

THE
ROYAL AIR FORCE
COLLEGE



JOURNAL

CRANWELL MARCH 1956

VOL. XXVIII NO. 1



LORD TRENCHARD

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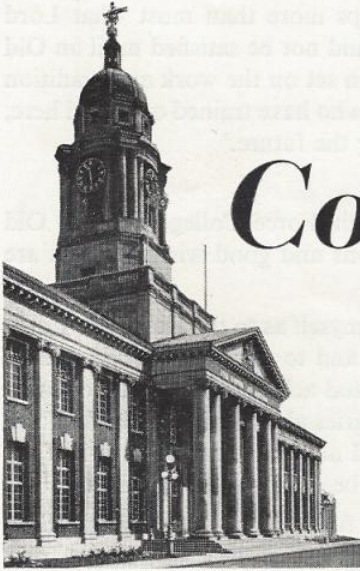
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THE JOURNAL

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.



College Notes

IT is with a sense of deep and personal loss that we record the death of 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. It is as if we mourned the death of a father, and we do indeed mourn the 'Father of the Royal Air Force'—a phrase which he himself disliked but which must be used to epitomise the sense of bereavement that the news of his death brought. It is rarely given to a man to become, as did Lord Trenchard, a legendary figure during his lifetime. Even to those who had never met him face to face he was a warm, vivid figure, embracing the whole history of our Service within the scope of his adult manhood and personifying its short but compensatingly intense tradition. Our contemporaries have and will set forth his unparalleled contribution to the development of the Royal Air Force and of air power; our loss is both more personal and more parochial and we attempt elsewhere in this *Journal* to give an account of what the College in particular owes to this inspired leader and doughty protagonist.



It was possible by stopping the presses to mention in the last issue of the *Journal* the appointment of Air Chief Marshal Sir Dermot Boyle, K.C.V.O., K.B.E., C.B., A.F.C., as Chief of the Air Staff. When the announcement of the appointment was made the Commandant sent the following message to Sir Dermot Boyle:

'On behalf of the Royal Air Force College and the Old Cranwellians Association, may I offer you the warmest congratulations of all present and past Cranwellians on your appointment as Chief of the Air Staff?

'This is indeed a proud moment for Cranwell and one which we have been eagerly awaiting.

'As the present Commandant I realise perhaps more than most what Lord Trenchard had in mind when he said that he would not be satisfied until an Old Cranwellian sat in his chair. A seal has now been set on the work and tradition of Cranwell which gives untold satisfaction to all who have trained or served here, together with inspiration and encouragement for the future.'

In his reply Sir Dermot Boyle said :

'Thank you and all members of the Royal Air Force College and the Old Cranwellians Association for your congratulations and good wishes, which are of very special significance to me.

'My appointment is an honour not so much to myself as to the Royal Air Force College where the seeds were sown and nursed, and to our great Service which has provided an inspiring field for development and achievement. I do not overlook the fact that had not some of my contemporaries given their lives in devotion to their duty it would have been one of them and not I that would have had the unique distinction of being the first ex-Cadet to be Chief of the Air Staff.

'It is now for me to attempt to enhance still further the Cranwell tradition. To know that in this difficult task I have the support of all Cranwellians, past and present, is a great encouragement and inspiration.'



At the outset of 1956 the College starts upon its first major post-war reorganization of the curriculum. This has been occasioned, though not entirely caused, by the introduction of the jet trainer. The extensive works services have been completed and Nos. 3 and 4 Squadrons are re-established on South Airfield and equipped with Vampires. The three senior entries have started full jet flying training. Nos. 1 and 2 Squadrons have moved over to Barkston Heath where the next two entries continue their Provost training.

The difficulties inherent in introducing flying training on jet aircraft have led to a modification of the flying training programme. High performance and short duration make methodical and thoughtful briefing before and detailed discussion after each sortie more than ever necessary; and, of course, less actual training in the air can be absorbed in any given day. In consequence, though no increased number of hours in the air was necessary throughout the course, more time had to be allowed in the programme for flying. Furthermore, since the newly commissioned officer could now proceed direct to the Operational Conversion Unit without the intervening jet conversion course at an A.F.S., it was essential that the last term should be spent in intensive flying training. In these circumstances, the academic syllabus, already eroded below the total time available twenty years ago when the duration of the course was two years and Service life less complicated, could not hope to bring flight cadets up to the standard needed to produce potential future staff officers and commanders in a rapidly changing and increasingly powerful Service. To make this feasible the decision has been taken to extend the course to three years.

During the first year the flight cadet will undertake no pilot training. This additional non-flying term will enable him to get ahead with his academic syllabus. During his second year he will complete his basic training on the Provost. For his last year he will proceed to the Vampire, the last term being reserved almost exclusively for flying training. The first entry to complete the three-year course will be No. 69, who will pass out at Easter, 1957, instead of Christmas, 1956.

The extra term will make good some of the ravages caused by the expanded flying programme but will by no means entirely restore the *status quo*. To ensure that the best possible use is made of the time available the two terms of Junior Entry training introduced on the reopening of the College after the war have been discontinued. These two terms of barrack-room life taught the cadet many useful lessons of team work, entry solidarity and of an airman's way of life, but the expenditure of physical energy and time might be put to better use. In future the entrant will have officer status from the time of entry. For his first term he will be subject to the special care and scrutiny of the O.C. Initial Training but he will live under normal College conditions. At present the flight cadets of No. 74 Entry live in the blocks of the Junior Mess. In time, when modifications have been completed, the First Term will revert to the South Brick Lines and share dormitories and a sitting-room between four first-term flight cadets under the lead of one second-year flight cadet. The distinctions in uniform between the former cadet with the status of airman and the flight cadet are no more. From the outset the flight cadet can devote all his energies to his officer training and his academic course. None will mourn the passing of junior entries save those who, having themselves undergone this form of training, feel that others should share its benefits—and, of course, its hardships.

The incidence of three intakes and three passing-out parades each year has unduly upset the training rhythm and added to the administrative load of an overburdened staff. In future, as in the period before 1938, there will be only two entries a year (though the year will still be divided into three terms). Entries will arrive in September and January. As the system establishes itself there will be passing-out parades in July and December only. As the entries are planned to be a third larger than of old the size of the College should not decrease.

Finally the 'back door' will be closed. It has been possible for an entrant who was acceptable in other ways to enter the College without having reached the educational standard normally required if he had an A.T.C. Proficiency Certificate and a General Certificate of Education in four subjects at ordinary level. In future the Civil Service Commission's Examination will be the minimum educational standard for entry.

The first year with no flying training is bound to be a disappointment. It would be uneconomic to spread flying training over a longer period than two years and experience has shown that the Anson familiarization flying has little practical use and is not even particularly popular. Instead, during their first year, all flight cadets of the General Duties Branch will complete a progressive course in navigation, involving some 60 hours' training in the air in Valettas or Marathons.

The Cranwell course has made another step forward to meet changing conditions. With ever greater changes impending in the Service, this step can be regarded only as provisional and not as final.



*The 'Per Ardua' (R.A.F.) Beagles meet outside the Mess at Cranwell on Saturday,
February 11th, 1956*

To handle these new responsibilities there has been some reorganization of the College and Station Staff. There are now two Flying Wings. Wing Commander I. N. MacDougall, D.F.C., continues to command Flying Wing, Cranwell, comprising the Vampire squadrons and Headquarters squadron. We welcome Wing Commander D. K. Warburton, A.F.C., as the first commander of Flying Wing, Barkston Heath, comprising the two Provost squadrons and in due course the navigation squadron. It has been agreed that the appointment of College Administrative Officer should be recreated to be occupied by a Wing Commander of the General Duties Branch who will be responsible to the Assistant Commandant for a whole range of duties, including Progress and Records, the College Mess, the Band and Physical Training. The former O.C. Junior Entries continues under the alias of O.C. Initial Training.



At the start of the Spring term, 1956, the College numbers 263 flight cadets, including 39 of the Equipment and Secretarial branches. The new entry, No. 74, numbers 43 and includes six navigators, the first to enter the Royal Air Force College. 'C' Squadron continues as Sovereign's Squadron.



We regret to record the death of Wing Commander E. J. Sayer, M.C., R.A.F. (Retd.), Wing Commander R. B. Cole, D.F.C., A.F.C., and Senior Under Officer A. J. S. Whittaker; of an officer who was at the end of a full and honourable career, of one who was at the heights of his powers and of a flight cadet on the threshold of Service life.

Wing Commander E. J. Sayer died on 9th November at his home in Bournemouth to which he retired on leaving Cranwell in 1939. He came to Cranwell in 1930 as College Mess Secretary when he had already completed 40 years' service, for it was in 1890 that he joined the 11th Hussars, the 'Cherry Pickers.' He was seconded to the R.F.C. early in 1918 and in 1920 was granted a permanent commission in the Stores Branch of the Royal Air Force. At Cranwell he supervised the move from the old to the new buildings and grounds. But it was in his personal dealings that 'Grandpa' will be longest remembered. From the depths of his experience he was always ready with kindly unobtrusive yet effective advice to young officers and flight cadets. We offer to Mrs Sayer our sympathy in her great loss and assure her that her husband's memory is still green at Cranwell.

Wing Commander R. B. Cole, who served at the College from 1948 to 1951, was killed in a flying accident in a Canberra at Sudbrook, near Ancaster; when at Cranwell he was O.C. Junior Entries for a year and then commanded a squadron in the Flying Wing. Owing to sickness and an interregnum in the post of C.F.I. for many months he commanded the Flying Wing. His integrity, great character and outspokenness, together with his devotion to flying, marked him out as a future great commander. His personality was well summed up in *The Times* obituary in the course of which it was said: 'Courage and integrity were his together with a burning sense of purpose.'

Senior Under Officer A. J. S. Whittaker was killed in a flying accident near Digby on 5th October, 1955. He entered the College in April, 1953, and his outstanding capacity had led to his selection as Senior Under Officer in 'A' Squadron. The death of a young man of this calibre and promise is a serious deprivation to the Service; and we offer our sympathy to his parents in their personal loss.



We have said farewell to many officers leaving the College and Station Staff. The Reverend W. E. G. Payton, Senior Church of England chaplain for three years, has gone to 2nd T.A.F. This is not the place in which to refer to his great spiritual contribution to the life of the College, we can, however, properly thank him for his inspiring lead to College cricket and for his thrusting game on the left wing of the Station hockey team. We wish him and Mrs Payton, who had organized so much on the Station and above all played such a big part in the life and so many big parts in the productions of the Little Theatre, every good fortune. We welcome his relief, the Reverend L. J. Ashton.

Squadron Leader R. A. Smith, D.F.C., has given up the command of 'A' Squadron on posting. For three terms out of the seven that he has had command of the squadron it has been Sovereign's Squadron. He had been President of Cadets' games and an exemplary officer in charge of rugby, sacrificing his own more active inclinations.

Squadron Leader D. A. Roberts, M.B.E., M.M., was for 3½ years Senior Ground Combat Officer. As such he firmly established the Survival Camp as one of the most valuable and, sometimes, enjoyable aspects of the course. It was largely thanks to him that the drill and bearing of the College were shown to such good advantage during the Coronation ceremonies and on the two Royal visits occurring during his tenure

of office. He was awarded the M.B.E. while serving at the College and we are glad to think that he will continue his connection with us as an associate member of the Old Cranwellian Association.

We congratulate Squadron Leader J. A. Davies, D.F.C., on his promotion and regret that it has taken him from Cranwell. His geographical interests led him underground a lot both in the pot-holing section and in his close liaison with the National Coal Board. The printing section of the College society flourished under his care and he played his part in the organization of College soccer.

Squadron Leader R. H. Steel, O.B.E., has been posted. He has been Senior Navigation Instructor for $3\frac{1}{2}$ years and has undertaken much of the basic work in defining the new navigators' syllabus and in integrating it with the rest of the College curriculum.

After filling for two years the post of Army Instructor, Major J. W. Peyton, M.C., has returned to his own Service. Major Peyton played a very full part in the life of the College, above all in the air where, starting from scratch, he became a very competent pilot of the basic trainer. The players of rugby and tennis in particular will miss his encouragement. Now that he has gone we may find less to argue about but also perhaps less to stimulate us. Mrs Peyton has helped greatly to build up the high standard achieved by the Dramatic Section and has sustained two most notable roles.

Flight Lieutenant C. N. C. Carryer, after $4\frac{1}{2}$ years on the College staff as a tutor in English, has left to join the R.A.F. Staff College at Bracknell. He organized the Canoeing Section of the College Society and was for some years the business manager of the *Journal* before becoming for the last year its Editor. The fact that the *Journal* managed to appear at all and the standard of its achievement during the past year have both been due to him.

Lack of space forces us to record more shortly elsewhere the names of the numerous officers who have left the staff and to whom we proffer our collective thanks.



The 'Sandhurst Week-end' took place on 25th–27th November. Our guests dined with us on the Friday night and on the Saturday a closely knit timetable allowed spectators to follow a soccer match, a cross-country race and the staff rugger match in the morning and the critical rugger match in the afternoon. At the end of the day honours were remarkably even, the rugger and soccer being drawn, Sandhurst having won the cross-country running by a narrow margin and Cranwell having equally narrowly won the shooting. The Pirates and Privateers rugger match was won by the Cranwell Privateers by 28 points to 3.



The Blankney met at the Officers' Mess on Saturday, 17th December. They found in kale near Lord Bristol's Plantation and marked to ground in Brackendales. There followed an excellent hunt of one hour and twenty minutes behind a fox found in the Cocked Hat which took a line past Temple Bruer, Corse Hill and Digby Airfield and was marked to ground near Scopwick Lodge.

The Belvoir met at the College on Tuesday, 17th January, but scenting conditions were poor.

The 'Per Ardua' (R.A.F.) Beagles have been showing excellent sport and never better than during the Christmas leave period. Of many fine hunts the best was probably from Collingham on Christmas Eve when in one hour and forty minutes hounds hunted from North Collingham to Langport Parish, a point of $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles, and back, killing the largest jack hare seen in these parts near South Collingham level crossing. A field of 120 turned out for the Boxing Day meet at Dr Pimblett's house in Caythorpe. The senior flight cadet whip is now Flight Cadet T. M. O'Grady.



During the term under review the Dramatic Societies maintained their high reputation. The Dramatic Section of the College Society produced a well high-lighted performance of 'Come Live with Me' by Dorothy and Campbell Christie. The Little Theatre made a great hit with a first-class presentation of the well-known 'Saloon Bar.'

The Cadet Activities Organization arranged a varied programme during the Christmas vacation. One party skied at Newtonmoor, another at St Moritz and other flight cadets in Norway. The pot-holers got flushed out from the depths of Mendip. The Field Shooting Section wildfowled for a week near Holbeach. The mountaineers climbed in North Wales and the anglers fished in the Broads. The survival camp was held under harsh weather conditions in Snowdonia.

During the term various visits have been carried out. On 21st October No. 67 Entry attended a demonstration of the infantry battalion in the attack under atomic conditions held at the School of Infantry, Warminster. On 1st November 40 flight cadets went to York and acted as ushers in the Minster for the unveiling of the R.A.F. memorial (an astronomical clock) by the Duke of Edinburgh. On 7th November a party visited Lincoln assizes and on 22nd November another party attended a debate at the Cambridge Union; No. 68 Entry visited R.A.F., Langtoft, and No. 72 Entry explored Newstead and Annesley Collieries. No. 66 Entry were the guests of Handley Page Ltd. and the De Havilland Aircraft Company on 7th and 8th November. Flight cadets of the Equipment and Secretarial branches have continued their series of visits to maintenance units and movements units. We thank all their hosts who made their visits so profitable and enjoyable.



Special parade services were held on 11th September to mark the handing over of the Queen's Colour; on Battle of Britain Sunday, 18th September, and on Remembrance Sunday, 6th November. Preachers at parade services have included the Bishop of Portsmouth, the Bishop of Grantham, the Very Reverend H. C. L. Heywood and the Reverend Leslie Wetherhead. The traditional Festival of Nine Lessons and Carols was held on 11th December.



A very successful Beagle Ball was held in the Officers' Mess on 14th October. The Blankney Hunt Ball was held in the College on 16th December.

We welcomed the following visitors to the Royal Air Force College during the Autumn term, 1955:

On 12th-14th September Group Captain Madkour Abou El Ezz, Wing Commander Yeha El Eidaros, Squadron Leader Youssel Seoudi, of the Egyptian Air Force.

On 13th September Commandant C. J. Joubert of the South African Air Force.

On 15th September Wing Commander J. R. Beggs, Squadron Leader A. H. Piroth, Squadron Leader J. H. Phillips and Flight Lieutenant J. M. Brown, of the Royal Canadian Air Force.

On 29th September Douglas Houghton, Esq., M.P., who gave a lecture on 'Trade Unionism.'

On 1st October Party of 36 miners from Annesley Colliery.

On 8th October Party of 36 miners from Newstead Colliery.

On 13th October Reverend C. R. Leetham, M.A., Headmaster of Ratcliffe College; R. F. B. Campbell, M.A., Headmaster of the Lower School of John Lyon; S. Stubbs, M.A., Headmaster of Perse School; F. C. Happold, D.S.O., M.A., LL.D., Headmaster of Bishop Wordsworth School; J. R. Frost, O.B.E., T.D., M.A.; R. G. Sellars, B.Sc., and Rev. S. W. Doggett, T.D., M.A., of Wrekin College; Dr A. M. Ballantyne, T.D., B.Sc., A.F.I.A.S., A.F.R.Ae.S., Royal Aeronautical Society.

On 24th-27th October Dr Bostin and Major Karny of the Israeli Air Force.

On 10th November E. V. Reynolds, T.D., M.A., Headmaster of Stowe School; F. F. Fisher, M.C., M.A., Headmaster of St Edwards, Oxford; G. M. C. Thornley, M.A., Headmaster of Sedbergh; R. M. M. Barlow, M.A., Headmaster of Trinity College, Glenalmond; H. B. L. Wake, M.A., Headmaster of St John's, Leatherhead; R. W. Powell, M.A., Headmaster of Sherborne; and Dr P. T. Freeman, M.B.E., B.Sc., Headmaster of Peter Symonds School; after dinner Captain the Lord Coleridge gave a lecture on N.A.T.O.

On 17th November a German Parliamentary Delegation headed by Dr Jaeger.

On 19th-25th November Flight Lieutenant Chanya, Flight Lieutenant Chaqorn and Flight Lieutenant Samran, of the Royal Thai Air Force.

On 24th and 25th November Mr A. M. Bhatti of the Pakistan Military Academy.

On 24th November Professor Asa Briggs who gave a lecture on the American and British Society.

On 1st and 2nd December Colonel D. Shimshone, Lieutenant-Colonel A. Turin, Major Y. B. Chaim and Lieutenant-Colonel Kedar, of the Israeli Air Force.



“Nosce Te Ipsum”

(Know Thyself)

The motto of Marshal of the Royal Air Force the Right Honourable Sir Hugh Montague Trenchard, G.C.B., O.M., G.C.V.O., D.S.O., first Viscount Trenchard and Baron Trenchard, of Wolfeton, in the County of Dorset, in the Peerage of the United Kingdom, Baronet

‘This we learned from famous men,
Knowing not we learned it,
Only as the years went by—
Lonely, as the years went by—
Far from help as years went by—
Plainer we discerned it.’

(RUDYARD KIPLING—*Let us now praise famous men.*)

IN so far as any Service academy can be said to have an individual founder, Lord Trenchard was the founder of the College. In Command Paper 467 of December, 1919, at the outset of his record ten-year occupation of the appointment of Chief of the Air Staff, Lord Trenchard set out his plan for the development of the peace-time Service. With typical clarity of vision and disregard of purely political considerations he decided that what little money could be obtained for the Royal Air Force should be spent, not on the shop-window of more squadrons equipped with obsolescent aircraft and supposedly operational, but on the sure foundation of good training. In the course of the paper he said: ‘We now come to that on which the whole future of the Royal Air Force depends, namely, the training of its officers and men.’ He planned therefore, first, a Cadet College; then the school of technical training which was to be Halton; and, finally, a Staff College. In founding these he carried his case against those who on grounds of false economy hoped that the leaders of the new air service could be raised by the old land and sea service academies.

The Command Paper continued: ‘The channels of entry for permanently commissioned officers will be through the Cadet College, from the universities and from the ranks. The Cadet College will be the main channel. . . . The course will last two years, during which the cadets will be given a thorough grounding in the theoretical and practical sides of their profession, and in addition learn to fly the approved training machine. . . . The College will open at Cranwell in Lincolnshire early next year.’

It is often recounted that this particular site was chosen personally by Lord Trenchard because of its suitability as a training airfield and because of its comparative remoteness from urban distractions.

Lord Trenchard himself wrote the Foreword to the first issue of *The Journal* dated September, 1920. He wrote:

‘This is the first number of the ROYAL AIR FORCE CADET MAGAZINE, and I would like to write a few words.

‘I hope this magazine will live and prosper, and be a great help in forming and guiding the destinies of this College.

‘It was decided to form this Cadet College because it was realized from the first that such a College was the essential foundation of a separate Air Service. This College, in

conjunction with the School of Technical Training for Boys at Halton, will have the making or marring of the future of this great Service, which was built up during the war by all the gallant Pilots and Observers and other ranks who fought through it, and won a name in the air second to none in the world. It always held, and finally conquered completely, the German Air Service. If it is to continue its great work, which I am convinced we all intend that it shall do, we all realize that it has to live up to its war reputation, and we must ensure by every means in our power that it does so.

'We have to learn by experience how to organize and administer a great Service, both in peace and war, and you, who are at present at the College in its first year, will, in future, be at the helm. Therefore you will have to work your hardest, both as Cadets at the College and subsequently as officers, in order to be capable of guiding this great Service through its early days, and maintaining its traditions and efficiency in the years to come.'

From the outset Lord Trenchard took a close and direct interest in his foundation; he was a frequent informal visitor and acted as Reviewing Officer at passing-out parades both before and after his relinquishment of the post of Chief of the Air Staff. His first formal visit in this role was with the Secretary of State for War and Air, then Mr Winston Churchill, at the first inspection of the College on 20th December, 1920. (It is interesting to note that in his report at this inspection the Commandant was even then commenting on 'The difficulty of fitting flying training into an already overcrowded syllabus.')

His last appearance in this role was on 27th July, 1949, at the passing out of No. 47 Entry.



Lord Trenchard, with Group Captain R. C. Keary, in July 1953, shortly before he planted a commemorative tree

But Lord Trenchard delighted even more in his frequent informal visits to Cranwell and he was present at all the great occasions in the history of the College. His first visit of all took place on 23rd March, 1920, when he accompanied Prince Albert, later His Majesty King George VI, on an inspection of the new College. He was present at the opening of the main College building by the then Prince of Wales; at the 25th anniversary of the College in 1945; at the presentation of the Colour in 1948. His last appearance at Cranwell was in July, 1953, when His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh visited the College and acted as Reviewing Officer at the passing-out parade of No. 59 Entry. After the departure of His Royal Highness, in a simple ceremony Lord Trenchard performed what was to be his last formal act here; he planted a commemorative tree in the south-west avenue. But he had planted more than trees at Cranwell.

Lord Trenchard founded the College; built it up as a training ground of leaders; fought for the complete realization of his

vision, insisting both on the wide scope of the curriculum and on the proper surroundings in which this course would be followed, against the twin enemies of apathy and parsimony. His foresight and his almost intuitive appreciation of the trends of air warfare, coupled with his unique powers of command, his inspiring leadership and his wise choice of men to carry out his policies, enabled Cranwell to send forth that small nucleus of officers round which the Service could expand to save their country and the world.

Mention must be made of his close interest in College sport, especially rugby football. His own sporting interests centred on the horse but he regarded rugger as the most character-forming of games. Great was his delight in 1928 when the College first beat both Woolwich and Sandhurst at rugger. He and Lady Trenchard (she usually was his most welcome companion on his visits to the College) presented a cup to commemorate this occasion which is treasured with the College silver. The way in which his personality was impressed on every aspect of the College life was well represented by the simple rune that was the first unofficial motto of the College:

‘You work hard;
You play hard;
Hugh Trenchard.’

What of Lord Trenchard the legend? Legends are carried by word of mouth—not in print. They live in the fund of memory and anecdote that illustrate the many facets that make up the full personality of a man with the force to change history. This many-sidedness was well illustrated when the writer passed on the news of Lord Trenchard’s death. The first person informed was a civilian chargehand, a retired Warrant Officer. He recalled ‘the Major’ as a fair but fearsome Assistant Commandant at the C.F.S. at Upavon in 1913 whose ‘Boom’ on one occasion caused an overawed orderly to faint. The second person he informed was his wife; she recalled Lord Trenchard’s kindness and courtesy to a young guest at the Hendon Air Displays of the middle thirties. Such a list could be continued indefinitely. Round the truly great there accumulate these revealing glimpses of the individual aspects that constitute the complete character of an original thinker and an outstanding leader.

The College contains many lasting memorials of its founder. Pride of place in the entrance hall is given to the noble portrait by Verpillieux (which we reproduce elsewhere); this was presented to the College in 1936 by the Old Cranwellian Association. The Trenchard Cup for Service Training is awarded to the squadron with the highest position in the final order of merit. On our shelves rests part of his library made over to our safe-keeping. Above all it has the memories of his personality and his example. He concluded his last address to the assembled College with the words: ‘Believe in yourselves; believe in the Service. Each one of you must do his utmost in his particular job and make that efficient. Without that you can do nothing, with that you can do anything.’ He pointed the way; he fulfilled his motto; he knew himself.

Those in their seventies and eighties still speak of their vivid sense of seeing the end of an era when Queen Victoria died. The death of Lord Trenchard, too, marks the end of an epoch—the first heroic age of air power. The vast development of air power in this period largely stems from his clarity and force.

J.F.P.



SENIOR ENTRY : DECEMBER, 1955

Left to right :

Back row : Senior Flight Cadets C. J. Wilmot, M. J. Hadyn-Walker, J. L. Norman, N. P. May

*Centre row : Snr Flt Cdt B. W. Schooling, U.O. P. D. Raeburn, U.O. P. J. Sawyer, U.O. J. Armstrong, U.O. T. J. Burns,
U.O. J. I. Barrow, Snr Flt Cdt G. C. Derby*

*Front row : U.O. M. Osborne, U.O. S. J. G. Card, S.U.O. P. Carter, S.U.O. M. J. Griffiths, S.U.O. G. C. Hubbard,
U.O. N. M. J. Fraser, U.O. A. L. Watson*

Absent : Snr Flt Cdt I. D. Bulloch

They Who Look Ahead

(An Extract from Luna Habitabilis)

*The time will come when thou shalt lift thine eyes,
To watch a long drawn battle in the skies,
While aged peasants, too amazed for words,
Stare at flying fleets of wondrous birds.
England, so long Mistress of the Sea,
Where wind and waves confess her sovereignty,
Her ancient triumphs yet on high shall bear,
And reign, the Sovereign of the conquered air.*

Thomas Gray (1716—1771)

The Passing Out of No. 66 Entry

Air Member for Personnel Reviews the Parade

AT the passing-out parade of the 19 flight cadets of No. 66 Entry on Tuesday, 13th December, 1955, the College welcomed as Reviewing Officer Air Chief Marshal Sir Francis J. Fogarty, K.C.B., K.B.E., D.F.C., A.F.C., Air Member for Personnel.

Cranwell lived up to its reputation for being one of the bleakest spots in the British Isles by providing a bitterly cold and windy day. As a result the parade was held in one of the hangars instead of on the College parade ground. The event lost some of its accustomed glamour, though the spectators, muffled in greatcoats and blankets presented rather less of a distraction to those on parade than the more colourful dress of the guests at a summer parade on the Orange. Despite the rather dull atmosphere outside, despite the natural disappointment felt by the cadets, and in face of the poor acoustics of the hangar, the standard of drill was little lower than might have been expected had the parade been held in the open.

The Cadet Wing arrived outside the hangar in coaches and, after forming up by squadrons inside the hangar, marched on as a Wing. The 'A,' 'B' and 'C' Squadron Commanders were Senior Under Officer G. C. Hubbard, Senior Under Officer P. Carter and Under Officer A. L. Watson respectively. After the Queen's Colour had been marched on, a fanfare of trumpets and the General Salute heralded the arrival of the Reviewing Officer through the central doors of the hangar.

The Parade Commander, Senior Under Officer M. J. Griffiths, accompanied the Reviewing Officer throughout the inspection and then led the march past in slow and quick time. The Cadet Wing re-formed line of squadron to the tune of 'The Dam Busters March' and, after an impressive advance in review order, the Air Marshal presented the Sword of Honour to Senior Under Officer M. J. Griffiths and the Queen's Medal to Senior Under Officer G. C. Hubbard.

After the address, the Queen's Colour, and Senior Entry were marched off parade and the Reviewing Officer was escorted by the Commandant, Air Commodore H. Eeles, to the Flying Wing Parade which was held on the newly completed South Airfield.

Reviewing Officer's Address

After standing the parade easy Air Chief Marshal Sir Francis Fogarty made his address:

I am not going to address you at any great length because I see that the winters of Lincolnshire are very much the same as they were when I used to command a Flight in a rival establishment across the road. I am sure that you must be a little disappointed at not being able to show your full Parade outside, and I am a little disappointed too because I have been reading the latest edition of your *Journal* and I see that hindmost there are some modifications to certain of your Parades and I was wondering if any had been introduced to this Parade, but I would assume that this was too dignified an occasion.

I would like, then, to speak to 66 Entry. First of all if I could just say a word or two to those of you who are going direct to units where your job is to keep aeroplanes flying. I think it has been a very wise move indeed to have the Equipment and Secretarial Branches here at Cranwell because only by learning to speak the same language and growing up together can we understand each other's problems. Your particular problem on the supply side is now so terribly important in this nuclear age. We cannot have instant readiness without a highly efficient equipment and supply organisation. That organisation is entirely in your hands.

Those of you training as pilots will have two other stages to go through before you reach your squadrons. No doubt the entries behind yours are gazing quite fondly at the new advanced aircraft outside on the runway and are looking forward to that stage being done here. No doubt that will come about—I would hope in the next term.

The next stage is your operational conversion unit where you are converted to a particular operational role and then at long last you get into your squadron where you have a very long innings of flying ahead of you, taking you well into your thirties.

Operational techniques take long to acquire—three or four years to become highly efficient in one operational role alone. The high cost of training in that particular role prevents us to some extent from allowing you to change on to



The Reviewing Officer, accompanied by the Commandant, arrives to take the parade



Air Chief Marshal Sir Francis J. Fogarty presents the Sword of Honour to Senior Under Officer M. J. Griffiths



The Cadet Wing marches past in quick time

another role. That does not mean for one moment that you must not know what the other chaps are doing, because in this era we all must know exactly what everyone else has to do.

You must keep abreast of technical developments—not that I would suggest that you want to become boffins and stick your heads into every black box that comes along. But it is absolutely necessary that you are aware of technical developments, particularly in the weapons field. The air-to-air weapon is with us. The ground-to-air weapon should be with us within a few years. They would be complementary to the fighter. I doubt very much if anybody is going to find in his Christmas stocking the complicated drawings for an electronic device that is going to replace the pilot. No doubt that will be with us, perhaps sooner than many other devices which we have doubted in times gone past.

I would like to stress the importance of the Navigator who is an extremely important individual and very much the key man in our Bomber force. I sincerely hope that when Navigator training gets under way next year you will have a really good course.

It remains for me now just to wish you of No. 66 Entry all the best of good luck and fortune in the great life that lies ahead of you. Good luck to you all.

The Presentation of Wings and Prizes

On the eve of the passing-out parade the College lecture hall was filled with the usual large gathering of relatives and friends when the Commandant presented wings, individual prizes and squadron trophies to the Senior Entry. After the last trophy had been awarded, the Commandant delivered an address in which he welcomed the Commander-in-Chief Flying Training Command and the many friends and relations of the flight cadets of No. 66 Entry. He then spoke to No. 66 Entry:

I would ask you for a moment to cast your minds back to your first term at Cranwell when you arrived here as airmen cadets of Junior Entries—and a pretty frightened and uncouth lot you were. But perhaps you will also remember that shortly after your arrival here I made a point of coming to speak to you and I made to you certain points that I wanted you to absorb into your training at Cranwell. First of all I warned you that for two terms at least you were going to have a pretty hard life and in that time we were going to try and teach you the elements of discipline and of loyalty one to

another and of team work. I also said that whatever your personal standards of smartness were when you arrived at Cranwell, you would very rapidly find out that Cranwell's standards were infinitely higher, and I also said to you, if you remember, that you came to Cranwell not on your terms but on our terms and if you were not prepared to accept our terms, we had no use for you.

Well, you served your time in the Junior Entries and then again you may remember that I came and spoke to you once more, in your third term, when you were proved as a result of your work in Junior Entries and you had at last become fully fledged flight cadets of the Royal Air Force College. On that occasion I told you what the further objectives of the Cranwell course were. They were first of all to become really proficient in your professional training, either as pilots or as members of one of the ground branches of the Royal Air Force. You were also expected to broaden your intellect for future responsibilities and I impressed on you that we never intended a flight cadet to become merely a depository for uninteresting facts. Above all we wanted you to learn how to become respected officers as well as leaders of men on the ground and in the air. I expected you to build yourselves up during your training on what I would call the corner stones of enthusiasm, integrity and example. I told you that we would help you here in every possible way to get on with that job but basically the desire and inspiration to do the job well must come from you yourselves and I think I also reminded you again that Cranwell would never accept a second-rate product.

Well now, this is the third time that I am speaking to you collectively as members of 66 Entry and this time it is in public, in front of your C.-in-C., an Old Cranwellian, and I am proud to say the first one to hold the present high position of C.-in-C. Flying Training Command, and in front of the staff and your families and friends. I am going to put your minds at rest straight away by saying that I am not going to have a post-mortem on your results either collectively or individually. I always think post-mortems are rather embarrassing to the victim and certainly a messy job for the surgeon. I think you know well enough yourselves what you have personally achieved at Cranwell and I leave it entirely to your own conscience to decide whether you have really done your best in extracting everything you could from the training here, and also whether



The Reviewing Officer in blustery conditions inspects the men and aircraft of No. 3 Squadron on the South Airfield

you have really put your heart and soul into your development as the sort of officer that the R.A.F. needs.

Now I think that everybody here this evening realises with increasing awareness the tremendously vital part that air power has to play in the maintenance of peace throughout the western world, and in the safeguarding of our normal way of life. At no time in the history of the R.A.F. have higher demands been made on the skill of our aircrews or our ground personnel, or on the quality and calibre of thought for staff officers in their planning requirements and in the need to assess technical progress. Skill, leadership and brains are required in the very highest possible degree today if the R.A.F. is to carry out its tremendous responsibilities in the future. There are many ways of entering the R.A.F. and high standards are required from all methods of entry, but what I want you to realise, gentlemen, is that the service as a whole has the right to expect the Cranwell-trained officer to set the highest standards of all and the College is very jealous of that particular responsibility, and the way it tries to carry it out. If the Cranwell man does not do this and set the highest standard, either we in the staff have failed in our job, or you gentlemen have not taken advantage of the

opportunities given you here. I have no intention tonight of criticising or slanging my staff who have done a magnificent job of work and have striven devotedly in your interests throughout the whole of your training.

And neither of course can I possibly slang you yourselves. I mentioned a moment ago that I was not having a post-mortem—in any case you are as yet completely unproved and untried in the responsibilities and the tasks that you will undertake from the moment that you are commissioned officers tomorrow morning. Your testing time has yet to come so, to help you on your way and to enable you to justify the confidence that we are placing in you, I would like you all to remember just three things:

Firstly, never forget that this country will rely on you more and more in its efforts for survival in the future; never betray that trust. Secondly, never forget that as a Cranwell-trained officer you have greater opportunities and greater responsibilities than any of your contemporaries in the Service; do not let yourselves be overtaken by them. Thirdly, remember that the reputation of this College stands or falls on your personal achievements: not your achievements as flight cadets but your achievements as officers of Her Majesty's Royal Air



Pilot Officer Griffiths with the Sword of Honour talking to Pilot Officer Hubbard who won the Queen's Medal

Force; do not be the cause for the tarnishing of that reputation in the future.

That is all I wish to say to you except to bid you Goodbye, to wish you every success in your careers, and last, but not least, a very Happy Christmas.

Order of Merit

No. 66 ENTRY

General Duties Branch

- G. C. HUBBARD, Senior Under Officer: Queen's Medal; R. M. Groves Memorial Prize; J. A. Chance Memorial Prize; Dickson Trophy; Michael Hill Memorial Prize; Hick's Memorial Trophy; Shooting (Full Colours); Parachuting; Film Section.
- P. CARTER, Senior Under Officer: Phillip Sassoon Memorial Prize; Tennis (Full Colours); Fencing (Half Colours); Association Football (Full Colours); Cricket; Canoeing; Fine Arts; Chess.
- J. ARMSTRONG, Under Officer: L'Ecole de l'Air Trophy for French Studies; *Journal*; Fiction Librarian; Canoeing; Choral; Fine Arts; Engineering.

- T. J. BURNS, Under Officer: Abdy Gerrard Fellowes Memorial Prize; Athletics; Association Football; Cricket; Canoeing; Sailing; Wild-Fowling.
- M. J. GRIFFITHS, Senior Under Officer: Sword of Honour; Athletics (Captain, Full Colours); Cross-Country (Captain, Full Colours); Hockey; Debating; Sailing.
- S. J. G. CARD, Under Officer: Association Football (Full Colours); Athletics (Full Colours); Rugby; Judo; Canoeing (Secretary); Speleology; Gliding; Choral; Parachuting.
- N. M. J. FRASER, Under Officer: Royal United Services Institute Award; Athletics (Full Colours); Association Football; *Journal*; Canoeing.
- P. D. RAEBURN, Under Officer: Alasdair Black Memorial Trophy; Hockey; Ski-ing (Captain and Secretary); Canoeing.
- P. J. SAWYER, Under Officer: Athletics; Printing; Canoeing (Captain and Secretary).
- C. J. WILMOT, Senior Flight Cadet: Association Football; Speleology; Dancing; Scottish Country Dancing.
- N. P. MAY, Senior Flight Cadet: Hockey (Full Colours); Rugby (Half Colours); Cricket (Half Colours); Gliding (Secretary); Film Section; Choral; Music.
- B. W. SCHOOLING, Senior Flight Cadet: Rowing (Half Colours); Boxing (Half Colours); Association Football; Sailing; Photography.
- J. L. NORMAN, Senior Flight Cadet: Rugby; Gliding; Fine Arts; Radio; Aeromodelling.
- I. D. BULLOCH, Senior Flight Cadet: Rugby (Half Colours); Jazz; Gliding; Mountaineering; Engineering.
- G. C. DERBY, Senior Flight Cadet: Shooting (Full Colours); Rugby; Mountaineering; *Journal*.

Equipment Branch

- A. L. WATSON, Under Officer: Air Ministry Prize for Imperial and War Studies; Association Football (Half Colours); Athletics (Half Colours); Sailing; Speleology; Photography; Film Section.
- J. I. BARROW, Under Officer: Air Ministry Prize for Equipment Studies; Shooting (Full Colours); Speleology; Jazz; Choral; Sailing; Gliding; Engineering.
- M. OSBORNE, Under Officer: Athletics (Half Colours); Association Football; Sailing; Music; Speleology.
- M. J. HAYDN-WALKER, Senior Flight Cadet: Swimming (Full Colours); Rugby (Half Colours); Dramatic; Speleology; Sailing; Riding.

Look for the Silver Lining!

THIS could be just another of those yarns that begins: 'After dropping the cable, I immediately found lift which took me rapidly to 5,000 feet.' On this occasion the first few minutes were spent in panic and frantic mental arithmetic.

Flight Cadet Ginn initiated this panic by finding a thermal and using it to good advantage with the T.21. As I happened to be sitting expectantly in the Prefect, I was promptly winched on my way with the last minute instruction to 'follow that 'plane, and get your Silver "C".'

After releasing the cable I headed towards the T.21 which was by now 1,500 feet above the Prefect. The altimeter was slowly unwinding and still the air remained flat calm. I was becoming resigned to having to land after an abortive circuit and endure the inevitable hoots of derision. Suddenly the altimeter hesitated in its march round the clock; the variometer read green. We were even now climbing as I began to inch tentatively feeling for the centre of the lift.

A few minutes and I drew level with the T.21, which then dropped away with its airbrakes out. The thermal was all mine. At 3,000 feet I began to wonder how high I would have to go. To qualify for the Silver 'C' the gain of height is 1,000 metres. The conversion into yards and feet defeated me temporarily, but eventually I managed to set myself a target height. The height of the launch was allowed for and finally I 'guestimated' that 5,000 feet would be sufficient.

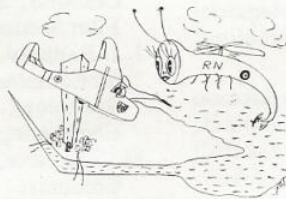
The lift continued well, and at 4,000 feet we entered cloud, and it became very cold. With the aid of the electric turn and slip indicator I

continued to inch upwards. In places the lift was very strong, showing up to 20 feet per second. For the next 15 minutes I groped around in the cloud under the guidance of these rather primitive instruments, the turn and slip and compass, until I reached 5,000 feet. My flying had become by now even more erratic than it usually is, and I decided to get out of the cloud. It was quite impossible to set a steady course due to the fluctuations of the little compass, and so having resorted to using airbrakes, I eventually found myself just east of Sleaford.

I was happily setting off in the opposite direction to Cranwell, with the satisfaction of a Silver 'Cs' worth of gain in height over the flat desolation of Lincolnshire, when more lift presented itself and back we went to 4,000 feet in the clear. With the object of putting in as many miles between Cranwell and myself I set off towards Boston. En route I ventured a sly dart at an active looking cumulus; this decayed just as I arrived, leaving me south of Boston with 2,000 feet in hand.

Boston seemed an agreeable area to make a landing so I cast around for a suitable field; and found another thermal which carried me up to 3,500 again. With this height I set off down the coast towards William Butlin's, Skegness.

However, conditions became stable. A straight glide enlivened only by an inquisitive Naval Dragon, brought me into a stubble field east of Boston, much to the amazement of the local population, who looked sadly disappointed at the lack of blood and wreckage.



... enlivened by an inquisitive Naval Dragonfly

Life with the Leeches

By WING COMMANDER
E. H. LYNCH-BLOSSE, O.B.E.



Three members of the expedition showing the equipment carried

'If you go down to the woods today
You're sure of a big surprise . . .'

I COULDN'T help humming these words as the four of us, clad in clean jungle green, stepped jauntily in impeccable line astern into the jungle. Two weeks later, neither having seen any teddy bears nor exactly having had a picnic, we came less jauntily and in very ragged formation out into a jungle clearing.

Why we found ourselves in this situation has been told elsewhere, but some reflection on this trek may be of interest to you, whose holiday activities seem to lead into unlikely places.

Our first contact with Borneo was when a Sunderland slid onto the smooth azure waters of Darwell Bay, and a launch deposited us, objects of much curiosity, at the quay at Lahad Datu. While the radio was being tested Doc and I took a walk round the village. We tried to send a postcard from the Post Office, but the effort so strained our Malay and the resources of the friendly people in the shop that we abandoned the idea.

Continuing our walk we stumbled upon an airstrip built by the Japanese and used by Rapides of Malayan Airways until earlier this year. It was 800 yards long and clearly in no condition to receive a visit from any self-respecting aircraft. The small control tower at the side of the runway, a wooden structure, reminded me of the 'Specialists' more ambitious ventures. This lonely strip played a significant part in the fortunes of the operation. An escorting Valetta crash-landed on it, having lost aileron control below 140 knots just 200 feet above the jungle. Although the aircraft was written off, the crew were fortunately unhurt, but the ending might well have been tragically different had the airstrip not been so conveniently situated.

After an eight-mile drive along a road, once a

railway (and still about as wide), and a hazardous trip across the River Segama in a narrow sampan (the crossing calls for the sense of balance of a tight-rope walker), we were abandoned by civilization. After a wet night shared with some goats we set course on 340° wondering what lay ahead. After half an hour an itching sensation on the arm enabled me triumphantly to proclaim the first attack by a leech. It was the first I had seen and the sight of its base clamped firmly to me with its top waving grotesquely round, recalled to me

*'Twas brillig and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimbal on the wabe.'*

Now the Book says that, to avoid infection, you should force a leech to drop off by the application of a lighted cigarette to its stern. This was quite successful, but it did not take long for us to discover that our stock of cigarettes would be very quickly exhausted if we went by the Book. Nor would we have travelled very far if the procedure of extracting a cigarette from our pockets, lighting it and applying it to the leech had been followed. This would have involved a stop every fifty or hundred yards throughout the two weeks. So we prized them off with our knives. We could not, of course, always use the knife, and even less a lighted cigarette, since leeches are particularly partial to the most inaccessible spots, and sometimes more delicate methods have to be used. When one got under an eyelid we thought it was the bitter end; however, Doc used his pincers to good effect and all was well.

None of us, I am sure, has ever appreciated water as we did during those two weeks. Except for the occasional mouth-wash, or for helping a salt tablet on its way, the Doc advised us against drinking during the day's march; and after six hours of slashing, scrambling and, above all, sweating, our thirsts were raging. Our first move

on making camp was therefore to knock back at least two mess-tins of water. Often it was dirty and only seldom was it running water, but, with the aid of Halazone tablets, it tasted like the purest nectar. Now when I read of desert travellers I do so with the greatest admiration and respect. I have since returned to other ways of slaking my thirst, but nothing will ever again taste like those draughts of water from my mess-tin.

Dusk comes to the jungle early and suddenly so we were usually in our hammocks by six and stayed there for twelve hours. Sleep was often elusive due partly to the riot of new sights, sounds and sensations which kept the brain active and partly to the cold from midnight onwards. We had, therefore, plenty of time for reflection. Lying on our backs just before darkness fell we could see the tops of the trees two or three hundred feet above. Apart from their top foliage the trunks were bare and the fate of a parachutist whose canopy was caught by the grasping branches and left to hang helpless and hopeless impressed us as unenviable. The chances of this happening appeared from our hammocks to be about evens.

The Special Air Service alone is equipped with the locally developed Abseil gear. With this they can lower themselves to the ground. On my own excursions, therefore, I tend to keep a coast or a river well within sight of the aircraft.

Let it not be thought that our deliberations in the dusk were always of such a lugubrious nature. Often the sound of laughter joined with the Twilight chorus, and the trees, to which our hammocks were tied, shook as if in sympathy. Sometimes inexpertly tied hammocks collapsed and profane imprecations mingled with the roars of applause. For my part, I found the ground a warmer bed and slept better, but after a few attempts reverted to the hammock—where at least I slept alone and comparatively untroubled by visitors.

Sleep overtook us usually about an hour or so after dusk. Our bodies were still warm from the day's exertions and a cup of tea, a cigarette and idle chatter had good effect. Later, sweat-soaked clothes became chilled and the only alternatives to sleep were recollecting the comforts of civilization, listening to the multifarious sounds of the jungle



There are many ways of crossing rivers

and watching the fireflies zooming around on their various errands.

Dawn was a welcome event, and the first signs of its pale light twinkling through the leaves saw us up and about coaxing stoves to burn and looking for equipment, most of which was camouflaged so effectively that careless storage the night before resulted in an exasperating search from dawn to take-off. We were usually wakened by a bird which emitted a succession of Louis Armstrong's finest top notes—an unusual Reveille—and it was queer to realize that probably never before had these particular birds had any human audience.

Although we were never more than 15 miles from civilization, in the shape of native kampongs, the complete absence of human life in the vicinity and the thick brooding atmosphere of the jungle induced a feeling of intense solitude. This was heightened by the realization that one walked, slept and ate where possibly no human had ever been before. The knowledge, too, that, whatever happened, one could not emerge into the open air in less than four to five days, produced a 'boxed-in' feeling; sufferers from claustrophobia would do well not to bury themselves in the jungle. A moment's thought of the aid that could have been dropped by air largely dispelled our fears.

Our failure to see more wild life was one of the more disappointing aspects of the trip. From the tracks we saw and the sounds we heard there was no doubt that the jungle around us teemed with boar, elephant and various kinds of monkey. The trumpeting of elephants at dusk and dawn is most impressive and we would have given much to hide up for a day and night just to watch. As it was I wondered how many pairs of eyes had seen us and nostrils scented us, and driven their owners scurrying into the undergrowth. The apparent absence of snakes was welcome, and even the thought of our popularity with our wives when we appeared with potential shoes and handbags, did not override the pleasure of not meeting King Cobra or his companions. Nor, apparently was edible vegetation more plentiful. No doubt hunger would have changed our views, but the Book's injunction to 'eat only what the monkeys eat' struck us more as a theoretical than as a practical proposition.

What a versatile garment the jungle green hat is! The favourite style, I discovered, by discreet observation of my companions, was to wear the rim down all round, but its unlimited possibilities render it a truly formidable garment! By far its best characteristic was its ability to hold water. To dip it in a pool and ram it straight down on

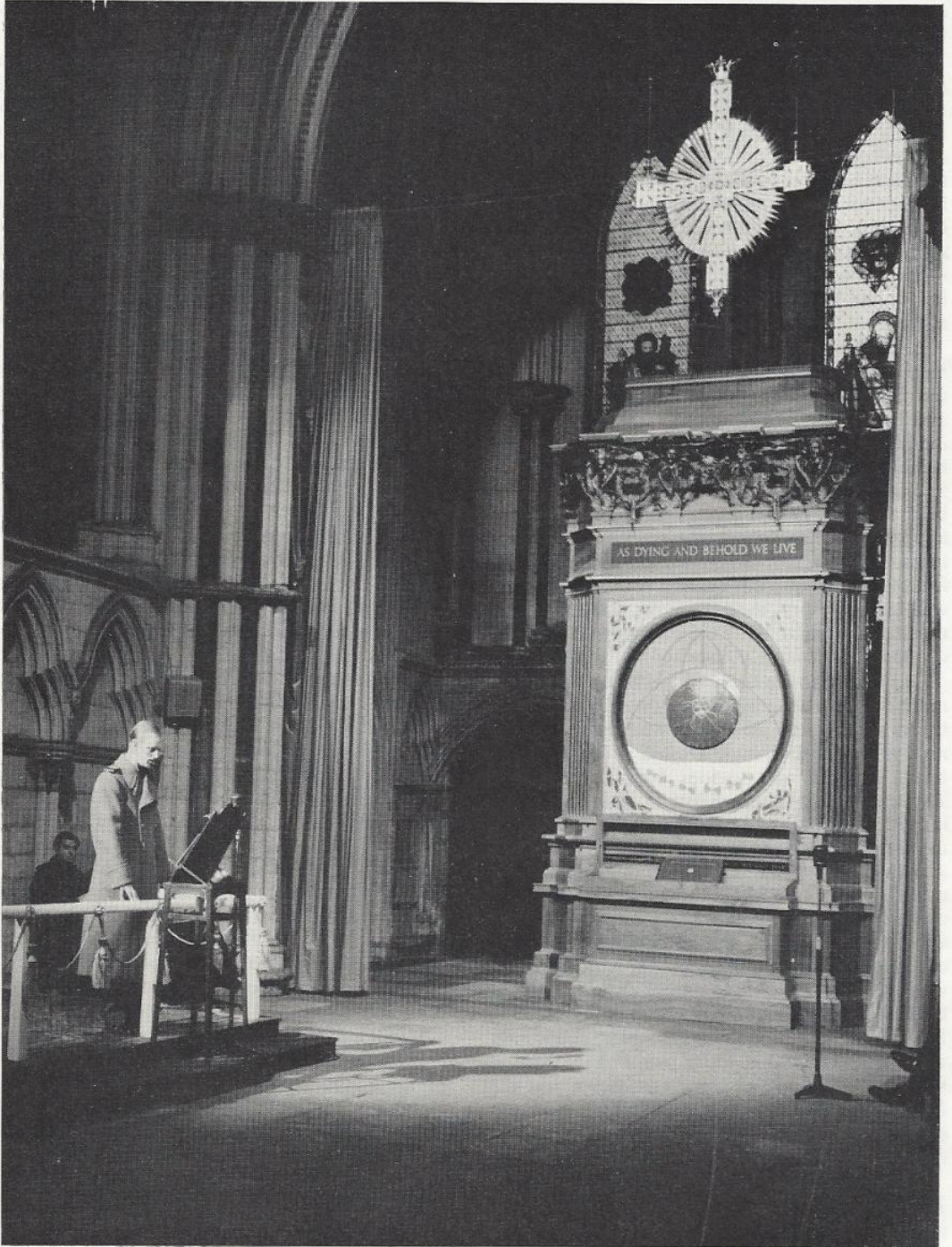
the head was a delightful sensation in the middle of a hard day's trek.

Water was by no means always so welcome. On the 10th day, while we were floundering through a particularly revolting swamp, it started to rain and continued for the next two or three days. It dampened morale as well as body, and was the cause of sores on chests, thighs and between the legs. The success of the attempts to keep dry at night was in inverse proportion to our age; the younger ones expended considerable time and trouble and were duly rewarded with comparative comfort. Those of riper years (I speak for myself) were content to sit by the smoky fire and crawl into bed at the last minute. My efforts to get inside my dinghy while swinging in a none-too-securely-tied hammock brought down liberal showers from the foliage each time the two trees were shaken, which was often. Then the contortions required to bail out the rising pool under my stern brought further torrents from the trees and howls of laughter from my unsympathetic friends.

When we set out again, refreshed from a day's rest, we estimated we were four days away from the rendezvous. Our surprise, therefore, on hearing an axe (we were in more swamp at the time) was only exceeded by our pleasure when we emerged into a large clearing. Only two hours later we were warm, dry, full of beer, fried rice, fried eggs, and nicotine; it all seemed too good to be true. Our friendly hosts, however, persuaded us that we really were at the finishing post (not perhaps in distance, but definitely in time) and sent us on our way down the river. I'm sure none of us will forget that day or the next, cruising down the river on a police launch which had picked us up at the house of the headman of the village. Apart from the welcome, the beer, the innumerable children there, I was fascinated by a large copper churn in the 'Afiu.' It had a Union Jack painted on the top and two bullet holes through it. I could not help wondering about the story it could tell.

If you want to experience the acme of peace and contentment, then I recommend a trip down one of the rivers of North Borneo. It is beautiful beyond words. Wild life abounds in the trees, on the river banks and in the water. The various shades of blue of the sky are made more vivid by the banks of cotton-wool cloud. Cars, factories, and politics might never exist and life continues in much the same way as it has done for centuries.

So we returned to civilization, wiser, fitter, thinner, and grateful indeed for the smiling and courteous hospitality extended to us by the most friendly and charming people I have ever met.



His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh delivering the funeral oration by the Memorial

The Unveiling of a Memorial to Fallen Airmen, 1939 to 1945

Cranwell at York Minster

ON Tuesday, 1st November, 1955, His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh visited York Minster where he unveiled a memorial to 18,000 airmen of many nationalities, who, while operating from bases in Yorkshire, Durham and Northumberland, were killed in the Second World War. Forty-eight flight cadets and cadets were privileged to act as ushers to three thousand people from many parts of the world.

The previous day, Monday, 31st October, we, the forty-eight cadets, assembled in the Navigation room to be briefed on our duties. The problems involved in seating 3,300 people in one and a half hours seemed immense.

The next day, after an early breakfast and a long journey, we arrived at York Minster at a quarter past ten. We were shown our areas of responsibility and were then addressed by the Dean who thanked us for our help and reassured us about our duties. On all sides the finishing touches were being put to the preparations. Scaffolding still stood about the memorial; people were quietly and systematically laying seat names on the chairs in the nave for the distinguished visitors; the organ echoed round the vaulted roof as it accompanied the choir in practice; at the High Altar, the colour party, bearing the Royal Air Force Ensign, rehearsed in slow time.

We left this breathless scene to return at a quarter past one, having had a quick lunch at Royal Air Force, Church Fenton. As soon as we had taken up our positions the doors were thrown open and the queues started to file in.

The service which followed was touching in its simplicity. The music rising to the roof and swelling throughout the beautiful old Minster. The first lesson, from Ecclesiasticus, was read by the Chaplain-in-Chief, the Reverend Canon A. S. Giles:

'Let us now praise famous men and our fathers that begat us. The Lord hath wrought great glory by them through his great power from the beginning. . . .'

After the Magnificat, to Noble, Marshal of the Royal Air Force The Lord Tedder read the second lesson from Revelations:

'After this I beheld, and to a great multitude

which no man could number of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and rogues, stood before the throne, and before the lamb, clothed with white robes and palms in their hands.'

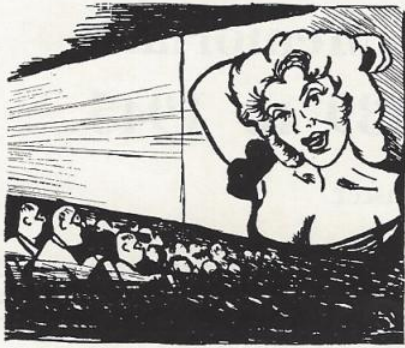
In his tribute to those whom the memorial commemorates the Duke of Edinburgh recalled some sentences spoken by Pericles of Athens in 430 B.C. in a funeral oration for the young Athenians who had fallen in action during the first year of the Peloponnesian War:

' . . . and they, by their courage and their virtues, have handed on to us a country that is free. They certainly deserve our praise. For it was not without blood and toil that they handed it down to us of the present generation. . . . We are capable at the same time of taking risks, and of estimating them beforehand. The man who can most truly be counted brave is he who best knows the meaning of what is sweet in life, and then goes out undeterred to meet what is to come. It is for you to be like them.'

While the choir sang an anthem specially composed for the occasion by Mr Francis Jackson, His Royal Highness moved over to inspect the memorial. It stands some fifteen feet high and is in the form of an astronomical clock: its walnut cabinet blends well with its mature surroundings: its futuristic face, depicting the planets surrounding the earth, pays fitting tribute to the deeds and ideals of the airmen whom it commemorates.

The service concluded, the Duke headed the procession down the nave towards the west door, stopping frequently to talk to relatives of the men who had died. When he, the civilian dignitaries and senior Service officers had left, the congregation formed a long line stretching right round the Minster and out into the road, waiting to file past the memorial. They moved slowly, some placing wreathes and flowers on the dais, others pausing at the foot of the memorial, to stand, for a moment, in silence before moving slowly on.

So our duty in the Minster was finished and as the last of that long file departed we left the Minster, and York, to return to Cranwell. It had been a memorable day.



ACTIVITIES and SOCIETIES



Field Shooting and Wildfowling

DURING the Christmas term the section managed to organize a wildfowling meet practically every Sunday to the Frieston Shore on the Wash, transport permitting. The membership has now risen to 30, so the meets were very well attended, the only snag being the unearthly hour that one had to rise so as to be securely dug in on the marsh ready for the dawn flight.

When the bag was counted at the end of term and found to be only one widgeon, it was decided by all that the goose, apart from being a very elusive bird, does not seem to suffer no matter how much shot is fired. Nevertheless, a good term's sport was had by everyone, including the geese!

Wildfowling at Holbeach

On Monday, 2nd January, nine members of the Wildfowling Society, under the command of Flight Lieutenant P. C. Hunt, journeyed to the R.A.F. Bombing Range, Holbeach, to begin a week's shooting. According to the operation order everyone should have arrived by 1200 hours, but four members were delayed on the way from London with a puncture and a hangover from New Year's Eve.

The first three days were spent in getting to know the marsh and trying to find the likeliest place to catch the elusive duck and geese. The marsh seemed to take a great dislike to some members, who spent most of the time high-deep in clinging mud.

The time was not wasted as members decided to get their eye in by clearing the marsh of all gulls and starlings, and making it a prohibited flying area for all birds except duck and geese. From dawn to dusk the air echoed with the shots of the potential marksmen. In the evening, when the party was drowning its sorrows at the 'Bullsneck', the local gamekeepers

enquired how many troops were on manoeuvres on the marsh.

On Friday morning the whole marsh was shrouded in thick fog. This is a wildfowler's delight, and there was a rush to be dressed and out on the marsh. They split up into parties of two and were soon out of sight of each other in the thick murk. The geese could be heard calling to each other far out on the marsh, and to a newcomer to wildfowling this calling is very weird. It has a very exciting tremor about it, and just listening to these calls is a good day's sport in itself.

By crawling up the narrow gullies one was able to get very close to the geese, the noise of their eating combined with their calling was deafening. There were about 2,000 feeding in flocks ranging from 50 to 250, all along the marsh. As soon as a shot was fired they would all disappear into the fog, only to return again very soon because geese like to be able to see the ground all the time they are flying.

At the end of the day eight geese and two curlew had been shot, six of the geese being credited to the sharp-shooting of Quaife and Sills. Quaife was so excited at having shot one that he chased it across the marsh in his bare feet, his boots and socks being left behind in a muddy dyke in the hurry to catch it before it ran away.

Next day the fog still prevailed and by this time the geese had become very hungry as they had been unable to fly in to their inland feeding grounds. About 9 o'clock a flock of 250 came and settled on the field beside our sleeping hut. The alarm was raised and everyone came out at the double and circled the field and a series of shots rang out. Haigh came in carrying a goose and then Williams jubilantly carrying another one which he had caught by running after it across the field. By Saturday night the

total score was 12 geese, five duck and two curlew.

A very good party was had by all that night to celebrate the good luck, and next morning everyone was very loath to get up, but the time had come to leave and everything had to be tidied. During our stay, the accommodation and food were excellent, and the Commanding Officer of the Bombing range helped the party in every possible way. Everyone agreed that R.A.F. Holbeach had proved an ideal place for wildfowling.

Riding

The autumn term at Cranwell is often beset by bad weather, but last term was exceptional. Almost continuous fair weather allowed much riding to take place, and the club's facilities were well used.

Membership, after an intensive recruiting drive, increased threefold, most of the new members coming from the Junior year. Injuries sustained playing Rugby and other sports, as well as sickness in the stables, tended, for a while, to reduce the number of weekly rides.

The highlights of the term were hunting, and the Jorrocks Trophy Competition. Several flight cadets enjoyed an arduous day's riding to hounds with the Blankney Hunt, and at the end of November, the inter-squadron competition for the Jorrocks Trophy took place. About 50 spectators saw 'C' Squadron beat 'B' Squadron by four points, with 'A' Squadron third. Flight Cadet Oswald was judged the best all-round competitor.

The successful term was the result, primarily, of Mr Edgeley's help, guidance and instruction, and to him the section owes a deep debt of gratitude.

Radio

During the autumn term there has been a great change in the policy of

the society. The transmitter has fallen into disuse due to lack of support, and it was decided to change to the construction of radio equipment rather than short wave operation. Support for the new scheme was immediately forthcoming and the membership increased rapidly: members wishing to build equipment ranging from a simple radio to a miniature television set. A room has been obtained in the Junior College and it is hoped to move the transmitter into it. A grant of money to purchase equipment has been applied for, and received. It is hoped to begin construction work during the Easter term.

Mountaineering

The activities of the section during the autumn term were somewhat curtailed as a result of the wet weather, but four meets were held, and some promising climbers were found among the new recruits.

Two Sunday meets were held during the term at Black Rocks, in Derbyshire, where, although the climbs are short, and seem at first sight easy, the standard is high. This was proved by Flight Cadet Thornton, who, after attempting a solo climb, found himself spreadeagled on the rock face unable to move, much to the amusement of the onlookers. Happily he was 'rescued' by some hints from the rest of the party on where to put his feet.

The half-term meet was once again held in North Wales, where the mountain rescue team at Valley provided transport and food for a party of two officers and three flight cadets from the College. The party arrived at the hut, which was to be their home for the week-end, on the Friday night. Climbing started on the Saturday and five climbs were made that day. The weather deteriorated on the Sunday morning and prevented any real mountaineering apart from a ridge walk over Tryfan to the Pen y Gwryd Hotel—well known to many survival campers. Monday was spent recovering and returning to the protective portals of the College.

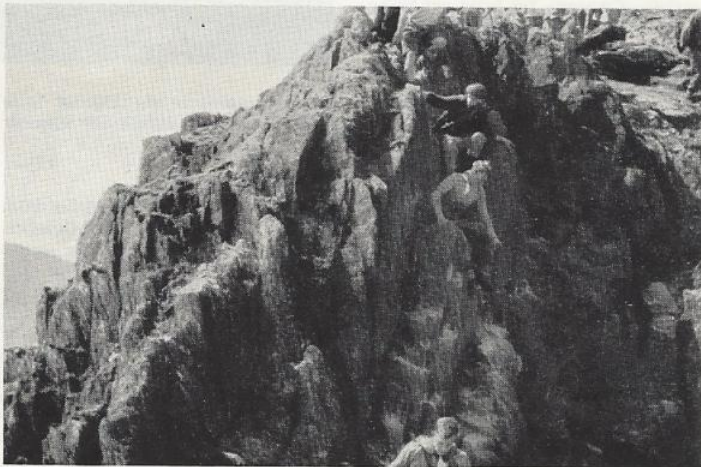
The week preceding Christmas was occupied by Flight Cadets Collins, D., Goodband and Scouler in travelling to the now well-known Ogwen Valley, in North Wales, and waiting several days for it to stop raining. The rain did stop once and an interesting route was found on the Milestone Buttress on Tryfan, which the party explored. The rest of the time was spent in exploring the Everest room of the Pen y Gwryd Hotel.

We look forward with enthusiasm to the spring term's climbing and to

our ultimate goal—climbing in Austria.

Gliding

The term started off with a bang, for one of the first gliding days was one of those when towering cumulus dominated the whole sky, and strong thermals were to be found. Our members, full of new-found experience from Camphill, were quick to take advantage of this and Mayes went up in the Prefect into cloud to 5,200 feet, and away 22 miles towards Boston. Thus he qualified for the height leg of the 'Silver C,' although missing the cross-country leg. Ginn and Adamson went up to 4,400 feet,



also in cloud, in the T.21. Bywater, after only a few solo flights, gained a 'C' in this lift.

By the time that sunset began to come at 1600, afternoons could yield at the most 2½ hours of gliding, and it took a great deal of effort to get new members off solo. That 14 first solos were logged shows the keenness of the pilots, and serves as a good example for our 'fair weather pilots' to follow.

No. 73 Entry produced 20 new members, including one with a 'Gold C' leg to his credit, and membership stood above the 70 mark for the term.

Our plans for 1956 vacation activities are of visits in April (two weeks), and August (three weeks). These visits will be to Long Mynd or Camphill, or both, and will be on the same general lines as last summer's to Camphill, except that this year we hope to be able to insist on a higher standard of flying. For as there will be no new entry after Easter, if all

No. 74 Entry members go off solo this term, solo flying will be the main interest, and all prospective camp pilots will be converted to the Prefect, and possibly the Kranich (solo).

M.C.G.

Choral

The activities and numbers of members of the Society have over the past year dwindled until at the beginning of this term it virtually existed in name only. Thus the task has been to obtain new members and raise enthusiasts for choral singing amongst them. It was hoped that if an acceptable standard was reached a local competition or festival might be entered. It was suggested that

members should attend the Halle Society's performance of Handel's 'Messiah' at the end of term.

At the beginning of term the number of members stood at a dozen. It was hoped to increase this during the term as soon as suitable music was obtained and, if possible, an experienced pianist.

At the meeting on Friday, 30th September, it was agreed that the Plantation Songs should be bought without delay, and as a result, after approval, eight copies were ordered. At this meeting some 16 people were present, including Wing Commander Powell and Flight Lieutenant Oliver, who sang with great gusto and apparent enthusiasm.

Two letters were now written, one to the Halle Society making enquiries about their performance of Handel's 'Messiah' and one to the secretary of the Lincoln Music Festival. The replies were received in due course. In connection with the former all appeared satisfactory and with the

latter it was learnt that to enter, a set test piece would have to be known. This piece, called 'Lure, Falconers, Lure,' was sent for without delay.

On 14th October the best practice of the term was held. The Plantation Songs had arrived and were looked at for the first time. 'Li'l Liza Jane' was 'attacked' with enthusiasm and by the end of the practice a reasonably competent rendering was accomplished. However, the copy of the Lincoln Music Festival test piece, 'Lure, Falconers, Lure,' was played over and found to be considerably more difficult than at first thought.

For the following few weeks the Society was unable to have any serious meetings. This was due to a variety of reasons, the main one being the Intermediate Examination.

Having organized the transport and reserved seats at the Halle Society's performance of the 'Messiah' a provisional list of some 40 interested flight cadets was raised. This had to be done early so as to eliminate the possibility of there being no seats left on request. Unfortunately, the College Authorities would not allow the party to travel as it would have meant missing the 'Festival of Nine Carols and Lessons,' so the trip was cancelled.

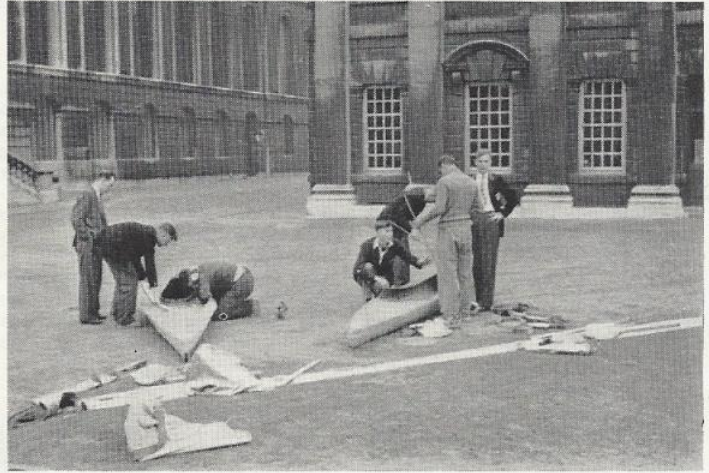
It has been a successful term in so far as the Society now has some 16 members, many of whom find real enjoyment out of choral singing. However, it cannot be denied that certain factors have prevented a greater success. Apart from the interference of the Intermediate Examinations with meetings, the main obstacle, and one which must be overcome, is the need for an experienced pianist. Flight Cadets Buckham, White and N. Fox have helped a great deal in overcoming this trouble, but to reach a higher standard a more experienced pianist is essential. However, perhaps too much has been expected in this first term. Only subsequent terms can tell whether or not we are aiming too high.

Canoeing

Autumn Term Report

After some repair work had been carried out, members of the section were able to take part in almost the last event of the season, the 'London River' race.

We also discussed the possibility of building canoes of our own during the winter months, and have decided to make craft of plastic which can be used both for touring and shalom work. The section has never tried shalom or rough-water canoeing before, and we hope to run short



training camps in the Dee or Wye Valleys, possibly during the summer of 1956.

J.C.

The 'London River' Race

Greenwich Reach looked far from inviting at 9 a.m. on 2nd October. However, the 43 competing crews were not visibly affected by the mist and threatening weather, and quickly erected their canoes in the grounds of the Royal Naval College. Many of them were the crack crews of the canoeing world and a very high standard was expected. Among the entrants from the Services were four crews of the Royal Marine Commando, who had flown over from Germany to compete, and five crews from the College.

At 1015, with the tide just on the flow, the folding single-seaters started on the 21-mile race to Richmond with our only entrant in that class, F.C. Youd, in the middle of the pack. Twenty minutes later the folding two-seaters started, only to be obstructed by a docking steamer in the first four hundred yards. This split the pack into two and caused at least half to lose some 200 yards. At Tower Bridge our crews were about half way down their class and paddling strongly, although F.C. Pollock and F.C. Lawrance had sprung a leak and were stopping to empty their canoe every mile or so.

F.C. Youd had already passed Hammersmith Bridge when the shore party arrived, and the leading College pair, F.C. Kharegat and F.C. Blackford were ten minutes ahead of F.C. Coates and F.C. Steel and about 20 minutes ahead of F.C. Tiffen and F.C. Scullard, while F.C. Lawrance and F.C. Pollock were still removing large quantities of Thames from their

canoe, having lost too much ground to make up. The order remained unchanged until the end of the race; our single-seaters and leading two-seater having averaged about eight miles per hour over the distance.

We didn't win any prizes in London, but we had a wonderful day's racing. We saw the experts get down to it and saw canoeing at its best, and learnt a great deal from this well-organized and enjoyable race.

J.C.

Dancing

It is with considerable regret that we say goodbye to Mr Joe Boyd and Miss Sylvia Coupland, who are leaving. They have been giving dancing classes to flight cadets for four years now, and have produced many a self-assured and proficient dancer. Our sincerest thanks go to these two dancing instructors for all that they have done during those four years.

The Court School of Dancing at Lincoln has been approached concerning the provision of new instructors, but as yet there is nothing definite to report. It would indeed be a pity if the Section had to close, after five very successful years, through lack of instructors. The Section plans to carry on as before once new instructors have been found.

Angling

During the Christmas term the section was considerably expanded by the addition of those who were interested in underwater fishing and swimming. The section now has about 35 members.

From 17th to 21st December, two members had a very enjoyable fishing

holiday at Oulton Broad. Excellent accommodation was provided by Mr and Mrs Wood of the Norfolk Guest House. The weather and fish were not as co-operative as they might have been. Two pike were hooked, one of which was landed, the other freeing itself in some adjacent weeds. The pike that was landed weighed eight pounds, and was returned to the water to grow larger. The 'one that got away' was estimated to weigh fifteen pounds. Evenings were spent reading and preparing for the next day's outing. Mr and Mrs Wood invited the party to the Oulton Broad Outboard Racing Club dance, a gesture that was much appreciated.

During the Easter term, the section hopes to start underwater swimming training and, if possible, to visit a whale factory ship at Liverpool.

Next leave a party will be going salmon fishing in Scotland, and a visit to Jersey for both anglers and underwater swimmers is being arranged for the summer leave.

Printing

The atmosphere in the printing room was unusually quiet at the beginning of the Christmas term. The reason for this was that several members of the section remained at the College to assist with the annual C.C.F. camp during the summer vacation, and were able to complete all the jobs outstanding from the previous term. Thus the section was able to enter the Christmas term with a clear conscience and a clean sheet.

This unusual feeling of being in the proverbial dinghy was soon lost when the other College societies and activities, recovering from their summer triumphs, began to place their orders. Many of the routine jobs were completed, including tickets for the 'Little Theatre,' and notices for hockey teams, soccer teams and, last but not least, the College *Journal*. Towards the end of the term the larger routine jobs were completed, including programmes for the College play and the Wings Parade.

Shortly after half term, the section decided to print its own Christmas cards. The scheme was very popular with all members and quite a competition for the best design ensued. Many of the results were, if not practical, most original. Subsequently an order was placed with a printer for a batch of blank cards. Time went by, but the cards failed to arrive. The end of term did, though, and still no cards. Sadly the cheated members of the section closed the printing room and went on leave. On arriving back at Cranwell at the beginning of the

Easter term, we found that the inevitable had happened—the cards had arrived. Christmas cards for 1956 have now been printed!

Fine Arts

The society has had a fairly active term, and several new members have joined from the Junior Year. Attendance has not been very regular at the weekly meetings, owing to night flying and the inherent attraction of flight cadets and bed! However, good use has been made of the facilities provided at Lincoln Art College by those members attending, and all have shown progress. Three members are doing pottery, and the others are either painting or sketching. We are still barred, unfortunately, from the life class, but we have hopes of co-operation with Lincoln Training College over this matter. It is hoped that more members will attend regularly next term, since the instruction is useless in fragments, and that the next end-of-term exhibition will be a little more inspiring.

Engineering

The Christmas term saw the revival of the Engineering Section of the College Societies after a lapse of over a year. A programme of short papers, film shows and works visits brought quite good support from the more senior entries but poor support from Junior Mess. However, at the end of the term it seemed that this first trend was misleading. The section is now a thriving one.

Lectures were given by members of the staff on a wide variety of subjects ranging from 'Vulnerability Aspects of Modern Design,' by Squadron Leader Clarke, to 'Electronics in Industry,' by Mr Traill. Members of other sections, such as the Sailing Section, found the lecture on 'Hard Chine Speedboats' most informative, and prospective test pilots would perhaps have been discouraged by Flight Lieutenant Fairhurst's talk about the introduction of the Sabre into R.A.F. service.

Because of other College activities on the drill square and in the gymnasium, two film shows had to be cancelled, but the third proved a success. This consisted of about two hours of assorted films from the Shell library and covered as always a wide field from 'Oil Well Fires' to 'Motor Racing on the Continent.' As this show was popular it is proposed to have more in the forthcoming terms.

The most enthusiastic support was shown by members in the two visits made to Messrs Ransome & Marles—bearing makers of Newark—and to

Messrs Brotherhoods, of Peterborough—makers of heavy steam turbines. During these the problem of getting the last bearing in a cage was solved for many a curious member. At Peterborough, hearts and other parts of the anatomy were warmed on a very cold day by watching molten metal being poured into moulds. It was all very interesting.

During the next few terms it is hoped to arrange more visits and film shows, together with building a land yacht which, with suitable permission, will sail (?) down the main runway on the new airfield. The cry is still the same as it was a few terms ago: more support, please, from the Junior College.

Angling, Sub Aqua

This term has seen the birth of the Sub Aqua Section of the Angling Section, and though at the time of writing the section is still on a trial basis, the membership is already nearing the 30 mark and several ambitious schemes are taking shape.

During the coming summer vacation it is hoped that a party will be able to visit the Jersey Sub Aqua Club in the Channel Isles. This club has been very generous and has offered the use of a number of aqua-lungs as well as all the facilities of their clubhouse, for which we are more than grateful.

At present the section sadly lacks members proficient in the use of aqua-lungs, and in an attempt to remedy this several of the recognised training establishments were approached. Their terms, unfortunately, proved beyond the section's meagre funds so it is hoped that the Royal Navy will co-operate in training members.

Meanwhile, members are being encouraged to use the swimming bath in order to practise controlled breathing, and the sustained use of flippers, face mask and schnorkel tube.

For the future, there are plans for a trip to the Mediterranean, possibly Tripoli, but these will depend on the success of this summer's expedition. If the enthusiasm of the members is anything to go by it is 'Tripoli or Bust' by '57.

