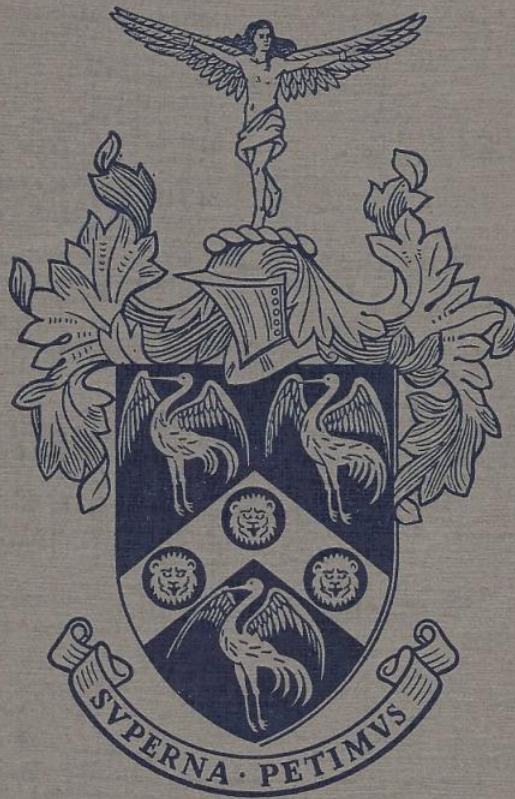


THE
ROYAL AIR FORCE
COLLEGE



JOURNAL

CRANWELL MARCH 1957

VOL. XXIX NO. 1

THE ROYAL AIR FORCE COLLEGE JOURNAL

MARCH 1957 VOL. XXIX NO. 1



CONTENTS

College Notes	19	Answers to Astrogation Questions	50
The Air Force in Iraq, Part II	24	Old Cranwellian Notes	52
Cadet Wing Lists	28	News from the Far East	53
An Incident from a Flight Cadet's Log Book	29	Cranwell v. Dartmouth and Sandhurst	54
A Natural Alliance ?	31	Staff Appointments and Departures	62
Extracts from Theses	34	College Sport	63
The Service Godfather Scheme	39	The Chimay Competition	67
'The Good Old Days'	41	The Sovereign's Squadron	67
The Roll of a Cadet Wing Officer	42	Ski-ing on the Continent	68
The Military Atmosphere	43	A Defence of 'The Noble Art'	71
Plus ça Change	47	Activities and Societies	73
Reflections	48	Book Reviews	89
The Cranwell Navigator	49	Operation Hurricane	93
		Women Only	i

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

and Printed by McCorquodale & Co. Ltd.

The Armoury, St. Thomas Street

London, S.E.1

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

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

Fire in the Night (taken by John Yoxall and L. W. McLaren of <i>Flight</i> , who have kindly given us permission to use their work)	16	An unsuccessful drive at the Sandhurst goal	59
The Cranwell Aerobatic Team	20	Gibson making ground	60
The 'new look' in Junior Entries	23	Sandhurst get the ball	64
Cranwell reunion in the Far East	53	Start of the Cross-country v. Dartmouth	65
Walker shoots with classic poise	56	Caiger jumps fence—so does his horse	66
Ryan finishes second in the cross-country	57	The Parsons know	83
		Shell laid on a supply of petrol	93

MANAGERIAL STAFF

Flight Lieutenant D. D. W. Nabarro (*Managing Editor*)
 Flight Lieutenant A. J. M. Farquharson (*Business Manager and Treasurer*)
 Flight Lieutenant C. S. Jackson (*Advertisement Manager*)

EDITORIAL STAFF

Managing Editor
 Flight Lieutenant D. D. W. Nabarro

Deputy Managing Editors
Activities : Flight Lieutenant P. Lund. *Sports* : Flying Officer R. J. Scott

Editor
 Under Officer A. Mumford

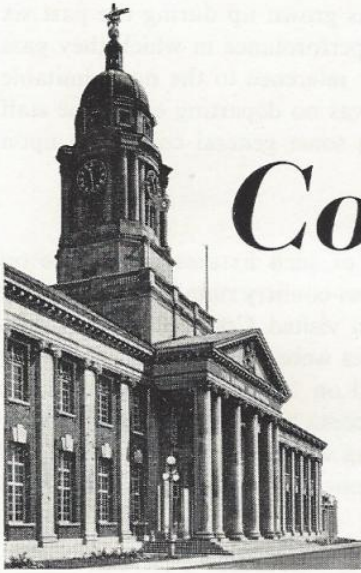
Assistant Editors
 S.F.C. R. I. Finch ; S.F.C. M. J. White

Sub Editors
Articles : F.C. C. D. Drew. *Sports* : F.C. E. J. Walter. *Activities* : F.C. D. Duval

Old Cranwellian Representative
 Flight Lieutenant I. H. F. Walmsley

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 Autumn term of 1956, whose events are recorded in this issue of *The Journal*, was the first term for eight years which did not reach its climax in a passing-out parade. With the extension of the course to three years No. 69 Entry have remained at the College for a ninth term, their second term as the Senior Entry. Without this normal climax and its inescapable preparations the term was one of solid progress in which the Senior Entry did not embark upon their special programme of training until after the final examinations held three weeks from the end of the term. This valuable period of calm and stability has made it possible for the recent considerable changes in organization and equipment to be absorbed into the regular rhythm of the course.



At the start of the Spring term 1957 the College numbers 323 flight cadets of whom 48 are under training for the ground branches. The new Entry, No. 76, established an all-time record for size ; it is 69 strong and includes seven flight cadets for training as navigators and eight for the ground branches.



At the first Church Parade of the Spring term the Queen's Colour of the Royal Air Force College was handed over by the holders, 'B' Squadron, to 'C' Squadron, the Sovereign's Squadron for the term and the Squadron which had held this honour for the three preceding terms.



On 14th December, the then Secretary of State for Air, the Right Honourable Nigel Birch, O.B.E., visited the College. He saw many sides of the flight cadets' training, took luncheon in the Officers' Mess and visited the R.A.F. Selection Board. He attended the final Guest Night of the term which was followed by a revue

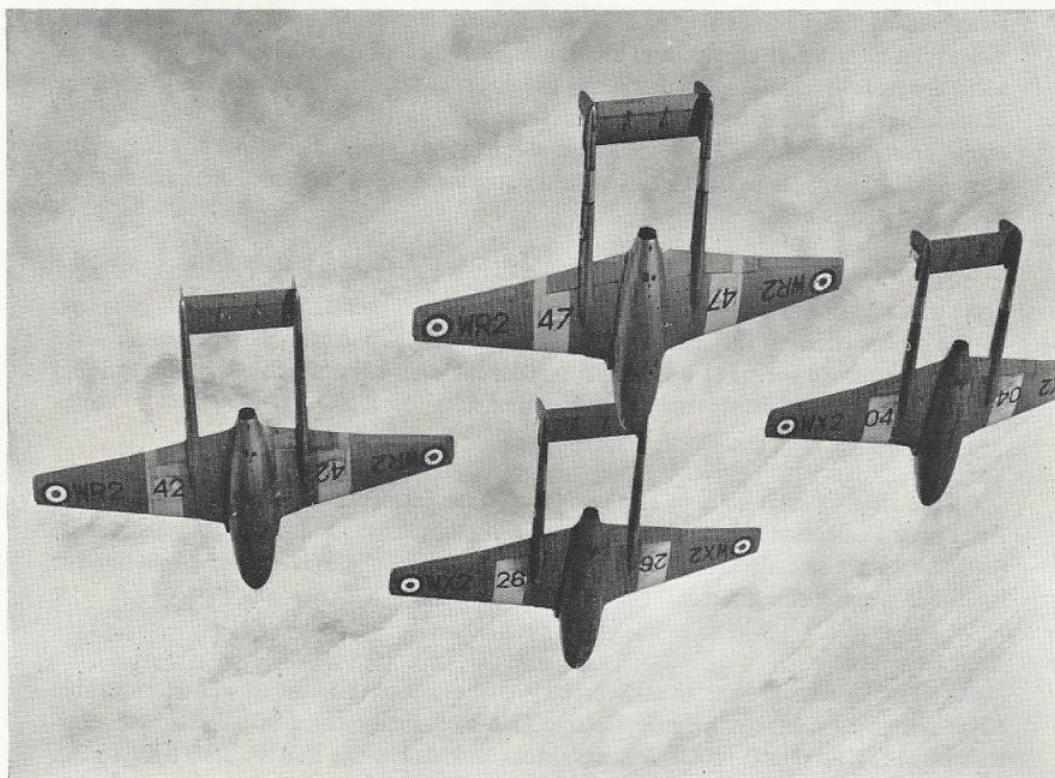
presented by the officers of the staff. A tradition has grown up during the past six or seven years for the departing entry to present a performance in which they pass comments on the course as a whole, with particular reference to the more imitable members of the staff. On this occasion, since there was no departing entry, the staff took occasion to present a performance containing some general comments upon the flight cadets.



The first of what we hope will be a long series of such fixtures took place on 10th November, when rugby, association football, cross-country running and shooting teams from the Royal Naval College at Dartmouth visited Cranwell. Our visitors dined with us on the Friday evening and the matches were played on the following day. The Sandhurst week-end for this year was held on 1st December at Sandhurst and the College had an almost unbroken run of success, winning the rugby, soccer and shooting matches while the cross-country running was a draw. In the traditional match between the officers the R.M.A. were victorious. An account of these events is given elsewhere in *The Journal*.



We regret to record the death in a flying accident of Senior Flight Cadet David John Webber on 9th October 1956. Senior Flight Cadet Webber entered the College in April 1953 with No. 69 Entry and was in his eighth term. He was posted



The Cranwell Aerobatic Team

to 'A' Squadron and established a reputation for himself as a quiet, straightforward, uncomplicated and dedicated personality such as the College delights to pass into the Service. We offer our sympathy to his parents in their tragic loss.



Though the College was spared the usual exodus of flight cadets at the end of the Autumn term, those responsible for the posting of officers did not hold their hands and the make-up of the College staff has changed considerably.

Wing Commander J. D. W. Willis, A.F.C., the first College Administrative Officer, left us after a regrettably short tour. In this appointment he had to cover a wide field of responsibilities, including those of P.M.C. of the College Mess, of President of Cadets' Games and of Chairman of the Cadets' Activities Organization. In a very short time he had mastered these disparate fields and had made an effective and positive contribution to our way of life. It is good to see that one of his sons has been awarded a Royal Air Force Scholarship and we hope that the family connection will be perpetuated. We welcome as his successor Wing Commander B. P. Mugford.

Squadron Leader F. W. Sledmere, A.F.C., has been posted to the Royal Air Force Staff College. He commanded 'B' Squadron who as a farewell present for his final term brought back to the Squadron the guardianship of the Queen's Colour after a five-year absence. Squadron Leader H. W. Cafferata has been appointed in his stead. As a member of No. 45 Entry Squadron Leader Cafferata is the first post-war Old Cranwellian to become a squadron commander. The last of the pre-war Old Cranwellian squadron commanders was Squadron Leader P. Blackford who left us just three years ago. It may be that we are about to renew the tradition by which these crucial posts are regularly filled by those who have been trained at the College.

Squadron Leader R. L. Smith has been posted to 2nd T.A.F. after a long tour as Senior Mathematics Instructor. His excellent skill at photography has often been put to the service of *The Journal* and for some years he has looked after the interests of the shooting team. Flight Lieutenant P. Fairhurst, the Thermodynamics Instructor, has been posted to a course at Henlow. He was officer in charge of flight cadets' chess and played a not inconsiderable part in other, less intellectual, pursuits. Flight Lieutenant H. Dufton has been posted to the Royal Air Force Staff College. Throughout his tour at Cranwell he has controlled the finances and the administration of the Little Theatre. Squadron Leader F. G. Carter, D.S.C., has left on promotion after a second short tour at the College. He has, once again, played a great role on the cricket field and has been in charge of the activities of the Debating Society. We congratulate Squadron Leader D. L. A. Finlay on the promotion which has taken him from us. He had played a very full part in the life of the College, had been treasurer of the Per Ardua Beagles and had often used his legal prowess in one form or another in the Court Martial Room. Flight Lieutenant W. J. Warn, D.F.C., who has been posted to F.E.A.F., was also a great supporter of the Beagles.

On the final guest night of the term in the Officers' Mess we were sorry to dine out Squadron Leader S. B. Wynn who was leaving the Service for medical reasons. Squadron Leader Wynn had commanded a squadron in the Flying Wing for two years and had been a stalwart of the Station XV.

Amongst others too numerous to mention here the Flying Wing has lost two

former cadet Wing Officers, Flight Lieutenants F. R. Lund and G. O. Eades. All alike have left their mark on the College.



The Per Ardua (R.A.F.) Beagles are coming to the end of another successful season, although sport was hard come by in the earlier part. Good fields have been maintained throughout the season and during the Christmas holidays they were, if anything, embarrassingly large. The Hunt Ball was held on 5th October in the Officers' Mess; it was a great success both socially and financially. An old tradition was revived when the beagles met on the Saturday after Christmas at the Lodge where a very large field was entertained by the Commandant and Mrs Parselle. The Senior Flight Cadet Whip is Flight Cadet M. Perkins and the following have carried whips: Air Commodore L. G. Levis, Flight Lieutenant P. R. M. Ellison, Flight Cadets R. B. Crowder, M. J. F. Shaw, C. E. Starey and Mr Charles Powell.



On 2nd, 3rd and 4th December the Dramatic Society presented 'See How They Run,' a farce by Philip King. This is the third occasion on which this excellent farce has been chosen for production by the Society, but it can surely never have been given at a more rattling pace than on the final night.



On 21st November the Little Theatre produced 'Worm's Eye View' by R. F. Delderfield. This gave an hilarious evening's entertainment and we very much regret that this will presumably be the last play to be produced at Cranwell by Flight Lieutenant D. P. Spencer who has featured in so many of the club's productions and has now been posted.



The Knocker Cup Competition was held on 20th October when 'C' Squadron were victorious. On 9th October they had already won the Ferris Drill Trophy. This year the competition took the form of mounting a guard; and we extend our thanks to the principal judges who were Captain P. D. Pauncefort-Duncombe of the Grenadier Guards and Captain D. M. St. G. Saunders of the Welsh Guards.



We have been glad to welcome the following visitors to the College during the term under review:

On 17th September Group Captain B. K. Dass, Commandant of the Royal Pakistan Air Force College.

On 4th October the following headmasters dined with us and carried out a tour of the College on the next day: Mr G. W. Furze of Moorlands School, Leeds; Mr P. C. Weeks of St. Edmunds School, Hindhead; Mr F. M. White of St Faith's, Cambridge; Reverend D. K. Ross of Junior House Felsted; Mr G. R. Forbes of St Hugh's, Woodhall Spa; Mr R. G. Stanton of Glengorse, Battle; Mr M. A. Galloway of Chafyn Grove School, Salisbury; and Major L. H. H. Brothwell of St Peter's, Seaford.

On 15th October Mr H. B. Williams and Major Eggar of Repton School.

On 17th October 35 miners from Annersley Colliery.

On 24th October 35 miners from Newstead Colliery.

On 27th October His Royal Highness Prince Chula of Thailand.

Visiting preachers during the term have included :

On 16th September the Right Reverend A. Otter, Bishop of Grantham.

On 20th September the Reverend B. E. Knight, Assistant Chaplain-in-Chief of Fighter Command, a former College Chaplain.

On 4th November the Reverend Canon T. J. Pugh, Senior Chaplain Butlin's Holiday Camps.

On 18th November the Reverend Canon O. S. Tomkins, Warden of Lincoln Theological College.

On 16th December the Festival of Nine Lessons and Carols was held.

The Queen's Colour was carried on Church Parade on Battle of Britain Sunday (which was also the first Sunday of term) and on Remembrance Sunday.



The College is in the throes of a great sartorial change. The field service cap, which for the last few years has been the exclusive headgear of the flight cadet, is being replaced by the beret with the cap badge backed by a white disc. Raincoats are to become a general issue. The new look has been achieved by the two junior entries and should be completed throughout the College by the end of the Spring term.



During the term Warwick Film Productions Ltd. have continued their work on 'High Flight.' At the time of going to press they are in the process of casting the film and work on the studio floor is expected to begin soon.



The stonework on the face of the College has been washed and re-pointed. It now shines freshly in the unseasonable winter sun.



During the term the following visits have been made :

On 17th September the Equipment flight cadets of No. 69 Entry visited No. 7 M.U. Quedgeley.

On 17th October a party visited the College of Aeronautics at Cranfield.

On 8th November No. 71 Entry visited Royal Air Force, Langtoft.



(Concluded on page 87)

The 'new look' in Junior Entries

THE AIR FORCE IN IRAQ

PART II

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.

THE possible lines of approach for the enemy all lay through country particularly suitable for the employment of aircraft in direct attack upon ground targets. There can be no doubt that any advance against us would have been very seriously hindered and delayed during the early stages of concentration; and it is by no means unlikely that, as his line of supply lengthened out, the enemy would have found that his further advance had become a matter of the utmost difficulty.

With our ground troops we should then be in a position to deliver his advanced formations a severe blow.

In case, however, the enemy should advance against us in strength considered too great for our forces to engage with reasonable chance of success, plans were fully elaborated for their withdrawal, under cover of delaying air action, to Baghdad, and, if necessary, straight through to Basrah.

All arrangements were similarly prepared in complete detail for the rapid collection along the main line of communication of the British and British subject population and for their evacuation to Basrah, to the number of some 6,000 persons.

It was at this time of the forward move to Mosul that air liaison was inaugurated with G.O.C.-in-C. the Army of the Levant, General Weygand, and by its means personal touch was maintained and intelligence of mutual concern to both of us passed from one to the other.

In fact, an arrangement was come to whereby if the enemy crossed French territory in their advance on Mosul they would be attacked by the French forces in Syria. As in order to reach Mosul part of their force would inevitably cross French territory, this was a guarantee of some value if acted up to.

While these events were taking place, the situation in Kurdistan had been rapidly deteriorating.

In February it became known that Sheikh Mahmoud, Governor of Sulimania, was formulating an attack on Kirkuk and Koisanjak and was in communication with Shiah Divines in the Holy Cities with the object of raising simultaneously a general insurrection in Iraq. For this purpose he had entered into an arrangement with Colonel

Euzdemir, the Turkish Commander in Kurdistan.

This Sheikh Mahmoud, whose personality is continually cropping up in the Sulimania district of Kurdistan, is a clever, headstrong and fanatical leader of very unstable character. He had been reinstated as Governor of Sulimania after our evacuation; but, instead of fulfilling the role which the High Commissioner had allotted him, had soon become the tool of the Turkish Commander, who had dangled before his covetous eyes the kingship of an Independent Kurdish Province.

