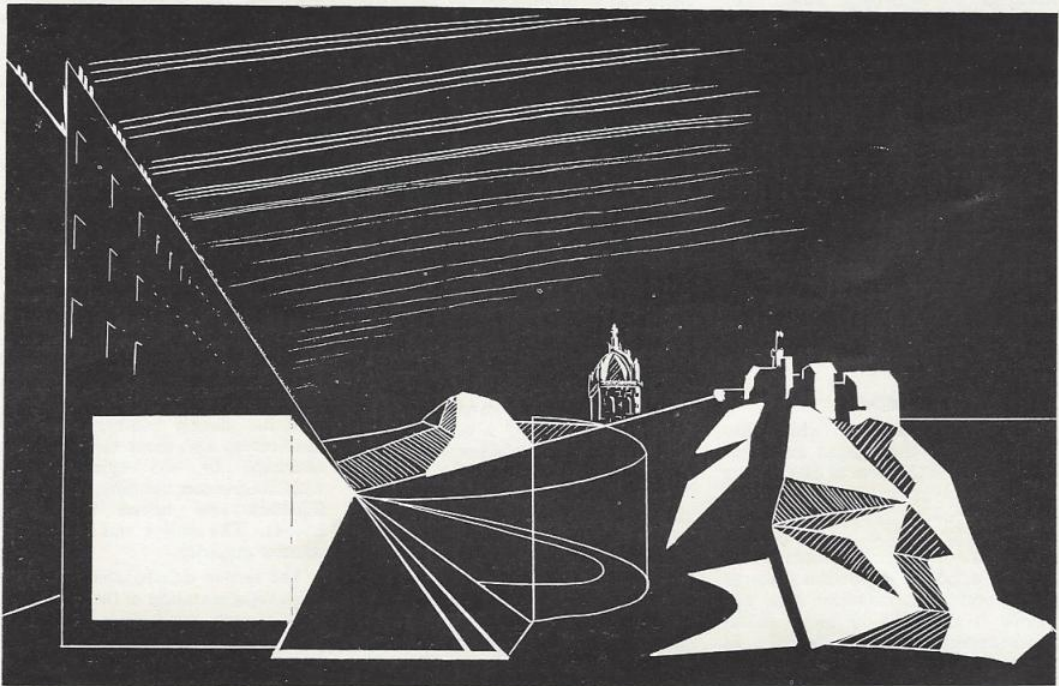
The intricacies of the potter's art were tackled by others, whose untiring efforts always seemed to be rewarded at first by a disappointing collapse, though the experience gained is at last beginning to bear (pot-shaped) fruit.

W.R.T.

Photographic

The Photographic section had a very active Summer term. Membership increased to 42, and a Mecablitz Electronic Flash outfit was bought. The outfit has an output of 120 joules and is thus suitable for all flash work. The section also obtained a synchronizing attachment which members, who do not own synchronous shutters and wish to use this type of flash, may borrow.

The results of increased membership and improved technique were to be seen amongst the section's contribution to the College Society exhibition, held after the passing-out parade. The section's exhibition consisted of 60 good-quality prints, the contributions



An impression of Edinburgh by Flight Cadet W. R. Thomas

of O'Mahoney, Duval and Ginn being the most numerous. Squadron Leader Wood, Faid and Ginn supplied colour transparencies and prints. The transparencies were mounted on a viewer which, illuminated from beneath, brought out the best of the colours.

M.C.G.

Dancing

It is disappointing when forty volunteer to learn dancing, yet only ten attend regularly. This has happened again to the Dancing section.

Those who have attended regularly on Tuesdays and Fridays have progressed satisfactorily in the basic steps of the waltz, quickstep and fox-trot. The credit for this goes to our two professional instructors, Mr Boyd and Miss Coupland, and we would like to take this opportunity of thanking them for their whole-hearted support at all times.

T.M.O'G.

Angling

THE Summer meet of the section had to be cancelled owing to lack of accommodation in the Shetlands. However, two members of the section had good fishing during the vacation, one on the Welsh Dee with salmon and trout, and the other on the coast of Anglesey where the catch included a 12½-lb. skate and several large whiting.