Debating

The section began the term determined to initiate a slow but steady revival of debating in the College. Greater thought was given to choosing suitable topics for debate, and more members were encouraged to attend the meetings.

The first of the two meetings was held on Tuesday, 27th September, in

the Junior Mess ante-room. The motion before the house was: 'In spite of recent criticism, this house considers marriage in early youth not only natural but preferable.' The debate was soon in full swing, and lively and witty oratory was heard from both sides of the house. Many new flight cadets showed promise, and it is hoped they will continue to support the society. Inevitably the motion was defeated, but the 26 members present enjoyed far better oratory than that which was forthcoming last term.

The second debate was on Tuesday, 8th November, in the Library annexe. The motion this time was: 'The Cadet Colleges of the three Services should be unified as a step towards the creation of a single Service.' In view of Viscount Montgomery's recent comments on this subject, a large attendance was confidently expected, and many members of the staff were welcome visitors. A record attendance of flight cadets also forsook other attractions to air their views. The motion was defeated by a considerable majority, and the House was adjourned until the Easter term.

Of the other debating activities, most noteworthy was a visit by 20 flight cadets to the Cambridge Union. All enjoyed an interesting and lively debate on Trade Unionism, and learnt many of the fundamentals of debating etiquette.

The committee would like to thank its regular supporters, and looks forward to even better attendance in the Easter term.

Pot-holing

It is one of the pleasures of pot-holing to re-surface, after a day's contented scrambling and squirming, and appreciate anew the warmth and beauty of our world, the colour, scents and sounds, and to rejoice in a good scrub in a clear hill stream. Conversely, to be confronted with a storm after the relative dry of the hole, to find it cold, wet and uninviting outside, with your clear stream in full mud-laden spate is not the finest inducement to pot-holing.

No one would suggest, of course, that this might explain the relative inactivity of the section during the Christmas term.

We made only one Sunday expedition to Derbyshire, which provided first experience for a hearteningly large number of new members. Although we enjoyed and benefited from the meet, our object of gaining experience on ladders was not satisfactorily achieved. We were unable to leave Cranwell before 1230

hours, it takes a long while to set up the tackle safely, and, although we managed to give everybody a brief experience, we were severely limited by time.

Having discovered a pot-hole in the summer, it seems only fitting that we should have lost one during the Christmas meet; needless to say, we were not awarded the Pye Trophy for this either! A party of four went to Somerset to explore Eastwater Swallet. They stayed at the Youth Hostel at Priddy, and found themselves dependent on the local bus service; this ran twice a week! The first day it rained hard, and the second day. This is critical in pot-holing, as it not only becomes uncomfortable, but also possibly dangerous. Thus the first day, which is normally in the nature of a limber up, the party found themselves wading down underground streams, climbing down a waterfall, becoming separated, then, uncertain of their position in 'Boulder Maze,' finally emerging after four hours underground.

The second day they were anticipating some really constructive pot-holing in a fine system on a lower level. Bent upon exploration here, they had first to locate the entrance leading down from the upper series. This was in fact nowhere to be found, and must have been hidden behind another uncharted waterfall.

After this disappointment the meet was abandoned when it was found that all the other pot-holes in the area were either flooded or too dangerous to enter. We still intend to explore Eastwater Swallet, but at some future, more seasonal, date.

M.J.F.W.

Sailing

Only one match is held in the autumn and that is against the R.M.A. Sandhurst. It is held on their home 'ground,' Chichester harbour, and we use some of their six Fireflys.

The team, minus one member, was flown down to R.A.F. Thorney Island, where it stayed over the weekend. The first race was scheduled for Saturday afternoon, and this enabled the Cranwell helmsmen to have a look at the course. The weather was perfect, with a fresh S.W. breeze and blue skies. Owing to a rather late start, only one race was sailed and in this one of the Cranwell teams had to retire for fouling another boat. The other two boats obtained second and fifth places, giving Sandhurst a clear victory.

On Sunday another race was held, this time in 'Hamble Stairs,' provided

by Thorney Island. Once again Sandhurst, who gained an early lead, came in first, and the match went to them.

The Sandhurst match marked the end of the season, but the boats were not brought back to Cranwell immediately, as racing was still going on at Newark. Several members sailed regularly with the Trent Sailing Club. The boats are now being prepared for the new season, when it is hoped that at least a few matches will be won!

Photographic

The highlight of this term's work was the usual Christmas exhibition as part of the College Society exhibition for the Passing-Out in December. About 60 prints were shown, and a show of coloured transparencies was included. Notable entries included those of Squadron Leaders R. L. Smith and Macro, Flight Cadets Faid, Blackford, Hemsley, Duval, Coulcher and Ginn. The prints showed a wide range of interests, and their standard was high, especially from the pictorial viewpoint.

A new departure for the section was the judging of a competition between Rugby and Uppingham schools. The prints entered were on show to the College for almost a week before the judging showed that Uppingham had produced the best. It is hoped that the section will provide some prints which are good enough to enable us to challenge Uppingham with a fair chance of success.

After a period of long and faithful service to the section Flight Lieutenant E. S. Williams left the station, and we welcome Squadron Leader E. L. Macro as our new officer i/c.

The Junior Mess darkroom has been moved from what is now First Term Headquarters, and is still seeking a home at the time of writing.

M.C.G.

The Film Section

For the Film Section this has been a most successful term. By the end of the term the membership had reached over 120, and for each of the six shows well over half the members attended. The section has been very fortunate in obtaining the Rear Navigation Room as a semi-permanent theatre. But with the rapid increase in the membership it is feared that this will be inadequate and that another, larger, theatre will have to be found.

It is not perhaps realized how difficult is the choice of programme. There are two pitfalls into which one can tumble: the first is that of choosing too popular a programme and

thereby defeating the aims of the section; the other is to choose too advanced a programme so that the appreciation of the members is taxed too much and their interest wanes. Therefore with these two points in mind it was decided to exclude the earlier classics and instead widen members' appreciation through the modern epics of the continental cinema.

Of these films we showed two from France and one from Italy. When thinking of suspense in the French cinema the name of Henri-Georges Clouzot springs to mind, and we were fortunate to be able to show 'Quai des Orfèvres,' his murder thriller set in the cheap music halls of France, the background for so many outstanding French films. As Clouzot's name is linked with drama, so even more is that of Fernandel associated with comedy. He is unquestionably among the foremost comic actors of the world and his performance in 'The Little World of Don Camillo' fully enhances his reputation. To

represent Italy we chose 'Sunday in August' an international prize-winner and one of the many continental films depicting normal people in normal circumstances yet out of that normality producing tragedy, comedy and pathos in great depth. England and America were each represented by one film from their specialities; the former by one of that very fine collection of comedies by Ealing Studios—'Passport to Pimlico'; and the latter by perhaps its best musical of all—'An American in Paris.'

Hopes are now being entertained of the society becoming not only passive but also active, for the conception of the society, in co-operation with the Dramatic and Photographic Societies, making a film seems far less impossible than it did a short while ago. Any step in such a direction would be a great advance, for only by attempting something oneself can a true appreciation of another's mastery be obtained.

R.I.F.

'JOURNAL' AWARDS

The Awards Sub-Committee has recommended that the following awards should be made for articles, reports, photographs and sketches published in the November, 1955, issue of *The Journal*:

Articles and Reports

College Society Awards: Equally divided between MUMFORD (pages 274 and 250), 15s. and WHITE (page 275), 15s.

Journal Award: Pot-holing Report (page 258), 21s.

Photographs and Sketches

College Society: WATERMAN (page 261), 30s.

Journal Award: NEVILL (page 252), 21s.

CADET WING LISTS

PROMOTIONS

'A' Squadron: Senior Under Officer J. McVie, Under Officers M. D. Porter, A. R. Pollock, H. W. J. Rigg.

'B' Squadron: Senior Under Officer T. M. Durnford, Under Officers T. W. Turnill, T. N. King, Q. M. B. Oswell.

'C' Squadron: Senior Under Officer A. A. Boyle, Under Officers F. W. Daley, G. A. Talbot, P. P. Crowther.

NO. 74 ENTRY

'A' Squadron: P. Bannister, Alexandra, Singapore. J. E. Brown, Canford. I. M. Chalmers-Watson, Sedbergh. J. Cleaver, Bishop Gore's. M. B. Fortune, Cockermouth. D. R. W. de Garis, Elizabeth College. A. M. Goodman, Oundle. L. W. Iles, Bedford. D. M. Nicholls, Gordonstoun. J. S. Pilgrim-Morris, St Edward's. C. R. Potter, Queen's Royal, Trinidad. J. N. Puckering, Kingswood. G. D. Richardson, South Shields. R. P. Skelley, Radley. J. G. Ticehurst, Royal Grammar School, Royal Wycombe.

'B' Squadron: R. J. Body Elizabeth College. C. I. Carr-White, Millfield. J. Delafield, Monkton Coombe. P. J. Edworthy, John Fisher. R. E. M. Freeman, St Paul's. C. M. Furniss, St Mary's, Nairobi. R. D. Gammack, Abingdon. A. Garside, Daniel Stewart's College. R. T. Holpin, Kingsbury. B. Johnston, King's College, Taunton. M. Kimmedy, Pontefract. J. D. Malloch, Greenock. J. G. Saye, Repton. T. V. Spencer, Ampleforth.

'C' Squadron: R. H. T. Baker, Sherborne. R. N. Carter, Shrewsbury. M. J. Gibbons, Churcher's College. P. J. Greenhill, Applegarth. J. G. Hargreaves, Canford. F. W. Hennessy, Gordonstoun. R. A. Johnston, Framlingham. A. G. Noble, King Edward VII. P. I. Prentis, Mount St Mary's. A. L. Roberts, Cranbrook. D. Senior, Leeds. P. Suddaby, St Lawrence. D. C. Thurnell, St Dunstan's. N. R. W. Whitting, Addenham.

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 'A' Squadron: Squadron Leader R. S. Kerby. Army Instructor: Major D. W. Coyle, R.A. Cadets' Records: Flight Lieutenant C. L. Adams. Senior Ground Combat Training Instructor: Squadron Leader G. W. Foskett.

Tutorial Wing: Senior Navigation Instructor: Squadron Leader W. E. Pettifer. Navigation Instructor: Flight Lieutenant R. V. Staley. Tutors (H): Flight Lieutenant P. Lund, Flying Officer G. F. Strowbridge. Officer i/c C.I.W.: Flight Lieutenant D. E. Sharpe.

Flying Wing: Officer Commanding Flying Wing, Barkston Heath: Wing Commander D. K. Warburton. Officer Commanding No. 4 Squadron: Squadron Leader C. C. Povey. Officer Commanding Headquarters Squadron: Squadron Leader L. G. Holden. S.A.T.C.O.: Squadron Leader G. T. Donaldson.

Flying Instructors: Flight Lieutenants T. A. Bennett, T. F. Copleston, F. W. P. Cox, K. J. M. Davis, D. B. Durrant, J. R. Greaves, J. A. Hinwood, R. G. J. Sneller. Flying Officers R. A. E. Dunn, P. D. Elliott, J. H. Hardaker, J. L. Martin, M. W. Tarrant. Pilot Officer P. E. Elliott.

Administrative Wing: Senior Church of England Padre: The Reverend L. J. Ashton. Officer i/c Stores: Squadron Leader W. Brooks. Station Adjutant: Flight Lieutenant A. Garratts. A.D.C. to the Commandant: Flight Lieutenant D. J. Belson.

DEPARTURES

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

Wing Commander: The Reverend W. E. G. Payton.

Major: J. W. Peyton.

Squadron Leaders: J. A. Davies, H. J. King, H. A. B. Porteous, D. G. Roberts, R. D. A. Smith, R. H. Steel, C. E. Wells, G. W. Willis, M. D. Wylie.

Flight Lieutenants: H. E. Breeze, C. N. C. Carryer, J. J. Darvell, R. Dicker, J. L. Farr, D. A. Hankin, W. H. Jackson, L. G. Ludgate, D. H. Wales, E. S. Williams.

Flying Officer: H. Howes.



AUTUMN SPORTS



RUGBY

A FULL fixture list, a nucleus of last year's team and a rumour of promising newcomers gave hopes of a successful season. More than a hundred players put forward their names for the trial matches and the problem was to select the quality from the quantity.

The opening game against the Leicestershire Colts usually provides a severe test and often a defeat, but this year the College made a promising beginning to the season by achieving a draw. After the second match against our old opponents Stoneygate had been lost, a team began to take shape round the nucleus left from last year's fifteen and the players, rapidly gaining confidence, began to knit together.

The team was then badly upset by a series of injuries. From the match at Teddington against the Harlequin Wanderers until the match against the Royal Naval College Greenwich the College was always without one or more players, the back division suffering particularly in this respect. Scrappy displays against teams that might otherwise have been beaten showed the unsettling effect of these continual changes. The stand off half position, a vital one, proved particularly difficult to fill and it was not until more continuity was achieved in the half back positions that the back division could show its powers. Fortunately the pack was not so much affected and, keeping more or less intact, managed to mould itself into a force to be reckoned with even against bigger and heavier sides.

The team tried to play vigorous bustling rugby, taking advantage of a high standard of physical fitness, and trying to develop the skill of the backs in orthodox open play. In contrast to last season the team was not easily pushed off the ball or unsettled by play more robust than its own while the forwards showed themselves solid in the tight scrums and quick to pounce on the opponents' mistake in the loose. Against Northern Command the value of this style of play and of teamwork was amply demonstrated against players who were probably of a higher standard individually but who did not play as a team. This match brought a good win as did the next against a London Scottish Extra 1st XV who were unfortunately weakened by injuries early in the game.

The match before the Sandhurst fixture was against a Royal Air Force XV, led by Squadron Leader R. V. Stirling. The College gave a very spirited display with the backs playing good open football and the forwards in addition to obtaining a good share of the ball often outshone the threequarters in passing movements. The result was a narrow victory for the Royal Air Force XV whom we like to think were saved by the whistle.

Daley, the captain, must have been quite pleased with his team on the eve of the Sandhurst week. Everyone had trained hard, but there were still casualties and, though

Rigg was found fit to play on the morning of the match, Mumford was absent because of injury. The College had to be satisfied with a draw in the Sandhurst match but against their other great rivals the Royal Naval College Greenwich they gained a decisive victory. With a full team out for the first time since early in the term the pack provided a good supply of the ball which the backs used excellently. Martin was given a good chance to show his qualities as an attacking threequarter and with Porter made an extremely effective wing.

The season was not an outstanding one in results but there was a comfortable balance of wins and points on the right side while honours were even in the most important game. The number of spectators at the matches grew as the term went on and it was a great encouragement to have this support, which the team fully appreciated.

The 2nd and 3rd XV's started badly but, as they settled down, they began to win their matches and play good rugby in the process. Neither team was deterred by defeat either from enjoying its rugby or from going on to win other matches, while the importance of having a good 2nd XV to supply reserves for the first team was demonstrated time and again.

The present team has seen the departure of Squadron Leader Smith and Major Peyton who have done so much for College rugby in the past two seasons. They had clear and definite ideas as to how the game should be played and a vocabulary adequate for all occasions. They were ready to blame or to praise as the teams deserved and to them must go much of the credit for the successful and enjoyable rugby which all the College teams have enjoyed.

R.J.A.

RESULTS

1st XV

Sep. 15	Leicestershire Colts	A	3-3	(d)
24	Stoneygate	A	8-20	(l)
Oct. 1	Westleigh	H	10-6	(w)
5	Oundle School	A	39-0	(w)
8	Harlequin Wanderers	A	0-34	(l)
12	R.A.F. Cranwell	H	18-10	(w)
29	Nottingham H.S.	A	12-3	(w)
Nov. 5	King's College Hospital	H	0-9	(l)
9	Workshop College	A	14-21	(l)
12	Henlow Cadets	A	14-6	(w)
16	Northern Command	H	18-11	(w)
19	London Scottish Ex. 1st	H	24-8	(w)
23	R.A.F. XV	H	19-21	(l)
26	R.M.A. Sandhurst	H	3-3	(d)
30	R.N.C. Greenwich	H	17-6	(w)
Dec. 3	Old Nottinghamians	A	3-9	(l)
7	Loughborough Vandals	H	0-0	(d)

Played 17; won 8; lost 6; drawn 3; points for, 202; points against, 170.

2nd XV

Sep. 24	Stoneygate ...	(h)	5-8	(l)
Oct. 1	Wisbech ...	(a)	0-12	(l)
	5 King's School			
	Grantham	(h)	42-0	(w)
	8 Welbeck College...	(a)	3-6	(l)
	12 R.A.F. Cranwell...	(h)	23-3	(w)
	29 Wisbech ...	(h)	12-3	(w)
Nov. 5	King's College			
	Hospital	(h)	45-3	(w)
	9 Worksop College	(a)	31-3	(w)
	12 Boston ...	(h)	5-3	(w)
	16 Leicester			
	University	(a)	13-6	(w)
	19 Henry Mellish O.B	(a)	8-24	(l)
	30 Stamford School...	(a)	6-6	(d)
Dec. 7	Oakham School ...	(h)	19-6	(w)
	10 Grimsby ...	(h)	15-5	(w)

Played 14; won 9; drawn 1; lost 4; points for, 228; points against, 88.

3rd XV

Sep. 24	Stoneygate ...	(h)	0-56	(l)
Oct. 1	Wisbech ...	(h)	23-3	(w)
	29 Wisbech ...	(a)	11-16	(l)
Nov. 12	Lincoln Colts ...	(h)	28-3	(w)
	19 Henry Mellish O.B.	(a)	26-8	(w)
Dec. 3	Lincoln Colts ...	(a)	6-0	(w)
	10 Grimsby ...	(a)	11-0	(w)

Played 7; Won 5; lost 2; drawn 0; points for, 105; points against, 86.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

This has been a good season for the College, and the team showed an outstanding improvement on last year's performance. A lot of hard work and training was demanded from the players to produce the high standard of football that was finally reached. The early part of the season was disappointing, the only successes being against the Officers' Mess, except for two easy victories over school sides, which gave no true indication of the team's capabilities.

As the season progressed the games became more even and Leicester University, although four goals up at half time, were lucky to win after a storming revival by the College, who got three goals in reply. Leeds fielded their full University XI against the College and both sides provided excellent football. Although the College, after gaining the upper hand, dominated the play in the second half, Leeds managed to rally their forces sufficiently to score the winning goal with only a few minutes left to play. During this period, training for the Sandhurst match had been well under way and it was hoped that the match against the Lincoln Constabulary would provide a good dress rehearsal for the all important match. However the match proved disastrous as four of the College side were injured.

After failing to notch the winning goal against Sandhurst, the College



RUGBY 1st XV: DECEMBER, 1955

Left to right:

Back row: Sqn Ldr R. D. A. Smith, Cdt J. G. McCluney, Flt Cdt P. D. Cliff, Cdt D. C. Cameron, Cdt A. C. E. Holbourn, Flt Cdt J. W. Blockey, Cdt G. C. Lane
 Front row: Flight Cadets A. J. Gibson, A. Mumford, H. W. J. Rigg, P. S. Martin, F. W. Daley (Capt), G. L. Aylett, M. D. Porter, P. C. Little, W. R. Thomas
 Absent: Flt Cdt D. Moran



SOCCER 1st XI: DECEMBER, 1955

Left to right:

Back row: Flt Lt C. Peters, Flt Cdt E. H. James, Flt Cdt B. D. Beggs, Flt Cdt N. O. Bacon, S.U.O. P. Carter, Flt Cdt W. J. R. Neve, Mr F. G. Simpson
 Front row: Flt Cdt R. Le. Brocq, Flt Cdt P. A. R. Trump, U.O. S. J. G. Card, Flt Cdt J. B. V. Collins (Capt), Flt Cdt P. Walker, Flt Cdt E. B. Voller, Flt Cdt E. J. Walter

gave vent to their feelings against Icarus and ran out easy winners by eight goals to one. Birmingham University visited the College with a very strong side, and won quite easily. However Nottingham University were not so fortunate and although they had beaten Birmingham a few days previously, they were no match for the College, who finished off the season in excellent form by beating them by the odd goal in three.

Already the objective in the team's mind is next year's Sandhurst game, and every effort will be made to weld together a side capable of bringing the cup back for twelve months instead of six as is the case this season. It is very fortunate that the majority of the team will be available for next year's match, and if the new entries coming into the College, can provide two or three players, then without doubt a first class side will be available with which to visit Sandhurst.

Full colours have been awarded to J. B. V. Collins, Card, Carter, Beggs, Trump, P. Walker and Voller, while half colours have been given to Schooling, Canning, James, Bacon, Neve and Le Brocq.

P.W.

RESULTS

1st XI	
Sep. 14 Officers' Mess ...	4-1 (w)
21 Officers' Mess ...	3-0 (w)
Oct. 1 King Edward's, Louth	15-0 (w)
5 Loughborough ...	1-12 (l)
12 Lincoln Constabulary	2-10 (l)
15 Leicester University...	3-4 (l)
26 Oxford Centaurs ...	1-4 (l)
Nov. 9 Skegness G.S. ...	7-0 (w)
12 Leeds University ...	2-3 (l)
16 Lincoln Constabulary	1-6 (l)
19 Fitzwilliam House,	
Cambridge	5-1 (w)
26 R.M.A. Sandhurst ...	1-1 (d)
30 "Icarus" ...	8-1 (w)
Dec. 7 Birmingham	
University	1-5 (l)
10 Nottingham	
University	2-1 (w)
Won 7; lost 7; drawn 1.	
2nd XI	
Oct. 5 Loughborough ...	1-6 (l)
15 Leicester University ...	2-8 (l)
Nov. 9 Stoke Rochford ...	2-1 (w)
16 Stoke Rochford ...	3-1 (w)
23 Lincoln School ...	0-4 (l)
Dec. 7 Birmingham	
University	0-9 (l)
Won 2; lost 4.	

CROSS COUNTRY

At the end of last season, it was apparent that the team for the coming season would be very promising, and during the Autumn term they fulfilled what was expected of them.

The first match was against the station, who, despite the services of an

ex-R.A.F. champion, were well beaten. Peterborough A.C. were the next visitors and for this match the team ran in two packs, these tactics giving them a narrow victory. The following Saturday, Lincoln Wellington A.C., the Eastern Counties champions, were the opponents and as expected the College was soundly beaten, but the race, which was run over the course at Lincoln, provided valuable experience.

In the second of the triangular matches Leicester University College and Repton provided opposition more on the College's level. At Nottingham the University won easily as was expected, however the tortuous seven mile course provided good training for the Sandhurst match. After the match against Sandhurst, the season closed with a very enjoyable match against the Royal Naval College Greenwich. The course was mostly over roads and consequently very fast times were recorded.

Up to Christmas the season has been reasonably successful. New blood has been infused into the team, and the calibre of these younger runners augurs well for the future. Harrington and Fox have been the two outstanding runners of the season and they have been ably supported by Ryan, Rodgers, Pilgrim-Morris and Scouller, the last being a very much improved runner.

Full colours have been awarded to Harrington and half-colours to Fox, Rodgers, and Pilgrim-Morris.

R.W.C.

RESULTS

Sep. 14 R.A.F. Cranwell (h)	7-21 (w)
Oct. 1 Peterboro' A.C. (h)	38-42 (w)
8 Lincoln	
Wellington A.C. (a)	69-25 (l)
Nov. 5 Boston A.C. and (h) B	24-36-2nd
Lincoln Well-	L 12
ington A.C.	
12 Repton School (h) L	31-56 (w)
and Leicester R	91
Univ. College	
19 Nottingham	
University (a)	126-40 (l)
26 R.M.A.	
Sandhurst (h)	41-38 (l)
Dec. 3 R.N.C.	
Greenwich (a)	15-47 (w)

BOXING

The College team was to have had two matches during the winter term against Cambridge and Oxford Universities, but the latter fixture had to be cancelled at the last minute, owing to the weakness of our team. This, one cannot help feeling, was the result of the general attitude that one

cannot be both a pilot and a boxer. This attitude bodes ill for the Sandhurst match next term and we cannot hope to have a flourishing team unless those who have taken this stand, especially those who have proved their worth in the ring, reconsider their decision.

The match against Cambridge was lost by 10 points to 16. The College started the evening off badly by losing the first five fights. At bantam weight Perera fought a losing battle against a more experienced and fitter opponent, so that it was no surprise when the referee stopped the fight. Ryan put up a plucky display in the first of the three successive fights at light weight and never allowed his opponent to dominate the fight. Allen, the captain, did most of the attacking in his fight but as a consequence took some heavy counter-punching and lost on points, as did Atkins, who in his first fight for the College showed considerable promise. Tiffen fighting at welter weight was continually puzzled by his opponent's style, yet despite being put down several times by his opponent's left hook he managed to last the distance. In the first of the two light-middle-weight bouts Le Brocq gave the College its first win by knocking his opponent out in the second round, while Moran, although being on top during the first half of the bout, eventually succumbed to the Cambridge boxer's superior punching and narrowly lost on points. In the last bout of the evening Nelson at middle-weight gained the College's second victory by proving that determination can overcome science.

J.A.T.

FENCING

Following a slow start the second half of the term brought about some very enjoyable matches. It was a term of experiment, with many new members being tried out in the team, and with this in mind the College fielded a second team against the newly-formed Welbeck College team in order to give new members match experience. It was a good win over Welbeck College, with some of the younger members giving a promising display. The first team were then very convincingly beaten by R.A.F. Waterhead and London University so that half-way through the season the prospects were none too bright. However the College then staged a revival and close contests were fought against Ericssons and Eton College, so that the team eventually finished the term having won four out of their seven matches.

The team, with its inexperience, had a tendency in moments of crisis to forget its training and adopt a "swashbuckling" attitude. However, marked progress has been shown by Morgan with the foil, while Jones has tempered his energy with deliberation. It is to be hoped that by the Sandhurst fixture the team will have gained the experience to match their enthusiasm.

R.G.S.

RESULTS

Welbeck College	11-7 (w)
R.A.F. Waterhead	6-21 (l)
Peterborough	15-12 (w)
London University	7-20 (l)
Ericssons	14-13 (w)
Eton College	13-14 (l)
Nottingham	17-10 (w)

SHOOTING

With the start of the Christmas term comes the opening of the small bore season. To start with, twenty prospective marksmen attended the early practices, but as the weeks went by the numbers were reduced to twelve, from whom a team of eight was selected for the various matches.

During the term the team competed in the Flying Training Command League and shot nine matches. The results at the beginning were a little disappointing, mainly owing to competition nerves, as the team was relatively inexperienced in the field. However a grand comeback was staged in the later matches and the figures at the end of the season showed that the College had won four of the nine matches it had shot.

Three shoulder to shoulder matches broke up the monotony of the Flying Training Command postal matches. The first of these was against Highgate School. After a very exciting match, in which Barrow scored a possible (100 points), the College avenged last year's defeat by winning by one point. The annual match against Oundle resulted in a win for the College. The team shot magnificently and achieved a score of 1,550 points which subsequently turned out to be the highest score of the season. The match against Sandhurst has been reported elsewhere.

It was learnt at the end of the term that the College team had succeeded in graduating into the second round of the Flying Training Command competition and would be competing in the finals of the coveted Nobel Cup.

Full colours were awarded to Bennett, and half colours to Edwards, Baerselman, Scott, Turner and Thomas.

D.H.S.

THE CHIMAY COMPETITION

THE battle for the Chimay Cup in the Autumn Term resolved itself into a struggle between 'A' and 'C' squadrons with 'B' squadron a poor third. The competition eventually hinged on the result of the 'A' and 'C' squadrons' rugger match, which the former won and so deprived 'C' squadron, the holders, of the Cup.

The fencing turned out to be a runaway victory for 'C' squadron by ten points and the only interest was in the fight for second place which 'A' squadron gained by the very narrow margin of one point.

In the shooting also the favourites, 'A' squadron, won, but this time it was no walkover and 'B' squadron was always following hard on 'A' squadron's heels. The matches went according to expectations with both 'B' and 'A' beating 'C' squadron easily so that the real struggle rested with the match between 'B' and 'A' squadrons, which the latter won by 767 points to 76.

As usual the inter-squadron soccer matches proved very interesting. 'C' squadron started off well by beating 'B' squadron by 3 goals to 1. However 'B' squadron redeemed

themselves by soundly beating 'A' squadron. Here 'A' squadron, although on top during the first half, failed to score more than one goal so that 'B,' who made the most of their chances, won comfortably. In the match against 'C' squadron, 'A' scored first, but their lack of stamina enabled 'C' to win easily.

Boxing

This competition produced some of the finest fights seen at the College. In the opening match 'C' squadron beat 'B' by 14 points to 12. Le Brocq, with his usual efficiency, knocked out Wandowi ('B') in the last round. At lightweight Atkins ('B') outclassed Clayton with some clever boxing, but at the heavier weights there were some close contests, especially at middle-weight where Little ('C') won narrowly after overcoming stiff competition from Coulcher.

'A' squadron had a close match against 'B,' winning by 13 points to 11. For 'A' squadron Tiffen and Moran had easy points victories, while Allen and Ettridge ('A') and Thornton ('B') all won within the



SHOOTING TEAM : DECEMBER, 1955

Left to right :

Back row: Sqn Ldr R. Leverington-Smith, Flt Cdt W. A. Edwards, Flt Cdt J. C. K. Baerselman, Flt Cdt J. M. Turner, Flt Cdt J. J. Mason, Flt Cdt D. H. Scott
Front row: Flt Cdt R. L. Thomas, Flt Cdt R. J. Bennett, Flt Cdt J. McVie (Capt), U.O. J. I. Barrow, Snr Flt Cdt G. C. Derby

distance. The finest bout of the evening was at middleweight when Pollock boxed superbly before finally knocking out a determined Coulcher.

With the final result now lying between 'A' and 'C' squadrons, the latter leading by one point, 'A' squadron scored an early advantage with a walkover at bantamweight for Bentley. However, wins by Steel, White and Le Brocq quickly restored the balance in favour of 'C.' Then came the best fight of the evening when Moran ('A') out-boxed and out-manoeuvred a stronger opponent in Little. Inspired by this example, Pollock, Ettridge and Rigg all won their fights, thereby ensuring that 'A' squadron retained the trophy by winning by 15 points to 11.

POINTS SCORED

	A	B	C
	Sqn	Sqn	Sqn
Rugby ...	25	5	15
Football ...	4	12	20
Boxing ...	15	3	9
Fencing ...	6	2	10
.22 Shooting	10	6	2
	60	28	56
	—	—	—

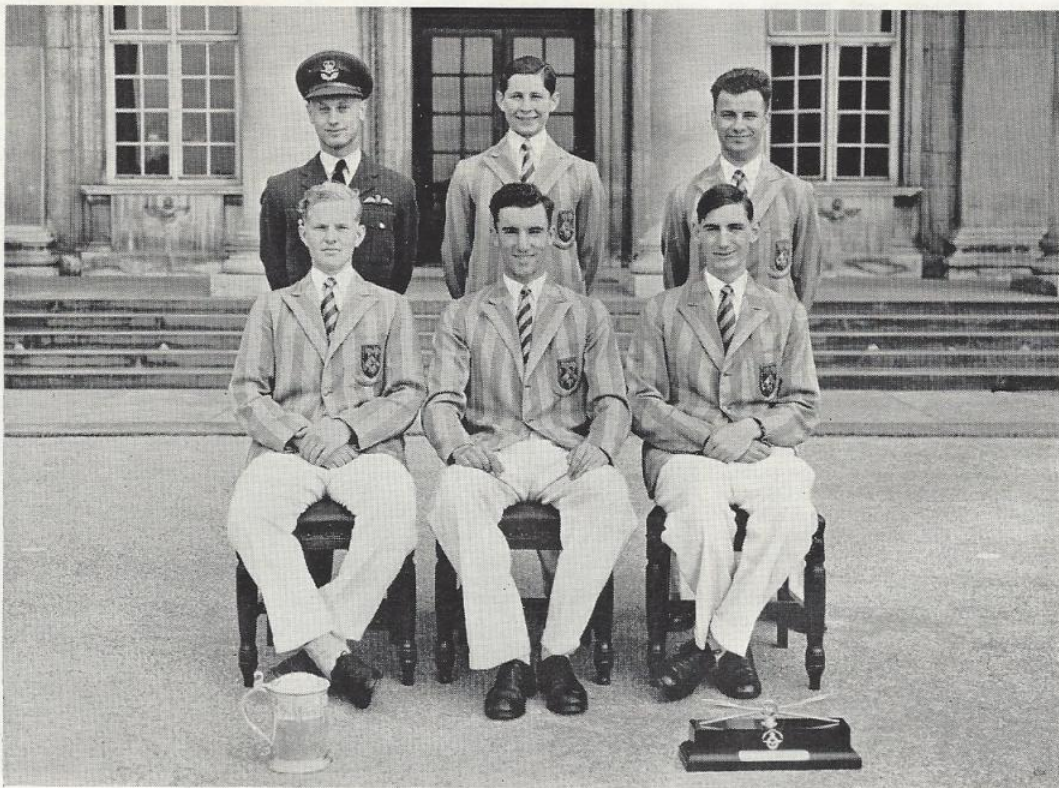
Rugby

The rugby competition promised to be very interesting with 'C' squadron having a powerful pack and 'A' squadron most of the College team in their back division. However, it was 'B' squadron that provided most of the interest. Against 'C' squadron they started off by leading at half time and it was not until 'C' squadron

re-arranged their back division that they found the gaps in 'B' squadron's defence and won 12 points to 8.

It was against 'A' squadron that 'B' nearly accomplished the almost impossible, when they held 'A' to a 3-3 draw. 'B' squadron played magnificently, especially the pack, and it was no surprise when they went ahead and it was only through a penalty goal that 'A' squadron equalized.

In the deciding match 'A' squadron took no chances and, with the pack giving their outsiders a fair share of the ball, the 'A' squadron's back division had a field-day and 'C' were beaten by 22 points to nil. Thus the rugger competition and the Chimay Cup was back with 'A' squadron.



ROYAL AIR FORCE COLLEGE ROWING CLUB: SUMMER, 1955

Back row : Flt Lt G. G. Lee, Flt Cdt T. O'Grady, Flt Cdt H. R. Ploszuk
Seated : Flt Cdt G. R. Hart, S.U.O. A. J. S. Whittaker, Flt Cdt J. Emtage.



R.A.F.C. CRANWELL

V

R.M.A. SANDHURST



AS usual, the weather failed to keep up to the occasion and the day's sport began in cold, cheerless weather which did not improve at all during the day. To make matters worse a strong wind was blowing which added to the difficulties of those participating.

The first event in the morning was the soccer match and the stand was soon full of supporters giving splendid encouragement. The match started at its customary fast pace and within a few minutes Voller came very near to scoring with a fine shot. The College were well on top now with the forward line moving excellently, but many scoring opportunities were missed through poor finishing. Sandhurst had a keen side but were slightly slower than the College whose defence had no difficulty in holding their opponents' forward line. Therefore it was surprising when Sandhurst went ahead after a weak shot from their inside right was deflected by Beggs into his own goal. This was a tragedy as he had up to then been playing an excellent game.

Soon after the interval the College equalised through Voller and thereafter dominated the play. But again the finishing was poor and the match ended in a draw although a last-minute rally by Sandhurst had the Cranwell supporters on tenterhooks. Perhaps a draw after all was a fair result as Cranwell, although so much on top, were so poor in finishing.

During the second half two other events had started. The cross-country race got off to a good start and the runners were last seen disappearing behind the College at a pace which savoured more of a sprint than a six-mile course, while over on one of the rugby pitches the match between the Sandhurst Pirates and the Cranwell Privateers was getting under way, and eventually the Privateers ran out easy winners by 29 points to 3. In the meantime the shooting teams had returned from the range, the College team exuberant over an excellent win by three points.

The shooting match, which consisted of four stages, started very tamely and by the end of the second stage it was very open with the College leading by a matter of only two points. However, stage three saw a surprising change, for a steady shoot by the Sandhurst team kept their aggregate in a healthy position whereas Cranwell fell sadly behind.

The atmosphere at the beginning of the final round was electric, with the Sandhurst team nervous lest they should lose their newly found lead while Cranwell were determined to close the gap between the scores. However, the good luck that had deserted the College in the third round and the skill of Scott put Cranwell back on top. Victory was theirs by three points. Scott returned the top score of the day with a 99, while for Sandhurst Fowler scored 98.

While these glad tidings were being received by the home supporters, reports of the cross-country race were being relayed by walkie-talkie and broadcast over the loudspeaker system. At first the positions were

even with Ryan making the pace, but as the race progressed it was obvious that two of the Sandhurst team had now taken over the lead, so that it was no surprise to see the first runner to enter the stadium wearing the Sandhurst colours. The second runner was from Sandhurst also, closely pursued by Harrington. However, Cranwell's hopes were revived at the sight of Fox and Ryan coming in at 4th and 5th respectively. But Sandhurst managed to keep the edge in the lower positions and win by 38 points to 41.

Now almost all events had been played off in the morning leaving the stage free for the rugby match, and, fortified by a hot meal, the spectators braved the cold again to watch the match.

RUGBY

This year's rugby match had a special significance for of the previous eight games played since the war each had won four and neither Sandhurst nor Cranwell had won away from home, so each side had an additional incentive, Sandhurst to break the



Harrington making a gallant but unsuccessful bid for first place

sequence of away losses and Cranwell to avenge last year's defeat—a heavy one.

Cranwell won the toss and kicked off. For much of this half Sandhurst were in the Cranwell half pressing hard for a break through. Soon after the start their threequarters were given a chance to move and in this and other movements looked to be more enterprising and a shade faster than the Cranwell backs. Aylett, the Cranwell scrum-half, often relieved the situation with long kicks to touch from the base of the scrum and he was ably backed by Lane at full-back who, positioning himself well, was able to gather the longer but less accurate kicks of Willcox, the Sandhurst full-back, and put them safely into touch. After a long period of sustained Sandhurst pressure the inevitable score came when Hewitt, the scrum-half, went round the blind side to gain an unconverted try. Cranwell stormed the Sandhurst line from the kick-off and in the last few seconds of the half Aylett just failed to score.

Sandhurst deserved their first half lead, because of the speed and hard running of their backs, but the forwards were evenly matched. The game was being played at a great pace with fierce marking and tackling by both sides so physical fitness could be expected to tell in the second half.

Sandhurst kicked off and as for the first moments of the first half the sides came to grips about the halfway line. After this preliminary skirmish Cranwell drove Sandhurst back and there was continuous pressure in the latter's line which was only relieved twice. The equalling score came during this period from a good penalty goal kicked by Porter. The Cranwell pack were now winning the ball more in the loose from a tiring Sandhurst eight and from one such loose maul Aylett sent his threequarters away. Martin found a gap and exploited it before handing on to Porter, but good covering just kept Cranwell out. Sandhurst summoned all their energy to hold their line, Berry, the fly-half, several times relieving with good kicks to touch. Their efforts were rewarded with deadlock and the game ended in midfield as a draw.

This was a game thoroughly enjoyed by both the teams and the spectators who saw Rugby, as it is too seldom seen, played full-bloodedly and heartily but with a good spirit on both sides. No quarter was given and when mistakes were made there was almost always someone there to cover. As always in this match the marking and tackling were fierce and were made even more so by the closeness



A Cranwell attack thwarted by a good save by the Sandhurst goalkeeper



A typical line-out scene

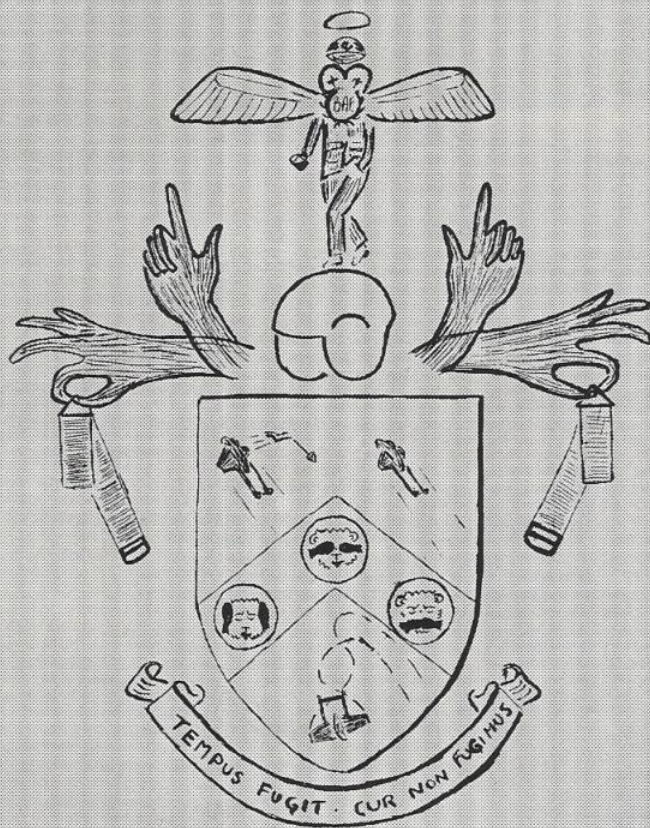
of the struggle and the encouragement of the spectators. For Sandhurst Cheesman and Bailey jumped well in the line-outs and gave their side a distinct advantage. In the tight scrums the lighter Cranwell pack did well to hold their own but in the loose they were livelier and got more than their share of the ball as well as being quick to take advantage of their opponents' mistakes. Daley led the Cranwell pack with fire and determination, ably supported by Rigg, Little and Cameron, with the wing forwards doing valuable covering work.

The Sandhurst threequarters looked more dangerous but tended to

elaborate, and determined tackling by Cranwell limited the progress they were able to make. The Cranwell backs were more orthodox but they too came close to scoring on occasions, with Martin providing the mainspring of the attack. Aylett at scrum-half was a great source of strength, especially in his defensive kicking.

It was a fair result of an exciting game, with Sandhurst earning their half-time lead but Cranwell's second half supremacy deserving the draw. Honour was satisfied with the cup to be shared for the next year. A fitting end to an excellent day's sport, which was thoroughly enjoyed by participants and spectators alike.

THE
ROYAL AIR FORCE
COLLEGE



JOURNAL

CRAMWELL MARCH (By the centre) 14,1,2

VOL. I No. 1

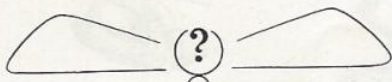
ROYAL AIR FORCE



THE COLLEGE AT NIGHT

Photograph by courtesy of "Blight"

THE BOYAL AIR FORCE COLLEGE JOURNAL



CONTENTS

As this page of *The Journal* is going to the printers before the rest is even written, there's not much point in giving a list of contents. We do, however, hope to include articles by Sir Winston Churchill, P. G. Wodehouse, T. S. Eliot, and the bloke who borrowed a fiver from us on the bus to Retford last sports afternoon. Failing these, we shall have, as usual, to write the darned thing ourselves.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The Editor of *The Boyal Air Force College Journal* wishes to take this opportunity of thanking his small but devoted staff for their loyalty and hard work.

* * *

The staff of *The Boyal Air Force College Journal* wishes to take the opportunity of reminding their small but distorted editor of the bottle party he promised them 'once we get this — rag into print.'

EDITORIAL STAFF OF THE JOURNAL

The Editorial Staff of *The Royal Air Force College Journal* vehemently denies any responsibility for these pages [cowards!]. Writs of libel should accordingly be made against the following:

Managing Editor: Anon., c. 1357.

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Manual Worker: Tired Cadet R. D. French.

Office Boy: D. D. Nabarro.

Assistant Office Boy: R. Scott.

*Thrown together in the Library Annexe after a particularly hectic Guest Night
and Printed against the advice of McCorquodale & Co. Ltd.*



Gash Gen

AT the start of the Spring term, the College numbers 126 flight cadets, including 125 of the Equipment and Secretarial Branches, and one who was suspended last term but refuses to leave as his girl-friend lives in Sleaford. A further 117 are overdue from leave, but it is confidently expected that 100 of these will return by next pay day. At the moment of going to press only 17 are being detained awaiting Her Majesty's pleasure—an all-time low.

'B' Squadron have become Sovereign's Squadron 'in perpetuum' by the simple expedient of appropriating the Prince of Wales' Trophy while the other squadrons were out on cross-country practice.

Despite a well-organized mutiny, the Passing Out of No. 351 Entry eventually took place. Of course I didn't go to the Lincoln dance, darling—I was doing my thesis, like I said. Of course I love you, sweetiekins; you know I love you, dearest: how can you possibly. . . . The drill was even worse than usual.

Visitors to the College have included:

September 23rd: A gentleman with a shillelagh inquiring for the armoury.

October 12th: The local police inspector.

October 23rd: Napoleon Bonaparte.

October 24th: Two gentlemen with nets looking for a Mr Bonaparte.

September 16th, 19th, 21st

October 3rd, 12th, 17th, 21st

November 8th, 9th, 24th, 28th

December 1st, 3rd

November 27th: A rather attractive young lady looking for a flight cadet called

'Johnny.'

} The local police sergeant.

The principal cause of confusion this term has been the introduction of the new timetable, involving the shortening to five minutes of the break between lectures. Mad mobs of flight cadets now rush madly through the College on their way from Science Block to West Site; parties have even been known to arrive at lectures with a couple of the College cleaners, complete with buckets and mops, caught up in their midst.

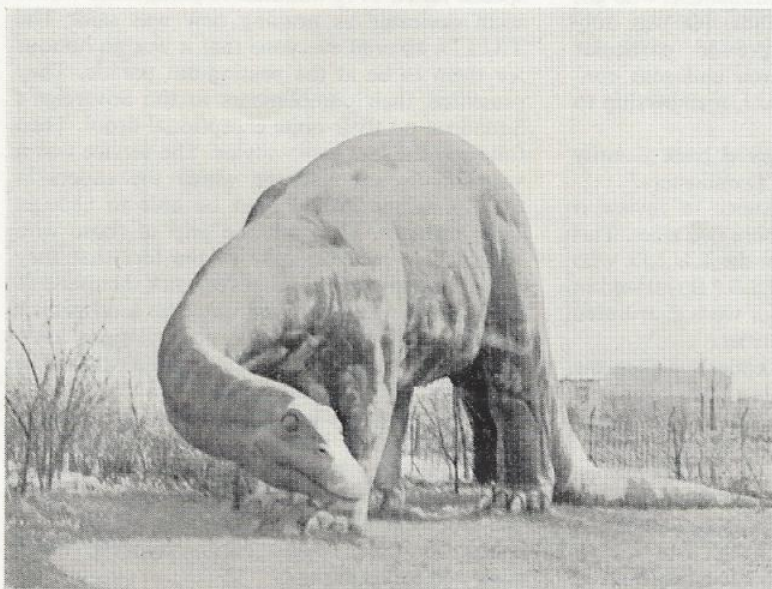
The introduction of drill-less mornings was designed to cut out morning rush. How well this has succeeded may be judged from the following authenticated record of one member of the Senior Entry:

Distance: From pit in the extremity of East Wing to lecture room on West Site.

Handicap: To dress; shave slightly; awaken partially.

Time taken: Eleven minutes. (Awaiting confirmation by the B.B.C.)

Passing-Out Parade



*Durnford and a dinosaur.
The dinosaur is the figure
nearer to the camera.*

ON 1st April, 1984, at the passing-out parade of the seven flight cadets of No. 351 Entry, the College was delighted to welcome 351 Shop Stewards from Trades Unions Incorporated (including 256 members of Parliament and 95 millionaires).

As the sun rose from a clear sky the only seasonable touch was the shower passing out. Soon, however, the inevitable dense fog rolled in, and, as the vast number of visitors and day-trippers huddled together on the Orange, to the eternal ruin of the cricket square, the drab rain-coats of the Services and the black umbrellas of the ladies made a most inspiring spectacle.

At precisely 1207, exactly 37 minutes late, as the charabanc carrying the T.U.I. Delegation crashed through the main gate, the Parade Commander cautioned the Cadet Wing. A passing crow cawed and the Cadet Wing sprang to attention. This was the best movement of the day.

It was unfortunate that the delegation was too late to see the usual smooth process of getting on parade. But they saw and appreciated the brilliant navigation through fog which led the cadet wing behind the spectators and back again, leaving only ten of the leading squadron hanging about the cricket square, suspended on the surrounding barbed wire.

With very little time lost and trouble caused the squadrons were in position, although the two

halves of the Sovereign's Squadron were separated, having cut their way through the spectators, cameramen, band and flower-beds.

The colour party heard the usual crash of footsteps on the grating at the main door, followed by the usual clatter and the usual muffled oath; then, following Scott's noble example, they marched undaunted into the fog, to disappear without further trace. Associated British Pictures have acquired the film rights.

An attempt was made to disguise the fog by lighting fires. A neighbouring fire brigade drenched half the parade and spectators in its zeal to save the College. Fortunately, but not fortuitously, as the T.U.I. Delegation approached there was a noticeable dispersal of the fog—attributed to a local front of hot air.

The delegation crowded onto the dais to the ever-popular 'Fanfare Boogie.' Following the impressive crackle of the B.A.F. College salute, the delegation descended like locusts for the inspection.

This was remarkable in taking 47½ minutes, leaving the parade without paddles on its fourth consecutive trip to Skye. The T.U.I.D. (pronounced chewed) insisted upon a few words to every cadet, and presented each with a brightly coloured pamphlet impaled upon his bayonet. More brandy was consumed on the parade than all others put together, as the Medical Officer made a general issue through the ranks.

The dressing and precision of the slow and quick march pasts were immaculate, although the plaintive calls of the parade commander, who got lost in the fog, provided pathos. He was duly retrieved. The T.U.I.D. expressed particular appreciation of the slow march and sent congratulations and honorary T.U.I. membership to the drill flight sergeant.

The cadet wing then swaggered back jauntily into line of squadrons to the 'Dambusters.'

During the impeccable advance in review it was noticed that some cadets bore two rifles. This brought a howl of protest from the T.U.I.D. who chanted: 'One man, one rifle.' S.S.S.* Boyal held an immediate conference and rifles were distributed so that all cadets carried two rifles.

In deference to the Union Leader's wishes, the age-old tradition of presenting the sword of honour was replaced by the presentation of a pick of honour, as being more suitable to the occasion. This was smartly received and wielded for the rest of the parade by S.S.S. T. R. Two, the first cadet trained specifically for duties at Oakham.

There then followed the address. Our wildest dreams, and the foresight of the messing staff in

providing pack lunches, were realized by the opening words, 'Cadets of Cranwell, Unite.' The speech lasted 194½ minutes. A paraphrase would seem desirable as nothing new was said. The T.U.I.D. assured everyone that it was an honour for them to be at the passing-out parade. They presented their compliments to the Sovereign's Squadron on their quite exceptional drool. Then followed the inevitable advice. The service was a vast impersonal machine which the cadets in their positions should later be able to change. They must try to break the grip of those who wielded the pick (in spite of the fact that they hoped one day to wield that very pick themselves). This theme was developed until the loudspeaker system developed a fault, gesticulations only could be appreciated, which explained why all the brass was at the back.

As the last goose-neck flame sputtered and died it was mercifully time to march off the Senior Entry. But they had already made their escape. The colour party was, alas, no longer available, the cadet was fallen out. The scene was deserted except for hats, bodies, rifles, bayonets, lunch bags and toffee papers.

* Senior Shop Steward



ORDER OF MISFIT

No. 351 ENTRY

General Duties Branch

ROE LOF (Royal Chinese Air Force), Superior Flight Cadet: Rolies (4th Gudge); *Journal* (Eastern Representative).

Equipment Branch

Knowing the combination of the safe, one of the Equipment instructors defalcated with the prize for Equipment studies. He has since been awarded 17 winters on West Site. He is appealing. (He'll be screaming before long.)

Secretarial Branch

S. TRIKERS, Senior Flight Cadet: 74 days.

S. T. RIKERS, Senior Flight Cadet: 98 days.
ST. R. IKERS, Senior Under Officer: 235 days;
Flying Prize; Freedom of Linevenford Training College.

Other Branches

T. R. TWO, Senior Under Officer: M.T. Prize; Pick of Honour; 11 driving summonses.
K. TRING, U/S. A.F., Senior Under Officer: Frying Prize; Film Section (X Certificate only).

Other Services

A. D. M. IRALS-INBAD, Madshipman: Left behind after a rigger match.

Half-time Scores

See tomorrow's papers.

The Conditioned Reflex *(continued from opposite page)*

It is doubtful, however, if much would come of it as it is becoming increasingly apparent that since the tutorial wing now start work at the same

time as the flight cadets, more and more are developing their own intractable reflexes of sleeping through working hours.

The Conditioned Reflex

A Penetrating Research into the Problem of Cadet Fatigue

By SQUADRON LEADER R. P. MEDICINE-MAN

IT is nothing but hypocrisy to suggest that all sleeping in lectures is due to fatigue. On this account it is possible to justify sleeping in some lectures all the time, and in all lectures some of the time, but excuses for those who sleep in all the lectures all the time must be sought elsewhere. Let me put it in another way. There is the story of the flight cadet night flying at Barkston in a Harvard, who on arriving at the foot of the control tower saluted and apologised for leaving his aircraft two miles short on the approach, having fallen asleep on the circuit. There is the other story of the noble peer who had a nightmare that he had fallen asleep while making a speech in the House of Lords, only to wake and find that his nightmare was fact. The first episode may have been due to fatigue, the second was undoubtedly a conditioned reflex.

Now a conditioned reflex is a reaction which has become automatic, conditioned in fact by circumstances repeated regularly and frequently over a considerable period. While I would not dream of putting the noses of the tutorial wing out of joint, I feel justified, having survived the ministrations of tutors in a kindergarten, two preparatory schools, two public schools, two universities and two flying training schools, in claiming to be, if not the best, at least the longest-educated man at Cranwell, and during these 23 years I have developed an unsurpassed conditioned reflex for sleeping in lectures. I, therefore, speak, and sleep, with some authority.

'Your husband,' I heard a senior member of the tutorial wing boom at my wife at a cocktail party, 'falls asleep in my staff-college lectures more rapidly than any cadet.' That indeed demonstrates how highly conditioned my reflex has become.

Sleeping in lectures, then, may be regarded as a reflex conditioned by many hours of sitting in a stuffy atmosphere, listening to lectures given in a monotonous tone on a not over-interesting subject. Once conditioned the reflex becomes so well established that the listener automatically falls asleep on entering a classroom, regardless of the enthusiasm of the lecturer, or of the meat of his material.

My advice on this problem was sought by a senior tutor, long since departed, who sent for me shortly after my arrival. Ushered into his office on

a mellow autumn afternoon, I sat battling with my instinctive desire to sleep. Later I woke to hear him saying, '... and, my dear Doc, cadets have even fallen to sleep sitting here talking to me in my office.'

What, then, is the solution? With the *ab initio* listener, the problem is simple. Never let the reflex become conditioned, by keeping lectures brief and to the point, given with enthusiasm by the lecturer. This entails a strict avoidance of fatigue on the lecturer's part, a point considered most important, I understand, by the War Studies Team. Once the reflex is established, the problem becomes more difficult. In time, of course, the reflex dies a natural death, but my efforts to effect a prolonged laying-off from academic studies for cadets has received little support from the Director of Studies.

Desperate measures must, therefore, be resorted to, similar to the chemistry master at school who, by strategic mixing, fills the room with sulphuretted hydrogen, a ruse hardly to be stooped to, but sufficient to wake the most somnolent. Another practice is the introduction of stories, humorous in origin, allowably smutty, provided they are relevant, at a moment when the maximum effect is likely to be produced. (The time element here is important.)

You may try having the windows open to reduce the temperature below that compatible with sleep, although this has the dual complication of freezing your breath in uncomfortable icicles on your lips, and of suspending all outward (and, I suspect, inward) animation in your audience. This state is prevalent at Cranwell during the months of March and October when all but the Air Council consider central heating still a necessity, and only very senior officers, with electric fires placed surreptitiously beneath their desks, and medical officers, snug in centrally heated sick quarters, are warm enough to consider work, let alone carry it out. Rapid broadsides of penetrating questions may also be used as an anti-soporific, but these have the disconcerting effect of bringing home how little of your previous lectures has been absorbed.

To summarize the situation, the conditioned reflex of sleeping through lectures, once established, is almost impossible to destroy. A select committee of tutors might, indeed, provide a valuable service by a little research into the subject.

(Continued at foot of opposite page)

C.O's I HAVE KNOWN

(or A Rake's Progress)

by ACKERS

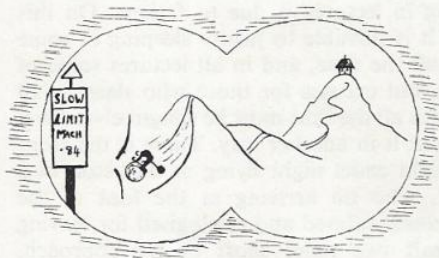
TODAY the name of my first C.O. is a household word. Twenty years ago I knew him by a word which should never be heard in any household. His walk reminded me of those well-known figures of ancient Egypt. You never quite knew whether he was coming or going. So you saluted and hoped for the best. I only saw him once at close quarters. He sat behind an enormous roll-top desk so that I could only see his head. It was bald and egg-shaped and appeared to be rolling about on the top of the desk as though nothing was supporting it. A gold-braided cap was placed carefully on top of the egg and the rigmarole began. . . . Punishment was swift and unjust.

I collected my second C.O. in a Sector Operations Room at a pre-war Fighter Station. I was plotting, during an exercise, the approach of '15 Hostile at 10,000 feet.' Except that it was about 2 o'clock in the morning I can't think why I was putting my markers in square D on the map table instead of square E. No one noticed the mistake, least of all me, and the Duty Ops. Officer despatched Red and Blue Sections of the squadron to intercept the raiders over Bishops Stortford. It was when the fighters were out of fuel and heading for base that a figure appeared on the Ops. dais. Clad in pyjamas and a dressing gown, hair dishevelled and with obvious signs of a nasty taste in his mouth, the C.O. had arrived to find out why one of *his* squadrons had failed to make contact.

The whispers of the Ops. clerks died abruptly. The clock with the multi-coloured face began to tick loudly. There was a rustling of papers as the C.O. examined the record of plots. His eyes peered down at the map table. I sensed them boring into my head as I took off my earphones and laid them on the table. Then a roar shattered the silence. The huge man crashed down the steps.



"I caught a glimpse of a size 14 slipper."



"... I would cycle each day to camp..."

I sensed rather than saw him coming towards me. Then I was lifted by the scruff of my neck out of my chair. I was already in retreat when I caught a glimpse of a size 14 slipper coming my way. The kick that landed on the seat of my pants propelled me and the slipper through the open door of the Ops. Room. A feeling of humiliation and lack of courage prevented me from taking the C.O's slipper back.

For some reason or other I collected two or three rather commonplace C.O's after that. The war was on and I was married and living out at a remote station in an even more remote house. From this back of beyond I would cycle each morning to camp. I was never the last to arrive. That honour went to a ginger-headed Flight Sergeant who owned a small red sports car.

Peddalling my bicycle, fifteen minutes late one morning, through the camp gate I all but bowled over a new C.O. His office was just inside the gate and he was a little perturbed to find each morning a succession of late arrivals flashing past his window. I was duly warned that trouble would be spelt with a capital T on the next occasion that I was late. That evening I attended a rather hectic party in a local pub with the result that next morning I overslept. On the theory that one might as well be hanged for a sheep as for a lamb I didn't bother to hurry myself. I was forty-five minutes late and not a mere fifteen. I didn't even hurry through the gates. I rode in as though I were out for a breath of fresh air. There wasn't a soul to be seen. The place seemed so deserted that for one horrible moment I thought it was Sunday. But no. I glanced through the C.O's window and there was activity all right. Plenty of it. I could just make out the ginger Flight Sergeant in the crowd facing the C.O's desk.



"... Scares of U Boat attacks ..."

A police sergeant appeared at the door of the guard room as I sailed by. He gave me a strange, surprised sort of look and then he too looked across the road towards the C.O.'s office. By the time he had collected his wits I was gone. I learned later that in the first thirty minutes that morning the C.O. had reaped the finest crop of late-comers ever. The duty rosters were full for weeks.

On a war-time troopship, feeling somewhat green and cold in the North Atlantic and wondering whether I could snatch myself away even temporarily from the heaving rail on 'B' deck, I turned and saw an immaculate figure, very tall and slim stepping out smartly along the deck obviously enjoying the 'cruise!' As the days dragged on into weeks it became warmer and I blossomed out into the old sea-dog, enjoying the trip, between scares of U-Boat attacks. There came a Sunday morning boat-drill at which all were to be turned out in khaki drill for inspection. I was standing near the top of the ladder from 'C' Deck when an enormous tropical helmet started to ascend. Under the helmet was the most ridiculous figure I had ever seen. A kapok life-jacket which would have put Jane Russell in the shade, voluminous khaki, shorts which just, and only just, revealed a pair of very white knees, a pair of khaki stockings which must have stayed in position by sheer will power since there were no calf-muscles to hold them up, the whole ensemble perched on a pair of size 12 shoes. My C.O. stayed dressed that way, in my mind, whenever I saw him during the next two years.

My encounter with my next C.O. was brief and stormy. It all began over an airman who hailed from Eire. His record showed him to be an



"... started a minor war with the police ..."

habitual absentee and he had been in trouble again. He had been absent without leave for two days and had started a minor war with the police who arrested him at a London railway terminus. For his pains he had spent 28 days in detention from which he had just returned a sadder but to my mind no wiser man. He now applied for leave to visit his old mother in Eire. In discussing this application with the C.O. I rather foolishly laid a bet that if the leave were granted, the airman would not return, 'You know what the Irishmen are, Sir.' After the explosion, during which I discovered that the C.O. was not a betting man and came from Eire, I assisted in the despatch on leave of the Irish airman. When I left on posting about five weeks later the Irish airman had already been absent without leave for three weeks. I have never been able to make up my mind about the gleam in the C.O.'s eyes.



"... The talk was of poultry ..."

Curiously enough the last of the C.O.'s I wish to recall was also an Irishman. He was a small man with piercing eyes and a nimble brain. He should have retired but the war came and 'They' retained him in harness. He had done 35 years' service when I first met him and he was a hard man. One thing above all else mattered to him and that was Unstinting Service. He drove himself and he drove everybody else. There was no more loyal, purposeful and hard-working officer than he. He was a martinet and everything went like clockwork. Then one day he was called to Air Ministry. On his return next day I walked into his office and bade him 'Good morning.' He was a broken man. With an effort he pulled himself together and in a halting fashion told me that 'They' had sacked him. The great impersonal machine had turned a man whose life and passion was 'Service' into a shadow—a nobody. Within a week I was shaking the hand of the man who had given untiringly of his energies. There were tears in his eyes as he said 'Goodbye.'

A strong thirst led me into a country pub in Kent one warm evening last summer. I was standing at the bar drinking my pint when I became aware of an earnest conversation going on

among a huddle of locals in one corner. The talk was of poultry but the authoritative voice that dominated it all was unmistakable. It was more a lecture than a conversation and my old C.O.

had those countrymen spell-bound with the technicalities of battery laying, deep nesting, artificial light and what not. The circumstances had changed but the spirit was the same.

South Sea Blues

*“For I have known them all already, known them all—
The enchanted evenings by the blue lagoons,
The lousy lovers and their corny tunes. . . .”*

I shall not go to *South Pacific*. Right now I am washing my hair and tapping the typewriter with two tiny toes and the men are dropping off into the soapsuds. I am using Drool, the sapless shampoo, and singing the Drool song:

I’ve never heard of Drool before,
You can buy it at any doggone store,
And you must use it more and more;
It comes in handy sachets at five and six and three and four.
You won’t be a fool
If you use Drool.

There is a subtlety in the rhythm which brings tears to my eyes. There’s music in the air. The snowflakes beat the windows with the rattle of tropical tom-toms. It is an enchanted evening and I am here at the beach at Bali-Ho in the moonlight and the waves are washing my feet. The Wrens are sand-papering my knee-caps and a Waac is pinning lotus-blossom to my left ear. Sam Sniggerbag speaks, ‘Honey, you’re cute.’

Sam Sniggerbag loves me. I do not love Sam Sniggerbag and indicate this by the usual gestures—a raising of the eyebrows, a baring of the teeth, a low thibilant hith. Sam Sniggerbag withdraws. I watch him through the magnolia and coconuts. He sings—sadly:

There’s an old log cabin in shanty town
Where Ah guess Ah’m goin’ to lay me down.
Ah’m going to lay me down ther bye um bye,
And then Ah’m goin’ to doggone die
So lo Sol fa.
Ah’m goin’ home to say goodbye to Ma.

(Sam comes from Boston where family ties are still strong.)

I rise languidly, modestly wrapping my sarong about my slender waist as enter O.P. and U.P., dusky warriors in hideous war gear. They jabber and gibber. I scream. They scream—less horribly—and dance slowly round chanting to the savage throb of an off-key war-drum:

We simply lub de cooing dub,
De ole ash grobe, de stars abub,
But best of all we lub de thighs
Ob lubberly princess in disguise.

I, who have been peacefully pirouetting, am frozen *au petit point de pied*. The secret is out. So Sam Sniggerbag was a Pruncetonian police spy who has (spitefully, from unrequited love) told all to the native chief. The native chief, a magnificent baritone, seven feet three and war paint by Shickelgruber, advances, lecherously leering. I sing falsetto, ff, and *à propos de tout* :

I always knew
What I would dew
If I became a Cannibal stew.
I would regret
That I had et
A second Russian omelette.

Chief stares incredulously, and I continue bravely:

But now, alas!
I come to pass,
I shall soon not be what I was.
I have been chaste,
Oh! what a waste,
My end shall be in such bad taste.

Unmoved by such grief the Chief is about to do something unspeakably horrible (fatuously worse than death), and I am regretting that I didn't buy my underwear at De Rigueur's, when:

Down in the forest something stirred
Could it have been a Bali bird?

But no! And HURRAH! it is the U.S. Marines who enter P. and O.P. singing:

From the shores of Montezuma to the tramps of Tripoli
We shall buy our babies' rattles, we shall tickle our
housemaid's knee, etc.

They are led by Colonel Frenchy Hotkiss, bass, and seven foot four inches long, who sings, profundo, fff :

I give my life to you,
I'd give my penknife too,
I don't know what to do,
I'm feeling awfully blue.

(He looks it too, truly.) The tune is good anyway. I blush, maidenly. I simply *love* Colonel *Frenchy* and I *think* that *he* loves *me*. We parley with the cannibal chief, who accepts four dozen Star-Spangled Banners and a bust of McCarthy in exchange for the Coca-Cola concession and me. It is a hard bargain.

Now it is Act III, Scene 5. Some enchanted evening. The beach at Bali-Ho. I am becomingly dressed as a nurse. Captain Frenchy is with me; he has a purple heart. We are at war with Pruncetonia and the guns are rumbling in the distance. 'Honey,' says Major Frenchy, 'you're cute.' We sing (duet)

Capt. F. I really must go.
Me. But, baby, it's war out there.
Capt. F. You tread on my toe?
Me. You don't have to gnaw my hair.
Capt. F. This evening has been—
Me. Has been. Has been
Both Enchanted so.
Capt. F. Look through the palm trees at that snow, etc.

We kiss, I sing:

In joon the moon will soon be goon.
I love you, I love you, wonderful, marvellous, bubulous
Old
NEW YO—ORK.

'BALI HO---OH' sing the marines and cannibals *qua* heavenly choir, and as the lights go up I am fixing the last pincurl. The snow is breaking through the windows with the rattle of tropical tom-toms as I wrap me in a Turkish towel. The men are slipping down the plug 'ole and I shall not go to South Pacific. There are glooblums on my ceiling and I'm staying sane, thank you. (If you phone me after seven I'll be blonde. For you).

R.J.S.



Man it's Cold!

(by 'Your Insulating Correspondent')

WHEN I first arrived at Cranwell the conversation usually drifted to the weather. Normally, the question asked was, 'what do you think of this "bracing" English summer?' You see I arrived in May, 1954, which as you may recall proved to be quite a cold month on west site, especially after the first day of May when the heating plant was put in wraps for the summer, no doubt to keep it from freezing before autumn.

At this early stage in my tour, being somewhat swayed by the idea that diplomacy has its good points until one's feet are on the ground in a new place, I usually replied with Mr. Webster's definition of 'bracing' by saying 'invigorating.' The truth of the matter, when applied by an 'old boy' from the south, would have been more aptly expressed by 'rigid.'

I have managed to survive the more recent 'cool' snap—straight from Siberia, that is—by adding layers of underwear, staying as unfit as possible and of course in a state of rigidity.

Mark Twain once said something about the weather. It seems that he figured that the weather was talked about more than anything else in the world but no one seemed to do much more than talk about it.

In some of our conversations today with someone whom we do not know much about, or have little in common to talk about, the weather usually saves what little television has left of the 'conversational day.'

Getting back to Mark Twain's statement, I would like briefly to tell you what Sam McGee, another Southern Gentleman, did to change at least the weather's effect on him. This story is told in full in a little book, *The Spell of the Yukon*, by Mr. Service, under the title *The Cremation of Sam McGee*.

Sam and another prospector, named Cap, were searching for gold in Yukon. It was December and the cold was unbearable—especially for a

man from the south. Sam had a feeling that he would never reach home: so one night he told Cap that he would cash in this trip and made Cap promise him that he would carry out his last request. Cap was a very close friend and agreed. When he heard what it was it was too late to back out of the deal. Sam wanted Cap to cremate his remains because the mere thought of an icy grave was dreadful.

Presently all that was left of Sam was a rather cold corpse. The problem that Cap had to solve was—where could he find the means to cremate Sam.

Several cold days passed on the Dawson Trail, grub ran low, and the dogs were nearly spent, however, Cap finally arrived at Lake Lebange where he found an old wrecked ship. A little investigation showed that the boiler was in good shape; so on with his task.

Pretty shortly old Cap had a good hot fire going with Sam in its midst.

Cap went for a walk with a somewhat troubled mind—after all Sam was his best friend. Curiosity soon got the better of Cap and he just had to open that furnace door to see if all was well. He opened the door and peeped in. As the story goes:

'And there sat Sam, looking cool and calm,
in the heat of the furnace roar;
And he wore a smile you could see a mile,
and he said: "please close that door.
It's fine in here, but I greatly fear you'll
let in the cold and storm;
Since I left Plumtree, down in Tennessee,
It's the first time I've been warm".'

Now I don't plan to go as far as Sam did attempting to stay warm; so there is no need to check the boiler on west site if I'm not at my usual place of business. I'll just stick to adding more layers (insulation) to keep 'rigidity' from setting in.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Rates: One half-pint of bitter or five cigarettes per word. Minimum, seven pints; the cheques to be signed and left blank

* * *

Bob. Can survive without you. Hate your soft voice and sweet temper. All will never be forgiven. Why don't you leave? Jack.

* * *

WANTED: Rifles. New, second-hand, or Ferris rejects. Top price offered. Write: Paddy Nelson, O'Connell Street, Dublin.

* * *

Out of a job? Can't fly? Come to us and lead men in the field. Oxford accent essential. No other qualifications considered. Apply: THE SANITOR, Sandust.

* * *

CAR for sale. Starting: one good push. Tyres: smooth. Acceleration: dignified. Braking: imperceptible. Air conditioned throughout. Upholstery: pure down—rock bottom. Much bodywork sound. Steering superfluous. Fuel consumption: Avtag 6 g.p.m.; Avtur 8 g.p.m. Single owner, ex-racing enthusiast. No flowers, by request.

* * *

A certain flight cadet presents his compliments to a certain senior officer and requests the return of his copy of *I, the Jury* at the officer's earliest convenience.

* * *

WANTED. Lame hares. Telegrams to the Officer i/c 'Hard-luck' Beagles.

* * *

Burn & Bury Ltd. Middle and Upper Middle Class Tailors. No matter when you bring your uniform to us, it won't be ready before Friday lunch-time.

* * *

Henry Carruthers. High Class Chinese Hand Laundry. Finger-nails pared free of charge.

* * *

The Cramwell caafi. Intimate atmosphere. Reasonable charges. A stone's throw from Station Headquarters—Drill Adjutant's office unfortunately shielded.

'Thank you, A.M.P.' . . . It is reported that a certain (fairly) senior officer—in his 84th request for posting—used the words 'as far away as possible.' We congratulate Air Ministry on taking him at his word.

* * *

FOR THE COLLECTOR. We have a remarkable assortment of Strikers, both new and second-hand—including one batch of 28 days, as new. Apply Senior Entry Ante-Room.

* * *

Roy's for the rapid hair-cut. 207 'Cerrie Special' on alternate Thursday afternoons. Senior Entry double price.

* * *

A certain Senior Flight Cadet wishes to deny the vicious rumour that he has been getting extra coaching for the Drill Prize.

* * *

Bob. Why did you leave? Can't survive without you. Miss your soft voice and sweet temper. All is forgiven. Jack.

* * *

Eratta

1. The frontispiece was inadvertently printed upside down. However, it is not necessary to stand on one's head—just turn the page round.

2. Page 66. For 'Eratta' read 'Erata'.

3. Page 2174. For 'terpsichorean piece de resistance' read 'and'.

4. Page 66. For 'Erata' read 'Errata'. (I think.)

5. Pages 198-271 have been mislaid. The Editor fears they were accidentally enclosed in a begging letter to the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

6. Fill in any we don't spot ourselves. No prizes are offered.

7. Page 9. For 'forever amber screens' read 'amber screens'. The Editor apologises for this mistake, but wishes to point out that there is something of the dreamer in all of us. (See next issue.)

Activities and Societies



THE CADETS' ACTIVITIES ORGANIZATION

MOUNTAINEERING

LAST week-end the mountaineering section was particularly active. At a meeting on Thursday night it was decided, since the Lincoln Edge was once more fog-bound, to climb Everest the following Saturday. Suitable kit was borrowed from the Pot-holing section, and 18 members arrived in Tibet on Friday night. The night was spent in a small monastery at the foot of the mountain, and in the morning 14 cadets set off. Two officers and two cadets had mysteriously disappeared: this was later explained when it was found that the monastery was in fact a rival establishment.

No report is available of the climb as, so far, only the two officers and one of the cadets who stayed behind have returned. (See 'Obituaries.')
A.B.C.-D.

UNDERWATER SWIMMING

The Underwater Swimming society recently spent an entertaining afternoon one Saturday at London Aquarium. Well equipped with aqualungs, 27 members visited various denizens of the deep who held an involuntary 'at home' for some hours. The survivors both agreed that it had been a very profitable afternoon.

E.ff.-ff.

POT-HOLING

The Pot-holing society went, via a drain in Piccadilly, to explore the subterranean caverns of the Inner Circle. They discovered several side passages, leading apparently to Trafalgar Square, Oxford Circus and Green Park. The whole formation has been named 'Tuba di Cranwell.'

G.H.I.

WILDFOWLING

The Wildfowling society spent a Saturday afternoon shooting in the marshes south of Boston. Brens and 2-in. mortars were taken, and pieces were identified of seven ducks, two seagulls, a sparrow and a Canberra. A stew was made on return to Cranwell but, as there was not enough to go round all three members of the section, it is being held in reserve for next term's First Guest Night. Next week-end an expedition is planned to hunt the Dodo with the new Brian gun.

J.K.I'E.

DEBATING

The Debating society held only one debate this term. The motion 'This House considers it impossible to live on our pay' was vigorously attacked by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, seconded by the First Lord of the Admiralty, but was, however, carried with heartfelt unanimity. The House reluctantly agreed to share the cost of transport for the two distinguished visitors.

N.O'P.

CLASSICAL MUSIC

The Music society found one or two new noises which they inflicted on their two willing members. It was

found that by playing 33½ r.p.m. records of Sibelius at 78 r.p.m., and beating on a drum, a most stimulating effect could be obtained. Even a comb and paper exponent blended in nicely with the overall effect. The society is further excited by the prospect of a third member in one of the more junior entries.

Q.R.St.U.-Y.

LIBRARIES

Quite a long argument took place in the library annex as to whether the *Kinsey Report* should go in the Reference Library or the Fiction Library. The question was settled by putting the report on men into the main library, and that on women into the Fiction Library.

W.X.Y.

PRINTING

We regret to announce that the Printing section has been closed by the police. This brings to a close a long period of profitable activity on the part of the section. Its work has included 1250's, wireless licences, one marriage licence (something of a rush job), one large dog licence, car licences, and, latterly, banknotes. We feel our reader would wish to join us in extending good wishes to the Hon. Organisers, at present 'somewhere in France.'

Z.A'B.

PHOTOGRAPHIC

The Photographic section has also been closed by the police.

C.de F.G.

CHORAL

So has the Choral society.

H.I.J.K.L.McN.

THE COLLEGE SOCIETY

R.I.P.

Winter Vacation

HIMALAYAS

PARIS

OLD BAILEY

RETFORD

SLUSH

PARIS!

KESTEVEN

23e, DUKE ST.

LINCOLN

PARIS!!

in Bed

5 a.m. to 2 p.m.

(Sabotaged by the Censor)

Letters from the Editor

Flight Cadet H. Claggers,
Senior Mess,
Cramwell,
Thursday, 8th

Dear Dad,

The naval visit in the Med. was great fun. Had a wonderful time, but I don't think my Squadron Commander enjoyed it much: he always looked worried. (That reminds me—he wanted to see me ten minutes ago. Better dash off. . .) Sqn. Cdr. was still there, unfortunately. Nattered a bit about the Med. visit, then gave me 14 days for 'seriously undermining inter-Service relations.' Added something about that bad-tempered mess-steward I tore such a strip off. Apparently he was an admiral or something.

Better start on my webbing, I suppose.

Love,
Harry.

* * *

Cramwell,
Tuesday, 4th.

Dear Dad,

This penultimate term really is busy, even for blokes who don't do strikers. Must keep off them.

Thank goodness our entry isn't promotion-conscious. Mind you, the chop-rate has been pretty high—only 14 of us to pick 12 Under Officers from. Some people rather unkindly suggest that there will soon be only 13, but I expect to be here until Finals anyhow.