As soon as his intrigues came to light, he was summoned to Baghdad by His Excellency the High Commissioner, but refused to obey. As a precautionary measure, two companies of Indian Infantry were railed to Kingerban, whence they were flown to Kirkuk, traversing the marching route of six stages in a few hours.

An ultimatum was dropped to him, together with a few delay action bombs outside the town. These went off at six-hour intervals and emphasized our decision to act should he refuse to comply.

Sheikh Mahmoud immediately resigned and sent a delegation of notables to Kirkuk. His protestations, however, proved to be meaningless and insincere, and on the expiry of the ultimatum his quarters were bombed. He then fled to the hills, but continued to overawe Sulimania and to frustrate attempts to set up an alternative administration.

At this moment a despatch from Euzdemir to the Turkish Commander of Jezireh front was intercepted. This despatch disclosed plans for an attack on Erbil, Koisanjak and Kirkuk in conjunction with a general rising in Kurdistan. In it the complicity of Sheikh Mahmoud was confirmed.

Should, now, operations occur at Mosul, it would inevitably mean that the simmering cauldron in Kurdistan would boil over in our right rear. In that direction the few protective troops would soon be overrun, and at sight of this the whole of the tribes in our immediate rear were likely to follow suit. It was an unpleasant position.

This situation called for urgent and drastic action. Meanwhile there were not sufficient troops

to carry out operations on the Mosul front and in Kurdistan at the same time. It was now the beginning of March, and from information I received as to the attitude of Angora towards war, I judged it possible to transfer the bulk of the forces from Mosul for an operation against Kurdistan and to leave me time to bring them back should the situation again deteriorate.

I would like to make it clear and to emphasize that it was only made possible through the facilities offered by rapid air travel, to reach the decisions come to on this and other occasions, after conference with local civil administration, police and interviews with officers on the spot.

Without a proper gauge of the multifarious conditions and contingencies obtained in this way, over a very wide field, in my opinion it would have been both impossible, unwise and hazardous in the extreme to have embarked on the various operations we did with small forces at great distance, with little or no communications as the term is usually understood. Consequently, orders were issued on 18th March for the troops at Mosul to be formed into two columns:

An Imperial Column, called Koicol., under command of Col. Comdt. Vincent, consisting of: 3 Inf. Bns., 1 Pack Battery, 1 Coy. Sappers and Miners, Ancillary Services, directed on Koisanjak; and

A Levy Column, called Frontiercol., under command of Col. Comdt. Dobbin, consisting of: 3 Inf. Bns., 1 Section Pack Battery, 1 Machine Gun Coy., directed on Rowunduz.

Air Forces for these columns were based on Mosul, Erbil and Kirkuk.

Iraq Army troops, although anxious to take part in the expected fighting, guarded adequately our communications.

The role of Koicol. on reaching Koisanjak was:

- (1) To overawe the turbulent tribes of the Rania plain, which had gained greatly in confidence and prestige consequent on the reverse inflicted on the Rania Column in September 1922.
- (2) To withdraw pressure from Frontiercol. during its advance on Rowunduz.
- (3) To isolate Sheikh Mahmoud from the Turks.

My further intention was that, if all went well with Frontiercol., Koicol. could continue its advance from Koisanjak on Sulimania, Sheikh Mahmoud's stronghold. On the other hand, from Koisanjak it was in a position from which it could arrive on the flank of any force seriously threatening Frontiercol.

It will take too long to go into the details of these operations.

Frontiercol. came up against a very strong position, prepared by Euzdemir with all the usual Turkish skill. I considered it could not be taken without heavy loss to the attacking troops and accordingly decided that Koicol. should be diverted from Koisanjak to outflank it.

Accordingly, Koicol., which had already fought a successful action at Rania and recovered all the missing parts of two guns lost the previous year, turned N.W., fought another successful action at a most difficult position against a force of Turks and tribesmen, and outflanked the position held by Euzdemir across the path of Frontiercol. The Turks fled over the Persian border, where they were disarmed and interned, and Rowunduz was entered on 22nd April.

This was the first day of the meeting of the Lausanne Conference and we could henceforward substantiate our claim to the *status quo* in Kurdistan on which to such a very great degree would later depend the very existence of Iraq.

Frontiercol. remained at Rowunduz while Koicol. countermarched and was directed on Sulimania. Sulimania was occupied after a very rapid march on the 17th May. The organization which Sheikh Mahmoud had painfully built was broken up by columns operating from that centre. Sheikh Mahmoud fled to the border and our Kurdistan operations had been brought to a successful conclusion.

The result of these operations was far-reaching. The Turkish correspondence which had been intercepted made it clear that their occupation of Rowunduz and their steady progress of infiltration was a stage in their plan to bring the whole of Kurdistan down to Khanakin under Turkish control.

By the beginning of June, all Turkish troops had been driven across the border into Persia. The tribal leaders, without exception, made haste to disavow their allegiance to the Turk and to comply with our requirements, and throughout the area a condition of respect for law and order and the decrees of Government supervened which these wild districts have never before known.

The following paragraph is an extract from a telegram forwarded by His Excellency the High Commissioner to the Secretary of State for the Colonies with regard to the effect of the forward move to Mosul and subsequent operations:

'It is difficult to exaggerate the improvement of the political situation effected during the past three months, first, by the move of troops

to Mosul, and later by the successful operations in Kurdistan. The impression that the return of the Turks was imminent has now vanished and this has had great effect in Baghdad, Mosul and among the Euphrates tribes.'

From this date it was possible gradually to effect those reductions in the total garrison which were to be effected under the R.A.F. Scheme of Control, until, in December of the same year, the Infantry garrison stood at 4 Bns. as envisaged by the Cairo Conference.

Before passing from these combined operations, I would like to describe to you some of the functions carried out by the R.A.F. beyond those normal ones of reconnaissance, photography, engagement of ground targets and bombing ahead of our columns.

By means of messages dropped and picked up, column commanders were enabled to communicate with each other, a vital matter in a turning movement of any description, and with my advanced H.Q. at Erbil, and this on the move when wireless was out of action. Air messages from columns to co-operating aircraft ensured that information of a special nature was received in quickest time.

At a most important juncture in the operations, when the junction of both converging columns was almost, but not quite, complete and it was necessary to very closely co-ordinate plans for a combined advance on Rowunduz, an appreciation and orders passed between the two columns by air message, and I received a copy at the same time.

At his march stages along the steep valley, O.C. Koicol. had established ration dumps under strong guard. It was essential for him to know in what regularity his supplies were passing. Aircraft provided this means and on one occasion dropped messages on each post in turn and in $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours delivered replies to the column commander.

The rapidity with which this column was able to move was assisted by their employment on one or two occasions for picqueting heights; this saved the troops much exhaustion and consequently lessened the time and distance.

By a system of communication between picqueting posts and aircraft they were able to deal with snipers which were annoying the column and delaying its movement.

The wear and tear on boots and socks was prodigious, due to the steep climbing on rocky and rain-soaked ground. To meet this, 1,000 pairs of boots and 3,000 pairs of socks, together with

a similar quantity of urgent stores, were supplied by air.

On one day, 4 tons of barley—that is, a day's rations—were dropped, but the breakable nature of the containers scattered the grain and it was not of much value. I am satisfied, however, that when this method of supplying has been more fully investigated and a cheap form of parachute has been properly tried out, this method of emergency supply will prove a valuable asset to a commander in warfare of this type.

Some 200 dysentery and diarrhoea cases were evacuated at Baghdad, a distance of 200 miles. These must otherwise have had a six days' journey on donkeys and at the least have suffered severely.

Finally, from Advanced H.Q. at Erbil I was in intimate touch with both column commanders, with Mosul, the lines of communication, and the High Commissioner in Baghdad. By a flight of between 500 and 600 miles in one day, I could ascertain by the best of all methods—personal interview—the situation on all fronts and what was passing through the minds of people on the spot and I was never out of touch with the state of the interior of Iraq through the High Commissioner.

In the meantime, what had been happening in the interior, and how had the R.A.F. in purely air operations, unaccompanied by mobile columns, been able to cope with their task? All sporadic attempts had been easily quelled—for instance, one of the most serious was that in which the British Div. Adviser in Diwanjah had been shot at and wounded while on tour. Orders to the Sheikh whose men had attempted the murder to come in to Government were ignored and air action became necessary. After air action had taken place, the police, acting in co-operation with aircraft, were able to enter his villages and deal satisfactorily with the incident.

I could quote other instances different in degree but similarly dealt with during the whole period of my command. Their total amounts to 288 occasions on which purely air operations were undertaken apart from the combined operation in Kurdistan. The burthen of the story is the same. Air power and that alone made it possible in this country of vast distances and primitive communications to hold all the strings at one moment, to tighten one here and loosen one there, and to act swiftly and surely at the right spot at the right moment.

Now, as the Turkish menace to our borders receded, so did the situation in Iraq proper improve. From July onwards to the end of my

command last April there was only one outbreak of disorder in areas already under the administration of Government. Otherwise, those occasions on which active measures had to be taken were in areas where previously Government control had been only nominal. The very marked improvement in the situation generally throughout the country now made it possible for the Iraq Government to consolidate its position and bring certain unadministered areas under the regular system of administrative control.

This task at times engendered open defiance to Government officials or police or other emblems of authority, and so it happened in the area which lies between Rumaitha and Samawah on the Euphrates.

It is occupied by tribesmen who are well armed, good fighters, and with a long record of successful resistance to Government. In Turkish times it was always a plague spot and had remained so ever since, defying all comers and constituting a hot-bed of intrigue and trouble for the future.

The area is most inaccessible and so intersected with irrigation channels that it can be crossed only by pack animals. Any attempt to deal with it is complicated by the proximity of the Basrah-Baghdad Railway. During the rebellion of 1920 this line was torn up and I was particularly anxious that, if we undertook operations there again, this should not occur for reasons of prestige and public confidence.

It was generally agreed that it would not be possible to bring this area under control without recourse to active measures, and I was asked by the High Commissioner to consider the form it should take. I considered that this was about to be a more ticklish job than any the R.A.F. had hitherto undertaken.

Until, however, an ultimatum should be delivered, there was time to consider the problem in detail. The situation was thoroughly discussed with local British advisers and police, and by means of our Intelligence system we had knowledge of the location and character of the dwellings of each recalcitrant Sheikh.

It was our object to demonstrate that only those who refused to obey Government orders should be punished, and of these those only who were responsible for the disloyalty of their followers. A special target map was accordingly prepared to ensure action being confined to these objectives.

The Sheikhs of the area, numbering 42, were then summoned to the local headquarters of Government at Samawah. One only appeared with a satisfactory guarantee.

Accordingly, the following day, trains containing armoured car detachments, aircraft stores and ground organization for three advanced aerodromes selected were despatched. Iraq Levies and Iraq army detachments guarded the two railway bridges and Samawah town.

Air action commenced the next morning, and by the afternoon of the following day the majority of Sheikhs had surrendered. This was followed by the entry of police and British and Iraqi Government officials into the area to establish Civil Administration. Thus this operation took two and a half days and was carried out at a distance of 150 miles from Baghdad.

Had it been necessary to use military forces, the nature of the country would have made it a lengthy and difficult operation: lines of communication in a hostile country would have had to be maintained and nothing less than a division, in my opinion, would have sufficed to bring about a similar result—and that only after inflicting immense hardship on the enemy and suffering many casualties among our own troops.

On no occasion was action taken in the air which sooner or later would not have necessitated the despatch of a column.

I will not describe any more of these purely air operations, but I will draw your attention to what I consider an overpowering advantage of the type of warfare and an almost incredible fact.

The whole of the results were obtained at the expense of one casualty—dead—to our side. Add to these, 1 killed, 14 wounded in the combined Kurdistan operation, there emerges this consideration. (I am unable to tell you the exact number of the enemy casualties, but they were infinitesimal.)

Could we have wrested Kurdistan from the Turk—an operation considered too dangerous to undertake on the old system without a very large increase in force—or imposed such a measure of control on the tribes of the interior that it became possible to reduce the garrison to 4 battalions if the air arm had not been used as the primary arm to bring about these results?

Would the suffering amongst the enemy or ourselves have been any less if slow-moving columns had penetrated the country, suffering great hardships from heat and thirst if not from disease, laying waste in their track farms, homesteads and the life of the country, with the inevitable aftermath of famine to the inhabitants? I think you will agree that the answer must be in the negative.

Is air warfare humane? No. Because that is a paradox. But it is quicker, more efficient and is

accompanied by infinitely less suffering than the use of a military expeditionary force.

Air action by the knowledge of its swiftness and certainty acts as a powerful deterrent to the tribesman. Although he may be many hundreds of miles away he knows that defiance of Government will surely be followed by retribution.

On the other hand, he knows very well that action by forces on the ground is slow to be taken. Expense, political necessity, lengthy and elaborate organization are involved before an expedition into hostile country can be undertaken and tend to make its initiation a slow process, and of this he takes full advantage.

Thus, it is more usual to allow minor outbreaks to go unchecked until their cumulative effect makes the despatch of a column a necessity. And

when at length the column is despatched, the process of restoring order involves the burning of entire villages, wholesale destruction and confiscation of livestock and almost inevitably also the loss of numerous lives, both of the tribesmen and our own troops.

How many hundreds of thousands of young British lives have been so sacrificed abroad and how many hearts have been broken at home by the old glorious methods of waging war?

And on the other side—what measure of order and tranquillity resulted to the country? This may be gauged by the fact that from the heterogeneous collection of wild and inarticulate tribes has emerged an ordered system of representative government by vote, with a Legislative Assembly elected by the people themselves.

CADET WING LISTS

No. 76 ENTRY

'A' Squadron		'B' Squadron		'C' Squadron	
Flight Cadet	School	Flight Cadet	School	Flight Cadet	School
A. M. Barringer ...	King's School, Canterburybury	P. C. Baird ...	Barnstaple Grammar School	G. P. Colwell ...	Eltham College
P. A. Billinge ...	Nottingham High School	A. M. Coulson ...	Bedford Modern School	S. J. R. K. Davis ...	Kenya
A. Coriat ...	Oratory	R. A. Gardner ...	Purbrook Park Grammar School	I. Dorrett ...	Taunton
M. D. Evans ...	St Paul's	W. H. Glennie ...	Aberdeen Grammar School	P. Harrington ...	King's School, Rochester
C. R. Geach ...	Peter Symonds's, Winchester	C. Green ...	Woodbridge	J. N. Herbertson ...	Magdalen College School
M. J. Graydon ...	Wycliffe College	R. H. Holmes ...	Wesley College, Dublin	H. D. Hard ...	King's School, Harrow
C. J. Horsley ...	Exeter	I. F. C. Hutchinson ...	Fettes College, Edinburgh	A. L. Hooper ...	Downside
V. B. Howells ...	Oakham	R. E. Johns ...	Portsmouth Grammar School	J. A. Horsfall ...	King's College School, Wimbledon
J. W. Hulland ...	Bournemouth Grammar School	A. P. S. Jones ...	Dover College	E. H. Hunter ...	Clifton College
P. A. Jennings ...	Bishop Wordsworth	M. A. Johnson ...	Brentwood	S. B. Johnston ...	Dover College
M. Kennedy ...	Brentwood	R. R. Lucking ...	Windsor County Grammar School	P. O. Keeling ...	Lancing College
A. C. E. Kingston ...	King's College School, Wimbledon	I. J. Martin ...	All Hallows	J. D. M. H. Laver ...	Churcher's College
D. Lawrence ...	Reading School	M. J. Maule ...	Ormskirk Grammar School	W. B. Maden ...	Arnold School
D. Littlefair ...	Peter Symonds's, Winchester	C. S. Parkin ...	St Edward's, Oxford	P. J. Maitland ...	Bristol Grammar School
A. J. Pelling ...	Kenya	T. A. Pearson ...	Berkhamsted	A. M. L. Maxwell ...	Pierrepont House School, Frensham
T. C. Porteous ...	Brough Muir	E. R. Perreaux ...	New Zealand	J. H. W. Nowell ...	Marlborough
B. Potter ...	Trinidad	J. S. B. Price ...	Sherborne	D. M. O'Herily ...	Mount St Mary's College
A. R. Read ...	Kings' School, Ely	P. E. Simmonds ...	Preston Grammar School	A. D. Phillips ...	Gresham's School, Holt
I. R. Sinclair ...	Highgate	R. K. Stoner ...	King's School, Rochester	D. J. C. Phillipson ...	Haileybury
M. R. Smith ...	Haberdashers'	P. J. Symes ...	Redruth County Grammar School	R. Pope ...	Clifton College
F. R. Styles ...	Wolverton Grammar School	J. R. Walters ...	Kingston Grammar School	R. B. Preston ...	Barnstaple Grammar School
N. D. Taylor ...	St Peter's, York	I. Weddle ...	Edinburgh Royal High School	R. M. Trowern ...	St John's College, Portsmouth
C. E. Wood ...	St Columba's College, Dublin	W. I. C. Wigmore ...	Prior Park, Bath	R. H. N. Waddington ...	St Edward's, Oxford

An Incident from a Flight Cadet's Log Book. Circa 1921/22

By C.M.S.

A PILOT in the course of his flying career makes many flights, in many different types of aircraft, on varying duties and frequently in foreign lands. It is therefore not surprising that on looking through his log book entries he can recall little, if anything, about the majority of them. There remain, however, a few entries concerning certain flights, the details of which are quite distinct. The memory, in fact, has become a part of his life. One could say, without fear of contradiction, that a pilot always remembers his first solo and the type of landing he made on rejoining Mother Earth. Such flights in the normal course of events are of interest only to the individuals concerned. Nevertheless there are some flights, of a commonplace nature, which may merit the interest of others, if only to point a moral or cause some amusement.

On browsing through my first Pilots Log Book, which, incidentally, I note was referred to as 'Army Book 425,' I can recall quite clearly a flight I made on 30th October 1922. I was then a Flight Cadet Sergeant in my final term at Cranwell and had flown some 15 hours solo on an Avro 504K. This machine was a biplane and was powered by a 100 h.p. rotary monosoupape engine of French design. The engine was lubricated with pure pharmaceutical castor oil, a fact which it seemed to dislike as it threw the oil out all over the fuselage and, to a not inconsiderable extent, over its pilot. It was, however, a good training aircraft, and, in spite of its rather dirty habits and the fact that the engine occasionally threw off a cylinder or two at inappropriate moments to the acute embarrassment of inexperienced flight cadet pupils, I have always retained a warm spot for it in my heart.