A proposal that 'Aqualung' fishermen might be included in the section may be realized during the coming term.

T.W.T.

Gliding

The Gliding section has had a most successful summer; its results have begun to resemble those obtained when gliding was on the College syllabus, and Scharfoldendorf was in its heyday with dozens of aircraft, including very high performance types, available.

The good weather and keenness brought out many members this summer term; no fewer than 18 members were sent off solo, and 11 qualified for 'B' certificates. Real active thermals at Cranwell seem to have been a rarity in the past: this year they came, or at least we found them, for 10 members got their 'C's in them. An especially large one wafted one member up to 4,500 feet and away southwards some forty-odd



The College crew (Pilot Officer Hilton, Waterman and Faid) beating up to the first mark in their Dragon-class yacht during the University races in the Clyde

miles to Oundle (reported in the last issue of *The Journal*)—the first 'Silver C' leg for a year, and the first cross-country from Cranwell for three years.

The fine weather let many more of the members than usual sample the thermals. Some of them made use of them solo, others got the best training for soaring that the section can offer—dual flying in thermals with a more experienced member, for this is the only way that the technique can be put over. That the standard of soaring went up can be seen from the report on the Summer Camp, reported elsewhere in *The Journal*, where the club achieved 11 'C's, 6 'Silver C' endurance legs, and two cross-countries.

The upward trend in our activities is, as a result, not due to new equipment, nor to lucky weather, but to

hard work by many officers and members.

M.C.G.

Canoeing

The Canoeing section now has some fifty members and five canoes. The early part of the term was spent in preparing the canoes and training for the Great Ouse Canoe Race, a report of which appears elsewhere in *The Journal*. Plans had been made for two crews to take canoes down the River Rhône during the Summer vacation, but unfortunately the air transport was withdrawn too late for alternative arrangements to be made. Next term is the section's close season and provides opportunity for overhaul and repair of the canoes.

J.C.

Sailing

During the Summer term, we were able to sail almost every games afternoon owing to the fine weather. The work which members put in during the winter on *Shambles* and the smaller *Heron* was well rewarded, and *Shambles* took part in many races. The section had two fixtures during the term, against H.M.S. *Worcester* and the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth. Although we lost both, we were not easily beaten, and in the former fixture we were only one point behind.

D.V.D.

COLONEL T. E. LAWRENCE

An interesting and hitherto unpublished account of T. E. Lawrence's service in the R.A.F. has recently been added to the 'Lawrenciana' in the College Library. This account, which contains details of Lawrence's last few years in the Service, including his work on speed-boats, has been written by Wing Commander R. G. Sims, and presented by him to the College Library.



OLD CRANWELLIAN NOTES

APPOINTMENTS

SINCE the last issue of *The Journal* the following appointments have been made:

- Air Chf Mshl Sir George H. Mills (1920) to be Commander, Allied Air Forces, Central Europe.
- Air Mshl the Earl of Bandon (1923) to be C.-in-C., 2nd Tactical Air Force.
- Air Mshl R. B. Jordan (1921) to be A.O.C.-in-C., Maintenance Command.
- Air Mshl G. E. Nicholetts (1921) to be A.O.C. Malta.
- Air Mshl R. L. R. Atcherley (1922) to be A.O.C.-in-C., Flying Training Command.
- A.V.M. L. F. Sinclair (1926) to be A.O.C. H.Q. British Forces, Aden.
- A.V.M. H. A. V. Hogan (1929) to be A.O.C. No. 83 Group.
- A.V.M. A. D. Selway (1927) to be Commander, Royal Air Force Staff, British Joint Services Mission (U.S.A.).
- A.V.M. M. L. Heath (1927) to be Director-General of Personnel (II), Air Ministry.
- A.V.M. G. L. Worthington (1921) to be A.O.C. No. 40 Group.
- Air Cdre W. R. Brotherhood to be Director of Operational Requirements.
- Gp Capt L. F. Brown (1929) to the staff of Allied Air Forces, Northern Europe.
- Gp Capt S. B. Grant (1937) to the staff of H.Q. No. 13 Group.
- Gp Capt D. P. Hanafin (1932) to the Ministry of Supply.
- Gp Capt H. J. Hobbs (1932) to command R.A.F. Benson.
- Gp Capt H. Y. Humphreys (1930) to the staff of H.Q. Flying Training Command.
- Gp Capt R. I. Jones (1933) to the staff of H.Q. No. 83 Group.
- Gp Capt R. C. Keary (1927) to be Air Attaché in Tokyo.
- Gp Capt W. T. H. Nichols (1929) to command Radio Engineering Unit.
- Gp Capt D. I. P. MacNair (1929) to the staff of H.Q. 2nd Tactical Air Force.