Must finish three weeks' overdue report on naval visit. First one was sent back 'cos I'd devoted too much space to the bars in *Valletta Gut*. Apparently that's not what they want.

Ah well,
Harry.

* * *

Cramwell,
Monday, 10th.

Dear Dad,

Took Junior Entries' strikers parade night before last—got me off my own square-sweating. Their kit was

fantastically good. Of course, I picked them all up on principle, but I wish they'd do mine—was given three more days for my own turn-out last night.

By the way I've changed my thesis again. Honestly, 'Pseudo-isoseismological Relations' have proved no easier than the 'Definition of the Fourth Dimension' was. Now going to trace the influence of Genghis Khan on the works of Tennyson. Only trouble is the shortage of books on the subject.

Love,
Harry.

* * *

Cramwell,
Wednesday, 23rd.

Dear Dad,

Night-flying cross-country last night. Radio out of action but still only 20 minutes out on first leg. Then things got a bit out of hand but eventually found base and began let-down. Couldn't make out runway; gave that up and landed at Dishforth—turned out to be Marham. Discovered radio was muted. C.F.I. chewed me up for letting down on fishing fleet outside Yarmouth. Been cleaning aircraft all day—should be better at it by end of next week.

Re thesis, have proved that Tennyson was not influenced by Genghis Khan—in 372 words. Can't think how to use up remaining 9,628 words. Any suggestions?

Love,
Harry.

* * *

27th.

That wasn't funny,
H.

* * *

Senior Under Officer H. Claggers,
Cramwell,

Saturday, 10th.

Dear Dad,

They *must* be mad. Quite apart from anything else, I shan't be able to spare the time from my strikers parades.
Harry.

SPORT

TIDDLY-WINKS

THE season, which started disappointingly, proved to be one of the most successful the team has had, and prospects for next season are very bright. After the first match ended in a disastrous defeat at the hands of the 'Dog and Duck' B team, it was realized that the team was sadly out of condition and training runs were held to Leasingham. With the departure of a big end, the 'runs' had soon to be curtailed, but by then the players had become acclimatised to match conditions.

After this the College went from strength to strength and gained many creditable victories—in addition to some rather less creditable trophies. The needle match of the season was against the 'Star and Garter' team, and tension mounted rapidly as the match progressed. Eventually, with everything depending on the last bout, our champion established himself in a winning position only to give one wink too many and have his face slapped by a modest barmaid.

RESULTS

'Dog and Duck' B Lost. . . . Too tiddly.
'King's Head' A Abandoned owing to the state of the players.
'Olive Petel' R ... Indecipherable through beer stains.

(The Editor regrets that further results are unavailable as the Secretary, a pipe smoker, ran out of matches.)

SKILL-AT-ARMS

As usual a good start was made early in the term and unfortunately very few days' sport have been missed. Since this is essentially a game in which experience counts as much as fitness, the general policy has been to change the team as often as possible and so give everybody the necessary match experience. As usual, however, one or two of the regular players have been included in the team for a week or two straight off to provide a steadying influence.

Our opponents have had a very successful season and only on few occasions have they been defeated by weather or by our unfitness. It has been noticeable that they have very keen eyesight and can easily pick out the flaws in our defences.

No colours have been awarded this season as the team feel they have gained enough awards to last a lifetime.

JOUSTING

After seeing the exploits of Errol Flynn with horse and spear, certain members of the College formed the College Jousting team. First of all equipment had to be obtained and this did not prove as easy as expected, since all advances made to the Riding Club and Fencing team were flatly rejected. Therefore it was necessary to wait until there was another

meeting at Lincoln before we could obtain mounts. With regard to weapons, a party, disguised as Sinn Feiners, visited the armoury and obtained the necessary.

Extensive training was started and difficulties were soon experienced. It was easy enough to fight with the weapons and just as easy to ride the horses, but as soon as any attempt was made to combine the two the trouble came, as nobody on horseback could get within fighting distance of his opponent. The only solution was to ride as near as possible, dismount, and lead the horse the rest of the way.

At last we were ready for a contest but no other College seemed in the least interested—only vaguely amused. However, a trip was made to London and an opposing team found in a square off Whitehall, but for some reason they were unwilling to fight and the crowds of spectators were distinctly hostile.

Would any potential Guinevere wishing to be championed, please write to the Secretary, the B.A.F. College Jousting IV.

SHOOTING

Full-bore shooting practice began at the end of last term for the Christmas shoot at Olympia.

The team was handicapped by having to practice with non-standard



A tense moment for the Skill-at-Arms team

MORE SPORT

rifles under conditions which bore no relation to those of the contest. However, extensive practice with the 2-in. mortar saw the team making great improvements and it was with high hopes that they set off for London.

The following day the shoot started and the team fully justified everybody's expectations by winning two kettles, a slightly nauseating china dog, and a pair of book-ends. During the match our captain scored an improbable, when a ricochet severed the water-pipes outside a nearby hotel.

WRESTLING

The team had two fixtures this term: against the Boston Battlers and the Leasingham Layabouts, but unfortunately the former fixture had to be cancelled as our team was too tied up and there were not enough reserves.

This sorry state, one cannot help feeling, is due to the general impression that one cannot both fly and wrestle. Despite the fact that all our team are now in the Equipment or Secretarial Branch, we can see no reason for such a belief.

Against the Leasingham Layabouts we lost by one match to nil, the other 20 being abandoned through injuries incurred during the warming-up period. However, this one fight fully made up for the lack of supporting bouts. Our champion, Bonedome Bertie, put up a magnificent show for the first two rounds before succumbing in the last round. We are informed that there are hopes of his being discharged for the summer leave.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Any actions for breach of copyright by the Boxing team should be remitted to H.M. Inspector of Taxes for assessment.)

EGYPTIAN P.T.

This remains the most popular sport in the College, and, unlike most others, actually gained supporters during the winter snows. Most cadets go into training as soon as they arrive at the College, and this training stands them in good stead when the pace quickens later on. Naturally, some cadets cannot keep up the high standard required and so have to take up Skill-at-Arms instead.

Our team has managed to have a very successful season, one or two members remaining undefeated. On occasions defeat has been close at hand, but quick-thinking and changing saved the day.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: We regret that we can publish neither results nor where the fixtures were played. The former can be obtained from the Hall Porter's Lodge—but the latter information is still top-secret.)

THE NEXT B.A.F.C. JOURNAL

The next issue of this *Journal* will go to press only if the present issue is a financial success.

Secretaries are reminded that their reports must be totally irrelevant if they are to be printed.

The Editor is happy to receive reports in either MS or typewritten form, provided they are not delivered during Private Study afternoons or Restrictions parades.

The Editor, in accepting reports, understands that officers in charge of sports or sections of the Cadets' Activities Organization and the College Society as usual know nothing about their sections.

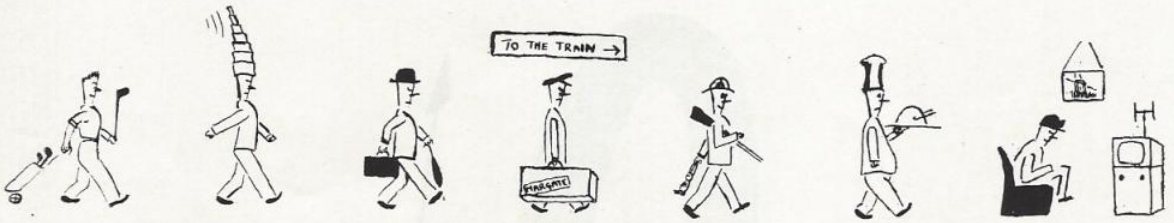
Blank cheques should be made out to the Editor, c/o his home address.

STAFF POSTINGS

Since publication the entire staff of *The Journal* has been posted. Their present address is:—

No. 1 Personnel Holding Unit,
R.A.F., Innsworth.

Threatening letters should be sent to this address until the trial opens.



EX-CRAMWELLIAN NOTES

“*He that exalteth himself shall be humbled and . . .*”

(Notes from an ex-Cramwellian)

WHEN I was a devil-may-care flight cadet, I often wondered what it would be like to leave Cramwell. I have now left twice and so should know. The first time was only a temporary absence, but the second, which meant a genuine return to civilian life, has proved interesting. I find that in many ways I have not left Cramwell at all; for instance:

‘A threepenny one, please, sir’ (*to a bus conductor*);

‘I have the honour to request . . .’ (*to Insurance Co.*).

These ways take a great deal of losing. Uniform with any sort of badge of rank still makes me take hand out of pocket, check tie straight and dog-end well trodden on. For no reason at all the last Thursday of the month seems a happy one, and when I lose something it takes me hours to convince myself that there couldn’t possibly be any 664B action. My barber is worried about my inane grin when, after a fortnight, I go into the shop and say loudly: ‘Just a trim, please, Tony—leave some on,’ looking round with a self-satisfied smirk.

There is an army O.C.T.U. near my home and when I go to my local for a drink and see the hordes of close-cropped, shiny-faced, white-raincoated dashing young types, with gay abandon ordering halves of mild by the several, I laugh. And then I don’t, and, downing my half of bitter, wonder if it was humanly possible that I ever looked and acted like that: realize that I must have, get up to look for the hat that I didn’t bring and depart down the street, hands deep in pockets, scowling and muttering at passers-by.

Memories are strange things. I realize now that some of the things that I hated most whilst I was at Cramwell are now very dear to me. For instance, I like drill. All right, put it down to personal idiosyncrasies, I do. When I wake at 6.30 in the morning, as I frequently do out

of habit, I lie in my luxurious bed and wish I had to be on parade in 55 minutes; that would relieve the boredom of civilian life where one has to do the same thing every day in the most uninteresting way, no excitement, no spirit, no Ferris. (ED.—No comment.)

The line-shoot value of Cramwell is a great loss to me. When out of Lincolnshire, in real country, say at a party where bebies of sweet young things bask round-shouldered in the grace of their weeping willow-like figures, I can no longer modestly have it dragged out of my reluctant lips that, ‘well, yes . . . as a matter of fact . . . er, well actually I’m a *pilot*.’ No, and I can’t even enter the room, change frequency, read an imaginary signals’ square and, with arms outstretched, hurtle across the room to my hostess making engine-like noises, reach her, take off my oxygen mask and dare the guests to guess what I am. Now it’s a muffled, apologetic, ‘Oh, you wouldn’t be interested.’

I expect that by the time this is published the new pay increases will be in force. Money is one of the aspects of life at Cramwell that I find easy to forget. No longer that sickly feeling in the pit of the stomach when, towards the end of the month, the dreaded number is signed on a chit and a glass or packet of something given in exchange by a wickedly leering Frank or Tom. Now I can lash out like a rich man, without the threat of 28 days something hanging over my neck.

One day when I am a magnate of some denomination or other, with 22 stars and 16 flags on my car, and the R.A.F. begging me to lend them some of my private aircraft, I shall come back to have a look at Harry Crammers (No. 1)—I hope it won’t have changed.

Chocks away

G. J. MONAGHAN,
Flight Cadet (Retd.).



OLD CRANWELLIAN NOTES

HONOURS AND AWARDS

WE congratulate the following Old Cranwellians who received honours and awards in the New Year Honours List:

- K.C.B.*: Air Marshal D. Macfadyen (1920).
C.B.: Air Vice-Marshal W. J. M. Akerman (1920); Air Vice-Marshal A. Earle (1928); Air Commodore R. A. C. Carter (1930).
C.B.E.: Group Captain D. R. S. Bader (1928); Group Captain D. I. P. MacNair (1929).
O.B.E.: Wing Commander J. O. Barnard (1936).

APPOINTMENTS

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

- Air Chf Mshl Sir Dermot Boyle to be Chief of Air Staff.
 Air Mshl D. Macfadyen (1920) to be A.O.C.-in-C., Home Command.
 Air Mshl H. L. Patch (1923) to be A.O.C.-in-C., Fighter Command.
 Air Cdre W. E. Oulton (1929) to be Director of Operations (M. & N.), Air Ministry.
 Air Cdre R. A. C. Carter (1930) to be S.A.S.O., Transport Command.
 Air Cdre S. C. Widdows (1929) to be Director of Operations (Air Defence), Air Ministry.
 Air Cdre J. R. Halling-Potts (1926) to be A.O.C. No. 62 Group.
 Air Cdre M. K. D. Porter (1929) to be Chief Signals Officer, H.Q. Fighter Command.
 Gp Capt R. R. McIntyre (1928) for staff duties, H.Q. No. 64 Group.
 Gp Capt S. S. Murray (1927) to Command Ground Officer Selection Centre.
 Gp Capt R. D. Williams (1926) to the staff H.Q. F.E.A.F.
 Gp Capt W. T. H. Nichols (1929) to the staff H.Q. Coastal Command.
 Gp Capt B. P. Young (1936) to Command R.A.F., Gaydon.
 Gp Capt A. D. Jackson (1935) to the staff H.Q. Maintenance Command.
 Gp Capt D. I. P. MacNair (1929) to the staff H.Q. 2nd T.A.F.

- Gp Capt P. G. St G. O'Brian (1936) to the staff H.Q. Fighter Command.
 Gp Capt C. A. Watt (1927) to command R.A.F., West Kirby.
 Gp Capt I. B. Newbigging (1927) to the Dept. of C.A.S., Air Ministry.
 Gp Capt E. E. Vielle (1932) to the Dept. of C.A.S., Air Ministry.
 Gp Capt J. O. W. Oliver (1929) to the staff of No. 18 Group.
 Gp Capt C. R. D. L. Lloyd (1930) to the staff H.Q. Technical Training Command.
 Gp Capt R. J. Gosnell (1930) to command R.A.F., North Weald.
 Gp Capt J. D. Rutherford (1927) to the staff H.Q. Flying Training Command.
 Gp Capt M. F. D. Williams (1930) to command Akrotiri, Cyprus.
 Gp Capt A. G. Dudgeon (1934) to command R.A.F., Bruggen.
 Gp Capt C. H. Press (1934) to the Ministry of Supply.
 Wg Cdr A. H. Humphrey (1939) to the staff of Air Ministry.
 Wg Cdr G. A. V. Knyvett (1931) to the staff R.A.F., Swinderby.
 Wg Cdr R. W. Pye (1938) to be President of Aircrew Selection Board.
 Wg Cdr J. H. L. Blount (1938) to the staff Ministry of Defence.
 Wg Cdr H. J. Cundall (1937) to flying duties at R.A.F., Wittering.
 Wg Cdr P. C. I. Elderton (1925) to the Air Staff at H.Q. No. 11 Group.
 Wg Cdr J. A. Holmes (1937) for flying duties at R.A.F., Wildendrath.
 Wg Cdr M. D. Thunder (1931) to the staff H.Q. Home Command.

NEWS

Old Cranwellian Association in the Far East

The 7th Annual Reunion of former Cranwell Cadets was held in Fairy Point Officers' Mess at R.A.F., Changi, on 20th December, 1955. The

Dinner was attended by 30 ex-cadets of whom 18 were of pre-war and 12 of post-war vintage. The Commander-in-Chief, Air Marshal Sir Francis Fressanges, K.B., C.B., presided and also present were Air Vice-Marshal W. J. Akerman, C.B.E., Air Vice-Marshal A. D. Gilmore, C.B., C.B.E., and Air Commodore A. D. Messenger, C.B.E., Air Vice-Marshal E. C. Bates, C.B.E., A.F.C., the Air Officer in Charge Administration, was Guest of Honour. This was the fourth Reunion in the Far East attended by Air Vice-Marshal Akerman, who was a member of the First Entry into Cranwell in 1920 and is now retiring after 35 years in the Royal Air Force.

The Far East Air Force Band played a selection of music familiar to all those who have been through Cranwell, and the Band was admirably conducted at one stage of the proceedings by an Air Vice-Marshal.

There are at present 38 former Cadets serving in the Far East Air Force. There are also 12 serving with the Royal Australian Air Force, none of whom unfortunately was able to attend the Dinner. The Air Attaché in Tokyo, Group Captain R. C. Keary, and two officers in the Bomber Command Detachment at R.A.F., Butterworth, bring the number of former Cadets serving in the Far East to 53.

Biggin Hill

We only have news of one member at R.A.F., Biggin Hill, Flight Lieutenant P. V. Pledger (1947), who is serving with No. 615 Auxiliary Squadron.

R.A.F. Geilenküchen

The following Old Cranwellians are serving at R.A.F. Geilenküchen: Wing Commander R. H. G. Weighill (Hon.), Flight Lieutenants P. King (1949), G. Boyer (1950), R. Banardo (1950), J. H. J.

Lovell (1947), R. May (1948), G. A. Muncaster (1950), P. Underdown (1950), and Flying Officers Kelly (1951), J. Whittam (1951), G. Jonas (1950), J. Boyle (1950), C. C. Taylor (1951).

We congratulate upon their recent engagements Flight Lieutenant M. J. Corner (1949) and Flying Officer C. J. Phillips (1952).

It is with deep regret that we record the death of Pilot Officer C. M. Jonklaas. Our deepest sympathy goes to the relatives and friends of this officer.

Indian Air Force

Recent news has brought to light the following appointments in the Indian Air Force: Air Marshal S. Mukerjee (1930), Chief of Air Staff; Air Vice-Marshal A. M. Engineer (1931), Deputy Chief of Air Staff; Air Commodore A. Singh (1938), Air Officer i/c Personnel and Organization; Air Commodore R. H. D. Singh (1933), Air Officer i/c Technical and Equipment Services; Air Commodore S. N. Goyal (1936), A.O.C. Training Command; Group Captain E. M. T. Howell (1933) is at the Institute of Armament Studies, Kirkee.

In addition Group Captain T. B. de la P. Beresford is Air Adviser to the High Commissioner. While Wing Commander G. Thripp (Retd.) (1932) leads the teaching staff at the Technical Training College in Bangalore.

Middleton St George

We have news of the following Old Cranwellians at Middleton St George: Flight Lieutenants D. W. Lowe (1949), D. P. Hall (1949), M. Tomkins (1949), P. R. Sanderson (1947), D. Caris (1948) all serving as flying instructors. On the secretarial staff are Pilot Officers L. Dent (1951) and R. Morgan (1952).

The Day the Truth Got Out (continued from opposite page)

audience spell-bound and transfixed by turns.

The proof that four is a crowd came fifth on the agenda, as the War Studies Team were meticulously dissected; Schooling being particularly eminent as the American member. Somewhere about this time, the member for 'Down-Under' rose to his feet and brought to the notice of the house the serious fact that certain of the 'Jokers' of today were no longer familiar with the methods for

proving themselves medically unfit for military service and proceeded to elaborate one of the best methods for the benefit of the house.

The Oscar of the evening, however, must go to Wilmot, whose take-off of authority in 'Excerpts from the Mikado' was the *piece de resistance* of the evening.

Then followed the finale, and to the nostalgic strains of 'Farewell Cranwell,' 66 Entry moved into History.

Come Live with Me



THE Dramatic section of the College Society chose for their Christmas term production Dorothy and Campbell Christie's play *Come Live with Me*, which, though an ambitious choice, proved to be a most successful one. The play has an intricate plot in which one might well have become irretrievably knotted had not its salient features been carefully illuminated by the skilful production of John Constable. I am sure some of us felt a certain amount of trepidation before the curtain rose as to whether the play would hold together without the ever-young influence of Yvonne Arnaud, for whom I am certain the part of Maria was written. However we were soon set at rest, for no sooner had Mary Constant taken the stage as Maria Kazarez, the retired opera singer, than any fears which the audience might have had were immediately dispelled by her gay vitality and charming contradictions of speech and action.

As Maria's secretary Hilda, Belinda Fane, though badly miscast and one felt she was constantly aware of the fact, gave a performance which was structurally flawless. That this was her stage debut may well provide the clue to an apparent artificiality. I think she may well blossom in a part to which she could adapt herself more naturally.

Paul Tokarz was brilliantly played by Rodney Jackman. Paul is a slightly eccentric pianist with little thought for anyone but himself and convinced that as a pianist and composer he is unequalled. Rodney Jackman effortlessly lived his part (even to the piano playing) and held the play together with his temperamental ravings well set off against his sudden and unexpected touches of humanity.

A note of sobriety and dignity was introduced to the play by David Scouller in the part of Sir Lawrence Rossiter who was hoping to regain the hand of Maria. (Maria alone knew he had never lost it!) The part was well and convincingly played and David Scouller carried his added years with conviction. On stage he commanded, to the detriment of the remainder of the cast, more than his fair share of attention by his 'stage presence' and his upright figure. His was an interesting part well played and we look forward to hearing his confident voice again.

Maria's daughter Nicola was well acted by Elizabeth Forster. Although her all-round performance was good there were times when she could have given herself a little more fully to the part which would have assisted her well-educated fiancé Nigel (played by Quintin Oswell), to be a little more natural than he was, and so to enliven the two characters round whom the play was centred.

Paul Tokarz (Rodney Jackman) is watched by Nigel (Quintin Oswell) and Nicola (Elizabeth Forster)

There is no greater pleasure than to watch an actor or actress really enjoying his or her part and we were delighted to see this in two of the performers that night. Betty Wells as Kasya, the Polish maid, and James Abrahams, the French chef. Kasya might have spent her life as Maria's maid and although she spoke in genuine Polish all the evening we never had any difficulty in following her reasoning. Hers was a difficult part very well portrayed. James Abrahams sparkled from the moment of his appearance. Humour constantly bubbled from him and we were always sorry when his short scenes came to their abrupt endings.

It would be neither fair nor correct to finish this review without mentioning the hard work put in behind the scenes. Mr Carolan, as usual, was indefatigable in his efforts to ensure that the set was up to the customary very high standard. He and the actors were assisted by a large number of willing volunteers who all contributed to make *Come Live with Me* one of the best plays which have been produced by the Dramatic section.

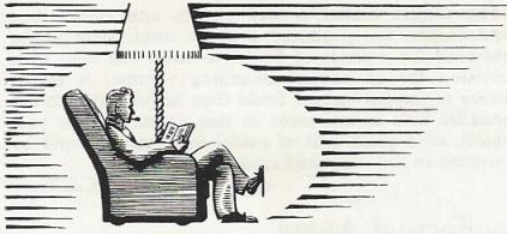
The Day the Truth Got Out by 66 Entry

I FEEL that there must have been a psychologist in 66 who decided that a cartoon was the correct approach to a college audience gently impregnated with food, alcohol, and tobacco. Certainly it was a masterly opening to the customary Senior Entry Review.

By contrast, however, this was followed by the tense melodrama, embodied in 'Shame,' a Saga of the Wild West. 'Shame' proved beyond all reasonable doubt that the expectorative powers of Card coupled with the drinking abilities of Schooling as officers of the 66th Marine Corps were more than a match for the blood-thirsty Red Indians. After all, what chance has a Black Crow got against a man who can ring a cuspidor at thirty feet. (Ground attack squadron please note.)

Then after a short interlude for a 'Drink with Drac,' culture entered the programme in the guise of 'Birdsong in Lincolnshire' introduced by Dr Gurdbig Koch, and at the hands of Liberace Barrowski, a pianist of some renown. The latter artist, if his clothes and actions were any guide, was dedicated to his work, and held his

(Continued at foot of opposite page)



Book Reviews

Books Received

- EIGHT BALED OUT, by James M. Inks.
(Methuen & Co. Ltd, 9s. 6d.)
JOHNNY KINSMAN, by John Watson.
(Cassell, 12s. 6d.)
THE SKY MY KINGDOM, by Hanna Reitsch.
(Bodley Head, 12s. 6d.)
AGAINST THE SUN, by Edward Lanchbery.
(Cassell, 16s.)
THE WEATHER EYE, by C. R. Benstead.
(Robert Hale Ltd, 12s. 6d.)
GAS TURBINES AND JET PROPULSION,
by G. Geoffrey Smith, M.B.E.
(Revised and enlarged by F. C. Sheffield.)
(Iliffe and Sons, 35s. 0d.)
WINGS, by Blanche Stillson.
(Victor Gollancz Ltd, 16s.)
THE STARS AT NOON, by Jacqueline Cochran.
(Robert Hale Ltd., 12s. 6d.)
A WORLD OF DIFFERENCE, by Robert Conquest.
(Ward Lock & Co. Ltd, 10s. 6d.)
CRUSADER FOX KING, by Ian Mackensay.
(Robert Hale Ltd., 10s. 6d.)

Living Dangerously

Eight Baled Out, by James M. Inks. (Methuen & Co. Ltd, 9s. 6d.)

THE popularity of escape stories seems to be as little on the wane as that of science fiction. This is all the more inexplicable since space-travel and the jargon associated with it appear ever more frequently in the popular press, though the war finished more than ten years ago, and the post-war period has shown people to be peace-hungry. *Eight Baled Out* is therefore something of an anachronism. It tells the true story of a Liberator bomber crew who in 1944 dropped into a five-sided war in Yugoslavia where they found it difficult to distinguish friend from foe. These eight American airmen were captured, or sheltered, by Chetniks, Yugoslav Royalists who had fought on the Allied side but now fought with the Germans to defend their country from the Communist partisans. The climax of the story comes when, with their Chetnik friends and captors, they share the horrors of the long German winter retreat from Greece, battered by Allied air forces by day and ambushed by partisans at night.

The story is presented in the form of a diary based on the journal Major Inks kept at the time. Keeping all the advantages of vivid immediacy Major Inks has managed to overcome the chief drawback of this form, the tendency to break the continuity of the narrative, without giving the impression of *ex-post-facto* writing-up. His effects are obtained with extreme economy of language in an unvarnished style reminiscent of Hemingway's. This taut, masculine muscularity is ideal for the sort of dialogue demanded by action and danger, but it is less well suited to descriptions of the pathetic and distracted outbursts of merry-making in which the Chetniks seek to soften the brutality of war. But such passages are few: the unique problems presented by the danger of the situation keep interest at fever-pitch. The book is well written and uncommonly good reading.

R.J.S.

War from the Air

Johnny Kinsman, by John Watson. (Cassell, 12s. 6d.)

THIS is a story about a bomber pilot and about the men and women he loved, about burning cities, about the war of the bomber squadrons. Of the four books reviewed this one, written by John Watson, D.F.C., who joined the R.A.F. when he was 18 years old and flew with No. 4 Group, is one to read and remember.

D.N.

V.I Pilot

The Sky My Kingdom, by Hanna Reitsch. (Bodley Head, 12s. 6d.)

HANNA is the German woman who piloted the Focke-Wulf 190, the Flying Bomb, and crashed the rocket-propelled Me.163. This is worth reading about. When Hitler gives her the Iron Cross, she says: 'I vividly remember there stood a vase of early sweet peas on a table.' Throughout the 217 pages she is always an automaton that flies aeroplanes. She is a wonderful pilot, a courageous woman, but only in her love for her mother is she ever more a human being than a good German.

D.N.

Test Pilot

Against the Sun, by Edward Lanchbery. (Cassell, 16s.)

'HOLD her there, hold her there, he willed himself—27,500 feet. Mach 1.01. Hold her. Let there be no mistake. Hold her! Mach 1.01 - - - - Mach 1.01 - - -'

As you ease back in your armchair, relax and wipe the mist from your spectacles, you have a faint feeling of irritation. Must the sound barrier always sound the same?

This is capable journalism on a worthwhile theme. Beamont's career is well described. There is the stuff of inspiration here. We follow a forceful personality through a successful wartime career. Of course we never really get to know him as a person. He is the stylised conventional wartime hero. Nevertheless, the wartime hero is painted with far more effect than the conventional hero of the sound barrier.

Beamont has always been associated with interesting planes—the Typhoon, the Canberra and the P.1. The writer has chosen to approach this story through P.1 publicity and then flashes back through Beamont's career. *Against the Sun* makes enjoyable reading.

T.J.M.

Comic Clouds

The Weather Eye, by C. R. Benstead. (Robert Hale Ltd, 12s. 6d.)

THE sub-title of this book 'An irreverent discourse upon Meteorological Lore, Ancient and Modern . . .', sets the stage, and two quotations from the first and last chapters respectively, make clear the author's approach to his subject.

. . . this book does not follow the conventional scientific line. For its purpose is simply to amuse me in the writing of it, and you I hope in the reading. The weather makes fools of us all, but that is our good fortune because, by doing so, it invites both laughter and study. . . .

. . . You see, when I wrote this book I was on the active list of a Service in which one said to me "Come" and I came, "Go" and I went. So when it came to pass that one said to me "You are a meteorologist," I did not reply "Sez you!" I merely returned a smart "Aye, aye, Sir" and reported for duty . . . and so it was that the outbreak of war found me rushing into battle brandishing an isobar.

The irreverence is present in every chapter, highly amusing in the introductory chapters but more than a trifle cloying in the later ones.

However, the fifteen chapters embrace a course in weather study suitable as a text-book, particularly since it could be a 'sugar-coated pill': it reads more like a novel than a text-book. Chapter 4, concerning the description and classification of clouds, is outstanding from this viewpoint since the text departs from the customary 'shopping list' approach which so often detracts from the study of the natural beauty of our skies.

Furthermore, the book is a fund of weather quotations, from the classics, mythology and folk-lore.

Anecdotes, also irreverent, divulge the author's light-hearted approach to the scientific foretelling of the weather: Captain Benstead left the impression that met. men have missed their vocation as comedians.

Judging by the tone he adopts one might well imagine that Group Captain Stagg and his associates must have been bursting their sides preparing the forecast, and briefing General Eisenhower for the invasion of France on D-day.

In the text, few mis-statements are made.

Only one misprint was found, and the typographical standard is high.

S.C.M.

Gallon in a Pint Pot

Gas Turbines and Jet Propulsion, by G. Geoffrey Smith, M.B.E. (Revised and enlarged by F. C. Sheffield.) (Iliffe & Sons, 35s. 0d.)

THIS is the sixth volume of a successful series, and will find a wide market among those interested in the subject, who wish to dip into the mass of information given. The book ranges from an historical survey of gas turbines through the aircraft field to land traction, and marine and industrial applications.

In attempting to cover this wide field in a few hundred pages, the book has outgrown itself, and its claim to be a standard work suffers from the necessary condensation. In many of the chapters one finds advanced knowledge in close proximity to most elementary facts; it would, for instance, be difficult to find a reader who could use the concept of entropy to understand cycle diagrams, and who would also require a simple explanation of the laws of motion. In its present form the book presents a mass of facts, which are insufficiently explained owing to the lack of space.

The subject matter is well chosen and edited, but condensation has produced a heavy meal. Here is the substance for a series of books to cover the field with provision for an annual amending volume. A broad picture of the gas turbine could then be presented to the specialist who is interested in one aspect of this vast subject, or a great deal of useful information could be conveyed to the interested student or layman.

C.E.W.

Ineffectual Angel

Wings, by Blanche Stillson. (Victor Gollancz Ltd, 16s.)

POPULARIZED science, or pseudo-science, is a festering lily that smells far worse than weeds. It falls into two main kinds, both kinds are essentially fact romanticized to produce elementary religious emotions. Sir James Jeans' best-selling astronomy is a typical example of the more worthy kind of science simply explained; it seeks to stir man's soul to wonder at the vast incomprehensibility of the universe and raises unreasonable primitive feelings of awe and worship at the concept of an infinite number of galaxies separated by infinite numbers of light-years. The other, baser kind, does not seek to inspire in man fear of what he cannot understand. Instead it appeals to another primitive emotion by reassuring him that he is not alone in his insignificance in the universe. Characteristic of this second kind is the diminutive approach, the St Francis touch: we, and our little brothers—the rats, our littler sisters—the elephants, and all our tiniest insect cousins are sharing the wonderful mystery of life on the best of all planets by the Grace of our Loving Father.

In *Wings* Miss Stillson combines the most nauseous aspects of both kinds of pseudo-science. It is an historical study of flight in insects, birds and men; in her foreword she herself calls the book an 'outgrowth.'

The preference of the word 'foreword' to the usual 'preface' is only a small fault of her style. Though *Wings* contains abundant examples of almost every pitfall of which the novice writer should be wary, the most pervasive of these is the elegant variation. I am almost forced to deduce that Miss Stillson's method of composition is to think of a word, look it up in a thesaurus, and choose the longest and most euphonious equivalent listed: Leonardo da Vinci makes not notes but 'notations' in his notebooks; the eagle does not fly—it 'pursues an aerial career in azure enterprises'; the 'predaceous dragonfly' incapable of 'terrestrial locomotion,' is 'driven by an overweening nostalgia for its primordial home' to 'return to its watery cradle for part-time residence.'

In fairness to the author it must be said that for most part this elaborate, immature style is completely in keeping with her treatment of the subject. Occasionally one fails to notice the conscious artistry when the matter itself becomes more painful than the way in which it is presented. I found this particularly in the rehash of Leonardo's 'notations'; he expounded lucidly: Blanche Stillson's vocabulary strangles him.

The book has some compensating factors; in the epigraphs for her chapters the writer has chosen well from many literatures: it is pleasant to be reminded of such masterpieces as Keats' 'Eagles may seem to sleep wing-wide upon the air'; and there is one chapter which makes the book worth reading—the chapter on the art of falconry. This is wholly delightful; the richness of the style serves to emphasize the chivalry and colour of the sport. But sixteen shillings is too much to pay for nine pages of pleasure.

R.J.S.

Woman Driver

The Stars at Noon, by Jacqueline Cochran. (Robert Hale Ltd, 12s. 6d.)

SPEAKER: Bomber Harris, place: Washington, R.A.F. Delegation, 1941. 'Into my office erupted a blonde bombshell. She introduced herself as Jacqueline Cochran, said she was a qualified pilot and that she knew most of the other women pilots in the United States of America. I asked her how many there were. She said: maybe six hundred. I asked how many could fly. She replied: maybe six, but I could soon make it sixty, and later six hundred. She obviously knew her stuff and I asked her to go to Canada immediately and the rest and a great deal more is in this extraordinarily readable book.' (From the introduction by Marshal of the Royal Air Force Sir Arthur T. Harris, Bart., G.C.B., O.B.E., A.F.C.)

D.N.

Fifty Years On

A World of Difference, by Robert Conquest. (Ward Lock & Co. Ltd, 10s. 6d.)

TO most people the words science fiction conjure up visions of space ships, disintegrator guns and monsters from outer space. There is, however, a different type of science fiction in which the future is projected as a logical development of our contemporary way of life. As the author says, 'Science fiction is only possibility-fiction, as against pure fantasy.' It is possible to foresee what is likely to happen in the next 30 years and to guess very roughly at the probable course of events during the 30 years after that.

In this novel the author has overcome the temptation to embroider his tale with fantasy. The scientists, having conquered space travel, now grapple with the photon drive and inter-stellar flight; colonization of the planets is well under way. Yet despite these technical advances, the people of the new world remain normal human beings.

Their problems are very much the same as ours; only the settings are different. It is a pity that against this extremely real background the author could not find more scope for his talents than an adventure story in an unusual setting. A deeper study of the problems facing the world of the future and its citizens would have been a much more profitable venture.

The story tells how four friends, an artist, a scientist, an administrator and an amoralist are uneasy in their new 'free world' about the power of the government to control psychologically the environment and upbringing of its citizens. An attack by the 'Bases,' survivors of Russian militarism after the wars of the 70s, and their eventual defeat finally convinces the sceptics that, despite psychological control, freedom of thought and independence of action can still be retained. Indeed it is felt that the system could well result in stronger and better personalities.

The author obviously has faith in the scientist and the future. Unlike Orwell, he believes that the best in human nature will ensure that mass psychology does not become a tool for dictatorship. It is an interesting book.

A.R.W.

Flying Kiwi

Crusader Fox King, by Ian Mackensy. (Robert Hale Ltd, 10s. 6d.)

I READ *Crusader Fox King* at one lying from 2300 to 0115 hours. Ian Mackensy is a New Zealander (which sold this book to the reviewer before it had been read). He is also editor of an aeronautical magazine and a pilot in the Royal Air Force Volunteer Reserve, which adds authority to his story. *Crusader Fox King* is exciting, easy reading, and recommended for both instructors and flight cadets.

Crusader Fox King is a clapped out four-engined monoplane flying passengers between Australia and New Zealand. Over the Tasman Sea an engine drops off. If you want to know more—allow yourself two hours before lights out.

D.N.

THE SOVEREIGN'S SQUADRON

Points Scored in the Autumn Term

	'A' Sqn	'B' Sqn	'C' Sqn
Chimay Cup	9	3	6
Ferris Drill Trophy	2	5	8
Knocker Cup	1	4	7
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
	12	12	21
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>

INTER-SQUADRON COMPETITION

Points Scored in the Autumn Term

	'A' Sqn	'B' Sqn	'C' Sqn
Rugby	25	5	15
Association Football	4	12	20
Fencing	6	2	10
Shooting	10	6	2
Boxing	15	3	9
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
	60	28	56
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THE
ROYAL AIR FORCE
COLLEGE



JOURNAL

CRANWELL JUNE 1956

VOL. XXVIII NO. 2



AIR COMMODORE T. A. B. PARSELLE, C.B.E.

Commandant Royal Air Force College

THE ROYAL AIR FORCE COLLEGE JOURNAL

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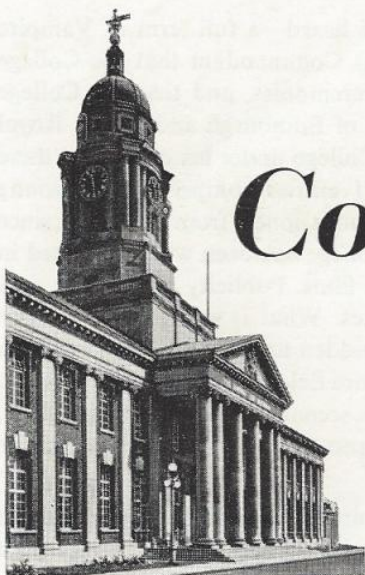
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THE JOURNAL

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.



College Notes

THE passing-out review of No. 67 Entry took place on 10th April, 1956, and was for many reasons a unique occasion. For the first time an Old Cranwellian, Air Chief Marshal Sir Dermot Boyle, K.C.V.O., K.B.E., C.B., A.F.C., acted as Reviewing Officer. He is the first Old Cranwellian to become Chief of the Air Staff. For the first time ever the Reviewing Officer had the pleasant duty of presenting the Sword of Honour to his own son, and Senior Officer A. A. Boyle was the first son of an Old Cranwellian to receive the award. Standing at the saluting base was the Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief Flying Training Command, Air Marshal R. L. R. Atcherley, C.B., C.B.E., A.F.C., the first Old Cranwellian to occupy this post. (It will be recalled that he was also the first Old Cranwellian to become Commandant of the College.) An account of this historic day's activities and of the Reviewing Officer's speech is given elsewhere.



At the end of the Spring term Air Commodore H. Eeles, C.B.E., completed his tour of duty as Commandant of the Royal Air Force College. It had been a memorable tour in many ways and notable in that it was the longest tenure of this appointment in the history of the College. Air Commodore Eeles took up the appointment on 25th August, 1952, and laid it down on 15th April, 1956; his tour of three years, seven months and three weeks exceeded even that of the first Commandant, Sir Charles Longcroft, which had heretofore been easily the longest, by well over a month.

During this long tour much has happened. The problem of greatest complexity during Air Commodore Eeles' tenure of office was undoubtedly the planning and completion of the works on South Airfield and the introduction of the Vampire trainer. In spite of the stubborn nature of some of the factors involved and the many imponderables, all was achieved without any diminution or dislocation of training

and Air Commodore Eeles before he left saw—and heard—a full term of Vampire operations from South Airfield. It was while he was Commandant that the College played its full and varied part in the Coronation ceremonies, and that the College received the visits of His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh and of His Royal Highness the Prince of the Netherlands. From the College under his command there have passed out into the Service no fewer than 11 entries comprising 383 young officers, very nearly half of those to have been commissioned from Cranwell since the reopening of the College. During his tour the College has been well publicized in the Press, on the wireless and television, and in the films. Publicity of a sort is easy to get if you are prepared to make certain sacrifices. What is wanted by a Service academy is good publicity to ensure its light is not hidden under a bushel. Thanks to the charm coupled with the firmness of Air Commodore Eeles in handling a succession of highly opinionated feature writers, poets, producers, scenario writers, photographers, directors, research assistants and straightforward Press men, Cranwell obtained the right sort of notice in the right sort of place.

But above all Cranwell will remember Air Commodore Eeles for his sure yet friendly touch which welded together the station and the College into one unit and got the best efforts out of everyone. All felt themselves to be known and appreciated, were made to feel aware of how well they might do their jobs, and then spurred to achieve this ideal. Mrs Eeles, as the second post-war chatelaine of the Lodge, played an unflinching and apparently tireless part in the life of the station and the county. Both as an individual at the Lodge and as the representative of Cranwell as a whole, we thank her for her outstanding grace as a hostess. The flight cadets expressed their appreciation in an unprecedented manner at the end of the Wings and Prizes ceremony. Particular mention must be made of her work for the Little Theatre and for our contemporary, the 'Poacher.' The College wishes Air Commodore Eeles, Mrs Eeles and their children all good fortune. The College rejoiced to see (after *The Journal* had gone to print) the appointment of Air Commodore Eeles as a Companion of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath.



Air Commodore T. A. B. Parselle, C.B.E., took up the appointment of Commandant of the Royal Air Force College on 16th April, 1956. Like his four post-war predecessors he is an Old Cranwellian and was commissioned from Cranwell in 1931. Much of his previous service has been spent in this district, for he commanded No. 207 Squadron at Langar, and has commanded both Scampton and Hemswell. He comes to Cranwell from an exchange post as Commandant of the Royal Australian Air Force Staff College at Point Cook. *The Journal* wishes the Commandant, Mrs Parselle, and their family a happy tour at Cranwell.



In a generation when records seem to exist only to be broken again in a day or two, it is worth remembering that there are at present at Cranwell a Commandant who established the current College record for the quarter-mile of 50.2 secs. in 1931, and

a College Mess Secretary who established the current College high jump record of 6 feet ten years before.



At the start of the Summer term, the College numbers 232 flight cadets, including 34 of the Equipment and Secretarial branches. In accordance with the recently announced policy of reducing the number of entries to two a year while increasing their size by over half, no new entry was accepted in the spring. The next entry, No. 75, is planned for September and should number 75.



'C' Squadron continues as Sovereign's Squadron for the third consecutive term, thereby equalling the record held by 'B' Squadron.



We regret to record the death at the age of 74 in a Dorking nursing home of Group Captain H. W. Scott, B.A., B.Ch., M.B., M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., the Chief Medical Officer at the R.A.F. College from 1921 to 1925. After serving in Iraq, Group Captain Scott was invalided out of the Service and settled at Holmwood where his principal interest was the preservation of the Common. We also regret to record the deaths of Flight Lieutenant G. F. T. Young and Flight Cadet R. G. Solman in a night flying accident at Cranwell on 30th January. Flight Lieutenant Young saw service during the war as a flight engineer and was awarded a permanent commission in 1949. Flight Cadet Solman was a member of No. 70 Entry and was shaping to be the very type of officer that Cranwell is proud to produce. The deaths of a capable and experienced pilot and of a young man of promise are a sad loss to the Service. We offer the family of Flight Lieutenant Young and the parents of Flight Cadet Solman all our sympathy in their great loss. It is not only by its casualties in battle that the Royal Air Force fulfils its service to its country. It is in honour of its peacetime as well as its wartime losses that all should rededicate themselves to their duty.



The College was represented at the funeral of the late Lord Trenchard by the three Senior Under Officers and 16 flight cadets drawn from all entries under training. A memorial service was held in the Church of St Michael and All Angels on 21st February. In the course of the prelude to the service the Assistant Commandant said:

'We, at Cranwell, particularly revere his memory. He had the foresight to found this College, the pertinacity to realise his full vision of an Air Academy both in the training given and in its setting; and by his personal interest he continued until his death to foster the College that he had founded.

'We have come here in this memorial service to thank God for the example of

Lord Trenchard's life and in God's Presence to dedicate ourselves anew to take up according to our several abilities that work which Lord Trenchard has now laid down.'



At the end of the Spring term many officers have left the College. Wing Commander I. N. MacDougall, D.F.C., had been Chief Flying Instructor during a time of unusual difficulty. He had the task of removing half his command to North Airfield and half to Barkeston Heath while still continuing to operate a full effort. In addition, during his tenure of office, re-equipment of the Flying Wing has taken place at a greater rate than ever before; first the Provost replaced the Chipmunk as the basic trainer, then the Balliol replaced the Harvard as the advanced trainer and was soon itself replaced by the Vampire. With a fine sense of the theatre, having reached the happy ending with South Airfield operating Vampires at full pressure, Wing Commander MacDougall has left for the Joint Services Staff College. In spite of all these preoccupations Wing Commander MacDougall had the great ability of being able to get a flight cadet, even under the stress of a test for possible suspension, to be quite relaxed in the air and give of his best. He has been succeeded as C.F.I. Cranwell by Wing Commander I. MacDonald, A.F.C.

The Reverend H. R. Jamieson has been Senior O.D. Chaplain for two years. With his departure the College has lost a powerful preacher, a stern ruler of the Rugby pitch, a voracious reader and its swiftest solver of *The Times* crossword puzzle. Padre Jamieson has returned to his native heath as a principal chaplain in No. 66 Group. He has been succeeded by the Reverend W. A. Clynes.

The War Studies Team has suffered a double loss. Within three days it lost Lieutenant-Commander J. D. O. Hinton, the Naval Instructor, and Captain E. D. Bruton, the U.S.A.F. Instructor. Indeed the loss was more involved still for a week or two earlier Lieutenant-Commander Hinton, the outstanding bachelor of the team, had the good fortune to become engaged to Miss R. A. Elliott. We wish Lieutenant-Commander Hinton every happiness in his new appointment and in his new way of life. We also wish that he had become engaged to Miss Elliott at the outset of his tour so that Cranwell would have had a longer enjoyment of her company. Lieutenant-Commander Hinton has been a tireless organizer of Naval visits, of sailing and of squash racquets. He leaves us to become first lieutenant of an experimental aircraft carrier.

Captain E. D. Bruton has spent two years as the U.S.A.F. instructor, and he and Mrs Bruton have taken a most welcome part in all our duties, pastimes and folk customs. Captain Bruton, besides completing inimitably his direct task and playing a great part in the Flying Wing, went so far as to express his views on cricket in our pages and Mrs Bruton distinguished herself on one occasion with the beagles. We wish them and their family all good fortune in the future.



In our last issue we reported a reorganization of the College Staff and the re-creation of the post of College Administrative Officer. This post has now been filled by Wing

Commander J. D. W. Willis, A.F.C., who now exercises control over a wide range of duties, including the College Mess, games, and the Cadet Activities Organization.

Wing Commander A. E. Davey, O.B.E., the Senior Equipment Officer and for the past three years the P.M.C. of the Officers' Mess, has retired after some 40 years of service. We thank him for his efforts which made the Officers' Mess at Cranwell one of the more comfortably run as well as one of the most hospitable messes in the Service. His successor as Senior Equipment Officer is Wing Commander A. W. C. Stuart.

Squadron Leader H. M. Dean has left after six years' service on the Tutorial Staff. His tour at Cranwell gave him time to become engaged, to be married, and to produce a family of two, while still fulfilling his duties as Senior Aerodynamics Instructor, as officer in charge of liaison with the Press, and as a keen squash player.



We congratulate Squadron Leader R. C. Stewart on his promotion and upon the increase in his family, the two happy events arriving together. Squadron Leader Stewart organized those two of the activities at Cranwell which most endanger life and limb—the College hockey and the officers' mess Scottish dancing.

To these departing officers, and the many others mentioned elsewhere, we offer our thanks for their cheerfully completed duty and their pleasant companionship.



The 'Per Ardua' Beagles showed good sport during the season, accounting for the record tally of 14 brace in 40 hunting days. In view of the poor scenting conditions in the early part of the season and the severe winter, this reflects much credit on the outgoing Master, Flight Lieutenant D. V. Sandford Evans. Flight Lieutenant C. H. Bidie has taken over as Master and there has been a change of kennel huntsman.



On 26th and 27th March the Dramatic Section of the College Society produced an excellent performance of 'Dial M for Murder.' There are always difficulties in producing a thriller before a College audience, but these were overcome even in the case of an, as ever, over-ebullient last night audience.



A most interesting and valuable exchange visit was made for the first time during the Easter vacation. A party of one officer and six flight cadets joined with a similar party from Sandhurst to visit the Portuguese Military Academy. An account of this visit is given elsewhere. We hope to be able to return this hospitality in June.

Other vacation activities included ski-ing in Scotland, potholing in the Republic of Ireland and canoeing (combined with a little impromptu swimming) on the Rhine.



Flight cadets of Nos. 69 and 70 Entries visited Army units in Germany during the Easter vacation. It was a most interesting and enjoyable tour and we thank their hosts,



Dr Tomo Maki, the Superintendent of the Japanese Tri-Service Academy, listening to Gp Capt D. H. Lee, the Assistant Commandant, while Flt Cds (from left to right) Moran, Bevan and Walker stand by

the 3rd Carabiniers (Prince of Wales' Dragoon Guards), the 4th/7th Royal Dragoon Guards, the 8th King's Royal Irish Hussars, the 9th Queen's Royal Lancers, the 16th/5th Lancers, the 17th/21st Lancers, the 2nd Royal Tank Regiment, the 3rd Royal Tank Regiment, and the 4th Royal Tank Regiment. Another party spent a most valuable day at the Central Fighter Establishment followed by another at the United States Air Force Base at Sculthorpe.

Term-time visits in the Spring term included a visit by No. 67 Entry to Armstrong Whitworth Aircraft and Armstrong Siddeley Motors factories in and near Coventry; by No. 73 Entry to the collieries at Newstead and Annesley. Flight cadets of the Equipment and Secre-

tarial branches visited an air movements centre, an embarkation unit, the R.A.F. Record Office, a regimental pay office, an oil refinery, the R.A.F. agents, the headquarters of various firms concerned with mechanical accounting and several maintenance units.

We thank all our hosts, Service and civilian, for making these visits possible, informative and enjoyable.

Visits to the College have included:

On 26th January Wing Commander Lukic, the Yugoslavian Assistant Air Attaché.

On 16th February Mr M. Holton, who gave a lecture on the R.A.F. Himalayan expedition.

On 5th March Dr Tomo Maki, the Superintendent of the Japanese Tri-Service Academy.

On 8th March Group Captain J. A. Leather, D.S.O., who gave a lecture on Fighter Command.

On 26th March Captain W. J. Munn, D.S.O., O.B.E., R.N., the Captain Designate of Britannia Royal Naval College, Dartmouth.

On 15th March the Headmasters of St. Paul's School, Oundle School, Campbell College, Bristol Grammar School, and Tormore School, Deal.



The Ferris Drill Trophy was won by 'C' Squadron on 10th March. The competition took the form of mounting a guard of honour with a squadron standard. We thank



'C' Squadron winning the Ferris

the principal judges who were Major J. W. Scott, Grenadier Guards, and Captain R. I. Field, M.C., Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry.



Operation Snowball, the emergency training plan in the event of heavy snow, was in force for three weeks during the Spring term.



A special parade service was held on 5th February to commemorate the 36th anniversary of the foundation of the College. The Queen's Colour of the Royal Air Force College was carried on parade. The Chaplain-in-Chief preached the sermon.

The Right Reverend Maurice Harland, D.D., until recently the Lord Bishop of Lincoln, preached his last sermon as our diocesan on Palm Sunday, 25th March. Dr Harland's sermons have been a notable feature of our parade services almost every term. Their clear delivery, their unique background of experience, and great spirituality have left a deep impression on the College. We wish Dr Harland all success in his translation to the See of Durham.



The annual six-a-side hockey festival held on 25th March attracted some twenty teams from the district. This year it was an all-civilian final between Peterborough and Grimsby with Peterborough winning on their first appearance at this festival.

A seven-a-side rugby tournament was held on 7th April confined to teams from Cranwell. The 'B' Squadron team won.



THE SENIOR TERM : APRIL 1956

Senior Flight Cadets D. A. Christian, P. J. Faid, M. J. B. Lawrence, W. R. Thomas, J. R. Hall, R. I. Stuart-Paul, C. W. Bruce, D. M. M. Perera

Senior Flight Cadet J. E. Abraham, U.O. Q. M. B. Oswell, U.O. H. W. J. Rigg, Senior Flight Cadets J. C. Emtage, R. G. Forbes, U.O. P. P. Crowther, Senior Flight Cadets M. G. Blinman, C. Coombes

U.O. G. A. Talbot, U.O. M. D. Porter, U.O. F. W. Daley, S.U.O. J. McVie, S.U.O. A. A. Boyle, S.U.O. T. Durnford, U.O. T. W. Turnill, U.O. T. N. King, U.O. A. R. Pollock

Still Life

Now it is Spring with fresh leaves fluttering
 Flustering the farmhand the fishwife the frump
 Flaunting the shopgirl heartfully lingering
 Subtly inviting the banker the tramp.

This is not immediately obvious.

This is not obvious the notes are invisible
 The pale pink piano the low leaves are fingering
 Discovers the rondo the polka impossible
 Which is more than disturbing to say the least
 angering.

But nevertheless permissible.

Strange such philandering should be allowable
 Strange that suggestions to stop it still don't
 It probes the improbable knots the unknowable
 Perplexes the proud prim pen of my aunt.

Not that it's noticeable.

Not that you'd notice in the bare brown branches
 Where no bud is bursting nor any bird building
 The thin green fingers on someone who lunches
 Off boiled beef and carrots whose brainbox is
 balding.

R. J. S.

Passing-Out Parade of No. 67 Entry

The Chief of the Air Staff Reviews the Parade

ON 10th April, 1956, the College welcomed Air Chief Marshal Sir Dermot A. Boyle, K.C.V.O., K.B.E., C.B., A.F.C., Chief of the Air Staff, as the reviewing officer at the passing-out parade of 25 flight cadets of No. 67 Entry. Also welcomed, as guests to the parade, were Viscountess Trenchard; Air Chief Marshal Sir George Mills, Commander-in-Chief, Allied Air Forces, Central Europe; Air Marshal Sir Harry Broadhurst, Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Bomber Command; Air Marshal G. R. Beamish, Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Technical Training Command; Air Marshal H. L. Patch, Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Fighter Command; Air Marshal R. L. R. Atcherley, Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Flying Training Command, and many other distinguished officers of Her Majesty's Services.

Although the sun shone brightly from a blue sky, a strong wind piled grey clouds up from the West. Lady guests crossing the Orange held onto their spring hats, and the weather man looked at the sky and said unconvincingly, 'No rain before Lunch.'

But fear that rain might spoil the colourful pageantry of No. 67 Entry passing out from Cranwell against the now mature setting of the avenues of trees, the green lawns and the College buildings was not the main emotion felt by the many watchers. It was the realization that two cycles involving the principal actors, one historic, the other personal, spread over many years were about to be completed and linked together in one dramatic climax. This realization fired the imagination, but did not stop the westerly from blowing increasingly hard. Throughout the long parade it snatched the orders issuing from the Parade Commander but the drill remained excellent; it threatened to whip the Queen's colour from the standard bearer, but lost a stern battle; then as a Parthian shot, it struck at a solitary hat.

After the advance in Review Order, Air Chief Marshal Sir Dermot Boyle presented the Sword of Honour to his son, Senior Under Officer A. A. Boyle, and the Queen's Medal to Under Officer T. W. Turnill. Thus Lady Trenchard witnessed the realization of one more of her

husband's dreams, for the Chief of the Air Staff attended the College himself between September, 1922, and July, 1924.

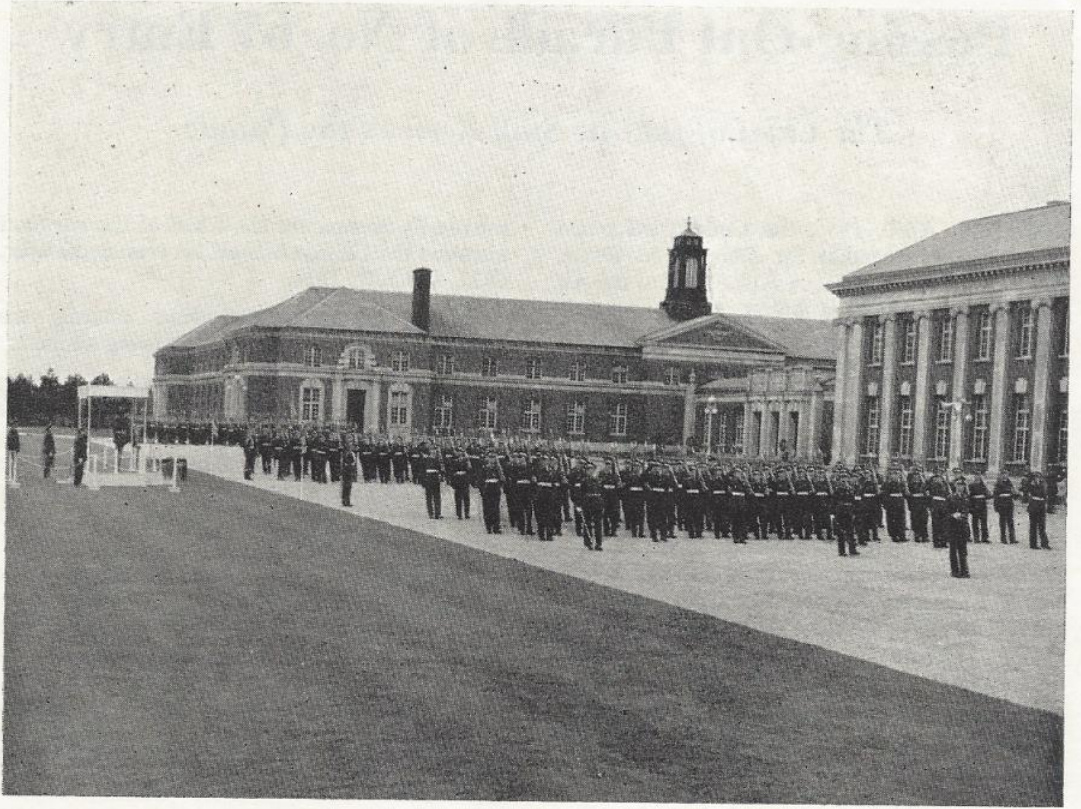
Having presented the main awards, the Reviewing Officer made the following address:

It is a great privilege to be the Reviewing Officer on this parade. To me also falls the double honour of having a son commanding the parade and myself being the first graduate from this College to have acted as Reviewing Officer at this long-established Cranwell ceremony.

We are all very sorry that ill health prevents Air Vice-Marshal Sir Charles Longcroft from being with us here today at this ceremony which marks a point in the history of the College, of which he was the first Commandant. I am delighted to know, however, that there is a large number of Old Cranwellians amongst the spectators. Furthermore, we are honoured and proud to have Lady Trenchard with us here today.

We must not let the fact that we are making history in any way detract from the purpose of today's ceremony which is to pass out No. 67 Entry from this College. Insofar as I am concerned, I would hope that the special circumstances in which I happily and proudly find myself will merely enable me the better to appreciate your achievements, your hopes and your ambitions, and to be with you in the spirit on this important day of your lives.

First of all I want to congratulate you on the real magnificence of the parade which we have seen carried out in not entirely easy conditions. Elsewhere we might see a bigger parade, a more spectacular parade, a more ostentatious parade, but for sheer precision of movement and pride of bearing, smartness of turn out and the most meticulous attention to detail, I doubt if you could equal or better it anywhere in the world. It is easy to say that we have come to expect this of Cranwell, but it is not easy always to live up to expectations, and anyway we should never take these things for granted. That is why I make the specific point of mentioning it.



The Reviewing Officer taking the salute at the March Past of the Cadet Wing

Now, of course, being an ex-cadet, there is a serious temptation to try and compare the present with the past, to say how well you are doing compared to the way we did, but I am not going to do that—out loud anyway—partially because comparisons are odious, partially because if I told you what I think it might be bad for discipline. Instead I am going to tell you a story. Some five or six years ago I was sitting watching one of these Graduation parades. Sitting just behind me was the person who was the Cadet Wing Sergeant Major; we used to call him a lot of other things as well—but his official title was Cadet Wing Sergeant Major. When on this parade the Cadet Wing performed some manoeuvre, I turned round to him and I said: 'Almost as good as in our day.' He said: 'Much better, sir.' I said: 'You old traitor,' to which he replied: 'Well, wouldn't you expect them to be better? I trained the Commandant.' I am sorry that he

is not with us today. He would probably expect to be viewing a still higher standard of parade having trained the Commandant, your C.-in-C. and your Reviewing Officer.

There are two things I want to say to you this morning. The first relates to rumours which keep reaching me that young G.D. officers are anxious about their future in the Service when 'push-button warfare' becomes the order of the day. The answer to this sort of anxiety is to say that push-button warfare is a long way off. Now there are two implications which flow from that answer. One is that it may be a long way off, but when it does come your anxieties are fully justified. The other is the implication that for that very reason the R.A.F. is not anxious to modernize itself and to substitute these weapons for aircraft. I just want to let you know that nothing could be further from the truth. We want these weapons and we are

pressing for them. We want them as soon as we can get them provided that they can do the job better than the aircraft. That is the first point.

The second point is this. Even when we do get them to the maximum extent they cannot, even in the roles for which they are useful, replace the aircraft altogether. And for most roles they cannot replace the aircraft at all. I think you should know that. Consequently the amount of flying which you and your successors are going to do will be the same as has been the case in the past. Any reduction in flying which takes place in the R.A.F. will be a reduction in the amount of flying done by those officers who are not on the full strength of the R.A.F. You will have the same privilege of displaying in the air the enterprise, the gallantry and devotion to your country which has been the privilege of your predecessors. There is only one real difference between now and those past years and that is that in those days only very few people, Lord Trenchard and perhaps one or two others, foresaw the potential of air power. Now this is recognized by the world at large.

Secondly, a word of advice, which I am told is customary at this stage in the proceedings—even though your heads must be bulging with good advice, and I hope also with good intentions. What should those intentions be? Always to be a credit to this College, to your Service and to your commission. Yes, of course. Again we expect that of you, but that does not mean that it is easy. At your age I think you want something a little more practical and more immediate to encourage you to the highest efforts at each stage of your career. The advice I would give you is simple. At least it is simple advice to give; I do not say it is simple advice to follow. I merely say to you, fill every appointment you are given with all your energies, loyalty and efficiency. Do not worry about the appointments you might have had. Do not worry about the appointments your friends have got. Do not worry about how your current appointment is going to affect your future career. Remember there is often much more benefit to be derived from doing an unpleasant job than from doing a pleasant one. Success in an unpleasant job is much more rewarding than it is in a pleasant one, and we expect officers to be able to do unpleasant jobs efficiently, willingly and with their whole hearts.

You are now passing out into a service that has already saved this country from disaster once in its relatively short life. In our business things do not stand still. They move very fast, literally and metaphorically. You must see that you keep your minds alert, flexible and always looking ahead. It is only so that the R.A.F., this great service in which you will exert an ever increasing influence, can carry the load which now rests so firmly on its shoulders.

It now remains for me to wish each and every one of you in No. 67 Entry every success in the Service which is your choice, and I do so on three counts. I wish you success as graduates from this College; I wish you success as members of the R.A.F., and, above all, I wish you success as officers holding Her Majesty the Queen's Commission with all the responsibility and trust that that implies.

God bless you all.

Wings' Ceremony

On the eve of the Passing-out parade, many relatives and friends of No. 67 Entry, as well as College and Station officers, attended the Presentation of Wings and individual prizes and Squadron trophies in the College Lecture Hall.

The presentations were made by Air Commodore H. Eeles, for whom it was both an important and sad occasion—his last Wings' Ceremony. In his speech he imparted to his audience some of the emotions he was feeling. The Ceremony ended on an unusual note with a speech from Under Officer Daley, on behalf of the Cadet Wing, in appreciation of Air Commodore and Mrs Eeles' service to the College.

In his speech Air Commodore Eeles said:

Ladies and Gentlemen.

This day, Monday, 9th April, 1956, is a day that I shall remember for a long time because it is the last occasion on which I shall preside at one of these family occasions of the College; and on this last occasion when I carry out these duties it pleases me particularly to see so many friends and relations of the passing-out entry present with us tonight. Without their presence this ceremony would not have nearly the same spirit or pleasure for those taking part, and we are most pleased to see you all here with us.

Each term I find myself presenting the same prizes and a large number of wings to the qualifying flight cadets and it is a task that never palls so far as I am concerned, because the prizes denote the recognition of another term's hard work on the part of the flight

cadets and the award of the wings is indicative of the apprenticeship which has been well and truly served by the G.D. flight cadets. The R.A.F. Wings are a pilot's passport throughout the world of flight, and I for one, will never tire of welcoming new members into that highly individual but very closely knit community of pilots who fly aeroplanes. I extend also my congratulations to all the Equipment and Secretarial flight cadets who have qualified in their training, but particularly to you G.D. flight cadets, and I only hope that you will prove worthy of that most jealously guarded symbol of a pilot's expertness that is the R.A.F. flying badge.

I would like to make three further comments on the term's work because it has been a somewhat exceptional term so far as the R.A.F. College has been concerned. The first point of interest is the fact that in our Order of Merit, which includes all types of training at the College, the first eight places in it have been filled by our Under Officers. Now that, to my knowledge, has never happened before and I have been wondering ever since what it signifies. Have the Under Officers worked

harder than usual or have they been lazy in their Under Officer duties in preference to their work! I have yet to find out what the right answer to that is, but it is most gratifying to have our Under Officers, who have many additional tasks to perform, filling not less than the first eight places in the Order of Merit of No. 67 Entry. Then again, the spread of the prizes themselves has been significant; we have had a number of flight cadets coming up to receive their prizes this evening, and in my opinion the fact that so many flight cadets have received prizes in No. 67 Entry denotes a first class entry. I am always suspicious of the entry that leaves Cranwell with just one flight cadet carrying away all the prizes; either he has had no competition or else there is something unhealthy about the rest of the entry.

Thirdly, the fact that I have awarded the cup for the Sovereign's Squadron to 'C' Squadron this evening for the third time running is, I think worthy of note. This has never happened in my time at the College—it has happened before when 'B' Squadron in the dim distant ages achieved that distinction,



The Chief of the Air Staff with his son, Senior Under Officer A. A. Boyle, after the parade

and my only words on this occasion are that while I hope 'C' Squadron will continue to keep it, I wish the best of luck to 'B' Squadron to recapture that distinctive record in the future.

I also want to place on record my appreciation of the way in which last term's problems at the College have been surmounted. In addition to a major reorganization in the life of the College and a recasting of the syllabus and our programme of work we have introduced jet training to the senior year flight cadets of the College. This has been a gigantic task so far as the College is concerned, affecting both the staff and the flight cadet wing, and the fact that these many innovations have worked so well during the current term in spite of very difficult conditions reflects the greatest credit on everybody who works at Cranwell. The changes that we have had to introduce involved more than a year's hard preparatory work on the part of the staff, and all that work had to be in addition to the normal routine of the College. I am most grateful to the whole of my staff for the way that they have shouldered that additional burden and for the way they have carried it out. I am sure that no one here would begrudge me if I make mention of one particular officer in that respect and that is our late C.F.I., Wing Commander MacDougall. To him fell the responsibility of planning and introducing jet training for the R.A.F. College, and it was very much due to his care, thoroughness and foresight during last term and this that we have been so successful in our Vampire training today; I think some small recognition of his hard work is due tonight.

Now for you gentlemen of No. 67 Entry Cranwell's worries and tribulations are over, and I hope from now on you will have many pleasant memories of the College, but at the same time I do not think that you ought always to look back on the pleasant times that you have had at Cranwell. You must also face the future and prove yourselves to the R.A.F. to whom you will now owe your allegiance rather than to the R.A.F. College itself. I believe that Cranwell has taught you the right way to do that and your minds will be full of good intentions to do the right thing. However good these intentions are, I feel that they will have to be backed up with certain other qualities of which I would suggest to you the qualities of AMBITION and INSPIRATION are probably the foremost. What about ambition? In addition to the normal definition of the word

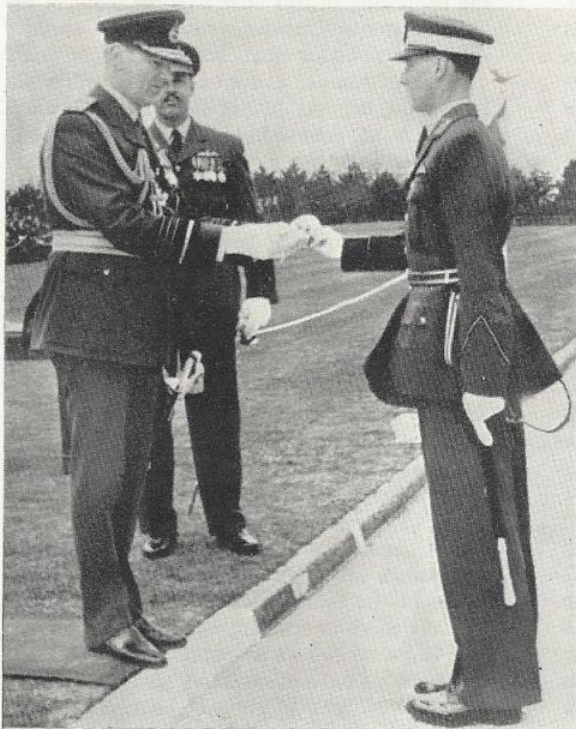
which is the personal desire to do well, ambition indicates as well a desire to find fresh fields to conquer. Now the R.A.F. is a fighting service both in peace and in war. In war we fight the Queen's enemies; in peace-time we fight other things as well. We fight the elements we fight the unknown mysteries of science and we also have to fight on frequent occasions the prejudices of other people; this has given the R.A.F. its manhood and it is this that has made the R.A.F. what it is. It has been made to become enterprising, stouthearted and resolute because it knows how to fight in peace and in war. You can see that by the achievements of the R.A.F. from year to year. Every year as you look back and read of what the R.A.F. has done throughout the world it is easy to see that this fighting spirit is alive today. I therefore ask you gentlemen of No. 67 Entry always to remember to be ambitious and to keep your mind and your body in full fighting trim, both in peace and in war; otherwise these good intentions with which you are leaving Cranwell will evaporate, and as a result the service to which you belong will wither away.

Now what about the problem of INSPIRATION? I feel that the opening of this year and the beginning of this term saw the close of the first chapter of Cranwell's history. In February our great founder died. He was full of years and full of honour at that time but, still more important, he was full of fight for the things in which he believed. He himself lived long enough to see the College which he created justified both in peace and in war, and what is more, when peace came again he had the great satisfaction of seeing the destiny of the great Service he created handed over to one of your predecessors at the College.

In the pages of this history of Cranwell are recorded countless exploits of gallantry and skill and high endeavour which have culminated in the vindication of Lord Trenchard's creed and belief in the College. Don't you think that that first chapter of Cranwell history might well have been titled after our own motto 'Superna Petimus' to 'seek the heights'? We started in that first chapter from very small beginnings and now we have become established in the face of the world. If this is the close of the first chapter, the next chapter has still to be written, and come what may, it is bound to be written somehow or in some way and in it your exploits will be recorded for



*The Chief of the Air Staff talking
to Under Officer A. R. Pollock,
'A' Squadron Senior Entry*



*The Reviewing Officer presents
the Sword of Honour to Senior
Under Officer A. A. Boyle*

better or for worse and the ultimate title of that second chapter will become your responsibility to draft and inscribe. What better inspiration, therefore, can you have for writing the next chapter of Cranwell's history than to think back and read the record contained in the first.

And so at the close of this first chapter both you and I are leaving the College. It is a great moment for you, a sad one for me, but undoubtedly tomorrow's occasion when you pass into the Service as commissioned officers will be an inspiration to us all.

May I wish that that inspiration which you will receive tomorrow will remain with you throughout the whole of your careers and may success and victory in your fights attend you wherever you may be.

Order of Merit

No. 67 ENTRY

General Duties Branch

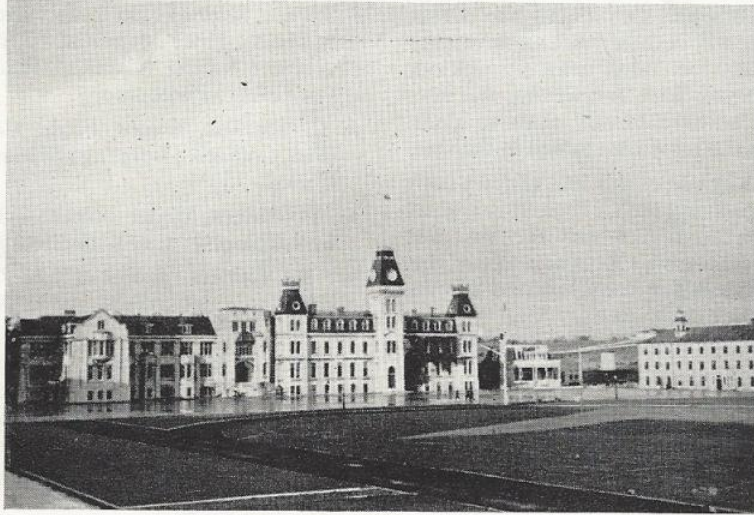
- T. W. TURNILL, Under Officer: Queen's Medal; R. M. Groves Memorial Prize; J. A. Chance Memorial Prize; Hockey (Half Colours); Dramatics; Angling (Captain); Photography.
- J. McVIE, Senior Under Officer: Abdy Gerrard Fellowes Memorial Prize; Shooting (Captain, Full Colours); Dancing.
- A. A. BOYLE, Senior Under Officer: Sword of Honour; Hockey; Gliding (Captain); *Journal* (Editor); Debating (Secretary).
- F. W. DALEY, Under Officer: Phillip Sassoon Memorial Prize; Royal United Service Institute Award; Rugby (Captain, Full Colours); Mountaineering.
- A. R. POLLOCK, Under Officer: Boxing (Full Colours); Pot-holing; Mountaineering; Riding; Canoeing; Ski-ing; *Journal* (Deputy Editor).
- T. N. KING, Under Officer: Air Ministry Prize for Imperial and War Studies; Rugby; Cricket; Dramatics (President); Canoeing; Ski-ing.
- G. A. TALBOT, Under Officer: Field Shooting (Captain); Ski-ing; Riding.
- P. P. CROWTHER, Under Officer: Debating; Canoeing; Dramatics; Dancing; Gliding.
- P. J. FAID, Senior Flight Cadet: Dickson Trophy; Michael Hill Memorial Prize; Rowing; *Journal*; Sailing (Captain); Riding; Ski-ing; Pot-holing; Photography.
- J. C. EMTAGE, Senior Flight Cadet: Rowing (Full Colours); Beagling; Ski-ing; Dramatics; Choral.
- M. D. PORTER, Under Officer: Cricket (Captain, Full Colours); Rugby (Full Colours); Soccer.
- W. R. THOMAS, Senior Flight Cadet: Rugby (Half Colours); Fine Arts; *Journal*; Aero-modelling; Photography.
- H. W. J. RIGG, Under Officer: Pentathlon (Captain, Full Colours); Rugby (Full Colours); Fencing (Half Colours); Mountaineering; Canoeing.
- D. A. CHRISTIAN, Senior Flight Cadet: Canoeing; Aeromodelling.
- C. W. BRUCE, Senior Flight Cadet: Hockey (Captain, Full Colours); Mountaineering; Canoeing; Photography.
- J. R. HALL, Senior Flight Cadet: Beagling; Field Shooting.
- R. G. FORBES, Senior Flight Cadet: Swimming (Half Colours); Mountaineering.
- R. I. STUART-PAUL, Senior Flight Cadet: Boxing (Half Colours); Pot-holing (Secretary).
- Q. M. B. OSWELL, Under Officer: Rowing; Beagling (Captain); Dramatics; Jazz; Choral; Riding.
- C. COOMBES, Senior Flight Cadet: Aeromodelling; Dancing; Canoeing; Gliding.
- M. J. B. LAWRENCE, Senior Flight Cadet: Athletics (Full Colours); Cross-Country (Half Colours); Mountaineering; Canoeing.

Equipment Branch

- M. G. BLINMAN, Senior Flight Cadet: Air Ministry Prize for Equipment Studies; Beagling; Canoeing.
- T. DURNFORD, Senior Under Officer: Hockey (Full Colours); Sailing; Jazz; Debating; Fine Arts; Choral.
- D. M. M. PERERA, Senior Flight Cadet: Cricket (Full Colours); Boxing; Photography.

Secretarial Branch

- J. E. ABRAHAM, Senior Flight Cadet: Air Ministry Prize for Secretarial Studies; L'Ecole de l'Air Trophy for French Studies; Debating; Chess; Pot-holing; Canoeing.



THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE OF CANADA

By

R. A. Preston, M.A., Ph.D.,
F.R.Hist.S.,

Professor of History at R.M.C.

THE Canadian Services Colleges are at the core of Canada's officer-production schemes. Integrated with the Regular Officer Training Plan, which sends potential officers to the Services Colleges or the university, as appropriate, they give cadets a basic military training and an academic education which will fit them, when they have been matured by experience, to serve in the higher ranks of one of the three Services. It is believed that, by training together, the cadets will form lasting friendships which will cut across inter-Service barriers, and thus be able to achieve more easily that co-operation which modern war demands.

The course at the Services Colleges lasts four years. The annual sessions are 11 months. The summer term is spent in practical training at home or overseas, as the case may be, with the Service of the cadet's choice. The fall and winter terms are primarily academic but are accompanied by basic military training which is common to all arms and which includes an important element of

indoctrination. Where the Canadian Services Colleges course differs from that followed by a university student who trains in the University Canadian Officers' Training Corps, the University Naval Training Division, or the University Reserve Training Plan of the R.C.A.F., is that in the Services Colleges the cadet's life is organized on strict military lines and he always must maintain the very high standards of conduct, discipline, dress, and smartness that are traditional at all military colleges.