My memory tells me that the weather on the morning of 30th October was bright and sunny with about 3/10th cumulus clouds at about 3,500 ft., there was a distinct nip in the air and the wind was from the west at about 20 m.p.h. (knots were not used in those days). On arriving at 'C' Flight my instructor, F/O E. D. Barnes, now a retired Air Commodore, told me to fly in Avro C8 and take it up as high as it would go. To the flight cadet of today this must seem a most inadequate briefing, but in those days it was

sufficient, and I lost no time in getting into my overalls and helmet and into the cockpit of C8 for fear my instructor might change his mind. 'Switches off, suck in,' shouted the mechanic, and after I had checked the switches and repeated these words the fitter turned the propeller to 'suck in' the mixture. 'Contact,' called the fitter, and when I had echoed 'contact' and closed the switches he swung the propeller. The engine fired with the usual accompaniment of clouds of blue smoke being hurled back from the rotating cylinders. After the smoke had cleared and the engine was firing evenly, I ran it up and tested revs and switches. All being satisfactory I waved away the chocks, taxied out and took off.

I climbed steadily to just under the clouds, which had then increased to about 4/10th, and, having found a large gap, I spiralled up through it. At 7,000 ft. I was above them and the Avro was getting rather sluggish. The rate of climb had fallen off considerably, but I coaxed her along and eventually, about 50 minutes after I had taken off, the altimeter needle stood steady at 10,000 ft. By this time I was getting pretty cold and my hands had lost most of their feeling due to the extremely cold air which was whistling into the open cockpit as well as through all the small slits and joins in the fabric of the fuselage, and against which my overalls were of little protection. I decided that, as far as I was concerned, this was as high as she would go, and I doubt if the Avro would have disagreed with me, so I closed the throttle and spun down to the top of the cloud, which had by then increased to approximately 6/10th coverage. A short search soon revealed a gap through which I dived.

During the climb I had kept mainly on a westerly heading to offset the drift of the wind, but obviously either I had misjudged this very badly or the wind at altitude had increased considerably. I found myself over country where I could not establish any landmark. I would have given a lot to have seen the old black hangars at Cranwell and the enormous airship shed known as 'Lighter than Air' on the site now occupied by the officers married quarters, but no amount of searching could reveal them. After about a quarter of an hour scanning the ground and

peering at my map in a fruitless endeavour to find my position I had to admit to myself, with a nasty sinking feeling in my tummy, that I was well and truly lost and had to do something about it. Clearly it was useless just going on flying round in the hope that I might have a lucky break in pin-pointing myself, as such luck would more than likely not come my way, and I would run out of fuel and be forced to make a 'dead stick' landing with every chance of making a mess of the Avro and myself. There did not seem to be much future in that course. The only alternative was to make a landing whilst I still had an engine and find out my position. This solution was not to my liking either as I had never made a landing before except on the spacious acres of Cranwell, and all the fields beneath me seemed to be mere pocket handkerchiefs surrounded by good stout hedges. However, there it was and with my heart thumping against my ribs I shut off the engine and glided down. I had picked the biggest field and had noted the direction of the wind, but my approach was far too high and I opened up the engine and went round again. In all I made three attempts to get in that field and then got tired of it and tried another. Altogether I think I must have made passes at half a dozen fields and twice had almost touched down but noted in the nick of time that the hedge in front was far too close and struggled into safety again with a labouring engine. By this time I was in a pretty jittery state, when by good luck and I am sure the Grace of God, I made a better approach. 'Slipping off' the extra height in copy book style, I sat down just over the hedge, but unfortunately a little out of wind, with the result that the Avro swung round rather abruptly, dipping its right wing and breaking the wing-tip skid. I switched off the engine and climbed out of the cockpit on to a pair of rather wobbly legs.

My attempts to land had, not unnaturally, alerted most of the neighbourhood, and it was not long before I was surrounded by a fairly large collection of farm labourers, gaping at me and the Avro in undisguised astonishment and admiration. Aeroplanes in those days were not the commonplace things they are today and those who flew them were regarded as something above the ordinary mortal, all very nonsensical but nevertheless distinctly uplifting to the ego of a young man of 19, and mine certainly needed some elevation at that moment. In response to my request I was told by the assembled company that I had landed near a small village called Car Colston and horny fingers were soon tracing uncertain grubby marks on my map, which I had

laid out on the wing, to point out its position. I was relieved to see that it was not far from Cranwell and to know that I had sufficient fuel to return there.

I was just about to ask the farm hands to help me lift up the tail of the Avro and push the aircraft back to the extreme down-wind end of the field, so as to give me the longest possible take-off run, when I became aware of a very pretty girl standing by my side. At this range of years I am unable to give a detailed description of her, but I certainly remember she was decidedly easy on the eye. I introduced myself and explained to her the reason for my landing, where I had come from and that it was my intention to try to take-off and return to Cranwell. She told me that I had landed on her father's property and asked if she could help in any way. I suggested that she should telephone Cranwell, inform them where I was and that I hoped to be able to take-off and return in a short while. She promised to do this, adding a charming invitation to lunch at her home, which was only a short distance away, if I could not start the engine. Needless to say I accepted with alacrity.

With the assistance of the labourers we soon manhandled the Avro to the down-wind part of the field and there I tore off the broken wing-tip skid as I feared it would foul the aileron in flight. I had a good squint at the take-off run and decided that it was possible, if everything went well. The most difficult part was then to come, which was to instruct one of the farm hands how to swing the propeller. Selecting the strongest and most intelligent chap I showed him how to do it, taking good care that the switches were 'off.' At first he shied off in horror, but with a mixture of encouragement and derision from his friends he agreed to try, and after some practice swings I decided that he was reasonably competent. Stationing the remainder of the farm hands at the leading edges of the wings to prevent the Avro from moving forward should the engine start, I went round to the side of the cockpit and set the throttle to 'suck in' and then hurried back to rotate the propeller and set it on compression for the swing. Dashing back again on to the wing by the cockpit I yelled to my erstwhile mechanic to swing the propeller. This he did with great vigour, and as I set the switches to 'contact' the engine, much to my astonishment, roared into life. Blipping the engine on the thumb switch on top of the joystick I managed to get off the wing and into the cockpit and do up my safety belt, my feelings meanwhile dithering between elation at

(Concluded at the foot of page 33)

A NATURAL ALLIANCE?

IN recent months British journals have devoted more space, British radio and television services more time and British politicians more comment to the subject of Anglo-American relations than in any comparative period since the end of the second world war. It is safe to assume that the subject has commanded equal attention and heart-searching on the other side of the Atlantic. This article cannot claim any original or significant contribution to the arguments already put forward; its only justification is that its contents are sufficiently important to merit repetition.

Britain and the United States suffered mutual disillusionment over each other's attitudes and actions during the Suez crisis, all the more sharply felt because of the special regard in which they had hitherto held each other, as 'not quite like other foreigners.' The basis of this special regard was a naive belief held by many of the public, though not by Government officials or students of American affairs, that the Americans and British are basically the same people, speaking the same language, endowed with the same type of government and pursuing broadly similar interests in the world. Unless the false assumptions contained in this attitude are discarded, Anglo-American relations will be bedevilled periodically by the rather childish recriminations to which expression has been given recently in both countries.

First we are in no sense the same people. Even when the 13 colonies separated from Britain in the late eighteenth century their population of just over two millions included seven races. In the nineteenth century a series of emigrations from Europe was a major contribution to the phenomenal increase in population in America. In the first half of that century the British were a leading element in these migrations, but the Irish and the Germans surpassed them numerically. Between 1850 and 1900 no fewer than 35 million emigrants entered the United States; of these $10\frac{1}{2}$ millions came from Ireland, $5\frac{1}{2}$ millions from Britain, $4\frac{1}{2}$ millions from Germany and $2\frac{1}{4}$ millions from Scandinavia. After 1890, British numbers rapidly decreased. A change in the emigration pattern can be seen clearly after 1880, when Eastern and Southern Europe replaced North-western Europe as the principal area of emigration. In the subsequent 50 years $4\frac{1}{2}$ million Italians, four million from the Balkans and $3\frac{3}{4}$ millions

from Russia and Poland settled in America. The social cohesion of almost all racial groups was stronger than that of the British, who were also surpassed in fecundity. When allowance has been made for intermarriage, it is not surprising that today British stock represents no more than a fraction of one per cent of the total population of the United States.

After a generation 'hyphenate-Americans' became native-born Americans, imbued with American nationalism and pride, not bound by ties to Europe. Those racial groups which did preserve such ties, however, those with the longest historical memory, were at subsequent times the most important numerically and politically, and the most anti-British—the Irish, the Germans and, more recently and temporarily, the Jews.

Secondly, it can be disputed whether British and Americans speak the same language. Several American States have no doubts on this matter; they have passed laws stating that American and not English is the official tongue. Reference to Swan's Anglo-American dictionary confirms that the existence of two languages is a reality. It is not merely that Americans have different pronunciations, spelling or meaning for English words, though this can be quite misleading. Many of us would think that an 'atomiser' belonged in the battle fields rather than the beauty parlour, for example. The Americans give a different connotation to phrases commonly used in our press: 'imperial preference' and 'socialism' have for them a somewhat sinister ring. There is a marked inability for us to use each other's idiom naturally; consider the Hollywood portrayal of 'U' English or cockney slang, and, conversely, the attempt of reputable British novelists to report conversations between Americans. Recently, indeed, a British cinema audience sat through a film where Marlon Brando spoke in Italian for two reels, and they were unable to detect any difference between this and 'Brooklynese.'

But, even allowing the proposition that we speak the same language to go unchallenged, is this more of an asset than a liability? George Bernard Shaw once said that the British and the Americans were two nations separated by the same language; I do not think he was sacrificing truth for the sake of antithesis. The possession of a common language means, for one thing, that we give a disproportionate amount of news about each other's country compared with that

devoted to other foreign countries. And, since what is the most sensational often takes the place of what is the most important in the journalistic world, the British press headlines Ben Hecht's anti-British war cry, Senator McCarthy's tirade or Mr. Dulles' latest gaff, and American readers, meanwhile, may be frightening or consoling themselves with statements made by British politicians of the extreme left and right, which prove conclusively that Britain is simultaneously going communist at home and reverting to nineteenth-century colonialism abroad.

The third statement to be considered is that the British and Americans enjoy or endure the same type of government. It is true that both are democratic, by which I mean that both governments are in the long run answerable to, and removable by, public opinion. An orthodox American, however, considers it a perverted form of democracy which in the twentieth century has a second chamber based on the principle of heredity, which has a civil service protected from public enquiry and which voluntarily submits to a virtual five-year cabinet dictatorship. A stiff Britisher might argue that democracy and the 'spoils system,' the scramble for office, the pressure groups and corruption are, in the final analysis, incompatible.

In both our countries democracy is worked through a two-party system; in both government and the law pay respect to individual rights. Yet there remain constitutional and procedural differences which affect our relations quite profoundly. The American constitution is the oldest written constitution in the world; it was produced to ensure that certain aspects of the unwritten British constitution would not be perpetuated in the government of its newly independent country. The doctrine of separation of powers was introduced to ensure that too much power was not concentrated in too few hands. The executive, legislative and judicial branches of government held each other in check and balance. The President cannot control Congress as the Prime Minister can control Parliament because he and his cabinet are not allowed to sit in Congress, with the exception of the Vice-President whose own powers of action in the Senate are severely limited. The right of treaty-making is shared between the President and the Senate. Only Congress can declare war. This rather loose relationship between the executive and the legislature makes itself particularly felt in the field of foreign affairs. It is difficult to negotiate agreements with the United States Government, because it cannot really commit itself to any

course of action, since all treaties require the approval of a two-thirds majority of the Senate. This is not always easy, as electoral procedure in America can lead to a situation such as exists today, when the President is a Republican and both houses of Congress are controlled by the Democrats. At presidential election times foreign affairs are often thrust aside by domestic and internal political issues. Consequently, American foreign policy often appears to proceed by fits and starts, or to be modified out of recognition.

Within both the executive and the legislature a similar lack of cohesion, judged solely by British standards, is to be found. There is in America, for example, no idea of cabinet responsibility as known in Whitehall. If a member of the British Cabinet delivers a major speech, the policy given therein is official policy. Yet at the time of the Korean war a member of the American cabinet gave the State Department and the Foreign Office a severe shock by declaring he was in favour of a preventive war against Russia! Again, American foreign policy is not necessarily made through the State Department; President Truman and others often used specialized agencies, and sometimes the Secretary of State himself can be by-passed. Important changes in policy are not necessarily made in Congress, but may be announced in press conferences, radio speeches or at unofficial gatherings; thereafter they are subject to elucidation, extension, modification or contradiction as the policy is scrutinized by Congress.

In Congress the discussions on a new policy do not follow the tidy shape of a debate in Westminster. This is principally because the party ties are not nearly as strong in Congress as in Parliament; the Whips would not be tolerated. Senators in particular have a prestige and an independence not known in the Commons or the Lords. Again, procedural differences permit them to grill, to criticize, to oppose members of the executive, the armed Services or anyone they care to call before Senate Committees. These enquiries, which are not pursued on party lines, often leave a confusing impression on the foreign observer.

America speaks with many voices on foreign affairs, not the least important being that of public opinion. It has a more direct effect than it does in Britain, because American politicians are more conscious of the next election, never very far distant. So it is difficult at any time to choose the authoritative version of current policy. It is only by making full allowance for the constitutional and procedural differences in our two countries that we can make valid judgments about each other's conduct.

Finally, we must dispose of the idea that the interests of the British and American governments are the same. Of course we both wish to preserve our democratic systems, to stop the advance of world communism and improve the opportunities of our people. The French, Germans or Indians could claim precisely the same. It is within these broad principles that differences are bound to arise, for the interests of no two states can be identical. These differences are often of method rather than aim. Britain and the United States are to some extent trade rivals, and in the last decades we have been losing fast. We have political philosophies which often appear opposed, and we give different priorities to international disputes. So today there exists between us a difference of opinion over tariff laws, recognition of Communist China, the way to deal with Arab nationalism, trade with iron curtain countries and so on. Solutions to these problems are hindered by mutual suspicions arising from our different histories, and by a different psychological approach. It is too easily forgotten that because we fought on the same side in two world wars, our historical relations have not always been happy. American suspicion of colonialism dates from their colonial association with Britain; and since that time the

British burned their capital city in one war, had designs on Texas and California, came near to being involved in the War between the States, and infringed on National shipping rights in this century—the British of course have their versions of these same incidents, and many other grievances too. In the economic and social sphere we have our theories of dollar diplomacy, ‘Coca-colonization,’ and the Americans know the menace of ‘socialized medicine’. And, of course, the list can be lengthened.

The alliance between us, then, is not a ‘natural alliance’ by racial, historical, linguistic or any other standards. It is the creation of devoted and far-sighted diplomats on both sides—of Ambassadors like John Hay and W. H. Page, Lord Bryce and Sir Oliver Franks, of men like Colonel House and Harry Hopkins, Clement Attlee and Winston Churchill. It has survived periods of great strain, such as the Korean War in 1950, when Attlee and Truman agreed to differ but to preserve the partnership. It must continue. We for our part must make sacrifices and psychological readjustments to see that it does. Because in the light of hard economic facts it cannot be an equal partnership, it need not cease to be an amiable and rewarding one. G.P.

An Incident from a Flight Cadet's Log Book (*cont. from page 30*)

achieving something which I thought was highly improbable and acute disappointment at the thought that I had lost my lunch with the lovely lady.

Waving away the farm hands who were standing at the wings, I opened the throttle and was relieved to hear a full-throated roar and see the revs go up to peak. The surface of the field was rough and as I gained speed I literally bounded on my way, finally clawing the Avro off the ground after a particularly sickening jolt and saw the hedge skimming away beneath me. After having made a circuit to wave to my helpers and to an attractive figure standing in the drive outside a pleasant house, I set course for Cranwell, which I reached in 20 minutes, and with some hundred acres at my disposal I had no difficulty in making a good landing.

On the tarmac I was met by an extremely irate flight commander who demanded, with embellish-

ments, to know what the devil I had been up to, landing in a field to have lunch with a girl friend? Apparently the lady in question had been somewhat enthusiastic in her telephone conversation, and in addition to giving the information I had asked her to convey had implied that there was a strong possibility of my having a cosy little lunch with her. In vain did I plead my innocence of any predetermined luncheon date. Later that day, with cap off and under escort, I stood at attention in front of my squadron commander. My explanations were heard, questions were asked and answered and after a long, steady look at me the squadron commander dismissed the case. But in the quarter of an hour that I was under trial I felt that my stripes were only remaining on my sleeves by the barest threads.

Is there a moral to this story? I suppose so: do not mix up pretty girls and aeroplanes; one or the other is bound to get you into trouble.

Extracts from Theses

Almost every Flight Cadet at Cranwell finds himself writing a thesis in his final year. Most of them are, in fact, written in the final term, but they are supposed to be written during the final year. The lucky ones who avoid doing it find themselves embarrassed with the Royal Aeronautical Society's examination, or with languages. Every Flight Cadet must choose one of the three.

Surprisingly, very little publicity has been given to this particular chore, and the accompanying article prints extracts from a number of current theses. True they are not quite up to Flight Cadet Whittle's 'A New Method of Propulsion for Aircraft,' but they do show the almost infinitely wide choice of subject permitted.

The British Navy at the Time of Nelson

... Consequently British vessels were frequently manned by criminals and petty thieves who made honest men's lives a misery. The lower gundecks became the epitome of corruption and vice, usually under officers who were cruel and all-powerful.

With such men on board many punishments were meted out, the most common being that of flogging. When an offender was flogged, for any reason from stealing to making a small mistake, the cat-o'-nine-tails was used to administer punishment. This was a two-foot-long rope whip, divided into nine separate lashes, each of which was knotted at the end: for punishing thieves the lashes were knotted all the way along.

At the appointed time the ship's company was assembled to witness the punishment. The offender, stripped of his shirt and standing on the spar deck, had his hands tied above him, about four feet apart, to the 'wall' of the quarter deck. All was now ready for the seaman chosen to inflict the punishment. From the spar deck the captain read out the section of the Articles of War (the equivalent of today's Queen's Regulations and Manual of Service Law) which had been violated. He then gave the order for the punishment to be carried out. Three dozen lashes was a common award and 300 not unusual, but twelve lashes administered by a man who was forced to put all his strength into each blow for fear of incurring the captain's displeasure, was enough to make pulp of a man's back. The rope lashes cut into the skin after only a few strokes. When the punishment was over the man was cut down and taken to the ship's surgery where salt-brine was rubbed into his lacerated back.

Despite the natural deterrent effect on all who witnessed a flogging it did not have the desired effect of making a man change his ways. It was said that 'it made a bad man worse and broke a good man's heart.'

* * *

Arctic Strategy

... Considering a trans-polar war between America and Russia we are faced with a most interesting and important question. In lands so sparsely populated and so barren as those of the Northern High Latitudes and Arctic areas of Alaska and Canada, is it possible to organize and construct a defence against the expected future weapons—intercontinental guided missiles?