- Gp Capt J. M. N. Pike (1935) to command R.A.F. St Mawgan.
- Gp Capt T. S. Rivett-Carnac (1934) to command R.A.F. Valley.
- Gp Capt F. E. Stokes (1929) to the staff of R.A.F. St Athan.
- Gp Capt C. T. Weir (1931) to command R.A.F. Leconfield.
- Wg Cdr B. A. Fraser (1928) to Central Signals Area.
- Wg Cdr P. A. Hughes (1937) to R.A.F. Kinloss for flying duties.
- Wg Cdr K. P. MacKenzie (1937) to the staff of Allied Air Forces, Southern Europe.
- Wg Cdr A. McIlwaine (1929) to Air Ministry.
- Wg Cdr J. A. Sowrey (1939) to R.A.F. Wattisham for flying duties.

NEWS

Cranwell

Recent arrivals at Cranwell as flying instructors are Flight Lieutenants F. D. Hoskins (1949), D. H. Warren (1950), B. Thrussell (1950) and Flying Officer P. Kennet (1950). Flight Lieutenant D. J. Belson (1949) has taken over as A.D.C. to the Commandant.

Strubby

The following Old Cranwellians are serving at R.A.F. Strubby as flying instructors: Flight Lieutenants J. A. McArthur (1948), D. A. Cooper (1949), B. C. Mills (1949).

Gütersloh

Serving at R.A.F. Gütersloh are Flight Lieutenants G. H. Burleigh (1950), D. H. Williams (1947) and Flying Officer A. S. J. Whitwam (1951).

Kirton-in-Lindsey

Included in the staff at R.A.F. Kirton-in-Lindsey are Flight Lieutenants H. M. K. Brown (1947), J. A. Williams (1948) and J. N. Murphy (1948).

Thornaby

Flying Officer R. M. Salt (1950) is with No. 275 Squadron Helicopter Rescue at Thornaby. Also there is Flight Lieutenant B. Meadley (1949), adjutant on the auxiliary squadron.

Horsham St Faith

The following Old Cranwellians are at Horsham St Faith: Air Commodore J. Worrall (1930) as Officer Commanding, Eastern Sector, Group Captain J. H. Iremonger (1936) as Commanding Officer and Flight Lieutenant J. J. Parker (1949) as P.A. to Air Commodore Worrall. Flight Lieutenant J. McRobertson is station weapons officer and on No. 74 Squadron are Flight Lieutenants J. G. H. White (1946), B. J. Ball (1947), R. R. Martin (1950) and Flying Officer D. Allison (1951).

Canada

In Canada at the moment are two Old Cranwellians. Flight Lieutenants I. A. N. Worby (1947) and H. R. W. Morris (1947) are carrying out the duties of P.A.I. and flying instructor respectively.

Personal

We congratulate Air Commodore H. M. Pearson (1927), who retired last year, on his appointment to the aero sales staff of Armstrong Siddeley Motors Ltd for liaison duties with the R.A.F.

We regret to record the deaths of Flight Lieutenants T. R. Gush (1947), P. C. Skinner (1947), N. G. Wickman (1950), Flying Officer G. J. Brand (1951) and Pilot Officer L. T. Owen (1952). We extend our deepest sympathy to the relatives and friends of these officers.