Graduates from the four-year course of the Services Colleges obtain the rank of Flying Officer or of its equivalent in the other Services. Academically they have had an education which, if they have specialized in engineering, will enable them to complete a degree at a university in one further year. Those who enter the Regular forces are sent on full pay and allowances to the university. The general course taken by the remainder of the cadets rates at least as high as the pass arts course at a university, since it takes

one year longer and includes, in addition to military studies, more mathematical and scientific courses which are of value to the potential officer.

The first two years of the course can be taken at the Royal Military College, at Royal Roads, or at the Collège Militaire Royal de St Jean. The academic standard required for entry is the Senior Matriculation level in the various provinces (except at the Collège Militaire Royal, where there is a preliminary year for which the standard of entry is Junior Matriculation). Successful candidates are selected from among the applicants on the basis of their academic standing, provided that they show themselves in an interview to be suitable 'officer material,' and provided they can meet the physical and medical standards imposed by the Service of their choice.

The third and fourth years of the course are taken, by all cadets, at Kingston. R.M.C. is the oldest of the three Services Colleges, having been opened in 1876 to train officers for the Canadian armed forces after the withdrawal of the British Regulars in 1870.

Delightfully situated on Point Frederick, a peninsula at the junction of Lake Ontario and the River St Lawrence, near to the Thousand Islands, its location is one with great traditions in the history of our country. The French Governor, Count Frontenac, established a fort on the opposite side of the River Cataraqui in 1673 on a site which is now occupied by the National Defence College and the Canadian Army Staff College. The British chose Point Frederick itself as the location of a naval dockyard, and the army built a fleet there which was operated by the Admiralty during the war of 1812. The importance of this fleet can be realized by the fact that it was responsible for maintaining the long line of communications from the Atlantic to the troops fighting in the Niagara peninsula and beyond. One of the ships built in the dockyard was bigger than Nelson's *Victory*.

On the other side of Navy Bay stands Fort Henry, built in 1813 and rebuilt in 1832-7 to defend the dockyard and the entrance to Canada's great military canal of those days, the Rideau, which enters Lake Ontario through the River Cataraqui. The Rideau connected the Great Lakes with the St. Lawrence below the international section of the river. On Point Frederick itself, and elsewhere in the Kingston area, are massive martello towers which were constructed during the Oregon Crisis in 1846 when war with the United States seemed imminent. Kingston thus

has a noteworthy place in Canada's military and naval history. Fort Henry and the martello towers form a picturesque background for the Military College and are a permanent reminder to the cadets of the services rendered to Canada by great military leaders of the past.

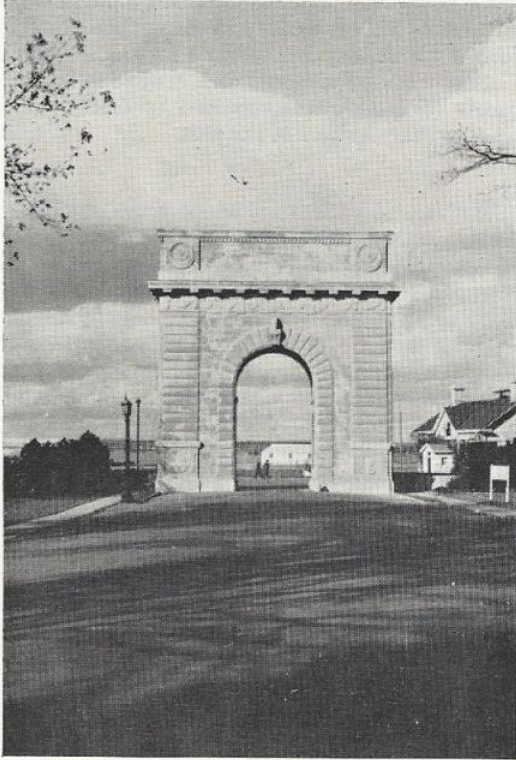
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The Act of Parliament which established the College was passed by the government of the Honourable Alexander Mackenzie in 1875. It provided for 'an institution for the purpose of imparting a complete education in all branches of military tactics, fortification, engineering, and general scientific knowledge in subjects connected with and necessary to a thorough knowledge of the military profession and for qualifying officers for command and staff appointments.' When the Military College opened in June, 1876, it was the first cadet college to be set up in the Empire outside the United Kingdom; and it was also the first engineering college organized in Canada.

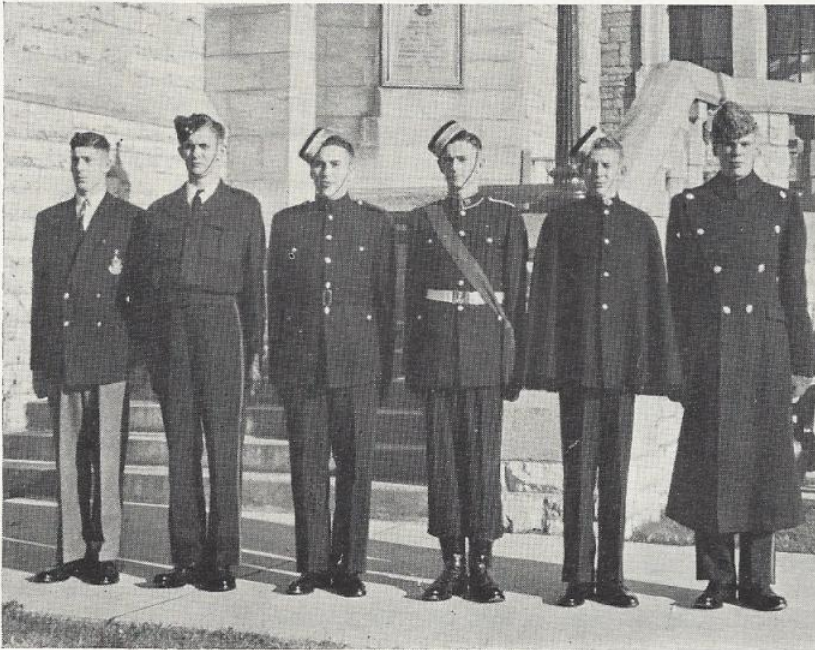
At first the Stone Frigate, a naval warehouse and barracks which had been built in 1820 to house the gear from the 1812 fleet, was used for all the college's purposes; but two years later a new building was opened, one that is now known as 'Mackenzie Building.' In that same year, 1878, Queen Victoria honoured the new venture by authorizing the use of the prefix 'Royal' in its name.

Canada's need for regular army officers was at first small. Moreover, the few permanent commissions which were granted in the following decades often went to militia officers who had not attended the college. It was alleged that the reason for appointment was usually political. R.M.C. would possibly not have survived had it not been for the fact that the British government offered four commissions yearly to its graduates. In times of emergency this number was increased. At the time of the Boer War, and on several other occasions, 'special' commissions were given to R.M.C. graduates or to cadets in junior years in the college. Hence, officers who had trained at Kingston served all over the Empire, and the college gained a great reputation. Among the most renowned of early ex-cadets was a Canadian of French extraction, Sir E. P. C. Girouard, K.C.M.G., D.S.O., who built railways in Africa for Kitchener's Nile Expedition. But he was only typical of many.

R.M.C. cadets also served Canada both as soldiers and in various civil capacities. At the time of the North-West Rebellion there had been only 88 graduates of the College course,



The Memorial Arch which records the names of all cadets who have given their lives in war. The inscription on the arch states: 'Blow out ye bugles over the rich dead, there's none so lonely and poor of old but dying has made us rarer gifts than gold'



Cadets in the various uniforms worn at R.M.C. From left to right: Recreation dress, Battledress, No. 1 dress, Cadet Flight Leader in No. 1 dress and drill order, No. 1 dress with cape, Greatcoat

of whom 24 were then in British forces outside Canada. However, about 30 ex-cadets served under Wolsely against the *métis*. Many other ex-cadets were employed in surveying and engineering works connected with the opening up of the country during the latter half of the nineteenth century.

It was the war of 1914-18 which first fully revealed R.M.C.'s great value to Canada. The growing pool of ex-cadets furnished a large number of officers for the great army which Canada recruited for that war. Nearly a thousand served in the forces, and many rose to positions of high command. One hundred and forty-seven of them were killed. The leading ace of the war, 'Billy' Bishop, V.C., later an honorary Air Marshal in the R.C.A.F., was an R.M.C. ex-cadet. The college itself carried on throughout the war, but with shortened courses to meet the emergency. Without it, the task of officering Canada's armies would have been extremely difficult.

In 1917, after the Halifax explosion, the Royal Canadian Naval College was transferred to Kingston and housed temporarily in the Stone Frigate. When the Naval College closed in 1922, R.M.C. was left once more as the only school for officers for all Canada's Services. Although it was primarily an army college and was run by the Army, many of its graduates obtained commissions in the R.C.N., the R.N., the R.C.A.F., and the R.A.F. Of the class of 1924, the first post-war class to resume the full four-year course, 12 cadets joined the regular forces and, of these, seven were commissioned in the R.C.A.F. This was a pointer for the future. From 1931, courses were given at R.M.C. by an R.C.A.F. staff officer for those cadets who wished to join the air arm. For some years before the Second World War there was also a preparatory course for R.C.A.F. staff officers at the college. R.M.C.'s contribution to the R.C.A.F. may be measured by the fact that no fewer than 13 of the 29 Air Commodores presently in the R.C.A.F. are ex-cadets.

From 1920 to 1936, graduates of R.M.C. had entered the final year of civil engineering at Queen's, University of Toronto, and McGill. In 1937 the course was changed by the introduction of specialization into the final year to prepare a cadet to enter the final years of mechanical, electrical and chemical engineering also. At the same time a general arts course was begun for cadets who did not wish to specialize in science and engineering. The first graduates of these courses entered the universities in 1938

and graduated the following year with distinction. But the next year's graduating class went to war instead of to the university.

The college was closed down in 1942 and, although the R.C.N. opened its own cadet college at Royal Roads in that same year, the Army and the R.C.A.F. followed the alternative plan of producing officers through wartime O.C.T.U.s. However, once again R.M.C.'s officer-production during the years of peace proved invaluable because it provided a large source of officers for the expanded wartime Services.

A total of 1,359 ex-cadets were in the armed forces and 72 more were engaged in other special war work. Of those serving, 114 lost their lives.

In 1948, to supplement the University Training Scheme set up at the end of the war, R.M.C. was reopened and was co-ordinated with Royal Roads to train officers for all three Services. In 1952 the Collège Militaire Royal de St Jean was established to complete the system of tri-Service colleges. The course set up in 1948 followed the lines laid down in the years immediately before the war. In charge of the academic side at R.M.C. was Colonel W. R. Sawyer, O.B.E., E.D., Ph.D., an ex-cadet and former R.M.C. professor who had worked on the new plan in the late 1930s. During the war he had been in charge of the Special Weapons Section of the Canadian Army Overseas, and from 1945 to 1948 he was Director of Weapons and Development on the General Staff.

* * *

In its first two years the R.M.C. course, like that at Royal Roads and C.M.R., is almost completely identical for all cadets. It is designed to give a broad general education along with the sciences and mathematics necessary for every Service officer, and also for the background for specialized courses in the several departments of engineering. In the final two years (those taken at R.M.C. only) the cadet chooses from among a large variety of courses. He may decide to specialize in mechanical, electrical, civil, or chemical engineering; on the other hand, in the general course he can elect to major in English, French, history, economics, commerce, or the sciences. His instructors are professors with university experience; and the courses are fully recognized by the Canadian universities.

But his life is not all work. The College Recreation Club has existed since 1877 and R.M.C. teams have won honour for the college

in many different sports. In 1910, 1911, 1923, 1926 and 1930, R.M.C. won the Dominion Intermediate Rugby Championship. Since 1951 the cadets have won 11 championships in different lines of endeavour. Coached by Squadron Leader A. C. (Tony) Golab, the R.M.C. Staff Adjutant, the rugby team is this year bent on winning the St Lawrence Colleges Intermediate Championship. An up-to-date swimming pool, playing fields, squash courts, and gymnasiums provide ample recreational facilities for the present establishment of 400 cadets. Sloops, dinghies, whalers, skiffs and canoes are available for water sports. When the lake freezes, there is skating and ice-boating.

Finally, there are the great social events and the ceremonial parades. Soon they will be enhanced by the reissue of the traditional R.M.C. 'pill-box' caps and red tunics. Thus R.M.C. maintains its links with its glorious past while at the same time keeping up to date with modern warfare. Its engineering shops possess

an operating gas turbine engine and the latest electronic devices. Its research laboratories and its busy library are testimony to a vigorous intellectual activity. Blending old traditions with new techniques, it is designed to produce officers who will maintain that high reputation which Canada's Army, Navy, and Air Force have won in battle.

That they are likely to live up to the achievements of their predecessors is suggested by the military and academic promise which the newest graduates have already shown. In 1952 the 24 Regular Army cadets of the graduating class were all sent straight from their passing-out parade to the front at Korea. Four of them won the Military Cross and another the Belgian Croix de Guerre. At the university these and other recent R.M.C. graduates have gained a crop of academic distinctions. Canada can be proud of the Royal Military College and of the contributions which the college has made, and will continue to make, to the national safety and well-being.

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: College Administrative Officer: Wing Commander J. D. W. Willis, A.F.C.; R.N. Instructor: Lieutenant-Commander P. G. Shaw, R.N.; U.S.A.F. Instructor: Major J. W. Jackson, D.F.C.; U.S.A.F. Cadet Wing Officer 'B' Squadron: Flight Lieutenant W. I. Worsley; College P.F.O.: Flight Lieutenant B. Gibson.

Tutorial Wing: Senior Aerodynamics Instructor: Squadron Leader J. Sandford; Navigation Instructors: Flight Lieutenant W. H. P. Canner, Flying Officer R. J. Coles; Science Tutors: Flight Lieutenants M. A. Boyle, C. B. Stribling; Secretarial Tutor: Flight Lieutenant A. J. M. Farquharson.

Flying Wing: C.F.I. Cranwell: Wing Commander I. MacDonald, A.F.C.; Flight Lieutenants: C. H. Bidie, A. T. Gobey, D. B. Hives, G. E. C. Keeling, M. R. M. Thompson, M. G. Tomkins, J. F. Turner; Flying Officers: A. Dick, B. W. Dove-Dixon, J. D. Penrose.

Administrative Wing: Senior O.D. Padre: The Reverend W. A. Clynes; Senior Equipment Officer: Wing Commander A. W. G. Stuart; P.M.R.A.F.N.S.: Flight Officer M. Dival.

DEPARTURES

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

Wing Commanders: A. E. Davey, the Reverend H. M. Jamieson, I. N. MacDougall.

Squadron Leaders: H. M. Dean, R. D. A. Smith, R. H. Steele.

Flight Lieutenants: W. R. Barrow, E. H. Coombs, A. S. Gray, J. H. W. Grobler, P. V. K. Hicks, D. R. Jennings, W. E. Kelly, L. G. Ludgate, H. D. Newman, J. R. Powell, K. N. Rice, R. C. Stewart, L. C. Swalwell.

Flying Officer: W. S. S. Garnett.

CADET WING LISTS PROMOTIONS

'A' Squadron: Flight Cadet Senior Under Officer D. C. G. Brook. Flight Cadet Under Officers R. G. Fox, J. L. Blackford, J. W. Canning.

'B' Squadron: Flight Cadet Senior Under Officer J. H. Constable. Flight Cadet Under Officers D. J. H. Collins, J. R. Walker, G. L. Aylett.

'C' Squadron: Flight Cadet Senior Under Officer J. E. Neville. Flight Cadet Under Officers C. G. Jones, R. G. Morgan, M. P. Walters.

THE SOVEREIGN'S SQUADRON Points Scored in the Spring Term

	'A'	'B'	'C'
	Sqn	Sqn	Sqn
Chimay Cup	3	6	9
Knocker Cup	1	4	7
Ferris Drill Trophy ..	2	5	8
	—	—	—
	6	15	24
	—	—	—

INTER-SQUADRON COMPETITION Points Scored in the Spring Term

	'A'	'B'	'C'
	Sqn	Sqn	Sqn
Hockey	4	20	12
Cross-Country	4	12	20
Squash	10	2	6
Shooting	2	10	6
Athletics	15	5	25
	—	—	—
	35	49	69
	—	—	—

Portuguese Visit

From 11th to 15th April, 1956, a party of one officer and five members of the Senior Entry visited the Portuguese Military Academy, Lisbon, in company with one officer and five members of the Senior Entry of the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst. The Royal Air Force College Party was commanded by Wing Commander R. J. Walker, D.S.O., and consisted of Senior Under Officers D. C. G. Brook, J. E. Nevill and J. H. Constable, and Under Officers D. J. H. Collins and J. L. Blackford

Tuesday, 10th, and Wednesday, 11th April

AFTER the Passing-Out Parade and Graduation Ceremonies, we left Cranwell in two Ansons of the Headquarters Flight. At Shawbury we were met by Wing Commander Atkinson, who took us to the Officers' Mess. The following morning we boarded the three Varsitys, in company with the Sandhurst party, and took off at 0730. The General Duties members of the party helped to fly the aircraft to Cape Finisterre, from where we flew in loose formation down the Portuguese coast to Lisbon. Flying at 900 feet we marvelled at the continuous stretch of brown sand, broken by small fir and pine trees.

We turned inland and caught our first glimpse of rural Portugal. Wide turns over the Tagus gave us a breathtaking view of Lisbon, and we arrived at Portella Airport at exactly 1430, local time.

We were met by Major Garcia Perreira, of the Military Academy Staff, Captain Sousa Meneses, representing the Headquarters of the Portuguese Army, and many of the Cadets who were to be our hosts at the Academy. We were welcomed also by H.M. Air Attaché, Wing Commander M. H. de L. Everest, A.F.C., R.A.F., and Lieutenant-Colonel G. F. L. Gilbert, R.A., H.M. Military Attaché. The luggage was taken off the aircraft,



The Cranwell party with Portuguese Air Force officers at Sintra

and when the passport and currency formalities had been completed we were driven to the Academy in a Volkswagen bus, passing through the very beautiful modern part of Lisbon.

The Military Academy is, in parts, centuries old, but the living accommodation is twentieth century, comfortable, and spotlessly clean. All the buildings are good examples of typically Iberian architecture. There are between two and three hundred cadets at the Academy, divided into cavalry, infantry, engineers, artillery, administration and air sections. There are about 15 'flight cadets' at the Academy.

Our hosts immediately took us in hand, and showed us to the rooms we were to share with them. When the luggage had arrived, it was found that Brook's was not amongst it. At that moment we saw our three Varsityes circle overhead, then fly off to Gibraltar. The riddle of the missing baggage was solved!

Having changed into No. 1 R.A.F. Dress, except for Brook, we were photographed, then set out to meet the Commandant of the Academy, whose offices were in the oldest and most historic part of the buildings. He mentioned the long and happy alliance with Great Britain and how pleased they were to have the representatives of their oldest ally with them for a few days.

Then we set off for the Salesias Stadium in Belem, one of the suburbs of Lisbon, to watch a rugby football match between a Royal Air Force XV and a team drawn from the combined clubs of Lisbon. After a clean and well-fought game, in which the R.A.F. won a Pyrrhic victory, His Excellency the Ambassador came over to meet us.

Dinner that night was a simple but most palatable meal, and we retired from officialdom at an early hour. We talked, however, with our hosts for some time; the conversation was aided no doubt by the bottles of port, produced by the cadets, and drunk by us all using tooth mugs and tumblers. We turned in later feeling very tired after a day full of interest and activity.

Thursday, 12th April

We were awakened at 0630 by the Reveille, played by a bugler. The bugle is used a great deal at the Academy, and after the initial shock we became quite used to its tones announcing the imminence of meals and the end of instructional periods. Breakfast consisted of butter and rolls, coffee and chocolate. This is the normal breakfast in Portugal, and to begin with it was a little strange.

After breakfast we started on a tour of the Academy, and witnessed, in the gymnasium, a most strenuous P.T. class in progress. Strong accent is placed on physical fitness at the Academy. Next we visited the fencing school, and watched two classes being put through their paces. Individuals were selected to carry out a short exhibition for our benefit. We went to the older part of the Academy, and saw the hall where portraits of past commandants were hung, and the most impressive library, which holds 10,000 volumes. We saw several classrooms and the weapons museum which held many types of ancient and modern weapons, mostly of foreign manufacture. From Winchester repeater to Bren Gun, all the weapons were well cared for and appeared ready for use.

At 1200 we left the Academy in our Volkswagen bus to travel about twenty miles to No. 1 Air Base at Sintra. The journey was our first ground view of really rural Portugal, and we found it fascinating. Our hosts, a

group of young Portuguese officers, who spoke excellent English, had been trained to fly in the United States.

We were introduced to the Commandant, who welcomed us to the base. He said that it was very pleasant to meet representatives of the Royal Air Force, as he had flown a great deal with our service. Our hosts took us to the mess, and, until lunch was served, we stood on the terrace and talked to them while the gentle wind cooled us and the sun blazed down. The view from the terrace was wonderful: we could see how the runway ran along a part of the flat, green plain, and ended abruptly in surrounding fir-covered hills. Perched on the summit of one jagged peak to the south was a fairy tale castle, and this was the Pera Palace, built by King Ferdinand II on the site of a sixteenth-century convent.

At luncheon, wines and champagne were served; this was a great honour, for normally drinks are never served until after 1700 hours. Toasts were drunk to the Queen and to the Royal Air Force: Blackford responded in Portuguese, learnt during his childhood spent in Brazil, and we toasted the President and the Portuguese Air Force.

Sintra is an advanced flying training school, and training is carried out in Harvards and Chipmunks. The pupils complete about 150 hours during their stay at Sintra. During the afternoon we toured the base, and saw the very excellent and elaborate instructional equipment used to train technicians in the servicing of these aircraft. We took a close look at the Harvards, and the Secretarial member of the party had the frightening experience of starting one of them. After this we saw the control tower, and visited the Link Trainer section. The General Duties members of the party all tried their hand at piloting the trainer, but as they were American models with the artificial horizon working in the opposite sense to ours the results achieved by the party were quite remarkable. We were told that our fatality rate was 100 per cent.

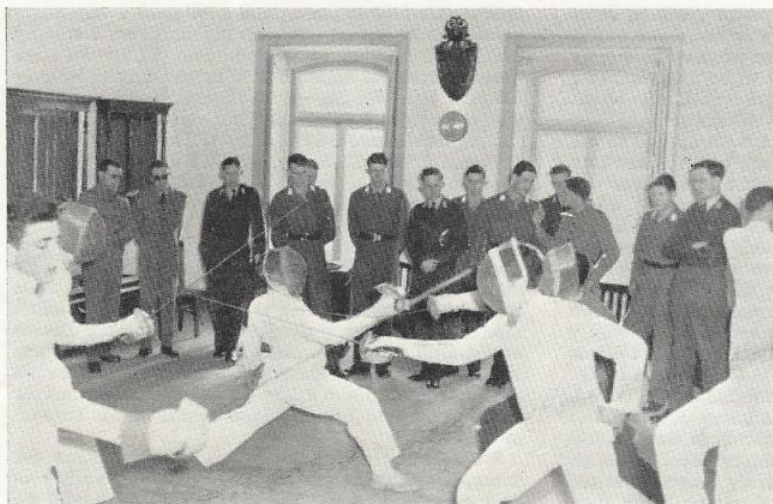
We thanked our hosts for a most interesting visit, and then began the journey back to Lisbon along the road running beside the Tagus. It was a fascinating drive, taking us through the very wealthy part of Estoril—the haven of dispossessed royalty, the gamblers' paradise. We passed the Tower of Belem, with its connections with Vasco da Gama, and the monastery of Jeronimos, a magnificent fifteenth-century cathedral and monastery.

After dinner at the Academy we were taken out by our cadet hosts to the Severas night club, where, with wine and the traditional 'fado,' we were entertained until midnight. We returned to the Academy to wait until the gates were opened at 0100. This surprised us a little, as did the sentry, who, armed with loaded rifle and fixed bayonet, paced slowly up and down inside the gates. Shortly after 0100 we went to bed, tired but satisfied with a most entertaining day.

Friday, 13th April

On Friday, the third day of our visit, we visited No. 2 Air Base at Ota, some forty miles north of Lisbon.

Flying for the day had unfortunately been cancelled, because of the poor visibility and low cloud base: we were, however, able to study many of the interesting aspects of this operational airfield. There were two squadrons of Thunderjets and two squadrons of Shooting Stars operating from the base, and we learned that under N.A.T.O. arrangements all the equipment used on the station was provided by the United States. Most of the pilots had been trained in jet flying in the United States and thus there was no language problem.



The Cranwell party watches Portuguese cadets fencing in the Academy

The first stop on our tour of the station was to see the Servicing Squadron. A close look at the F.84's revealed a cockpit layout and instrument panel entirely different from our own. The ground crews were full of praise for their aircraft: the rate of serviceability was very high indeed but it surprised us to hear that after only three 'wet starts' the engine had to be changed—by no means a simple task.

Then we went to the control tower, and from the operations and control room we gained a good view over the whole airfield. With its one main instrument runway, D-shaped taxiway and convenient fuelling points the airfield had a plan typical of many N.A.T.O. airfields. It was clear that when landing into the west on an instrument approach, the pilots had to be wary of an ugly hill rising 500 feet above the runway, only ten degrees to port of the approach path, and near enough to the airfield to cause concern.

We visited the G.C.A. installation and saw a practice controlled approach. We were interested to note the efficiency of the equipment, and impressed by the knowledge of its operators. The engine-testing bay was our next port of call. There a technician was calibrating the maximum R.P.M. of an F.84 engine, all from the safety of a soundproof cabin. The whole intricate operation, from removing it from the aircraft, installing it in the test bed, calibrating it, and replacing it in the aircraft, took three hours.

In spite of a most unfortunate minor fire in the mess, we were entertained to a very excellent lunch. We exchanged stories with the pilots, and found their outlook very little different from ours. We had learned much about the station, and about the officers serving on it.

With Lieutenant Delgado as our guide we drove back to Lisbon, and decided to use the remainder of the afternoon for shopping. Guided and helped by the Lieutenant we returned to the Academy, after a few adventures, laden with cork goods, souvenirs, wines and other trophies. After dinner in the Academy we went out to spend the evening in one of the popular night clubs in Lisbon. Our cadet hosts looked after us very well,

arranging transport and piloting us through the crowded, glamorous Lisbon streets. We returned to the Academy at 0100 to be admitted by the armed sentry. And so to bed on this, the last morning of our stay at the Academy.

Saturday, 14th April

Saturday began as usual at 0630 with the inevitable bugle call, the stirring note of which was reinforced by the 'tannoying' of an old record of a popular Boogie number—'Rock around the Clock.' After the 7 o'clock breakfast parade we rather sleepily made our way down to the sports ground, where the Portuguese Cadets were performing most impressively at their rather complicated type of physical training. This sight made us sweat, but they were obviously anxious that we should join in, so with true infanteer gallantry the Sandhurst Cadets clambered up a 20-foot wall, while Cranwell mounted a modern concrete stonehenge and ran along the 6 in. horizontal beams, terrified by the 30-foot drop to the ground! Appetites were by then whetted, and the Portuguese were provokingly surging backwards and forwards in a Rugby scrum. Cranwell and Sandhurst combined against them, but were pushed right off the non-existent ball three times: P.T. certainly made them fit. Nor were we their match at volley ball, though we only played for about two minutes before the Portuguese Cavalry Cadets' motor cycles roared past, inevitably attracting us back to the main parade square.

After watching for about five minutes, we could no longer resist asking the officer in charge of the class for the temporary loan of ten bicycles. He was slightly taken aback as this was not on the programme, but one or two smart salutes won him over, and soon he was standing in the middle of the square slightly apprehensive of the speed the mad English cadets appeared to attain in such a small space on 1935 Nortons. In fact, however, we were no match for the Portuguese Cavalry Cadets when it came to trick cycling—they were happiest standing on one leg on the saddle, except for one who looked far from happy when his bicycle went into a wall and the front wheel became lozenge shaped. He was quite unhurt, but visions of Portuguese F.664 b's must have floated in front of his eyes.

We were quite sad to leave our motor cycles in order to see the cavalry cadets performing on horseback. It was difficult to believe that the first class we saw was one for first-year cadets, as they appeared to be irreproachable riders, but the senior year was quite obviously better. They had absolute confidence and did not seem to need reins, saddles or stirrups. We then went outside to the jumping school (ordinary classes are held indoors in a covered school) where once again the senior year was most impressive, forming a squadron of cavalry which tail-chased over the difficult course without one mistake, despite the very heavy shower which made the ground soft. All ten of us were persuaded to mount those horses held to be the quietest, and were led into the covered school where, in front of the entire Academy, we cantered around, physically shaken, but enjoying it. Surprisingly enough none of us fell, and while Lieutenant-Colonel Trevor (in charge of the Sandhurst Cadets) was by far the most stylish, Nevill vied with him for the lap record.

Again we were sorry to leave our horses, but we had to return to our quarters in time to change for the drill demonstration given by the Sandhurst Cadets. Although there were only four, with one giving orders, both the Portuguese and we were very enthusiastic about their bearing, precision, and smartness. Immediately after this everyone came on parade. Blackford made a speech in Portuguese which was warmly answered by one of the Portuguese Cadets, whom we presented with two ornamental crested silver beer mugs, one from Sandhurst, the other from Cranwell. Sandhurst and Cranwell were then presented with shields by the Portuguese Military Academy. The two hundred or so Portuguese Cadets made an impressive march-past.

After lunch we hastily packed, thanked our hosts for

their wonderful hospitality, and were given a very warm farewell as we got into the cars provided very kindly by the British families in Lisbon, with whom we were spending Saturday night. Each of us was shown Lisbon—indeed a beautiful city—from these luxurious cars, and then we went to the houses of our various hosts for tea. Collins and Blackford went to H.M. Naval Attache, Commander R. C. J. Dreyer, R.N.; Nevill went to Mr and Mrs L. Webb, the K.L.M. Royal Dutch Airlines representative in Lisbon; while Brook and Constable joined the Consul and his wife, Mr and Mrs L. W. Blackwell. After bathing, and changing into tropical mess kit, Collins and Blackford had dinner with the Councillor and his wife, Mr and Mrs Brewis, while Brook and Constable were very kindly invited to join a most entertaining party given by Dr Davidson, the Church of Scotland Padre, and Mrs Davidson. The party was reunited at the very excellent ball, given by the Military and Air Attachés on the occasion of our visit, and we met the Portuguese cadets who had been invited, at our request, by the attachés.

We all very much enjoyed this fascinating and gay dance, made so colourful by the dazzling variety of Portuguese Mess dress. The food was excellent, and the supply of drink generous and refreshing after the energy which the splendid Portuguese dance-band compelled one to expend. We were very honoured to be introduced to the Portuguese Chief of the Air Staff, an imposing but most kind and amusing officer, and to a very brave Portuguese countess, who had flown more solo hours than any of us, but who had just been refused a parachute course because she was too light to open a parachute. There were also many other charming young ladies of both nationalities, and Portuguese and British cadets



The Cranwell party in the Academy Library

alike made sure that the dance floor was seldom empty. At about 0300 we returned with the families with whom we were staying. A superb ball and a comfortable night were a fitting finale to a unique and interesting visit, and it is to the Military and Air Attachés, and their wives, and to our hosts of Saturday night that our thanks went for a memorable evening of wonderful hospitality.

Sunday, 15th April

Sunday morning dawned bright and clear, with the promise of good flying conditions. Arrived at Portella Airport, we thanked our hosts of the previous night for their tremendous hospitality and the many Portuguese cadets and officers for a most wonderful visit, and said our farewells to the many friends we had made during our short stay, and went out to the three Varsitys.

The early morning promise of good flying conditions was fulfilled, except for a little cloud, and individually the three aircraft set course for Great Britain. Again all the General Duties members of the party helped to fly the aircraft, but on this occasion one of the Varsitys was flown for a time along the coast of Portugal by the Secretarial member of the party. On taking over the controls he experienced a little trouble in holding the

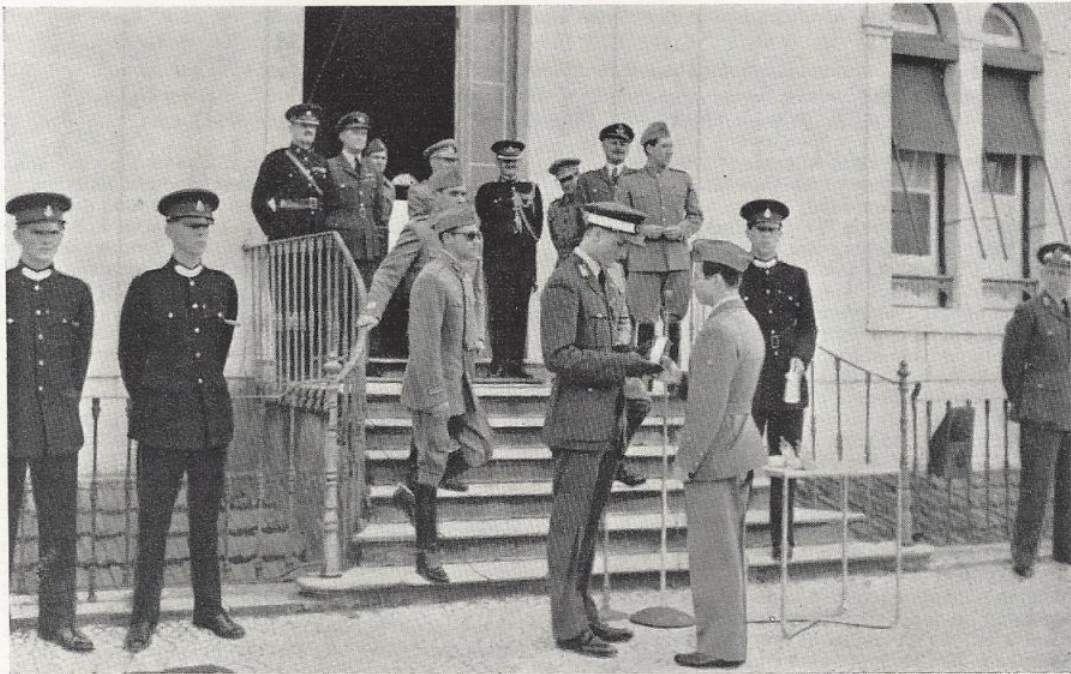
aircraft exactly on course—and after ten minutes or so the navigator is reported to have thrown up his hands in exasperation and exclaimed that he was not 'a damned prophet.'

We touched down at Shawbury at about 1630, and, after customs formalities had been completed, departed on our various ways.

Considered retrospectively the visit was a great success. First, we had met many Portuguese officers and cadets, and had realized that in outlook they were little different from us; secondly, we had learnt much about the Portuguese army and air force; thirdly, we had come to know a country and a people who were most hospitable and charming hosts, and fourthly, we had come to know and appreciate the representatives of the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst.

We owe a deep debt of gratitude to a large number of people, both servicemen and civilians, Portuguese and British, in Portugal and in this country and it is due entirely to their great kindness, their careful thought and their generous help that the party so much enjoyed its visit.

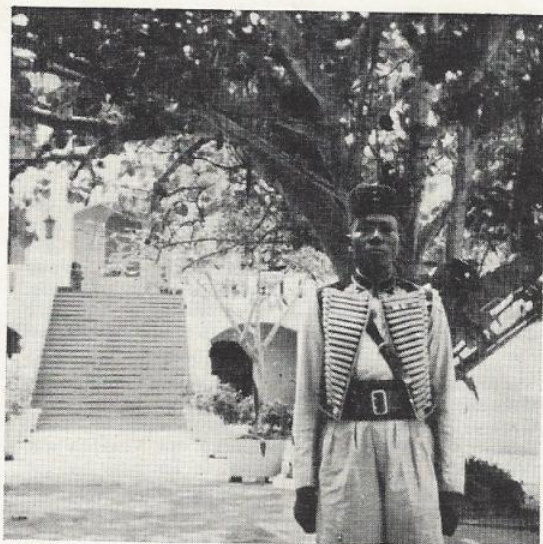
J.H.C.



Under Officer J. L. Blackford presenting an inscribed silver tankard on behalf of the Royal Air Force College

We Saw Africa

By Flying Officer I. R. Tapster



Sentry at Christiansborg Castle

At the end of January a combined Canberra/Hastings Force led by Air Vice-Marshal J. R. Whitley, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., D.F.C., A.O.C. No. 1 Group, Bomber Command, left the United Kingdom for a tour of the Colonies of West Africa. Accompanying the Force, as members of the Force Headquarters, were Flying Officer I. R. Tapster (1949) and Pilot Officer T. W. M. Scroggs (1951)

AS a one-time Committee Member of *The Journal*, and as the present editor of the Unit Magazine at Headquarters Bomber Command, I have always felt great sympathy and fellowship for the Editor of *The Journal* when reading his appeals for contributions, especially from Old Cranwellians who may have experiences worth relating. Judging from the Editor's regular 'cris de cœur,' it would appear that life is either singularly devoid of excitement or that we are, by nature, training, or tradition, a very reticent band of brothers. On being informed that I was lucky enough to have been selected to accompany the Canberra/Hastings Force on Operation 'Africa Tour,' I immediately resolved that on my return from West Africa I would burst into print, partly to ease the lot of the Editor of *The Journal*, and partly to provide some ray of hope to fellow Equipment and Secretarial graduates, to whom there may often seem little chance of escape from the tyranny of office routine.

The Force, which was led by Air Vice-Marshal J. R. Whitley, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., D.F.C., consisted of seven Canberras of No. 9 Squadron, commanded by Squadron Leader L. G. Bastard, together with a support element of two Hastings of No. 24 (Commonwealth) Squadron. The Hastings transported equipment, ground crews, and the officers of Force Headquarters; the Force Headquarters was commanded by Wing Commander A. A. N. Nicholson, and comprised a Technical Officer, a Medical Officer, an Accountant Officer, and an Equipment Officer. The purposes of the operation were twofold—to fly in support of the Royal Tour of Nigeria undertaken by Her Majesty the Queen, and to make 'goodwill' visits to the neighbouring Colonies of the Gold Coast, Sierra Leone and the Gambia. The advance party of the Force, flying in a Hastings, and including the Force Headquarters, left Binbrook on the morning of

23rd January, after first having cleared the snow from the wings of the aircraft. Clearing snow at Binbrook is, of course, nothing unusual; on this occasion there was, however, the added novelty of wearing K.D. while doing the job. Eventually the snows of Lincolnshire were left behind, and after overnight stops at Idris and Kano, we arrived in the humid heat of Lagos on 25th January, there to await the arrival of the Canberras. The entire Force was assembled at Ikeja Airport, Lagos, by 27th January, and immediate preparations were made to service the Canberras for the Royal Salute which they gave on the following day when Her Majesty the Queen arrived at Ikeja aboard the Royal 'Argonaut.' On Sunday, 29th January, six Canberras gave a demonstration before Her Majesty at Lagos: beneath a 300-foot cloud base, No. 9 Squadron gave a display which was later to become a familiar sight over the major cities of West Africa. The Squadron Commander performed aerobatics, displaying to the full the amazing manoeuvrability of the Canberra, while a formation led by Flight Lieutenant H. D. Hall (until April, 1955, on the instructional staff at the College) carried out low-level high-speed runs over the assembled crowds and over shipping in Lagos harbour. After this display, Her Majesty charged the A.O.C.-in-C. Bomber Command, Air Marshal Sir Harry Broadhurst, to convey her congratulations to No. 9 Squadron. Four days later Her Majesty further honoured the Force by inspecting the officers and airmen of No. 9 Squadron, No. 24 Squadron, and of the Force Headquarters at Ikeja Airport.

Throughout this period, we found that our leisure hours had been organized for us most hospitably by the local large, and flourishing, branch of the Royal Air Force Association. Each evening brought a vast quota of dinner invitations, and the farewell party given by the R.A.F.A.

will long remain in the memories of those who attended it, just as the commemorative tankards presented to every member of the Force will long hold a treasured place amid our Service trophies. To say that the hospitality afforded us was 'overwhelming' is, if anything, an understatement. During our stay in Lagos only one thing was found lacking—sleep. However, had any of our number hoped to remedy this deficit during the next stage of our trip, he would have been sadly disillusioned. On 2nd February the Force flew to Accra, capital of the Gold Coast, where we found that although the climate was less exhausting than that at Lagos, the same could not be said of the hospitality received. Immediately after landing and lunching, the officers were taken to spend the afternoon at the University College of the Gold Coast at Achimota. Conducted around by the Principal, we found the University College to be a magnificently designed and constructed series of buildings, the like of which none of us had ever imagined to exist in West Africa. From the University we drove to the Depot of the Gold Coast Police Force to witness a presentation of medals, a Musical Ride by cavalry, and the Beating of the Retreat. The tunes familiar on the College Parade Ground greeted us, but on this occasion they set the scene for musical rides by gorgeously attired African Police, mounted on sleek, wiry horses; and for precise drill from the Police Bands and drill platoons. The scene of pageantry closed when the drill platoons marched off to the strains of the Royal Air Force March Past, and the Force Commander took the salute. After the parade a sherry party was held at the Police Mess, and as the evening wore on it became apparent to all of us that the hospitality of the good people of Accra would ensure that we would have as little respite as at Lagos.

His Excellency the Governor of the Gold Coast, Sir Charles Arden-Clarke, G.C.M.G., honoured the Force on the following evening by receiving us at his Residence, Christiansborg Castle. Christiansborg Castle stands, a glittering white sentinel, above the sea shore to the south of Accra. When we arrived for the Reception, I think that even the doughtiest and most unimaginative member of our party must have gasped with amazement and awe. On entering the courtyard of the Castle, one was confronted with a scene that almost defies description: ahead lay the main staircase into the Castle, lined by brilliantly dressed lancers; overhead, myriad fairy-lights twinkled in the trees, which were themselves bathed in tropical moonlight; in the same moonlight, the walls and battlements of the Castle gleamed like ivory; and in the background, mingling with the airs of the orchestra playing inside the Castle, one could hear the roar of surf breaking below the walls. The scene was as of a mixture from 'Beau Geste' and the 'Arabian Nights.' I am sure that none of us will ever forget it. I was privileged to visit the Castle again on the following morning when I watched from the battlements as No. 9 Squadron gave their flying display. The weather was perfect, and the curving beach, bordered by palm trees, and flanked by Accra town to the north and Christiansborg Castle to the south, was a natural amphitheatre. The impressiveness of the display was heightened by the shimmering condensation clouds which formed around the Canberras as they made high-speed runs at almost sea level. It was a most disconcerting sight to look down from the Castle upon a vapour-enshrouded Canberra passing below at about 500 knots. The effect on the local African population was quite startling, as—according to their tastes—they either ran as hard and as far as they could, prostrated themselves on the beach, or rushed hither and thither, shouting and gesticulating. They had my sympathy as the

Squadron really took advantage of local conditions, and put up a display that would have made many a spectator imagine that he was watching fighters, rather than bombers, going through their paces.

To close our visit to Accra, the Force Commander gave a cocktail party at the Headquarters Mess of the Gold Coast Military Forces, and we can but hope that we in some way repaid the hospitality that we had received during our brief stay in the Gold Coast. The morning of Sunday, 5th February, saw a very jaded collection of bodies climbing into aeroplanes and setting course for Kano, where the Force was to remain for 12 days. The gentle sleep that the Hastings passengers had hoped for at this stage of the trip was, however, rudely shattered when our skipper, determined to prove that the Hastings could do almost everything that a Canberra could do, indulged in some 'beat-ups' over Accra—ostensibly for the benefit of the Air Ministry photographer aboard. Once the honour of No. 24 Squadron had been thus satisfied, we continued on our gentle way to Kano.

Kano, the ancient walled city of the North, a town of some 130,000 inhabitants, provided a welcome contrast in climate after 12 days in the steamy heat of the Guinea Coast. The days are hot, but the nights are chilled by the Harmattan wind blowing in from the Sahara. While based at Kano, the Canberras flew to give Royal Salutes to Her Majesty, and to give flying demonstrations at Kaduna, Sokoto, Ibadan, Enugu, Maiduguri, Ilorin, and other towns in Northern Nigeria. The airport at Kano is one of the busiest in Africa, and the runway used by the Canberras was originally laid to meet the requirements of the D.H. Comet. Unfortunately, however, a local hazard presents itself in the form of flocks of hawks and vultures. A picturesque local feature is the sight of the bird-scarer who, mounted on a camel, blows a trumpet made of old kerosene tins whenever aircraft are landing or taking off: in spite of his efforts, several of the aircraft were damaged by birds, luckily without any really serious results.

The off-duty activities of the members of the Force gained added variety at Kano, where, in addition to the normal social round, we found time for visits to local villages, for horse riding, duck shooting, and—in the true Mad Dogs and Englishmen tradition—for games of hockey and cricket. One Saturday afternoon in a temperature well into the region of 120-130 degrees, Tim Scroggs and I found ourselves taking the field to play in a six-a-side hockey festival: the usual rules applied, and let it suffice to say that our first (and last) match was not decided until midway through the second half of extra time. As we left the field we thought nostalgically of the arctic blasts that sweep from the wolds to scour the pitches of Cranwell, and vowed never again to play games 'neath a tropic sun. The next day we played cricket against the Kano Club XI. We lost, but had a glorious lunch-time session.

While at Kano, the officers of the Force were presented to the Emir, and all ranks were received by The Resident, Mr H. A. S. Johnston, C.B.E., D.F.C. Finally, before our departure for Freetown, we were privileged to see the arrival and departure of Her Majesty on the final stage of her tour of Nigeria.

The arrival of the Force at Freetown was the cause of some alarm to the local population as the Squadron Commander described some neat circular contrails, which from the ground appeared to encircle the moon. This was taken as an omen by the Africans, and at a press conference later in the day the Squadron Commander had to reassure the local newspaper reporters that no harm would come

to them as a result of the vapour trails. The airfield for Freetown is situated at Lungi, some eighty miles away by road, or 45 minutes by launch across Freetown harbour. We had a bumpy ride along a bush road, a choppy trip across the barracuda-infested waters of the harbour, and eventually reached Freetown where we endeavoured to do customary justice to the hospitality that was afforded us in the Army messes and private houses in which we were accommodated. On 18th February the Canberras gave a demonstration over the waterfront, and that evening His Excellency the Governor, Sir Robert de Zouche Hall, attended a cocktail party that was given for the Force at the Headquarters Mess. After this party the evening developed in a way that seemed to be common to Saturday evenings in West Africa. It was with relief that we saw that our official programme for Sunday said simply and explicitly 'No Movements.' In fact, most members of the Force spent Sunday enjoying the wonderful bathing that is to be had near Freetown. The following day, duly refreshed, the Force took off for the Gambia. The final departure of the Canberras from Lungi was most impressive, if rather destructive. The runway consisted of some ancient P.S.P. and about 1,300 yards of tarmac, laid thinly on a laterite foundation. The departure of each Canberra played havoc with this veneer of tarmac, and as the last aircraft roared into the air we could see solid chunks of runway surface cartwheeling through space. The P.S.P. had been rolled back like a carpet. Minutes later our heavily laden Hastings trundled along the same scorched and blistered runway, and we left the ravaged airfield of Lungi.

Bathurst, capital of the Gambia, was our final port of call in West Africa, and our stay there proved to be all too brief. The climate was the most agreeable that we had met at any time during the tour—the nights were balmy, and the heat of the day was tempered by breezes blowing in from the Atlantic. We were accommodated in a luxury hotel—a most welcome contrast to the tents in which we had lived at Lagos on our arrival in Africa. We would willingly have prolonged our visit to Bathurst, but not one aircraft had the decency to go u/s . . . least of all the Hastings that carried me away to Gibraltar with the Force Headquarters advance party. Before we left Bathurst we were received by His Excellency the Governor, Sir Percy Wyn Harris, K.C.M.G., M.B.E., and experienced the same wonderful hospitality from the local European population that had marked our progress throughout West Africa. The African population in Bathurst also showed a marked interest in our visit, and following the Canberras' display on 21st February, it was almost impossible to walk abroad in the town without attracting the attentions of vast crowds of Africans. My attempt to enjoy a quiet photographic expedition was most successfully thwarted by a large crowd of children who dogged my footsteps just as assiduously as the urchins of Hamelin must have dogged those of the Pied Piper. My endeavours to explain that I was not a 'master who savvy drive steam chicken, at all' were to no avail. While at Bathurst, one long-sought-after trophy was acquired: a one-eyed Gambian fruit bat was officially brought on the strength of No. 9 Squadron—a living replica of the Squadron's heraldic emblem. At the time of writing, 'Oo-ah' the bat is still alive, quartered at Binbrook, and has 15 hours Hastings flying credited in his log-book.

A regretful farewell was said to Bathurst and to West Africa when, at dawn on 22nd February, the Force Headquarters took off for Gibraltar. With a sudden shock we realized that the golden beaches, swaying palms, dusky maidens ('Absence made the dark grow blonder. . .'), and all the other varied attributes of tropical



Part of the Canberra/Hastings Force at Ikeja Airport, Lagos, showing the seven Canberras of G Squadron

climes were a thing of the past. The month spent in West Africa had sped past, leaving us with proud memories of our part in the Royal Tour of Nigeria, with happy memories of the wonderful hospitality we had received, and with all manner of loot, the sales of which had swelled the purse of many a Hausa trader.

Two nights in Gibraltar helped to acclimatize us on our way back to the U.K. Just as West Africa is largely a closed book to most of the R.A.F., so, conversely, Gibraltar and La Linea—with their various temptations and joys to suit every taste—are open books. Little, therefore, need be said of our transitory stop.

On 24th February the Force completed the final stage of Operation 'Africa Tour,' flying from Gibraltar to Binbrook. The seven Canberras of No. 9 Squadron and the two Hastings of No. 24 Squadron crossed the snow-covered coasts of England, flew into the Lincolnshire twilight, and again touched down at Binbrook. As we climbed from the aircraft, still dressed in K.D., the snow crunched beneath our feet, and winter's winds whistled a greeting across the wolds.

R.A.F. "STEAM CHICKENS" PUZZLE WEST AFRICA

No. 9 Squadron's 18,000-mile tour of West Africa, recently concluded, has produced yet another name for jet aircraft—the 'steam chickens.'

At Freetown, Sierra Leone, R.A.F. officers found some difficulty in explaining to the Africans how the Canberra jet bombers were able to fly without propellers. Eventually they used the homely kettle as their illustration, explaining that the jet from the turbine moves the aircraft, just as the jet of steam lifts the kettle lid. In the language of Freetown any bird not immediately identified is a 'chicken.' Thus the Canberras became the 'steam chickens.'

Some months ago when R.A.F. Venoms were passing through Central Africa they were christened 'the father of whistles.'

The Central Blue

By

Marshal of the Royal Air Force

Sir John Slessor

G.C.B., D.S.O., M.C.

The first major autobiography by a post-war Chief of the Air Staff is a publication of unusual interest. The book falls into two parts: the first 143 pages which delight the reader with reminiscences of magnificent characters and good stories; then the second confronts the reader with a panorama of great men and events. 'The Journal of the Royal Air Force College' is privileged to print extracts from both these parts which should help readers to decide for themselves whether 'The Central Blue' is a book to be left on the shelf or one to be opened and read

THERE was a wealth of good stories about Jack Scott, all of a distinctive individual flavour. He was airily unaware of what a bad pilot he was. We had once at C.F.S. for trials a little experimental fighter by Vickers, painted red, with a rather complicated set of taps in the cockpit. It was very fast, but took a bit of flying; in particular the torque of a big four-bladed propeller gave it a most vicious swing when taking off unless one was ready for it. I had been testing it one day and taxied in to the tarmac—and there to my horror was Jacky with his flying helmet and goggles on, signalling to me not to stop the engine. In vain I tried to tell him a bit about it, standing there in the slip-stream, but not a bit of it. He waved me aside, climbed in and taxied out to take off. I am told the subsequent performance was something never to be forgotten. I did not see it—there were limits to what my nerve would stand!

* * *

As a matter of fact he did that sort of thing once too often. I have said that the Commandant C.F.S. was privileged to hand-pick his fighting instructors from squadrons in the line. Jack Scott used to take with him in a Sopwith two-seater on these forays Lord Hugh Cecil¹, who was attached to us in some vaguely legal administrative capacity. I have often wondered whether the late Provost of Eton ever realized how he took his life in his hands on these occasions. On one such I watched them disappear under a five hundred-foot cloud-base over the shoulder of Sidbury Hill, en route to France. They were back in forty-eight hours, Jacky with a large-sized flea in his ear from Jack Salmond, who was then C-in-C. in France. There had just arrived at G.H.Q. for trial a prototype of a new ground-attack fighter called the Salamander—a useless aeroplane as it turned out. But Jacky had encountered this interesting object on the airfield, looking outwardly not unlike a Snipe, and without a by-your-leave to anyone had taken it off, not realizing that it was covered with heavy armour and therefore

quite unlike any aeroplane in his experience. Fortunately, he stepped out of the wreckage with nothing worse than a brace of lovely black eyes and a number of minor cuts and bruises. . . .

* * *

. . . Towards the end of September Jack Scott was posted to command 11 Wing in France and left me in command. I was very young and inexperienced, but the chaps were kind to me, and things went on very much the same. I had my first experience of the Women's Royal Air Force at C.F.S., and very good they were. There was one incident in connection with them which I always recall with unholy joy. A rather formidable senior lady came down to inspect my W.R.A.F. detachment and found herself thoroughly dissatisfied with me—I seemed to have done everything wrong. There were many details I didn't know about the girls under my command; I refused to accompany the inspecting lady into their barrack-rooms which I thought (no doubt quite wrongly) would embarrass them; and her wrath overflowed when she caught me addressing one of them as Miss So-and-so. Didn't I know that I ought to call them just by their surnames, as I did the airmen? I had a miserable time. Then when I was putting her into my car to send her back to the railway station I suddenly realized that the Lord had delivered her into mine hand—for the driver of the Commandant's car was the daughter of old Sam Darling, the trainer at Beckhampton. I usually called her Olive, but on this occasion I obeyed orders and called her, loud and clear, by her surname. That was one of those opportunities that comes to the more fortunate among us but once in a long lifetime.

* * *

My turn of duty at Druid's Lodge was brought to a slightly premature but welcome end by a serious difference of opinion with a certain senior officer, who soon afterwards relapsed into the obscurity from

¹ Now Lord Quickswood.

which he should never have arisen. I am shamed to say that I was extremely insubordinate and indulged myself in the agreeable but very improper luxury of telling him in most intolerant terms exactly what I thought of him. It was then thought appropriate that I should, lest worse befall, avail myself of the opportunity of claiming demobilization.

* * *

There are some rare people in whose presence one instinctively and immediately feels: Here is a really great man. Not a great soldier or airman or statesman, but a great *man*. They are very rare, but when one meets them they are unmistakable. Smuts was one of them, Trenchard another. I felt it when, as a flight commander in France, I first met him in the Kaiser's war, and I have felt the same about him ever since. It is difficult to define that quality of real greatness. Self-confidence without a trace of arrogance; a contemptuous yet not intolerant disregard for anything mean or petty; the capacity to shuffle aside the non-essentials and put an unerring finger on the real core of a problem or the true quality of a man, a sort of instinct for the really important point; a selfless devotion to the cause of what he believed to be true and right. Trenchard has all those characteristics and, above all, a shining sincerity. Many people have disagreed with him. Some of them have lived to admit with the passage of time that he was right and they wrong. None of them will suggest that he is ever anything but entirely disinterested and sincere.

* * *

We produced a first draft of what we had understood him (Trenchard) to mean and gave it to Marson, his private secretary, to put in the C.A.S.'s bag for him to take home.

Next morning it bounced back at us, with his comments (in Lady Trenchard's handwriting) in the margin; we were told it was all wrong, we were bad staff officers and the whole thing must be rewritten. This was repeated several times until eventually there emerged a draft to his liking. He attached such special importance to this speech that he decided to have a rehearsal with Charles Evans—a wise, experienced and most human civil servant, who was then head of the Air Staff secretariat (S6)—Peck and I playing the part of the Persian Gulf Committee. The C.A.S., having reduced the papers on his desk to the usual chaos in a search for a missing page (which wasn't missing at all), began his speech, 'My Lord and Gentlemen,' striding up and down his room, swinging his keys on the end of their chain. It didn't go well. Boom faltered—forgot his lines—got it mixed up—finally broke down. 'Oh, this is no good, I've been lurching with Beaverbrook and I don't feel at all well—go away.' We left the office in dismay. But Charles Evans, urbane and imperturbable as ever, said,

'Never mind, it'll go all right,' and slipped away to Lord's to see the last couple of hours of a Test Match.

It did go all right. The great day came; the C.A.S. left for Whitehall, booming last minute instructions to old Marson standing rubicund and unruffled at the gate of the lift. A couple of hours later we heard, from our little room down the passage, the return of the orator, and rang up Major Ismay at the C.I.D. office to find out how it had gone. 'All right,' said Pug, 'very well. No one really understood what he was saying but somehow or other—as usual—he got it across.'

* * *

Boom wished to increase our air strength in that country (Egypt), and went to see the Permanent Secretary to the Foreign Office, to ask whether there would be any objections. 'Certainly there would,' said Sir William Tyrell, 'it would be most awkward. We could not possibly approach the Egyptian Government in that sense at this particular time.' 'I then explained to Sir William Tyrell,' ran Boom's subsequent minute recording the conversation, 'that in point of fact I had already moved 6 Squadron into Egypt in a small way and on a very low basis.' What he meant of course was that he had done it on his own responsibility without any fuss or publicity, and no one was any the wiser—no dog in Egypt had barked. That being so, Tyrell was quite happy to accept the position. The words 'in a small way and on a very low basis' became among old Air Staff hands the standard description of this sort of tactic, which often saves so much bother and avoids having to put responsible people to the pain of making (or refusing to make) uncomfortable decisions.

* * *

Meanwhile, what of our Russian allies? Why, with the Red Army in the Warsaw suburbs, was it necessary that their Polish allies, fighting with small-arms in the city centre against German armour, should be supplied by British and Polish aircraft from bases on the Adriatic Coast, nearly eight hundred miles away? As I pointed out in one of my many signals, this amounted to sending aircraft from Iceland to drop supplies in Mayfair, though the Russians had their forward troops in Southwark, with airfields in Middlesex. In operations on 22 nights during the two months of Warsaw's agony, that had cost us 31 heavy aircraft missing out of 181 despatched—a loss rate over all of more than 17 per cent.

Immediately after the rising had begun, both we and the Poles had appealed to the Russians for help, and we had told them that we could not effectively supply Bor's army from our distant bases. On August 9th Mikolazyk told us from Moscow that Stalin himself

had promised to supply all help to Warsaw and particularly to drop arms into the city. Nothing happened, and as early as the 15th I was telling Portal that it was difficult to resist the conviction that the Russian failure to supply Warsaw was deliberate, though we in Italy were giving them all possible support in their own purely political (and incidentally perfectly safe) operations into Yugoslavia. On the 18th I sent a long signal to our Ambassador in Moscow asking him to let the Russians know that already since the beginning of August we had lost in operations to Poland 21 aircraft missing, three destroyed on landing and 15 damaged by flak, including crews wounded. I said we were gladly giving all the help in our power to the Russian airmen at Bari, and I felt entitled to ask the Russian Air Force to help us out in Poland and save us having to continue these long-range operations at such terrible cost. I might have saved my breath had I seen an article in *Izvestiya* on the previous day, or Vishinsky's communication on the night of the 16th to the U.S. Ambassador in Moscow, which amply confirmed the suspicion I had voiced to Portal. Indeed on the 22nd Molotov came into the open and told our Ambassador flatly that the Soviet Government objected to British or American aircraft landing in Soviet-held territory while employed on dropping arms to Warsaw. This meant not only that American 'shuttle' operations to their base at Poltava were barred but that Elliot's aircraft, even when damaged and with wounded men on board, had to face the long grind back through the enemy defences to their bases in Italy.

It was for obvious reasons impossible at the time publicly to voice the opprobrium which all decent men felt at this behaviour; but the British and American Governments expressed themselves in the strongest possible terms to the Kremlin, who apparently came to the conclusion that ultimately the effect of their treachery on world opinion might be more harmful to them than the survivors of Bor's army could ever be. Or maybe they felt that their ends had already been adequately achieved. Anyway six weeks after the Warsaw rising Molotov climbed down and handed a note to our Ambassador to the effect that, if we were so firmly convinced of the value of supply to Warsaw and still insisted on Russian participation, the Soviet Government was prepared to agree. This shockingly belated reversal of form was tucked away in a preposterous homily. There was the old complaint that the Soviet High Command had not been consulted in

advance—as though any normal human being would punish a military mistake by an ally by leaving him to be butchered by the enemy! We were told that had they been warned of the rising they would have advised against it, because by the time the Red Army reached Warsaw it was too tired to take the place by storm. Yet in the next breath they said that had they been warned in time, events in Warsaw would have taken a very different turn. Altogether it was a nauseating document. The plain fact is, of course, that the Kremlin never intended the rising to succeed. Their intention then in regard to Poland, was that which they have since put into effect—to make of it a vassal satellite state, and they had their Lublin Communist stooges all ready to take over. Nothing could have been more convenient for them than this opportunity to arrange for the Germans to do their dirty work for them and liquidate the Polish patriots who might have thwarted their intentions.

Before turning to subjects which leave a less nasty taste in the mouth, it may be worth mentioning one other example of Russian behaviour about a couple of months later, when we were still trying to supply Polish resistance groups engaged in fighting the Germans. For some weeks I had been pressing through our Mission in Moscow for permission to fly over Russian-occupied territory on the way to the dropping-zone, so as to avoid having to run the whole gamut of German night fighter and flak defences. When at last the Soviet General Staff deigned to reply they refused, on the grounds that the bulk of our supplies dropped into the wrong hands, and anyway the only partisans they recognized were those known to and supplied by the Soviet forces—in other words the Polish quislings, who were helping the Russians suppress their own people. As a matter of fact my reaction to this was to route our aircraft over Russian territory, in spite of an extraordinary protest from our Mission in Bulgaria that to do so would be provocative to the Russians; what they thought it would provoke them to do is not clear, except shoot us down, which I have no doubt they would not have hesitated to do if they could. Actually, there was no Russian reaction—probably because their air defence system was so inefficient that they did not know we were flying over them, which was what I counted on.

Yet there are well-meaning people who still imagine that a Russian Communist can be trusted! 'There is no truce with Adam-zad, the Bear that looks like a Man.'¹

1 Rudyard Kipling, *The Truce of the Bear*.



Operation Miner Mishap or 'Foxtrot's Folly'

AT the end of a comprehensive programme of limbering up in the Welsh hills, the day of reckoning dawned for 73 Entry. Lake Gwynant lay calm and unruffled at our feet, and the buttresses of the mountains reflected the rays of the morning sun. Forty-eight young men awaited the final briefing for exercise 'Miner Mishap'—the last hurdle in the Easter 1956 Survival Camp.

An inspection for contraband supplies preceded the explanation of the plan for our entertainment for the next two days and nights. Meanwhile the C.O. wandered happily around, occasionally descending like a hungry vulture on some would-be survivor whose trouser legs sagged too conspicuously.

With spirits high and stores low the Sections set off North on the first three-mile leg to the 'Crash Point' at the top of 'Miner's Path.' It would have taken less time to have drilled a hole through the mountain than it did to follow this so-called 'easy track.' The weight of the survival packs demanded some dexterity of movement to defeat gravity and the slope. One flight cadet, quite out of control, slowly subsided to rest in the muddiest part of a very muddy stream.

Having established contact with the local Resistance, with some of whose members we later became more intimately acquainted, the sections bivouacked at 1715 for their night's vigil. The challenge and password were to be 'Golf' and 'Foxtrot' respectively—a somewhat blatant connotation. . . . Tryfan, a gnarled pimple some 3,000 feet high, overlooked the sites. As darkness descended the forbidding aspect of the mountains merged with the dull masses of the clouds. Then reverie and the silence of the night were rudely shattered by someone who had tried to eat some

survival-type cooked meat. . . . Later, a guard swore that a very solid rock he had observed on his first watch had walked off with an 88 set and a record of high frequency invective. Yet another guard, while stumbling around the hills looking for his post, grabbed a rock to steady himself—only to find that it was his partner in misery.

Next morning, having breakfasted on charred flesh and dry biscuits, the survivors moved off for a six-mile jaunt over the hills to the first rendezvous of the day—a heavily camouflaged tunnel by a reservoir. After 4½ hours' marching and some unplanned deviations from course, they reached their destination only to find that the expected breakfast to be supplied by the Resistance had been consumed by the enemy. Nothing daunted, they trekked across brown-green open country speckled with sheep and young lambs. The vitality of the lambs seemed to affect the crews, for packs grew lighter, feet ceased to ache, and the walkie-talkie armed Resistance-cum-enemy were forgotten in the perfection of the day . . . but trouble lay just around the corner. A Section commander had left his compass on the roadside, and so, if only for financial reasons, he must return to find it. Leaving his men spreadeagled on the rocks, he marched away, mapless and without victuals, only to be taken prisoner by a traitorous member of the Resistance who had been seen skulking in the rear of the party for some time. However, the prisoner escaped and rejoined his Section three hours later, having gained a valuable insight into the tactics of our mentors.

The northernmost point of our route was in a wood near the village of Tal-y-Bent, whose General Store was filled with an endless variety

of good things. The beautiful River Conway flowed peacefully in the distance. Morale soared when the Resistance arrived at 1600 hours with a lorry full of hot stew and tea.

Three hours later the C.O. briefed us on the first leg of the return journey. We were to march by night, and at each point we would be directed to the next by a member of the Resistance, like some glorified but secretive treasure hunt. The first point, a bridge across a canal, was reached without casualty or incident. This was easy. Then darkness settled over the country like a pall, and the moment of truth had arrived for more than one Section commander.

The map showed a bridge over a fairly wide stream, with a neatly defined path leading down to it, the whole in a lightly wooded area. In fact the bridge lay hidden in a thicket, and the terrain was a veritable forest surrounded by a maze of meandering paths and tracks. One Section, having completely missed the bridge, trekked the 19 miles back to base camp, skilfully avoiding the frantic searchings of the Leader of the Resistance in his Landrover.

The next liaison point, which would have taken the 'survivors' some miles off their course, had to be abandoned because the hunt for 'The Bridge' had put the whole operation out of gear. A long march over the hills towards Trefriw, under fitful moonlight, provided some anxious moments for those who fancied themselves as navigators. Some uncomplimentary comments were heard concerning the lineage of certain compass manufacturers. Then the leading section

found what they thought was their goal. A light appeared a little way off. They approached the light with due caution. It came from a caravan . . . the time was one o'clock in the morning of what promised to be a perfect day . . . casting caution to the winds the Section commander knocked on the door—no sound came from within, and after some minutes the Section moved away, and in the dim light saw that the ground was sprinkled with confetti. . . .

The moon faded and died, but seven of the eight Sections were now together climbing the steep road to the reservoir three miles further on behind the hills by Capel Curig. Here we were briefed for the final stage of our journey—'Follow the well defined path around the reservoir . . . cross the plateau . . . over the saddle . . . down the other side . . . take care to keep to the right-hand path . . . assemble quietly and in orderly fashion at the barn . . . don't wreck the chappie's motor-bike.' It was dark. The surrounding hills were ghostly masses about us. There was no path; there were three almost identical saddles, and having chosen the wrong saddle there was no path on the other side. The dawn came, to witness a long, straggling line of weary Flight Cadets shambling up the road to their goal. The barren barn enveloped them, and the motor-bike stood inviolate.

Soon a lorry arrived to take the tired but cheerful survivors across the border to Base Camp. The mountains and the weather, both in benign mood, had tested us and we had survived, tamed but triumphant.



'The map showed a bridge over a fairly wide stream'

Three Ages of Cranwell

IT was spring, and the Lincolnshire countryside was beginning to grow green again, when a young lad journeyed to Cranwell Lodge farm where Mr Usher Banks lived. With a carpet bag filled with his possessions slung over one shoulder he made his way slowly towards Cranwell village. The first part of his journey was by carrier's cart, a four-wheeler with seats along the sides and back, covered over by a large tarpaulin sheet. It could hold about twenty people and their luggage and was pulled by a horse which on this occasion was encouraged to forsake its lazy walk for a quick trot.

When the cart arrived at Cranwell the passengers dismounted and proceeded further on foot for the road ended there. The young lad saw a few cottages, two or three farmsteads, and a pond near the small church. Realizing that he was a little lost, the carrier came over to him and said:

'Yours Cran'el Lodge? There—in the middle of yon wood. You'll see it better when you turn that bend. Good luck to you, boy—you'll find him a good boss.'

He reached the top of the hill and turned the bend, and there before him lay Cranwell, acres and acres of fine farmland encompassed by stone walls that ran like ribbons across the countryside to make a beautiful green and brown jigsaw puzzle, broken here and there by the darker green of clumps of trees. There was no road, only a cart track. He set off stumbling a little over the rough surface. At the edge of a wood he came to three stone cottages occupied by some farmhands.

On the left a little further up the track stood Cranwell Lodge, and under the tree at the entrance to the farmyard was a group of farmhands singing:

'The sun went down behind yon hill,
across yon dreary moor.

When weary and lame a lad there came,
up to a farmhouse door.

Can you tell me if any there be
that will give to me employ.

For to plough and to sow, to reap and to mow
And to be a farmer's boy.'

As he drew nearer the song grew clearer, and he wondered if they knew of his coming. When he reached the group the bearded foreman left his kitchen to welcome him and to invite him in to eat. Afterwards he was introduced to the group who had been singing, and taken on a tour of the farm buildings. The grey sombre stone of the

high walls guarding the fields made a deep impression on him, and that night he dreamed of them.

The next morning he rose early to go to work in the paddock. To his dismay what he thought to be a small enclosure was a field of 100 acres! He was happy with his work, learned much about farming, and time flew by. But after a while he found that the stone walls oppressed him. He longed for an uninterrupted view. So he left and enlisted in the Royal Lincolnshire Regiment and the walls became a memory.



But his peace did not last for long for war was declared in 1914 and he went abroad with his regiment to see service in France, where he won the Military Medal, and in Gallipoli. While in France and on one of his leaves from the front line trenches he visited one of the headquarters of the Royal Flying Corps. There he was introduced to aeroplanes and learnt to identify enemy and Allied aircraft. Later he went for his first flight in one of the R.E.8's. During another of his leaves he returned home to England and to Lincolnshire. While he was resting from the rigours of trench warfare he met an officer from the Royal Naval Air Service at Cranwell who invited him to visit the station. Mr Banks' farm had become H.M.S. Daedalus.

He caught the 'Liberty Boat' from Slea River Station, and as that 'puffing billy' of a train gathered speed, he thought how much more comfortable travel was by train than by carrier's cart, even though they dismounted several times to allow the train with its heavy load of carriages to puff up the many steep inclines. Eventually he arrived at Cranwell to be met by the officer.

He was shown round the station and marvelled at the transformation. Dominating the scene, high on stilts stood a big water tank near the old farmyard. Hundreds of long low huts spread out in all directions, and in the distance he could see the huge hangars housing the airships. He was shown round the Lighter-than-Air Sheds standing near Bristol Wood and inside he saw the silver

cigar of a large airship, and several smaller ones, used to patrol the North Sea.

Emerging from the hangar, he looked eastwards towards Cranwell village and saw green grass stretching away into the distance. Gone were the acres of arable land and with them the walls which had so dominated his existence. As he walked back towards the station with the conducting officer many thoughts passed through his mind, in particular he thought about walls and trenches and the war in France.

Thanking the officer for the interesting visit he returned thoughtfully to Sleaford, pulled by the puffing billy. When his leave expired he went back to those trenches stretching like furrows from the North Sea to Switzerland.



The declaration of peace in 1918 brought home our soldiers and, after a period in Ireland, he left the Army after seven years of adventurous service, returned to his native Lincolnshire, and entered Air Ministry employment at the new Royal Air Force Cadet College at Cranwell.

Cranwell had changed yet again. The Lodge was occupied by the Commandant, the stone cottages by the Air Ministry Directorate General of Works, and the farmyard by the mechanical transport section. The Lighter-than-Air sheds had disappeared, leaving behind the concrete stumps of their foundations. The long low huts were now occupied by young cadets, the future leaders of the Royal Air Force. Amidst all this change, the tree in the farmyard beneath which the farmhands had sung on his first visit still stood a little older, and a little more gnarled.

The next few years were chequered with incident as the young Royal Air Force College grew up. Many pioneer flights such as those to Karachi and Capetown started from the airfields of Cranwell. Aircraft improved in design and performance—the days of the Avros and Bristols were soon over. He watched this progress with deep interest, and followed the careers of the Cranwellians, who, passing through the College entered commissioned service and ultimately achieved high rank. When Cranwell was visited by royalty on many occasions he had the privilege of meeting them.



Mr Albert Clay, M.M.

He is still at Cranwell. The agricultural scene of many years ago has been displaced by the fine new buildings which house the cadet wing. The cart track has been made into a metalled road; the steep gradients of the railway line have been levelled; both improvements perhaps using the grey stones from those sombre walls. And now, as the Vampires scream in take-off from the concreted south airfield, and as a former cadet takes up his appointment as Chief of Air Staff, we leave him, sitting in his little office, thinking back on a life full of service, and of Cranwell in three ages.



Extracts from the Diaries of New Arrivals 1923 and 1954

DIARY 1923

AUTHOR'S NOTES

This Diary, which was compiled by a first term cadet during February to April, 1923, was written in loose leaf form for the information of his parents and is consequently rather guarded and naïve in style but contains some interesting observations on life at Cranwell in those days.

NOTE 1. *This refers to the ceremony of 'drumming out of the service' which was abolished in the British Armed Forces shortly after this date. The ceremony consisted of the offender being marched in front of the whole parade, his offence and sentence being read out, his badges of rank, buttons, etc., being stripped off and his being marched off parade to the roll of drums.*

NOTE 2. *The anxiety on the issue of motor bicycles is amusing. It will be recalled that a certain number of P. & M. motor cycles were issued to cadets in order to give them experience on the operation of the internal combustion engine.*

February 1st, Thursday

Caught the 1.20 express for Grantham and arrived at Sleaford with other 1st term Cadets at 4.20. Conveyed by lorries to Cranwell and immediately appointed to B. Squadron, Hut 17. The hut consists of a small porch, anteroom with five desks, five easy and five dining chairs and fire; bedroom with five beds, ten wardrobes, etc., and bathroom; w.c., washing-room and batman's cleaning-room: there are two entrances, and electric light, with hot and cold water laid on. The lights went out suddenly at 10.15 p.m.

February 2nd, Friday

Slept well last night despite barrack furniture.

Interviewed by C.O. (Longcroft) and Squadron Commander (Capel). Issued with books, webb equipment, boots, uniform caps and sundries and flying gear. 2nd, 3rd and 4th term Cadets arrive in evening. Marched about all morning and afternoon but nothing to do in evening.

February 4th, Sunday

Breakfast at 8.0 a.m., fall in for Church parade at 9.15. March to Church for service at 10.0 a.m. with a very good band of about 30 instruments. The Church is a very large hangar with ordinary choir stalls and Altar. The lighting is done by electric bulbs fitted to about 12 large four-bladed propellers. The cross on the Altar is a propeller cut down and the flower vases are aero cylinders! The seating accommodation is enormous, I

should say about 2,000 and the music is rendered by the brass band. There were five hymns; two Chaplains, one of which preached a very good sermon. We marched past the C.O. after the service on our way home. By the way, the food is really awfully good here.

There are 92 Cadets in the College this term. We have not been issued with our motor-cycles yet.

February 5th, Monday

This is our routine today. Woken up at 6.45 by Parker our batman. Breakfast at 7.30 and Colour hoisting parade at 8.0. The whole establishment turned out with two bands and the Air Commodore. Before we dismissed we had some prayers. It was very impressive indeed; but it was rather cold.

At 9.0 hours we had aeroplane rigging. It was held in a huge hangar full of aeroplanes in various stages of assembly. All we did this 'rigging' period was to have at least 30 different tools issued to us and then listen to a lecture on 'wood.' Then at 10.45 hours we had a lecture on R.A.F. history.

Afterwards we had recruit drill on the square; it mainly consisted of learning how to shout orders properly.

February 7th, Wednesday

Workshops	9.00
Maths	10.30
Drill	11.15

Spent most of the afternoon in Burberry's trying on uniform. We have not got our motor-bikes yet. Guest night in the mess. Six-course dinner with the band in attendance. Sing-song afterwards.

February 9th, Friday

Carpentry first two hours in the morning then Maths.

We do a tremendous lot of Maths here.

I went Beagling again in the afternoon with about 11 Cadets and a few officers. The ground was very wet and the going hard but there were no kills. The pack got up a tremendous speed. We were given a stand-up tea at a farm after our run. The 'transport' which took us over a distance of ten miles to the meet, broke down on a hill and we all had to hop out and shove. However, you could not expect much more from an overloaded Ford.

The vast sheds built for the R.34, etc., are being pulled down as obsolete!

February 14th, Wednesday

Guest night in the mess; after dinner there was a huge rough-and-tumble fight and rag after the sing-song. Several Cadets mess kit severely damaged in the scrambles.

February 21st, Wednesday

During drill this morning, at least, just after drill, I saw a man discharged from the Service with ignominy and 14 months' imprisonment for stealing a pair of boots. Our Flight Sergeants told me that they were being very strict with the men nowadays as they were determined to make the R.A.F. the best Service so they would have to kick a lot of rotters out.

(Note 1)

February 22nd, Thursday

During colour-hoisting parade this morning two more men were dismissed for breaking into the Canteen and firing at the manageress with a pistol! They got 18 months imprisonment as well.

February 24th, Saturday

During the guest night last Wednesday week the 14th instant when the R.A.F. had beaten the Navy at rucker we went absolutely wild with excitement. All the Naval flying men's photos in the mess were turned face to the wall and the Cadets who have come here from Dartmouth were slightly sat on.

Of course it is the first time such a thing has happened and we were absolutely hilarious with joy. Two officers from this station were playing.