An aircraft or missile launched from Russia would have to pass over some three to five thousand miles of forest, tundra, ice-cap and frozen ocean, while the distance over settled land in America and Canada would only run into hundreds of miles. Early warning radar stations situated in the polar regions might be able to locate a trans-polar missile some two thousand miles from its target. In theory this gives ample time for an interception to be made, but it is obvious from the vast area involved that one hundred per cent radar coverage is practically impossible.

A further complication is that the major attack, the one designed to paralyse an enemy, will most certainly be the very first one, thereby giving the minimum of warning. To stand any chance of softening the blow of this attack, the whole defence organization must be geared, even in peace, to the standards required in wartime. But even then it would be utter folly to deceive oneself into thinking that such a defence could completely counteract the attack.

Grand Prix Racing, 1937

The 750 kg Formula had been arranged to expire at the end of 1936, but as no new Formula had been agreed on until late in 1936, the existing regulations were extended until the end of 1937. The new Formula, for 1938, 1939 and 1940, allowed maximum engine sizes of 4½ litres unsupercharged and three litres supercharged, and for the 1937 season the tendency was to make do with existing types, and to concentrate on new cars for 1938. Mercedes-Benz were the exception here, and after their disappointing 1936 season they produced an entirely new car. This had a 5.66 litre engine, and at last Mercedes were on an equal footing with Auto-Union as far as engine capacity was concerned. Both the German cars were producing over 500 b.h.p., and were capable of over 200 m.p.h.; it is unlikely that such power and speed will ever again be available in the Grand Prix field. Alfa-Romeo, with a 12-cylinder 400 b.h.p. car, could obviously not match the Germans for speed, but it was hoped that on a twisty circuit Nuvolari's brilliance would counteract this handicap.

... Next came the Monaco Grand Prix, which provided the interesting spectacle of Brauschitsch ignoring Mercedes' team orders and forcing his leader, Caracciola, to travel flat out to stay ahead of him. After 40 laps in second position behind Caracciola, both well ahead of the rest of the field, Brauschitsch took the lead, and at the end of sixty laps led by 34 seconds. Carraciola, resenting this, decided to put him in his place and proceeded to catch him, raising the lap record from 59.7 to 66.9 m.p.h. in the process. At the 80th lap he led by 26 seconds, but his efforts had used up a lot of tyre, so he had to stop at his pit soon after, and Brauschitsch swept past to win.

* * *

The Air Defence of Great Britain

It was during the Napoleonic Wars that the first plans to attack and invade England by air were conceived. Balloons, using a favourable wind, were to be used in conjunction with an invasion fleet. Since the fleet never sailed no air attack was made, but it would have been interesting to see how Martello would have dealt with the aerial invaders.

Les Anglais nation trop fiere
S'arrogant l'empire des mers:
Les Francais, nation legere
S'emparent decelui des airs.

The next events were the Wright Brothers' flights in 1903, and Bleriot's Channel crossing in 1908. The latter demonstrated that Britain was no longer an island but was covered by the great air 'ocean' in which the battles of the air 'fleets' would be fought.

Today, with the advent of atomic weapons, all this seems very far away, but it is in barely fifty years that air power has come to be a threat to Britain. The Great War saw the introduction of aerial attack and the first attempts to combat it. Bombs were small and capable of little damage. Similarly, defensive weapons were not capable of great fire power, except perhaps for the French 'moteur canon' which fired through the stationary crankshaft of a rotary engine and was the forerunner of present heavy cannons. Nowadays the hydrogen bomb threatens us—the tightly packed industrial areas making a fine target. To combat this threat there is a finely interwoven defence system capable of controlling heavily armed fighters. In the future the I.C.B.M. (Intercontinental Ballistic Missile) looms as something for which as yet there is no 'official' defence. However, there is little doubt that a reasonably efficient form of defence will be found, for throughout the short history of aerial warfare each new advance in offensive power has swiftly been countered by a defensive measure.

* * *

Tall Ships

Gustav Erikson is probably the greatest owner of tall ships the world has ever seen. When square-rigged ships became uneconomical after the first world war, Erikson started to buy tall ships at break-up prices and so build himself a most impressive fleet. This fleet, it might be added, was completely uninsured against any loss of the vessels. His crews consisted mainly of cadets with a few excellent sailing captains who were determined to try to beat the steamship menace. The vessels were distinctly undermanned by the standards of the 1850's but nevertheless he succeeded where others had failed, and not only individuals but nations. Consequently we must ask ourselves how was it that Gustav Erikson

managed to build up this amazing fleet and run it for so long with an equally amazing record for safety. And the fact that they had often to travel halfway round the world in ballast to get a cargo did not help.

This great achievement can be explained by three phrases, these are 'personal supervision,' 'shrewd buying' and, above all, 'a tremendous love for the sea and sail.' Erikson bought his first vessel in 1913. This vessel was the *Renee Rickmers* which he renamed *Aland*; she was a Scottish vessel of 2,066 tons gross and built in 1887. He was not to have much success with her as she went onto a reef near New Caledonia on her maiden voyage. This was due to the piloting lights of the area being unlit because of the war. Undaunted, however, he bought the *Borrowdale* which he also lost to war perils. Both these vessels were a total loss and completely uninsured. A lesser man might have been very reluctant to carry on after these setbacks, but this was not the case, for between 1919 and 1921 he bought the *Lawhill*, the *Woodburn* and the *Herzogin*. It seems unnecessary to note down all the ships Erikson bought in the following years, but it is interesting to note that he bought nineteen tall ships between 1919 and 1935 and that in 1937 thirteen of them were still afloat.

* * *

The Regimental History of the Highland Brigade, 1700-1874

The 79th at Waterloo

... As at the battle of Toulouse the Cameron Highlanders again distinguished themselves beyond expectations. Wellington in his dispatch particularly mentioned the 79th for their conspicuous bravery in the field, and the rigid discipline they adhered to at all times. Each surviving officer and soldier received the decoration of the 'Waterloo' silver medal, and was allowed to reckon two additional years' service.

Yet the regiment indeed had their lighter moments, which relieved the intense strain undergone in battle. While encamped near Paris just after Waterloo, at the special request of the Emperor of Russia, Sergeant Thomas Campbell of the grenadiers, a man of gigantic stature, with Private John Fraser, and Piper Kenneth Mackay, all of the 79th, proceeded to the Palais de l'Elysée in Paris to gratify the Emperor's wish to examine the Highland dress.

Sergeant Campbell was minutely examined by the Emperor, who, says Campbell, 'examined my

hose, garters, legs, and pinched my skin, thinking I wore something under my kilt, and had the curiosity to lift my kilt to the navel, so that he might not be deceived. . . .'

... The Black Watch took a major part in the American Revolutionary War. During the battle of Brandwyne a rather amusing incident occurred. Sergeant MacGregor, in a small skirmish with the enemy, was wounded and left unconscious on the ground. On recovering he found that he was being carried to the enemy lines on the back of an enemy sergeant. Drawing his dirk he forced his adversary to turn round and carry him back to his own lines. So he was returned safely, much to the amusement of his comrades, and chagrin of his bearer. Truly commendable initiative. . . .

* * *

The History of the Arab Horse and the Development of the British Thoroughbred

The Arab horse is noted for his ability to pass on his physical and mental qualities to any horse with which he is crossed. He is still the fastest natural unspecialized breed, although outclassed in sheer speed by his descendant, the British Thoroughbred. He still retains absolute supremacy in endurance over very long distances, is the most versatile of all sires and therefore almost any type of horse can be bred from him.

The Arabian horse's reputation for endurance has been quite a curse to him, as people were always racing him over incredible distances under fantastic weights, just to see if it could be done. A race took place in October 1926 in Portugal—1,200 miles in eighteen days—roughly 66½ miles per day. 39 horses started the race, 30 of which were knocked out during the race, a large number of them died because of the strain and only a few were left for the finish of the race, of which the last seven kilometres were galloped uphill. The race was won by Emir, a pure Arab, in 70 hrs. 9 mins. Another pure Arab named Rib ran four miles carrying a man weighing eleven stone in 8 mins. 30 secs., and in 1837 an Arab horse went for 210 miles continuously moving, taking 24 hours.

In 1921 an Arab horse, Crabbet, won the 310-mile race open to all breeds carrying the fantastic weight of 17½ stone. This seems to have been the world's heaviest officially recorded

weight carried to victory by any racehorse. (The lightest was probably 3 st. 7 lb. carried by a thoroughbred filly in 1940 at Ascot, ridden by a jockey weighing only 2 st. 1 lb.) Incidentally the 310-mile race was run almost entirely on concrete and Macadam roads and the official report states that out of 27 starters only six finished the course—Crabtree's legs being the only ones which remained sound.

* * *

The History of the Helicopter

In the early days of the helicopter its development was held up by the lack of a suitable source of power. Many types of power plants were tried, including steam and electricity, but they all suffered from a low power : weight ratio. With the advent and development of the petrol engine to a satisfactory power : weight ratio a number of helicopters began experimental flying, soon exposing the limitations of the early control systems. Now the situation is changing again, and the piston engine is likely to be superseded by specialized gas turbines.

The roles for which the helicopter is suitable all require longer periods at full power, as when hovering, climbing or landing, than do those of fixed-wing aircraft. This is reflected in the short life of helicopter power units compared with identical units fitted in fixed-wing aircraft.

Most helicopters flying today are powered by piston engines originally designed for use in fixed-wing aircraft, but, due to the flexibility of the piston engine, they are fairly satisfactory. They have a number of disadvantages, for example, the difficulty in keeping the cylinder head temperature below its maximum limits. With the helicopter the downwards velocity is low and insufficient to cool the buried engines. Therefore ducted fans have to be used, which absorb power and reduce the efficiency of the machine. With prolonged running at high power and high temperatures cylinder head failure is to be expected and the Bristol Aircraft Company have had a considerable number of failures in their Alvis Leonides-powered MK. 171 and 173 helicopters.

The gas turbine is a most attractive power plant for helicopters and may be used to drive the rotor in two different ways. It can drive the rotors direct through a transmission system, in the same way as a piston engine, or by tip jets. Power output can be in the form of compressed air or engine efflux. Many special attributes are claimed for the gas turbines and those that make it suitable for helicopter use include high power : weight

ratio, lack of vibration, and its ability to use kerosene fuel. The greatest advantages are with the gas coupled layout, where the expensive and heavy transmission system required by the piston engine is dispensed with, together with its maintenance, vibration, and cooling problems.

Another simple solution to the power unit problem is the fitting of a pulse or ram jet to the tip of each rotor blade, the fuel feed being by centrifugal action through the blade. This is a simple but uneconomic method of propulsion.

* * *

Indonesia

. . . The Dutch were not sufficiently strong in 1945 to re-occupy the East Indies and capture the Japanese forces. It was therefore agreed that British troops should do this, while Netherlands officials should administer the liberated territories. Four main tasks were ahead of the British troops. They were: guarding and evacuating women and children from internment camps, releasing Allied prisoners of war, removing the Japanese and the establishing of law and order.

In Soerabaya, Java, the 49th Indian Brigade landed without opposition. The reception by the inhabitants was friendly. The troops were able to take important points in the town and settle down peacefully. The moderate Indonesians' leaders proved themselves willing to co-operate, so a contact committee was set up, with British and Indonesian representatives, to resolve mutual difficulties and consult public opinion. However, on the afternoon of the 27th of October, a shower of leaflets was dropped over Soerabaya by British aircraft. The leaflets were dropped entirely without the knowledge of the Brigade Commander, and dictated terms far harsher than those that he had arranged with the contact committee. The leaflets ordered Indonesians to surrender their arms immediately. This caused grave misgivings among the population, who thought that Dutch troops were waiting offshore and would land to take over the Republic as soon as the Indonesians were disarmed. That evening a violent and inflammatory radio message was broadcast on Radio Soerabaya, exhorting all patriotic Indonesians to rise and drive out the British forces.

It appears unlikely that anything would have come out of such outbursts had the Indonesians not been prepared beforehand. At 4 p.m. the following day, accurately timed and co-ordinated attacks were made on units of British troops all over the city. The organization behind the attacks

left no room for thought that they were spontaneous outbursts of indignation.

One infantry brigade in the city was attacked by some 20,000 Japanese-trained Indonesians, supported by tanks, and by a mob of 120,000 armed with rifles, clubs and poisoned spears. Many British and Indian officers and men who were in the streets at the time of the attack were butchered with knives, in some cases they were deliberately dismembered while still alive. Most of the smaller units fell when their ammunition was exhausted, but a few managed to hold out until a truce was arranged.

* * *

The Threat of Communism to the Underdeveloped Countries of the World

. . . I have pointed out that although the early founders of 'Communism' expected the greatest following for their creed to come from the industrial areas of Western Europe, it has been in the backward underdeveloped areas where they have scored their major successes. Both Russia in 1917 and China in 1948 depended upon agricultural peasants living in poor conditions and at subsistence level to bear the brunt of their countries' economy. The peasants were faced with poverty, starvation and all the worries of being under the control of local landlords and moneylenders. With the increasing birth rate and decreasing death rate the situation became worse. A system of land reform was badly needed. Other factors, such as the lack of an outlet for grievances through a democratic political party or a fair system of taxation and government, existed to aggravate the landholding system. Finally the Communist party was able to come to power on the shoulders of the unsatisfied agricultural peasants. The revolutions which Marx foresaw were not organized by Communist sympathizers, nor did they come about for the reasons he stated. Nevertheless the Communist party seized the opportunity to take over control while the countries concerned were weakened by civil disorder and strife.

* * *

Interpol

. . . During 1953 the General Secretariat of Interpol recorded 319 cases of international drug

trafficking in 278 of its member nations. By far the worst offender was China, for during that year alone 800 tons of opium, morphine and heroin from Chinese stocks found their way into some 20 countries. This was more than enough to meet the world's medical needs for a year, and was worth at its legal price 60 million American dollars. It is impossible to estimate how much this actually earned when sold at a huge profit to half-crazed addicts the world over.

To trace the complicated network of drug rings is an almost impossible task for Interpol's agents, for there exists a peculiar form of loyalty, prompted no doubt by fear, which prevents a convicted drug trafficker from supplying information to the authorities.

Inspector George White, of the American Narcotics Bureau, has consequently adopted a system of meeting this menace on its home ground. Posing as a drug trafficker he gains the confidence of the supplying organization, and haggles over a price for a consignment of drugs. When the cargo is delivered, he has caught the operators red-handed.

In this way White has broken five dope rings in his own country and twelve in countries as far apart as China and Spain, Venezuela and Malaya. His work has often put him in great danger—a danger which can be appreciated from the stories of how harshly the Chinese ringleaders deal with treachery—a 'mild' form of punishment being the removal of the ears. By the brilliant and courageous work of men such as White, Interpol is slowly crushing the dope rings.

A particularly difficult combination of criminal trades is that of counterfeiting and drug trafficking. For example, a group of men in America counterfeit dollars and have them smuggled to the South of France. Here accomplices buy drugs with the dollars and smuggle the drugs back to America where they are sold for 'real' money. Although a complicated system of smuggling notes and agents is needed, the profits for the men producing the notes are enormous.

Although Interpol works in close co-operation with the Customs officials of all countries, it is very difficult for them to find more than a small percentage of these smuggled goods. The ingenuity of the dope smuggler seems boundless, and even experienced Customs officials are often amazed when they discover yet another unlikely way of concealing a few pounds of opium.

THE SERVICE GODFATHER SCHEME

(We have been fortunate enough to secure this short excerpt from a chapter with the above title from 'The Definitive Social History of Great Britain in the Twentieth Century' first published in 2056)

ONE of the results of the social revolution precipitated by the Second World War was a reduction in the regard paid by the community at large to the position of an officer relative to the regard paid to other professions. This fall was generally taken to be the principal cause of the difficulty experienced in recruiting a sufficient number of able men for this honourable calling.

To the materialist it was surprising that the difficulty proved most acute in that Service which had by far the most vital part to play in preventing war or in waging it if and when it broke out; which presented the greatest potential field of discovery and challenge of danger (previously the so-called upper class in each century has invariably emerged from those who responded to such stimuli); and which even offered the highest rates of pay.

Various attempts were made to counter this fall in public esteem, but none was effective until the later nineteen fifties. The change arose, as was only to be expected, from an increase in the esteem in which the officer held himself. This in turn arose from a general improvement in his way of life, especially as evinced by his widening field of recreation.

The idea of a means of starting this chain-reaction first saw the light of day in a brief, brash article under the title of 'The Service Godfather Scheme' in the journal of one of the military colleges. The author, an undistinguished officer, later to be cashiered for highly unbecoming behaviour, maintained under interrogation that the original concept was not his but had arisen in bar gossip with an unidentified colleague.

The author argued in a very superficial and slapdash way that the status of an officer in the public eye bore little relation to his bravery, efficiency or usefulness to the State, but arose solely from the public's view of how the officer's life was led. The writer, in whose time of course the four Services had not been integrated, continued by claiming that the Royal Air Force officer tended to regard his profession, probably because of its complexity, more as a job than

as a way of life. Economy demanded the efficient utilization of machines. The organization of the Royal Air Force was designed for the benefit of these machines and of the country's purse, and with no consideration to the way of life of those who flew them. He maintained that officers of the other two Services regarded their professions less as careers than as a useful but enjoyable way of spending time. He suggested that in very many cases the young Army officer regarded his service as a pleasant waiting room until space was available in family estate, farm or business; that in the Royal Navy (with its own built-in redundancy scheme) there was much more an attitude of making the most of the advantages of Service life as long as they were available. Both were as much concerned with how they lived as why they worked.

The pre-Second World War belief that a Service life meant agreeable idleness in peace at the cost of extreme gallantry and risk in war had no place in the nuclear age. In war, he claimed, the risks run by the submariner, the cavalry subaltern, the fighter pilot and the grandmother in the back street were of the same order. Again, there could be no more muddle through; the nation could not accept anything but the highest degree of technical readiness and this could not be achieved by an amateurish approach. On the other hand, the fact remained that young men chose a career in the great majority of cases not after weighing up how vital it was to the nation or of its cash return, but on the grounds of the sort of life it offered. Some compromise must be found.

The writer claimed that the way of life offered by the Royal Air Force was not as attractive to young men as was that of the other two Services. He pointed out, and welcomed the fact, that the field of selection for commissioned service was much wider than it had been. A consequence was that a greater proportion than ever before of officers entering the Service had urban backgrounds and came of families whose field of recreation was limited by their circumstances, folk-ways and interests. These young men, as

fine material as any that has entered any Service at any time, then took up a career, the greater part of which, at home and abroad, was inevitably spent in a rural setting far from their previous habitat. Without the background to take advantage of the great opportunities offered by this country life, they had the worst of both worlds. How many entries, he asked, had there been in the last five years for the R.A.F. Hunt Club Race at the Blankney Point-to-Point? How many officers under 35 could be found in the average station shoot? Where did one now see in the Hampshire R.A.F. stations the afternoon exodus to the trout streams? And (he was much given to the rhetorical questions which he never paused to answer) what was the average number officers per cent in the field of the Per Ardua Beagles?