Letters to the Editor

This Mouldy Mag : Another View

Sir,

If some of us out here were a little surprised at your boldness in printing, without comment, the letter of Scriblerus in your last issue, it is immensely reassuring to know that *The Journal* can take criticism like this without feeling the hurt. It is difficult to appreciate the purpose of your correspondent's bad-tempered and ill-considered letter. It must indeed be difficult to administer 'a good shaking' when the thing shaken is lying in a rut, but doubtless your correspondent may care to explain in a further letter how this can be done. As it is, he has merely permitted full rein to an undisciplined imagination.

Our main criticism of your correspondent's viewpoint is that it is an irresponsible one. When, one wonders, has *The Journal* ever set out to be, purely and simply, a flight cadets' magazine? (No disparagement to flight cadets is meant in saying this, by the way.) Most of us, who have given this matter some thought, accept *The Journal* for what it is—primarily a reflection of the life of the whole College. It is presumptuous of Scriblerus to assume that the Cadet Wing is the sole embodiment of that life, or that the Cadet Wing *is*, at one and the same time, the College. The Cadet Wing, we need hardly point out to your correspondent, exists within the College. The College, as an institution, binds together the Cadet Wing and its former members (Old Cranwellians), and these, in turn, with present and past members of Staff. It is the College that is known to the outside world, *not* the Cadet Wing, and *The Journal* advertises itself (may we remind Scriblerus?) as *The Royal Air Force College Journal* not the Cranwell magazine, or even 'our mag.'!

As the journal of the College, it must conduct itself with dignity (which Scriblerus, rather foolishly, confuses with dullness). It is the representative of the College in the world at large, a sort of unpaid ambassador. Who wants to read, we wonder, the parochial stuff that Scriblerus

would have *The Journal* print, private jokes and all? What advertisers could be persuaded to invest in a magazine of this sort, with a circulation, at most, of 300 copies? Has Scriblerus given a moment's thought to considerations of cost? His 'mag' with 'snap and bite' would probably cost him anything from 30s. to 40s. a copy and there are few readers, not even 'live cadets' who would care to fork out that sum three times a year. It is easy for your correspondent to criticize; he conveniently ignores all the real issues that must confront a responsible editor hourly.

We do not want to take up any more of your valuable space complaining about your correspondent's letter. He is entitled to his views. But he should try to take account of the facts. He appears to write with many terms' experience behind him. Why is it, we wonder, that we have never seen his pseudonym at the foot of an article? It would be interesting to know what *he* has done to remove the 'black pall' of which he complains.

For our part, sir, we like you as you are.

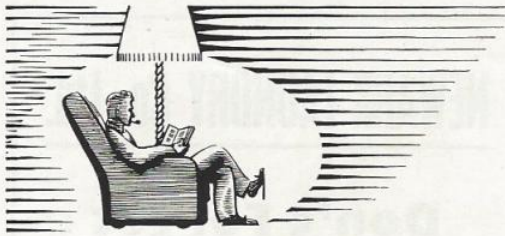
'238'.

2nd T.A.F.

THE SOVEREIGN'S SQUADRON

Points Scored in the Summer Term

	'A' Sqn	'B' Sqn	'C' Sqn
Chimay Cup ...	3	9	6
Ferris Drill Trophy ...	8	2	5
Knocker Cup ...	1	4	7
	—	—	—
	12	15	18
	—	—	—



Book Reviews

Books Received

- THE THIRD SERVICE: the Story behind the Royal Air Force, by Air Chief Marshal Sir Philip Joubert de la Ferté, K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O. (Thames & Hudson Ltd, 21s.)
- A DICTIONARY FOR THE FORCES, by Pierre F. Cardi. (Frederick Books, 10s. 6d.)
- FURTHER OUTLOOK, by E. H. Ludlam and R. S. Scorer. (Allan Wingate, 15s.)
- STUDIES FOR STUDENT PILOTS, by Michael Royce. (Pitman, 25s.)

Living History

The Third Service: the Story behind the Royal Air Force, by Air Chief Marshal Sir Philip Joubert de la Ferté, K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O. (Thames & Hudson Ltd, 21s.)

THERE is always an excitement in reading a new book which can be identified at once as being of the substance of history. *The Third Service* is too many-sided to become a reference work but it can be said that for as long as men study the history of the Royal Air Force this book will form one of the cross-references of that history.