I SKETCHED CAYTHORPE AND LEASINGHAM

February 26th, Monday

First two hours work from 9 to 10.30 was in the engine shop, we have finished three weeks in the carpentry shop and we are now on engines.

Second hour R.A.F. history as usual then drill till lunch. During lunch the weather cleared up and much excitement was caused by the first term flying parade coming off.

We all went down to the hangars and waited about for an hour and then we were told there would be no flying because of the ground wind. We were fed up as you may imagine.

The rumour that we are not getting our motor-bicycles is quite incorrect as they are reconditioning the engines in the engine shop now and hope to have them all finished by Easter.

(Note 2)

I do not know whether I have mentioned it or not but they are increasing the flying training here very much.

If all goes well I shall be able to fly an Avro training bi-plane solo by Christmas next. Then

before we finish here we have to fly Bristol Fighters and de Havilland 9A machines.

March 1st, Thursday

Spent half the morning filing a piece of iron square—a very difficult job.

After lunch we had our uniform passed by our squadron leader. They are very particular about the fit of it. We shall soon be wearing it for duration. At 2.30 I went down to the hangars to watch the flying, just as I was leaving to go to the gym a Flight Lieutenant (an ex-Naval pilot) sent for me and said he would take me up.

I was fearfully bucked, and rushed and borrowed a flying helmet and quickly got into the passenger seat with my belt firmly fixed round my stomach.

With a fearful roar, quiver, and rush, the engine started up, one or two short bursts with the engine to test it, and then all clear and off we go. I was not aware of the actual moment when we left the ground because the climb is so even. Before you can realize it you see the earth stretched out before you like a map. The green grass and newly ploughed fields standing out in clear contrast. A steady climb up, up and up till we reached about 2,500 feet, with a few circling climbing turns. Just then the pilot shut off the engine and shouted to me to pump the petrol pressure and keep the indicator up to a correct position. Then we opened out and did one or two right angled banked turns, on these the aeroplane seems to swivel round on one wing tip absolutely vertical to the ground. All through these evolutions the aeroplane does not seem to move but the ground seems to career round on its own.

Then down went our nose and the 'bus' started rushing earthwards, the wires screaming in the wind. Suddenly up came our nose and I felt as if I was going to drop through the floor, however, that feeling soon went off and I saw good old mother earth turning over the top of my head.

I then felt as if I was going to drop out head first, but that is only a 'stomach sensation.'

After coming out of that, my first loop, we went straight into another.

The next stunt was a stall in which we climbed too fast for the engine and then suddenly started sliding backwards. A most weird sensation.

We then did several half rolls, a stunt I cannot describe except by saying that the bus rolls all over the place and the ground appears over your head in several different angles. Altogether I was up 17 minutes.

(First Flight)

March 2nd, Friday

Still working on filing at the iron cube in the workshop.

March 11th, Sunday

We were credited with our first month's pay yesterday. After all messing and subs are paid it is 19s. 5d.

March 19th, Monday

Started 'knots, lashings and ropes' in the workshops this morning.

March 26th, Monday

Went flying this afternoon for 20 minutes, the first ten minutes I sketched Leadenham from 2,000 ft. and then did some dual control, flying straight, climbing and gliding.

April 13th, Friday

Excellent lathe work on metal, which is awfully interesting.

We passed out of our recruit drills this week and have now started on rifle drill.

April 15th, Sunday

Church Parade as usual. The Bishop of Lincoln preached and dedicated a new font which is, by the way, a very picturesque one consisting of a metal bowl placed in the centre of a halved rotary engine mounted on a huge metal and propeller blade base.

April 16th, Monday

In the afternoon I did 40 minutes' flying. Sketched Caythorpe and Leasingham and did some straight flying.



DIARY 1954

For comparison with the 1923 Diary, the diary of a 1954 cadet's first few days is set out below

September 8th, Wednesday

Arrived at Sleaford at 4.30 p.m. and was herded on to an R.A.F. bus by a most pleasant little corporal, along with a motley crew wearing an equally motley collection of hats varying from cloth caps to a clipped-wing stetson. On arrival, instead of being ushered into a luxurious apartment by a bevy of batmen, I was bundled into a horrible little hut, which I noticed, with growing apprehension, shone like a new pin, inside and out. Allotted a most uncomfortable and cleanable bed-space. Tea. We were surprised to be subjected to cat calls and derision from a crowd of airmen sitting at one end of the dining hall. Food quite palatable, not boiled beef and carrots as one might have expected, although there was definitely something in the tea.

Attestation. Sworn in by a very helpful and friendly Flight Lieutenant. However, after our names were irrevocably signed on the dotted line, a sudden bleakness became apparent in the atmosphere. We were hauled back to the huts by the aforementioned crowd of airmen who we soon discovered were the previous term's entrants. We set to work on various uncongenial tasks, to the accompaniment of harsh words and muttered threats. My labours on the latrines and linoleum were little appreciated. At 10.30 blessed relief in the shape of bed came to us, and we pitted down, as the saying has it here, with myself and six of my companions in distress on one side, and six of the seniors on the other. The subsequent little anecdotes and experiences bandied back and forth by the seniors after Lights Out made me feel a little more at home, but our efforts to join in the conversation were violently discouraged. Main reaction to the day: numb despair.

September 9th, Thursday

Rudely awoken at 5 a.m. Employed on various jobs including initiation into the mysteries of the bed-pack until 6.15. Breakfast (ten minutes). More work afterwards. The proverbial spirit of comradeship seems to be lacking, as it appears that we do all our seniors' work as well as our own. During the rest of the day, we drew a seemingly endless number of articles of kit, and tried on two or three rough, ill-fitting uniforms. Also our first service haircut, giving a sort of Marlon Brando effect. During the day we also picked up some indications of what we have in store for us, and what the system is. It seems a cross between Siberia and Dante's Inferno. During the day we are dentally and medically examined, presumably to see whether we are fit to run the race that is set before us. An interview with the C.O., a Flight Lieutenant, also gives a disheartening and awe-inspiring preview of the wrath to come.

The evening comes all too soon. Once more we struggle through the unaccustomed tasks heaped upon our hapless backs. In the middle of the evening my naked shoe happens to touch the glossy surface of the floor, due to lack of dexterity with my floor pads. A deathly hush falls on the hut, soon to be ruptured by a mad scream of rage from the seniors. Chastisement follows, but eventually the haven of 'pit' is reached and so to sleep.



September 10th, Friday

First attempts at drill. My mumbled excuses that it was the first time I had done any, and that I had not been gifted with a military bearing not accepted. An attempt to salute the O.C. with my left hand provoked a forceful dissertation on the folly of my ways, and my extreme unsuitability for the R.A.F. Is he right? I wonder. Interviews with senior science and humanistics tutors. Brain-washing. Photographs for F.1250s taken. The traditional haunted, embittered expression easily assumed by all and sundry as it has now become natural. Violent but unskilled attack on my boots and webbing during the evening. In general the finished product looked worse than the original raw material. Prolonged efforts to emulate mentor in producing shine on toe cap of boot succeeded in producing a brilliant shine on the duster but only a dull mat finish on the boot. Splashed marking-ink over hundreds of items, in the rough general shape of my number.

September 11th, Saturday

Up with the lark once more. Bed-pack now begins to take on a more presentable appearance, the former shapeless bundle now looks almost tidy. Our newly acquired dexterity with room tasks only results in our



THE FLIGHT SERGEANT DOESN'T UNDERSTAND
MY DIFFICULTY

seniors expecting us to complete them in double quick time. Drill. Yesterday's lessons almost totally forgotten. The Flight Sergeant doesn't seem to understand my difficulty. Neither do I. Games in the afternoon made a welcome change, but overpowering desire to stretch out on the grass and doze off not conducive to good football. However, it presented an opportunity to vent our spleen on something (or someone). Another evening spent on unrewarded toil. Dashed off a letter home. Suicidal and desperate contents will probably startle unsuspecting parents. Temptation to ask father to bail me out hard to resist. Rudely awoken at midnight by seniors returning from drunken orgy and dance in a most peculiar sounding ballroom in Sleaford.

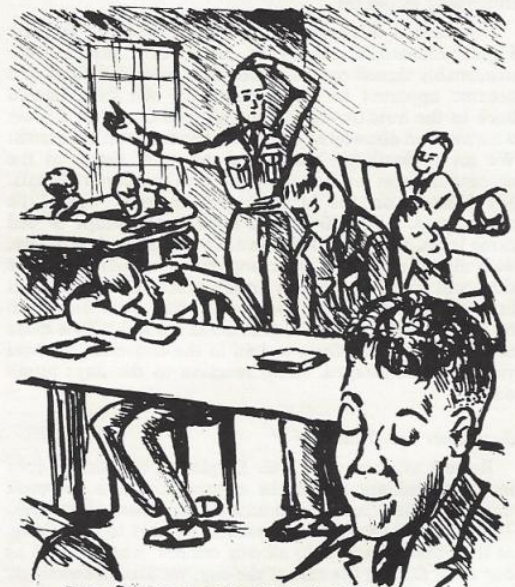
September 12th, Sunday

Church parade and inspection by the O.C. Junior Entries. Rather embarrassing. Compared unfavourably to a bearded collie and a Lithuanian muleteer. It doesn't seem fair, I'm sure I worked just as hard as the others. Watched handing over of the Colour on the College parade ground. Raised momentarily from our stupors by a glimpse of things to come. Repeated attempts to stay awake long enough in Church to pray for deliverance not

successful. During the afternoon examined, poked and probed by sundry senior flight cadets. The unsuspecting easy camaraderie of our first approaches soon replaced by a glazed expression and monosyllabic staccato answers to whatever questions they deigned to ask us while we strained at attention.

September 13th, Monday

The normal programme, if one can call it normal, commenced today. Drill at 7.22 then lectures at 8.30. Our kit was laid out today and expected to be up to standard. During the day the lecturers made mostly vain efforts to attract our attention with threats, cajolery, and well-directed pieces of chalk, but generally to no avail. The spirit was willing but the flesh weak. Consoling thought before falling off to sleep. For seven shillings a day it's probably worth it. Also, it can't go on for ever, can it?



THE SPIRIT WAS WILLING BUT
THE FLESH WEAK

INNOCENCE ABROAD

From LETITIA CANNERY, *Kestford Provincial Teachers' Training College, Lincs.*, to THE REV. MATTHEW CANNERY.

DEAR MUMMY AND DADDY,

It was such a good idea to come here for my training: the work is very interesting and the standard quite high. There is quite a social life here too; we have dances with cadets at Cranwell. One of them—his name is Willie, he's rather grand; even flies jets—has invited me to a *Hunt Ball* at the R.A.F. College!! All the same I do look forward to getting away from all this social whirl and spending a quiet holiday at home with you.

From SECRETARY, MUNGO WALDIE TRUST FUND, *Lincoln*, to LETITIA CANNERY.

DEAR MISS CANNERY,

I have great pleasure in informing you that the Committee has decided unanimously to award you the Mungo Waldie Travelling Scholarship for 195-, the only condition being that you inform us at regular intervals of your activities. Will you please communicate with us at your earliest convenience?

Yours faithfully,

J. LEADBETTER, *Secretary.*

From LETITIA CANNERY, *The Vicarage, Little Riskington*, to DIANA CROSSBOW.

DEAR DIANA,

I am leaving for Paris on Friday. Mumsy is very worried about the danger of travelling *alone*. She is afraid of nasty men!!

From LETITIA CANNERY, *Paris*, to DIANA CROSSBOW.

DEAR DIANA,

How exciting it all is! I have met such a friendly man called Count Septimus Casavaccio, and he took me out to dinner and we drank champagne; it is just like lemonade, only it warms my tummy! I leave for Madrid on Friday, and Septimus has given me a parcel to deliver to a friend of his; he is such a funny man, but very nice.

From SEPTIMUS BLOGGS to THE SPIDER.

Have planted snow on English dame. Ivan will collect.

From LETITIA CANNERY, *Madrid*, to MUNGO WALDIE TRUST.

DEAR SIRs,

I was rendered breathless by the incredible stone carvings on the ancient cathedral. I have been sketching some details which I will forward. In Paris I was extremely interested in the Italian School. . . .

From DIANA CROSSBOW to LETITIA CANNERY.

DEAR LETTY,

Your epistle from Madrid was *very* amusing. I am so glad you found that Count Ivan such a nice man. Don't you think you're going to too many dens of vice. . . ?

From THE REV. MATTHEW CANNERY to LETITIA CANNERY.

MY DEAR LETITIA,

How pleased I am that you have been enabled to visit so many interesting places of worship in such different lands, and had tea with the Bishop. *Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit*. I fear you will find the village church in Little Riskington a trifle dull when you return! I enclose a 10s. postal order and your mother some woollies. . . .

From LETITIA CANNERY, *Rome*, to DIANA CROSSBOW.

MY DEAR,

I must fly as I have a 'date' with a charming young Swiss, Count Heinrich Schönschmidt, at the Opera. The shops are wonderful here and much cheaper than at home. Please keep Willie happy. He is becoming a bore; he writes such long drivelling letters.

From LETITIA CANNERY, *Florence*, to FLIGHT CADET W. McSNIVLE.

DEAR WILLIE,

I think of you all the time, and am so lonely and miserable here. Please write and tell me all you are doing.

All my love,

YOUR OWN CABBAGE.

X X X

From **FLIGHT CADET W. McSNIVLE**, Cranwell, to **LETITIA CANNERY**, Florence.

DEAR LETTY,

Your letters are a poor substitute for you in the flesh—they're so short—but I'm always glad to get them. They always make me remember with a glow that glorious night after the Half-Term Dance at Kestford when I had to walk back. Without you life at the College is pretty grim. Yesterday in a spin the ailerons broke and I baled out upside down. You remember what I told you about the sound barrier. . . .

From **LETITIA CANNERY**, Naples, to **MUNGO WALDIE TRUST**.

DEAR SIRs,

I was rendered breathless by the incredible stone carvings on the ancient campanile. I enclose a snapshot of myself. It shows the Pudicitia in the background. . . .

From **J. MUNGO WALDIE TRUST** to **LETITIA CANNERY**.

DEAR MISS CANNERY,

The Trust acknowledges receipt of your letter and fears that the wrong photograph was enclosed.

Yours faithfully,

J. LEADBETTER, *Secretary*.

From **SIR J. MUNGO WALDIE**, Bt., to **LETITIA CANNERY**.

AM KEEPING PHOTO STOP HAVE YOU ANY MORE STOP MUNGO

From **THE SPIDER** to **H. SAM BROWN**.

Collect dope off English dame. Monte. Polish disguise.

From **LETITIA CANNERY**, Monte Carlo, to **DIANA CROSSBOW**.

DEAR D.,

I am short of money and will place my grant on red impair at the Casino tonight. Stanislaus, a Polish count who has been very nice to me here, says that colour always comes up when Venus is in conjunction with Saturn. Must change for dinner.

From **LETITIA CANNERY** to **MUNGO WALDIE TRUST**.

DEAR SIRs,

I was rendered breathless by the incredible stone carvings on the ancient casino. . . .

From **LETITIA CANNERY**, Monte Carlo, to **FLIGHT CADET W. McSNIVLE**.

DEAREST WILLIE,

I am still thinking of you. Please send me £50. The ancient church here is so much in need of repair and the little village is so poor. . . .

YOUR OWN CABBAGE.

From **SÛRETÉ** to **INSPECTEUR CHOU**, le 8 Octobre.

Arretez tout de suite Mlle. Cannery, jeune anglaise, pour portage de drogues.

From **'THE TOMBS'**, 9th October.

REGRETTABLE INCIDENT ON FRENCH RIVIERA

Police Investigate

From the **'DAILY HORROR'**, 9th October.

BLONDE BRITON IN

DRUG
SWOOP

VICAR'S
DAUGHTER
SQUEALS

From **LETITIA CANNERY** to **DIANA CROSSBOW**.

DEAR D.,

I have had such an exhausting time but a kind Spanish gentleman, Count Julio de Cordova, has procured my release. He is taking me to South America, where, he says, I will meet lots of English girls of my own age. So everything has turned out for the best.

From **LETITIA CANNERY** to **MUNGO WALDIE TRUST**.

DEAR SIRs,

I was rendered breathless by the incredible stone carvings in the ancient prison. . . .

From **MUNGO WALDIE TRUST** to **ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN**.

The Mungo Waldie Travelling Scholarship is henceforth to be known as the Mungo Waldie Travelling Scholarship for Women Students. Candidates, who should be between 17½ and 20 years of age, are to apply to me personally.

Yours faithfully,

Sir J. MUNGO WALDIE, Bt., Secretary.

R.J.S.

B.A.O.R. Army Visit

FLIGHT Cadets of 69 and 70 Entries visited army units in Germany during the last week of the Easter leave. This account is probably typical of experiences shared by all members of the party, although it applies particularly to the group who stayed with the 4th/7th Royal Dragoon Guards at Falling Bostel garrison.

Lieutenant-Colonel S. R. M. Jenkins, M.C., the commanding officer, gave a welcoming address and briefly outlined the comprehensive programme which began with a series of lectures covering the Regiment's history, role, organization and position in an armoured Division. These were followed by a talk and extremely interesting inspection of the Regimental Silver, which was in fact a demonstration of the intricate art and genius of the silversmith.

We were shown over the huge 'Centurion' and told of its impressive capabilities. Lieutenant Harris-Burland described their hitting power, giving us the relevant facts and figures together with training methods used at the Regiment to produce a high rate of accurate fire. The principal aid to this is the stabilizing device which was demonstrated and at the same time indicated the great manoeuvrability of the tank which is able to pivot on its axis whilst the gun independently covers the target. After brief instruction we all managed to drive the Centurion, mainly with a certain ruthlessness when gear changing and a happy disregard for the protesting bangs from the Meteor engine. Driving was straightforward on the flat, but cross-country proved a little advanced and the many engine stalls only emphasised the skill of the regular drivers who were probably relieved to regain control. The unit also possessed a troop of 'Conquerors'; these too were fully explored and our astonishment at the gigantic size and appearance of these deadly machines provided not a little friendly amusement on the part of our mentors. Because of heavy track wear these tanks are always moved by transporter except when on exercises or under battle conditions and the loading and unloading of these articulated trucks was fascinating to watch.

The full Regimental Dinner which we attended was surprisingly informal, there being no President or Vice-President. Because of their traditional, unquestioned loyalty the 4th/7th Royal Dragoon Guards drink no toast to the Sovereign and ignore the National Anthem should it be played. After liqueurs the band entertained with a musical selection including the Regimental quick march and trot past, followed by the Royal Air Force march. Our hosts wore either scarlet mess undress, or dark blue patrols, both magnificent uniforms with chain mail epaulettes and jingling spurs providing the link with their cavalry history. This connection is still maintained as most officers keep a horse and all forms of riding and hunting are widely practised.

Under the patient supervision of a tank commander we took turns to fire the 20-pounder and the Browning machine gun. The accuracy of our efforts enhanced the reputation of the weapon and the effects of the exploding charge within the turret were, by comparison to the deafening crack outside, almost negligible. Most of us took the opportunity of driving the 'Dingo' scout cars. These versatile little machines have pre-selector gears and give an amazingly smooth ride. One nearly finished off the local farmer's prize cockerel, which after dimly refusing to run was forced to fly. After the firing we visited a neighbouring range to have a look at the latest American tank, the T.48, which is said to drive at 60 m.p.h. They are slightly smaller than a Centurion, differently designed, with unusual suspension and powered by a diesel engine.

A day at R.A.F. Fassberg enabled us to see for the first time a truly operational station which is certainly one of our most advanced bases in western Europe with the Russians only 20 miles away. Here we were shown interception technique and saw scrambled Venoms take off in formation after a mass cartridge start. The main object however was to demonstrate the need for and the tasks performed by the Ground Liaison Officer. This could not have been too onerous judging by facilities for swimming, skittles, films, etc., in the palatial officers' mess.



A group of flight cadets looking with interest at a 'Centurion' tank on its transporter



*Ft Cds Walter, Robertson
and Mundy admiring a
Hunter*

That afternoon we watched a ground attack wing from Celle carry out routine air to ground firing and rocket launching. Certainly a powerful lesson in mobile fire power.

Apart from the purely military aspect of our trip to Germany we were afforded every opportunity and encouragement by our hosts to view as much of Germany and its countryside as was allowed by our schedule. Taking advantage of the Volkswagen transport that was all but placed at our disposal we toured the lovely old town of Celle and saw much of the drab landscape of the district. This, incidentally, was the seat of the House of Hanover and I believe some of the inhabitants celebrated the Coronation. The sombre surroundings of Belsen were depressing but served as a reminder to the atrocities committed under the Nazi regime, that, coupled with the arrogance of some of the population, should act as a caution to those who advocate unlimited rearmament. Seats at the 'Operhaus' at Hanover had been very generously reserved for us for the performance of *Banditensreiche* which was unanimously enjoyed and will

remain as one of the highlights of the visit. We were given a complete day to explore Hamburg. This city, as with Hanover, had completely reconstructed most of the areas which had suffered incredibly heavy war damage although facades were seen in some streets. The night life was no revelation to those who study the Sunday newspapers. The day before leaving we travelled via the ancient town of Luneberg to Victory Hill where stands the monument recording the unconditional surrender of all German forces to Field Marshal Montgomery. Today it is guarded by a watchman who keeps a remarkably vicious black police dog.

The visit to the Army units of B.A.O.R. has given us a valuable insight into the methods and equipment of the armoured divisions who in time of war depend to a great extent on the ground attack support provided by 2nd T.A.F. As important perhaps is the goodwill promoted between the services, even though on a small scale it should help that spirit of co-operation so necessary to national fighting efficiency.

E.J.W.

OLD CRANWELLIAN NOTES *(continued)*

Late news has just located the following:

R.A.F. Aldergrove. Flight Lieutenant R. R. Martin to the Auxiliary Squadron.

R.A.F. Nicosia, M.E.A.F. Flying Officers C. Pierce (1949) and R. H. H. Dauncey (1949).

Personal

We congratulate Flying Officers C. Pierce (1949) and R. H. H. Dauncey (1949) on their

marriages and Flight Lieutenant I. L. Schwaiger (1949) and Flying Officer F. K. Mason (1948) on the additions to their families.

In memory of G. T. R. (Robin) Pitts-Tucker, No. 57 Entry, who was killed at Valley on March 19th, 1953, two pews have been dedicated in the Chapel at 'All Hallows School,' Lyme Regis, Dorset. Any of his former friends will be welcomed there by the Headmaster.



OLD CRANWELLIAN NOTES

APPOINTMENTS

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

- Air Mshl Sir W. L. Dawson (1920) to be Inspector General of the Royal Air Force.
- Air Mshl H. A. Constantine (1926) to be Deputy Chief of Staff at S.H.A.P.E.
- Air Mshl Sir D. MacFadyen (1920) to be A.O.C. Home Command.
- A.V.M. A. D. Gillmore (1923) to be S.A.S.O. Home Command.
- A.V.M. H. H. Brookes (1922) to be A.O.C. 61 Group.
- A.V.M. J. G. W. Weston (1927) to be A.C.A.S. Signals A.M.
- Air Cdre D. J. P. Lee (1930) to be Secretary to the Chiefs of Staff Committee.
- Air Cdre A. R. D. MacDonnell (1932) to be Air Attaché, Moscow.
- Gp Capt M. H. Rhys (1930) to command R.A.F. South Cerney.
- Gp Capt J. L. Crosbie (1927) to the staff of H.Q. 18 Group.
- Gp Capt F. W. Stannard (1927) to command R.A.F. Uxbridge.
- Gp Capt J. A. C. Stratton (1926) to the staff of H.Q. 81 Group.
- Gp Capt R. K. Jeffries (1934) to command No. 4 M.U.
- Wg Cdr L. B. B. King (1932) to Air Ministry.
- Wg Cdr I. C. Jackson (1933) to Air Ministry.
- Wg Cdr. D. H. T. Dowding (1937) to the staff at R.A.F. St. Eval.
- Wg. Cdr. L. Rose (1933) to the Ministry of Supply.
- Wg Cdr A. R. Wright (1938) to the staff at H.Q. Metropolitan Sector.

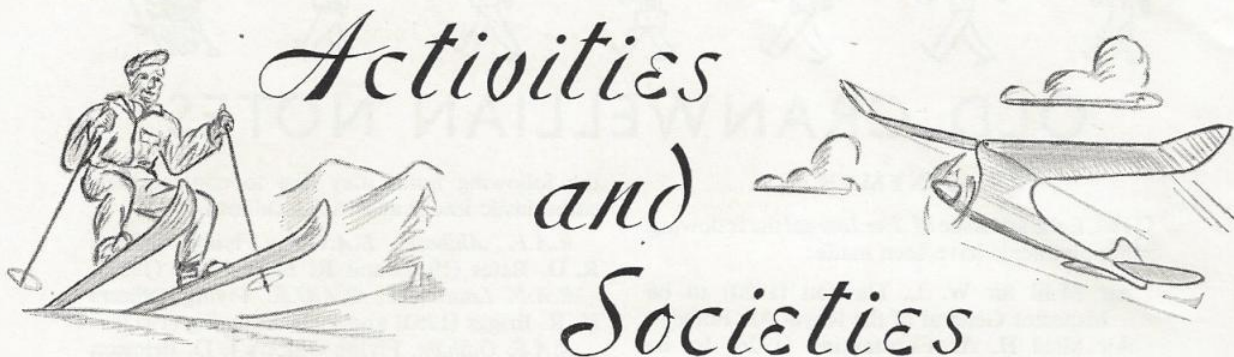
NEWS

The only news that is to hand on the whereabouts of Old Cranwellians concerns No. 62 Entry (1952). This information has been forwarded by Flying Officer Bates who is undertaking the task of pinpointing his entry at regular intervals. Those members who do not figure in

the following notes may like to contact their enthusiastic leader at R.A.F. Ahlhorn.

- R.A.F. Ahlhorn, B.A.O.R. Flying Officers R. D. Bates (1952) and R. B. Gubbins (1952).
- R.A.F. Laarbanck, B.A.O.R. Flying Officers K. R. Briggs (1952) and P. H. Stanning (1952).
- R.A.F. Odiham. Flying Officers I. D. Brimson (1952) and M. A. Crook (1952).
- R.A.F. Topcliffe. Flying Officers J. H. Champion (1952) and J. J. J. Dinnis (1952).
- R.A.F. Stradishall. Flying Officers J. M. B. Dobson (1952), M. J. Hardy (1952), M. R. Southgate (1952) and A. J. W. Whittaker (1952).
- R.A.F. Leuchars. Flying Officers B. E. C. Forse (1952) and R. H. L. Murmann (1952).
- R.A.F. Honington. Flying Officers R. A. C. Goldring (1952) and G. F. Poyser (1952).
- R.A.F. Linton-on-Ouse. Flying Officers I. A. R. Kearl (1952) and I. H. Keppie (1952).
- R.A.F. Church Fenton. Flying Officers C. Pearson (1952) and T. H. Sheppard (1952).
- R.A.F. Binbrook. Flying Officer A. C. Cooper (1952).
- R.A.F. Waterbeach. Flying Officer J. Farwell (1952).
- R.A.F. Upwood. Flying Officer E. D. Frith (1952).
- R.A.F. Changi, F.E.A.F. Flying Officer A. Howells (1952).
- R.A.F. Wahn, B.A.O.R. Flying Officer J. K. Jennings (1952).
- R.A.F. Wyton. Flying Officer A. MacGregor (1952).
- R.A.F. Wittering. Flying Officer D. McIntyre (1952).
- R.A.F. Waddington. Flying Officer J. I. Miller (1952).
- R.A.F. Gutersloh, B.A.O.R. Flying Officer M. Rankin (1952).
- R.A.F. Tangmere. Flying Officer D. M. Richard (1952).
- R.A.F. Luqa, Malta. Flying Officer G. M. Turner (1952).
- R.A.F. Abingdon. Flying Officer J. Welby (1952).
- R.A.F. Hemswell. Flying Officer J. E. Tierney (1952).

(continued at foot of opposite page)



Riding

NOBODY could say that the Spring term, 1956, has been a great success from the riding point of view. A number of factors has kept flight cadets away from the stables to such an extent that the number of rides taken has been extremely low. It is in some measure a comfort to know that the weather has undoubtedly been the main cause, thus suggesting that this term's decline is purely seasonal.

During January there were two heavy falls of snow which made riding impossible for nearly two weeks. On top of this, even when the ground was fit to ride on, few flight cadets wished to brave the elements, and even fewer had the money to do so. However, there is a brighter side, for a reasonably successful recruiting campaign was carried out amongst No. 74 Entry. This was done in liaison with Flight Cadet Little, the Captain of Modern Pentathlon.

Once again snow greatly interfered with the riding programme during February, for although more flight cadets were prepared to ride, the weather took an even heavier toll than in the previous month. For the remainder of the term the number of rides began to tail off even more. This was mainly due to the cutting down of morning rides because the privilege of riding one morning a week instead of doing drill was removed. It was felt by the College authorities that as less drill is now done all periods should be attended. As a number of people who had ridden in the mornings previously were unable to ride at any other time, once again the number of rides made use of went down.

Thus it can be seen the problems have been many. Nevertheless, there are still many flight cadets who ride and still more who are prepared to ride when the weather is more suitable. It is felt that this, in combination with next term's all-out Modern Pentathlon training, suggests very strongly that there will be a

great improvement with the arrival of the summer weather.

Pot-holing

Only one Sunday meet was held last term. This was at our usual caves near Stoney Middleton, Derbyshire. The coach party left Cranwell at 1215, filled to capacity with a combined party of pot-holers and mountaineers. The pot-holers numbered 18, about half of them being new to the hobby.

On arrival at the caves we split into two parties: an experienced party entered Nickel Grove Mine, while the novices were introduced to rifts, wriggles and crawls at Carsewalk.

This party ascended and crossed the main rift, and disappeared into the various passageways. Here a serious error in timing occurred which caused the mountaineers, who had been left several miles down the road, a far longer wait than they had anticipated. For here we were joined by the other party, making a total of 18 bodies to be fed through one exit down the rift by a slippery rope and along the narrow tunnel to the exit. As the time crept on we consoled ourselves with the thought that the mountaineers could make good use of their extra time. It was into starlight that we finally emerged, and on picking up the mountaineers we found that they had left the College virtually penniless! But everybody enjoyed the meet and it provided very good experience.

The section's main trouble lies in the limited time available on a Sunday meet. This term we are looking forward to the Queen's birthday and half-term to provide experience for our main summer meet. The Sunday meets will again play an important part in our training.

Further reports on the section's activities appear elsewhere.

Mountaineering

During the term two meets were held at Black Rocks, Derbyshire. A further meet lasting a week took place in the Lake District during the Easter vacation and is reported elsewhere.

The weather proved to be the only drawback on the first meet, for it snowed almost continually the day before the meet, and throughout that morning. However, when the party finally reached Black Rocks the weather condescended to be a little kinder and some fine climbing was enjoyed by the party. Extreme caution was, however, necessary at all times due to the severity of the conditions, but, if anything, this merely made the climbing more interesting.

The second meet was held some six weeks later, and Black Rocks were again chosen, with the hope of finding more possible routes under more favourable conditions. This did in fact prove to be the case, and in addition the difficult art of abseiling or roping down was practised, until a fair degree of proficiency was reached by everyone.

It is hoped to send a party to Austria during the summer. The Royal Air Force Mountaineering Association proposes to send two of its members who, it is hoped, will have some experience in snow and ice techniques, a thing which is seriously lacking at the moment. Flight Lieutenant Loat, the new officer in charge and his deputy, Flight Lieutenant Bolton, will be in charge of this party; the first to go abroad for quite some years.

Gliding at Camphill—Easter, 1956

This Easter a camp was held at Camphill in Derbyshire, from 17th April until 1st May. Six officers and 14 flight cadets attended the camp. Perhaps it was not so successful as the summer camp of 1955, but nevertheless, it provided a great deal of necessary experience, under various weather conditions, for all concerned. The weather throughout the camp was disappointing. A ridge wind was only experienced on one day throughout the two weeks, and then it was hardly strong enough to support the gliders. The camp was only three days old when an unfortunate accident occurred. Flight Cadet Ainley injured himself when he undershot in the Kirby Cadet, and flew into a stone wall. He was rushed to hospital, but, luckily, he was not seriously hurt. The glider was a complete wreck.

The B.B.C. Television Film Unit visited us on one day, taking many feet of film for the TV Newsreel. It was interesting to see how complicated the taking of supposedly candid pictures can be. Nevertheless, the filming went without a hitch, and we were duly televised ten days later.

During the camp, soaring depended almost completely on thermal activity. Two flight cadets obtained their 'C' licences, and several people managed to soar for periods ranging from 20 minutes to over one

and a quarter hours. One pilot managed to obtain his 'Silver C' height gain, but, due to the fact that he had no barograph, it could not be recognized. Two cross-country flights were made. One, a distance of 16 miles to Disley, and the other to Woodford Airfield. Neither qualified for 'Silver C.'

Three consecutive days were spent on the ground, with all the gliders unserviceable. Unfortunately, the Grunau and the Kranich remained unserviceable for the remainder of the camp. The Prefect, however, was repaired and used for the last three days of gliding at Camphill.

On the whole, we had a run of bad luck, both from the weather's point of view, and the petty accidents to the gliders. These accidents were seldom due to pilot error. They were mainly caused by the extremely poor state of the airfield's surface.

Nevertheless, everyone enjoyed himself, the only grouse being that we were not paid for our television appearance on the newsreel. Everyone came away with a noticeable tan from the sun, and we all felt extremely fit. The cooking and the company at the Derbyshire and Lancashire Gliding Club were both excellent, and it was with heavy hearts that we left Camphill on 1st May to return to Cranwell.

Ski-ing in Lapland

On Thursday, 12th April, 1956, a party of three flight cadets set off from London for a ski-ing holiday in Lapland.

After a depressing journey to Tilbury Docks we boarded the Swedish-Lloyd steamer *Suecia*, which took us on a 36-hour voyage to Gothenburg. From there we had to make a 1,500-mile journey to reach our destination with one break, after six hours' travelling, in Stockholm, where we had two hours to wait before our train left for Lapland. This enabled us to have a brief look around the main streets and try some of the Swedish food.

For the next 24 hours we travelled on the 'Nordpilen,' which is the express from Stockholm to Narvik. The most striking point in our journey north was the similarity of the landscape, the only change in the scenery of flat country, fir trees and snow being that the trees were smaller as we went northwards.

On the evening of the third day out from England, three exhausted flight cadets arrived at their first lodging place: 'Abisko Touriststation,' which was 200 miles inside the Arctic Circle. We ate well that night; in fact during our whole stay we found the Swedish food most agreeable. But after this wonderful meal there was a shock in store for us, as before leaving England we had been informed by the Swedish Travel Bureau that we would be able to hire skis at the hotel, while the hotel professed to have no knowledge of any scheme for the hiring of skis in the whole of Lapland. At this I must admit we were just a little indignant, but a young Lieutenant in the Swedish Army Ski troops, who was acting as a guide



Mt. Vuojtasreita

for the hotel during April, came to our rescue. He immediately set about borrowing skis from members of the staff.

We were at this hotel for only four days, but during our stay our friend was always up and ready with our skis by the time we arrived at breakfast.

One point that immediately struck us was that the heat in all the hotel rooms and corridors was thermostatically controlled, and also each room had a thermometer placed in it. The heating was invariably controlled by oil burners, while everything else worked from electricity.

As our experience of ski-ing had been confined to the continent, with its ski-lifts, the first day of Swedish-type ski-ing proved to be memorable to say the least. The Lieutenant, with a party of ten, including ourselves, set off on a short cross-country ski-ing trip. This proved to be an ascent of 1,800 feet on a nearby mountain. About an hour of what seemed to us to be nothing but walking straight up a mountain slope on skis left the three foreigners quite a way in the rear and completely exhausted. When we eventually arrived back at the hotel not many words passed between us about the pros and cons of Swedish ski-ing, but a lot was thought and even more felt. This trip did not deter us, for the next day we travelled ten km. around a nearby mountain and through part of

the Abisko National Park which proved to be most enjoyable.

On the third day we skied to Laktatjåkko where a hotel, the highest in Sweden, has been built. From there we had a ten kilometre downhill run which was great fun.

When our four days were up we went a further five miles to the hotel 'Gammelgården' at Björkliden, this spot being chosen mainly because of its proximity to its one kilometre ski-lift. From this base we spent the remainder of our holiday taking occasional trips around the beautiful mountainous countryside and mastering the local ski-lift.

A few days before we left Björkliden we paid a visit to the hotel 'Lapplandia' at Riksgransen, which is on the Norwegian border and possesses the steepest ski-lift and slalom run in Sweden. I am afraid that after one attempt we left the run to the experts.

For the majority of our stay in Lapland the sun shone, which enabled us to lose some of our English winter colour. The days, even in April, are very long, and the midnight sun is visible from 31st May.

The hotels at which we stayed were on the shore beside the lake of Torneträsk which is one of the longest lakes in Sweden and is completely frozen for over six months every year. The snow and ice usually disappear about early or mid June and appear again in late October. Between these two dates the countryside comes alive and is said to be one of the most beautiful places in Scandinavia.

Unfortunately we saw no large herds of reindeer, for during the winter they roam near the Lap settlements which are themselves miles from other types of civilization.

Our general impression of the people that we met was that they seemed a little surprised to find British people so far north on a ski-ing holiday, but this did not deter them from showing us the greatest hospitality possible.

Most Swedes speak English a little, but some we met spoke it almost to perfection. The only British people we came into contact with during our brief stay were a university student working at one of the hotels, an author who had been studying Lap life, and a British gentleman who had been living in Sweden for the past 30 years.

Our Lap holiday, although a little unusual, was thoroughly enjoyed by us all, and was an experience which none of us would have missed.

M.A.H.

Operation 'Moonflight'

Guns had been cleaned, ammunition checked and 'formal official' letters had been handed in to the squadron commanders. All that was required now were the right conditions for Operation 'Moonflight' to be put into effect—a high tide coupled with a full moon. After consulting a Mr Moore's Almanac and

the meteorological experts of the College, Flight Cadet B. T. Williams gave the order for Operation 'Moonflight' to be implemented on Monday, 2nd February.

For this gallant and dangerous operation, singularly safe, however, as far as the birds were concerned, the area selected was Wranglemarshes. Transport was provided by one of the more fast and reliable cars of the College, BUL 930. (The name of this car cannot be disclosed for reasons of security.)

On arrival at the marshes, the members of the party divided so as to give as wide a fire coverage as possible. (This had been explained to the leader of the party by one of the War Studies team, to whom we are deeply indebted, but we would like to point out that if an aircraft carrier is defended on the same principle. . . .) The next two hours were spent waiting in the cold and damp of the marshes with only a little liquid refreshment every five minutes to keep members of 'Moonflight' warm.

The operation was over more quickly than we expected. With a whirring of wings the enemy flew overhead. Shots were let off in rapid succession. But, although several probables were claimed, only a few lonely-looking duck feathers were found after the flight had passed over.

Operation 'Moonflight' cannot be claimed as one of the Wildfowling section's greatest triumphs, but at least everyone enjoyed the shoot, which is, after all, one of the primary aims of the section.

Mountaineering in the Lake District

The Easter meeting was based at Dungeon Ghyll in Langdale in the heart of the Lake District. It was noteworthy for several reasons, the most important of which was the quality of the weather. It was not until the last day that things returned to normal with some typical English drizzle, and even this soon cleared away.

The party left Cranwell on the Wednesday after the end of term, and after a journey involving what must be one of the most 'local' trains in England, finally arrived in Windermere. Flight Lieutenant Loat was waiting with a Triumph Mayflower and the news that there was work to be done. The accommodation (tents) was not yet erected, so it was decided to move to Ambleside, from where Flight Lieutenant Loat, Goodband and Farouki would go on to prepare the camp site. The Mayflower—quite an apt name in the circumstances—was loaded up and you could almost hear it groan with horror as six comfortably built people clambered in after building a pyramid of five rucksacks on the open boot door.

After a mad flurry of activity on the part of the tent erectors, and a rather lazy evening spent by Sulaiman, Malin and Flying Officer Stribling in two of Ambleside's more comfortable hotels, the party finally went to bed at about midnight.

The next four days were characterised by late rising, light meals, walking, climbing and sleepless nights. The first day was spent teaching the novices—Sulaiman, Malin and Flight Lieutenant Loat—the rudiments of rock climbing, while the others took the opportunity to get their hands in again. After what seemed a long but easy climb the novices decided to spend the afternoon taking a look around the district while the fanatics soared to greater heights. Both parties went on to spend a pleasant afternoon in the hills.

That night, after suitable refreshment in the nearby hotel, the party went to bed to discover that three blankets are not enough to keep one warm on a bright starlit night! By comparison the occupants of a so-called survival camp in Wales were sleeping in luxury with sleeping bags, palliasses and blankets!

The following day the Mayflower valiantly carried the party some 35 miles to Borrowdale from where they took an interesting walk over to the famous Nape's Needle on Great Gable. This was for several hours the scene of much industry as first Flying Officer Stribling, then Goodband and Farouki struggled to the top to have their photographs taken by Flight Lieutenant Loat, who was spending a lazy afternoon at the foot of the pinnacle. Sulaiman and Malin managed to get within ten feet of the top, more by brute force than good technique, but here their efforts met with no further success so the party descended, Sulaiman and Malin now had their first experience of abseiling which they found, rather surprisingly, less appalling than climbing down.

After another cold night the party spent the third day doing a long climb on Bow. The blocks of ice by the streams near the upper ridges indicated that the temperature in the shadows had not risen appreciably above freezing during the day.

On Sunday, the last day, the morning was spent in the semi-comfort of bed, listening to the patter of rain on the tents. The afternoon was spent according to individual taste but the explorations of two of the party were rewarded by the discovery of a farmhouse selling positively enormous teas at insignificant cost!

Next day camp was struck and the long return journey begun. Even this was not uneventful, for at Leeds the party arrived at the ticket barrier mere seconds too late to catch the connection for Grantham. Verdict on the meeting: Climbing good, weather good, food good—sleep non-existent; a good time had by all.

Pol Ardua Revisited

On Wednesday, 11th April, at 3 p.m., Flying Officer Strowbridge and Flight Cadets Yunus, Kimmedy and Harrington met at Paddington Station for a nine-day pot-holing meet in Western Ireland. With the exception of Kimmedy we were all feeling a little tired, having been to the Graduation Ball of 67 Entry the night before, but were in high hopes of

completing the investigation of the Pol Ardua System which the section discovered three years ago. Each year we had gone to Ireland with these hopes and each year we had come back with more to investigate than when we started. This year, we thought, was going to be the final year. How wrong we were!

At 3.55 p.m. we started the long journey across England and Ireland, which was completed without mishap by train, boat and taxi. Everywhere that we stopped we were met with astonished stares, and not surprisingly, as we were all wearing large Service aneracks and were carrying an odd assortment of rucksacks and holdalls with billycans and boots tied on the outside.

We arrived at the camping site at 7 p.m. on Thursday, 12th April, having collected ample stores from Lisdoonvarna, the nearest village to the camping site, and felt spots of rain as we got out of the taxi. As it was nearly dark we decided to get the tents up as quickly as possible and get all the equipment under cover. Then, as it was raining heavily, we decided to go to bed immediately and not to prepare any food. It rained all night, and we woke up tired and hungry and also very wet. We went outside to find a dull, cloudy day with squalls of rain every quarter of an hour. We cooked breakfast inside one of the tents and then changed into pot-holing kit.

At 11 a.m. we went underground, and as it was the first day and the first time that Flying Officer Strowbridge and Kimmedy had been underground we tackled the easy Polnagollum System. We went downstream for about two hours, passing a very large waterfall and getting a little wet in the process. We all soon found our 'underground' legs and progressed at quite a sharp pace. After going for about 3½ miles downstream we turned back and completed the return journey in about 1½ hours. We arrived at the entrance without incident at 4 p.m. after about five hours underground. The day was marred by the trouble the lamps gave us; the bulbs being too weak for the batteries, they kept on fusing and in the end we ran

out of bulbs and Flying Officer Strowbridge had to proceed without a light.

After changing our wet clothes we took them and our wet bedding up to the Cosgroves' (the name of the farmer on whose land we were camping) farm to dry. I think that it is fitting to record here that Mr and Mrs Cosgrove were extremely helpful to us all the time. They sold us milk, butter and sugar and dried all our wet clothes for us. They even lent us their son's motorbike (the son, incidentally, was away at the time) to go into Lisdoonvarna to replenish our larder. We then cooked a very large supper and went to bed at 9.30 p.m., spending a much more comfortable night.

We awoke the next morning to a fitfully sunny day with a high wind which sent the clouds scudding by and kept away the rain. We ate a hearty breakfast and changed into pot-holing kit. Yunus, Harrington and Kimmedy went into the cave again while Flying Officer Strowbridge went off on his own to look for new caves. We, in the cave, decided to tackle Pol Ardua, our own cave system, and after the very painful and muddy crawl along the 60-yard entrance, which is extremely confined, we arrived in the main tunnel. We went upstream for about 300 yards and found that the heavy rains had made it almost impassable, so we returned to the starting point and went on downstream until we came to a fork. We then left the main passage and followed the tributary which, I think, was unexplored up until that time. This stream ran for quite a distance and we were climbing high up in the ceiling all the time, about 30 feet above the bed of the stream. We went on until we came to a very heavy roof fall and far below us we saw the stream disappearing into a small hole which was impossible to reach without the aid of ropes and ladders which we hadn't brought with us. So we returned to the entrance passage and came out into the open air at about 4.15 p.m. We were muddy and wet but felt that the day had been spent profitably. Flying Officer Strowbridge, in the meantime, had gone on to the other side of the hill on which we were camping and had found a very interesting hole which looked as though it might lead to something big. We decided to explore it another day. We then had a good meal and went to bed, tired but pleased with the day's work.

Next morning dawned bright and sunny and the wind had died down to almost nothing, so, as it was Sunday, we decided to have a day of rest. In the morning, Flying Officer Strowbridge went to Mass with the Cosgroves while we cleaned up the camp and had a good wash ourselves. After the midday meal an Irish family arrived at the site and proved to be very ardent pot-holers. We lent the son a lamp and Harrington took him a short way into Polnagollum. We had great difficulty in dissuading the young daughter of the family from following. In the evening we walked into Lisdoonvarna and ate the largest steaks I have ever seen. Then after a few drinks we returned to the camp site in an enormous American car belonging to one of the local inhabitants.



Flying Officer Strowbridge with Flight Cadets Kimmedy, Harrington and Yunus

The next day was again hot and Harrington and Kimmedy went to the other side of the valley to explore the Bristol University caves, while Flying Officer Strowbridge and Yunus went to look at the cave which Flying Officer Strowbridge had found on the Saturday. Harrington and Kimmedy had a very unsuccessful day, finding only one new cave which was very small and constricted and of no significance. The floor of the cave was strewn with animals' bones, both large and small and they both soon came out of the cave into the fresh air. Flying Officer Strowbridge and Yunus, however, had a much more successful day. They entered the hole and found a large and well formed tunnel going downwards towards the sea. They took the downstream passage and carried on until the passage became rather constricted when they turned back. They had covered about $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles. This was the first really big find of the meet and it was a very merry party that went to sleep that night.

Next day was again sunny and Harrington and Kimmedy this time went into the new cave while Flying Officer Strowbridge and Yunus went off to look for more caves. Harrington and Kimmedy had not gone more than a quarter of a mile when Kimmedy's light went out and Harrington's light started to flicker badly, but they decided to carry on until half the candle which Kimmedy was holding had burnt down. The cave was indeed very interesting. There were some beautiful formations, some of which were composed of a soft red substance that contained either iron or iodine. The cave descended in a series of deep steps with a large hole at the bottom of each which had been worn away by erosion. There was only one tributary that we observed and that was so narrow that we decided not to explore it. The upstream branch of the tunnel was only explored for a short distance and that was when Harrington and Kimmedy missed the very well hidden entrance on their return journey. This cave will have to be explored more fully when the section next comes to Eire. Flying Officer Strowbridge and Yunus were again successful and we had the second big find of the meet—a deep pitch of about 100 feet with a running stream at the bottom of it. This was doubly interesting as it was the first vertical development we had found in Ireland.

The next day was spent in clearing up the camp site and packing up all the gear except the tents. At about 4 p.m. we left the camp to walk along the coast road to Lisdoonvarna, a distance of about 12 miles. It was a lovely walk with the sun shining brightly in a cloudless sky and gradually going down on Galway Bay. We stopped after about four miles and had a drink in a quaint little tavern-cum-store. After about eight miles we knew we were finished and when at 6 p.m. a large lorry came past we thankfully accepted a lift. The lorry took us right to Lisdoonvarna which we reached at 6.30 p.m. where we again had an enormous steak each and quite a few farewell drinks. We eventually arrived back in camp at about midnight in the same American car as the previous night.

The next morning we were up with the lark at 5 a.m. and had packed up the tents and burned all

the rubbish by 6.30 a.m. We then went to say goodbye to the Cosgroves and to give them a box of chocolates. At 7 a.m. a taxi arrived to take us into Lisdoonvarna for the last time and it was with regret that we looked back at the hills which held so many pleasant memories for us. When we got to Lisdoonvarna we had a good breakfast and caught the 8.30 a.m. coach to Limerick. Thus began the long journey back to England.

Bird Watching in Scotland

Flight Cadets Coates and Coulcher describe their experiences on a holiday in the Highlands of Scotland.

We first decided to visit the Scottish Highlands after a very successful canoeing trip on the Norfolk Broads in the spring of 1955. Our destination was one of the greatest of Britain's National Parks—the Cairngorm Mountains and Rothiemurchus Forest in Invernesshire.

As the train ran slowly up the valley of the river Spey, we could see in the distance the snow-covered slopes of the Cairngorms. It was a beautiful April afternoon when the train finally arrived at the little country station of Aviemore.

Aviemore in the Rothiemurchus basin is surrounded by some of the highest mountains in the British Isles. The country round about was awe-inspiring. There were miles of natural pine forests and moors dissected by numerous rocky burns and rivers. Towering above this were the great snow-covered crags of the Cairngorm Massif. This was the land in which we found ourselves, a land of great natural beauty and the haunt of many rare birds and animals.

The first few days were spent bumping and rattling over rock-strewn paths on rather decrepit old bicycles, hired in the local village, and we explored many lochs and tarns looking for the duck and waders which visit them to feed.

We first reached the snow line on the fourth day, when we found to our cost that it was deeper than we expected, and ski-ing on the slopes was still being enjoyed this late in April. Just below the snow line we caught our first glimpse of a herd of red deer, an animal sadly on the decline.

The weather now showed signs of breaking so we decided to try to reach the mountain tops the following morning. But when we awoke, we found the mountains covered in a fresh fall of snow. Undeterred, we set off for the summit of Cairn Gorm, 4,084 feet above sea level, which was partially hidden in clouds. We barely reached Loch Morlich, at the foot of the mountain, when it began to snow and hail quite heavily. Already drenched, we obtained what shelter we could under some pine trees growing beside the loch. It was not long before our interest was suddenly aroused on seeing that wonderful and very rare bird of prey, the osprey. What a magnificent sight it was, hovering on the far side of the loch in driving hail, waiting to swoop on an unwary victim. We believe that this was the only bird of its kind in Britain.

The weather began to clear and we started on the long steep climb to the summit. At about 2,500 feet the snow on the ground thickened and it was with difficulty that we followed the vague path to the top. The sun began to shine mercilessly and our clothes were quite damp when we finally reached the summit cairn. A magnificent view now presented itself. We could see the Moray Firth to the east, Ben Nevis to the west, and to the north the snow-covered mountains of Ross and Cromarty.

Having achieved our aim, we hurried back to the shelter of the valley below, before the next storm made itself felt. We fell rather than walked the 3,000 feet to the bottom, and on looking up the way we had come, we saw that the summit was once again hidden by clouds and mist.

Far too soon the day came for us to leave. We had seen over 70 species of birds and had exposed ten photographic films, one in colour. This was certainly not the last time we would visit Scotland. As our train left Aviemore and the Highlands, the distant snow was tinged with red and gold from the setting sun.



Loch Morlich

Easter Cruise, 1956

The Easter cruise aboard the yacht *Provident* took place from 12th April to 19th April, and was organized primarily to teach cadets the art of sailing. The crew consisted of three full members of the Island Cruising Club and 12 cadets.

We arrived at Salcombe in the evening of Thursday, 12th April, and drowned our sorrows in the local. Over our beer and/or gin and orange, we discussed our destination, having the choice of Cherbourg or the Channel Islands. The captain favoured the latter as he was running out of tobacco, and the majority of us had already been to Cherbourg. With this destination agreed upon, we made for *Provident*, and spent a comfortable night. This had only two exceptions: during the night, Flight Cadet Tickell's bunk-ropes

broke, and he fell heavily on Flight Cadet Baerselman, sleeping peacefully below. To add to the confusion, the rain started leaking in through the roof. Judging from complaints heard next morning, these two were chasing drips of water along the beam all night, although someone suggested that Flight Cadet Baerselman was sabotaging the works with his water-pistol.

Friday morning dawned wet with a strong wind. So, to make use of the rain, we all went on deck to do sail drill, which meant learning what ropes to pull when, and why. The evening was spent in Salcombe.

Saturday was more cheerful with a lighter gale. So we set sail, slipped sedately out of the harbour, and fell headlong into a fierce tempest, described off-hand as a choppy sea. Two-thirds of the crew looked as if they didn't agree.

About a third of the way across we came into contact with a Dutch coaster. Thinking herself superior with an engine, she tried to cut in front of us, but found that we were going faster. So she had to do a smart left-about turn and make off behind us. All those that were capable of thinking were quite impressed by our turn of speed—about eight knots. We were expecting to come into contact with Guernsey at about 7 p.m., but finally anchored outside St Peter Port at 11.30, having tacked a remarkable number of Ws, each leg of which took us a quarter of a mile east for every two in a north-south direction; we, of course, wanted to go east.

We motored into St Peter Port next morning, but had some difficulty with the engine, which rose to 80°F for no apparent reason. (This we confirmed later in a 'dry swim,' when we had the engine going for some 40 minutes, reaching a temperature of only 50°F.) We hit the quay at 0845 hrs. and docked at berth 12. After some accurate line-shooting by the pier-master, we managed to get tied up, and settled down to some hard 'Bull,' which would have set the British Press on fire. All the brasses above and below decks were highly polished, with the possible exception of the binnacle, the grease on which Flight Cadet Lee Bolton had some difficulty in removing. After an appetizing lunch (which went to the sea gulls when the cook wasn't looking), we all prepared to go ashore. As it was Sunday, everyone shaved except Flight Cadet Marshall, who was going home. Many members of the crew complained bitterly about the quay, which seemed to be moving up and down. That evening was spent in jolly mood aboard H.M.S. *Galahad*, a yacht belonging to Royal Naval Engineer cadets. They had purchased a few extra gallons of bonded whisky and 5,000 cigarettes, and they had to do something with them before they reached England; we helped them do it.

On Monday morning we had our photos taken by the *Guernsey Star*; they had run out of news. The afternoon was spent by most in Guernsey (much valuable use was made in these two days of the hours of sunlight). The cap'n, bos'n, cook and mate all set to

to finish the painting that should have been done in the winter. The boat looked much better for it.

On Monday afternoon we set sail, intending to go through the Little Russell to Alderney and, perhaps, Cherbourg. But the tide was against us and would have swept us onto the Plattes Roches off Guernsey. So we headed back towards the Great Russell, but decided to abandon the trip as the wind had died down. The captain gained much useful knowledge from this trip



The crew of the Provident at work

about St Peter Port harbour and its approaches because we had on board the pier master and the pilot. These two were thrilled to be on board a sailing boat again.

On Tuesday we set sail. Navigation, steering and general maintenance was handed over to the College. Flight Cadet Lees nominally became captain, and new watches were made out. Flight Cadet Tickell was the first to navigate, which he seemed to do successfully by an extraordinary amount of E.T.A.s. We set the log at 0945 hrs. and by 1100 we were well up the Great Russell between Herm and Sark. Progress was not very fast but we were lucky with the tides. We aimed to pass through the Alderney Race at 1400 hrs. when we would be safe from a reversing tide, but we arrived there at 1700 hrs. and found ourselves going backwards, even with the racing jib, the reaching staysail and the mizzen topsail up. So we started the faithful old engine and slowly pulled out. By the time we were clear of the tidal stream it was dark, and as we had to call at Brixham before returning to Salcombe we had no time to visit either Alderney or Cherbourg. A course of N20W was set up and those not on watch retired to bed. Eight o'clock next morning found us with Berry Head on the port bow. As we had plenty of time in hand, we decided to call on Bruce Bennett, an old member of the I.C.C. So we made towards Paignton and hove-to in the choppy water outside, hoping he would see us. He

came out eventually and was proudly shown the two dinghys he had sold to the club with LADIES and GENTS nailed to their sterns. Having said goodbye to him we attached ourselves to the buoy in Brixham on our third attempt and everyone was wondering what the Brixham trawlermen watching our 'aquabatics' were saying to each other. All except four then trooped into Brixham to see what it was like on an early-closing day, and the captain motored *Provident* over to fill up with 170 gallons of diesel fuel for the engine. When we had finished with Brixham, we decided to set sail for Salcombe. As there was no wind, we set motor instead, and Wednesday night was spent travelling the short distance between Brixham and Salcombe, using the motor only when there was no wind to fill the sails. We approached Salcombe on Thursday morning with a slight wind blowing from straight ahead. By a lot of careful manoeuvring we tacked across the narrow entrance, nearly scuppering ourselves in the process, until by sheer will-power, we lay becalmed in the harbour. The engine brought us to the buoy, where we anchored and breathed again. A hard cleaning session ensued and we left the boat in as smart a condition as we found it. Flight Cadet Lees was the only one who stayed behind to help redecorate the trawler, and the remainder found their way onto the 1.30 bus for home.

Everyone enjoyed the trip, but was thankful, in the end, to step once more onto 'terra firma.'



The Provident under way

Canoeing in Three D

On Friday, 13th of April—perhaps not the best date to choose—three members of the College Canoeing section set out from Victoria Station for Coblenz on the River Rhine. The purpose of the trip was to canoe some fifty miles down the Rhine to Cologne. We had allowed ourselves a week in which to accomplish this, plus some sightseeing.

After struggling with our myriad bags through the Customs, accompanied by the stares a person carrying

secret missiles would meet, we boarded the cross-Channel steamer at Dover. We had an uneventful trip, but on arrival at Dieppe the first of our misfortunes befell us.

By an oversight on our part we were confronted with a wait of over an hour for a third class train to Cologne. Even the thought of purchasing or 'borrowing' the Stationmaster's hat, a fine pink one, at Ostend did not divert our attention from the fact that we would not arrive at Coblenz until the early hours of the morning. However, the journey to Cologne was relieved of much of its boredom by three American soldiers returning from a week's furlough in London. They went to great lengths to explain to us how many suits of uniform they had, and one of them even, rather shamedly, confessed to having a pair of spit-shined ('bulled') boots—only for show, of course.

We parted company with the Americans at Cologne and climbed aboard our train for Coblenz. We arrived there at 1.30 a.m. It was raining and we were very tired so our first impressions were not too good. A first glimpse of the station and its surrounds rather reminded us of *The Third Man*, with the wet deserted streets occasionally enlivened by the passage of a hurrying taxi.

We decided that as there was not much time before dawn we would not go to sleep, but would leave our luggage in the left luggage office and spy out the land—as well as one can at 1.30 a.m. in the rain.

We found the Rhine, after passing some workmen working on a ditch in the road, at two o'clock in the morning. When we returned again at four to erect our canoes, we passed the area of excavation and observed the ditch to be completely filled in and the earth stamped down again.

We found a grassy patch on the banks of the river where we started to make up our canoes. It had been raining for several hours previously, so the ground was rather muddy. On finishing our work, and on the arrival of dawn, we saw that we had erected our canoes on a lawn adjacent to the river. A park attendant told us the error of our ways, or that is what we understood him to mean by the words and gesticulations, mainly the latter, and so we moved the canoes down on to the beach.

Our idea was to find some food, return to the canoes, paddle downstream to a suitable camping site, and pass the remainder of the next day and the next night resting before pressing on. But, on returning from our foraging expedition, we observed from a distance a small deputation of Germans, including the park attendant and two policemen, surrounding our two canoes. We had visions of our trip coming to an untimely end. But, apart from many repetitions of the word 'verboten,' a word we were to hear often, and gestures meaning 'Mad English,' we were allowed to board our canoes and paddle serenely downstream.

After three or four hours' paddling, we saw a likely camping spot and landed. We contacted a nearby

farmer who said he would be delighted to have us camping on his land. So we bedded down and slept most of the day and the next night.

Sunday morning was to see us up early and eager for the fray, which was to come sooner than we thought. Two of us, the two who spoke the least German, decided we would go on a quest for new laid eggs. We came back successful for two reasons; the English spoken by a German who directed us to a farm, and the miming of one of our party which almost gave the farmer's wife hysterics, but which did the trick.

After eating heartily we set out for our next stop, Linz. After an hour we were into the swing of things, but, just as we were patting ourselves on the back, we found ourselves alongside one of the giant barges which ply up and down the river, and the next moment two of us were in the water. One was hauled aboard the barge to enjoy a seven-hour journey downstream to Cologne on a barge where no one spoke English, and without money or passport. The other survivor was rescued by the third member of our party, who was in a single canoe.

Luckily, the upturned canoe was also saved undamaged, the only things lost being a paddle, a spray cover, a pair of gloves and a camera.

There were two problems now facing us: how to become united and whether to continue.

The two who landed near the scene of the accident found a nearby guesthouse and promptly visited the police, and by dint of more miming and garbled French-English-German conversation, conveyed their plight to the ever-helpful police. They teletyped to Dusseldorf, the headquarters of the police for that area, who said they would send the river police out to check all barges for a half-drowned Englishman.

Meanwhile the latter was sitting in a Cologne police station trying to find someone who could speak English. At first his efforts were unrewarded, but finally the police contacted the guardroom of a nearby R.A.F. Station, Butzweilerhof.

Soon the Cranwellian was being welcomed by the Station Commander, Wing Commander Mahaddie, with the proposal that, upon the reunification of the party, Butzweilerhof should be used as a base for any further exploits on the Rhine. This kind offer was accepted, and so for the next week we were shown the sights of Cologne, and, through the kindness of the Belgian river patrol, canoed on the river. Not the least of Wing Commander Mahaddie's great help to us was the airlift he arranged for us on our return to England.

On Friday, 20th April, two of the party returned to England, leaving behind one who had the good fortune to be shown over the Headquarters of 2nd A.T.A.F. at München-Gladbach. Here the story of the Cranwellians' mishap reached the ears of Air Marshal the Earl of Bandon, who promptly decided

that it should be featured in *Spotlight*, the newspaper of the 2nd A.T.A.F.

Tailpiece. The Navy was 'relieved to hear that R.A.F. cadets are as capable of emulating fish as birds.'

The Devizes-Westminster race

This year the College entered two crews for the Devizes-Westminster canoe race, and it was hoped that a Cranwell crew would finish the course for the first time. In all, 77 locks have to be negotiated on the 125-mile course. The first stretch from Devizes to the Thames at Reading is the most arduous, being over fifty miles in length and containing as many locks. The Thames is much less strenuous though it is the longer stretch.

Crews in the race can choose their own time of starting, and Flight Cadets Cubin and Youd started out from Devizes soon after midday on the first day of the race. They paddled on until midnight when they stopped for four hours' sleep. When they awoke in daylight it was with some amusement that they discovered they were in someone's back garden. Reading was eventually reached by five o'clock in the afternoon, and they began the easier passage down the Thames with the current.

The locks on the Thames, although fewer than on the canal, were much more tiring, for they had to be portaged, because of their large size. Fortunately they went through several with larger boats, and others, which were fitted with rollers, made portaging much simpler.

By about 2300 hours Cubin and Youd were very tired and stopped at the side of a lock to sleep fitfully until dawn. If they were to reach Westminster that night they had to catch the ebb tide at Teddington not later than seven o'clock. This they did by a matter of minutes. From then on it was a fairly simple matter to reach Westminster. It was a very tired but jubilant pair that finally reached Westminster at 2200 hours.

The other crew consisted of Under Officers Pollock and Rigg. They were dogged by misfortune right from the beginning; their canoe could not be erected properly and consequently they were very late starting. By the time they reached Reading their canoe had been holed several times and it was a very damp pair who were forced to withdraw at Reading after covering the worst part of the race.

Besides the difficulties of long, numerous and often tricky portages, there were other factors contributing to make the race more strenuous. Throughout the race there was a strong headwind and it was often difficult to keep straight. Several crews told stories of how they had been attacked by a swan. This particular specimen seems to have had quite a day; he successfully scared the life out of several crews by his low-level passes. But his greatest achievement was overturning a Sandhurst crew who subsequently withdrew. From accounts it seems that whilst the swan was busy doing his worst on one crew member, the other was abandoning canoe.

Other hazards of a more passive but equally dangerous nature were encountered. On the first night out in pitch darkness Flight Cadets Cubin and Youd suddenly found themselves in the middle of a tree which had fallen across the canal. Had it not been for prompt action by Cubin their canoe might have suffered the same fate as the canoe of another crew who were busy repairing a four-inch gash in the hull at the next lock.

At the end of the race there were many hard-luck stories told, the best being that of a canoe which suddenly split right round the middle, leaving a four-foot tear in the hull. The most unfortunate crew must surely be the Marine crew, who, racing neck and neck with the final winners, were overturned by a barge at Lambeth Bridge.

Some idea of the punishing conditions in the race can be gained from the fact that only 14 crews finished out of 36 starters. Flight Cadets Cubin and Youd put up a credible performance in finishing 10th in a total time of 57 hrs. 34 mins.

Visit to Bisham Abbey

During the Spring term the Canoeing section sent a small party to a rough-water course at Bisham Abbey, near Marlow. There they learned some elementary facts about slalom work. They were shown films of the World Championships and had an excellent opportunity for discussion with the British representatives.

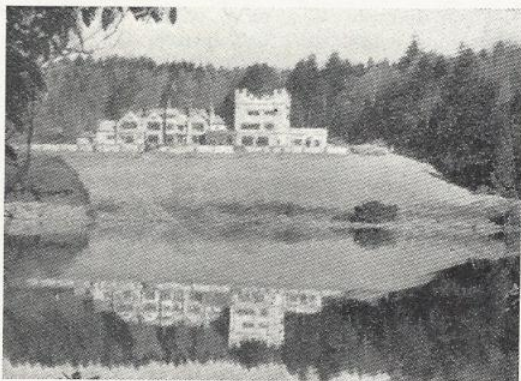
The actual rough-water practice was hardly successful, as one member went overboard long before even reaching the rough water. Another member daringly tried to shoot the weir and disappeared beneath the surface, while the third member thought it wiser to continue discussions with the champions. However, their stay at Bisham was most interesting and enlightening and it is hoped that another party will attend the next course.

The Outward Bound Mountain School

To Strive, to Serve and Not to Yield

The Air Ministry detaches two Royal Air Force officers to each course held at the Outward Bound Mountain School. They act as No. 2 i/c to an experienced instructor on the mountaineering exercises. Their only reward is a month of open air activity that cannot fail to be interesting or to make a fitter man.

The aim of the school is to teach the basic principles of mountain craft, in order to enable those attending courses to discover and develop their true selves. Those attending the school are from a wide variety of stations in life. They range from the foundry worker to the schoolboy, the only common characteristic being age; they must be between the ages of 16 and 19. Most of them are keen to do well on this course, however, for a very detailed report is sent to their sponsor and there are three grades of badge award according to one's overall performance: membership, merit or honours. Others come expecting a holiday. They usually survive the shock.



The School

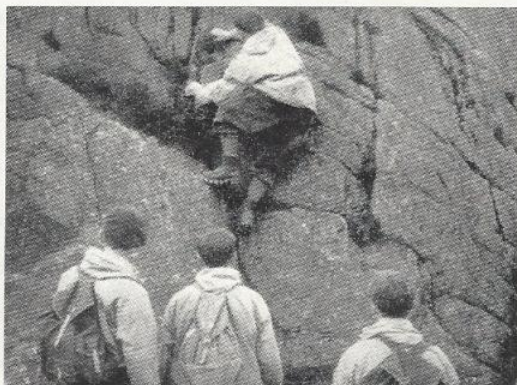
On arrival at Eskdale, in the heart of Cumberland, the ninety-odd trainees are divided into eight patrols and a leader is elected after an interview with the patrol's instructor. The trainee also has to sign an agreement not to drink or smoke during the month which follows. The breaking of this agreement means 'the chop.'

A typical day runs as follows: reveille 0630, P.T. for ten minutes before a dip in the tarn following a jog around, breakfast 0730, room jobs, prayers, athletics, break, map reading, mountain rescue technique and lunch at 1200. The afternoon begins at 1400 with a roll call, rock-climbing on nearby crags, tea at 1630, and finally a discussion or lecture. From then until lights out at 2200 is free time, with supper at 2000.

The course itself can be roughly divided into three stages. The first is the toughening-up stage involving athletics, short hikes and cross-country runs. The second stage is the instructional stage and includes a three-day exercise in fell walking and bivouacking, and a four-day exercise which is spent climbing some of the easier Lake District climbs from a convenient base camp. The final stage is the three-day expedition.



Canoeing on the Tarn



First lesson in Rock climbing

In this, groups of four trainees set out, heavily laden, without instructors, for a clue at a certain map reference; this leads them to another clue and so on. There are seven clues to find but the object of the scheme is not merely to complete the circuit, but to climb as many peaks as is humanly possible and one for luck. For instance, the patrol of which I was the leader covered nearly 60 miles and topped 21 peaks.

The article would not be complete without mention of the permanent instructors. They are unbelievably fit and healthy, master athletes, experienced mountaineers, and together form the best mountain rescue team in Cumberland. The trainees worship them and obey any order without hesitation. Discipline is thus easily maintained. Any criminal tendencies are rewarded by an extra run round the tarn in the morning, including an extra dip. The temperature of the water is rarely above 40°F, and often in winter ice has to be broken to reach the water. The effectiveness of this punishment is amazing.

At the end of the course the trainees leave with mixed feelings: thankfulness at the thought of no more tarnings, regret at losing so many friends and at leaving such wonderful scenery, resolution to live up to the new-found standards. The Teddyboy who has done without drink and cigarettes for a month has broken the habit and may not restart—or, as in the case of one I know, promptly gets drunk on the train back. The youth who associates leisure solely with girl friends has been enlightened. And the majority of the course discover an adventurous spirit within themselves and the fact that nothing is impossible if attacked with relentless determination.

There are failures of course—the one we threw into the tarn after he had let the patrol down in an initiative competition; the slacker who was sent home after refusing to mend his ways. But the complete failures are a small minority. The evidence of the success of the Outward Bound schools is the growth from one school in 1949 to four schools in the United Kingdom and four overseas in 1955.



Spring Term

Boxing—Sandhurst Match

WHEN R.S.M. Lord stepped into the ring to announce the annual Sandhurst-Cranwell blood match on 16th March, prolonged cheers from the cadets welcomed this famous figure back to the Academy after his recent convalescence. As the names of the contestants were announced, boxers of the various weights crossed the ring and shook hands with their opponents.

At bantamweight the College was unable to provide an opponent for Sandhurst's Beale, thus suffering an initial handicap of two points.

The College featherweight, Steel, after a lot of forced reducing to make the required weight, entered the ring weaker than his normal self. His opponent, Wauchope, with a greater reach, used a long loping left to keep the fight at distance; on the occasions when the fight came to close quarters, exchanges were short, sharp and even. Wauchope won the fight on a points decision after landing a higher proportion of the punches.

In the third bout, at lightweight, Cranwell's captain, Allen, met Sandhurst's Runnakorn. At first the fight moved slowly as each boxer weighed up his opponent. Allen delivered the first hard punch which made his opponent move more skilfully and punch more decisively, resulting in a well-timed blow which, though not heavy, floored an Allen caught unawares. Allen bided his time against an awkward stance and later managed to shake his opponent with a heavy right. Runnakorn, aroused, lost much of his judgment and became a prey to Allen's two-handed barrage. The referee stopped the fight with a defenceless Runnakorn still on his feet.

Fighting at light welterweight, Freeman showed a decided improvement on his form at Belsize; he was matched against the tall Rendle, a full colour, with a considerable advantage in reach. After a preliminary sizing up of each other, both boxers became rather tangled, with Rendle, not liking his small but energetic opponent, leaning on him and using his long arms in an unorthodox manner. This perpetual leaning must have been tiring for Freeman and he did well to keep punching cleanly. Although going down for a count near the end of the bout, he clearly won a points decision.

The best boxing bout of the evening was undoubtedly the light middleweight contest in which Jewell displayed good boxing sense to defeat his opponent, Dangerfield, who had most of the initial advantages. In the first round the Sandhurst boxer coupled his much longer lead with

occasional vicious uppercuts. Jewell was careful at this stage to keep out of trouble and, in the second round began to ride his opponent's blows and counter effectively. In the final round Dangerfield became tired and an easier prey for Jewell's crisp punching.

After a short interval with the team scores now level, the two middleweights stepped into the ring. Cranwell's Nelson started well but after several exchanges was overpowered by a stronger opponent. At light heavyweight Ettridge disappointed Cranwell supporters by never really warming up and was frequently caught by his opponent who moved more quickly. With more speed and attack and using his full boxing ability, Ettridge could well have reversed this points decision.

Senior, boxing at heavyweight in his first fight, was unable to check the whirlwind blows of his more experienced opponent and was unlucky on being knocked down to crack his head a severe blow on the canvas. The last bout was a welterweight contest in which a game Tiffen took a lot of punishment from his strong opponent before the referee stopped the fight in the second round.

After the last fight ended the teams once again paraded in the ring and the Commandant of R.M.A. Sandhurst, Major-General Hobbs, presented the silver shield to Sandhurst's Captain of Boxing, the final score being R.M.A. Sandhurst 15 pts., R.A.F. College 11 pts.

BOXING

Despite losing both matches during the Easter term, the standard of boxing, as well as the number of active boxers, showed an appreciable improvement on the previous term, although both categories, the latter in particular, still leave much to be desired.

It is anticipated that the number of matches next season will be increased to a dozen or more. If this hope materialises, then opportunity will present itself for many more to represent the College than is the case at the moment. It is to be hoped that the Boxing Club will have enough members to call upon to fulfil these commitments, and to build up a team capable of regaining the 'Sandhurst Shield.'

RESULTS

1st Team v. Belsize B.C.—23rd February, 1956.

Lost 10 pts. to 11 pts.

After considerable difficulty in obtaining a gymnasium for this match, we eventually succeeded in borrowing that of R.A.F. Stanmore for the evening.

Despite a rather inauspicious beginning, in which we found ourselves short of all officials—remedied only by the co-operation of Belsize, and the officers who had come



R.A.F.C. (white vests) and
R.M.A. after the close-
fought contest

with us, as well as the utilization of our welterweight as M.C.—the College team had an extremely good and spirited evening's boxing—Boxing that would have satisfied a larger and more critical audience than the half-dozen small boys, who gave us much vociferous support from 'The Galleries.'

Our thanks are due to R.A.F. Stanmore for making possible a thoroughly enjoyable evening's sport; and our only regret must be that we failed, by a single point, to wrest the trophy from Belsize.

A.R.P.

HOCKEY, SPRING 1956

Captain: S.F.C. Bruce Vice-captain: F.C. Herd
Hon. Sec.: F.C. Curtin

From the results of matches played this term an observer might well have concluded that it was not a good season. From paper results he would be correct in his findings, but one cannot judge a team on mere results. It has been a term of moderate success, and results, although poor, have in one or two cases shown great improvement. The team as it stands is one of individuals, whose play as such is good, and everyone this season played well. I must stress this point as, had we played as a team, results would have been far better.

Unfortunately the season started straight away with a fixture against Northern Command. This meant we had no time for practice and we were, not surprisingly, beaten 5-1. Three days later we played Normanby Park, a team with which we drew 1-1. For the next three weeks not much of the ground was seen as the snow persisted. Instead of hockey, we did some training in the form of runs by pack—quite naturally not the sort of thing one becomes over-enthusiastic about—but the runs did get us fit and that was the main thing.

Once the snow had cleared we were able to play our next fixture against Deacon's School, Peterborough. The results of both 1st XI and 2nd XI games were quite good but far greater scores should have been made. The 1st XI won 3-0 and the 2nd XI won 4-0. Because our opponents were schoolboys, we took things rather lightly, so that the opposing teams nearly scored and were unlucky not to, and, secondly, our own scores were low. However, it often seemed as though most of the opposing team were in their own circle when our forwards were trying to shoot.

There was only one occasion when the snow was useful and that was when the Secretary had two different teams arriving on the same day to play our 1st XI. He was lucky enough to be able to cancel both!

During the snowy weather, five matches had to be cancelled, three of these being 1st XI and 2nd XI fixtures. On Wednesday, 29th February, we had our fixture with Henlow and unfortunately we only drew. It was a good game though, and the College did well considering we had not played for some time. A fortnight later we played the R.A.F. Hockey Association XI. This team was the winning team of the Inter-Command Hockey and contained some very good players, including some international players, and, although the result was 5-0 against, which was expected, we put up a hard fight. Just before this match we had started training for the Sandhurst match. Every evening the team practised shooting and hitting, etc. At the end of this we did some running training. Finally the great day arrived. Before summarizing this match I will mention two other fixtures played after the Sandhurst match. One was against the Army Midland District, a good team, to whom we narrowly lost, and the other was at Appelby Frodingham.

The Sandhurst-Cranwell Hockey match was played under perfect conditions. The Sandhurst team was one of their strongest since the war, but those who expected a runaway victory were soon to be disillusioned. Sandhurst started as if they meant business, but could not find a way past a quick-tackling, hard-hitting Cranwell defence. Durnford in goal for Cranwell, making his fourth appearance against Sandhurst, put up a fine show and one save of his in the first half was through his fine positional play. He magnificently stopped another shot, from close quarters, with his arm, and it was not hit softly. The Cranwell defence was really sound and played a strong game which prevented the Sandhurst forwards from scoring so often. Carr-White at right back did a fine job in keeping away and prevented the opposing inside-left, a good player, from doing any harm.