A taste for field sports and a knowledge of country life must be acquired early in life; as a man grows older he becomes unwilling to admit ignorance of such things. A failure to appreciate the advantages of country life (and here the writer wandered off into a maze of bogus psychology where we need not follow him) led to the affectation of despising both the sports themselves and those who participated in them. This reaction cut them off from the more positive members of their neighbouring communities.

As a consequence of this failure to take advantage of what was offered locally, young men were dashing back at the earliest opportunity to their town environment. Even here a certain ignorance and lack of developed taste meant that their recreations tended towards the second-rate. (It is significant that the writer did not sign the article; presumably he hoped to avoid lynching as an arrant snob.) Club life as it used to be known was a closed book to them. The theatre was synonymous with the Windmill; they did not know the best, though they often sought out the most expensive restaurants. Again they lacked guidance in early life.

In previous generations most young officers had family connections in the Service and had relations to whom they could go for advice at the turning points in their careers. These relations in turn had a wide field of acquaintance who could soon make the young officer feel at home on posting to a new station. Once again this was no longer the case, the young man stood alone. The Service, for good or ill, was no longer a family but a business association.

On the one hand, he said, there was a large number of excellent young men who lacked guidance. On the other hand there was an

increasing number of senior officers going into retirement whose own families had grown up, and who could supply the very guidance needed. In many cases they would be only too ready to renew their contacts with youth. These two classes were complementary. Why not bring them together in what he called the Service Godfather Scheme. He proposed the adoption of a particular young officer by a 'Godfather' who could give him friendly guidance and establish a lasting relationship. It was, the writer argued, only common sense to bring together the *Jeunesse savait* with the *Vieillesse pouvait*. He intended no weakening of the normal family ties, the scheme meant merely a widening, before marriage, of the young officer's horizon.

This was the first feeble exposition of the idea that was to revolutionize Service life.

Fortunately an influential officer happened to see this rash and unconsidered article and, ignoring its overstatement and windiness, divined in it the germ of a valuable idea. Within a short time there had been established in A.M.P.'s department a sort of marriage bureau which aimed to bring together suitable retired officers with acting pilot officers or flight cadets at the Royal Air Force College. The scheme started in a small way and there were many failures, but within a generation it was knitting all officers, whatever their background, into a single unit which was capable of developing fully the advantages inherent in Service life.

It was this same influential officer who first persuaded the Treasury that minor perquisites would have a far greater effect on the officers' well-being than major pay increases; that if the State was less cheese-paring in its approach to the staffing of officers' messes, did not enquire what every building was for, did not ask what became of every blade of grass, and so on, but relied upon the local commander to exercise reasonable discretion, the mess could take its proper place as one of the 'big' houses in the aristocracy of the new age. The junior officer could then afford to live as he should; all could learn to play their proper parts as leaders of the community and not remain uneasy exiles in a friendless countryside.

J.F.P.



Its Ferns tomorrow

'THE GOOD OLD DAYS'

THE British are a conservative people and this conservatism is not only confined to the aged and infirm but is apparently characteristic of all ages. This trait is very much in evidence at the College, and hoary old veterans—most of whom have seen no fewer than twenty-one summers—can frequently be seen shaking their heads and mourning the passing of 'the good old days,' meaning, of course, Junior Entries. Their sentiments, like those of many others, come from the heart and not from the head, and it is with the intention of putting things in their right perspective that this article has been written. I have been asked to write something about 'the changing face of Cranwell,' with particular reference to the Junior Entries/Initial Training phase, and it is on this subject that most self-appointed critics are guilty of muddled thinking.

When the College reopened after the war higher policy dictated that all officers passing out from Cranwell should first have experienced life in the ranks and the syllabus was reorganized so that the first post-war entry to embark on the full two years and eight months' course was destined to spend the first two terms following an airman-type pattern of life. I purposely use the word 'airman-type' because, although the new cadet lived in airman's accommodation and fed in a separate mess, he was cut off from what many people thought to be an essential experience—that of communal life with other airmen. However, one of the stated aims of the new system was that of starting everyone at a common level and this aim was certainly achieved. Cadets lived in barrack blocks and were responsible for all the usual chores that fall to the lot of the serving airman, with the great difference that the standards set in the upkeep of living quarters, personal equipment and turnout were higher than that ever reached by a recruit depot. This was a very laudable achievement for it taught the cadet, by personal experience, the high standards that can be reached by airmen living under ideal conditions. It did not, however, take into account the fact that the cadet was, at the same time, expected to gain full benefit from the university-type education that the syllabus offered, and this is where the new system fell down. It was small wonder that, after rising before six, cleaning his quarters, laying out his kit for inspection and parading for drill by

twenty past seven, the cadet invariably fell asleep during morning lectures. It was not surprising, either, that an evening packed with further domestic chores, which could, and frequently did, include the redecoration of the barrack room, precluded him from following up his daytime instruction with private study. In any case, the atmosphere was not wholly conducive to concentration and serious study even had the free time been available.

With the introduction of jet training at Cranwell a drastic pruning of the syllabus became necessary and the course was extended to last three years. During the cadet's first year the academic part of the course was to receive more emphasis and, at the same time, a more ambitious scheme of navigation training for all General Duties cadets was introduced. It now became increasingly obvious that, if full advantage was to be obtained from the new syllabus, the daily life of the new entrant must be adjusted to allow him the opportunity of absorbing the instruction given. Otherwise the task of the staff could be likened to that of a man who is attempting to erect a tower whilst another man is kicking the bricks away from under his feet.

Members of the entry arriving in January 1956 were immediately granted the status of flight cadets and were accommodated in the Junior Mess blocks and were given partial batting service. Meanwhile the reorganization of the Junior Mess was taking shape and plans were made to convert the buildings in the South Brick lines into two-roomed quarters housing five cadets and giving them similar amenities to those enjoyed by bachelor officers. This conversion is now complete and the occupants share a bedroom and a sitting-room furnished with comforts such as their less fortunate predecessors in Junior Entries had never visualized in their wildest dreams.

No profit is to be gained by arguing whether or not the new system is better or worse than the old, and, in any case, it is impossible for either the new cadet or his less fortunate senior to take a dispassionate view of the changes. Those who forecast grave results are perhaps being a little presumptuous, and it will certainly be many years before any real conclusions or objective assessments of these changes can be reached.

One fear that is commonly expressed is that

life is too soft for the new boy. Let it be quite clear that the original aim has remained unchanged and that the same high personal standards are still required. Thus, the tempo of life for the cadet in his first term remains much the same as ever before and he still gets very little opportunity to 'stand and stare.' However, spared the need to cope with time-wasting drudgery, he is more likely to tackle the College course with a sense of purpose.

Changes of policy are inevitable and the good

officer should attempt to understand the reasons for their introduction and not to condemn them out of hand. Even the best of policies cannot be successful unless they have the support of all who have the responsibility of implementing them, and to the critics I would say 'give it a chance.' There are already far too many people who are incapable of moving with the times and it is a fault which no cadet at Cranwell can afford to be guilty of so early in his career.

L.A.R.

THE ROLL OF A CADET WING OFFICER

'A man's name is, to him, the most important word in the English language.'

(Notes on Leadership)

POSTED from a greenhill far away I drove along a lane bordered by what the locals call the green meadows of Lincolnshire. Leaving Waddington and Digby behind me, I passed the V.H.F. homer, after which the noble edifice came into view. Up the rise past the huts of the old prentis wing, once the holmes of many an unfortunate, I arrived to take up arms against a sea of troubles; little did I know of that sea or I would have struck out for the shaw immediately.

As ordered I reported on Mundy (the wrong one, of course) and started to take stock of the situation. A mass of faces greeted me, each one no doubt a jewell in his mother's eye and all determined to become a Nelson of the air; some meek and tame but most of them gunning for any officer at hand. They are a body of cadets that Air Ministry drew from Kent to Gallwey, and from Stroud to the Iles; a selection that is not likely to tickell my fancy.

My first day started at noon after my kidney and bacon for breakfast (or is it 'tiffen' to our 'colonials') by carrying out a room inspection. I found in the first room a bunch of hicks (mostly tite) playing cards, looking very scruffy, all with hayr like fluff under the maden's bed, the curtin dragged from window, and beer bottles on the window sills; quite unperturbed by my entrance, the chaplin (the goodman who ran the school) greeted me with 'one no trump.'

The next room that I entered was occupied by a little rea of sunshine, who for his thesis on the feathered world was trying to cross a

French heron with a brown finch. I did not understand but he did say that he hoped to get a rainbow sand martin.

The third room was apparently the squadron kennel occupied by a St. Bernhard, an enormous kerr that beggs pathetically and then leans on you, whereupon I was projected through a steel locker door and back into the passage. only to be knocked off my feet by a senior cadet who was demonstrating, quite unsuccessfully, how to slide down the bannister and avoid the bottom spike. Seeking to avoid being mauled further I sought healing waters to bathe my injuries.

Expecting better fortune in my office, I retired thither, only to find a cadet who had a bee in his bonnet about his pay. His complaint was that the price of everything was so high that as soon as he got his pay he blewitt all and was then owen everybody to the end of the month—he said he could never get out of the wood. Poor fellow, I could quite see his problem, particularly as he had to run a Bentley carr-white with green upholstery.

During the afternoon I was having a potter across the Orange when I was pulled up and informed that at 1600 hours the clock bell tolls the nel of passing day and that I shouldn't walker bout.

The next day I was posted—Q.R. 332 I think they call it—unsuitable for the post, or something. . . .

I TOLD THEM THAT I COULD NEVER REMEMBER NAMES.

(With apologies to seventy-two Flight Cadets at present at the Royal Air Force College.)

THE MILITARY ATMOSPHERE

by Mikhail Koriakov

An extract from "The Soviet Army"

Edited by B. H. Liddell Hart, Published by Weidenfeld & Nicolson

Mikhail Mikhailovich Koriakov, former captain in the Red Army, was born in 1911, in a Siberian village. For ten years, 1929-39, he worked as a newspaperman in different parts of Russia, while also contributing to the leading literary reviews. In July 1941 he was called up for service with the Red Army, and after passing out of the Military Engineering School he took part in the Battle of Moscow. During 1942 he commanded an engineer company, and then after a short period on Marshal Timoshenko's staff he was attached to the 6th Air Force as a military correspondent. Charged with being a practising Christian, he was sent to a penal battalion. In April he was taken prisoner by the Germans, and early in May liberated by the Americans, but then brought to the Soviet Repatriation Mission in Paris. From here he escaped and got to Brazil, from there going to the United States four years later.

He now lives in New York, and teaches Russian literature at Fordham University, while being also Russian consultant to *Life* magazine, and a script-writer for Russian-speaking Radio Liberation. He has published three books since 1949: *I'll Never Go Back* (which was translated into six languages), *Moscow Does Not Believe in Tears*, *Liberation of the Soul*.

THE two great traditions basic to Russia are the military tradition and the Russians' love of the soil. Despite Soviet industrialization, the mass of the Russian people continues, as in the eighteenth century, to remain a people of farmers and soldiers. The mentality of the peasant is stamped on the Army—its conditions, its character, and the general spirit that pervades it.

In the Second World War I was with the Red Army all through its long march from Moscow to Dresden. And wherever I went I heard the speech of the Russian peasant, which differs so greatly from that of the urban population, and is so full of imagery, so close to the soil and to nature. Although the Red Army, like any other modern army, is highly mechanized, which calls for technical proficiency and demands experience of technical plant and workshop, the speech of a Soviet soldier contains very few technical expressions, and abounds in 'flora' and 'fauna.' A 'UT' training plane becomes in the soldiers' vernacular a 'duckling' (Utenok), a German, jumping anti-personnel mine—a 'frog'; a fighter plane is a 'kestrel'; while a U-2 liaison plane, which can land anywhere, is referred to by many

names, such as 'corncrake,' 'woodman,' 'kitchen-gardener,' and 'cabbage-picker,' depending on the nature of the country.

The men referred to as 'seeds' and to mines as 'cucumbers,' and when operational officers at regimental headquarters called battalion headquarters on the 'phone, they would usually address them thus: 'Report situation, and how are you off for seeds—need any cucumbers?'

Officers and men speak a common language. Because of this psychological identity of outlook, life in the Soviet Army is that of an 'elemental swarm.' Tolstoy says in *War and Peace*: 'There are two sides to the life of every man, his individual life which is the more free the more abstract its interests, and his elemental swarm-life in which he inevitably obeys the laws laid down for him.'

The political conditions that have existed in Russia for many centuries have prevented the development of individual traits in the Russians. Common responsibility for the actions of every peasant, making the latter entirely dependent on the *mir*, or commune, was done away with in the villages as recently as 1904; it was only in 1906 that peasants were permitted to contract out of a commune; corporal punishment was abolished in Russian villages only in 1904. How, in the circumstances, could a Russian peasant rise to a realization of his own dignity as a human being? It was impossible for him to do so, and he continued and continues to live in a world of elemental ideas of nature and the tribe. This circumstance conditions both the fighting qualities of the Soviet soldier and Soviet army life. On the battlefield Soviet soldiers are outstanding mainly as mass fighters; when left to his own resources a Soviet soldier rapidly loses his confidence. In his unit he always keeps together with the men from his own district or village, and, even in other units and battalions, he is always on the look-out for 'his own folks.' This keeping together of men from the same district has its dangerous side: it encourages, among other things, desertions from the front line. Soldiers seldom desert singly; they slip away from the front line in twos, and on investigation it is invariably found that the pair are men from the same village. In the interests of

the Army as a whole, and of military discipline, recruits drafted into the Army from the same village are not allowed to concentrate in particular units, but must be dispersed as widely as possible. This creates a conflict between the interests of the Army and the organic demands of the men, who are used to the elemental life of the swarm. Psychologically the Army softens this conflict by creating within the limits of army life new forms of 'kinship,' 'paternal relations,' and 'neighbourship.'

In place of 'co-villagers' the Army provides a new recruit with 'regimental comrades.' Each company has its 'old soldiers,' who are full of reminiscences, but these reminiscences are not of home, nor of their native village, but of the barrack life of the company and of war. A peasant's outlook is very restricted; he has few if any of the abstract interests to which Tolstoy refers; the idea of Russia as of one country, even today, presents itself to his mind but vaguely, and is not at all reflected in his consciousness. In the First World War Russian soldiers flung away their rifles not only because they had been subverted by the Bolsheviks, but also because they argued in typically peasant fashion: 'We are from Ryazan; the war will never get to us.' A Russian soldier possesses little patriotism (in the abstract sense of the term) for his country as a whole, but he has a strongly developed feeling of local patriotism for his particular part of the country. It is because of this that a curious atmosphere of local army patriotism permeates the Soviet Army: in place of a 'fellow-villager' the Army provides the soldier with a 'regimental buddy'; a 'village patriot' in the Army becomes a patriot of his regiment, battery or division. 'Divisional patriotism' is of the same order as 'regional patriotism.' Just as a peasant would say 'I am from Ryazan,' a Soviet soldier maintains, 'We are Rodimtsov's boys' or 'Zhukov's boys'; his local patriotism does not extend beyond the boundary of his region or his particular army front.

The substitution in a peasant lad of 'village patriotism' by a 'divisional patriotism' does not of itself mean that he has been transformed into a good soldier. Notwithstanding 20 years of 'industrialization,' the contingent of men inducted every autumn into the Red Army presents an amorphous mass of stolid peasants with an extremely conservative outlook on life. It takes a great deal of 'constant practice' before this sort of material can be licked into an efficient army unit. That is why the daily routine adopted in the Soviet Army is more rigid, more inhuman than in any other army in the world.

Here is a typical day's programme in a Soviet Army unit: at 5.45 a.m. the orderly on duty wakes the CSM. The CSM orders the junior officers to be roused, also the Officer on Duty, who sleeps in the barracks with the rest of the men on one of the bunks. At 6 a.m. the 'Reveille' is sounded. In the summer 'Reveille' is sounded at 5 a.m. From 'Reveille' to 'Lights Out'—i.e. from 5-6 a.m. to 9-10 p.m.—everything moves according to a strict time-table.

6-6.30.—Washing, dressing, and making of bunks.

The bunks are double-tiered and of metal. The bedding consists of a straw palliasse, a straw pillow, a yellowish cotton sheet, and grey army blanket. During the making of bunks the dust rises in clouds and fills the barracks.

6.30-7.—Morning inspection conducted by the section commanders under the supervision of the CSM. In 'civvy street' the Russians shave every other day—in some cases twice a week. In the Army they are made to shave every day, and this is one of the chief reasons for holding morning inspections. Every day in many a company the following scene may be observed: The CSM passes along the ranks and asks: 'Why aren't you shaved?'—'Have you given me a razor?'—'You were issued a blade yesterday, weren't you?'—'So I was—and it rips like a saw.'

7-7.30.—Breakfast, consisting of 200 gm. of black bread, $\frac{3}{4}$ litre of soup, or a bowl of millet gruel (sometimes buckwheat porridge) and 12 gm. of sugar for tea.

7.30-13.00.—Training, with, immediately after breakfast, half an hour of political instruction, followed by five hours of drill.

13.00-14.00.—Dinner, consisting of *borshch*, meat with porridge or mashed potatoes, stewed fruit, and 300 gm. of black bread. After dinner—a smoke; a soldier gets 20 gm. of Makhorka tobacco a day, but hardly ever any cigarette paper. Cigarettes are made with newspaper—*The Red Star*, published by the Ministry of Defence on Finnish paper, being preferred for the purpose to *Pravda* and *Izvestia*.

14.00-18.00.—Instruction, both political and on the square. Before the war ten hours a week were devoted to political instruction; after the war the period became 16 hours. An interesting detail is the fact that the men are marched out with their arms (with bayonets fixed), with cartridge-cases (without cartridges) at their belts, and greatcoats rolled over their shoulders. Units halt by the roadside, and political instructors begin their talks.

18.00-19.00.—Cleaning weapons and study of Army regulations.

19.00-20.00.—Supper, consisting of gruel with meat sauce, with, again, 300 gm. of black bread; the lower ranks are issued white bread only four times a year, on holidays. Twice a year, on 1st May and 7th November (October Revolution Day), the men get 100 gm. of vodka with their dinner.

20.00-21.00 is 'personal time,' which is spent mending clothes, writing letters, or visiting the Army Trade

Store. In these stores, which are attached to every unit, a soldier—if he has the money (prices there are fairly high)—may buy white rolls, sausage, cigarettes, celluloid collars, needles, cotton, buttons. Sometimes a soldier, if he is backward, is deprived of his 'personal hour' and his squad commander provides him with additional instruction on, say, machine-gun parts, Army regulations, or, if the man belongs to a 'National Minority,' in the Russian language.