It is not possible within the confines of a book of 250 pages to give an account of the operational history of the Royal Air Force in two World Wars, of its employment between the wars, of the ministerial and organizational changes in 50 years of flying history, together with a treatise on the employment of air power; nor, of course, does the author attempt to do so. What he does give is a very personal account of a life spent in the closest contact with all these facets of the total history of the Service seen through the eyes of one who was a Flight Commander in No. 3 Squadron in August, 1915, and who last year emerged as the television historian of the Service in the *War in the Air* series. Because of the wide field covered and the occasional blind alleys there are bound to be occasions when the book departs from a simple chronological order or has to be repetitive.

After a diet of official histories it is good to come into contact with the stronger meat of direct personal opinions and judgments, and fresh and lively anecdote. Such phrases as 'schoolroom diplomacy,' 'ill-informed critics,' 'an officer not very well equipped for the task,' 'not be Sea Lords but Land Lords,' leave the reader in no doubt of the author's opinions. Readers may not agree with all of these opinions and in any case they are not 'historical' in the sense that they do not result from a full exposition of all the available evidence. But they are historical in the deeper sense that they are reflections of characters in history as seen by another character who was essentially a part of the same drama.

The book can and will be faulted for, say, a lack of balance in the allocation of space (far more emphasis naturally falling on those aspects of the Service history that directly related to the author's personal responsibilities). Some may well debate his judgment on, say, the prosecution of the Battle of Britain; others may doubt the usefulness of dragging up old inter-Service squabbles once again. But these faults—if faults they are—are only the reverse side of the positive virtues. It is the history of a Service written by one of its architects and builders; it is a direct statement of opinion by one air commander on the personality and work of other contemporary air commanders; and it is well that the present generation of

young officers should know of these early struggles and the catch-as-catch-can atmosphere of Whitehall disputes. It is also essential that the British public at large should appreciate the repercussions of their lip-service to the belief that air power is now dominant in war and be reminded of the overriding need for the unified direction of war in the air.

This book should form part of the small but growing library, which at present does not exceed seven or eight volumes of Service histories, which every officer of the Royal Air Force should possess.

J.F.P.

Pointage Dérangé

A Dictionary for the Forces, by Pierre F. Cardi. (Frederick Books, 10s. 6d.)

A REVIEWER of a dictionary is always faced with a very difficult task. Should he search in the dictionary for all his pet words and then fly into a rage if they are omitted or if they are incorrectly translated? Or should he just thumb slowly through the book and try to get merely a very broad and general impression? In my opinion he should do both. I first of all looked for some of my pet words in M. Cardi's dictionary and did not find them. This may not seem a very serious matter at first sight, although the author's preface describes the book as 'quite advanced.' But what is one to think of an advanced dictionary (supposedly for all three services) that fails to include the French for cadet, to sink, to stall, control column, skid, wind tunnel, atomic warhead, frigate (to quote only a few taken at random)? And yet space is found for English translations of amour, enfant, jardin, Dieu, etc., which could surely be dispensed with.

What of the general impression made by this work (which admittedly only claims to be a pocket dictionary)? It is that, far from being advanced, it is not sufficiently technical or detailed to be of real value. The author has attempted too much in trying to compile a dictionary for all three services; he would have done better to have limited its scope but made it fuller.

Besides the actual vocabulary section, there is also at the back a useful list of abbreviations and of equivalent military ranks for all N.A.T.O. countries. But why translate the French Air Force ranks into English as 'Marshal of the Air Force,' 'General,' etc.?

All this criticism may seem unduly carping but one does expect accuracy and completeness from a dictionary. This one is quite useful in a limited field, but it is not comprehensive enough to be used on its own and it has to be employed with discretion.

F.A.G.P.

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EVANS

Weather Witchcraft

Further Outlook, by E. H. Ludlam and R. S. Scorer. (Allan Wingate, 15s.)

SINCE 1945 the general social revolution has gone forward accompanied by an ever-increasing number of ardent listeners to or viewers of prognostic weather delivered by the State Meteorological Service through the B.B.C.