The game was fast and play was kept open during most of the game with many good cross-passes by both sides. At half-time there was no score and after the brief interval both teams set to. About half way through the second half when both sides were beginning to tire slightly, a cross from the inside-left of Sandhurst put their inside-right in a fine position and he went through and scored. Soon after this Cranwell forwards went into action and twice, in a short space of time, very nearly scored.

Towards the end of the second half Cranwell were having more of the play when Sandhurst scored their second goal which was flicked from the left into an almost open goal.

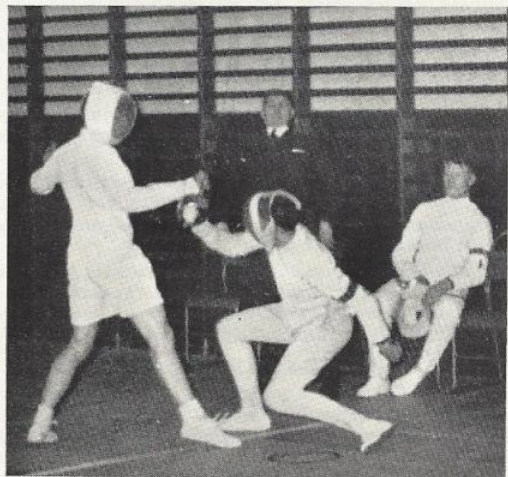
This was one of the best matches between Cranwell and Sandhurst played for some time and, as nine of the Cranwell players will be playing next year, things look bright.

Just before I finish by writing the names of the team, I must mention the Inter-Squadron Hockey. All three matches were really good fun, and numerous sticks were, as usual, broken. The matches were taken in fine spirit and, although the standard of hockey was not exactly high, determination and sportsmanship were there. 'B' squadron beat both 'C' and 'A,' the cup therefore going once again to 'B.'

This season's team has been made up of: Senior Under Officer Durnford, Senior Flight Cadet Bruce and Flight Cadets Collins, J., Herd, Williams, Blockey, Henderson, Curtin, Delap, Shrimpton, Whitting and Carr-White.

FENCING

As the all-important Sandhurst match was to take place this term, it was unfortunate that the term started badly, many fixtures being cancelled. In spite of this, we did have one or two good matches during the term. Nottingham University produced a good team. They took foil 5-4, and we took *Épée* and sabre 6-3, the final score being 16-11. Saint Paul's School was the strongest team we played this term and provided excellent competition practice for the team. The result was 11-16 to St. Paul's. This term a number of second team matches were played. A second foil team played against Nottingham University and won 6-3 and a second foil and sabre team played against Welbeck College, winning by 12 bouts to 6.



Heron and Sandhurst opponent. Warrant Officer Bird adjudicating, Hicks watching

Since the war Sandhurst and Cranwell have won an equal number of matches. We won last time; therefore, by the law of averages, it was their turn. We decided to rectify this. On previous occasions foil had been the team's weak point. This time we started well by taking foil 7-2, Hicks, the captain, and Morgan winning all their bouts. *Épée* followed and this was taken 6-3. This

meant we merely needed to win one bout in sabre and we had won the match. This was also won 6-3.

Foil		<i>Épée</i>		Sabre	
Hicks ...	(w) 3 (l) 0	Hicks...	(w) 3 (l) 0	Hicks...	(w) 1 (l) 2
Morgan...	(w) 3 (l) 0	Caiger	(w) 2 (l) 1	Jones...	(w) 3 (l) 0
Cowley ...	(w) 1 (l) 2	Rigg ...	(w) 1 (l) 2	Heron	(w) 2 (l) 1
	7-2		6-3		6-3

Final Score: 19-8

I feel that special mention must be made of Hicks, who won seven out of nine bouts after fighting in all three weapons over a period of three hours.

Fencing does not finish this term since in the Summer there is the Young Officers' and Cadets' Competition at the Royal Tournament. Sandhurst have always been our major opponents, and therefore we hope to win at least one trophy.

RUGBY

Because of the heavy snow and hard frost only one game was played in the first half of the term. In this game the College beat Oundle soundly and showed a high standard of rugby considering the wet and muddy conditions.

After half-term the weather improved and all fixtures were fulfilled. Of the five matches played by the 'A' XV perhaps the games against Stoneygate and Loughborough were outstanding. The game against Stoneygate saw both sides endeavouring to open up the play at all possible opportunities. The few spectators who did watch were treated to fast and exciting play—rugby as it should be played. The result was a 6-0 win for Stoneygate, the 'A' XV's only defeat this term. The match against Loughborough Vandals, although not brilliant, was certainly exciting. The College were 6 points down at half-time, but through skill and plenty of determination the final score was a win by 22 points to 8 points. The final game against Kesteven R.F.C. was not all that could be desired to finish off the season. The open attacking game now associated with the College team was never in real evidence and in the rather scrappy but tough game the College won by 6 points to 3. It was a win without much glory and rather a disappointing end to Under Officer Daley's season of captaincy. Under his leadership the College team has had a good season which reflects well on his efforts.

The Second XV this term has had so many games either won or lost by an odd point that to pick out any individual would be out of place. However, a word of praise is due to the captain, Flight Cadet Neville, for leading his side in such fine close games.

The outlook for next season is most promising. The majority of players will still be at the College and the newcomers to the side show much talent and enthusiasm. With this combination we can perhaps look forward to a sound thrashing of our eternal rivals Sandhurst.

A final word of thanks should go to the retiring secretary, Flight Cadet Aylett, for much work done but not always appreciated.

RESULTS

'A' XV	Pts.		2nd XV	Pts.			
	F	A		F	A		
Oundle ...	(w)	25	0	Skegness R.F.C.	(w)	11	10
Stamford R.F.C. ...	(w)	49	0	Ruston F.C. ...	(w)	11	9
Henlow ...	(w)	21	0	Stoneygate R.F.C.	(w)	11	9
Stoneygate R.F.C.	(l)	0	6	Loughboro' Vikings (l)		6	18
Loughboro' Vandals	(w)	22	8				
Kesteven R.F.C. ...	(w)	6	3				
Won 5, lost 1				Won 3, lost 1			
Points: 123 for, 17 against.				Points: 39 for, 46 against.			

SHOOTING

The Easter term is the term in which the .22 rifle season is finished, the .22 pistol inter-squadron matches shot, and the .303 season begun, thus giving little time for any serious practising at any one of them.

As regards the .22 rifle shooting, the team qualified for the semi-finals in the Nobel competition, but were beaten by R.A.F. Feltwell. As always all the matches connected with this were shot on the miniature range and the results posted to an adjudicating board. It is hoped next year, however, to arrange several shoulder-to-shoulder matches as this is obviously more inspiring and consequently better for the team spirit. Flight Cadets Baerselman and Turner shot consistently well.

The time allowed for practising for the inter-squadron pistol competitions was rather short but nevertheless they were on the whole good, especially the competition between 'C' and 'A' Squadrons, where 'C' beat 'A' by the equally phenomenal scores of 662 and 652. Flight Cadet Goodband won the Sassoon Challenge Cup for the highest aggregate score and the Whitsondale Bowl was won by 'B' Squadron for winning the actual competition.

Shortly after half-term .303 shooting started in earnest with 22 Flight Cadets competing for a place in the team. For a change, the first few practices did not take place in snow.

The annual Easter Practice Camp at Bisley was again held at the end of the leave in perfect weather, and, out of a total of 22 .303 shoots, ten took part in what turned out to be a very profitable four days. The Flying Training Command shoot takes place in early June while the R.A.F. Inter-Command and Individual Small Arms Championship shoots are but a fortnight later; it is hoped that the College team will be able to attend both of these shoots. Our captain, Flight Cadet Bennett, was unfortunately away on detachment during the Bisley shoot, and the vice-captain, Flight Cadet Enright, ably took his place.

So far this term, we have had two practices, but are handicapped by the fact that the limitations imposed on the use of the 300 yd. range make it impossible to practise fully the type of shooting that will be required at Bisley.

CROSS-COUNTRY

We have had a stronger team this term than for some time. More important, there has been a more equal standard of running which meant that the best runners were well supported by the rest of the team and the team average was thus higher. A very good spirit, essential to good team running, has been built up in the team. This spirit, initiated by our captain last term, Griffiths, has been strengthened by our new captain, Harrington, and our vice-captain, Chandler. It was well demonstrated at Boston when two of the team lost their shoes in heavy plough in the first half-mile but finished the rest of the five-mile course in bare feet or stockings to come 4th and 9th.

Our one big defeat this term was against Oundle School. The team, weakened by Klocker Cup training, seriously underestimated their opponents and lost to them in a race run under bitter conditions. This and the race against Carre's Grammar School were run in a blizzard. The hard winter took two of our fixtures due to lack of transport, but this was only to be expected in view of the severity of the weather.

Imperial College second team were beaten at home and in the away fixture, although they strengthened their team, we again beat them on a very enjoyable course in Richmond Park.

The event of the term was the Universities' Hyde Park Road Relay. There were stronger entries from all the

universities this year, 30 teams in all. The College was 16th out of 30—a slight improvement on last year's relative position. The best time was run by Harrington in 14 minutes 10 seconds, the next best by Rogers in 14 minutes 25 seconds. An indication of the improvement of the team is that 14 minutes 25 seconds was the best time last year.

RESULTS

Jan. 21	Royal Naval College, Greenwich, and Imperial College, London	... (h)	(w)
28	Boston Athletic Club	... (a)	(w)
Feb. 11	Oundle School	... (h)	(l)
18	Carre's Grammar School, Sleaford...	(h)	(w)
25	Hyde Park Relay (30 entrants)	... (a)	16th
29	Queen Elizabeth Grammar School, Gainsborough	... (a)	(w)
Mar. 3	Imperial College, London	... (a)	(w)

Inter-Squadron Cross-Country

The inter-squadron cross-country was held this term under very bad conditions: 229 runners lined up for the Commandant's start in a snowstorm. It was run over a shortened course this year because of six inches of snow and more on the way down. The length was about two and a half miles, from the west corner of the College to the Sewage Farm, out to the windsock and back via the married quarters to the finishing funnel half-way between the College and the Pavilion.

Fox of 'C' Squadron was the individual winner, leading from the start and never challenged. Then came Harrington, Rogers and Ryan of 'B' Squadron.

The event as a whole was won by 'C' Squadron with 433.33 points; second was 'B' Squadron with 480.24 points and third 'A' Squadron with 487.67 points.

SOCCER

The general standard of play improved during the season and results were much more encouraging than for the past few years. This was due partly to the influx of new talent and partly to increased spirit and keenness among the team as a whole. The technical standard of play improved under the able control of Mr. Simpson's coaching.

In the latter part of the season Beggs assumed the captaincy from Collins; both insisted on a high degree of training which brought results.

Special mention should be made of centre-forward Voller who scored more than 30 goals for the side. His performance and those of the team in general give great hope for next season.

Although the form of the side varies from match to match the overall standard improved. As most of the present side will be here next season we should give Sandhurst a good run for their money.

ROWING—EASTER TERM, 1956

The Easter term was spent in continued practice. The aim was to attempt to create two fours ready for the Summer. There were many members of the two junior entries keen to get into these crews. After some three weeks' work, two fours were formed and, with the help of Flight Lieutenant Lee and Flight Lieutenant Walker, these were coached throughout the term.

It was decided to arrange a private race for these crews against the R.A.F. Technical College, on Wednesday, 28th March. We were delighted that they could come up on that day. The course was a mile, on the straight section of the river by Newark Power Station. There was a strong headwind and after two very keen races the results were:

Henlow 1st beat Cranwell 1st by $\frac{1}{4}$ length
Cranwell 2nd beat Henlow 2nd by 3 lengths.

These races showed that there had been much improvement in both crews, especially the 2nd, throughout the term, and we now look forward to a successful Regatta season.

SQUASH, 1955-56

If one accepts that at the beginning of a season with an inexperienced team early matches are unlikely to be crowned with victory, then the squash team can claim a fairly successful season. A comparison of results for the Christmas and Spring terms is interesting and should indicate a reasonable improvement in the team during this season; for in the Christmas term we lost nine and won five matches, while in the Spring we lost four and won six. This shows a more respectable ratio, though fewer matches were played. The reason for so few matches lay mainly in cancellations through snow; but our time was by no means wasted. In every case Lieut.-Commander Hinton came to our rescue, often at the last minute, arranging matches against the Officers' Mess, which were most rewarding in enjoyment and experience.

We are also very grateful to Lieut.-Commander Hinton for the invaluable help he gave us in preparation for our needle match against Sandhurst. Against a normal Sandhurst team there is no doubt that the rigid timetable of practice which he drew up for the weeks preceding the match would have borne fruit, but no amount of training would have saved us from the monumental defeat we suffered at their hands. Our captain alone deserves mention in matching so well an opponent, Senior Under Officer Chignell, who had earlier this season beaten the R.A.F. 3rd string in 35 minutes. Indeed Brook might well have won had he retrieved the critical and very closely fought second game. Of the fate of the rest of the team little need be said, save that their opponents all have an eye on the army team (they had previously beaten the R.A.F. 'A' team). Nevertheless, the scores, restricted in the interests of service prestige, gave very little cause for satisfaction. We vow revenge next year!

Several matches and individual performances are worthy of mention during this season. The Bath Club always provides a most enjoyable fixture, with an eye to swelling their membership, and this year not only did we enjoy ourselves—we won! Martin played a very fine

game to win. Whether he or anyone else played so well when battle was resumed at 1.30 the next morning is doubtful, but every member of the doubles and threesomes teams deserves mention for having played, and survived, under somewhat trying circumstances. This match in London raised morale a little after our last, v. Greenwich, when we had been beaten 5-0 with no one excelling themselves. We tend to look upon Nottingham S.R.C. as a good yardstick, since we are always very closely matched. This season's results are thus encouraging, for in the first match we lost 3-2, while in the return we won 3-2. It was here that Talbot and White achieved their best form, before both diving into the depths of helplessness, from which they only emerged towards the end of the season.

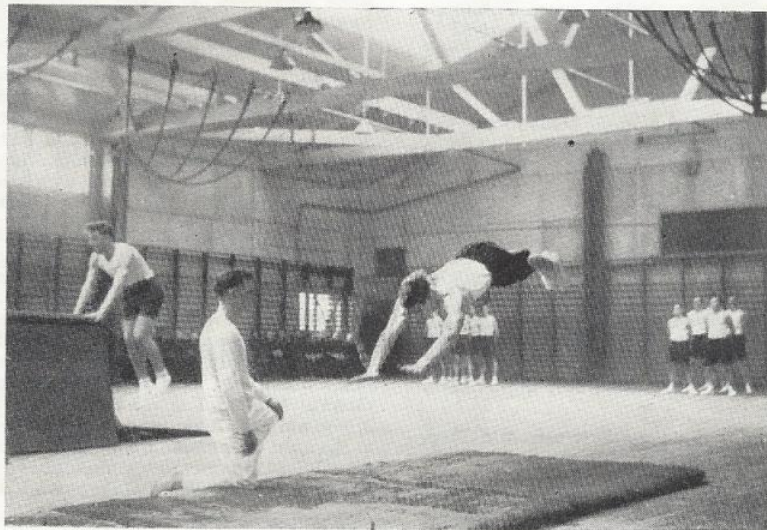
Two new factors entered college squash last season. One was a series of most enjoyable and worthwhile fixtures with Cambridge Colleges. The other was a new-found luxury in travel in the 'French-mobile,' provided by the 5th string, to many an away match. While we cannot excuse ourselves from defeat by claiming to be still drugged by the soporific comfort of this fine car, we can offer as an excuse for the preceding season's defeats that we tottered stiffly onto the courts still unrecovered from the journey in a Vanguard van (this is in the nature of a plea to future P.F.Os.)

With the intention of continuing these two desirable traditions, and others, we look forward to next season's squash. Is there any new talent in the College?

RESULTS

Sandhurst	Lost 5-0
Inter-Squadron	1 'A'
			2 'C'
			3 'B'
Bath S.R.C.	(a)	1-4 (w)
Notts S.R.C.	(h)	3-2 (w)
Loughboro' 1st team	(a)	3-2 (l)
2nd team	(a)	1-4 (w)
Emmanuel College	(a)	4-1 (l)
Jesus College	(a)	1-4 (w)
Pembroke College...	(a)	5-0 (l)
R.A.F. Upwood	(h)	3-2 (w)
Doncaster G.S.	(h)	1-4 (l)

Full colours were awarded to White, half colours to Martin and Talbot.



Scene from the Spring term's 'Knocker' contest which was won by 'C' Squadron

SKI-ING

St Moritz

* * *

Ischgl

* * *

Zermatt

* * *

Newtonmore



THE ski-ing section covered a very wide area this year, parties going to St Moritz, Newtonmore, Zermatt, and Ischgl. Although snow was in short supply in most places, there was sufficient to make the holiday most enjoyable and quite energetic.

At a meeting in the Christmas term, an attempt to leave St Moritz out of this year's agenda was completely defeated, and accordingly eight Flight Cadets left Thorney Island for Wahn on 19th December. At Wahn, the party was met by Squadron Leader Long, who was very helpful in arranging transport and currency, and an evening was spent in Cologne before catching the 11 p.m. train for St Moritz.

After a rather dismal journey spent either chain-smoking in the corridor or wedged in a crowded compartment with a humidity of 98 per cent, we arrived at St Moritz with all fifteen pieces of luggage—no small achievement—and met Flight Lieutenant Belsen, the officer i/c the section, on the platform.

We found our hotels, had a much needed wash and brush up, and then noticed that the snow was as thin as the pessimists had predicted. Nevertheless, the ski-ing started the following day.

The fitting of boots to skis was completed and ski lessons started, members being graded according to experience. This was quite amusing. Mumford, with one season's experience behind him, joined a class practising turns on a steep bumpy slope. He succeeded in turning until he was pointing vertically down the slope, and then commenced his first high speed run. Needless to say this was quite involuntary and was accompanied by shouts from the instructor of 'Seet down, seet down!' This Mumford promptly did.

The party adjourned to an excellent café, the Chesa Veglia, each afternoon for the tea dance. It was there that most of the lines came in. The best one, 'It wasn't till I passed him that I saw he was wearing an Olympic badge,' is attributed to Flight Lieutenant Belsen. Thanks largely to the informality of the Chesa Veglia, the size of our party increased from day to day, till it reached a

maximum of about 40. Among the interesting people of all nationalities that we met was the daughter of a famous film star, a 'high-up' in a Swiss cigarette firm, and an incredible Belgian whom we watched with an awed fascination on the dance floor. He was only seen once on the ski-slopes, and was then equipped with a camera. What he was doing in St Moritz was never discovered.

Thanks to the air, which was like a tonic, night life did not interfere with ski-ing. The beginners graduated from the nursery slopes, and everyone skied at least once up at Corvegla, the first stop on the cable car past the nursery slopes. Most of the runs start at Corvegla. Fox, Kharegat and Ginn were the most proficient, and though the Alasdair Black trophy was not skied for owing to snow conditions, it would have been a very even competition. By the end of our stay, everyone had reached a reasonable degree of proficiency on skis.

Flight Lieutenant Belsen and Mumford spent one morning bobsleighbing, though the official run was not open. Having dragged their bob up the mountain for half an hour, they turned it round and came down a twisty road in about half a minute. They arrived at the bottom in a shower of snow with one member—no names—in hysterics. After that they stuck to ski-ing.

Christmas celebrations started on 22nd December in the best (?) Cranwell tradition, and though the actual day passed almost unnoticed, Christmas spirit abounded. New Year, or the 'Fée de Sainte Sylvestre' as it is called in Switzerland found several members going to bed as others headed for the ski-slopes. This tended to make the return journey on the same day uneventful. It had its lighter moments, however, in altercations with the German train staff about 1st class compartments and 3rd class tickets. Also, one or two bloodshot eyes gleamed at the sight of the beautifully 'bashed' red hats worn by the officials. However, it was decided to avoid diplomatic indiscretions if possible, and the hats are still in Germany.

Most members of the party are resolved to return to St Moritz next year, depending on the size of the April (?) pay increases.

THE COLLEGE SOCIETY

Music

THE Music section has done very little during the last two terms, other than run the Record Library. It is felt the Section could and should, if possible, do more for the entertainment of its members, and promote a greater interest and understanding of classical music in the College as a whole.

For this reason, it is hoped to revive the 'musical evening' meetings of the Section. During these, a selection of music will be played on records, and, if possible, someone will say a few words on each, so as to help those listening to understand and appreciate the music played. During the week Flight Cadets are either too busy, or else there is insufficient time to make a meeting worth while. Sunday provides the only evening when sufficient time can be found to hold such meetings, but unfortunately competition from the Film Section at present is rather too strong.

Another way in which musical interest could be stimulated is by attending concerts. For this reason the Secretary wrote to Nottingham to make enquiries about forthcoming concerts at the Albert Hall. An attempt was made to organize a visit to a concert on Friday, 17th February, given by the Halle Orchestra. Although as many as 50 Flight Cadets wished to go, many were unable to do so owing to previous commitments. Transport and clearance were arranged, but unfortunately only expensive seats could be obtained and the visit had to be cancelled. There have been other suitable concerts in Nottingham during the term, but none on suitable days. Further attempts will be made when opportunities arise.

Although, for one reason or another, little success has been achieved in the organization of communal listening, the membership of the Section has increased from seven or eight to nearly 20. The Record Library is now regularly used by all members, and new records are being purchased to increase the selection. Thus it can be seen that the section is by no means dormant, but nevertheless it is hoped to succeed next term in increasing the combined activities.

Jazz

The Jazz Club met every other week last term, the main object being to foster the band, which had had some considerable success the term before. It was hampered a little by lack of musicians and continuity, but a start was made. The instrumentalists were: S.F.C. Edwards on clarinet and banjo; F.C. Thompson piano; F.C. Symms, washboard; F.C. Anderson, drums (drumsticks at least), and F.C. Steel, trumpet.

The Record Library was always in full use, and towards the end of term four members found themselves among the 'beard and duffle-coat' fraternity when they went to Nottingham to see Ken Colyer's Jazzmen. This term it is intended to make a double bass since the sousaphone we acquired proved too big an instrument for practical use.

The meeting described now may be cited as typical, for, having been thrown out of the band gallery by the Choral Society, about a dozen keen members squeezed their way into the little room behind the Mess Secretary's office which contained a piano, a blackboard (all without instruments, incidentally, 'drummed' the blackboard), and an adjoining W.C. The leading drummer wedged himself into the latter, the remainder took up their positions and the meeting eventually developed into an exciting and satisfying affair. Cries of 'Dig that thing' and 'Oh Yeah!' from the lavatory inspired the other drummers to even greater heights until eventually we left, inspired, to await the following Friday.

'It is hoped next term to inspire the "musicians" to far greater heights,' to quote one unappreciative member of the Choral Society.

Dancing

This summer we are hoping to become active once more after a term that was spent mainly in negotiating for instructors. Unfortunately Lincoln Training College found it impossible to help by letting us attend their classes because of the subsequent reorganization involved in their other College functions. We are now considering terms offered by the Court School of Dancing.

The section now has almost 70 members, and this large body of enthusiastic supporters of Ballroom Dancing provides good reason for optimism over the future of this very pleasant pastime at Cranwell.

Films

This term the Film Society has gone from strength to strength, and has now a membership of over 170. This figure has far outspanned any conceptions held by the founders of the Society, and it is a fair indication that the cinema encompasses far more than a trip to a local rival establishment to have a good laugh. Naturally a certain percentage of members have joined for what cheap entertainment they can get out of the Society, and this is confirmed by the fact that the attendances at films of a more popular appeal are over 100, whereas the audience at a film of limited and technical appeal consists of around 50 or 60. But nevertheless many more members are beginning to realize that there are films other than the hordes of second-rate American productions that invade most of our cinema screens, and also they are beginning to appreciate that a film, to be of value and entertainment, does not necessarily have to include Marilyn Monroe in the cast—although it must be admitted that she does add to the value.

Six film shows were given this term, including films from America, France, Japan and England. The policy of variety being the spice of life has predominated in the selection of films, which have ranged from the fantasy of Jean Cocteau's classic *Orphée* to the earthy humour of Ealing Studios' *Titfield Thunderbolt*, and which have included artists from Greta Garbo to Jacques Tati.

The Japanese film *Rashomon* opened one's eyes to the fact that the Western world can still learn from the East both technically and artistically. Perhaps the most speculation was caused by the French film *Orphée*, which carried before it a reputation for abstruseness and profundity, yet, on seeing it, one felt that its message was transmitted at varying levels so that however one approached the film, whether

from the artist's, the technician's or the layman's viewpoint, much could be learnt.

For the future our plans can for the most part only continue in the paths traced by the past, and part of the aim must be to carry on showing films of the calibre of those shown in the past. However, the Society has hopes that soon in the future it can turn from the passive to the active, and, instead of watching, make a film of its own. Without doubt it is an ambitious project but the Society feels that, with the resources available, such an opportunity to broaden one's knowledge of film-making should not be missed.

Debating

The activities of the Debating Society have been somewhat overshadowed this term by two compulsory Debates, held in the College main hall, and the Junior Mess ante-room. These proved to be extremely successful, and displayed some of the wit and versatility so lacking in the Society's own meetings of late. It would seem, however, that these were but recompense for the disapproval of the authorities on the suggestion of a mixed debate, where we could pitch our talents with those of one of the nearby training colleges.

However, on 7th February the society held a meeting in the library annexe at 2100 hrs. The topic under discussion was: 'This House deplors the influence of Aviation on Mankind.' Drew and N. Fox were the main speakers for the proposition, while Scouller and Langford ably supported their profession, in the face of a fierce 'digger' onslaught.

Every aspect of flying, from crop spraying to warheads with wings, was discussed, and used either for or against the respective side of the house.

In a speech from the floor, Squadron Leader Mair maintained that while he deplored aviators of all kinds, he was delighted with the new race of charming air hostesses. He held this point alone justified aviation, and voted accordingly.

On division, the motion was defeated by a very narrow margin, and the House stood adjourned until the next term.

The Summer term is always inactive for the debating society, but in the Autumn term it is hoped to hold meetings involving both the senior and junior Mess on interesting and controversial topics; and to take another party to visit the Cambridge Union Debating Society.

Choral

This term good progress was made with the Male Voice Choir. We obtained a book of first-class three part arrangements for such a choir as ours, and can now give a competent rendering of several numbers from it. Everyone suggested we should try some Gilbert and Sullivan, so at half-term some copies were obtained of 'Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady,' from *Iolanthe*, and we are now practising this. It is hoped next term to put on a performance of this, and some negro spirituals, along with the more popular traditional songs that we know.

Just after half-term Flight Lieutenant Lund took over as officer in charge of the section, and we have found his advice most useful, as he has had some experience of male voice choirs before.

The section now has about 20 members and attendances are quite good, but are hampered by such things as night flying, examinations and play rehearsals. Our main aim next term will be to get that necessary 'polish' on the numbers that we know, ready for a performance.

Fine Arts

It is very easy, when working with the material matters of the Royal Air Force, to lose touch with many forms of art. This is not so noticeable at the College, where the various societies provide an opportunity for Flight Cadets who are interested to do a little painting, or to listen to some good music. The Fine Arts Society enables cadets to visit Lincoln Art School every Friday, and provides free transport and materials. Tuition is given by one of the school staff, and there is virtually no limit to what can be done in this type of work during these Friday evening classes.

Very little is known by the general public about the activities of the Society. The members have kept quiet about their Friday visits to Lincoln. However, let me outline a typical evening. High teas are provided at 1700 hours. We are then taken by bus into Lincoln, to the Art School, where we split into various groups. Perhaps one group will go off to the Pottery room in the basement, and return covered in clay 90 minutes later, with sad tales of how the pot caved in at the last moment, and another 'come apart in me 'ands.' Another group will be doing oil painting, and soon the whole studio will reek of oil and turpentine. Another will be

sitting around a 'still life,' trying to capture in black and white the impression of colour and tone. Perhaps someone else is doing a scraperboard picture of his girl friend from a photograph. Everyone is quiet, either seeking inspiration, or busy. What a model class for any instructor! Just before nine o'clock we start to clean palettes and brushes, and leave the school at nine. Light refreshment is then taken, and we return to the College, mentally and gastronomically refreshed.

Mr Salmon, the principal, and Mr Snell, our instructor, are both patient and helpful, and are particularly understanding about the type who feels he would like to 'do something in that line,' but hasn't the vaguest idea what line, or how to start. It is also quite surprising how much talent lies dormant in some people. Some of our members have discovered quite a flair in themselves for pottery or oil painting. In fact, two of our past members illustrated their theses in a most professional way. One had never touched oils before joining the society, but he eventually exhibited some excellent work.

These then are our doings. For certain people who believe that we do nothing constructive in Lincoln, I would refer them to the exhibition that we have bi-annually, which shows a high standard of work. The Art School can only take limited numbers, but should anyone else be genuinely interested, he should get in touch with the secretary of the society.



'... one had never touched oils before joining the Society'



The finale to the play when Tony Wendice, realizing that his plot has fallen through, makes a bid to escape only to find that the police have forestalled him

Dial M for Murder

THE play produced during the Easter term by the Dramatic Section was 'Dial M for Murder.' It is inevitable that anyone who saw the comparatively recent film of the same name would tend to compare it with this production. However, not having seen the film, I can claim to be impartial.

The play tells the story of Tony Wendice, who hires a professional criminal, Lesgate, to murder his wife, Sheila, as he is beneficiary under her will. His plot falls through, for Sheila, when attacked, kills Lesgate in self-defence. However, it seems he will still succeed, as Sheila is convicted of murder and condemned to death. The final act takes place on the eve of her execution, and ends with Wendice's plot being uncovered, thanks to Max Halliday, Sheila's lover, and to the police, represented by Inspector Hubbard.

The part of Sheila was played by Kay Butters, who, fitting into the role well, gave a fine performance. Michael Harrington as Max Halliday, looking the part of the professional script-writer, was straightforward in manner and gave a steady performance.

Terence Close, a suave Tony Wendice, was excellent both in gesture and the intonation and expression in his voice and he delivered his lines in an unhurried yet not tedious manner. Lesgate, the hireling, was acted by Timothy Delap. The aura of villainy was present, but not the aura of violence; however, his voice, with its insidious confidence, assured one that murder was well within his capabilities. I feel the laurels on the acting side of the play must go to Ian Henderson as Inspector Hubbard. Here was the tough, sincere policeman; this was not Henderson as Hubbard, but Hubbard in person. His deep, quiet voice was strong and yet gentle, a typical British policeman's, and of all the cast he was by far the most at home on stage.

Ronald Finch showed himself to be an imaginative producer, paying great attention to detail. He had obviously schooled the cast well in the art of moving quickly but easily on the stage, his task being doubly difficult, since not only was a lot of movement from one side of the stage to the other required, but also because the original layout of the set had had to be extensively

changed, as the Cranwell stage lacked sufficient depth. This meant that every move had to be studied to avoid the possibility of characters either masking each other when speaking or creating an uneven balance in grouping.

Mr Carolan constructed his usual impeccable set, which, for reasons already mentioned, entailed careful planning to utilize every available inch of floor space on the stage. Apart from its basic structure, the finish of the set gave the room it represented a very warm and homely appearance and proved an excellent showpiece for the hard work put in by Mr Carolan and the back-stage staff.

It was obvious from the smooth running of the

production that there was an efficient back-stage staff under the able command of Sydney Edwards as stage manager. James Baerselman performed the duties of that ill-used but useful man, the prompter, and Harry Buckham made an efficient house manager. The properties were well attended to by David Webber and Anthony Mumford, while the lighting and sound effects were cleverly arranged by Richard Feakes and Richard Lees; both the departments being in such a play more than usually important and so all the more difficult. Finally the make-up. Since this is rarely noticed when it is good, and always when it is bad, Clive Coates and his assistants deserve to be congratulated.

D.W.S.



Two of the main characters of 'Dial M for Murder,' (left) Terence Close as Tony Wendice and (right) Michael Harrington as Max Halliday



67 Entry Revue

SIXTY-SEVEN Entry may be considered to have taken a risk in asking its audience to digest two full-scale dinners in one evening, but any doubts were unfounded and their offering proved highly digestible and a worthy conclusion to an excellent evening. Their menu, which was strictly table d'hôte, offered an appetizing series of courses—appetizing to the mind but certainly not the palate.

It was unfortunate that the first item demanded too much of the audience's attention at a time when they had not yet settled down. This was an excellent impersonation of one of the cinema's most popular cartoon characters, although the laughter from certain sections of the audience indicated that the impersonation had struck nearer home. The Revue, with some excellent parodies on College life, soon re-established itself on a sound footing and one course after another was presented for our inspection and was whisked

away as soon as the audience had fully tasted its flavour and before it became tedious.

The producer, however, made a mistake in concocting each course of the same foundation with different trimmings, for there was no relief from sketches which were directed solely at people connected with the College. The other criticism is that a Revue should not contain too many songs, particularly when the performers lack both good diction and a good memory. But to dwell on small points such as these would be to detract from the overall standard of the show too much, which well lived up to that set by its predecessors. Let it suffice to say that for the majority it was an excellent meal, full of rich witticisms and piquant allusions, but for the gourmet there was a tendency for it to pall.

The Revue naturally concluded with an excellent cabaret, the highlight of which was a spirited, though not exactly agile, rendering of the Can-Can. A fitting end to a good evening's entertainment.

R.I.F.

THE
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COLLEGE



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Cranwell, 31st July, 1956

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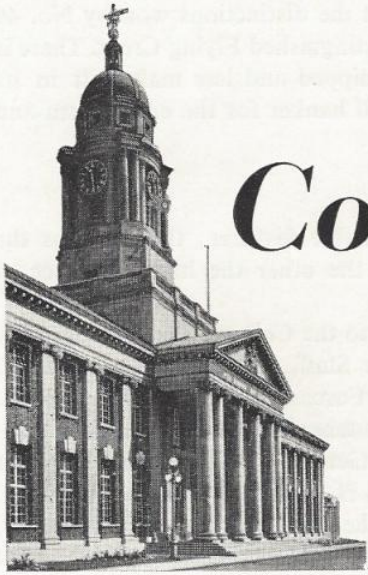
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THE JOURNAL

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.



College Notes

THIS issue of *The Journal* records the events of a Summer term and vacation at the Royal Air Force College. This was the wettest and most sunless summer that has been endured at Cranwell so far as the records, which go back to 1919, show. None the less both term and vacation were full of activity.

The weather relented sufficiently on 31st July to allow the so-called fine weather programme for the passing-out parade of No. 68 Entry to be carried out in full. But even so, within minutes of the end of the parade rain was falling once more. The Reviewing Officer was Field-Marshal the Viscount Montgomery of Alamein, K.G., G.C.B., D.S.O., the Deputy Supreme Allied Commander, Europe. A full account of the day's activities is given elsewhere.



At the start of the Autumn term the College numbers 264 flight cadets, including 37 of the Equipment and Secretarial branches. The new entry, No. 75, is 64 strong and includes five flight cadets for training as navigators and seven for training in the ground branches. It is by far the largest entry the College has ever accepted.

'B' Squadron is Sovereign's Squadron for the Autumn term. The Queen's Colour of the Royal Air Force College was returned to their safe keeping at the church parade on 16th September. It is five years since they last held this distinction.



On 16th October, as this *Journal* goes to print, the College will complete the first ten years of its post-war existence. Ten years ago a small number of cadets were chosen from No. 19 F.T.S. to form No. 45 Entry who for a year were to act as the Senior Entry in the re-formed College, and on the same day the first arrivals of No. 46 Entry came fresh from civilian life to the rigours of Junior Entries in East Camp. We congratulate the four members of No. 45 Entry who were promoted to the rank of

substantive squadron leader in July 1956. Amongst the distinctions won by No. 46 Entry are one Air Force Cross and an American Distinguished Flying Cross. There is no doubt that the College is now much better equipped and less makeshift in its organization, but there are those old fogies who still hanker for the enthusiasm and flexibility of those pioneering days.



The miserable summer of 1956 had two remarkable features; the one was the magnificent crop of mushrooms on the airfields; the other the high incidence of foreign visitors.

On 7th September an unparalleled visit was paid to the College. The visiting party consisted of the Soviet Air Force Chief of the Air Staff, Air Chief Marshal P. Z. Zhigarev, and the following officers of the Soviet Air Force: Air Marshal V. A. Sudets, Engineer Lieutenant-General A. N. Ponomarev, Lieutenant-General A. S. Blagoveschensky, Lieutenant-General S. P. Sinyakov, Major-General M. I. Marynov, Engineer Colonel F. P. Suprun, Engineer Lieutenant-Colonel N. I. Listvin and Captain A. N. Feofilaktov. The visiting party was accompanied by the British air attaché in Moscow, Air Commodore A. R. D. MacDonnell, D.F.C. (who was at Cranwell from 1932 to 1934 and is a former Chief Flying Instructor), while Group Captain F. G. Foot, O.B.E., Squadron Leader M. K. Forter and Flight Lieutenant Deytrich acted as interpreters. The party arrived punctually from Manby in a Transport Command Valetta at 0930. They were met on the airfield by the Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief Flying Training Command, the Commandant, the Assistant Commandant and Wing Commander D. K. Warburton, A.F.C., then acting as Station Commander. They drove to the College where the Commandant gave a short talk followed by questions in the library annexe. They then toured the College building before taking refreshment in the Guest Room. A short glance at the facilities of the Science Block was followed by a drive by way of North Airfield, the Stadium, Daedalus House and the Junior Mess lines to the Airmanship Hall. After a walk through the Technical Servicing Hangar the party were free to examine Provost, Vampire and Valetta aircraft drawn up on the tarmac with their air and ground crews. From here they walked to their own aircraft where an unexpected incident took place when Captain Feofilaktov fetched a brown paper parcel which the Soviet Chief of the Air Staff presented to the Commandant with the following speech: 'We have enjoyed our visit. We would like you to come and visit us in Russia. It has been a pleasure to be with you and I wish to thank you for all the kindness you have shown us. I want you to accept this simple present so that you will remember us.' The Commandant replied. (The parcel later proved to contain vodka, caviare, Russian cigarettes and scent.) Punctually at 1130 the aircraft took off for Little Rissington. Though short, the visit was illuminating in the glimpses that it gave both visitors and visited of each others' approach to the problem of training officers for the air service. The visit was unique in that for the first time the Red Flag was flown over the College.

Two officers and ten cadets of the Escola do Exercito, Lisbon, paid a visit to the College from 12th-14th June. This was some small return for the hospitality extended by the Escola to a party from Cranwell in the Easter vacation, an account of which was given in the last issue of *The Journal*. The party arrived by Skymaster and were met by their individual hosts. For two days they shared the life of flight cadets, watched a

special flying display and the Knocker Cup competition, visited Lincoln Cathedral and attended a guest night in the College. Towards the end of dinner one of the Portuguese cadets rose and with a well-turned speech in English presented the College with a suitably engraved salver in commemoration of the visit. Under Officer J. L. Blackford replied with, it is to be hoped, an equally well-turned speech in Portuguese, and presented our visitors with a framed and inscribed picture of the College.

On 14th June the party toured the University of Cambridge and took luncheon in Trinity Hall by kind permission of the Master and Fellows. The escorting officer was somewhat shaken by the keen and lively interest taken by the visiting cadets in the attractions (other than architectural) of Cambridge life. These attractions were principally visitors to Cambridge for the various May Week Balls. The party then went by College Ansons from Cambridge Airport (née Marshall's) to Blackbushe where Sandhurst took over the pleasant duty of host.

In numbers the most considerable visit was that made on 23rd July by two officers and 25 cadets of the United States Civil Air Patrol. The cadets came from 25 separate states of the Union and for most of them the tour, of which the visit to Cranwell formed part, was their first venture outside their native state.

Other visitors from abroad during the term included, on 9th-12th July, Colonel P. J. D. De Vos of the South African Air Force and Stellenbosch University, the Dean of the new South African tri-service College at Saldanha Bay.

On 12th June Colonel A. Mangard of the Royal Swedish Air Force College at Upsala visited the College.



Group Captain D. J. Eayrs, C.B., C.B.E., D.F.C., left Cranwell on his retirement from the Service in July. He had commanded the station for two years and during this period there had been many changes which he had the task of bringing about with the least interference to the training of flight cadets. Group Captain Eayrs had entered the Service by way of Cranwell in January 1927, and left it from Cranwell nearly thirty years later after a full and honourable career. We wish Group Captain Eayrs and his family every good fortune on their Gloucestershire farm.

Group Captain Eayrs has not been replaced since on his departure the station organization has been recast. In the new organization a post of Chief Flying Instructor in the rank of Group Captain has been established to command the two Flying Wings at Cranwell and Barkston Heath, and the Technical Wing. This new



The Commandant with Air Chief Marshal P. Z. Zhigarev walking down the stairs from the library annex

organization gives a balance between the three main aspects of the Cranwell course, in which the Assistant Commandant is primarily responsible for the shaping of the flight cadet as an officer, the C.F.I. is responsible for his progress in flying and the Director of Studies for his educational development. The first occupant of this new post is Group Captain W. T. Brooks, D.S.O., A.F.C., and we take this opportunity of welcoming him and his family to Cranwell. The command of the unit has now become a wing commander appointment, and Wing Commander E. Holden, D.F.C., formerly Officer Commanding Administrative Wing, has taken over this post.



It is not possible to mention individually all the officers who left at the end of the Summer term, but we congratulate Wing Commander V. E. M. Harding, the Senior Secretarial Instructor, and Wing Commander W. L. Clarke, the Senior Engineering Instructor, on their promotions and regret that these promotions have necessitated their posting from Cranwell. Wing Commander Harding was the outstanding expert on all matters relating to Passing-out Parades and Wing Commander Clarke, in addition to various other activities in the College Society, was the inspirer of the Dramatic Section.

Father Winstanley, the Roman Catholic Padre, has left us at the end of his second and most valuable tour at the College.

The College Medical Officer, Squadron Leader R. Riseley-Pritchard, has left on posting to Headquarters Transport Command. It was not only into the physical make-up of the flight cadet that he had a remarkable insight. The College owes him a great debt for his sometimes unorthodox but always forcefully and clearly expressed views. He played a great part in the organization and training of both Station and College lawn tennis.



Group Captain W. T. Brooks, D.S.O., A.F.C.

Squadron Leader J. E. Bazalgette, D.F.C., the Personal Staff Officer to the Commandant, has left for Ceylon. He took a strong aggressive role in the Station rugger team and in the survival games. From the Flying Wing there have gone Squadron Leader M. Hoyle, O.C. No. 1 Squadron, Flight Lieutenant J. D. Austin, O.C. of the Anson Flight, Flight Lieutenant C. B. Sercombe, who gave up a great deal of time both of term and vacation to the supervision of the

gliding, and Flight Lieutenant G. G. Lee, the organizer of College rowing, riding and the pentathlon.



The Queen's birthday was celebrated on 31st May by a full parade comprising the Queen's Colour of the Royal Air Force College and the Cadet Wing under arms, and two representative squadrons each from the Flying, Technical and Administrative Wings.

The Commandant's Parade was held on 20th July.



In spite of poor weather and limited opportunities for flying a very successful C.C.F. camp was held from 30th July to 8th August. By ingenuity and flexibility the full programme of flying and ground training was completed. Twenty-eight officers and 313 cadets from the following schools attended: Bradfield, Bristol Grammar, Canford, Cheltenham, Dean Close, Dollar Academy, Dover, Fettes, Gresham's, Marlborough, Oundle, Rugby, Sherborne, Shrewsbury, Uppingham, Wellingborough and Worksop. Four volunteer flight cadets acted as Assistant Flight Commanders.

Navigation training is now in full swing and the Valetta flying classrooms are in regular use.



On 22nd and 23rd May members of the Directing Staff and the students of the Royal Air Force Staff College visited the College. On this occasion the attempt was made to show each syndicate of our visitors all of some particular aspect of the training at Cranwell rather than a general impression of everything that went on. Judging by the pertinent questions asked, this aim was achieved.

On 17th May Sir Olaf Caroe visited the College and gave a lecture on 'The North-West Frontier Revisited.'

On 14th June Air Vice-Marshal D. H. F. Barnett, C.B., C.B.E., D.F.C., visited the College and gave a lecture before dinner on 'The Influence of Air Power in the Middle East.'

On 24th May the following headmasters visited the College: Mr T. J. P. York of Merchant Taylors School, Crosby; Mr R. Moore of Mill Hill; the Rev G. Snow of Ardingly; Mr T. G. C. Woodford of Leeds Grammar School; the Rev G. O. Williams of Llandovery College; Mr T. C. Dancy of Lancing College and Mr L. H. Carey of Bromsgrove School; and on 5th July Mr E. A. G. Marlar of Whitgift School; Mr L. Bruce-Lockhart of Gresham's School; Mr H. W. F. Franklin of Epsom College; and Mr H. Lyon of the Public Schools Appointment Bureau.

Visiting preachers at parade services have included two former College chaplains, the Reverend Leslie Wright and the Reverend E. W. P. Ainsworth, and the chaplain of the Royal Military Academy, the Reverend R. Kendra.



The Per Ardua (R.A.F.) Beagles held their Puppy Show on Saturday, 9th June, when the new Master, Flight Lieutenant C. H. Bidie, had the pleasant task of entertaining subscribers, land owners and farmers. There were seven couples of

puppies on the flags and the principal prizes were taken once more by Mrs Baines, Mrs Bristow and Mrs Powell, who are amongst our keenest and most efficient walkers.



The Dramatic Society gave a most ambitious production of *Julius Caesar* in July, it was imaginatively produced in the Main Lecture Hall Though with so large a cast it was bound to be uneven, the production showed real dramatic insight.



The Stadium has been in great demand during the summer. The Station Sports were held on 30th May and the Command Sports on 19th and 20th June. The Triangular Athletics Match was held this year on the United Services Athletics Track, at Brickfields, Plymouth.



As usual many hosts have been most kind in accepting parties from the College and our thanks are due to Messrs Rolls-Royce of Derby and A. V. Roe of Manchester who entertained No. 68 Entry on 25th and 26th June; to the Air Officer Commanding the Royal Air Force Record Office; the Officers Commanding Royal Air Force Binbrook, Dishforth, Heywood, Gaydon, Langtoft, Lyneham, Odiham, Pembroke Dock, Southampton, St Eval, West Malling, and Wittering.

The naval visits were somewhat curtailed by events in the Middle East, but parties visited Portsmouth and outlying establishments, and the Second Training Squadron at Portland. We thank the Commander-in-Chief Portsmouth, and the Captains of the ships and establishments visited for their kindness.

Another small party made a most instructive and amusing tour of N.A.T.O. formations and units in Europe on the lines of the visit made last year.



The Ferris Drill Competition was held on 29th June and took the form of mounting a guard of honour with standard. In spite of a drizzly day the ceremony was unusually colourful thanks to the tartan of the judges. These were officers, warrant officers and senior n.c.os of the Highland Brigade Depot who performed their duties admirably against the suitable background of a Scotch mist. We thank the principal judges, Major W. W. Cheyne, M.B.E., of the Seaforth Highlanders, Major J. V. Parnell of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders and Lieutenant M. A. Avery of the Gordon Highlanders. The competition was won by 'A' Squadron.



The front of the College building during the Summer vacation and Autumn term has been obscured by the scaffolding of contractors engaged in repointing and cleaning the stonework.



The Old Cranwellian reunion was held on 23rd and 24th June. The guest of honour was the Earl of Ancaster.

Passing-Out Parade of No. 68 Entry

Speeches by Field-Marshal the Viscount Montgomery of Alamein and the Commandant

THE College welcomed Field-Marshal the Viscount Montgomery of Alamein, K.G., G.C.B., D.S.O., as the Reviewing Officer at the passing-out parade of 21 Flight Cadets of No. 68 Entry on 31st July 1956.

The weather as usual acted contrarily. The final practice fair-weather parade had to be abandoned due to torrential rain. The final practice wet-weather parade was carried out in a hangar while outside the sun shone down from a cloudless sky. It was therefore assumed that the worse the weather seemed, the less chance there was of rain—an assumption which is causing disquiet in the meteorological office. However, on the day, in spite of overcast skies, the rain held off until the final moments, allowing the parade to run with its accustomed smoothness and precision.

The Cadet Wing marched on parade by squadrons; 'A' Squadron led, followed by the Sovereign Squadron, while 'B' Squadron brought up the rear. The squadrons were commanded by Senior Under Officer D. C. G. Brook, Senior Under Officer J. E. Nevill and Under Officer D. J. H. Collins, respectively.

A beautifully timed flypast by a formation of 16 Vampires of the Advanced Flying Wing heralded the approach to the dais of the reviewing officer.

After the advance in Review Order, the Field-Marshal, after inspecting it thoroughly, presented the Sword of Honour to Senior Under Officer J. H. Constable and the Queen's Medal to Under Officer J. L. Blackford.

In his address to the Cadet Wing the Field-Marshal said:

The Reviewing Officer's Address

I would like to say how very honoured I am to have come here today to see you at the College. I have been to most places in the world but I have never been here before—so I suppose I can now say I have been everywhere in the world and that is a great thing to be able to say!

I would like, first of all, to congratulate you on this Parade. I think the standard of turnout and the drill and the manœuvres and movements that you have been doing are quite first class.

I have seen a great many parades in my time in the Army but I have no hesitation in saying that what you have put on this morning is quite first class and I think I am not a bad person to tell you that, being a soldier and not belonging to the Royal Air Force. Possibly if an Air Marshal told you, you would not believe him, but if I tell you, you know it is true and I would be delighted if you would tell anybody you like that I said so. I think that the fact that you have paraded in a splendid way today reflects very great credit on those who are responsible for your instruction in such matters. I was particularly honoured that the Band played my regimental march—of course, that would be quite enough to ensure a first-class parade.

Now you are of the R.A.F. and I am a soldier, but I would like to tell you that although I am a soldier I am a tremendous believer in Air Power and in centralizing command and control of Air Forces so that they can be wielded as one mighty weapon. The greatest asset of Air Power is its flexibility and you destroy that once you split up Air Forces and place them under the command of soldiers or sailors. I hold the view that command and control of Air Forces must be centralized under Air Force command. I am a soldier and you will find that some armies today want to have their own air force. They should not be allowed to do so and you can tell anybody you like that I said this.

I would like to deal with another subject. I have been a long time serving in the armed forces of the Crown as a soldier and I have learned many things in my time, and I would like to pass on to you something that might possibly be of use to you in your future career, and what I have to say has to deal with the subject of leadership. When you leave this College the first thing you have got to do is to fight a battle, and it will be rather different to some of the battles that you have been studying. The battle will be for the hearts of your men. Rather a different sort of battle. The hearts of your men. But if you win that battle and subsequent similar battles as you go forward in your career then your future in the R.A.F.



The Reviewing Officer presents the Sword of Honour to Senior Under Officer J. H. Constable and The Queen's Medal to Under Officer J. L. Blackford

can be very bright. If you lose that battle you will have a difficult time. How are you going to win the battle for the hearts of your men? How will you do it? Well let me try to help you. I think the first thing you have to remember is that bottled up inside men are great emotional forces, and I use the expression "bottled up" because it means that they are inside a bottle and they cannot get out. Now when you are dealing with men you have got to remember that this emotional force must have an outlet, and that outlet has got to be one which is positive and constructive and which warms the heart. You have got to warm the hearts of your men and if your approach to this problem of human relationship is cold and impersonal, then you cannot win. But if you can prove to your men that their best interests are safe in your keeping—in peace or in war—then you gain their trust and their confidence and there is nothing you cannot do.

I think you have got to remember that leadership is based on truth and on confidence. Always speak the truth to those under you. Once you fail to speak the truth to your men you lose their confidence and then you cease to be of value as a leader. In the late war I did not always tell *all* the truth to the

soldiers under my command. It was not necessary to do so and it might well have compromised security. I told them enough for their needs but what I did tell them was always true and they knew it and that established a sort of bond and confidence between us.

You will find that when the battle is fierce and hard and conditions are almost unendurable, the British fighting man goes tranquilly on his course. Some people think that he does that because of the cause for which he is fighting. I very much doubt that myself. When conditions are almost unendurable and the battle is fierce and hard I do not think that it is some abstract reason or cause that keeps the soldier in the battle. I think it is because he knows he can rely on his leaders to dominate the events that surround him and it is because he gains strength and courage from his comrades. And these two factors of leadership and comradeship, closely linked to discipline, keep the fighting man firm in the battle, and I would recommend you to study leadership and comradeship.

Now some of you are passing out and going on your way and I would like to wish happiness and success to all of you who leave Cranwell today. It may well be that some of you think

that during your time here you have not received the promotion or the reward that you ought to have received here. If you do, I can tell you that I felt exactly the same when I left Sandhurst. I felt that I had not been appreciated. I started very well by being made a Corporal, I was very pleased. But I was very soon reduced to the ranks. I thought it was most unjust. All I had done was to go to the room of a cadet whom I did not like and when he was preparing for bed I set fire to the tail of his shirt. The plan was extremely good and very well carried out. He was sent to hospital and had some difficulty in sitting down for some time. I was reduced to the ranks. I always felt I did not deserve such a shattering blow, but if that should have happened to any of you, let me tell you that your life is in front of you, there is plenty of time and there is no great hurry.

Now you who are passing out and you who remain can be proud, very proud, that you belong to the Royal Air Force. I have seen a great deal of the R.A.F. in war time and I can tell you it is a magnificent fighting force, and if you ever have to lead British airmen in battle you will find that they are staunch and tenacious when times are bad; they are quiet and gentle in victory and they are loyal to their leaders and their comrades at all times. And that is what I have always observed. You will find that British fighting men, whether they are soldiers or sailors or airmen, are second to none in the communities of fighting men and my last word to you would be to see that you prove yourself worthy to command such men.

Thank you very much.

Presentation of Wings and Prizes

On the eve of the passing-out parade, at a Ceremony in the College Lecture Hall, the Commandant presented wings and individual prizes to members of the senior entry. In his address the Commandant said:

I have been wondering recently what it feels like to be a new headmaster at an old and famous school on speech day and now I think I know. Many of the ingredients are similar—the parents, the masters, the prizes and the speech. However, one standard ingredient is missing. Nowadays no headmaster can open his mouth without, by some sort of reflex action, announcing that the fees have gone up, and here at least I am on firm and popular

ground because I can announce that it is the pay and not the fees that have gone up.

Although this evening is only a prelude to what we are going to see and take part in tomorrow morning, that is, the Passing-Out Parade, it has a very special and intimate place in our College affairs. We have come to regard it as a family affair, rather less formal and ceremonial than the Parade and an occasion when we on the staff can welcome the parents, friends and relatives of the Passing-Out Entry and when we can all join collectively together in wishing success to these young officers in our midst who are on the point of beginning their careers in the Royal Air Force.

This is primarily their day and I must first congratulate the General Duties cadets who have just won their wings and the Equipment and Secretarial cadets who have achieved their particular aim with no less effort and distinction than their three-dimensional colleagues. Next I would like to extend these congratulations to all the prize winners who have been up here this evening, and to the squadrons who have either recovered or retained the various Squadron trophies. During the short time I have been with you I have been as much impressed by the keen rivalry between the squadrons and the sensible manner in which it is fostered as by anything else I have found here. They manage to combine the greatest courtesy with the utmost ruthlessness in cutting each other's throats. I think everybody here will be with me in applauding 'B' Squadron's achievement in becoming Sovereign's Squadron after four and a half years of frustration and I do most warmly congratulate them for a very fine and sustained effort.

Now everybody likes giving advice and particularly Commandants and so I would like to take this opportunity of saying something which may be useful to you later. There must have been many occasions in the past three years when you have been told what is expected of you in the service. But today is different. You are sitting in the three-guinea seats and the day after tomorrow you will have to start putting into practice the things you have learnt, in conditions which are very different in some ways to those you have become accustomed to here.

For one thing you will find that you are a much freer agent. You won't be regimented. You will stop thinking about syllabuses and terms. You will have a lot of spare time. You

will have a wonderful feeling of independence and freedom and I am being very sincere when I say that I hope you enjoy every minute of it. But when you have got acclimatised and used to the feeling you will remember that you have a purpose to fulfil—a purpose which both directly and indirectly has been fostered by everything you have done at Cranwell and by everything you have been taught. Your purpose is a reflection of the aim of the College which is to produce a body of officers who, in their time and turn, will control and administer this great service of ours. I hope that when your time and turn comes, and it will come much quicker than you would now be prepared to believe, that 68 Entry will be there in strength. Whether you have consciously thought about this or not, when you came to Cranwell you were dedicated not to a means of earning a comfortable and pleasant living—although it will certainly be pleasant, and I hope continue to be comfortable—but to a life of positive achievement with a clearly defined goal. That goal I have just defined for you.

You have all had a significant advantage in being trained here and when you get to your squadrons, and indeed throughout your careers, people will be looking to you to set the standard among your contemporaries and you yourselves will be judged in the Service by an even higher standard than those who have not had the same service background. Now this question of standards is worth thinking about from time to time; the standard you set is a yardstick against which you can judge the form. You will find that the standard varies considerably between units and between the people you meet. It is reflected in everything from a man's moral outlook to the way he wears his uniform, to the way he tackles a job, even to the way he writes a simple letter. You will meet people who are not reliable, who make all sorts of excuses for not doing their stuff. You will meet people who are most enthusiastic—about flying for instance—but start drooping at the thought of doing anything else. You will find a lot of people with the 40-hour week mentality who, outside what they call normal working hours, take no part in and make no contribution whatsoever towards the corporate life of their stations. You never see them and they might as well be working in a factory.

Now, in a way, all these types are very useful to you because they will be a constant reminder about how not to do things and

a constant reminder of your standard. Your duty and obligation do not begin and end with the job in hand and the job in hand is not the only thing for which you reserve your enthusiasm. Although for you G.D. cadets flying is, and I hope will remain, your absorbing interest, there are a great number of other jobs to be done—some of which may seem dull by comparison—and a great number of things to be learnt. If you play a full part in service life, which is very different to civilian life, and acquire a reputation for enthusiasm and reliability you will prove a credit to the College. Not everybody can be a great leader but anyone with the training you have had can be a first-class officer. And so I come back to what I said earlier. You will have plenty of spare time—enjoy it, but also use it profitably and to the interest of yourself and the Service.

This is a very important year for you because it is the year you leave Cranwell and the year you get your commission. You are not likely to forget it and there is another reason why you will remember it and why it is important, because it is a significant year in the history of the College. It marks a milestone in our affairs. In February the founder of the College and indeed the founder of the Royal Air Force, Lord Trenchard, died. Throughout his life he had taken the closest interest in our affairs and when he was Chief of the Air Staff he said to Sir Charles Longcroft, the first Commandant, that he would not rest content until he saw a Cranwell product sitting in his chair. Well, he lived to see this ambition fulfilled when Sir Dermot Boyle was appointed Chief of the Air Staff in January.

So we can say that with the death of Lord Trenchard and the appointment of C. A. S. the first cycle in the life of the College has been completed and I mention this to you because I hope that whenever you have occasion, as you often will, to fill in a space in a document or report which says "Date of Commission" you will remember that you were commissioned in an historic year in the annals of the Service and the College and I hope that the thought will give you renewed faith, enthusiasm and determination to press on and a renewed awareness of your purpose.

Well, tomorrow you will be passed out of this College and into the Royal Air Force by Field-Marshal Montgomery, who perhaps more than any other distinguished soldier will appreciate your potential value as the airmen and leaders of the future. I am sure the



THE SENIOR TERM: JUNE 1956

*Back Row. Left to right: S.F.C. S. E. Hemsley, S.F.C. J. B. V. Collins, S.F.C. R. P. Kharegat, S.F.C. B. T. Mitchell, S.F.C. E. J. E. Smith, S.F.C. N. A. Fox, S.F.C. W. A. Edwards
 Centre row. Left to right: S.F.C. M. C. Ginn, S.F.C. H. Rajapaksha, U.O. J. R. Walker, U.O. J. W. Canning, U.O. M. P. Walters, U.O. R. G. Morgan, U.O. G. L. Aylett
 Front Row. Left to right: U.O. D. J. H. Collins, U.O. R. G. Fox, S.U.O. D. C. G. Brook, S.U.O. J. H. Constable, S.U.O. J. E. Nevill, U.O. J. L. Blackford, U.O. G. G. Jones*

occasion will be a memorable one. On behalf of the College I wish you every success and a life of achievement and satisfaction and, as an Old Cranwellian, I welcome you into our ranks in the confidence that though your numbers are small your influence will be great and equal to the standard expected of you.

Order of Merit

No. 68 ENTRY

General Duties Branch

J. L. BLACKFORD, Under Officer: Queen's Medal; Athletics; Fencing; Rugby; Wild-Fowling; Canoeing; Music; Photography; Engineering; Film Section.

D. C. G. BROOK, Senior Under Officer: Phillip Sassoon Memorial Prize; J. A. Chance

Memorial Prize; Royal United Service Institution Award; Ski-ing (Captain); Squash (Captain, Full Colours); Gliding; Choral.

M. C. GINN, Senior Flight Cadet: Abdy Gerrard Fellowes Memorial Prize; Air Ministry Prize for Imperial and War Studies; Tennis; Gliding (Captain); Photography (Secretary); Dramatic; Ski-ing.

R. G. FOX, Under Officer: R. M. Groves Memorial Prize; Dickson Trophy; Rugby; Tennis; Gliding; Ski-ing.

J. R. WALKER, Under Officer: Swimming (Captain, Full Colours.)

G. G. JONES, Under Officer: Fencing (Full Colours); Mountaineering; Gliding.

H. RAJAPAKSHA, Senior Flight Cadet: Hockey; Gliding.

- J. W. CANNING, Under Officer: Soccer (Half Colours); Aeromodelling; Canoeing; Wild-Fowling; Engineering; Film Section.
- E. J. E. SMITH, Senior Flight Cadet: Shooting (Captain); Gliding; Aeromodelling; Dramatics; Wild-Fowling; Fine Arts.
- D. J. H. COLLINS, Under Officer: L'Ecole de l'Air Trophy for French Studies; Rugby; Mountaineering (Captain); Dramatic; Engineering; Parachuting; *Journal*.
- J. E. NEVILL, Senior Under Officer: Rugby (Half Colours); Gliding.
- G. L. AYLETT, Under Officer: Rugby (Full Colours); Cricket (Half Colours); Photography.
- J. B. V. COLLINS, Senior Flight Cadet: Cricket (Captain, Full Colours); Hockey (Captain, Full Colours); Soccer (Captain, Full Colours); Music; Film Section.
- S. E. HEMSLEY, Senior Flight Cadet: Rowing (Half Colours); Hockey; Gliding; Speleology; Photography; Film Section.
- W. A. EDWARDS, Senior Flight Cadet: Swimming; Gliding; Music; Jazz.
- R. P. KHAREGAT, Senior Flight Cadet: Swimming; Ski-ing; Canoeing; Wild-Fowling;

Angling (Captain); Aeromodelling; Engineering; Film Section.

- M. P. WALTERS, Under Officer: Cricket (Half Colours); Soccer; Canoeing.

Equipment Branch

- B. T. MITCHELL, Senior Flight Cadet: Air Ministry Prize for Equipment Studies; Soccer; Cricket; Speleology (Captain); Dancing; Film Section.
- N. A. FOX, Senior Flight Cadet: Dramatic; Gliding; Engineering; Choral; Fine Arts; Film Section.

Secretarial Branch

- J. H. CONSTABLE, Senior Under Officer: Sword of Honour; Air Ministry Prize for Secretarial Studies; Arnold Barlow Memorial Prize; Hockey; Rowing; Dramatics (President); Debating (President); *Journal* (Editor); Riding (Captain); Sailing; Mountaineering.
- R. G. MORGAN, Under Officer: Fencing (Full Colours); Rugby; Sailing.



CADET WING LISTS PROMOTIONS

'A' Squadron: Flight Cadet Senior Under Officer J. R. Lees. Flight Cadet Under Officers K. W. Hayr, A. Mumford, S. A. Edwards.

'B' Squadron: Flight Cadet Senior Under Officer B. T. Sills. Flight Cadet Under Officers C. M. Quaipe, M. Hicks, R. J. Bennett.

'C' Squadron: Flight Cadet Senior Under Officer P. C. Little. Flight Cadet Under Officers J. Baerselman, B. D. Beggs, P. R. Trump.

No. 75 ENTRY

'A' Squadron: N. C. Adamson, St. Edward's School, Oxford. I. G. Barlow, Lancaster Royal Grammar School. B. J. Cheater, Pinner County Grammar School. R. B. Crowder, Royal Grammar School, Guildford. P. N. Cullen, Cotton College, North Staffordshire. M. Freeman, Winchester College. M. J. D. Fuller, King Edward VII Grammar School, King's Lynn. D. Haller, Hymers' College, Hull. J. Laycock, Reigate Grammar School. W. R. C. Longfield, Clifton College. J. J. McMahon, Halton. J. R. Morgan, Christ's Hospital. J. F. North, Herbert Strutt School. C. J. Parker, Bedford School. M. J. Porter, Birkenhead School. M. H. Smith, Prince Edward School, Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia. I. W. Strachan, King Edward VII Grammar School, Sheffield. H. N. Stroud, Wellington College. P. D. Stuart, Reed's School. I. T. Tavender, Eastbourne Grammar School. N. C. N. Thompson, Maldon Grammar School.

'B' Squadron: D. W. Ballands, Wirral County Grammar School. R. J. Barratt, Carre's Grammar School, Sleaford. P. G. Blake, Wolverhampton Grammar School. P. J. Blewitt, Peter Symonds School, Winchester. R. Cloke, Bude Grammar School. R. J. Cossens, Taunton School. D. A. Cunliffe, Royal Grammar School, Newcastle. T. C. Elworthy, Radley College. J. Graham, King Edward VI School, Morpeth. K. L. Jones, Milford Haven Grammar School. D. Lee, Queen Elizabeth Grammar School, Gainsborough. J. B. S. Meek, Queen's Park Grammar School. F. W. Mitchell, Eastbourne College. D. Packman, Royal Grammar School, Worcester. T. V. Radford, Doncaster Grammar School. D. H. Smith, Kettering Grammar School. C. E. Starey, Hereford Cathedral School. P. C. Tame, Sherborne School. M. S. Thomas, Hamond's Grammar School (Swaffham). P. J. Veal, Whitgift School. J. R. Waters, Bedford School.

'C' Squadron: James J. Bedford, Royal Grammar School, High Wycombe. J. Butler, Eastbourne College. D. H. J. Daines, Portsmouth Northern Grammar School. M. Dickenson, St. Edward's School, Oxford. W. Donaldson, Palmerston North Boys' School. J. Geldhart, Cedars, Leighton Buzzard. R. Gunning, Chard School. A. Langmead, Haberdashers' Aske's Hampstead School. D. Loveridge, Brokenhurst County High School. R. Meredith, The Paston School. T. Mermagen, Sherborne School. P. D. Oulton, Haileybury and I.S.C. J. R. Owen, Bedford School. J. E. S. Patrick, Drax Grammar School. C. A. Rainbow, Salesian College. M. J. F. Shaw, Sandbach School. W. H. Smith, Birkenhead School. C. J. Sturt, Canford School. K. S. Turner, Cardiff High School. J. F. Volkers, Stonyhurst College. M. E. Williamson, Solihull School. A. Woodford, Haberdashers' Aske's Hampstead School.

N.A.T.O. Unclassified

Members of R.A.F. College visit S.H.A.P.E.

THIRTY cadets of No. 69 Entry applied hopefully to make the tour of N.A.T.O. formations in Europe. Twenty-five were unlucky. However, the five who were lucky represented by happy chance a true cross-section of the College; three New Zealanders and two others, one S.U.O., two S.J.U.Os, and two S.F.Cs for comic relief. The party, under the command of Squadron Leader Wood (of 'The Hub,' West Site, Lincs) left Thorney Island for Melun, south of Paris, after lunch on 7th August.

We were taken by coach to the H.Q. Allied Air Forces Central Europe at Fontainebleau, where an American sergeant, who was to prove most helpful throughout our stay, issued us with security passes. Thence to the end of the day's journey to, aptly, Hotel Terminus. Later that evening the temperature of an adjacent swimming pool helped us doubly to appreciate its comfort and warm, friendly atmosphere.

On Wednesday the 8th the daily ritual of breakfast was set when the S.J.U.O. arrived early for breakfast—continental style (spread the croissant then race the wasps for it)—politely awaited the rest of the party before starting, then had no time to finish it. At 0730 the party hurtled away to Supreme Headquarters at Versailles, 35 miles distant, in two Citroens. The enjoyment of the drive was only surpassed by the surprise at arriving safely. The party were met by Group Captain Jefferson who later entertained us to lunch, and he introduced us to Commandant Hays, a French officer of wide experience, who acted as our escort at S.H.A.P.E. The very interesting morning's programme consisted of briefings on S.H.A.P.E., its job and problems, and the problems facing SACEUR. The lectures were summed up by Air Marshal Constantine, who again stressed the international nature of this Headquarters and staff. An official report then might read: After lunch the party toured Paris in the Citroens and returned to Fontainebleau; more or less correct. Touring of Paris included the inevitable ascent of the Eiffel Tower for all except one, nameless and blameless, who, having achieved the half-way stage where a change of lift is necessary, was ushered into one up-going lift, and then into another—which sent him smartly back to earth and there turned him out. The morning and afternoon had been thirsty work, and the party were lucky enough to know of a restaurant which provided wine with the meal

and undertook to replenish the empty bottles of the thirsty; a most agreeable and suitable arrangement, which made a great impression.

On Thursday the 9th the polite S.J.U.O. again missed half his breakfast, having had but one hour's sleep, because others were late, not from their rooms but off the train from Paris. However the party reported on time to H.Q., A.A.F.C.E., for a morning of very interesting lectures on the organization and mission of AIRCENT, its operations and exercises, reconnaissance, intelligence and the enemy threat. Air Commodore Dickens and Group Captain Mitchell very kindly invited the party to lunch. In the afternoon the party were conducted round Chateau Fontainebleau, the former residence of Napoleon, by a very well informed Flight Sergeant Collins of the support unit. That evening we were again very kindly entertained by Group Captain Mitchell at the Officers' Club.

On Friday the 10th the polite S.J.U.O. had just time for his by now customary longing glance for breakfast before the party left for H.Q., Allied Land Forces Central Europe, arriving early. They were escorted that day by a Belgian officer, being first introduced by him to General Servais of the Belgian Army, Chief of Staff, A.L.F.C.E. There followed very interesting lectures on the problems and mission of LANDCENT by officers of several nationalities. The party were very kindly entertained to lunch by Air Vice-Marshal Sir Thomas McEvoy. The afternoon was spent back at AIRCENT, making the most of our last day at Fontainebleau. The policy was continued into the evening, when French steaks and wine made a great impression; as did also a surfeit of mushrooms.

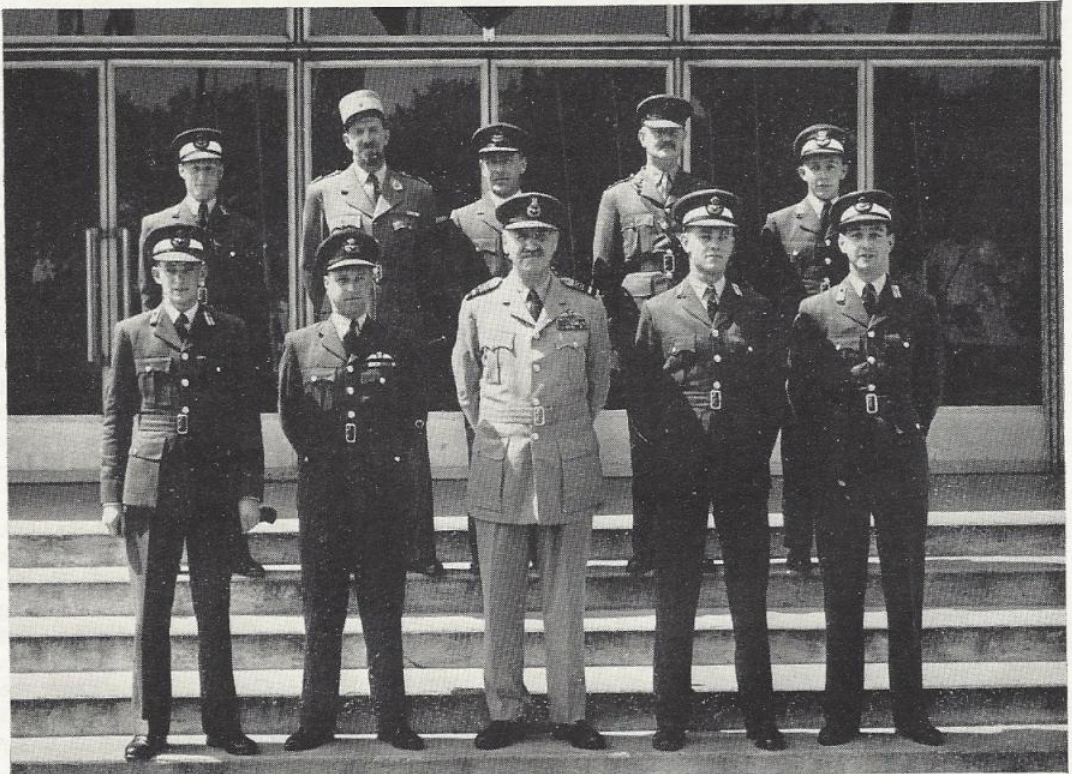
Saturday morning the 11th found the S.J.U.O. polite no longer. He dug his heels—and his teeth—well in. This was just as well, for on arrival at Melun airfield in anticipation of flying to Wahn, the party found the Ansons just arriving, to be grounded for the next eight hours by I.F.R. in the Paris Control Zone without the necessary radio frequency. A late landing was made at Wahn; but not too late to enjoy Saturday night in the Mess which also included Belgian, Dutch and Danish members, and international understanding reached dizzy new heights during the evening.

After church on Sunday we were entertained at a cocktail party given by the Station Commander, Group Captain Lapsley. Thanks to Squadron Leader Long, the party were able to spend the afternoon touring the Rhine valley to the north of Cologne, which also included a visit to Bonn. The Mess also proved lively on Sunday night.

After the weekend rest-cure, which proved to be neither, the party were shown over 83 Group H.Q. This included an interesting glimpse at the new communications system and several different centres which had previously been merely letters on a chart in War Studies. The party were then dispatched by road to R.A.F. Bruggen, arriving in time to discover that some Messes are also lively on Monday nights. The hospitality of that evening was extended into the Tuesday when the party were divided amongst the four squadrons of Hunters at Bruggen. During the Tuesday and the Wednesday morning we learnt a great deal from the pilots of life on the squadrons. And we were most impressed. Bruggen seemed a very happy station.

On the Monday night an attached pilot of the Fleet Air Arm, who seemed to be ready for anything, laid on a most impressive crash on take-off at night. The Mess recognized the occasion for a party, and could long be heard extolling the virtues of Martin Baker that night. Besides creating renewed interest in drinks, the crash dispelled the impression that Hunters are beautiful from all angles. We finally left Bruggen on Wednesday by Valetta after a most enjoyable and interesting stay.

Besides providing the greatest enjoyment and interest, and also being largely our first sight of the 'other' service, this tour enabled the party to follow the chain of command from the Supreme Headquarters through Group to unit level with all the lessons that that involved at each stage. Also at each stage we were able to meet and talk with Old Cranwellians ranging from 66 entry right up to the highest ranks. Without a doubt it confirmed in each one of the party the desire to pass out and get on with the job—before there is another general or private extension of the course!



The Cranwell Party outside N.A.T.O. Headquarters. From Left to Right. Front row: Under Officer K. W. Hayr, Squadron Leader W. G. Wood, Air Marshal H. A. Constantine, S.U.O. P. C. Little, U.O. C. M. Quaiife. Back row: S.F.C. M. J. White, Commandant P. A. E. Hays, Group Captain W. P. Sutcliffe, Lt.-Col. Linden-Kelly, S.F.C. P. Bevan

Wing Leader

By

Group Captain J. E. Johnson, D.S.O., D.F.C.

A book of great interest by an expert in the art of air fighting

Group Captain 'Johnnie' Johnson has recently published his memoirs under the title 'Wing Leader.' In addition to recounting his personal experiences as a fighter pilot during the second world war, this book deals thoroughly and expertly with the controversial problems both of tactical dogfighting and the strategic employment of fighters. As the Royal Air Force's top scoring fighter pilot with 38 confirmed victories, he is well qualified to speak on this subject and the book is also well written. Some extracts are given below. The first is when Johnson joined his squadron as a junior officer, the second with the Tangmere wing under Bader, and the third an account of heroic self sacrifice

ONCE again we took to the trains and made our way to the airfield at Coltishall in Norfolk. Soon we were ushered into the sparse office of the squadron commander and gave him brief details of our flying careers. He was a regular officer who, as a Cranwell cadet, had won the Sword of Honour in 1936. The war had brought him rapid promotion, but deservedly, for he was an outstanding product of the Cranwell system. Somewhat exacting in his demands, he was always full of vitality and enthusiasm. I liked him at first sight and have never served under a better or more loyal officer. From the outset he took us into his confidence.

"The squadron had a rough time at Kenley. They were only there a couple of weeks and lost quite a few chaps. They were pulled out of the front line two days ago and I was given the command. My job is to get it fully operational within the next few days, for we may go south again any time. Any questions?"

We remained silent.

"Right," continued the C.O. "You, Johnson, will fly with me in half an hour and we'll see what you're like. Wait for me in the car outside and I'll take you all down to dispersal."