21.00–22.00.—Evening roll-call and 'Lights Out.'

This time-table shows that every minute of a Soviet soldier's day is fixed beforehand. All day long he is on the go, whipped into action by the ceaseless command of 'Fall in!' . . . All day long, from Reveille to Lights Out, he is subject to outside control—he is never alone. He has no free time at all. Sunday is meant to be a 'leave day'—a day free from duty. In actual fact, however, Sunday is taken up by sports events, such as ski-ing and football matches, attendance at which is compulsory.

Among the Foreign Occupation troops leave-passes began to be issued only in 1953, and even then only to groups of two or three men. Before allowing the men to go into town the officer on duty made sure that they knew when they must be back. Outstaying one's leave by two hours was regarded as 'absence without leave' and entailed arrest, trial before a tribunal, and a ten years' prison sentence. The officer on duty next warned the pass-holders that although they might visit cinemas and theatres, they were forbidden to enter bars and restaurants and must not speak to the Germans.

In units stationed in Russia passes were more easily obtainable, but there new difficulties arose: there is still a housing crisis, dwellings are overcrowded, and if the man has a girl friend he cannot visit her, as she does not possess a room of her own. . . . On returning from leave a soldier undergoes a medical examination, and there is 'hell to pay' if he contracts VD—he is immediately packed off to the lock-up, and there follows a prison sentence of three months, possibly even a year.

The prison-like régime in the Red Army reduces a soldier to the level of 'cattle'—of unthinking, unreasoning brutes. No wonder the following quip is current among the men: 'What is a soldier?'—'A piece of flesh wrapped in a greatcoat and dirty foot-rags.' This is to be expected under a dictatorship: a soldier must on no account be allowed to think. A curious new tendency has recently been noted among the Foreign Occupation troops. According to Lieutenant Michael Grigoriev, who in February

1953 crossed into the British Zone, 'the men for the Army Group in Germany are recruited on the basis of their lack of education.' 'During the past few years,' says Grigoriev, 'there have scarcely been any industrial workers or "townees" generally among the new arrivals. Nowadays we are sent exclusively lads with no education from "the outback".'

There was a great deal of discussion in the Army as to who makes the better soldier: a blindly obedient dolt or a bright lad who often refuses to carry out inane orders. Nowadays the emphasis is all on well-disciplined morons. After the war the screws have been tightened as never before. Before the war, a soldier who failed to salute his officer got one fatigue duty—since the war he is given five.

The soulless discipline and rigid time-table are, however, demanded not only by the specific nature of a dictatorship, but also by the quality of the recruits entering the Soviet Army. Lads from the backwoods need a lot of unremitting training before they become good soldiers. However much you pull in their belts, they insist on going about beltless. The daily routine looks terrifying on paper, but in actual fact it is not being carried out. For example, at 6 a.m., the moment Reveille is sounded, everyone is supposed to dash out of the barracks for physical jerks. But as a rule only a part of the company does so: it is still dark at 6 a.m. in winter, and the men hide in corners, behind the stove, or in the washroom. At the door of the barracks, according to rules, stands the orderly on duty, with his bayonet at his belt, and near him is a locker desk with a drawer, in which he places the passes of men returning from leave and other documents. By the locker, and contrary to all rules and regulations, is a stool upon which he sometimes seats himself, although this is strictly forbidden. Should an officer appear in the doorway, the orderly will rise slowly, and before saluting will glance at the officer's shoulder-badge. If the officer wears large stars—i.e. if he is a major or lieutenant-colonel—the orderly will salute according to rules, with forearm and hand forming a straight line, brought down smartly. Junior officers he salutes with just a nod. . . .

A Russian's attitude to rules and regulations differs from that of a Western man. Any soldier who has been at the front knows that war defies all regulations. The word 'retreat' is not to be found in any Soviet regulations, and in the autumn of 1941, when the roads near the Moscow front were filled with stragglers who had lost their units, they maintained with a grin: 'We are not retreating. . . . We are forbidden by regulations to retreat. . . .

We are conducting a mobile defence. . . . A distrust of regulations, a loss of respect for regulations, is conducive to a mood of *laissez-faire*, general slackness, and leaving everything to chance. There is, naturally, more slackness in the Supply Corps. Boots, for instance, are delivered all of one size—too small for some men, too large for others.

During the first winter in Germany—in 1945–6—the Soviet troops were freezing in their cloth caps. They were not issued with fur caps because the Supply authorities in Moscow decided that 'you don't get freezing weather in Germany.' Thieving is rampant, not only in the supply organization but in everyday army life. For instance, horse-stealing in the Army is pursued in the spirit of village horse-rustling. The local army patriotism which is being instilled in the men inevitably undermines in them any feeling for the Army as a whole.

Reliance on 'clodhoppers' impairs the efficiency of the Soviet Army. On the one hand there is an advantage in introducing into the occupational troops lads from the 'backwoods'; on the other, a modern army cannot consist of a mob of *moujiks* with pitchforks. For the last ten years or so that Soviet Army Command had been making every effort to root out the spirit of 'clodhoppers.' The key to this problem, as in every other army, rests with the junior commanders. Particular attention is therefore devoted to the training of sergeants: they undergo a year's training in Army Schools, and have to pass exams before specially appointed commissions. In the Army schools for junior commanders two elements are particularly emphasized: faith in existing armaments and the development of daring. The men are enjoined, for instance, that the T-34 tank, weighing 35 tons and developing a speed of 70-km. per hour, is the best tank in the world. It is always spoken of as 'a brute of a machine.' A conviction is built up that no other country in the world, not even America, has anything that surpasses the Soviets or anything that can surprise a Soviet soldier. The campaign against 'cosmopolitanism' and 'belly-crawling before foreigners' launched by Moscow in 1946 was aimed at effecting a profound psychological change in the Russian people, and especially in the Soviet Army. The tragedy of the old Russian Army lay in the fact that for centuries—ever since the days of Pfuhl and Tohl—the Russian General Staff venerated the Germans, 'the tactics of Clausewitz,' the 'strategy of Moltke.' Operational plans were perforce tinged with a feeling of fear of German military art, and through the officers this fear spread throughout the Army.

The Soviet Army command, of course, understands all this. The campaign it conducts against 'belly-crawling before everything foreign' is calculated to put an end to all feeling of fear of Western opponents, to destroy the 'allurement of the West,' to instil a feeling of contempt for possible enemies, and to help to cultivate in the Soviet soldiers a spirit of daring.

From numerous observations one is led to the conclusion that the corps of n.c.os is made up of excellent men. The trouble, however, is that the n.c.os are deprived of opportunities for the proper exercise of their duties as leaders. In a land where everything is centralized and controlled by 'directing organs,' life teaches men to act only in accordance with directions from above. A junior commander, like an engineer in a workshop, cannot make any—even the most trivial—decision. The careful supervision on the part of the officers prevents the development in the sergeants of the quality of leadership. Officers frequently dismiss the sergeants, and themselves proceed to do their work. There is not a trace in the Soviet Army of what, for instance, in the U.S. Army is known as a 'tough sergeant.' The authority of a Soviet sergeant among the men is pretty low. He is distinguished from the general mass of men only by the fact that he is better able than the rest to deal with a machine-gun, to judge distance by eye, to wrap his feet in the strips of cloth known as '*portyanki*' without causing callouses. The result of all this is that a sergeant looks not so much a platoon commander or chief of a military unit as just another member of a peasant family.

The only persons who stand out of the general mass of soldiers—and very strikingly at that—are the officers. Since the war they have been placed in a highly privileged position. The pay of a private is 350–400 roubles per annum; a sergeant gets over four times as much; a captain twenty-four times and a Marshal a hundred and fourteen times a private's pay. (In the U.S. Army the pay of a sergeant is under twice that of a private; of a captain, nearly four times, and of an Army General, fifteen times.) Such a scale has been fixed not only in the matter of pay but also as regards rations: an officer is issued the basic rations of a private and sergeant, plus 'supplementary rations' that include light tobacco, fresh butter, sugar, biscuits, and tinned meat and fish. In army messes the order is set according to rank: lieutenants and captains may not eat in messes reserved for majors and lieutenant-colonels. The Generals' mess is a veritable sanctum sanctorum.

PLUS ÇA CHANGE...

A specially contributed review of 'The Crane's Well Pot Records,' Her Majesty's Stationery Office, 3 gns.

RECENT research in the history of warfare has revealed some fascinating information, supported with a wealth of detail, from the Saxon period in this country when Alfred's armies were constantly defending their homeland against the invasions of the Danes.

Archæologists were at work on a bleak upland site in Lincolnshire where certain recent reconstruction had led to the removal of a considerable amount of topsoil. Little success was expected of the digging as the site was a very exposed one, and the Saxons were careful to found their permanent settlements in situations which would afford reasonable comfort for the inhabitants. Then, quite suddenly, within a period of only a few days, a large number of rough earthen pots were uncovered, the majority containing written records, in a magnificent state of preservation, made by an un-named Saxon chronicler of the ninth century.

After considerable study of these documents by experts of the period, assisted by Dr. Cyril Smalls, the war historian, a report has now been published. This gives the general reader a vivid account of a little-known aspect of the training of King Alfred's soldiers. It is believed from the available evidence that the writer of these records was in command of a small group, probably no more than three persons, who performed a particularly specialized task in connection with the military training of the young fighting man.

Dr. Smalls, in a lengthy introduction, relates the function of this chronicler and his duties to the military needs of the time. He points out that in most human affairs, in particular those military, the aim must first be clearly conceived and stated, and then the method of achieving that aim be fashioned and agreed. After that, all who are concerned in the attainment of the aim must adhere to the method, however much it may suffer amendment in the process of time; any other way, chaos ensues. 'If I may coin a rather clumsy phrase' says Dr. Smalls, 'it is *standardization of method*, that is required; *standardization* is the light that led this military chronicler ten centuries ago, and it is a light that still burns in our forces today.'

The site of this discovery is thought to have been a military training establishment. The evidence for this is scanty, but certain items of cloth-

ing and equipment found there, together with the rigorous nature of the climate, indicate that only those under some form of compulsion could be expected to stay there.

There appears to have been a large semi-permanent staff whose duty it was to train the young would-be soldier in the various arts of war as it was then fought. But the major part of the discovered documents give details about the small formation within the larger unit whose main duty was to ensure that the fighting instructors—those who taught rude accomplishments as bowmanship, rockhurling, and ambushing—were themselves sufficiently expert in their subjects. This group was composed of highly skilled, and, in some cases, veteran fighting instructors who were considered too valuable to employ on instructing, much less on actual fighting.

The selection of instructors for this highly specialized task was, according to the chronicler—their commander—not easy. Few of the ordinary fighting instructors seem to have possessed the extensive knowledge and skill required, although they had all, at some time, been taught a certain amount (probably minimal) at a hill-fort training camp in Wessex. In another reference, however, the chronicler hints that many of the instructors did indeed possess the required attributes, but were unwilling to take on what must have been a difficult, delicate, and often thankless task.

Much of the time of the instructors of this group was spent in checking other instructors' knowledge of such things as the principles of operation of rock-throwing devices, on the intricacies of the crossbow distance-frame (referred to in these records as CRDF). The other instructors preferred the refreshing daily contacts with the eager young pupil-soldiers, although this had an element of danger in training exercises such as bad weather bowmanship, known to our chronicler as I-F, thought to signify 'in fog.' In short, from a study of many references in these records it can be seen that the task of these unfortunate experts was often an unenviable one. In the inverted sense of humour of that somewhat vulgar age they were often referred to by their fellows as incapable and ignorant, but were generally happily tolerated. Moreover, they appear frequently to have shared in the consumption of a warming beverage during their duty hours, sometimes even successively with separate groups of the other instructors.

The hours of work for these specialists were more regular than those of the other instructors and there appears to have been some exchange of badinage on this point, but the chronicler notes, with a touch of the humour never far absent from his writing, that their assistance was often sought when periods of night training occurred. Moreover, when weather conditions halted the training of the pupils, and their instructors consequently were freed from duty, the instructors of this small group continued their theoretical work and could often be found deep in a discussion on such a subject as a high-level ambush, with diagrams and models.

An unusual feature of this ancient military training, aimed at increasing the skill of the instructors and therefore that of their pupils, was a system of instructor-grading. From the records it is thought that there were three or four grades, or categories, and an instructor could ascend through these, in the course of time, by a series of tests. Provision was also made for a reverse process for instructors deemed too inept to be retained. Each grade had an appropriate code-symbol and, just as the Roman of the preceding centuries had carried aloft his identification SPQR, each instructor was entitled to his symbol—the common prefix Q.F.I. (Qualified fighting instructor) followed by his grade; high skilled individuals, such as the commander of all the instructors, carried the symbol QFIA1, while the chronicler himself carried the more complex QFIA2IRE. The symbol A1 occurred but rarely, although AIG1 was very frequent, with higher numerals in this code group being earned by older members of the staff.

This grading system provided another task for the specialist group, that of assisting fighting instructors in their preparations for taking the entry-tests to the next higher grade. These tests were carried out by a group of what might be called 'super-experts,' normally attached to the Wessex hill-fort previously referred to. The individuals serving in this group had, in the earlier days of their careers, been expert fighting instructors, certainly in the art of explanation, if not that of demonstration (being recruited from groups such as that commanded by our chronicler). It is impossible from the records to establish their full function. Apart from the grading tests, and phenomena referred to briefly and mysteriously as 'visits,' there is nothing, although there are references to certain feast-like rituals, occurring regularly and lasting a complete moon-period. Nevertheless, this group exercised considerable power over the fortunes of all fighting instructors and were the final arbiters on any question of regrading.

In assisting the instructors to prepare for their grading tests the specialist group worked intensively with the individuals concerned, rehearsing with them the technical explanations, supplying the information lacking here and there, and carrying out practical weapon-exercises and tactical problems. It is in recording the day-to-day results of this work that the chronicler, in the coarse, uncompromising language of his day, reveals the problems connected with his task. Whole sentences stand out from an age a thousand years past with startling clarity. One can do no better than quote. Of Leofric 'a clumsy four-wheeled-chariot-churl'; of Egfrid, whose forest stalking was 'erratically performed after inadequate preparation'; of Waccur, whose 'knowledge of the latest rock-hurling machine was sadly incomplete.'

There are, however, many passages in happier vein, when the skill and knowledge shown by the aspiring candidates reached or exceeded the required standard. And over a period of some three years it is recorded that three-fourths of the instructors who attempted to improve their grade were successful.

In a forceful concluding passage, which is clearly both an apologia and a message of comfort and hope for his successor, the chronicler asks for 'a continuing recognition of the need for our work' and that 'all who follow after shall exert the mind, body, and spirit to the utmost, that those who teach are exalted in skill, whereby those who learn are better served.'

REFLECTIONS

SINCE the arrival of 69 Entry in April 1954, Cranwell has changed enormously. 69 Entry did not realize it at the time, but they came into the beginning of the end of Junior Entries—the separation of entries into different huts. Previously huts consisted of half a dozen or so of each entry, and the separation deprived the second term of a great deal of control. It also welded the new entry together more quickly.

At about the same time, the south airfield was closed pending the construction of runways. Basic Flying Wing moved its Chipmunks to the north airfield, and Advanced Flying Wing moved with its Balliols to Barkston Heath, four miles away. The next term 67 Entry moved up to the College with 66 Entry—which meant there were four entries in the Senior Mess. This was largely made possible by the small size of entries, but it was a change. There were originally two entries in Junior Entries, three in the Junior Mess and three

in the Senior Mess. About this time it was that the present Assistant Commandant arrived. During 69 Entry's stay, there has been a complete change in the College officers—Commandant, Assistant Commandant, Chief Flying Instructor, three Squadron Commanders, and three Cadet Wing Officers, not to mention the College Warrant Officer and the three squadron Flight Sergeants. The Mess Secretary is still with us, however, to maintain continuity.

Provosts replaced Chipmunks in January 1955, and the spate of changes ceased for nearly a year until 73 Entry, who came in September 1955, became the last entry to spend any time in Junior Entries. Their followers, 74 Entry, came to the College as Flight Cadets, and moved straight into the Junior Mess. Shortly afterwards, in January, the Commandant announced the biggest changes to be made since the war.

He explained that the flying and academic programmes could no longer be fitted into two and a half years, consequently the course was to be lengthened. The first entry to stay for three years was to be 69 Entry. In time, when the new system replaced the old, there would be an output and an intake of two entries a year. Each would spend a year on the ground, a year on Provosts, and a year on Vampires. To start the changeover period 72 Entry was kept back from flying for one term. In January also, with the completion of the new airfield, Vampires became the advanced trainers at the College, Junior Entries were abolished, and with the new entry, No. 74, came

the first cadets to be trained at Cranwell as navigators. In their wake came well-equipped Valettas, replacing the College Ansons. In these aircraft, all G.D. cadets now do about 70 hours' navigation training during their first year.

Several uniform changes are coming into force, starting with the January 1957 entry, No. 76. The well-known 'cap, Field Service' is being exchanged for a beret; officer-pattern shirts are being worn throughout the course instead of only in the Senior Entry; raincoats are being issued—and a second Number 1 uniform is being issued in place of the airman-pattern best blue.

Finally, the fact that all advanced flying training is done on Vampires means that G.D. cadets passing out will go straight to O.C.U.s. Chivenor and Pembrey seem to be the most likely at the moment.

Changes in types of aircraft are obviously beneficial, and they have led to the abolition of the Advanced Flying School stage for Cranwell graduates. We hope this will cut down the unfortunate and embarrassing 'post Cranwell' chop rate. The arrival of the 'flying slide rule brigade' is in keeping with Air Ministry policy of giving equal opportunities to pilots and navigators. Once again it is early yet to say how this system is working, and the same applies to the two entries a year idea. However, a glance at the achievements of the 1,135 graduates who passed out before the war shows that the new system will have to do well to match the old.

A.M.

THE CRANWELL NAVIGATOR

IN January 1956 the first cadet navigator started his training at the College. He has been here for a little more than a year now and it is interesting and possibly of some help if a look is taken at what he is accomplishing, hopes to accomplish and how his training compares with that of the more widely known pilot training.

Like all other cadet training here, the first and foremost task is to lay the foundations of a good officer.

A great deal of juggling was required originally so that the navigator could take, with the pilots, classes directed towards this end. The humanities, Squadron training, general service subjects, etc., are the same for both navigator and pilot and it sounds at first as though no real difficulties

are to be encountered. Then one realizes that whereas the pilot can report to the flight and be absorbing airborne instruction after a relatively few minutes' briefing on the ground (except for cross-countries, of course), the navigator is required to prepare his maps and charts, calculate his flight plan and have the purpose of the exercise explained as fully as possible if any value at all is to be obtained from the flight.