Many of those who appreciate this service with varying degrees of belief and trust have developed an interest in both the weather and the methods of forecasting, comparing official witchcraft with their own seaweed and bunions. Undoubtedly, too, a quest for a working knowledge of the machinations of our atmosphere (especially over the British Isles) has been roused in many intelligent minds.

And for those intelligent minds Messrs Ludlam and Scorer have written this book. It is a volume for study since it contains not only an account of weather processes which will satisfy both the lay and professional weather man, but also an 'argument' which will be welcomed by all philosophers. Much of this approach is quite new.

A general discussion of weather processes occupies the first two chapters; subsequent chapters deal with considerations of modern problems of the subject written in an adventurous form, and it is not surprising to find that much of the exposition is on branches of meteorology which the authors have made their particular study.

The suggestion of the possibilities of man soaring like a bird to heights exceeding those attained by powered aircraft must be exciting to all minds, while the paragraphs on the controversial subject of man's capabilities

of controlling the weather provide an insight into smog and rain-making. Many recent researches on the latter subject are made available for the first time outside meteorological journals.

The chapters on 'Forecasting' and 'Uncertainties' will clarify for many readers the scale and limitation at present linked with the subject and will make more clear the necessity for the user of meteorological services to make allowances for these limitations. Ideas of forecasting in the future are the authors' 'Further Outlook.'

A possible indirect answer to whether or not explosions, steam engines, atom bombs or jet aircraft have an adverse influence on world weather is contained in the chapter on 'The Turbulent Atmosphere.'

The authors have used an authoritative style to demonstrate in the text, together with twelve excellent photographs, the adventure of the student of the earth's atmosphere.

My only criticism is that excellent typography has been delegated to poor-quality paper.

S.C.M.

Flying Without Tears

Studies for Student Pilots, by Michael Royce. (Pitman, 25s.)

HERE, in one slim volume, is all that a student pilot needs to know about meteorology, theory of flight, airframes, navigation, instruments and aircraft engines . . . or so the author and publishers would have us believe. In a remarkable preface the author pours scorn on the 'pseudo-science' with which the modern pilot is expected to be familiar. It is all quite unnecessary according to him; he promises to cover all the essentials in the ensuing chapters without using any mathematics, to the confusion, as he says, of 'the long-haired crowd.'

Well, it is, of course, possible to deal non-mathematically with aeronautical subjects; the Pelican book, 'The Science of Flight,' by Sir Oliver Sutton, is an excellent example. But the writer has to be a complete master of his subject before the result is convincing. The publishers' note on the flyleaf tells us that Mr. Royce is a keen sailplane pilot, but that hardly qualifies him to make such sweeping statements as appear in the preface. A clue to his reluctance to use mathematics is found in the first few pages of Chapter 2, wherein are revised the elements of mechanics. It is difficult to imagine a more muddled and unsound treatment. Errors abound and the explanation of centripetal force, in particular, is unintelligible rubbish; how right the author is when he goes on to say that the problem may be better understood by 'experimenting with a whirling object retained in the hand by string'!

On the whole the book is a commonplace, disjointed collection of information from which a newcomer to this field would gain little real understanding of fundamental principles. In fairness it must be said that the main claim made for the book is that it contains all the information needed to pass the examination for the private pilot's licence; this is probably true. But the value to commercial and R.A.F. pilots has been grossly overrated and the claims made by the publishers reflect the narrow outlook which characterizes the whole book.

Studies for Student Pilots could not be recommended at any price; at 25s. it is an extremely bad buy.

H.M.D.

Owing to lack of space a number of book reviews have been held over until the next issue.

CADET WING LISTS

PROMOTIONS

'A' Squadron Senior Under Officer A. J. S. Whittaker, Under Officers G. C. Hubbard (Senior Under Officer w.e.f. 6th Oct.), M. Osborne, P. D. Raeburn, J. I. Barrow (w.e.f. 6th Oct.)

'B' Squadron Senior Under Officer P. Carter, Under Officers S. J. G. Card, P. J. Sawyer, J. Armstrong.

'C' Squadron Senior Under Officer M. J. Griffiths, Under Officers N. M. J. Fraser, A. L. Watson, T. J. Burns.