I tucked my Spitfire alongside the C.O.'s starboard wing and together we climbed over the stubble and broads of East Anglia. It was a perfect evening for flying. Unlimited visibility and not a tremor as our Spitfires swung through the sky. After a few easy turns in close formation Burton tapped the back of his helmet and I slid into a line-astern position. Now the real business of the flight began. Fast power dives when the air-speed indicator registered well over 400 m.p.h. Then up into a soaring climb at full throttle

followed by a roll off the top of the loop. Slow rolls and barrel rolls. Half rolls and dives. Aileron turns and stall turns. And then a waggle of his wings—the signal to re-form in line-abreast formation.

After about an hour of this we landed back at Coltishall, and although my right shoulder was painful my spirits were high, because after the set-backs of the previous week I felt I was making some progress. I fell into step beside the C.O., who began to talk about tactics.

"Not bad, Johnson. Not bad at all. But you'll have to keep a better look out. You'll have to learn to keep that thick neck of yours turning! Look round all the time. Your life depends on spotting the 109s before they bounce you. It's no use simply looking at the sky. Learn to focus your eyes on a particular area and scan it thoroughly. Every time you fly, look for any movement in the air and try to identify the type of aircraft you see. With practice you'll find you can improve your eyesight tremendously."

We had reached the door of the dispersal hut, but the C.O. had not finished with me. He talked of the necessity of strict radio-telephone discipline at all times; the difficulties of deflection shooting and the technique of the killing shot from the line-astern or near line-astern positions; the duty of the number two whose primary job was not to shoot down aircraft but to see that the sky behind his leader was clear of enemy fighters; the importance of keeping a good battle formation and the tactical use of the sun, cloud, and height. . . .

* * *

We turn across the sun and I am on the inside. The blinding light seems only two feet

above Bader's cockpit and if I drop further below or he gains a little more height, I shall lose him. Already his Spitfire has lost its colour and is only a sharp, black silhouette, and now it has disappeared completely, swallowed up by the sun's fierce light. I come out of the turn and am stunned to find myself alone in the Lille sky. The Messerschmitts come in close for the kill. At this range their camouflage looks dirty and oil-stained, and one brute has a startling black-and-white spinner. In a hot sweat of fear I keep turning and turning, and the fear is mingled with an abject humiliation that these bastards should single me out and chop me at their leisure. The radio is silent, or probably I don't hear it in the stress of trying to stay alive. I can't turn all day. Le Touquet is seventy hostile miles away. Far better to fight back and take one with me.

Four Messerschmitts roar down from six o'clock. I see them in time and curve the shuddering, protesting Spitfire to meet them, for she is on the brink of a high-speed stall. They are so certain of my destruction that they are flying badly and I fasten on to the tail-end Charlie and give him a long burst of fire. He is at the maximum range, and although my shooting has no apparent effect some of my despair and fear on this fateful afternoon seems to evaporate at the faint sound of chattering machine-guns. But perhaps my attack has its just reward for Smith's voice comes loud and clear over the radio.

"One Spit behind, Dogsboddy. A thousand yards. Looks like he's in trouble."

Then I see them. Two aircraft with the lovely curving wings that can only belong to Spitfires. I take a long breath and in a deliberately calm voice:

"It's me, Dogsboddy—Johnnie."

"O.K. Johnnie. We'll orbit here for you. Drop in on my starboard. We'll get a couple of these —."

There is no longer any question of not getting home now that I am with Bader again. He will bring us safely back to Tangmere and I know he is enjoying this, for he sounds full of confidence on the radio. A dozen Messerschmitts still shadow our small formation. They are well up-sun and waiting to strike. Smith and I fly with our necks twisted right round, like the resting mallard ducks one sees in the London parks, and all our concentration focused on the glinting shoal of 109s.

"Two coming down from five o'clock, Dogsboddy. Break right," from me. And this time mine

is the smallest turn so I am the first to meet the attack. A 109 is very close, climbing away to port. Here is a chance. Time for a quick shot and no danger of losing the other two Spitfires if I don't get involved in a long tail chase. I line up my Spitfire behind the 109, clench the spade-grip handle of the stick with both hands and send short bursts into his belly at less than a hundred yards. The 109 bursts apart and the explosion looks exactly the same as a near burst of heavy flak, a vicious flower with a poisonous glowing centre and black swirling edges.

I re-form and the Messerschmitts come in again, and this time Bader calls the break. It is well judged and the wing-leader fastens on to the last 109 and I cover his Spitfire as it appears to stand on its tail with wisps of smoke plummeting from the gun ports. The enemy aircraft starts to pour white smoke from its belly and thick, black smoke from the engine. They merge together and look like a long, dirty banner against the faded blue of some high cirrus cloud.

"Bloody good shooting, sir."

"We'll get some more."

Woodhall—it seems an eternity since we last heard him—calls up to say that the rear support wing is over Abbeville. Unbelievably the Messerschmitts which have tailed us so long vanish and we are alone in the high spaces.

* * *

Geoff Warnes joined 263 Squadron as a Pilot Officer in 1941. Just over a year later he became the squadron commander and won both the D.S.O. and the D.F.C. After a rest at 10 Group headquarters he returned to the squadron and supervised its re-equipment with Typhoons.

Warnes had poor eyesight, but the doctors fixed him up with contact lenses, and one of his party pieces was to loosen these lenses and let them drop into a pint tankard of beer at his favourite pub. The locals knew the trick, but it astonished the casual visitor. Legend has it that he took a glass of stout with his early-morning bath and smoked a cigar immediately afterwards. He was a gay, cheerful character. He was also a leader of men.

It was one of those dreary February days of the late winter. There was no blue sky, and no high cumulus clouds drifted across wide horizons. It was the sort of day pilots hate, when cloud and sea merge into a grey, yielding blanket and a flight over the sea meant a lot of instrument work for the leader. It was bitterly cold; below the clouds the sea looked bleak and choppy—so cold

that a pilot would be dead in less than an hour unless he could be rescued. So choppy that the little dinghy fighter pilots carried would soon be awash.

Warnes led nine Typhoons to Harrowbeer at first light. From Harrowbeer they took off for a fighter sweep over France, but low snow clouds over the enemy coast made Warnes abandon the planned operation. Sooner than return empty handed they would keep low and have a look for enemy shipping to the west of the Channel Islands.

Disaster overtook the nine Typhoons when they were some ten miles west of Guernsey. They were still flying only a few feet above the sea in their wide, search formation, when the engine of the leading Typhoon cut and Warnes said:

"I'm going to ditch."

The eight pilots circled over their leader. One pilot climbed up a few hundred feet and gave a long Mayday transmission. Good fixes were obtained from the wireless receiving stations at Middle Wallop and Exeter.

A young Australian pilot, Flying Officer Tuff, who had been a member of the squadron for eight months, flew low over the ditched Typhoon and saw his squadron commander swimming towards what looked like a half-submerged dinghy. There was no flak. No enemy fighters. No sudden decision in the heat of battle. There was only the struggling man, who wore contact lenses, in the cold sea, the eight circling Typhoons, and Harrowbeer ninety miles away.

Tuff switched on his radio and said:

"I think the C.O's hurt and can't get to his dinghy. I'm going to bale out and help him!"

Someone said "Don't be a bloody fool." Back in the ops. room the controller heard some of the pilots' conversations and alerted the rescue organisation.

Tuff baled out. The visibility suddenly worsened, and although the Typhoons circled for another thirty minutes, neither pilot was ever seen again.

THE SOVEREIGN'S SQUADRON

Points Scored in the Summer Term

	'A' Sqn	'B' Sqn	'C' Sqn
Chimay Cup	3	9	6
Knocker Cup	1	7	4
Ferris Drill Trophy ..	8	5	2
	12	21	12

INTER-SQUADRON COMPETITION

Points Scored in the Summer Term

	'A' Sqn	'B' Sqn	'C' Sqn
Cricket	5	20	20
Tennis	10	2	6
Rowing	15	9	3
Swimming	2	10	6
Water Polo	2	10	6
Shooting	2	10	6
	36	61	47

STAFF APPOINTMENTS

The following appointments to the College Staff have been made since the last issue of *The Journal* went to press:

Headquarters: P.S.O. to the Commandant: Squadron Leader C. H. Macfie, D.F.C. College Medical Officer: Squadron Leader A. M. Hammerton-Fraser. College Records: Flight Lieutenant E. F. Lapham.

Cadet Wing: Cadet Wing Officer 'C' Squadron: Flight Lieutenant M. R. M. Thompson.

Flying Wing: Chief Flying Instructor: Group Captain W. T. Brooks, D.S.O., A.F.C. Officer Commanding No. 1 Squadron: Squadron Leader R. G. M. Burton. Officer Commanding No. 2 Squadron: Squadron Leader J. T. Newbould, A.F.C.

Flying Instructors: Flight Lieutenants W. A. Anderson, R. Garland, I. L. M. Johnston, A. C. F. Piers, D. M. A. Samuels, R. N. Taylor. Flying Officers J. H. M. Bever, M. J. Neil, J. Rawlinson, A. Turley. Valetta Flight: Flight Lieutenant R. H. Perkins. Air Traffic Control: Flight Lieutenant R. K. Hobbs.

Tutorial Wing: Senior Secretarial Instructor: Squadron Leader N. E. Bishop. Senior Engineering Instructor: Flight Lieutenant H. L. Taylor. Weapons Instructor: Flight Lieutenant W. P. Collins. Secretarial Instructor: Flight Lieutenant R. L. A. Roberts, D.F.M. Navigation Instructor: Flying Officer R. A. Montague.

Technical Wing: Squadron Leader G. Tombling, Flight Lieutenant J. Bascely, Pilot Officer D. Brown.

Administrative Wing: Roman Catholic Chaplain: The Reverend P. O'Donoghue.

DEPARTURES

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

Group Captain: D. J. Eayrs.

The Reverend J. J. Winstanley.

Squadron Leaders: J. E. Bazalgette, W. L. Clarke, H. M. Dean, V. E. M. Harding, F. Healey, M. Hoyle, R. Riseley-Pritchard.

Flight Lieutenants: J. D. Austin, G. Bradford, G. A. Francis D. Guthrie, R. W. Hall, G. L. James, G. H. Jarvis, G. G. Lee, C. B. Sercombe, H. S. Wardall.

Flying Officer: R. F. McLaren.



Heritage

*Were the sky to fade and silver edgings
Disappear from pale man's unseeing sight.
Were grass to rise to an ascendancy
As yet undreamt, and gently moving on
Cover the scars of poor humanity,
Then thus might Nature show herself
To be the true servant of a living God.
When all is done and yet another day
Shines forth upon such desolation may
The mist of Time's unceasing urgency*

*Fall to rest where man may never more be—
—But in spirit. Spirits of man shall
Ever move where once he had his dwelling place
And his own destruction wrought upon himself,
Yet life must be, and being, be a fullness,
Unfolding high horizons to a far end,
Which holds redemption for a darkened shadow.
He who would live to seek this understanding—
A stillness of prevention is his burden
The destiny of Faith his hands will affirm.*

B. J. B.

Portuguese Visit

Following the successful visit of a party of Flight Cadets to the Portuguese Military Academy in April 1956, a return visit was made by a party of two officers and ten cadets of the Escola do Exercito from 11th to 14th June 1956

IT was on Monday, 11th of June, on the South Airfield that the airliner bearing the Portuguese visitors arrived at 1600. The party was met by the Assistant Commandant, the C.F.I., the three Senior Under Officers, and the local linguist, Under Officer Blackford. After Customs' formalities, the party moved off by buses to the College and the Officers' Mess, which provided accommodation for the cadets and officers respectively.

Later on, in the evening, the party exchanged their foreign currency for a more acceptable type, and at once set themselves the not impossible task of buying up the Fancy Goods Store. Evidently the variety of goods offered suited their tastes, as they left with their pockets, previously heavy-laden with coins, bulging with chocolates and toffees.

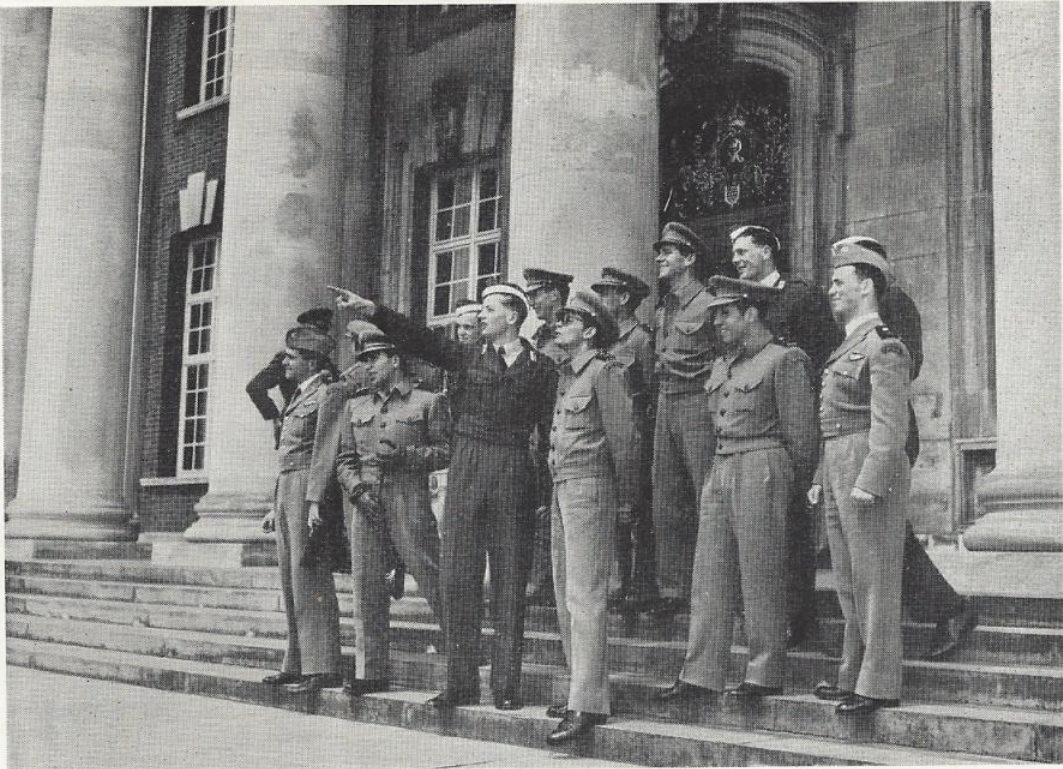
Next morning, Tuesday, many members of the College were greeted by a cheerful, if slightly foreign sounding, cry of "Good Morning." One of the outstanding memories that many members of the College will have in years to come is the extreme politeness and keen observance of small compliments that the Portuguese, in common with many other continental nations, have.

After breakfast, the party was taken on a tour of the College, which lasted the whole morning. As only one of the escorting guides could speak Portuguese, and

hardly any of the visitors could speak English, conversation proved difficult at first. Soon, however, both sides were conversing freely, or reasonably so, in a medium of which neither party had complete command but of which both parties had the outline—French. A few unprofessional sounding words, coloured by vivid and lively gestures, seemed to enable both sides to understand admirably. The visitors were impressed not only with the College buildings and the products of the College as depicted on various walls, but also with the gardens and lawns around the College. Green fields and hedges were paradise to them, as probably a burning hot desert would be to a native of Lincolnshire. Unfortunately they could not be convinced that grass just grew without any trouble. When they had experienced a mild form of Lincolnshire summer they decided that cracked and parched ground underfoot with a clear sky and hot sun were preferable to the wind, cloud and rain, even if it meant foregoing the pleasure of green lawns.

The College tour completed, the party lunched in the Main Hall, splitting up and mixing with the flight cadets as much as possible.

At 1330 the party left the College for a visit to R.A.F. Waddington for a glimpse of Britain's present and future



The Portuguese Cadets outside the College

bomber force. The Canberras proved to be a source of considerable interest and those members of the Portuguese party who were themselves pilots took a particular interest in the difference in cockpit layout between British and Portuguese aircraft, the latter being, of course, mostly American types. After inspecting the Canberras, the party went on to see the Vulcan O.C.U. and had lectures on the Vulcan and on the equipment which it carries. After having tea at Waddington, the party returned to Cranwell at 1715.

In the evening a guest night was held. The Dining Hall was unusually colourful as some of the Portuguese party wore a splendid uniform of scarlet and blue. The meal was off to a good start when melon appeared on the tables, and such a rare delicacy, eaten to harmonious melodies from the balcony, set a cheerful tempo for the remainder of the evening. After coffee had been served, speeches were exchanged, the most memorable being those made by Under Officer Blackford in Portuguese and by one of the Portuguese cadets in extremely good English. Both speeches ended in thunderous applause, and at the end of the speeches presentations were made. The Escola do Exercicio presented to the Royal Air Force College an inscribed silver platter to commemorate their visit, and in return were given a framed picture of the College. Directly after dinner, the custom of bouncing any unfortunate who happened to be celebrating his birthday was observed, to the amusement of all, including the victim.

Early next morning, too early for some, a demonstration of dinghy drill was given by members of 69 Entry, with the usual quota of unprovoked sub-aqua attacks. After the display, the visitors had an hour in the baths themselves, and thoroughly enjoyed it. At 0930 a happy, even if somewhat wet and exhausted party, made its way to the Vampire hangars. After looking over the aircraft, the

party was divided up for distribution amongst the squadrons. The rest of the morning was spent flying. All the visitors were given flights and although some fell victim to airsickness before even leaving the ground, all enjoyed their trips and were full of praise for the Vampires.

Lunch was taken on many an empty stomach and afterwards, allowing for a break in which to smoke their pungent cigarettes, the party was escorted to the gymnasium to watch the Knocker Cup competition. At the Escola do Exercicio, much time is devoted to physical training and it was feared that our efforts might not impress them, but although they had to admit that the exercises performed were not astounding, they warmly applauded the spirit and determination with which the competitors attacked the various obstacles.

Wednesday evening was spent in Lincoln with members of 69 Entry as guides. On the face of things, the visit appeared to have possibilities. A tour of the Cathedral had been arranged and this was duly completed. The party then had the remainder of the evening to themselves. As it turned out, it passed slowly and tediously for the most part and the majority were glad when the time came to return to the College.

Next morning, the 14th, the party assembled in the Main Hall at 0745. The Assistant Commandant and the hosts in the Senior Entry bade our visitors farewell as they boarded the buses which were to take them and a party of flight cadets to Cambridge and thence to Sandhurst. At 0800 the buses departed, taking with them a group of people who had, in the space of a few days, impressed themselves very favourably on the College. Let it be hoped that the kindness shewn to our own cadets earlier in the year has in some measure been repaid and that such exchange visits may occur at more frequent intervals in the future.



Cadets in the cockpit of a Vampire

THE AIR FORCE IN IRAQ

By

MARSHAL OF THE ROYAL AIR FORCE SIR JOHN M. SALMOND
G.C.B., C.M.G., C.V.O., D.S.O., D.C.L., LL.D.

This article first appeared in our Spring issue of 1926, reprinted by the courtesy of the R.U.S.I. Journal. Today, thirty years later, Sir John's article describes vividly two aspects of the background still vital to an understanding of the situation in the Middle East. Part II of 'The Air Force in Iraq' will be published in our next issue.

YOU will recollect we wrested Mesopotamia from the Turks during the Great War. Our essential interests at the head of the Persian Gulf and the Turco-German power to organize a Jihad extending from Arabia to the Indus compelled us to embark on this campaign.

The brilliant victories of General Townshend led to the tragedy of Kut. The tragedy of Kut engendered the determination to wipe out the effects of this setback and proceed to Baghdad. The fall of Baghdad and our operations round Mosul concluded the campaign and left us with the responsibility of that vast trackless desert region.

A manifesto by General Maude on entering Baghdad sets forth the undertaking of our responsibility towards the Arab natives of Mesopotamia, whom we had freed from the yoke of Turkish misrule after close upon 300 years.

During the course of the war, our Chairman, Sir Percy Cox, was Chief Political Officer to the Army Commander in Mesopotamia, and Civil Commissioner for internal affairs. As the personnel of the existing Turkish Administration always retired with the Turkish Army, it became his duty to establish Civil government under British Officers *pari passu* with our advance, whenever and wherever the military position had been sufficiently consolidated to admit of it.

On Sir Percy's deputation to Teheran in the autumn of 1918, the process was continued by his *locum tenens*, Sir A. T. Wilson, and developed after the Armistice. In 1920 a tribal rebellion having occurred which it cost a good deal of money to repress, His Majesty's Government and the British public began to think seriously of cutting their losses. In the result Sir Percy Cox was recalled from Persia to endeavour to set up national Arab Government under British guidance, as the only possible alternative to evacuation. On arrival in October, 1920, he established native government by a Council of Ministers under his own direction, and in 1921

the policy was further developed by the election of a King—in the person of Feisal, the third son of King Hussein, ex-ruler of the Hejaz.

The following year, Great Britain entered into Treaty relations with Iraq whereby we undertook to have the frontiers quickly delimited and to use our good offices to secure for Iraq membership of the League of Nations. On their side they bound themselves to abide by the advice of the High Commissioner in all matters international and financial, and, as a condition for membership of the League, to carry into effect the "Organic Law," which provides for a limited monarchy consisting of the King, a nominated senate of "elder statesmen," and an elected Legislative Assembly.

By a protocol of 1923 it was agreed that this Treaty should come to an end upon Iraq becoming a member of the League, and in any case not later than four years after the ratification of peace with Turkey. The Treaty of Lausanne was concluded in 1923, but this did not decide the northern frontier of Iraq, which was left to the decision of the League of Nations.

It seems to have always been, up to a few months ago, an expensive country to run, even in normal times. Under Turkish sovereignty before the war, no less than 40,000, all arms, were kept as a permanent garrison. After the war, in the normal period of 1921, it cost 21 millions for the garrison of Imperial Forces and Levies. But now, with Air Force in control, it costs 3-4 millions. It was primarily the expense entailed to the British taxpayer in keeping large garrisons on a depleted exchequer that led this country into consideration of means whereby these burdens might be lightened.

It was advanced that the Army garrison could not be further reduced without grave risk, and yet it was obvious that, unless we were going to relinquish our Mandate, a very substantial decrease in the garrison must be made.

On the horns of this dilemma, the then Colonial Secretary, with characteristic imagination, conceived the idea of controlling this vast

trackless area by aircraft, and summoned, in March, 1921, a conference at Cairo to discuss his proposal.

It was there decided that the Military Control of Iraq should be in the hands of an Air Officer who would have command of all Military and Air Forces, including Levies; that the garrison should consist of:

4 Battalions, 1 Pack Battery, 8 Squadrons R.A.F., 4 A.C. Coys., and 15,000 Irregulars.

The conditions under which it was considered that a garrison of this size could function were as follows:

- (a) The country should be free from organized rebellion, but liable to ordinary spasmodic disturbances.
- (b) That there should be no imminence of danger from external attack.

In October, 1922, the control passed from the Military authorities, in whose hands it had been for several years, to the Air Force.

Now the country for which the R.A.F. were taking responsibility is for the most part a vast alluvial plain, flat and completely stoneless, watered by the Euphrates and Tigris. The slope on this plain is so gradual that between Basra and Baghdad, a distance of 350 miles, the ground only rises about 100 feet. To the N. and N.E. it becomes more undulating till Kurdistan is reached, when it transforms to a country of high peaks and deep ravines similar to Switzerland or the N.W. Frontier.

There are no roads, only tracks which become impassable in wet weather. The most important of these are Baghdad to Basra along the Tigris, and Baghdad to Mosul and Baghdad to Ramadi on the outskirts of the Arabian Desert.

The two great rivers, Tigris and Euphrates, are navigable only for very shallow draught, and for ocean-going steamers to Basra, seventy miles up the Shatt-el-Arab.

The railway systems are Baghdad—Basra, metre gauge; Baghdad—Shergat, standard gauge; and Baghdad—Kifri, metre gauge. This latter is connected to the other metre gauge by waggon ferry. The Constantinople railway runs to within 200 miles of Mosul and Nisibin. You will notice how great the distances are:

Baghdad to Mosul	250 miles
Baghdad to Rowunduz via Mosul	350 miles
Baghdad to Rowunduz via Kifri	300 miles

and you must add on 350 miles to these distances, namely, the distance of Baghdad from its base Basra, whereas the total area of the country is 207,000 square miles, or four-fifths the size of France.

On my arrival to take over command I found a very different situation had arisen to that which had been anticipated for the Air Control of Iraq at the Cairo Conference.

Our relations with Turkey and their victory over the Greeks had brought us to the verge of war, and they were casting covetous eyes on their lost province of Mosul.

We had very definite indications that, should war break out, Mosul was most definitely one of their objectives. We calculated that within five weeks of the outbreak the Turks could bring 18,000, all arms, across the Mosul frontier.

There was a very distinct feeling throughout the country that we were not going to defend the vilayet, and this had encouraged the large number of pro-Turk agitators in Baghdad and throughout Iraq.

It was difficult to ascertain what the policy of H.B.M.'s Government was in this matter, but I could find no operational plan or any indication that it was intended to do otherwise than leave the enemy a free passage to his objective.

At what point that free passage would stop was a matter of conjecture, but one thing was quite clear—that, should the Mosul vilayet fall, the whole country would be against us and we should have had the utmost difficulty, if it were possible at all, to clear out to Basra.

In Kurdistan the situation had been deteriorating since 1919. For two years the Turks had been in occupation of Rowunduz, a place of great strategic importance by reason of its being the bottleneck through which roads from Turkey and Persia pass to this part of Kurdistan.

The upshot of various efforts by means of small Levy column to restore our prestige was that in September—the month previous to my taking control—a column consisting of Indian Infantry and a Pack Battery and a mixed force of Levies had suffered a reverse at Rania, followed by our evacuation of Sulimania and the surrounding district.

Consequently, Turkish prestige was very much in the ascendant in Kurdistan, and in Iraq Turkish intrigue was busy on this account and in anticipation of our relinquishing the vilayet of Mosul under pressure of Turkish victories on the Anatolian front.

It is clear that the situation on the borders of Iraq was far from that anticipated at the Cairo Conference.

In order to stem this rising tide of hostility which, breaking on our borders, was already lapping at the heart of Iraq, I felt that a forceful movement of some sort was necessary.

At hand I had an extremely mobile force in the shape of 8 Squadrons of R.A.F., whose power to show the flag, and if necessary something more drastic, had up till now never been fully tested.

It was obviously impossible to deal with the Turks over their border beyond Mosul, but in Kurdistan it was another matter. There they had encroached on our country to such an extent that during the month of my arrival they had reached and occupied Koisanjak, a town seventy miles within our border and only thirty miles from the line Erbil—Kirkuk, both of which were Administrative Headquarters of Government.

As their penetration into Kurdistan progressed it was the signal for all tribesmen to rally to their cause and openly to defy both British and Iraqi. It was admitted that, with Koi in hostile hands, government at Erbil and Kirkuk was impossible. Koisanjak, therefore, was heavily bombed from Mosul and Kirkuk for five days. The Turks retired and our Police Forces entered on their heels and have been there ever since.

This was followed by air action wherever Turkish posts were located and was kept up throughout the winter on a front of 100 miles.

Coincident with this, three small Levy columns were organized from Amadia, Akra and Bira Kapra. The object in sending out these columns was two-fold:

- (a) To clear the country and show the tribesmen we intended to exert our authority;
- (b) To accustom them to work with and get confidence in the co-operation of aircraft for a greater operation which I was planning for a later date.

They were successful in attaining the limited objects given.

Now, all these places are a very long way from Baghdad, speaking in terms of ground movements; but a few hours' flight kept one in constant touch with the progress of these operations, and, in the precarious state in which Kurdistan was then, that was of vital importance.

In the meanwhile, by December, 1922, relations between Great Britain and Turkey had become very strained and it seemed that war with Turkey

was probable. All detachments of regular troops had by now been drawn in, and only where absolutely necessary were they relieved by Levies, namely, at Erbil, Kirkuk, Khanakin. This line constituted our outpost line against the Turkish-run province of Kurdistan, which was rightfully ours.

The total garrison of the country stood at 10,000 Regulars and Levies (including 8 Squadrons, 4 Armoured Car Companies, 4 Defence Vessels, R.A.F.), and 5,000 Iraq Army.

Of these we had at Mosul—1 Ind. Battalion, 2 Batteries, 1 Squadron R.A.F., 1 A.C. Coy., and a small body of Levies and Arab Army.

The Turkish frontier is ninety miles from Mosul, and we knew that for five months she had been concentrating troops and that within five weeks of the outbreak of war she could concentrate 18 Turkish divisions for an advance on Mosul.

It had become necessary to decide whether, as had been envisaged in the past, we were to take what might appear to be the safe course, namely, retire from Mosul the small garrison we had there, which was obviously incapable of undertaking serious operations against a large force, and to delay the advance with the bulk of the Air Forces which were in the country, or to adopt a forward policy.

In reply to various communications from home, outlining a retirement from Mosul and the close defence of Baghdad, I sent the following cable, which gives all the reasons for adopting a forward policy:

"With reference to your letter No. S.1808/S.6 of November 1st, in this letter it is suggested that H.M. Government views with apprehension the forward offensive policy that is to be adopted in the event of Turkish aggression, and, further, that this policy may have to be considerably modified to one of defence in closer proximity to Baghdad. I wish to make the following remarks:—If, on an advance of Turkish forces, the Mosul area is abandoned, the consequence may prove disastrous to Iraq, as in all probability the whole country will rise against us. The advance of a Turkish Army of two or three divisions could be delayed, but not prevented, by the effect of air action alone from Mosul. The inhabitants would take the sight of troops retiring from Mosul as a sign of defeat; the news of this, magnified a hundred-fold, would at once spread from Mosul to Basra. Air action would cease as the last troops left Mosul until the advancing enemy came within striking distance of an air base further South. Baghdad is the nearest base to Mosul from which any considerable concentration of air action could be effected. Every hostile element, in the meantime, would have raised its banner, around which, at the news of the defeat of the British, all those who are now sitting on the fence would gather. This state of affairs would be aggravated by

the sight of our supply dumps burning at Mosul and the retirement of the existing garrison therefrom. The march of this small force to Baghdad, under these circumstances, which are not overstated, would become an operation of extreme difficulty. Further, the Erbil—Kirkuk—Khanakin line becomes exposed when we retire from Mosul. The abandonment of this line would then follow as a necessary corollary, held, as it is, with the minimum of Levy troops. Kurdistan would, therefore, be left to the Turk, and the reaction of this on the tribes between the above-mentioned line and the Tigris would have an anarchic effect. Baghdad would follow suit, and although the inhabitants of the city would be influenced by a closer defence of strongly defended points, as the enemy's advance drew near only a small proportion of troops could be spared for the city itself; a situation of which full advantage would be taken. Communications would almost entirely cease between Baghdad and Basra, as the railway track would certainly be torn up, leaving the river as the only line.

The following are the advantages of a forward policy as defined:

1. North of Mosul and on the line of probable enemy advance the country on the left bank of the Tigris lends itself to a protracted defence and to counter-offensive against an enemy force equal or slightly superior to the one it is proposed to maintain there.

2. The terrain is eminently suited to rearguard action in case of an advance of greatly superior enemy numbers. Mosul would be one of the bounds in such a rearguard action, which would be continued, if necessary, to Baghdad and Basra. Unless it is the intention of H.M. Government to dispatch reinforcements, it is not proposed that the force should remain at Baghdad to become invested.

3. Owing to the early intelligence provided by the Air Forces, the probability of our forces being cut off is infinitesimal.

4. At intervals, behind a retiring force of these dimensions, a much larger concentration of Air Forces can be made than behind a force, carrying out a similar operation, of the size of the existing garrison at Mosul.

5. Our prestige amongst the tribes will be enhanced and the morale of our troops raised by the initial move North.

6. The germs of success are contained in this policy in that there is every possibility of severely hammering the enemy's advanced *échelon* to such an extent, while his base at Jezireh-Ibn-Omar and the remainder of his body are being dealt with by the Air Forces co-operating, that he might never recover. I would request that the above appreciation be carefully considered before I submit an alternative scheme as required in your letter under discussion, since, with the numbers of forces under my command at present, I see no prospects of success in any other alternative. It is most essential that I should know the approximate numbers of reinforcements, if any, which H.M. Government have in mind, and the date on which the first *échelon* should reach Basra after the outbreak of war, if I am to consider further the close defence indicated. H.E. the High Commissioner is in agreement with this summary of the situation."

The reply received to this was that I must count on no reinforcements. But the forward policy was supported later to the fullest possible extent.

On January 23rd orders were issued for the forward movement, and a fortnight later a force of:

6 Battalions, 2 Batteries—Regular; 1 Battalion, 1 Regiment, 1 Battery—Levies; 2 Cavalry Regiments, 1 Battery—Iraq Army, was concentrated at Mosul as a mobile striking force under Col.-Comdt. Vincent. This force was accompanied by 5 Squadrons and 1 A.C. Company R.A.F.

The remainder of the Levies, under Col.-Comdt. Dobbin, with the exception of 1 Battalion at Nasaryah, together with 1 Coy. A.C. and 1 Squadron R.A.F., were formed into a Frontier Force to protect the right flank. A tribal force of 2,000 Cavalry and Camelry were formed at El Hadhr, and King Feisal put his entire army under my command.

The effect of this forward move was instantaneous: it settled the doubts of all waverers and dealt a serious blow to Turkish propaganda.

Col. Vincent adopted a policy of great activity, manœuvring, marching and counter-marching, while Squadrons of R.A.F. swept the frontier daily from end to end.

If reported rumours of our strength may be believed, we had no less than an Army Corps and Air Forces of immense strength ready to receive our enemies. In any event, it effectually put a stop to any idea of a *coup de main* on Mosul.

Now it was fully realized that, should hostilities break out, the forces at Mosul were strategically in a difficult position. As it was not the intention that they should engage greatly superior enemy forces, at the risk of becoming involved, certain factors now to be considered acted to minimize this risk.

Our command of the air, so often relative, was in this case absolute, for the enemy had little chance at the outset of concentrating any aircraft against us.

The nature of the ground did not lend itself in any way to the concealment of moving forces from air observation, and the chance that a force too formidable for us to engage could be concentrated against us without our knowledge was negligible.

(To be concluded)



OLD CRANWELLIAN NOTES

HONOURS AND AWARDS

WE congratulate the following Old Cranwellians who received honours and awards in the Birthday Honours List:

K.C.B.: Air Marshal R. B. Jordan (1921);
Air Marshal T. N. McEvoy (1923).

K.B.E.: Air Marshal R. L. R. Atcherley (1922);
Air Marshal G. E. Nicholetts (1921).

C.B.: Air Vice-Marshal F. G. S. Mitchell (1920);
Air Vice-Marshal J. N. T. Stephenson (1926);
Air Commodore H. Eeles (1929);
Air Commodore D. W. R. Ryley (1924);
Group Captain J. D. Melvin (1933).

C.B.E.: Group Captain D. P. Hanafin (1932).

APPOINTMENTS

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

Air Mshl H. L. Patch (1925) to be C.-in-C.
M.E.A.F.

Air Mshl W. L. Dawson (1920) to be Inspector
General of the Royal Air Force.

A.V.M. G. I. V. Saye (1926) to be A.O.C.
19 Group.

Air Cdre H. Eeles (1929) to Air Ministry.

Air Cdre R. C. Field (1927) to be A.O.A.
Home Command.

Air Cdre D. Finlay (1933) to Air Ministry.

Air Cdre S. J. Marchbank (1932) to the staff of
N.A.T.O. Defence College.

Gp Capt H. E. C. Boyer (1933) to command
R.A.F. Thorney Island.

Gp Capt A. Pyke (1930) to command R.A.F.
Winthorpe.

Gp Capt H. G. Leonard-Williams (1930) to
Headquarters 90 Group.

Gp Capt G. H. H. Proctor (1926) to command
R.A.F. Weeton.

Gp Capt G. G. Barrett (1927) to Air Ministry.

Gp Capt R. T. Frogley (1935) to Air Ministry.

Gp Capt C. V. D. Willis (1936) to command
R.A.F. Nuneham Park.

Gp Capt M. H. Rhys (1932) to command
South Cerney.

Gp Capt J. E. Grindon (1935) to command
R.A.F. Honington.

Gp Capt R. G. Stone (1931) to command
R.A.F. Melksham.

Gp Capt W. Pitt-Brown (1936) to command
R.A.F. Linton-on-Ouse.

Gp Capt C. C. Morton (1930) to Air Ministry.

Wg Cdr J. R. Armitstead (1937) to H.Q.
Coastal Command.

Wg Cdr P. R. ap Ellis (1935) to R.A.F. Weeton.

Wg Cdr J. O. Barnard (1936) to H.Q. Transport
Command.

Wg Cdr I. G. MacKay (1931) to H.Q. Allied
Air Forces, Northern Europe.

Wg Cdr I. R. Campbell (1939) to the staff of
Northern Sector.

Wg Cdr R. W. Pye (1938) to Air Ministry.

Wg Cdr J. E. Preston (1937) to R.A.F. St. Eval.

Wg Cdr C. W. McN. Newman (1936) to
H.Q. Southern Sector.

RETIREMENTS

For health reasons the following Old Cranwellians have resigned their commissions:

Fg Off G. D. Hammans (1948).

Plt Off M. A. Moore (1952).

R.A.F. Odiham—Fg Off Tomlin (1952).

R.A.F. Bassingborn—Fg Off B. N. St. C. Turner (1952).

R.A.F. Nicosia—Fg Offs R. A. Jackson (1952), J. N. Sawyer (1952).

R.A.F. Abingdon—Fg Off P. J. Welby (1952).

NEWS

Since the last issue of *The Journal* we have heard from the following Old Cranwellians:

R.A.F. Jever—Fg Offs P. A. Barrow (1952), J. D. C. Hawtin (1953), P. F. Hunwick (1953)

R.A.F. Lyneham—Fg Off T. A. M. Bond (1952).

R.C.A.F. Winnipeg—Fg Off A. M. Chandler (1952) on the navigators' course.

R.A.F. Ternhill—Fg Off A. R. Craig (1952).

R. A. F. Coltishall—Fg Offs E. W. Gosling (1952), D. J. Pugh (1952).

R.A.F. Honington—Fg Offs L. G. Hall (1952), R. A. C. Goldring (1952).

R.A.F. Waddington—Fg Off B. B. Heywood (1952).

R.A.F. Binbrook—Fg Off C. A. Herbert (1952).

R.A.F. Aldergrove—Fg Off A. L. Willings (1952).

R.A.F. Topcliffe—Fg Offs P. M. Papworth (1952), J. C. Waters (1952).

R.A.F. Akrotiri—Fg Offs L. R. Morgan (1952), C. G. Richardson (1952).

R.A.F. Oakington—Fg Off D. J. Hollis (1952).

R.A.F. Waterbeach—Fg Off J. D. Hutchinson (1952).

R.A.F. West Malling—Fg Off B. H. Jones (1952).

R.A.F. Stradishall—Fg Off B. R. Kent (1952).

R.A.F. Pembroke Dock—Fg Off M. J. Mathews (1952).

R.A.F. Wymeswold—Fg Offs R. W. Millward (1952), B. A. Weedon (1952).

R.A.F. Oldenburg—Fg Offs R. T. F. Snare (1952), D. N. Cousins (1952), N. J. R. Walpole (1952).

* * *

We congratulate the following Old Cranwellians on their recent marriages:

Fg Off P. J. Welby, married on 12th May, 1956.

Fg Off B. H. Jones, married on 1st September, 1956.

Fg Off J. F. H. Marriott, married in June, 1956.

Fg Off E. W. Gosling and on the birth of a son, Jeremy Paul.

Fg Off B. A. Weedon and on the birth of a son, Simon Andrew.

* * *

We record, with deep regret, the deaths of Flt Lts I. Gordon-Johnson (1947), C. M. Harcourt (1949) and Fg Offs C. J. Miller (1952), J. A. Campbell (1952), C. Richmond (1953), and C. Pearson (1952). We offer our sincere sympathy to the relatives and friends of these officers.

* * *

Annual Reunion

The annual reunion of the Old Cranwellian Association was held on Saturday, 23rd June. One hundred and three members were present and the guest of honour was the Earl of Ancaster, the Lord Lieutenant of Lincolnshire. Cricket and tennis matches were played in the afternoon, and the annual general meeting took place before dinner. After dinner the Vice-President of the Association proposed the toast of The Guests. In his reply Lord Ancaster made particular reference to the part played by the College in the county, especially the Beagles and the Band.

The Psychological Approach

I WALKED out of the hospital a changed man. This was literally true. I was as different from the wreck that had entered a few months previously as repentance is from passion.

Dr Pilgrim-Norris, who had alone been the cause of my metamorphosis came to see me off. He had tears in his eyes as he clasped my hand and told me that I was now completely cured.

'You have been our greatest success,' he said ecstatically. 'I have never, in all my 20 years as a psychologist, found a patient who has responded as readily as you. My life's work has at last been rewarded. My only disappointment is that you will not change your mind and stay here as an exhibit to encourage all those who suffer from neuroses to come and be cured. I can just envisage the glorious day when all those people who imagine they are normal come here and have their inhibitions, complexes, repressions and neuroses extracted painlessly, like teeth.'

'You mean,' I said eagerly, 'that I am, psychologically speaking, "the perfect human being"?''

'You are,' he said. 'Of course we psychologists are not always in agreement. Viewpoints differ.' He smiled apologetically. 'But you can rest assured that whatever was wrong with you has been put right. You no longer suffer from compressing inhibitions and complexes. You are not ashamed of your impulses or afraid to assert yourself.'

'Will people like the new me?' I enquired.

'A certain percentage must obviously resent you but you can rest assured that you are the only man in all England if not the whole world, who has no complexes and is completely uninhibited,' he grinned affably.

'Thanks awfully,' I said and with that I brought my stick down on Dr Pilgrim-Norris's egg-shaped head.

I have always detested eggs and Dr Pilgrim-Norris—but now the impulse was satisfied.

I had been longing to do it for some time. I hadn't suppressed the desire but merely postponed it until the ideal moment had arrived.

I marched briskly away without even bothering to see if the yolk inside his head was addled.

I journeyed away by train. I hadn't any money and therefore no ticket (brilliant deduction). It took them three days to find the body of the ticket collector in the left-luggage office.

There was a child in my compartment alternately screaming and drooling. It annoyed me and I dropped it out of the window as we were crossing the Thames.

'That's much better, isn't it?' I smiled to its mother. 'I bet you've often wanted to do just that yourself. You shouldn't suppress these desires, you know. Why don't you go along to the clinic? They'll fix you up in no time at all.'

She, silly woman, became hysterical. But she wasn't any trouble.

At last we arrived at Finchley station. I spotted a blonde on the platform and skipped out after her. I had always been too ashamed, or afraid, to do things like that before going to the clinic but now it seemed so natural and easy, but she just stood there with a frozen expression on her face and shrieked.

'You're repressed and inhibited,' I chided her. 'You should go to the clinic and get fixed up.'

By now a lot of people started to gather and get rough with me. As there was a lot of talk about the police, I battered my way out, not that I was in the slightest bit scared of the police, and jumped on a Dover train that was just pulling out.

I sat down between a vinegary, pinched, middle-aged woman and a portly, sneezing, business man.

I turned to the woman and tried to start a conversation.

'How far are you going? It's hot isn't it? Where have you been? How old are you? Are you married? Where do you live? Are you able to afford a car? Does your husband come home late at night and beat you? Do your children annoy you? Don't you wish you had gone on the films at an early age as Dracula's daughter?'

I was full of the most genuine concern but she gave a terrified whinney and rushed out of the compartment and down the corridor.

I turned to the man. 'Have you seen the papers today? It's a long way to Dover isn't it? What is your work? Have you ever traded in stolen cars? I didn't think much of the woman who just went out. She wouldn't have been much fun on a works' outing. Or perhaps she was your wife? Do you buy magazines to read or to look at the photographs? How much do you earn? Do you manage to live within your means? Do you take your secretary. . . .'

People are so interesting; but he just gasped, 'Oh my God!' and shrank into the corner as if I had attacked him with a club.

In time I wandered down to the buffet car and ordered a drink. I didn't have any money. I've always wanted to steal and sitting next to the bar was a dowager type of woman covered with bracelets, rings, brooches and all sorts of jewellery. I opened her handbag, took out her purse and removed a pound.

'I only took as much as I needed,' I smiled as I gave her back her purse. But she started to make a fuss of me and acted so silly that I thought it might cool her down if I poured my drink over her, which I did, when it arrived.

However, it wasn't very amusing so I went further along the corridor.

In one compartment was a soldier asleep with a tommy gun beside him. I've always been fascinated by firearms—Dr P-N said we were all pyromaniacs at heart—so I loaded up and went out. I couldn't think of anyone I wanted to shoot just then but if an egg-shaped head had appeared the temptation would have been irresistible.

I thought of where I could work off old desires and hatreds, of where I could have most fun with my new toy. Certainly not here. Anyway, I was bored with the Dover train and the next stop wasn't for some miles. Suddenly I had to get out. I pulled the communication cord, then moved into a First Class compartment as the train jerked to a halt. A portly man sat there. 'It's a stick-up. Give me six quid please!' I said. He was engrossed with his crossword and absently handed me his wallet.

Just then the guard ran down the corridor 'Who pulled it?' he said and nodded at the looped cord. I held out the sheaf of notes and stuffed them into the hand of the surprised guard. 'Penalty £5,' I said, 'and one for yourself.'

I hopped off before he could argue and set off with my tommy-gun at the ready.

After a while it became a little hot. I took my jacket off and threw it away. About a mile further on it was hotter still so I took off my shirt. As I walked on women ran screeching in front of me as if they had never seen a half-naked man before. Poor inhibited creatures.

I came to a tobacconist's with a queue outside. The queue annoyed me. You'd think they would disperse at the sight of a semi-nude man with a tommy-gun. But they just stood there like a bunch of cows. I flicked off the safety catch and mowed them down—rat-tat-tat-tat. Never laughed so much in all my life.

I found a new D.B.2.4 outside a garage and jumped in and drove off. I gloried in my feeling of superiority and complete lack of guilt as I drove through the town in my hairy chest.

I turned the car towards London and let her rip. We were doing a hundred and twenty when things went black.

When I awoke I was surrounded by policemen and doctors—this pleased me, I've always liked being the centre of attraction.

I eventually appeared in court where they charged me with murder, assault and battery, robbery with violence, defrauding and wilfully obstructing officials of British Railways, extortion, carrying firearms without a licence, common larceny, assault, trespass, stealing a motor vehicle, driving without a licence, driving while not insured, driving without due care and attention and infanticide.

'Do you plead guilty?' they asked.

'I have no feelings of guilt,' I replied scornfully, 'Dr Pilgrim-Norris removed them all.'

At the mention of Dr P-N they all nodded wisely and presently the Doctor was brought in, his head swathed in bandages. His usual affable manner was masked by an air of sadness. I, who had been his life's work, psychology carried to its logical conclusion, had been a complete failure.

He explained the whole situation and presently I found myself back at the clinic, where they started pumping complexes and inhibitions back into me. Only this morning a plain middle-aged nurse was showing half an inch of lace and I blushed hotly.

They keep on telling me they want me to be a good citizen. It seems they might let me out again. . . .

J.C.

QUERNSEY GAMBIT

OR A CRANWELL CREW ON A CRUISE

CHAPTER I

'WHO PINCHED THE SEA?'

WE NEVER FOUND OUT who stole the water from Salcombe harbour and left our dinghy suspended from the harbour wall by its painter. As we pushed the boat over the hundred yards of cold wet mud towards the even colder foot of water which the thief had generously left, the Tinned Sea Water Company was floated. (One can now buy sea water in half-pint cans for this sort of predicament.)

When the doubtful foot of water was reached, the two Jacks who were not in the dinghy but were propelling it slowly and hopefully towards deeper water, were delighted when Smooth Mike in the sharp end with a pocket torch announced that the things which moved when stepped upon really were crabs. How unfortunate was the ship not to lose seven members of the crew the first night remained to be seen.

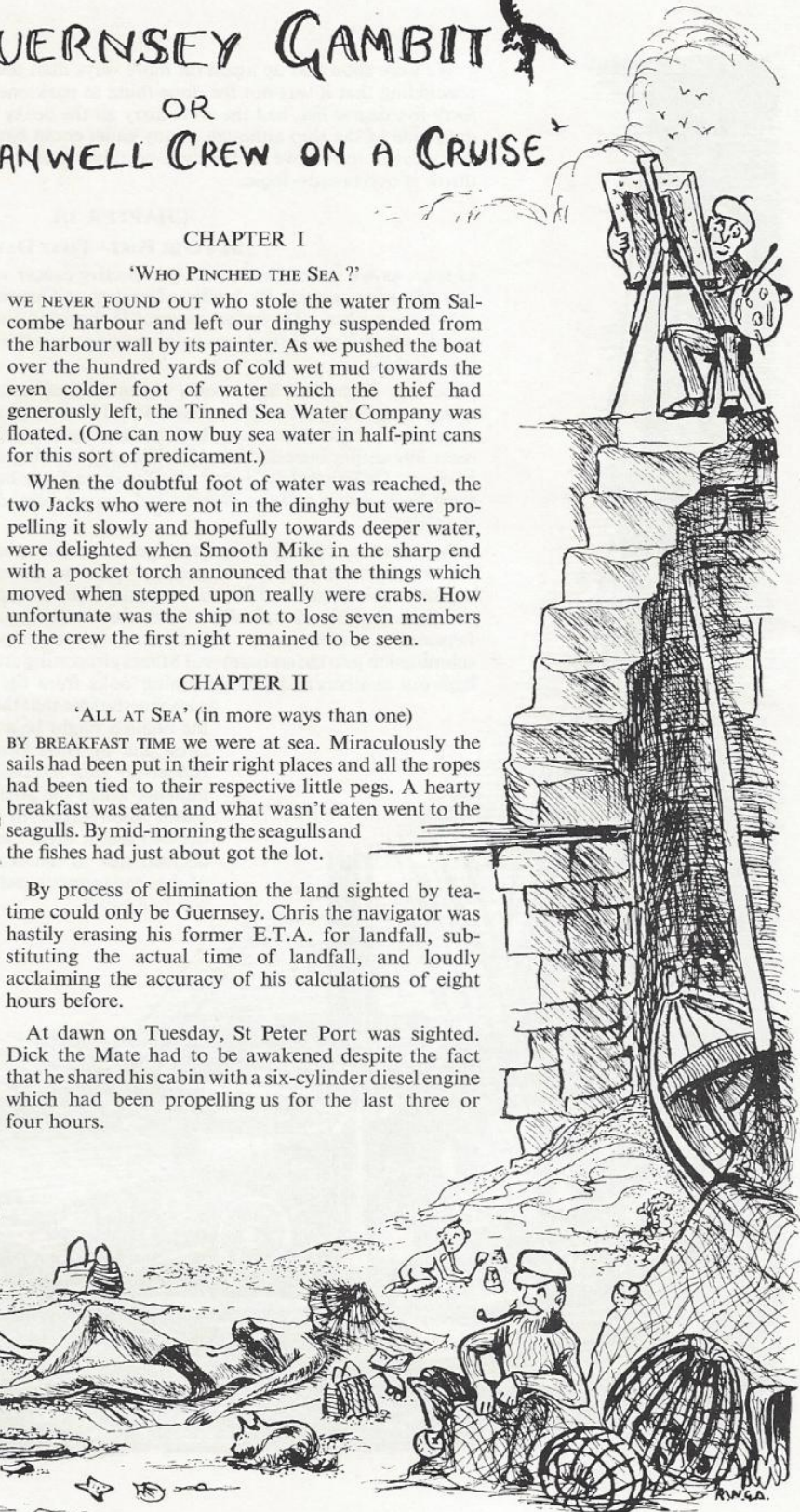
CHAPTER II

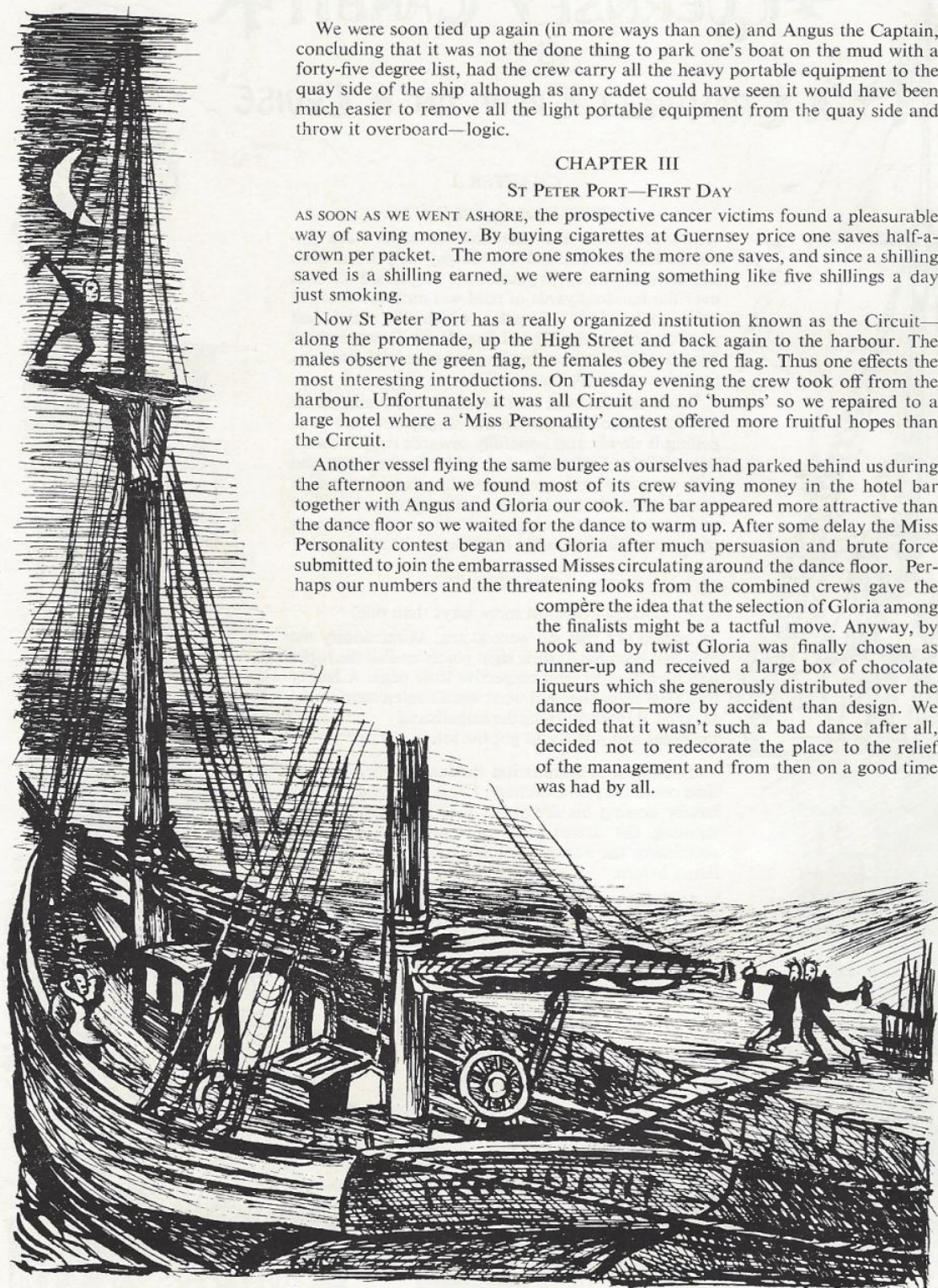
'ALL AT SEA' (in more ways than one)

BY BREAKFAST TIME we were at sea. Miraculously the sails had been put in their right places and all the ropes had been tied to their respective little pegs. A hearty breakfast was eaten and what wasn't eaten went to the seagulls. By mid-morning the seagulls and the fishes had just about got the lot.

By process of elimination the land sighted by tea-time could only be Guernsey. Chris the navigator was hastily erasing his former E.T.A. for landfall, substituting the actual time of landfall, and loudly acclaiming the accuracy of his calculations of eight hours before.

At dawn on Tuesday, St Peter Port was sighted. Dick the Mate had to be awakened despite the fact that he shared his cabin with a six-cylinder diesel engine which had been propelling us for the last three or four hours.





We were soon tied up again (in more ways than one) and Angus the Captain, concluding that it was not the done thing to park one's boat on the mud with a forty-five degree list, had the crew carry all the heavy portable equipment to the quay side of the ship although as any cadet could have seen it would have been much easier to remove all the light portable equipment from the quay side and throw it overboard—logic.

CHAPTER III

ST PETER PORT—FIRST DAY

AS SOON AS WE WENT ASHORE, the prospective cancer victims found a pleasurable way of saving money. By buying cigarettes at Guernsey price one saves half-a-crown per packet. The more one smokes the more one saves, and since a shilling saved is a shilling earned, we were earning something like five shillings a day just smoking.

Now St Peter Port has a really organized institution known as the Circuit—along the promenade, up the High Street and back again to the harbour. The males observe the green flag, the females obey the red flag. Thus one effects the most interesting introductions. On Tuesday evening the crew took off from the harbour. Unfortunately it was all Circuit and no 'bumps' so we repaired to a large hotel where a 'Miss Personality' contest offered more fruitful hopes than the Circuit.

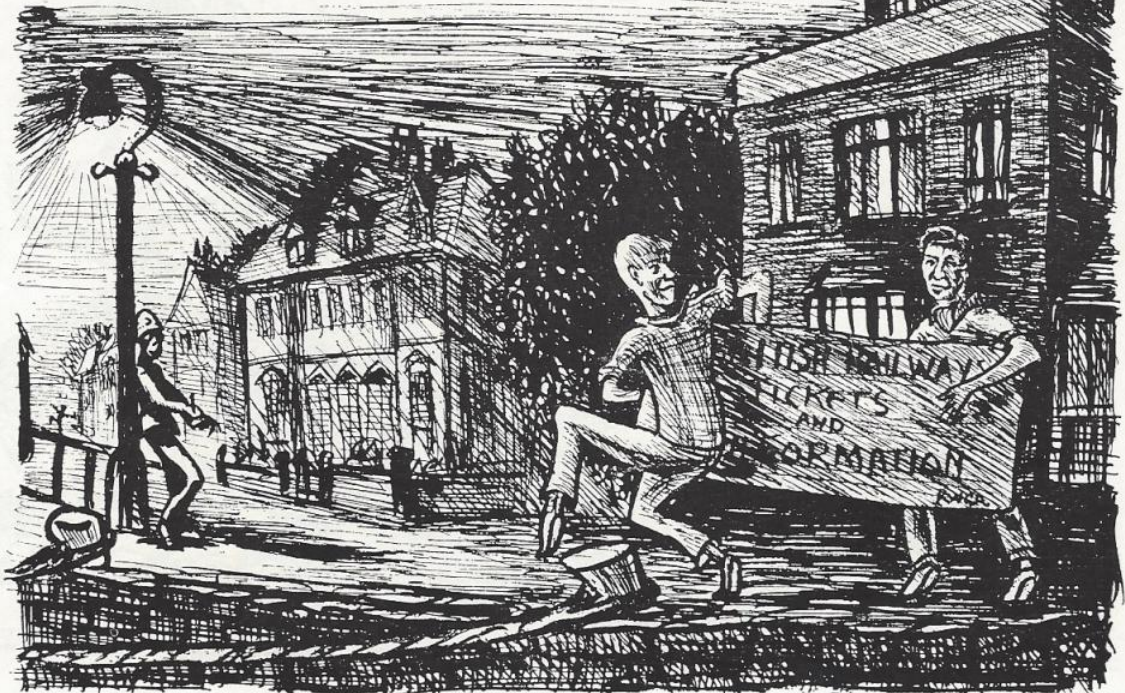
Another vessel flying the same burgee as ourselves had parked behind us during the afternoon and we found most of its crew saving money in the hotel bar together with Angus and Gloria our cook. The bar appeared more attractive than the dance floor so we waited for the dance to warm up. After some delay the Miss Personality contest began and Gloria after much persuasion and brute force submitted to join the embarrassed Misses circulating around the dance floor. Perhaps our numbers and the threatening looks from the combined crews gave the compère the idea that the selection of Gloria among the finalists might be a tactful move. Anyway, by hook and by twist Gloria was finally chosen as runner-up and received a large box of chocolate liqueurs which she generously distributed over the dance floor—more by accident than design. We decided that it wasn't such a bad dance after all, decided not to redecorate the place to the relief of the management and from then on a good time was had by all.

It was midnight when we emerged from the hotel and the suggestion of a party to be held on our own ship was acclaimed. Accordingly both crews negotiated the vertical ladder on to our dear ship. On entering the saloon we saw a somnolent Bob snoring in the port lower. Now nobody begrudged Bob his sleep (unlike certain tutors), but after all he was sleeping on top of the locker which contained the beer. Hence the guardian of the bar had to be aroused. The party was a great success, particularly a duet from Angus and Gloria. The attempts to dance in the confined space were not quite so successful. At about two in the morning the revelry ceased—ostensibly—and the visiting crew experienced some difficulty in ascending the ladder to the quay.

CHAPTER IV

ST PETER PORT—SECOND DAY

ABOUT TEN THE CREW AWOKE—with headaches caused not only by the sudden contact of soft heads on hard beams. Once again we sunbathed in the hot sun—and this barely sixty miles from England—then roamed around the town where the Circuit was once more fruitless, and finished up in the evening at the hotel of the previous evening's entertainment. The attraction this time was a Talent Competition. Angus, Gloria and John, our commodore passenger, were already deep in the 'save money campaign.' Our numbers were now somewhat depleted and only four bachelors remained. The competition started and was exceedingly entertaining. Item No. 8 was not quite so funny for the compère announced that a group of Cranmore cadets (his error) would now entertain. Four distinctly shaken cadets turned to find Angus and Gloria deep in hysterics, but, *per ardua*, there was no retreat. It was carefully explained to the compère that we did not wish to deprive the previous entertainers of their chance of winning and with alcoholic bravado gave a solemn if tone-deaf rendering of 'Two Big Black Crows,' carefully omitting any words which might have given the wrong impression. In all modesty it brought down the house, and to our surprise we were rewarded at the end of the competition with a half-bottle of champagne, which the other three had difficulty in viewing due to Chris's distrustful protection. If the previous evening had been enjoyable this proved to be an even greater success and we were soon dancing to



'When the Cranwell cadets (now corrected for better or worse) come marching in.' Finally a trio of young Scots were escorted back to the ship which they had expressed a desire to see.

They said they didn't smoke or drink—a state of affairs which was speedily corrected and for the second time Bob was aroused from his slumber. The revelry ended around one o'clock when one of the Scots said they had about a mile or two to walk to their hotel. Perhaps Guernsey is an island, but six miles footwear and three hours later a weary and footsore Dick, Chris, Jim and Alan returned to the sea-front.

Now souvenirs needn't be bought in shops, and a large red British Railways sign stating that this was the Tickets and Information Office could be put to better use. Accordingly two cadets, who must remain anonymous, rapidly removed it and carried it the odd mile along the sea-front to where the ship was parked and where also stood a most convenient Gentlemen's. The latter seemed to be the ideal object on which to hang our trophy and anyway we were leaving next morning. The problem of how to hang the sign was creating some difficulty when official footsteps were heard and the local constable appeared. The following dialogue took place:

'What do you think you're doing?'—an awkward silence.

'Just creating a bit'—very quietly.

'You'd better put it back.'

'What, walk all that way?'

'It's further to the police sta—'

'We'll put it back!'

'I saw you take it—you can't get away with a thing like that.'

Offended tone—'Well you might have told us then!'

Two strangely hushed amateur sailors began the long walk back to the railway office. Arriving at their destination the smaller climbed on the back of the larger and with the constant risk of dropping the sign and decapitating the larger, the smaller endeavoured to return the notice to its original position. At this stage official footsteps were again heard and the voice said:

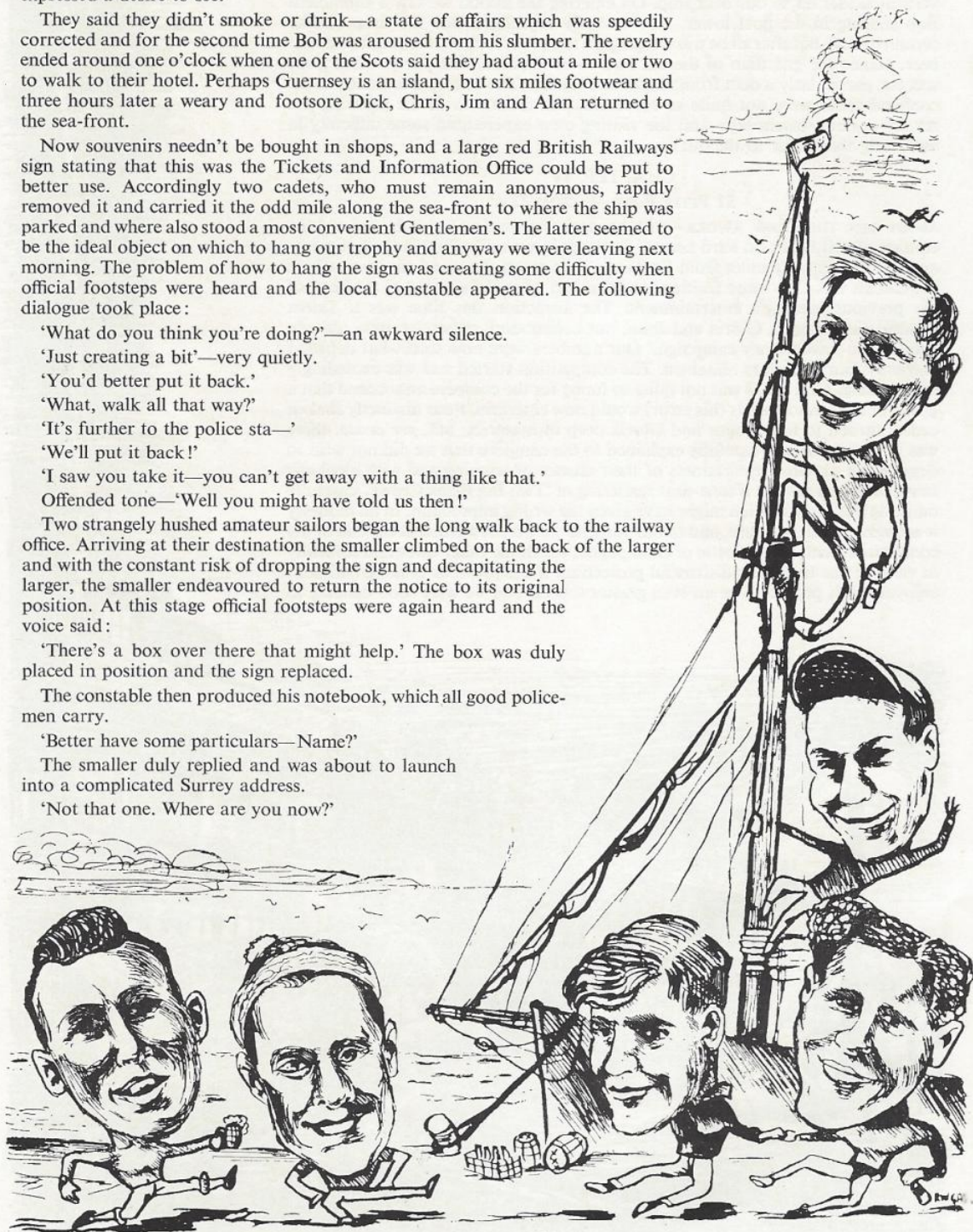
'There's a box over there that might help.' The box was duly placed in position and the sign replaced.

The constable then produced his notebook, which all good policemen carry.

'Better have some particulars—Name?'

The smaller duly replied and was about to launch into a complicated Surrey address.

'Not that one. Where are you now?'



'(Name of ship)

'That's the one in the harbour?'

'Yes.'

The process was then repeated with the larger. Finally—

'I'd better have the name of the captain.'

'Angus Primrose.'

The rise of the constable's eyebrows was phenomenal. However, he said nothing.

'Where are you bound for?'

'Don't know'—true if unhelpful.

'Hm—Middle East I hope.' A subtle joke on the shortage of Suez Canal pilots—we thought. 'I suppose you're students?'

'Yes students,' very quickly.

'I suppose I was doing this sort of thing when I was your age—Good night.'

'Good night, Constable.'

The walk back to the ship was made by two very subdued cadets. The other two were awaiting the criminals' arrival in the saloon which was soon filled with repressed hysterics. We left St Peter Port next morning.

CHAPTER V

FRIDAY, 10TH AUGUST

'THOSE QUIANT OLD ENGLISH CUSTOMS'

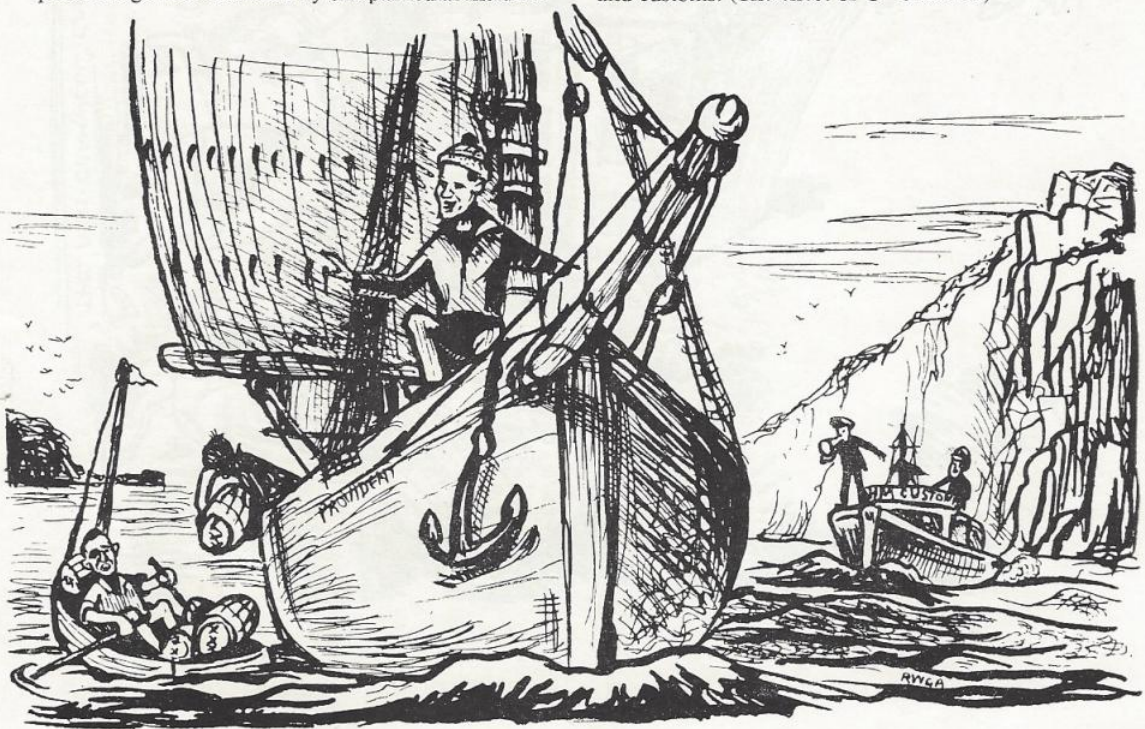
THE TRIP HOME was a repetition of the outbound voyage. Chris's E.T.A. proved astoundingly correct, the sea-gulls and fishes were fed at regular intervals and the proceedings were enlivened by one particular incident.

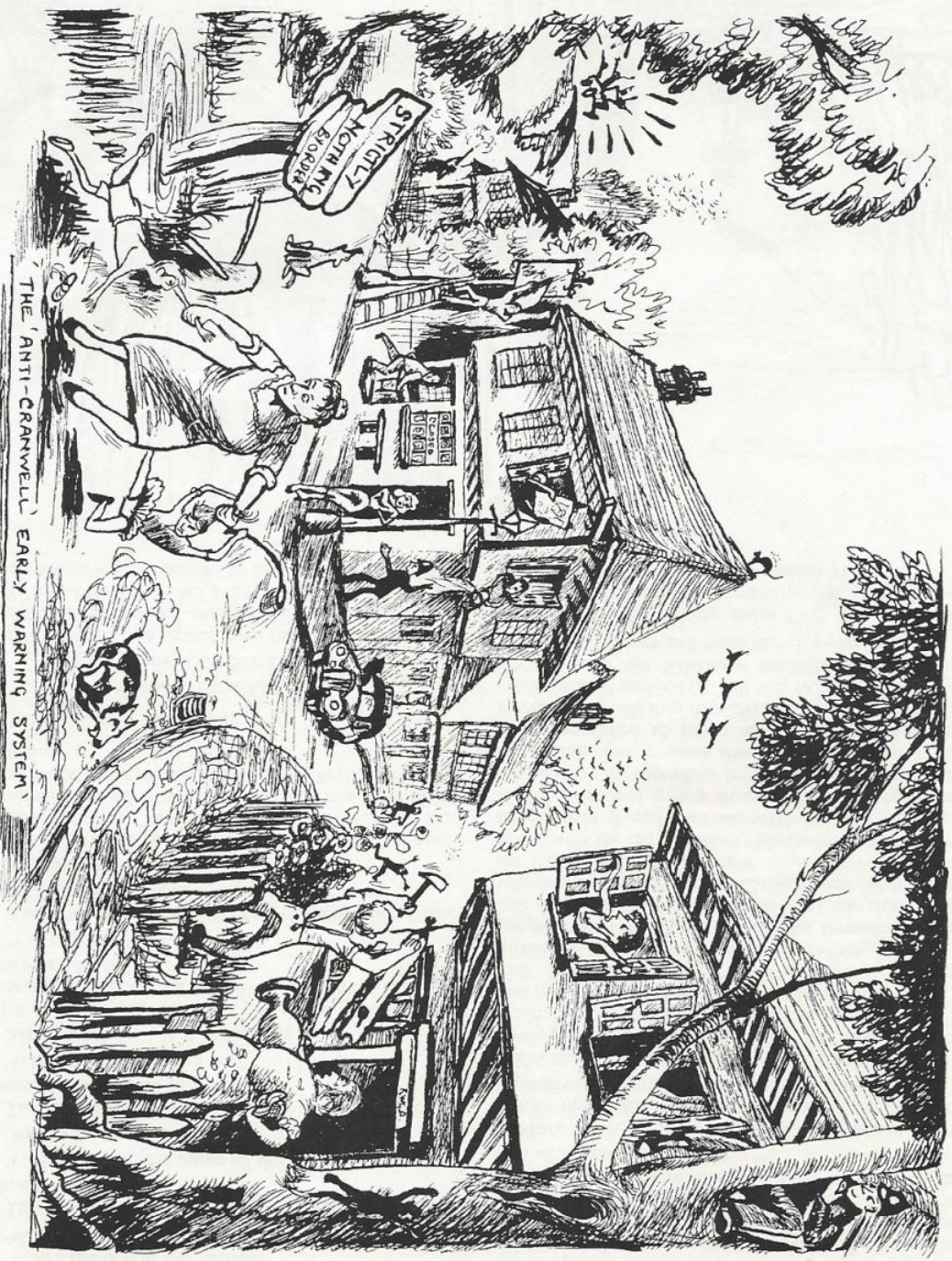
Alan, blocking the companionway in a search for Chris's pencil which was somewhere on the floor, was mildly surprised when on sitting to allow Chris and his lunch to pass by, he received a torrent of abuse. Surely the pencil was not that valuable! However, on standing up he found most of Chris's dinner attached to the seat of his jeans.

More by luck than judgment we reached Dartmouth that night and after the customs had satisfied themselves embarked on a 'last night party.'

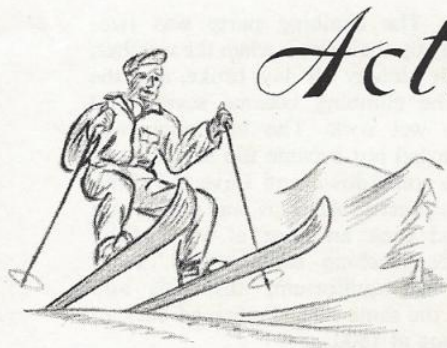
Eventually we reached the final destination, Salcombe, late next morning to find the tide out once again. While waiting for the water to get deeper (we'd had enough of pushing boats over mud) we received a visit from a particularly efficient kind of Customs official. It must have seemed suspicious when two people began sailing in the dinghy immediately the half-dozen 'trappers' began searching the ship. Stage whispers between the crew warning each other not to eat the apples with the 'snow' inside, that the hollow boom with the ten thousand cigarettes inside must not be discovered and that we were to keep our guns hidden were met with a stony silence. Covetous eyes fastened on the intruders' lily-white caps and even the suggestion that trousers would look effective at the masthead failed to make the visitors more understanding. Finally they departed after an argument over a contraband music-box. All was well. Soon after, we docked—and the Salcombe inhabitants once more locked their doors and removed all swinging signs.

Home were the sailors, home from the sea despite the efforts of commodore, captain, cook, constabulary and customs. (The effect of C—sickness.)





THE 'ANTI-CRAWWELL' EARLY WARNING SYSTEM'



Activities and Societies



Mountaineering in Skye

Gale Force Winds, Superb Views, and a Record

DURING the summer the section had intended to go to Austria with the R.A.F. Mountaineering Association; lack of an airlift and the expense involved prevented this. The last fortnight of term saw many plans go astray for one reason or another, but finally a meet at the beginning of leave in the Isle of Skye was arranged.

On the morning after the night before, a party of six prepared for the long journey to the north-west tip of Scotland. Flying Officer Stribling organized and led the expedition, which comprised Flight Cadets Scouler, Goodband, Andrews and Shrimpton, and Officer Cadet Farmer. The party left London at 1920 and arrived at its destination at 1900 the following day, having travelled 'over the sea to Skye' and by bus across the Isle.

Our base was situated on the shore of Loch Brittle—a sea loch—about ten yards from the high tide mark and consisted of three two-man Arctic Guinea tents. The bulk of our food supplies we had brought over from the mainland. On arrival, we rapidly put up the tents and stowed our gear in them, then ate a small meal before turning in. The weather was very stormy and in the night the wind reached gale force, and carried plenty of rain with it. The tents withstood the test admirably, the only damage sustained being to a fly-sheet which Flying Officer Stribling rescued at 0300 hours.