This is in addition to the full crew briefing which takes place just prior to take-off. Also the flight must be of at least two to three hours' duration. All praise then to the planners for managing to incorporate this extra time into the normal syllabus.

Now what about the rest of the ground training? The navigator receives roughly twice

the amount of Electronics instruction as the pilot. A further departure from the normal is the fact that a large amount of practical work has been introduced. With soldering iron and tools various, the navigator is kept busy making and dismantling amplifier units, power packs, receivers, etc., so that eventually he will be able to diagnose and correct faults as they occur or at least be able to give precise details of unserviceability to ground crew upon the aircraft's return.

His flying starts from the first term and in the initial stages he receives 6s. per flying day in addition to his basic pay, with full cadets' flying pay from the start of the second year. These same conditions exist for the pilot.

As far as his practical navigation is concerned, he is led gently into map reading, thence to simple air plots interspersed with practice in the use of radar aids until he is in a position to be sent off as the executive navigator which is somewhat comparable to the pilot's first solo. The navigation then becomes progressively more advanced both with and without the supervision of a screen navigator and at the end of this three years' work at the College he should be able to make use of all aids including Astro, and also have some experience of the techniques used by Fighter, Bomber, Coastal and Transport Commands.

An interesting proposal at present is that of the cadet navigator being shown how the Provost flies. A flying instructor would, in a very few hours, demonstrate the effect of controls, stalling, spinning, etc., so that the navigator may appreciate more readily how the aircraft works and benefit from really comprehensive air experience.

During his second year it is also proposed that he will navigate the Vampire or Meteor aircraft, thus gaining practical experience of the problems involved in high-speed high-level flight as soon as possible. Overseas exercises are also included in order to broaden experience in long-range navigation, crew co-operation and officer training.

The academic syllabus covers a great deal

more than that of the normal Air Navigator school and the Cranwell navigator will be well equipped to take up Staff duties when the time comes. Most important from his point of view is the indisputable fact that, backed by his College experience, he will have every opportunity of pursuing a career equal to that of the pilots with whom he is now training.

With the aid of their crystal ball, without which all navigators are lost, the Navigation Section at Cranwell has peered into the future and produced No. 270 Entry's Astrogation paper. After completing these questions, keen types can find specimen answers below.

No. 270 Entry

Subject: Astrogation Place: Planet 3 (Terra)
Time: 1st Phase 2057

Observe: All Extra Sensory Perception screens are to be in place before commencement.

1. Describe the modification you would make to a Mk III Interplanetary Drive in order to adapt it for interstellar acceleration.
2. With the aid of a diagram, show the working principle of an Hieronyman machine.
3. (a) What precautions would you take before entering space warp?
(b) Would these precautions apply in the Southern Celestial hemisphere?
4. Your Spherical celestial computer reads:
Venus 37-23-36 Beta Orion 12-17-48. The Star Cluster in Andromeda 4 is in sight line. You are proceeding from Terra to Dryndel 4 (Sol Type system X 1a). What is:
(i) Track made good.
(ii) Space speed in parsecs per sec.
5. Why is it necessary to remove a space vehicle five diameters from a planet before the Lawlor Drive becomes effective?
6. (a) Detail any five of the Space Code enforcements.
(b) Describe the form of salutation required when meeting a class II Venusian Intermediary.

Answers to Astrogation Questions

Question 1

The Mk II Interplanetary Drive was designed so that rapid conversion to interstellar acceleration could be made if the vessel was constructed to withstand warp stress. It must be emphasized that these modifications should never be made unless the hull

insulation is first checked on a Clifford warp simulator.

The Interplanetary Drive is of the conventional accelerated ion-reaction type, but the Bessler discharge tube is mounted in a separate chamber bolted to the orifice by a removable ferro-magnetic ion-guide. This chamber and ion-guide should be removed,

and if retained in the vessel *must* be secured in a non-magnetic locker placed at least 75 feet from the jump accelerator unit.

The sequence drive should now be split aft of the reaction output orifice and the Rhodo-magnetic stress generator inserted into the mounting provided (it is usually easier to insert

the rear pins before tightening the reaction clamps). It is now only necessary to remove the ferromagnets from the impulse generator and replace them with standard Lawlor Rhodium warp bars, these are connected, by means of the five-pin plugs provided, to the generator circuit, and the interplanetary cut-out operated. The system should be tested for alignment and stress at sub-warp velocities before a jump is attempted.

Question 2

The Hieronyman machine is a portable mineral analyser for use when assessing field characteristics of unclassified planets.

Although the portable unit is a very much modified version of the original Mk II, the basic principle involved is still due to Dr Hieronyman's discovery of eloptic radiation.

The main components are:

- (a) The Detector Electrode.
- (b) The Prism and Eloptic Frequency Scanner.
- (c) The Amplifier Unit.
- (d) The Output Unit.

The eloptic radiations from the ore are picked up by the detector electrode and filtered in a needle stream through the choke screen to the second electrode.

The character of the device being purely psionic, the output appears as a tactile sensation.

The best method of use is to operate the scanning control with the left hand while gently interrogating the output unit with the finger tips of the right hand. (The output unit surface in the portable model is a high insulation plastic.)

Thus when the tactile sensation is at peak, the scanner will be turned to the main eloptic radiation of the ore.

The Hieronyman's individual psionic graph should be consulted for the correct frequency factor of the sample.

Question 3

The precautions to be observed before entering space warp are tabulated thus:

1. All ferro-magnetic equipment must be disconnected and Rhodium shields in place before commencing pre-jump checks.
2. All pressure monitors should be checked to ensure that green lights are on.
3. The warp computer must be switched on at least three minutes before entering sub-ether and the parsec meter adjusted to zero.

4. Re-entry co-ordinates must be checked against computer settings.
5. Stabilizing gyros must be checked and aligned with the Macrocosmic datum.
6. Danger volumes must be plotted and checked with the Space Almanac and Notices to Stro-gators.
7. All passengers must be strapped into their couches, and couch shields must be secured and checked for Rhodo-magnetic damping.
8. Sub-ether broadcast warnings must be made at 10 and 5 minutes before warp-zero and a count-down made from zero minus one minute.

Question 4

- (i) Orion at 12-17-48
Andromeda (M31) at Line of Sight.

These observations provide two alternative tracks due to the ambiguity revealed in Malthouse's theory of Warp Geometry. From the computer resolutions attached the T.M.G. may be either

- (a) 034-290-001
- or (b) 078-013-142

By inspection from the computed warp track Terra-Dryndel, answer (b) must be excluded, therefore the T.M.G. must be

034-290-001 (Gregorian System).
Converted to United World Grid this becomes
1935-27.

(ii) Insufficient data is given to enable true space speed to be calculated, but assuming conventional acceleration from the Mahler orbit, and including an uninhibited value for Davenport's Limitation the subjective speed must lie between the values 0.740-0.823 parsecs per 0.086 (see computer entries attached). Neutral speed is impossible to compute without knowledge of the ambient Time Dilation constant, but it can not be less than 0.0004 parsecs p.s. and is probably greater than 0.00065 pps.

N.B.—The included vital statistics for Venus are incidental to the problem but the figures 37-23-36 are interesting as they indicate the presence of a heavenly body!

Question 5

The Lawlor Drive is, of course, a space jump accelerator based on the original design of Professor Clifford. Of necessity this drive must operate in space which is undisturbed by the curvature introduced by a body of planetary mass, and it may be demonstrated by the application of

Weigler's theorem that for bodies within 'Lawlor's Density Limits' five planetary diameters is the minimum at which the drive will operate effectively.

If the Lawlor Drive is operated within five diameters of the planet surface (or ten diameters in the case of Sivius planets) the time corrugation effect acting in the effective local curvature of the time/space continuum will cause the space vessel to perform a mutation orbit on an exponential acceleration until at 99.3 per cent of velocity it disappears into its own jet orifice in a cloud of radioactive steam, thus producing atomic piles.

Question 6

(a) The five most significant provisions of the Space Code are as follows:

- (i) Orders in space are to be obeyed at all times without question, except in circumstances when such orders are contrary to the Space Code, in which case orders are to be ignored until such time as an order countermanning the orders may be issued by a competent authority in the form of a lawful command.
- (ii) When matters of Galactic Security are being discussed, as between senior officers, turning down of individual hearing aids is obligatory.
- (iii) Horses are not to be allowed the freedom of a space ship's living quarters unless properly conditioned and enclosed in acceleration suits.
- (iv) Chest beards may only be worn by Captains and Senior Executive Officers. If worn, they are to be kept trimmed to the shape of the Space Service's device, viz.: an oblate spheroid.
- (v) Count down before blast-off is only to be given by officers who can count.

(b) Advance towards the intermediary with a slow undulating movement with both hands extended (the Venusian will sidle towards one at the same time). On coming face to beak with the alien, grasp its left tentacle gently but firmly, coughing politely at the same time. It will then offer to share its smoke stick; this will signify that it regards friendly contact as being established. From then on the space officer concerned should use the standard initiative issued to him at the Space College during the Fourth term.



OLD CRANWELLIAN NOTES

HONOURS AND AWARDS

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

- K.G.C.B.*: Air Chief Marshal Sir Dermot A. Boyle (1925).
K.C.B.: Air Marshal H. L. Patch (1923).
C.B.: Air Vice-Marshal J. L. F. Fuller-Good (1921); Air Vice-Marshal M. L. Heath (1927); Air Vice-Marshal G. L. Worthington (1921).
K.C.B.E.: Air Marshal the Rt. Hon. P. R. Gardner, Earl of Bandon (1923).
C.B.E.: Group Captain S. W. B. Menaul (1935); Group Captain P. M. Cribb (1936).
A.F.C.: Wing Commander T. N. Stack (1937).

APPOINTMENTS

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

- Air Chf Mshl Sir George H. Mills (1920) to be Air Aide-de-Camp to H.M. the Queen.
 Air Cdre W. P. Sutcliffe (1930) to be Director of Operational Training at Air Ministry.
 Air Cdre T. J. C. Shirley (1928) to be A.O.C. and Commandant of the R.A.F. Technical College, Henlow.
 Gp Capt J. B. de la Poer Beresford (1933) to H.Q. Fighter Command.
 Gp Capt W. T. F. Wightman (1927) to H.Q. 12 Group.
 Gp Capt S. B. Grant (1937) to the Ministry of Defence (SEATO Bangkok).
 Gp Capt A. D. Mitchell (1936) to the Queen's Flight, R.A.F. Benson.
 Gp Capt J. J. Hanlon (1935) to Air Ministry.
 Wg Cdr L. Rose (1933) to Air Ministry.
 Wg Cdr A. M. K. Phillips (1934) to H.Q. Flying Training Command.
 Wg Cdr R. L. Wede (1938) to R.A.F. Staff College, Bracknell.
 Wg Cdr I. R. Campbell (1939) to Command R.A.F. Sandwich.
 Wg Cdr G. H. P. Evans (1935) to Air Ministry.

Wg Cdr F. E. Croce (1933) to H.Q. Coastal Command.

Wg Cdr A. R. Atkins (1934) to the R.A.F. Selection Board.

The following Old Cranwellians have recently been posted:

- R.A.F. Wunsdorf*—Flt Lt G. O. Eades (1948).
R.A.F. Gutersloh—Flt Lt G. G. Lee (1947).
R.A.F. Celle—Flt Lt F. R. Lund (1949)
R.A.F. Manby—Flt Lt G. A. Coatesworth (1950).
R.A.F. Kirton in Lindsey—Flt Lts A. I. Alder (1949), A. J. MacKinnon (1949).
R.A.F. Farnborough—Flt Lt H. A. Merriman (1949).
R.A.F. Wattisham—Flt Lt C. J. Clayton (1949).
R.A.F. Manby—Flt Lt E. F. Hemming (1947).
R.A.F. Boscombe Down—Flt Lts G. B. Stockman (1948), D. A. Lethem (1948).
U.S.A.—Flt Lts W. E. Kelly (1948), D. B. Durrant (1948).
R.A.F. Bassingbourn—Flt Lt S. E. King (1951).

Congratulations to Flt Lt S. H. R. L. d'Arcy, Flt Lt Peter Walker and Flt Lt I. A. Simmons on their recent marriages and to:

- A.V.M. E. M. F. Grundy on the birth of a son.
 Wg Cdr J. H. L. Blount on the birth of a daughter.
 Wg Cdr T. P. Seymour on the birth of a son.
 Flt Lt J. H. Mills on the birth of a daughter.
 Flt Lt F. Knapper on the birth of a daughter.
 Flt Lt K. J. M. Davis on the birth of twin sons.
 Flt Lt D. J. Edwards on the birth of a son.
 Flt Lt E. C. Loveday on the birth of a son.
 Flt Lt I. A. Simmons on the birth of a son.
 Flg Off T. W. J. Hopkins on the birth of a son.

RETIREMENTS

Air Cdre G. A. Randle (1921).

We regret to have to record the death of:

- Air Cdre R. L. Phillips (1927).
 Flt Lt W. I. Worsley (1949).
 Flg Off B. Carse (1951).

News from the Far East

The eighth annual reunion of former Cranwell Cadets was held at the Officers' Mess, Fairy Point, R.A.F. Changi, on Monday, 17th December, 1956. The dinner was attended by 27 ex cadets, of whom 9 were pre-war and 18 were post-war vintage.

The Commander-in-Chief Far East Air Force, Air Marshal Sir Francis J. Fressanges, K.B.E., C.B. (February 1921 Entry), presided. Air Vice-Marshal W. H. Kyle, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., D.F.C. (January 1928 Entry), Air Officer Commanding R.A.F. Malaya, also attended, and Air Vice-Marshal F. J. St. G. Braithwaite, C.B.E., Chief of Staff, Far East Air Force, who so tragically met his death in a flying accident a few days later, was our guest of honour.

Former cadets in the Indian and Pakistan Air Forces, the Royal Thai Air Force, the Royal Ceylon Air Force and those serving in Australia were invited, but unfortunately, due to transport difficulties, only four officers of the Royal Ceylon Air Force could get to Changi—and very welcome they were. They were Flg Offs Mendis, Ratnayake and Senneviratne, and Plt Off Perera.

The Far East Air Force Band played a selection of familiar music including the Post Horn Galop and this, combined with the Christmas decorations and an excellent meal, provided a very satisfying and festive prelude to the usual reminiscences, line-shoots and references to

Grantham, jankers and the Red Lion at Caythorpe, etc., etc., which continued late into the night.

There are at present 38 former cadets serving in the Far East Air Force, including the C.-in-C., two of the four Air Officers Commanding, the S.T.S.O. and two R.N.Z.A.F. officers serving at Tengah. Gp Capt R. C. Keary (September 1927 Entry) is also in this part of the world, being Air Attaché in Tokyo. Unfortunately he was unable to attend the dinner. As mentioned previously there are ex cadets in nearly all the neighbouring Air Forces and about 12 are serving in various parts of Australia. All told there must be about 70 ex cadets in the Far East, the majority of them post-war graduates.

As a matter of interest the attendances at the post-war reunions have been as follows:

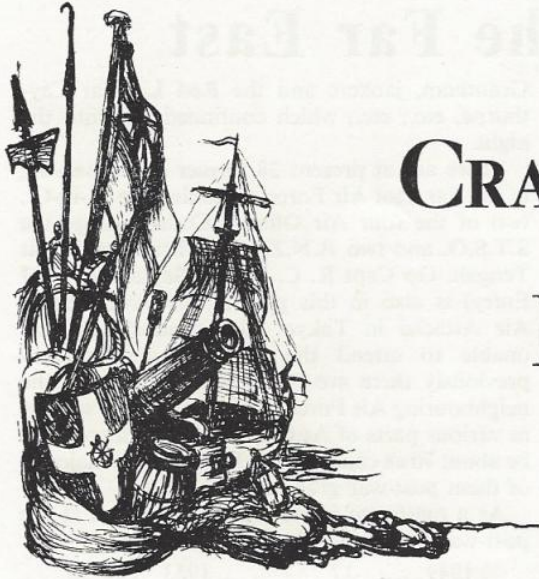
1949 ...	17	1953 ...	16
1950 ...	12	1954 ...	28
1951 ...	21	1955 ...	30
1952 ...	19	1956 ...	27

The attendance record is held by Wg Cdr P. Le Cheminant, D.F.C. (January 1939 Entry), who has been present at five of the eight reunions.

Wg Cdr E. H. Lynch-Blosse, O.B.E. (September 1935 Entry), will shortly be handing over Far Eastern O.C.A. matters to Gp Capt L. Crocker (September 1927 Entry).



C.-in-C. (black dinner jacket) talking to Air Vice-Marshal Kyle (A.O.C., Malaya), Wing Commander Stack between them. Left front: Wing Commander Le Cheminant (black dinner jacket) talking to Wing Commander Fegan



CRANWELL versus

DARTMOUTH —

NEW RIVALS

THE first series of matches to be played against Britannia Royal Naval College, Dartmouth, at Cranwell, took place on the 10th November 1956. Because the opposition strength was unknown there was much speculation about the outcome, although there is no doubt that the College teams were enthusiastic and determined to win this fixture which now compares in prestige with the traditional Sandhurst 'weekends.'

Those who watched were not disappointed in the quality of the sport that was offered for their pleasure. At the Stadium the soccer team gave a balanced and polished display and had put the issue beyond dispute by scoring five goals before half-time. The cross-country runners finished so evenly that the score in Cranwell's favour was not known until the last competitors appeared on the running track. Meanwhile the shooting team lost narrowly in a low-scoring match that was mainly notable to the competitors for the keenness with which it was fired. The technical skills of rugby were at a premium that afternoon. Heavy rain had quickly softened the pitch and the surging players further reduced the surface to slippery mud. The game itself ended with almost unbelievable tension. Cranwell, needing three points to win, eventually hurled their opponents back with a last burst of desperation to score a try, subsequently converted.

Taking the results overall we had sunk 'the ship' but it would be unfair to say without trace because Dartmouth had put up a very spirited fight against teams holding the advantage of playing on their own ground and being greatly encouraged by the large number of supporters.

Rugby Football

The rugby team, enjoying a very successful season, looked forward with much interest to the first of the new fixtures with Dartmouth. Since the match was played at Cranwell in November it did not require a weather prophet to predict a blustery and wet afternoon.