NO. 73 ENTRY

'A' Squadron K. Ananta, Royal Thai Air Force Academy. G. D. Andrews, King Edward's School, Birmingham. I. Bentley, Rutlish Grammar School. R. Cubin, St. Columba's High School, Cowdenbeath. J. R. Digby, Reading School. J. W. Hartley, St. Paul's School. A. G. H. Hassan, Royal Iraqi Air Force College. R. Humphrey, Maidstone Grammar School. P. E. M. Kent, Cranleigh School. J. T. S. Lewis, Morrison's Academy. J. R. Maunsell-Thomas, Radley College. J. S. Pilgrim-Morris, St. Edwards School. B. B. Rea, Derby Technical College. I. F. B. Simpson, Feltes College. R. P. Slayter, Ellesmere College. D. M. Waller, Exeter College.

'B' Squadron R. W. G. Adams, Buckhurst Hill County High School. P. C. Atkins, Brockley County Grammar School. D. M. Bernard, Merchant Taylors' School. T. W. G. Carlton, Hertford Grammar School. D. Goucher, Netherthorpe Grammar School, Chesterfield. P. M. Healing, Christ's Hospital. W. P. Jago, Rutlish School. R. J. Manning, Uppingham School. J. Purcell, Paisley Grammar School. B. N. Rogers, Dover Grammar School. C. B. Taylor, Haileybury. P. P. W. Taylor, Berkhamsted School. A. E. Thompson, Christchurch High School, New Zealand. M. T. Wandawi, Royal Iraqi Air Force College. P. E. Wormall, King Edward VII Grammar School, King's Lynn.

'C' Squadron M. E. Bee, Kingham Hill School. N. Chylewski, Saint Brendan's College, Bristol. M. J. C. W. Dicken, Sherborne. B. A. George, Portsmouth Southern Grammar School. M. Grist, Blundell's School. A. J. Jewell, Sutton High School, Plymouth. D. R. Kuun, St. Paul's School. D. G. Lucas, Bodmin Grammar

School. P. C. Perkins, Repton. P. H. W. D. Shrimpton, Magdalen College School, Oxford. M. G. Simmons, Shrewsbury. S. Sudhi, Royal Thai Air Force Academy. I. D. C. Tite, Solihull School. J. S. Watson, Woodhouse Grove School. G. S. Whitley, Haileybury. J. F. Willis, Dulwich College.

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: Officer Commanding 'B' Squadron: Squadron Leader F. W. Sledmere, A.F.C.; Cadet Wing Officer 'C' Squadron: Flight Lieutenant P. Oliver.

Tutorial Wing: Senior Tutor (A.S.E.): Wing Commander R. Duckett. Senior Tutor (E.S.A.): Wing Commander R. J. Walker, D.S.O. Senior Instructor in English: Squadron Leader T. J. Mair. Tutors (H): Flight Lieutenant D. D. W. Nabarro, D.C.M., Flying Officers D. R. Cummings, R. J. Scott. Tutor (A.S.E.): Flight Lieutenant Henderson. Secretarial Instructor: Flight Lieutenant P. A. Blanks.

Flying Wing: Squadron Leader M. R. Burroughs. Flight Lieutenants R. Endacott, R. A. Francis, M. J. Hemphrey, F. D. Hocking, P. Kennett, A. T. Newman, G. R. Renshaw, B. Thrustle, D. H. Warren, G. W. Willis, C. P. Woodroffe, Flying Officer F. Strong.

Administrative Wing: Senior Accountant Officer: Squadron Leader T. M. Armstrong.

DEPARTURES

The following have left the College or Station Staff since the last issue of *The Journal* went to press:

Wing Commanders: H. C. D. Blasbery, J. W. Sim.

Squadron Leaders: E. Taylor, L. S. Lumsdaine, J. F. L. Long, F. A. G. Poole, J. Aron.

Flight Lieutenants: R. S. Brand, H. M. K. Brown, J. L. Farr, R. C. Green, E. A. Hankin, R. S. Lloyd, P. B. MacCorkindale, P. R. Mellor, M. Newcombe, E. J. A. Patterson, R. C. S. Scott, E. F. Smeeth, E. R. Williams, K. Woods.

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