We rose at 0930 and were under way by 1030. The weather had cleared and the sun shone from a completely blue sky. Skye's attraction to the mountaineer lies in the rugged ridge known as the Cuillin. The Cuillin are among the most popular hills in the British Isles for they yield the finest climbing, contain the finest rocks, the shapeliest peaks, and the wildest scenery. Our plan for the stay was to cover as many of the

peaks as possible, and this in itself involved some actual climbs, for there are no easy ways up to these mountains. We also intended to do some of the other well-known climbs.

This first day, Friday, we climbed in leisurely style up onto the main ridge and onto the summit of Sgurr Dearg. Projecting from the side of this summit is part of a wall of gabbro rock which has weathered better than the surrounding rock. Its name, the Inaccessible Pinnacle, has arisen from the repeated failure to climb it. This we climbed by the original route, made in 1880. We covered two other summits, one of which, Sgurr Alasdair, is 3,251 ft., the highest in Skye. We descended by the Great Stone Shoot, an average scree run except that it extends vertically 1,300 ft. This brought us into Coire Lagan and from there it was but a fairly easy two-mile ramble to base. The weather had by now deteriorated, and just before we reached camp we were absolutely soaked by a short downpour of monsoon-type rain.

Saturday dawned wet and windy and everyone was reluctant to start. Eventually, around midday, Flying Officer Stribling, Farmer and Andrews decided to venture forth and climb on the Cioch—a remarkable point of rock about two miles away in Coire Lagan. We rapidly ascended to 2,000 ft. to where the climb started, cooled by intermittent rain. By the time we had completed the climb, graded 'difficult,' the sun had mastered the clouds and we saw some of the marvellous scenery of the Isle. We returned and found that the others had stayed in bed until 1700 when the sun had brought them out to sleep on the sands.

Then we met the midges. They set on us like a pack of hungry wolves. Anti-midge cream was worse than useless. As one member put it 'It is like putting cream on strawberries.' Fortunately, they were mainly operating at low level, so we only encountered them in the camp. We ate a harassed meal and turned in.

Sunday was a typical day with excellent weather for most of the time. We ascended Sgurr Dearg from Coire na Banachdich, starting with a 'difficult' route on the Inaccessible Pinnacle. We descended a very good scree run into Coire Lagan and thence to base. Fortunately there was a light wind and this prevented the dreaded midges from indulging in their usual feasts. We prepared a meal, ate it, washed up, and then slept.

Monday's weather was the best yet, so we tried to catch the motor launch to Loch Coruisk; we were too late, however, and it was full. So instead we made for a climb on the Coire a Ghrundna face of Sron na Ciche. The climb was rated as 'very difficult' and had some sensational moves on it. Having survived the sensations, we traversed the Sgurr Scumain to the top of Sgurr Alasdair, climbing a 'difficult' step *en route*, and observing, all of us for the first time, both ends of a rainbow below us in the Coire.

Once again we descended by the Great Stone Shoot. The guide book says that it can be descended in 15 minutes, while a Youth hosteler in Glen Brittle said that the record was 8 minutes. We decided to attack it ourselves, noting the time as we started. By rushing down like demented maniacs, Farmer and Andrews established a time of 4 minutes, 55 seconds. Flying Officer Stribling was next with 6 minutes, 5 seconds. The others came down in around 8 minutes. Very tired, we crawled back to base, ate and slept.

Unfortunately, Farmer had to leave on Tuesday morning and he caught one of the only two buses a day at 0700. The rest of us again tried to catch the motor launch. Unsuccessful, we split up, Flying Officer Stribling, Scouller and Shrimpton going ridge walking, and Goodband and Andrews to climb the Cioch by a 'very

difficult' route. The climbing party was two-thirds of the way up their climb when the weather, which had been gloomy all day, broke, and the rains came. The climbing became severe and unsafe on the wet rock. The last pitch was reached and started but became too severe, so it was decided to come down and leave the climb as soon as was practicable. This was easier said than done, and took an hour of very tricky climbing before reaching safe ground. In a condition of wet equilibrium, absorbing and losing water at the same rate, they raced back to the tents, arriving at 1800.

An hour later the other three arrived, also sodden. Apparently they walked about three miles along the so-called road and then struck off up to the main ridge at the southern peak of Sgurr Mhadaidh. The bad weather had descended on them half way through their cheese and Ryvita lunch. They began to descend immediately. Under the conditions they had to rope together. They descended via Coire a Ghreadaidh, going down a waterfall in the process.

Wednesday was our rest day and we made good use of it. We caught the early bus and two hours later we were in the main town of the Island—Portree. From 0900 to 1030 was spent breakfasting and afterwards there were visits to 'wash and brush-ups' and a shave and haircut in the barber's. The remainder of the morning was spent shopping; it was wonderful to look and feel semi-civilised.

At 1230 we gathered in one of the two restaurants and after a quick pint settled down to a long and satisfying five-course meal. We finished in time to catch the bus to Sligachan, half-way back to base. Here we spent the time profitably by having tea. We arrived back at 1730 and spent the evening reading and recovering from our gluttony. Once again the midges joined in an all-out attack.

Our efforts to catch the motor launch were rewarded on Thursday morning and 1415 saw us dropped at Loch Coruisk in glorious sunny weather. The distance back to base was but five miles, but it involved a climb of over 4,000 ft. Our path lay along the Dubh ridge to Sgurr Alasdair and then back via the Great Stone Shoot. The scenery was panoramic. Loch



Part of the main ridge showing Sgurr Alasdair and the Great Stone Shoot where the record was made

Coruisk with its wonderful colour and wild beauty is said to be the grandest of all Scottish lochs. Some of the Outer Hebrides were just visible, floating on the deep cold-blue water of the sea.

The climbing was most enjoyable, the rock gripping our rubber-soled boots very firmly, and all types of interesting moves were encountered, including two abseils. By the time we reached the scree run we were quite tired so we made no attempt to better our record. Base was reached and after a large meal we dismantled one of the tents, as Scouller and Shrimpton were leaving

in the morning and would not have time to pack. The remainder intended to stay on a day or two, according to the weather. However, we listened to the forecast on Goodband's portable radio and had a surprise. A gale warning with rain was predicted for the morrow.

We left the decision until 0530 the next morning when we saw for ourselves. We hurriedly struck camp and began our 24-hour journey on the 0700 bus, taking with us memories of the superb views, both near and distant, and the feast of colour and striking scenery that surrounds this western Isle.

G.D.A.

Gliding at Camphill

'The next morning Wing Commander Willis and his family were noted to be tentless.'

A very optimistic Captain of Gliding scheduled the start of loading operations for 0800 on Wednesday, 1st August. Due to the prevalence of hangovers and the natural requirement of more than two hours' sleep, loading did not get under way until 0930.

At this time the weather was threatening, but as the morning progressed the slight drizzle turned into steady, heavy rain and a strong westerly wind began to blow. By 1130 most of the transport was on the road, led by the bowser and winches. The instructions were to beat the previous record of eight hours from Cranwell to Camphill. The bowser was followed by the 3-ton truck which was towing the glider trailer. An assortment of private vehicles also took the road, ranging from a heated and air-conditioned Armstrong Siddeley to a Frigidair-conditioned and very wet M.G. which, as it happened, was the first to reach Camphill, its occupants spurred on by the thought of a roaring fire in the Clubhouse.

When the whole party had assembled, Mr Mercer, the warden of Camphill farm, very kindly allowed us to spend the night in the bunk house over the Club workshop. Although the smells in this room could not be fully attributed to glue and pine, we were most grateful to him for his hospitality.

When we inspected the aircraft we found that the wing of the Grunau Baby had been damaged by a combination of a high wind and a very poor trailer which gave the wing little support. If it had

been a closed trailer the damage would have been avoided and the timber of the airframe would have been protected from the rain.

By this time the wind was estimated at 70+ knots and the trailer was in danger of being blown over. The fuselage in the 3-ton truck was being moved a dangerous amount and so the trailer was moved to the lee of the Club hangar and lashed to it. The Club also managed to make room in their very crowded hangar for us to put the damaged Grunau wing inside.

After the equipment had been made safe, we returned to the Clubhouse to warm ourselves internally and externally, and at closing time—midnight as usual—we retired to the bunk house to try to locate the odour. Being unsuccessful, we decided to open the only window, which faced into the gale, and have a thorough draught of fresh air. It was most unfortunate that Flying Officer Dunn had chosen the bed by the window.

We were woken on Thursday morning by the clanging of Flying Officer Dunn's alarm clock, and, noticing it was still an hour before breakfast finished, as one man the whole contingent turned over and went back to sleep. At five minutes to nine the first member arrived at breakfast and the last arrived a minute after, excusing himself by saying his watch was still set to Cranwell summer time. Rain and high winds were still the order of the day and met. gave little hope for improvement, but despite the conditions two tents were erected (at first, due to an oversight, on top of each other), and the Grunau wing was removed to the

Club workshop. After the covering was stripped, the damage was found to be limited to one rib and the trailing edge and it was estimated that it would be airworthy by the next day.

The first flight of the camp was made on Thursday by Adamson, who was briefed for a five-hour attempt and test flight. He managed to stay up for $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours before the weather forced him down. Altogether three hours' flying was done in the morning and evening, though the weather grounded us during the afternoon. Adamson was to set up a record for the greatest number of unsuccessful five-hour attempts, all due to deterioration in weather conditions. His efforts were crowned with success on his eighth attempt.

The second flying day started promisingly, with a fine ridge wind, but soon after lunch the rain began and flying was abandoned. Flying Officer Dunn managed to do a 1 hour 50 minutes conversion onto the Grunau before the weather clamped. In the evening an expedition set out for the Mill Stone, a local roadhouse with a most appropriate name. All returned safely by 0330.

Later that morning, after the customary mass arrival for breakfast at 0859 $\frac{1}{2}$, Adamson again tried for his five hours, but the ridge was not working full time and he soon came in. Due to the unpredictable nature of the ridge, numerous short flights were made, the longer ones relying entirely on thermal assistance. Pilot Officer Ginn tried for his height but the thermal was weak and left him rather poorly placed, but he managed to get back to the field. Mayes picked up a lucky thermal directly over the winch and went rapidly up to cloud base, but did not go into the cloud as he had no parachute. A telephone call was received later and the retrieving crew discovered him 25 miles away between Chesterfield and Derby. The recovery was made before closing time, after a rapid dash from Chesterfield.

Sunday looked a promising day but the many cumulus produced no appreciable lift. Feakes worked very hard to stay up for 22 minutes in a weak thermal. At 4 p.m. it was time to stop and conserve the aircraft. Monday produced the same negative conditions and after eight circuits flying was again abandoned. It was a glorious sunny day but there was no wind, so to continue would have run the risk of damaging the aircraft, due to the resulting long landing and take-off runs and the very rough field.

On Tuesday, Adamson, in an attempt to keep up with the met. man on the telephone, took down the met. report in shorthand. The rest of

the morning was spent in deciphering it, much to the amusement of the Club members. When he had finished he was launched for another five-hour attempt, but the fickle ridge wind let him down after two hours. In spite of the unreliability of the winds, a number of good ridge trips were made.

The next morning someone must have been wakened by a stray sheep in the tent, for a start was made at the unprecedented hour of 0700. Flying Officer Dunn and Delafield were both launched and they managed to stay up for five hours in marginal conditions. One of the local experts predicted that a wave was in existence over the centre of the valley. Mayes steamed off in search of it, as briefed by the expert, found nothing, and was only just able to regain the ridge, where he climbed back to circuit height.

For the next two days it rained solidly, and Mayes departed in search of sun, finding it quite soon at Derby. A similar improvement occurred at Camphill and a number of half-hour ridge trips were made after tea.

Sunday dawned with a strong ridge wind, and two five-hour trips were accomplished, by Manning and Pilot Officer Jones. During the day a wave was in evidence, lift going up to 1,200 ft. at times. The wind remained westerly on Monday but increased in strength. Pilot Officer Ginn gained a little height in a weak thermal but was carried so far down-wind that he could not make the field and had to land in a meadow two miles away. The aircraft was retrieved and rigged. The wind increased further and Feakes had a very rough ride of $1\frac{1}{4}$ hours, the last half-hour of which he spent trying to attract the attention of those on the ground, so that they could picket the aircraft as soon as it landed. After he landed it was decided that conditions were becoming dangerous and that flying should be abandoned. Adamson at last did his five hours under very difficult conditions. Wing Commander Willis and his family arrived in the afternoon and pitched camp in the car park, no mean feat in the very strong wind. That night the wind was estimated as gusting to 70 knots and the next morning Wing Commander Willis and family were noted to be tentless. The two service tents lost their flysheets in the gale and were moved bodily one foot downwind. The aircraft were firmly picketed but were also moved six inches; the Grunau's aileron and rudder were broken and the Prefect's tail mainspar cracked. This damage emphasized the need for proper trailers, the Club's transport being quite inadequate and giving no protection whatever. With good

covered trailers the aircraft could have been dismantled and loaded and there would have been no damage. Tuesday was spent de-rigging the damaged gliders and cleaning up the mess left by the gale.

On Wednesday the tents were struck and the transport loaded. Ironically the wind abated to an ideal soaring strength, but even if we had been able to stay we had no serviceable aircraft left to fly.

Although no one in the Club has made three Silver C legs, and qualified for the certificate, a number of legs were made at Camphill. Many lessons were learnt; one flight cadet swears he will never fly again without a parachute, and another was so shaken by the flying characteristics of the Grunau that he condemned it as uncontrollable and refused to fly it; while those who had the knack proved it to have a much better flying performance than the Prefect.

M.E.B.

POT-HOLING

General Survey

The weather in the Summer term made it inadvisable to hold more than two meets. If prospects above ground are dismal in rain, below ground they become intolerable.

On both occasions we visited Oxlow cavern in the Peak District. This is a very good training cave with five quite long and awkward pitches. The fact that the summer meet took place in Ireland where there is barely a pitch, and not in the more vertical caves of Italy, did not matter, since it provided a variety of experience. The very successful leave meet is reported below.

On the Queen's birthday the weather was fine so conditions were merely damp in Oxlow. In fact the party was divided and one half went down Giant's Hole nearby which involved walking down a stream. The whole party was reunited with Oxlow still unfinished and shortage of time forced us to leave the last pitch until the next meet.

This meet was held on Sunday, 15th July, and we were able to spend four to five hours underground, having left early, before Church Parade. This enabled many of the party to descend the last pitch which they were disgusted to find led through a waterfall; not such a hardship perhaps, as every pitch on the way down had its associated water trickle. In spite of the discomfort, spirit kept remarkably high, and we were all most

impressed by the way that the new members took this shock.

The section continues to have a healthy and active membership. Eighteen cadets took part in each meet, transported by cadets' cars. This introduced an element of uncertainty, both mechanical and navigational, but proved more popular and slightly cheaper. We are now better provided with lights and by the end of this term we should all have converted on to electron ladders, of which we are making 200 feet. Since the Camping Section has now been dissolved we should find ourselves better equipped for leave meets.

M.J.F.W.

THE IRELAND MEET

The Discovery of Harrington's Horror

The main pot-holing event last summer was the visit to the caves at Lisdoonvarna, Eire. Six members had the dubious pleasure of crawling in and out of Mother Earth during the day time, and the more welcome pleasure of brightening the 'bright spots' of Lisdoonvarna during the night time.

After many false starts due to various ambitiously projected modes of transport falling through, the party eventually reached Ireland by way of rail and ship. Needless to say there were still complications and the party had to use the one and only sailing ticket they possessed six times to get every one aboard the ferry. Once aboard, all 'pitted down' on the cattle deck for a peaceful night.

Finally at Lisdoonvarna, the party was transported to their camp-site by what could only have been Methuselah himself, driving a vast American car up tortuous and narrow roads. The caves themselves were within a stone's throw of the camp and preliminary investigations were begun the next day. This job was wet and horrible, but slowly the Poll Nagollum system was mapped, both upstream and downstream, from the entrance. During the 4½-mile downstream walk a new cave was discovered just after the 'picture gallery'—a collection of modern and somewhat bawdy art sculptured in clay by another cave man—but this new discovery was impassable due to a sudden precipitous drop some distance along it.

Later on in the week everyone visited the Pol Ardua system, the entrance to which was a muddy slide some 60 yards long which had to be

traversed on the stomach. New caves and passages, such as 'Harrington's Horror' were discovered. One member of the party, when leading, was reassuring enough to tell his following companions the cold water was up to his knees only; a few moments later squeals could be heard echoing through the caverns as various parts of anatomies descended below the water, until only a row of bobbing heads remained. Later on, one member of the party was overcome by creeping paralysis as first one limb, then another succumbed to the cold; two members returned to base with him. Two others pressed on and within ten yards came to a small pot; this gave way to a larger pot and from this the water cascaded over an 80 ft. drop into what was conjectured to be either a new system or an unknown part of Poll Nagollum. As only a 100 ft. rope was carried it was decided not to venture any farther. Going down would be no problem, but returning. . . .

Let it suffice to say that night life was top-notch: jeans and tartan shirt provided evening dress! Transport comprised borrowed farmers' bicycles, all with little or no braking power. They were either single, dual or triple seaters, according to local demands.

The return journey was made earlier than had been hoped as various members had to proceed on Service visits. Arriving at Waterford with no sailing tickets presented no problem; someone flashed a 1250 and said he had been ordered to Suez immediately—and British Railways welcomed six unfortunate Servicemen! On the return trip everyone visited the ship's bridge and talked Decca and Radiosonde; having suitably impressed both the Captain and First Officer, the party retired to the 1st Class lounge and thence to the unoccupied bunks on board! Only one bunk was claimed by a disgruntled gentleman during the night—and so ended a happy visit, with five sleeping bodies, and one solitary stalwart strolling the heaving deck, reminiscing on the dubious joys of pot-holing.

M.E.B.

Gliding

High Attendance and Aerobatics

In the first part of the term we were unable to convert our dual pilots to solo because of the loss of our Kirby Cadet Mark II at Camphill, so a considerable amount of dual flying was done. The more advanced pilots were able to make good use of the spring weather, and on one occasion a cross-country flight of 26 miles was made in the

Prefect. A good landing was made in a field beside the road, which resulted in a quick and easy retrieve.

When the new Mark II arrived there were four first solos. On the last of these the aircraft had a rather unequal argument with two hangars, which it unfortunately lost. The glider was reduced to scrap, and we were once again without a Mark II.

In the middle of the term we said goodbye to Flight Lieutenant Sercombe who has been in charge of the section for some time now. At a farewell party held at Digby, the Gliding Club presented him with an inscribed tankard in grateful appreciation of the help that he has given us, and we welcomed Flying Officer Dunn who has so competently taken over.

In the latter part of the term the weather started playing tricks with us, and we had rain, high winds, very low cloud, and temperatures that were surprisingly low for the time of year. Sometimes we had all of them together, which considerably restricted our flying. However, fresh and consistent winds did provide very high launches, from which there were some interesting displays of aerobatics.

Throughout the term competition was keen and there was usually an encouragingly high attendance, which, we hope, will continue.

B.R.

Fine Arts

Help from Officers' Wives

As is usual during the Summer term, attendance at the weekly meetings of the Fine Arts Society has been rather low, but good work has been done by those flight cadets who forsook the playing fields for a less strenuous life. Most of this term's work has been done in oils, an advance for many members over last term's sketching. Some of the work is a little immature, but some of the paintings show remarkable talent. With more practice, several members could produce work of a very creditable standard. Some members of the Society have also been doing much work preparing and designing costumes for this term's play, 'Julius Caesar.' With able help from several officers' wives, the costumes were prepared from the most unlikely materials, and were a great success.

A small exhibition was arranged at the end of term, but unfortunately much of the recent work is still in Lincoln, where it must remain until the Art College opens in September.

T.H.F.D.

Jazz Club

Tunes on a Clean Dustbin

The Jazz Club has always had its 'ups and downs,' due to lack of ability rather than lack of support, but this term it has found a new and solid footing and next term it should be well on the way up.

With money saved it has been possible to recondition a side drum for the band and to furnish it with a stand and sticks. Steps have been taken to procure a dustbin (clean) with which to make a double bass, and a trombone has already been very kindly lent by Flight Lieutenant Burns.

We are now in a position to begin next term with a supply of instruments, and, we hope, instrumentalists, greater than before. We hope eventually to be able to produce a band that others will want to come and listen to on Friday evenings in preference to their records from the library. We would like to thank our new officer in charge of the Jazz Section, Major Jackson, U.S.A.F., for his friendly encouragement on the business side of affairs.

N.G.S.

Riding Club

Excellent Facilities Neglected

The main riding event this term was the Modern Pentathlon match against R.M.A., Sandhurst, which the College won. Two flight cadets scored the maximum points and two others were only a few points behind. This high standard was maintained during the R.A.F. Modern Pentathlon Championships.

Due to reorganization of the stables, there is now only one afternoon ride every week and morning rides are limited by drill, which can no longer be missed. Flying also takes up more of the previously empty afternoons and therefore only a small number of cadets ride at all. It is a pity that such excellent facilities are so sadly neglected. However, we are glad to see so many of the more junior members of the College riding regularly, and it is hoped that next term's Jorrock's Trophy will encourage any potential riders to pursue the sport more actively.

Finally, we are much indebted to Mr Edgeley for all his hard work, without which we could not exist at all.

P.E.G.

Canoeing

During the last term work forged ahead on the mould for the fibre-glass canoes. This has now almost reached completion and it is proposed to

finish three canoes by the end of this term. They should prove extremely strong and invaluable in the heavy 'wear and tear' of Slalom racing.

Due to the coincidence of the London River race and the Slalom weekends with leave periods and Service visits, no racing was carried out last term. However, at least two races and courses are contemplated for this coming term. With a newly purchased racing canoe and our own models we should be able to test our prowess, or otherwise, on Slalom work.

G.C.C.

Dancing Section

The Dancing Section has functioned very successfully throughout the summer; membership has been strong and enthusiastic, as has attendance, despite inevitable clashes with other interests and activities.

Mr L. Highton of the Lincoln School of Ballroom Dancing has been the instructor. His capable guidance has probably gained much from his practical rather than theoretical approach to tuition, and is calculated to produce results from all levels of skill—beginner or advanced.

We hope to renew some of our records before we start lessons again—strict tempo rhythm of course. To the most determined seekers of polished performance we should be able to offer instructional books on loan; this, of course, will enable a greater variety of figures to be devised and perhaps demonstrated at the Graduation Ball.

The problem that remains with us, and one that is apparently without solution, is the provision of partners. Suggestions are welcome because the present cadet-volunteers find the situation painful and occasionally embarrassing.

The officer in charge of this section, Flight Lieutenant P. Oliver, has now finished his tour at the College. We thank him for the help and support he has given during this time and wish him well in the future.

E.J.W.

Music Section

Saved by Bad Weather ?

The Summer term of 1956 has not been one of great activity for the Music Section. Few flight cadets have been prepared to sacrifice their evenings of sport, or of any other of the numerous College activities, to enable them to attend any form of musical function. This, combined with the lack of a suitably uncrowded evening during the week, has prevented the section from holding

any meetings. Also there were no suitable concerts in Nottingham which could have been attended. The Record Library has therefore been the chief source of musical entertainment for the members of the section.

Nevertheless, the outlook is rather less gloomy than it may seem. In the first place the introduction of supper instead of dinner on Tuesdays has left the evening clearer, providing a new time when meetings can be held. Secondly, the apparent decline in support and activity is seasonal, and will, we hope, cease with the advent of next term's 'bad weather' and decreasing hours of daylight.

B.C.

Choral Society

Although the Summer term is not usually one in which the Society meets, there was enough support this year for us to continue our meetings. The Society split up into two definite parts, the main section and a smaller Madrigal group which met on Tuesday evenings.

A large amount of new music was bought this term and many new pieces were learnt, particularly in the field of madrigal singing. The lack of sopranos was felt severely at first but Flight Cadet Close 'discovered' he had a fine soprano voice and practices proceeded successfully. It is hoped next term to satisfy this soprano requirement by close co-operation with Lincoln Teachers' Training College.

The Gilbert and Sullivan and some of the negro spirituals that the main section of the Society sang were very popular. Towards the end of term several small meetings were held and some of the best pieces and several of the madrigals and more difficult songs were successfully recorded on tape. This tape was on display during the day of Graduation Parade. It formed probably the most 'live' part of a static display of the College Societies in the fine arts room.

During the coming term and best season for singing it is hoped to form quite a large Male Voice Choir as well as the Madrigal group.

M.A.F.R.

Summer Cruise, 1956

The Truth about St Peter Port

A party of 11 flight cadets arrived at Salcombe on Saturday, 4th August, to enjoy the Summer Cruise. For its duration Senior Under Officer Lees was Mate, the highest rank a cadet has attained on these cruises.

Since *Provident* had only recently returned from the Tor Bay-Lisbon Race, in which, remarkably enough, she had not been last, we were unable to start until Monday morning. After sail drill on Sunday, we put to sea very early the next day. The weather was depressing as we left Salcombe but improved noticeably as England fell farther behind. The proposed destination was St Malo, although there was some argument as to whether bonded stores could be obtained there. Finally it was decided to make for the Channel Islands and continue to St Malo if there was a favourable wind. By midday on Monday the sun was hot enough to enable the crew to sunbathe, despite the fact that many of them were beginning to feel the effects of the freshening wind and the motion of the ship.

At 1845 on Monday, Guernsey was sighted. As night approached the wind died and left *Provident* making a doubtful ground speed of half a knot against the opposing current. Fortunately for the crew the Captain decided to use the engine. We entered the Great Russell and, as dawn broke, found ourselves at the entrance to St Peter Port harbour. At 1600 we were moored alongside the quay. All movable weight was then piled on the landward side of *Provident* so that when the tide ebbed, she would lean into the quay instead of listing 90 degrees onto the other side.

A most enjoyable three days then ensued in St Peter Port. The very light wind luckily prevented the continuation of the trip to St Malo and few of the crew were really disappointed.

On Tuesday another Club boat, *Hoshi*, came in and berthed astern of *Provident*. The inevitable social calls were made and finished in a hilarious party 'chez-nous' on Tuesday night and Wednesday morning.

On Thursday morning we were sorry to have to leave St Peter Port but at 1000 we motored out from the harbour into the Little Russell. Sail was set although the log entry said 'Topsail—up—down—up—down—up,' belying the more forceful language of the crew. With a strong wind *Provident* leapt along at seven knots, soon leaving Guernsey far behind.

The barometer fell rapidly and the freshening wind provided very enjoyable sailing conditions, at an optimistic nine knots. A few of the crew fell victims, once again, to a mixture of sea-sickness and hangovers, which was unfortunate but which provided a good laugh for the luckier ones. At 1645 Start Point was sighted, dead on the E.T.A. of our navigator, Senior Flight Cadet

Tickell. Aldis messages were exchanged with a passing Swedish ship, but nobody translated the messages of the Swede, or our own for that matter, satisfactorily. After some lively tacking across the mouth of the Dart Estuary, in which we almost lost the staysail, we dropped anchor in Dartmouth at 2200 under the imaginary shadow of the R.N. College. Her Majesty's Customs and Excise representatives were alongside almost immediately and completed their business amid a delightfully social atmosphere of bonded beer, gin, and cigarette smoke. It was while both crew and customs officials were making a combined attack on the unopened beer that it was noticed that the anchor was dragging and that *Provident* was rapidly bearing down on a smaller vessel anchored astern, but the difficult task of laying out a kedge anchor was accomplished by the Captain, who appeared still sober, and the situation was saved. At 1000 on Friday morning the anchor was winched up and it was found that several cables were being hoisted from the water, securely draped around it.

Eventually we managed to free ourselves and proceeded to Salcombe under engine and sail, reaching the estuary about midday. We again dropped anchor to wait until the tide rose sufficiently to float *Provident* over the sand bar. While waiting we received another visit from the customs, this time from *Valiant*, the patrol vessel. Amid a much more formal atmosphere than previously they searched the ship from stem to stern. They were becoming rather disappointed but at the last moment they managed to find a contraband music-box somewhere. The I.C.C. schooner *Nichollette* then passed and a short but violent battle with potatoes followed. At 1645, the engine was started and *Provident*, minus two cadets who insisted on arriving at Salcombe in the sailing dinghy, moved up the estuary to her moorings. The two cadets eventually reached her after a slow drift up the estuary with nil wind and no oars.

After all had been stowed the crew went ashore to the Fortescue. The cruise was over bar the farewells, which were duly said over a little something in a glass.

The thanks of the Cranwell cadets are extended to the Island Cruising Club, and especially to Angus, the captain, Gloria, who cooked most excellently, and John, the Commodore, who honoured us with his presence on this cruise. Most of the crew will return next year.

Sailing Section

Capsizing Drill Practised

The hard work put in during the Spring term

enabled the section to take the boats down to Farnon early this term, and much good sailing has been enjoyed. The high winds at the beginning of term provided good sport, and gave some members a chance to try out their capsizing drill. We have had all four of the boats serviceable this term and attendance has, for the most part, been very good; almost too good, as there is only room for eight people at a time. We still enjoy the hospitality of the Trent Sailing Club, where our boats are kept and where we race, time permitting.

There have been two away matches, against our old rivals H.M.S. *Worcester* and R.M.A. Sandhurst. Both were lost, mainly due to lack of local knowledge. The match against H.M.S. *Worcester* was sailed in light winds in their R.N.S.A. 14-ft. dinghies. A strong tide was flowing and both Cranwell boats ventured out too far into the main current, thereby losing much ground. The match against R.M.A. Sandhurst was much closer, Sandhurst winning by only $9\frac{1}{2}$ points. This match lasted two days, the first day's sailing being done in the Sandhurst Fireflies, and the second in the Hamble Stars of Thorney Island Sailing Club, kindly lent to us for the day. The wind on both days was light, and only two races were sailed instead of the usual three. Local knowledge of the currents once again proved our undoing, and Sandhurst gained 1st, 3rd and 4th places. On the second day, sailing over a different course, we did better, and gained 2nd, 3rd and 5th places. But the overall victory went to Sandhurst.

Much sailing is going on during the summer leave, with a group going again aboard *Provident*, a party going to the Clyde to sail Dragons for the inter-Universities Cup, and various other small parties going to other sailing centres. We are looking forward to plenty of good sailing during the leave.

T.H.F.D.

Motor Club

The R.A.F. College Motor Club has just been formed. At the end of the Summer term a few enthusiasts got together under Flight Lieutenant R. Lund and drew up a few club rules. Early in the Christmas term a committee was elected, and the R.A.C. have been approached to have the Club officially recognized for the promotion of sporting events.

In addition to rallies and gymkhanas, it is proposed to organize films, lectures and visits, and to start a library on the subject of motor sport.

About 50 flight cadets are members.

A.M.



The 1956 Cricket Season

An enjoyable season despite the rain

THE 1956 season promised great things but, despite a useful selection of new talent, the team never really lived up to its capabilities. The first game of the season, a practice match, revealed to previous years' team members that team places would be won only in the face of stiff competition.

The 1st XI was captained by Collins assisted by Martin as vice-captain. Sterling work was done behind the scenes by Le Brocq as secretary. These three, together with Taylor and Andrews, were regular members while the remaining places varied amongst Aylett and Buckham, Cliff, Humphrey, James, Evans, Carter, Purcell and Digby.

There were no outstanding performances but batting strength down the order proved fortunate on more than one occasion. The fielding varied a great deal, but hard work in the evenings under Mr Simpson's watchful eye served to achieve an acceptable standard towards the end of the season. Collins and Taylor bowled consistently, the former being adept at keeping the batsmen quiet while the latter produced some good swinging overs. It should be recorded that Collins took his 100th wicket for Cranwell about mid-way through the season. Later in the season Evans came into the team and ably backed up the spin attack. The fast attack was Taylor and Carter through most of the season with Buckham providing a useful stock bowling performance.

Le Brocq was the most successful batsman, scoring 441 runs at an average of 27.6. He was followed by Collins, Martin, Andrews and Taylor as the averages show. Le Brocq was unfortunate in the last match of the season to be out with his score at 95.

Martin kept wicket well, claiming a fair number of victims caught or stumped.

The 2nd XI, captained by Walters (in his absence Beggs), started the season well but could not hold their form. However they more than fulfilled their basic function of providing a useful training ground for potential 1st XI players.

The 3rd XI, captained by Trump, had an enjoyable season and did not consist solely of 69 Entry as in 1955.

The weather was unkind this year and both the M.C.C. and Free Foresters matches were abandoned without a ball being bowled; but despite this all the team members had an enjoyable season. This year saw the first of the annual fixtures with the R.N.C. Dartmouth.

1st XI AVERAGES

Batting	Times			Highest Score	Average
	Innings	Not Out	Runs		
Le Brocq	16	0	441	95	27.6
Collins	14	1	229	48	17.6
Martin	15	2	200	40	15.4
Andrews	14	0	207	53	14.8
Taylor	14	4	148	47	14.8
James	14	0	184	45	13.1
Carter	10	3	83	26	11.9
Digby	13	2	121	30	11.0
Cliff	8	0	75	31	9.4
Humphrey	11	1	76	14	7.6
Aylett	8	0	53	14	6.6
Buckham	9	6	13	5	4.3
Evans	6	1	15	4	3.0

Also batted: Walters 1-1-3-3, Close 2-1-44-44, Purcell 2-0-19-19, and Carr White 1-0-1-1.

Bowling	Overs	Maidens	Runs	Wickets	Average
Evans	85	19	210	21	10.0
Collins	217	42	554	40	13.9
Carter	94	18	343	14	24.5
Taylor	146.3	27	492	20	24.6
Buckham	68.2	10	265	5	53.0

Also bowled: Digby 21-1-2-91-5, Walters 16-2-54-1, and Carr White 10-0-68-1.

Catching

Martin	9	Andrews	4
Le Brocq	6	Buckham	4
Taylor	5	Digby	3
Humphrey	5		

Also Collins, James and Aylett (2 each); Carter, Walters, Cliff and Purcell (1 each).

1st XI RESULTS

May	
9 Emmanuel College (H)	Cancelled
12 Adastrian C.C. (H) ..	R.A.F.C. 186-10, 170-5 (W) Adastrians 188-9, 167-6
16 Notts. High School (H)	R.A.F.C. 118-9, Notts. 107-6 (D)
19 R.N.C. Greenwich (A)	R.N.C. 152-10, R.A.F.C. 153-7 (W)
23 Notts. Club & Ground (H)	R.A.F.C. 108-10, Notts. 110-2 (L)
26-27 Forest Amateurs (H)	Forest 172-3, 115-5 (D) R.A.F.C. 119-9, 122-9
June	
2 Gp Capt Lees' XI (H) ..	R.A.F.C. 127-5, Gp. Capt's 123-6 (D)
9 Free Foresters (H) ..	Cancelled
20 Sheffield University (H)	R.A.F.C. 105-10, Sheffield 67-7 (D)
23 Old Cranwellians (H) ..	Old Cran. 116-10, R.A.F.C. 105-9 (D)
30 R.N.C. Dartmouth (A)	R.N.C. 184-10, R.A.F.C. 141-10 (L)

July			
4	Lincolnshire Gentlemen (H)	R.A.F.C. 114-10, Lincs. 115-5	(L)
7	R.M.A. Sandhurst (H)	R.M.A. 183-6, 99-9 R.A.F.C. 161-6, 45-6	(D)
14	M.C.C. (H)	Cancelled	
21	Gentlemen of Leicestershire (H)	Leics. 166-10, 148-8 R.A.F.C. 204-10, 95-10	(L)

R.M.A. Sandhurst

The game was started on the Orange under threatening grey skies and on a soft wicket which gave no help to the bowlers. R.M.A., who won the toss, lost their first wicket for 31 runs—Ashman was l.b.w. to Collins. Beckett now joined Willcox and scored freely all round the wicket, despite the efforts of the Cranwell bowlers. At lunch the score was 115 for 3 but play had to be abandoned until half past four when three more wickets fell, which brought the score to 183 for 6. This left the College with 45 minutes' batting on the first day, but the first wicket fell within two overs. LeBrocq joined Andrews and they played out time.

The second day opened and after twenty minutes Andrews was caught by Parker for 17. The score gradually mounted and when the total was 161 for 6 Collins declared. The visitors decided to go for the runs and much to his surprise Taylor was hit for six on to the parade ground by Parker. Wickets fell fast and at a quarter past five R.M.A. declared with 99 for 9.

This left the College with 122 runs needed to win and only an hour to get them. The batting order was shuffled and an attempt made to get the runs, but this was not to be and wickets fell quickly—the order to 'sit on the splice' was given and Martin and Le Brocq played out time to force a draw, Le Brocq being caught just before close of play.

It can be said that the last three hours of play decided the result of the match since neither side was prepared to risk all for a result.

R.M.A. SANDHURST

	1st Innings	2nd Innings
Ashman	lbw. b. Collins 16	c. Le Brocq 7
Willcox	b. Taylor 24	not out 0
Beckett	not out 104	b. Evans 28
Berry	b. Evans 15	b. Collins 11
Williams	st. Martin 2	b. Collins 0
James	b. Evans 15	c. Humphrey 3
Parker	c. Digby 4	b. Collins 28
Davidson	st. Martin 4	c. Carter 5
Doranagama	b. Digby 1	b. Collins 8
White	did not bat —	c. Humphrey 4
Hewitt	did not bat —	b. Evans 4
	Extras 2	Extras 5
	Total (6 wkts.) 183	Total (9 wkts.) 99

Bowling

	Runs	Wkts.
Taylor	50	1
Collins	78	6
Carter	35	1
Evans	70	6

R.A.F.C.

	1st Innings	2nd Innings
Andrews	c. Parker 17	b. Parker ..
Humphrey	b. White 1	b. Beckett .. 1
Le Brocq	b. Beckett 54	c. Beckett .. 29
James	c. Hewitt 12	b. Davidson .. 0
Collins	b. Doranagama 3	b. White .. 0
Digby	c. White 30	did not bat .. —
Martin	b. Davidson 23	c. Beckett .. 0
Taylor	c. Beckett 8	b. Parker .. 2
Carter	b. Williams 8	not out .. 2
Evans	not out .. 8	c. Beckett .. 3
Buckham	did not bat .. —	b. Parker .. —
	Extras 13	Extras .. 8
	Total (6 wkts.) 161	Total (6 wkts.) 45

Bowling

	Runs	Wkts.
Parker	53	3
Beckett	30	2
Davidson	32	3

Old Cranwellians

This was perhaps the most enjoyable of all the matches played this season as the result was in dispute all the time and both sides played extremely well. The College fielding in particular was the best of the season, all catches being held and the bowling hostile throughout the match.

Having lost the toss for the fourth time in succession the College side went out to field, and had bowled out the Old Cranwellians by two-thirty. The opening batsmen for the College were not successful, but James and Collins stopped the rot and brought the score to 63. With the score finally at 105 Carter and Buckham played out time to draw the game.

OLD CRANWELLIANS

Porter lbw., b. Collins	33
Lees c. Andrews, b. Taylor	2
Belson c. Le Brocq, b. Carter	3
Hollingworth lbw., b. Collins	19
Holdway c. James, b. Evans	0
Streatfield b. Evans	0
Forster c. Taylor, b. Carter	15
Gidman b. Collins	3
Lee not out	0
Levis c. James, b. Collins	2
Ramus c. Martin, b. Taylor	22
Extras	17
Total for 10 wickets	116

R.A.F.C.

Aylett b. Holdway	0
Andrews b. Ramus	1
Le Brocq c. and b. Holdway	8
James b. Ramus	13
Collins c. and b. Ramus	36
Digby b. Ramus	0
Martin b. Ramus	13
Evans c. Streatfield, b. Hollingworth	3
Taylor c. Ramus, b. Hollingworth	17
Carter not out	8
Buckham not out	1
Extras	5
Total for 9 wickets	105

Result—Drawn

R.N.C. Dartmouth

After a long railway journey the 1st XI arrived safely at Dartmouth and were met by representatives of the R.N.C. After supper we spent a very comfortable night in the sick ward and then next morning went up to the field for the match. The Navy won the toss and went in to bat, scoring steadily to make 184. The Cranwell side seemed to be feeling the effects of their long trip the day before, because several catches went to ground and the bowling was not as hostile as usual.

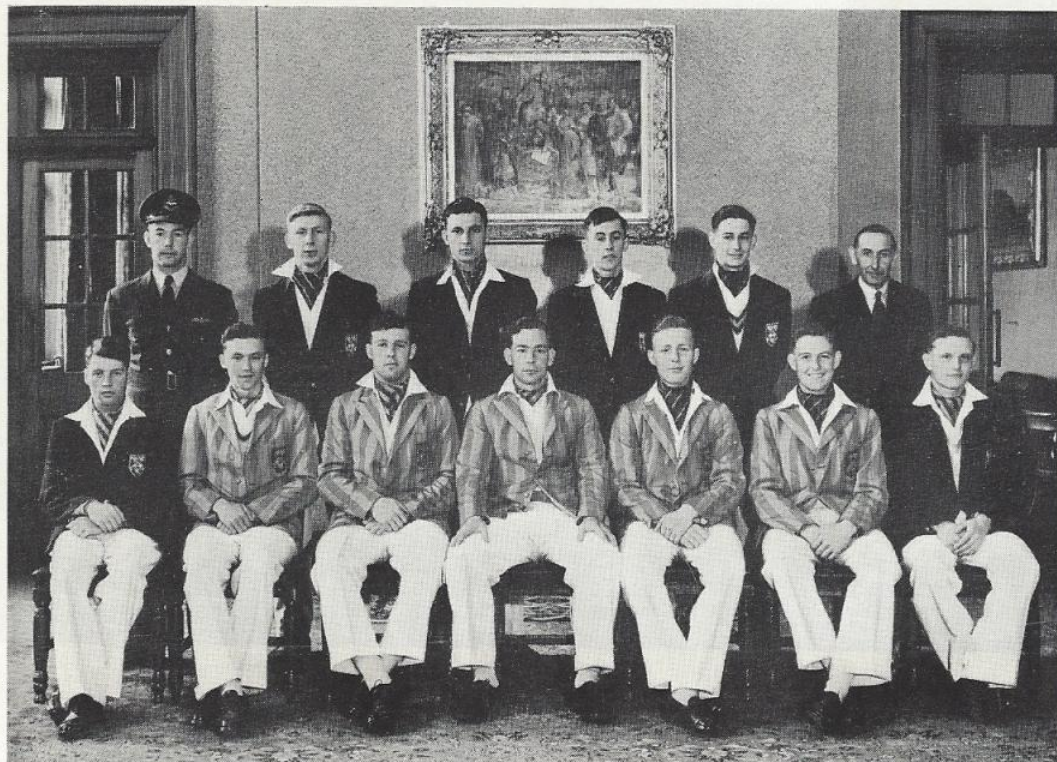
After a very pleasant lunch and a further 90 minutes off the field the R.A.F.C. went in on a batsman's wicket, but despite this advantage runs did not come quickly and several batsmen lost their wickets through lack of concentration. The Dartmouth side was very astutely captained and we never felt happy at the wicket with continual field changing and accurate bowling. Our final efforts to sit on the handle were unavailing and the match was lost by 43 runs.

R.N.C. DARTMOUTH

Marshall c. Martin, b. Taylor	15
Caddret lbw., b. Carter	47
Perryman b. Collins	31
Lilley b. Collins	0
Moorhouse b. Evans	37
Devitt b. Carter	1
Youl c. Humphrey, b. Carter	7
Winter st. Martin, b. Evans	8
Menzies run out	7
Marklew c. Martin, b. Evans	12
Shields not out	0
Extras	19
Total	184

R.A.F.C. CRANWELL

Humphrey run out	10
Andrews b. Marklew	24
Le Brocq c. Shields, b. Moorhouse	27
James c. Lilley, b. Marklew	19
Collins c. Winter, b. Moorhouse	5
Cliff b. Marklew	1
Martin b. Shields	28
Taylor b. Shields	4
Carter c. Devitt, b. Marklew	12
Evans lbw., b. Marklew	2
Buckham not out	0
Extras	9
Total	141



THE COLLEGE CRICKET XI : 1956 SEASON

(Back row) *Flt Lt R. Hollingworth, F.C. J. R. Digby, F.C. R. Humphrey, F.C. G. D. Andrews, F.C. R. N. Carter, Mr F. Simpson.* (Front row) *F.C. K. G. Evans, F.C. H. Buckham, F.C. P. S. Martin, S.F.C. J. B. V. Collins, F.C. R. H. D. Le Brocq, F.C. P. Taylor, U.O. G. L. Aylett*

ATHLETICS

The athletics team improves from year to year and it can truly be said that this season has been a very successful one. We were fortunate in having a greater number of athletic enthusiasts from which to select a team, and as all these members, with the exception of one, will be here next season, together with two new entries whose talent is as yet unknown, the future looks very bright for us.

During the season we have managed to keep up our annual fixtures with the local Universities and also the evening matches against Boston and Lincoln Wellington Clubs. The fixture against the Milocarians was restarted after a two-year gap but the College was beaten by 74 points to 56 points in a good match which was a closer fight than the score indicates. Several Old Cranwellians were amongst the competitors running for the Milos and contributed considerably towards their score.

One new fixture of the season was against Wellington College (Berks) to whom we sent a weakened team. Wellington turned out to be stronger than expected so it is hoped to renew this fixture next year on a more even basis. We found them to be most hospitable and very eager to make good an annual fixture.

There have been some outstanding performances by certain individuals throughout the season which are worthy of note. D. Senior in his first season at the College has competed in five events in each match: 100 yards, 220 yards, hurdles, shot putt, and the 4 × 110 yards relay. In the last match of the season he clipped the College 220 yards record, the shot putt record and also took part in establishing a new relay record.

I. D. Gallwey, the team captain, has led the team in fine style by sharing honours with Senior in winning the 100 yards and 220 yards on several occasions. Fox and Harrington in the mile have often succeeded in putting the light-blue vest in front at the tape and Ryan and Rogers have battled out the honours in the two miles, taking turns to win. Several others have created personal records and of these some are near to breaking College records.

Colours have been awarded to Mundy, Fox, Senior and Harrington. Half-colours have been awarded to Ryan, Rogers, Stoker, Spencer and Bacon.

R.A.F.C. v R.M.A. v R.N.C.

The triangular match was held this year at the Royal Naval Engineering College, Manadon, Plymouth. This was the last time that the Combined Naval Colleges will take part in this match. In the future the Navy team will be drawn from Dartmouth College. The match was extremely well organized and each event followed the other very smoothly, starting with the 120 yards hurdles. Senior managed to gain only third place but soon made up for it by coming a close second to Gallwey in the 100 yards and then winning the 220 yards in a record time of 22·8 seconds. Gallwey was only 0·3 seconds behind as second.

The scoreboard now seemed very promising with Cranwell leading in points. Unfortunately this did not stay for long for the field events results began to come in showing the Sandhurst muscle men were too strong. Spencer managed to gain third place in the long jump but the middle-distance runners were completely outrun. Senior came second in the shot putt with a putt of 40 feet 7 inches (a new College record) whilst Blockey gained a second place in the javelin. In the longer distances Harrington and Fox came in third and fourth whilst in the two miles Ryan and Rogers ran extremely well to come in with a solid Cranwell front at second and

third. The final event to count for points, the relay team of Gallwey, Mundy, Spencer and Senior, was the most exciting race of the meet and by dint of good handovers and a magnificent finishing sprint by Senior, he breasted the tape 12 inches in front of the Sandhurst and Naval competitors to put up a record time of 45·2 seconds. (Yet another College record.)

The final novelty race of the meeting was a 14 × 220 yards relay in which all the throwers, jumpers and long-distance men had to run. It was the most amusing race and might well be introduced as a finale in future matches whilst the judges sort out the points. The final results were:—R.M.A.—118 points, R.N.C.—99 points, R.A.F.C.—89 points.

This is the closest the points have been for many a year and is an indication of the strength of the team for next year when we shall entertain the other Colleges (R.M.A. and Dartmouth) at Cranwell and this time put R.A.F.C. at the top of the points.

We were sorry to lose Flight Lieutenant Jarvis at the beginning of the season and missed his practical experience in coaching. However, we were grateful for the visit of the Northern A.A.A. Coach, Dennis Watts, who spent three valuable days coaching and giving expert advice to all members of the team. We hope he will be able to come twice next year, to give us the same work-out that helped us to do so well this season

D.A.P.M.

SWIMMING—1956

At the beginning of the season, results were not very encouraging. The loss of Newington and Taylor appeared at first to be quite serious but keen attendance at practices produced results and the team steadily improved.

The lack of diving facilities proved a source of trouble until a week before the match against Sandhurst. Then, with a new springboard, the divers set to work and produced creditable results, winning the diving by a good margin.

The match against Sandhurst was, of course, the highlight of the season and provided a thrill a minute. The result of the match depended on the last race, the Free-style Relay, which the College won by less than the record. It was by far the most exciting match of the season.

The water-polo team, although off to a poor start improved considerably before the Sandhurst match. After a very hard game, Sandhurst were just beaten by 5 goals to 4.



Gallwey, the captain, off to a determined start in the relay race

Two records were broken during the season. Walker broke the record for the 220 yards freestyle and the freestyle relay record was broken by 2.3 seconds.

Although the season was not so successful as 1955, more matches were won than lost and the team all felt that the miles that must have been swum during training periods were well worth the results.

SWIMMING RESULTS

		Swimming	Water Polo
May 12	Bedford Modern School	25-33 (l)	0-3 (l)
16	Skegness S.C.	Won (no pts.)	15-1 (w)
26	St. Paul's School	19-29 (l)	4-5 (l)
30	Northern S.C.	32-21 (w)	3-7 (l)
June 2	R.G.S., Newcastle	16-35 (l)	
9	Mill Hill School	30½-29½ (w)	
15	Ley's School	32½-23½ (w)	6-1 (w)
20	Oundle School	48-26 (w)	
July 4	Notts. Leander S.C.	22-25 (l)	5-4 (w)
6	Sandhurst	31-27 (w)	5-4 (w)
14	Bishop's Stortford	25-23 (l)	5-6 (l)
21	Welbeck College	34-14 (w)	7-5 (w)

G.C.W.

TENNIS

A Thoroughly Enjoyable Season

By taking advantage of the few fine days interspersed between long periods of drizzle, the tennis teams have had a reasonably full season. In all, five matches were rained off. The results are not very good, but most matches were thoroughly enjoyed and often very close.

The team ventured far afield this term, even a ten-hour train journey was undertaken into the heart of south Devon to play Dartmouth. This was an especially hard-fought match. The officer i/c was chain-smoking furiously as tension rose, but the team eventually succumbed by five matches to four. Excursions were also made to Eton and London University.

Sandhurst brought two teams to Cranwell this term. In between showers of rain and watching Wimbledon on television their 1st VI managed to defeat us on sodden courts 7-2. Against a very much better team, honour was saved by stout resistance that was put up by the first pair, Hayr and Walker, who won two of their three matches. The 2nd VI were rather more successful and were just beaten 5-4 in the morning.

Great thanks are owed by all who played tennis this term to Squadron Leader Riseley-Pritchard for his unflinching patience and support throughout the season, not forgetting the numerous lifts to matches in his own car. The team wish him the best of luck and plenty of tennis with Transport Command, not forgetting Mrs. Riseley-Pritchard and Susan who so often lent their support to the team's efforts.

RESULTS

	Played	Won	Lost
1st VI	9	1	8
2nd VI	3	1	2

J.R.C.

ROWING

Extra Training Pays Dividends

This year it was possible to boat two fours owing to the many trained oarsmen. Our first regattas were Chester and Evesham over the Whitsun break. For these, both crews put in a great deal of hard work, rowing evenings as well as Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. This extra training paid dividends, since at Chester the 'B' crew, after winning the first two heats of the Junior Fours

event, lost in the final to Nottingham Britannia by a length. At Evesham 'A' crew did well winning three heats, but were ultimately beaten in the final by Trent R.C. It was a most successful weekend all round. We were the guests of the Officers' Messes of Hawarden and Wellesbourne Mountford who proved excellent hosts.

Our next fixture was against St Peters School, York, on 26th May, where it was only possible to produce one crew. We went up at the start and gradually increased our lead to win by two lengths.

At Newark regatta 'A' crew lost in the first round of the junior fours to Newark R.C. The 'B' crew made their debut in the maiden fours and won the event convincingly, gaining the only trophy of the season.

The 'B' crew had to be disbanded shortly before Boston regatta, Hartley taking over the stroking of 'A' crew. This change made little difference to the standard of the four, as was evident at Boston when the crew reached the finals, only to be beaten by our old rivals Trent R.C.

On the fourth of July the four visited R.A.F. Technical College, Henlow. The race proved most exciting. The College gained a small lead at the start but Henlow, putting in a very determined spurt at the half-way point drew up practically level but were unable to hold us. After a hard finish we gained a verdict of three quarters of a length. Exhausted, we retired to a nearby hotel where we were revived by an excellent buffet supper, washed down by many glasses of beer.

H.T.

SHOOTING

Exciting Finish to Sandhurst Match

The Cranwell Long Range has been the subject of much discussion over the past six months and the resulting limitations imposed on its use, for safety reasons, have necessitated the use of considerable initiative in obtaining the required practice. Unfortunately our usual standby, Beckingham Range, belongs to the Army and consequently we were able to secure its use on only four afternoons. There is, however, not only a good range, but one in a very pleasant setting at Louth; the drawback is that it is at least 45 miles away. We have, however, learnt from these frustrations. Next year better facilities are hoped for and many more matches will be arranged.

The R.A.F. inter-Command and Individual Small Arms Championship at Bisley this year took place from the 16th-22nd of June. For the College it was marred by the last minute cancellations of team members. The week started with two days of Sweepstake shooting which provided all of us with valuable experience and a few with equally valuable money. The 'Tyro' competition followed in which all entered, but not as a team. Bennett, our captain, came 20th. On Tuesday, 19th, the 'Trenchard' Cup was the order of the day and it was our first team shoot. Unfortunately, we did not do too well, principally because of nerves which particularly affected the Snap Shooting (a fault which will be concentrated on next year). The 'Young Officers and Airmen' competition was also a team match but the College did much better all round. Once again an excellent shoot by Bennett gained him third place. Except for sundry sweepstakes, that was the finish of Service Rifle (a) shooting, and all thoughts were now turned to Service Rifle (b). A team of four—Bennett, Enright, Mason and Dicken—was entered. Bennett came second equal, and after an exciting deciding shoot became an undisputed second. The prize included a handsome bronze plaque which was presented to him by Air Vice-Marshal Halahan, C.M.G., C.B.E.

Mason put up a good show by coming 17th. It was a good finish to the Bisley week and we now look forward to a successful meeting next year with a more experienced team.

The Sandhurst match ran concurrently with Bisley week, and so after traditionally 'chairing' the winner of the Queen's Medal, we left in our varied and long-suffering vehicles to go to the Royal Military Academy. As always, the atmosphere was tense. The College gained a narrow lead and held it through the Application (330-311), the Run Down (634-632), and the Rapid (920-915). Then our weakness in Snap Shooting let us down, despite an excellent 45/50 by Bennett. The final score was 1161 to 1188, a narrow win to Sandhurst. We congratulate them on a fine shoot, and thank them for the traditional silver spoon which they presented to our captain.

Several changes have taken place in the 'staffing' of the team. Squadron Leader R. L. Smith has been succeeded by Flight Lieutenant Thrussell, of the flying wing. Flight Lieutenant Thrussell is an ex-captain of the Cranwell shooting team, and is a very keen follower of the sport. We wish to thank Squadron Leader Smith for his guidance of the team over the past 1½ years. Bennett, who has been an inspiring example to the rest of the team, has been succeeded as Captain by Enright. Scott is now vice-captain and his post as secretary is filled by J. J. Mason.

In the coming term, we look forward to a full fixture list of small-bore shooting. Several more home and away 'shoulder-to-shoulder' matches have been arranged and it is hoped to have postal matches with the U.S.A.F. Academy and the R.M.A. of Canada.

D.H.S.

IT'S NOT CRICKET, CHAPS !

As a change from serious cricket a game was played against the Training College at Lincoln towards the end of the season. The team selected to play for Cranwell was a pretty mixed lot but was incredibly keen for one motive or another. Senior Under Officers who pleaded they had not played since prep school days, members of the 1st XI, a few Egyptian P.T. champions, even one rowing expert, graced the assembled company. Herd was restrained from cantering out to play in colours cap, boots and socks and a very smooth line in dancing frocks that was groaning at the seams—evidently the owner's bust-line had nothing on Herd's.

The captain, who had been losing the toss with remarkable precision throughout the Cranwell season, surprisingly won and elected to bat. Two strange-looking gentlemen claiming to be umpires and wearing clothes that surprised even the most unconventional, took the field and the game began.

The Cranwell opening pair, Collins and Martin, marched to the wicket and were settling down to some stalwart catch-giving when the umpire decided that the presence of both batsmen was superfluous, and sent them home regardless of appeals as to whether there was any reason. Their places were taken by Brook and Nevill. The former frequently graces Rauceby golf course and this was apparent as Brook drove splendidly from the first tee and holed out quickly to groans from the crowd. Shortly after Nevill was proceeding peacefully when he

observed that the umpire's finger was raised and back he went, a trifle shaken, muttering the most ungentlemanly terms about umpires and their ancestors. It was soon apparent to the most imperceptive that the two umpires, supplied by Cranwell, I may add, were not as unbiased as they might have been, the game becoming a cat-and-mouse affair between these two unparalleled cads and the batsmen. All too soon they found ways and means of procuring the dismissal of yet another performer. However, runs came freely, and Cranwell were all out for about 118 in slightly over the hour.

At the opening of the Lincoln innings it was evident that Brook had not wasted his weapons lectures. His bowling described the most amazing series of trajectories and one landed on the stumps, to the dismay of the audience. A series of bowlers made no impression on the next batswomen who, it appeared, had not been convinced that women are the weaker sex. They smote the ball in all directions, using some shots that would have reduced J. B. Hobbs to a nervous wreck. By a series of flukes and bits of bad luck wickets fell. No fault of Cranwell's, particularly Martin and Buckham, who found the making of daisy chains most absorbing. At one stage James was bowling some excruciating stuff with his left arm to a field that Lindwall at his best could never have approached, mid-off, wicket-keeper and eight slips who had difficulty in crouching as they were at half-arm dressing.

Some way down the order a fair young maid appeared and at once a certain senior member of the cricket XI decided to bowl. The inference is obvious and I am ashamed to say that he bowled her too!

The ladies were having great difficulty in staying at the wicket due to frantic attempts on the part of bowlers to reduce their averages still further, and the game came to an end in a win for the visiting side.

The whole match showed little comparison to a Test Match but the atmosphere was jovial. For the annals, Cranwell were represented by Senior Under Officer Nevill; Under Officers Aylett, D. Collins; J. Collins, Martin, James, Herd, Mundy, Le Brocq and Buckham. Umpires were Ettridge and Drew, scorer Under Officer Jones.

N.B.—I have been notified by Lincoln Training College authorities that they are unable to accept boxing, rugby and soccer fixtures of a similar nature.

TOXOPHILY

The sport saw a thriving start with a membership of 28, but owing to the numerous other sports played at the College many archers have not yet been able even to draw a bow.

It is hoped that in the coming year we will become proficient enough to challenge such neighbouring clubs as the Lincoln and Boston Archers. Though by no means Cranwell's best weapon, from the standard so far shown, we should always return with one or two victims

We must look to the future, always gladly welcoming any new toxophilites who may improve our standard, maybe even to championship class.

F.W.B.

CHIMAY CUP—SUMMER

Cricket

The series this season was played on an 'overs' basis with each side batting for 24 overs.

In the first match between 'A' and 'B' Squadrons, 'A' batted first against not particularly hostile bowling and after good scores by Andrews and Cliff the total was 108 for 4.

Aylett and Evans, who opened for 'B,' found no difficulty in scoring off the bowling of Youd and Anderson until Evans was bowled for 16 when Collins joined Aylett to push the score to 50. 'B' continued to bat confidently and finally made 109 for 4, this giving them their first win.

The second game was 'C' versus 'A'. Beggs won the toss for 'C' and elected to bat. Buckham was bowled for 5, by Anderson, and his partner, Beggs, was joined by Le Brocq. With the score at 32 Beggs was l.b.w. to Youd. Martin put himself on to bowl and quickly sent Le Brocq, Carter and Trump back to the pavilion with the score raised to 74. With three overs to go, orders were given to run short singles, and in the ensuing scramble Whitley, Seekings and Little were run out. The score was 88 for 8.

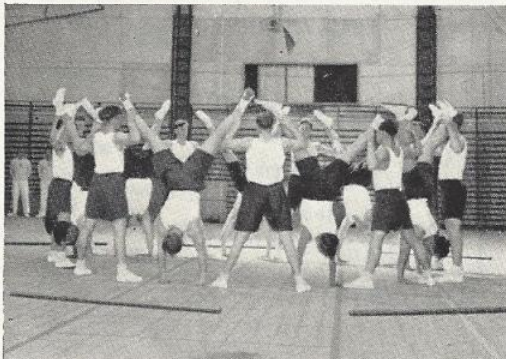
Andrews, for 'A' Squadron, was bowled by Buckham for 8 and Humphrey soon followed after being caught at the wicket for 5. Cliff scored 21 before he was dismissed by Walters, and Martin was quickly run out for a duck. The remaining wickets fell cheaply and the last man was bowled with three overs left. One all to 'B' and 'C'.

The final match was started on a very wet pitch under dull skies. 'C' Squadron opened with Beggs and Buckham, they were soon out and Le Brocq and Carter stayed together to put on 31 when Carter was bowled. Le Brocq was caught off Taylor at 50. Trump then scored a brisk 10 when he was caught and bowled after skying the ball. At 53 for 6 rain came down in torrents and further play was not possible. The result was a draw.

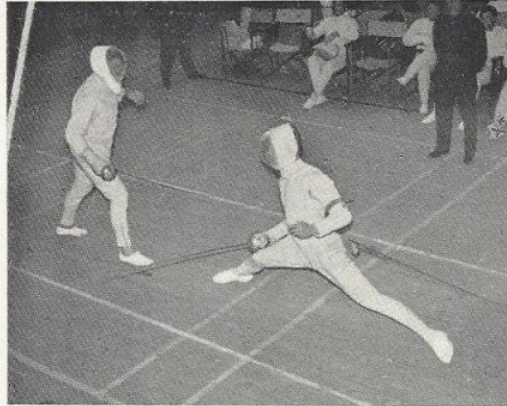
Results

'A' 108 for 4 versus 'B' 109 for 4.
'C' 90 for 9 versus 'A' 65 for 10.
'C' 53 for 6 versus 'B' who did not bat.

The competition ended with 'B' and 'C' being equal winners.



Symmetry as demonstrated by 'C' Squadron in the Knocker Competition



Scene from the Modern Pentathlon Championship held at Cranwell in August

SWIMMING

'B' won eight of the ten events and the water-polo. Their convincing win was mainly because 'B' Squadron provided most of the College swimmers this summer. 'A' Squadron came second after a hard struggle with 'C' Squadron.

Results

'B' Squadron 28½ points.
'A' Squadron 17½ points.
'C' Squadron 14 points.

ROWING

The inter-squadron regatta was held at Newark on 20th July under excellent conditions.

Owing to the successes of College rowing during the season keen competition might have been anticipated, unfortunately two-thirds of the College fours were in 'A' Squadron. It was no surprise therefore when 'A' Squadron gained victories in the fours and sculls events. In the pairs event the crews were more evenly matched. Although this was another victory for 'A' Squadron they were closely pressed by 'C' Squadron in the first round.

Much amusement was derived from the officers' pair event, where the 'B' Squadron team, feeling more at home in these unaccustomed surrounds, proved victors in some interesting racing.

TENNIS

'A' Squadron were favourites with Hayr, Walker, Lane and Henderson as their first two pairs. 'B' Squadron went down after a hard fight with them and were beaten 7-2. 'C' Squadron also put up a good effort but failed to win more than two matches from 'A'. There was keen competition for second place, and after a rained off match, 'C' Squadron defeated 'B' 6-3.

Dramatic Society Success

Julius Caesar

IN July the College Dramatic Section essayed what was probably the most ambitious production in its history when it presented Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar* in the College Hall. That the venture proved the success it did was due to the vast amount of hard work put in by all concerned—not only by members of the Dramatic Section but also by cadets from other sections of the College Society who helped with the preparation of costumes and properties.

The original conception was of an open-air production in the front of the College building, making full use of the splendid setting so suited to this play, and early rehearsals were conducted on this assumption. It was then something of an upheaval when resurfacing of the College parade ground prevented the outdoor production and made a new plan necessary for presentation indoors. The difficulties, however, were well overcome. The acting area was increased in size by the addition of the front of the auditorium, and good use made of pillars and rostrums to achieve a pleasing set. The lighting was imaginative and contributed much to the success of the production.

The major part of the credit must go, of course, to the producer, David Scouller. This was his first production, and it was no mean feat to handle so competently such a large band of actors, many of whom were themselves appearing for the first time in a Shakespearean play. His set allowed him to keep the play moving, without unnecessary intervals between scenes, and usually a good pace was maintained. The crowd scenes were well planned, but some opportunities for contrast were missed in scenes in which only two or three players appeared. More attention to speed of delivery and to the use of dramatically effective movement would have helped here. But the overall effect was most pleasing and the production one of which Scouller has every reason to be proud. It is a pity that the nature of the Cranwell course usually prevents more than one production by any one cadet or we should look forward to Scouller's next offering.

Space does not allow a mention of all individual acting performances, but it would be unfair not to refer specifically to the four main roles upon which so much of the play depends. The title role was played most effectively by Timothy Nelson, who brought just the right touch of dignity to the part. Brian Rea as Brutus and Robin Bell as Anthony each started with the advantage of a fine voice, and each is to be congratulated on the use he made of it, and on the general competence of his performance. Rea, in his first major role on any stage, gave an admirable portrayal of the authoritative Brutus, clearly conscious throughout of the great responsibility he was assuming by his support of the conspiracy to overthrow Caesar. Bell, in his turn, gave a performance which was well conceived and often moving. Of the four John Fox as Cassius seemed least happy in his part, but

this is in any case the most difficult in the play and makes great demands on a young actor. His chief fault, probably attributable to inexperience and lack of familiarity with his costume, was a tendency to adopt peculiar attitudes and gestures which were often distracting. He would do well to work hard to remedy this fault for he acts confidently and speaks well.

It must not be forgotten that much of the success of any play is due to good teamwork and in this respect the play was well served. The team was a large one but all concerned played their parts well, whether they appeared before the public gaze or lurked silently in the wings. The effort involved in a production of this kind is enormous, and it may well be a very long time before another like it can be contemplated. Those who were able to see *Julius Caesar* must consider themselves fortunate and will acknowledge that the results achieved fully justified the hard work. J.S.

Senior Entry Revue

THE late Senior Entry Revue was well organized by comparison with the 67 Entry riot of last term. However, it suffered from poor continuity. When an audience is in an hilarious mood after a final guest night, the essential beginning to any revue is a really funny sketch. This was provided by an insight into the workings of Flying Wing. By examining carefully a typical flight, 68 managed to prove conclusively that aircraft are supplied to the College to keep instructors happy. After all, the happiness of an instructor is in direct proportion to the repressed emotions, murderous or otherwise, that a cadet feels when sitting in the crew room.

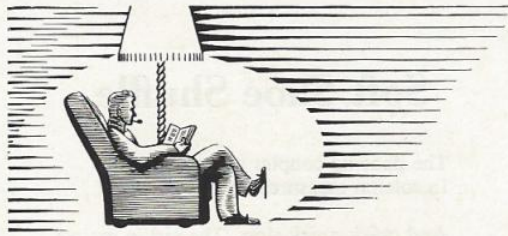
From flights we moved to Air Traffic Control. 68 revealed to the audience why the controller's voice is so calm when two aircraft are about to collide on finals. All the controller's calls were recorded during the snow last January, and between you, me and a red-green, that crackle on the R.T. is due to the gramophone concerned.

The culture of 68 was shown by their appreciation of art, or rather the art of Camelia Withdraw. Her striking paintings had a profound effect upon the audience. A nostalgia crept into the proceedings when 'Daddy was a Flight Cadet' was staged; he might at least have warned his son!

The hinge of the show was provided by the entry of ballad singer Edwards, who sang a spirited yet sad story of how several people had 'stolen his potatoes.' This was one of the best acts of the evening, for the singer managed to imply everything and say nothing. About this time we were treated to some poetry.

There followed a portrayal of the justice of a modern Solomon named King Robbie, which was immediately followed by a 'Tall story with a Nutty Flavour.' This take-off of a well-known mess character was probably the best imitation of the evening. It was evident that the aforementioned gentleman's calculated one-up ploy of taking off and replacing his glasses at strategic moments had been studied in some detail.

Then the finale and, with the traditional song, another senior entry had its final dig at Cranwell. As these revues go, it was not by any means the funniest, but was certainly one of the most entertaining, and it was obvious that the script had been thought out very carefully. D.S.



Book Reviews

THE LONELY SKY, by William Bridgeman.

(Cassell, 16s.)

WING LEADER,

by Group Captain J. E. Johnson, D.S.O., D.F.C.

(Chatto & Windus, 15s.)

MEN, ROCKETS AND SPACE, by Lloyd Mallan.

(Cassell, 18s.)

ALPINE PILOT, by Hermann Geiger.

(Cassell, 10s. 6d.)

NO MOON TONIGHT, by D. E. Charlwood.

(Angus & Robertson, 12s. 6d.)

The Lonely Sky, by William Bridgeman. (Cassell, 16s.)

IT is significant of the quality and spirit of this book that Bridgeman should quote Saint Exupéry—'there is no liberty except the liberty of someone making his way towards something.' Exupéry and the author have much in common, one an airline pioneer and one a pioneer of trans-sonic and stratospheric flying. But Bridgeman, less sophisticated than the Frenchman, tackles his job not with Gallic fervour but with the clinical thoroughness of what he calls the engineering pilot.

His early career hardly follows the test pilot pattern we know so well. A Navy pilot he does his operational tour on bombers. In turn he becomes a ferry pilot, a flying instructor on bombers and finally a transport pilot. After three years of this and with his flying hours at over nine thousand, he finds the DC.3 as thrilling as a bus. He earns his next pay as a production test pilot with the Douglas Aircraft Company, checking out piston-engined fighters by the dayful. Soon he is invited to become project test pilot on the Skyrocket, a jet and rocket-propelled missile with vestigial wings. On accepting this invitation he has to do a jet conversion course!

There follows a period of meticulous preparation leading to a period of mounting frustration as things go wrong. In no other book I have read has this frustration of development work on aeroplanes been so well conveyed. Only a man of superb mental resilience could have withstood the strains of this sustained and meticulous preparation for violent endeavour ending repeatedly in the anti-climax of postponement. And he had to keep himself in tune, he could not break training, for the flying of this machine called for a phenomenal manual dexterity.

This is a story of high drama told competently and without fuss. The use of a shadow writer does not obtrude too much and there is a pleasing absence of journalese. One gets to know Bridgeman well and one gets to admire him more and more for his quiet integrity in the face of great danger. The Walter Mitty in him was fully satisfied; the Walter Mitty in the reader is frequently terrified.

This is a book to remember.

T.J.M.

Wing Leader, by Group Captain J. E. Johnson, D.S.O., D.F.C. (Chatto & Windus, 15s.)

WITH the public still under the influence of the Dambusters, it is refreshing to find a book dealing with an aspect of the war in the air which, after the Battle of Britain, surrendered pride of place in the public's imagination to Bomber Command—the saga of the Spitfire and those who flew it. It is doubly welcome, as it is written by one of the pilots who was in the thick of it all the time, thereby giving the book an atmosphere of authenticity and intimacy, which those writing with second-hand experience often lack.

The book is at one and the same time the autobiography of a fighter pilot, the biography of the Spitfire and an exposition on fighter tactics. As such it has a dual appeal—first to the public who, as authors of war stories have found to their advantage, invariably respond to the thrills of aerial combat, laugh at the anecdotes, and respect those who did not return. The second appeal will be to members of the Royal Air Force and any kindred spirits who are interested not only in the human interest aspect of the war but also the technicalities and tactics of fighter combat.

Wing Leader is the story of 'Johnnie' Johnson, one of the top Allied fighter aces of the last war, with 38 confirmed victories, and how, after completion of his flying training, he joined a fighter squadron during the Battle of Britain and from then till V.E. day flew continuously with the fighter squadrons, except for a short ground tour of six months. The book takes us from the time he tried to get into the Auxiliary Air Force which, as he said, was so select that 'you almost had to possess your own aeroplane,' through his 'fighting apprenticeship' to Douglas Bader, alongside whom he was flying when the other baled out, and ending with his appointment, on promotion to Group Captain, to command a wing of the latest Spitfires. As the author was Wing Leader of a Canadian Spitfire Wing for a considerable time, the book gives a considerable insight into the efficiency of our Canadian allies as a fighting unit and into the spirit fostered amongst them.

But the book is more than the autobiography of a fighter pilot. Group Captain Johnson devotes many pages to his theories and views on fighter tactics, and it makes interesting reading to compare them with those of Douglas Bader, who, in his foreword to the book, flatly states his disagreement with the opinions expressed by Group Captain Johnson. The author supported Air Vice-Marshal Park's use of the smaller formations of two, or possibly three, squadrons, while Group Captain Bader shared Air Vice-Marshal Leigh-Mallory's belief in the 'Balbo,' the larger formation consisting of five squadrons. He also gives a detailed account of the advantages and tactics for the finger-four formation which became the recognized formation for fighter patrol. In his comparison between the performances of the various Marks of Spitfire and its rivals the Messerschmitt and Focke-Wulf, the author stresses the superiority of the Messerschmitt 262, the German jet fighter, and how its short-lived success was a clear indication of the future of aerial combat.

The author writes in a simple and straightforward manner, without any self-consciousness, which by its very simplicity gains much in tension and interest. It is a pity that at times he appears to consciously strive after a particular dramatic effect such as his meeting in a London club with Wing Commander Guy Gibson, for it is on

these occasions that he fails to hold the reader and creates an impression of artificiality. The pattern of the book, like many of its compatriots, is a patchwork quilt of incidents and events linked only by the passage of time. For with almost an alarming abruptness he takes the reader from a pleasant afternoon's shoot with Sally, his labrador, on to a hectic dogfight above the fields of France, and back to one of the frequent parties at the local. Despite this unavoidable lack of continuity, the author manages to preserve an excellent balance, by a judicious selection of incidents, between pathos and humour, thrills and the serenity of the hours spent back in England.

Although this book lacks the glamour of the *Dambusters* or the human drama of *Reach for the Sky*, nevertheless it is a notable addition to the library of war books, and a 'must' for any member of the Royal Air Force.

R.J.F.

Men, Rockets and Space, by Lloyd Mallan. (Cassell, 18s.)

THIS is not a good book. The writer has too much to tell and is determined to tell it all. Intrepid scientists and square-jawed test pilots rocket through the pages. The reader is rushed from WADC to WSPC or W.PAFB and ICBMs abound.

The subject matter compels attention. There is the unrelenting exploration into the problems of hyper-sonic flight—'anything beyond Mach 5 is hyper-sonic.' There is

the impressive display of research and technology. And most of all there is the attitude of mind exemplified in the remark, 'We haven't had a problem yet that we couldn't lick, one way or another.'

The conversational, over-familiar style is fairly nauseating. It is not a good book but it is an interesting one.

Alpine Pilot, by Hermann Geiger. (Cassell, 10s. 6d.)

THIS is a simple story simply told by a man who loves aeroplanes and mountains and serves them with devotion. There is a quality of goodness in the writer which transcends all his modestly told stories of crazy if not suicidal flying in the service of his fellows. The writer and his style are sometimes laughably ingenuous but one feels better after reading this book.

No Moon Tonight, by D. E. Charlwood. (Angus & Robertson, 12s. 6d.)

THE dust-cover and the blurb does nothing to alleviate one's first reaction to another of the many and somewhat belated books on someone's experiences in Bomber Command. But the intervening years have also mellowed the author and this slight little book is written with maturity and understanding. There is sentiment, there is even a tender love story, but there are no false notes, no mawkishness. The writer has been true to himself and to those with whom he served.

T.J.M.

Letter from the Editorial Committee

Dear Sirs,

We have taken this opportunity to write to you because the *College Journal* is facing two minor problems.

The first one arises from the Printers' dispute earlier in the year. As a result our costs have increased by £50 per issue or just over 6d. a copy sold. This rise in costs was applied retrospectively to our March and June issues. However, by reducing the number of photographs, half-tones and the number of pages, we anticipated and avoided the need to put up either our selling price or our advertisement charges.

During this same period, we noticed that some of our advertisers were, as part of the national economy campaign, reducing their advertising. N.A.A.F.I., for example, have in the past given us a four page colour advertisement for our November issue. This year they have reduced it to one 'black and white' page. As soon as this trend was apparent we intensified an already widespread campaign and increased our income from this source. If we can maintain this level of income from advertising we shall be able to increase the number of pages in each issue to nearer the pre-dispute level.

Which raises our second problem, one that our readers can help to solve. Despite our usual unobtrusive paragraph opposite *College Notes* suggesting that the Managing Editor would appreciate articles (a gross understatement), no articles and only one brief letter has been received from outside the *College* this term. We hope once our readers are aware of this sad state that next term will see us inundated with letters and articles. It may help if we tell you what we want. The main criterion is for the writer to be vitally interested and concerned with his subject, whether it is his job or his hobby. If he has this real interest, this feeling of being vitally involved, then even if his English is not brilliant the reader will want to find out what he has to say. The technique, in a nutshell, is to describe the normal or expected situation, then the complications which make the problem, then the solution.

In the meantime, we trust you enjoy this issue and hope that your contribution will grace our next.

Yours etc.,

THE EDITORIAL COMMITTEE