The first half opened with Dartmouth's small but very quick forwards pressing hard, and they made use of the wind with some fine touch kicking. After five minutes Dartmouth were awarded a penalty, for a scrummage offence by Cranwell, and it was easily converted. This was a setback for the College but for Dartmouth it acted

and SANDHURST

Autumn 1956



as a spur. For the next 15 minutes they continued to press hard and it appeared that Cranwell were not able to settle down. The forwards were not playing together as a pack and thus the fast-breaking Dartmouth wing forwards could spoil the threequarter movements attempted by the College. However, the Cranwell team slowly found their expected form, and after several storming forward rushes and some good passing movements, Senior scored the finest try of the match. Forsaking his left-wing position in order to make the extra man in a threequarter movement, he took the ball, while travelling at great speed, from Spencer at outside half and scored beneath the posts. It was rather an unexpected score as Dartmouth were still the more impressive side, but the general feeling now was that the fast Cranwell threequarters should be able to do this more often. Unfortunately this was not to be and soon afterwards half-time arrived; with it came the rain and a drop in the wind strength.

Because of the rain the ball became very greasy, and any hope of open rugby vanished. A good second half was also marred by a number of injuries, one of which left Senior a passenger, although a dangerous one, on the wing, thereby cramping the style of Martin, Freeman and, to a lesser extent, Gibson.

The match slowly developed into a very tough battle between the two sets of forwards, and after Dartmouth's scrum-half had scored from a solo dash around the scrum, tension began to increase. The try was converted, thus giving Dartmouth the

lead by eight points to three. There were now about 20 minutes left to play and Cranwell's pack produced some really hard, determined and spirited rugby. The situation became most exciting with Cranwell's forwards fighting desperately to obtain a favourable points decision.

The Cranwell forwards were now winning most of the scrummages and line-outs and it was only keen tackling by the Dartmouth threequarters that prevented Martin, Digby and Spencer from scoring on several occasions. Eventually, from a quick heel, Freeman forced his way over for a try; the conversion failed again and so Dartmouth were still in the lead by eight points to six.

After the drop-out, a succession of forward rushes quickly pushed Dartmouth back into their own 25. The Cranwell pack was still ruling the game but time was running out and it was now a matter of whether Dartmouth would be able to hang on until the final whistle. The answer to this question came when, after a particularly hard-fought bout between the packs, Little and Gibson both burst through and hurled themselves over the line. A try was awarded to Little and it came just in time as the whistle for no-side was blown immediately after Martin had added the two extra points with a fine conversion.

The last quarter of this game can be likened to two boxers who are very close on points at the beginning of the final round and one of them gets the verdict simply because of his grim determination in the last few minutes.

As a general conclusion Dartmouth were slightly the better side, especially in the first half, and it was only the weight advantage and determination produced for the situation by the Cranwell pack which finally led to Dartmouth's downfall.

It was a game which will long be remembered ; not as an exhibition of the arts of rugby football but because of the tension and excitement over the long period in the second half when Dartmouth were leading.

Cranwell 11 pts. Dartmouth 8 pts.

B.T.S.

Association Football

The first game between the two Colleges took place at Cranwell and the home team faced the forthcoming match with confidence, having beaten the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, only a week before in convincing style. Dartmouth on the other hand were, by all accounts, a team to be respected.

The festive mood of the night before the game seemed to have had no effect on the teams and, as they lined up for the kick-off, the stand was quickly filled with ardent supporters. Dartmouth, who won the toss, chose to defend the Daedalus House end, thus taking advantage of a slight breeze. The pitch itself, in first-class condition, could have no bearing on the choice of ends and in a surprisingly short time both teams settled down. Cranwell at once began to play good open football at a pace that gave them a definite edge over their opponents. They managed to vary the emphasis of their attack between wing and centre very successfully, and in such a way as to make full use of the superiority gained very quickly by the wing halves and the inside forwards.

It soon became obvious from the play that a goal must come, and in fact it did after only ten minutes, when Walter sent across a low centre from the right wing; Voller had moved into position and scored with a low shot that gave the Dartmouth goalkeeper no chance. The Dartmouth defence seemed to wilt under this early setback and a few minutes later the ball found Body unmarked on the edge of their penalty area—a powerful drive found the corner of the goal and Cranwell were up by two clear goals. Dartmouth now concentrated everything in defence but nothing seemed able to stop the Cranwell forwards; again and again they swept through, yet the Dartmouth goal bore a charmed life. However, in the twenty-sixth minute another Walter cross resulted in the third goal for the College when Voller headed the ball home.

Dartmouth broke away into the attack from the kick-off and in a defensive tangle scored what was to be their only goal of the match. The College team did not seem greatly perturbed and once again forced an attack that resulted in the scoring of a goal worthy of top-class football. Rogers gathered a loose ball in the centre circle and made a long pass to Walter on the right wing. He advanced a few paces with the ball and centred perfectly for Voller who, moving up very fast, scored from 15 yards with a superb flying header, to make his personal score three. A few minutes before half-time Walter himself scored the fifth goal with a long shot from the edge of the penalty area.



Walker shoots with classic poise

The second half began with an 'all-out' Dartmouth attack, using as a spearhead their captain, who played excellent football throughout the match, on their right wing. However, College pressure was maintained, but with the breeze now behind them there was a tendency for the half backs to overkick the ball and unfortunately the game slowed down. A long throw from Rogers

found Body unmarked and he completed a dazzling solo run with an excellent goal. This, Cranwell's sixth and last goal, was the highlight of the whole second half play, which thereafter slowed very badly. The wing-to-wing passes were hardly ever seen and Walker on the left wing was left almost completely out of the game. Our defence was adequate in holding such Dartmouth attacks that did develop and no really dangerous situation arose to give Thornton, the goalkeeper, any trouble.

The College learnt many lessons from this game and applied them with success in the match against Sandhurst. Though complacency caused the standard of play in the second half to fall off, nothing must detract from the excellent football of the first 45 minutes. The skill and speed with which it was played in fact decided the match.

Cranwell 6 Dartmouth 1

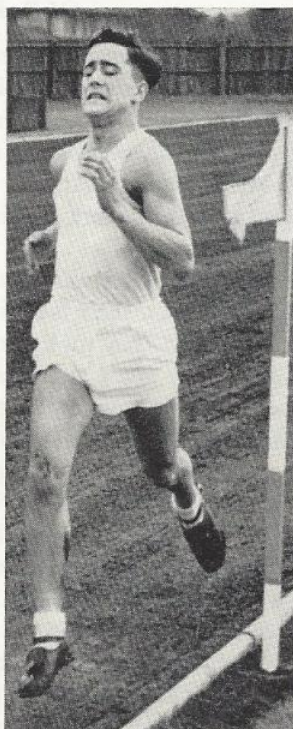
B.D.B.

Cross-Country

The College team were a little apprehensive as they had not previously competed with Dartmouth, and thus had no idea of the standard of the opposition, although they did have an important feature in their favour, namely, familiarity with the fast, flat, six and a half mile course. Apparently Dartmouth were used to a shorter and very hilly course.

The run began at the Stadium, went behind the College, past the church and out to the windsock on the airfield via the rear of the Officers' Married Quarters. Here there was a short stretch of plough and then the course joined the road marking the northern boundary of the camp. After about half a mile of road the course ran across the fields back to the Officers' Married Quarters, round the back of Bristol Wood to the rifle range. The final stretch took the runners around Reeve's Plantation, up a short climb to the playing fields, over the ploughed field near 'A' site and in through the northern gate of the Stadium. A circuit of the running track to the finishing line in front of the grandstand completed the course.

The ground was damp and the going hard when the senior officer of the Dartmouth party started



Ryan of Cranwell finishing very powerfully after the six and a half mile cross-country race. He was placed second in the field

the race at the Stadium. The field of 16 were away to a very fast start. Blue vests were prominent among the leaders for the first mile where Harrington, Ryan, Woodford and Wormall were running well. At the two-mile point Harrington was fifty yards clear of the field with Ryan second and Woodford level with Faulkner of Dartmouth. In the next mile Harrington had increased his lead to a hundred yards from Ryan, Woodford and Faulkner who were still closely bunched together. Ryan and Faulkner remained level for the last two miles, fighting it out for second place. Harrington ran brilliantly to win very easily, being 1 minute 7 seconds ahead of Ryan who managed to pull away in the last half-mile on the playing fields and around the Stadium. Faulkner gave Dartmouth third place and Woodford, running his best race of the season, came in fourth for Cranwell.

Cranwell 33 pts. Dartmouth 47 pts.

M.A.F.R.

Shooting

Cranwell 757 Dartmouth 764

OLD RIVALS

Cranwell looked towards the Sandhurst 'weekend' with all its customary enthusiasm and with more than usual optimism. This match, on 1st December 1956, was to be the culmination of an arduous training programme, and, if anything, would be more hard-fought than the contest with Dartmouth because of the keen rivalry that has been nurtured over a period of many years. After a quick scanning of the programme it was noticed that Cranwell was fielding the larger number of colours, a point that we hoped was going to signify superiority by virtue of greater experience.

The soccer team began with a determination that was born out of galling memories of the heavy defeat they had suffered on their last visit and possibly a sense of frustration from the draw of 1955. After a slow start they took command of the game and started the second half with a comfortable lead of two goals and thereafter were not in serious difficulty. Sandhurst seemed to have snatched the cross-country race, but the brilliance of the early Cranwell runners and the solid performance of the remaining runners gave us the only draw of the day. As always the shooting was unpredictable, since consistent accuracy demands the extreme concentration which is often disturbed by local conditions. Nevertheless the College VIII must have been in fine fettle, for they won by the incredibly small margin of 0.1 of a point. Golf was introduced on an official basis at this weekend, and the Cranwell team justified its careful practice. In some instances it overcame a handicap that was imposed by indulgence at the Band night, and gained a comfortable victory on Saturday morning.

As was expected the rugby was a dour battle, and full use was made of the medical facilities provided throughout the match. Sandhurst pressed strongly for the first half and but for the ferocious tackling of Cranwell defenders must surely have built a winning lead before the change of ends. However the College rallied, and managed to turn their second half domination into a score that gave them a magnificent win.

Thus ended what had been for the College an almost completely successful Sandhurst weekend and it is one that will be remembered with great affection for the generous hospitality afforded by the Royal Military Academy and the determined competition offered by its sportsmen.

Association Football

The annual football match played at Sandhurst this year was the thirteenth inter-college fixture, but as it is doubtful whether any of the players were aware of this, superstition could have had no bearing on the result. The College team faced the game with quiet confidence. A comparison of previous form this season, though generally an unreliable guide, indicated that for the first time for several years Cranwell chances were good.

The day dawned dull and dry, and there was no suspicion of even the slightest breath of wind. The pitch was firm, but the long grass was leaf covered, making the surface slippery. Beggs won the toss and chose to play uphill—the wisdom of this decision became apparent in the second half.

After the teams had been presented to the Commandant of Sandhurst, the Academy kicked off. For the first ten minutes play was aimless

and scrappy. Both teams were obviously over-awed by the occasion, and nerves were taut. The ball remained in midfield, and neither goalkeeper was tested. Sandhurst settled down more quickly, and gained the ascendancy as the pattern of their attacks became obvious. Their wingers provided the spearhead, lying wide and using their speed to best advantage. Their outside right, Spacie, was particularly fast, and gave Bacon a hard game. However, Bacon played him with the intelligence that has been a feature of his play this season and prevented him from cutting inside with the ball. The Cranwell defence was playing extremely well under pressure, with Beggs, at right back, playing a true captain's game. He was always there to cover, and his interceptions and clearances were perfect. Adams, at centre half, denied Hudson, the Academy centre forward, the use of the centre of the field, and his heading was remarkably good. So well did the defence

play that although the College gave away four corners in this period, Thornton, in goal, was never seriously troubled.

Then, with ten minutes of the first half left for play, the College moved into attack, using the long pass from wing to wing, which had the Academy defence in trouble. The College forced a corner, which was scrambled away, but a few moments later a free kick was awarded to the College midway inside the Sandhurst half. Rogers took the kick extremely well, lobbing it to Voller, who headed beautifully into the corner of the goal.

From the kick-off Sandhurst swept the ball into the Cranwell penalty area with all their players moving up in an attempt to equalize. Soon, however, Rogers came clear with the ball, and with our forwards in position a further score seemed certain. Unfortunately a fatal pause on his part resulted in his being brought down in a foul tackle. A free kick was awarded and was again taken by Rogers. This time he drove along the ground to Walter who, moving quickly, sent in an unstoppable shot. The College team was two up, and it was half-time.

After a welcome break for sliced oranges, the College continued to dominate the game, playing fast, open football which was a joy to watch. Pennicott, the Sandhurst goalkeeper, was continually in action, and another goal seemed inevitable. Voller dived full length to head a Walter centre, but Pennicott saved brilliantly. A few minutes later Body collected a loose ball in midfield, and, using his remarkable speed, beat four men before turning the ball across goal. Voller was in position and tapped the ball home to make the score 3-0.

Now Cranwell were in command. Four corners were forced in the space of two minutes, and Walter drove inches wide. However, the Sandhurst goal had a charmed life, and when the game stopped to hear the Shooting result announced, the ball was in the Cranwell penalty area. With 20 minutes left for play, the College slowed down, concentrating on maintaining their lead. The team were obviously tired, and Body had to leave the field for five minutes with cramp. Sandhurst then came more into the game and were awarded a free kick in the Cranwell penalty area after Thornton had been penalized for carrying. By superb covering, the College defence got the ball away and the danger was past.

From this point the fire left the game. Both teams were too weary to play good football, and play became aimless, with the slope very much in



An unsuccessful drive at the Sandhurst goal

Cranwell's favour now. The closing minutes were enlivened by a header from Voller which touched the goalpost, with the goalkeeper beaten, and a shot, also by Voller, from a Walker free kick, which Pennicott did well to stop.

It would be invidious to select any player as outstanding in this match. The defence had overcome weaknesses apparent earlier in the term and always mastered the Academy attack. The degree of cohesion established between Bacon and Holpin was a factor that began many attacks. In the words of the Sandhurst Soccer Officer 'Always one extra blue shirt at the wrong time.' The attack was keen and always dangerous; Cloke, Walter and Walker combined well to make openings for Voller and Body. The College has reason to be proud of this team which has completed the treble over Dartmouth, Greenwich and Sandhurst.

Sandhurst 0 Cranwell 3

M.R.J.S.

Cross-Country

The cross country race against Sandhurst was run over a six and a half mile course at Sandhurst. The course, starting and finishing with a mile of road, followed sandy tracks which rose and fell with heartbreaking monotony.

As the starter's flag fell the College team leapt away from their opponents and soon had formed a light pack. At the end of the first mile the pace was still very fast and only two Sandhurst cadets had managed to join the College bunch. By the end of the second mile the pace had settled as the runners spread out. During the next mile Eccles (Sandhurst) challenged Harrington for first place, but his effort met with

misfortune as he twisted his ankle when avoiding a motor cycle.

Harrington led the field by about two hundred yards up the long grind of Heart Break Hill (four and a half miles from the start). Fox was fourth, and fifth was Wormall who was having his best run of the season. With the additional strain of this hill the runners were beginning to tire and were so spread out that any further changes in position seemed unlikely.

For the last half of the race most of the College team had been running in pairs. The advantage in doing this was evident in the last mile where the College runners noticeably closed the gap between themselves and their immediate opponents, unfortunately not one succeeded in passing. The final placing resulted in a draw. Harrington was the individual winner.

Sandhurst 39 pts. Cranwell 39 pts.

J.S.P.-M.

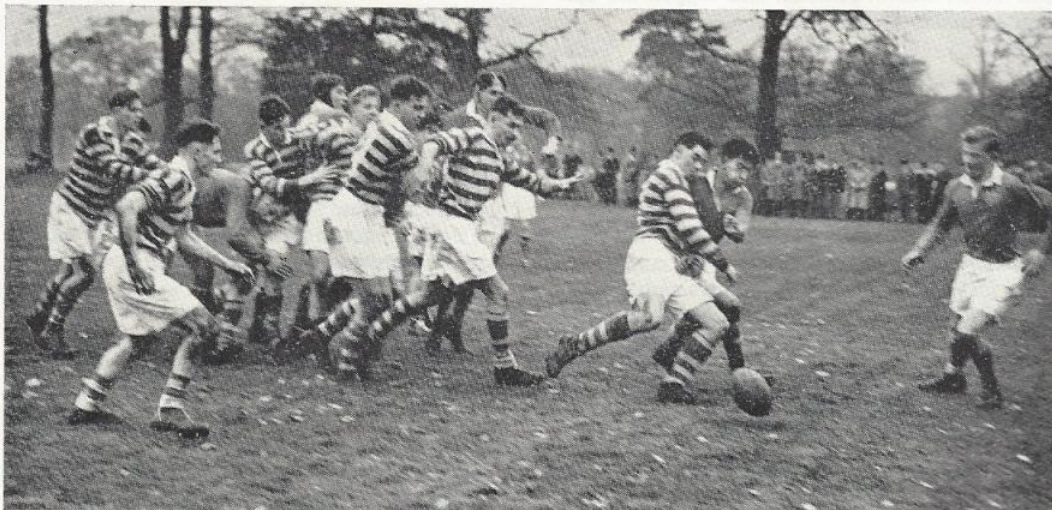
Rugby Football

A large crowd gathered on a grey December afternoon for the start of the annual rugby match against Sandhurst. As is usual on these occasions, the game was fast and tough—there was ten minutes injury time—although not so usual were the ideal conditions. There was a light wind, and the surface was slightly damp and greasy, but not enough to make the ball difficult to handle.

A spirited rush by Sandhurst followed immediately on their kick-off down the slope, and a dangerous situation was saved by Lane, the full-back, clearing into touch. In the first quarter

of an hour Sandhurst dominated both the line-outs and the set scrums, but their superiority was short-lived, and soon the Cranwell forwards were dominating the game. However, Sandhurst took the lead with a good penalty kick by Parker from thirty-five yards out, scored after about fifteen minutes. Nearly all the first half was played between the 'twenty-fives.' Sandhurst looked like scoring only twice, but both of these attempts were foiled by the excellent tackling of Martin and Digby in the centre, and the sound covering of the wing-forwards Coulcher and McCluney. The Cranwell pack, even in the early moments of the game, enjoyed a clear superiority in the loose scrums, and it was mainly from these that the Cranwell attacks developed. Freeman gave a good service to Spencer, who usually managed to draw one opposing centre before passing to his own centres, both of whom had fine runs in the first half but, because of the excellent covering of the Sandhurst forwards, failed to score.

Five minutes after half-time the Cranwell forwards secured the ball from a line-out and it was passed smoothly down the line to Digby who, with a short kick ahead, cut through the opposing threequarters, snatched up the loose ball and burst through to score a try near the posts. Martin made no mistake with the conversion. The score was now five points to three in our favour. After the kick-off Cranwell really looked the more dangerous side, with the forwards pressing hard and giving their backs the ball. Particularly noticeable were Coulcher and McCluney, who spoilt any chance of a



Gibson making ground following a loose scrum with the rest of the pack foiling pursuit

Sandhurst attack by their quick breaking from the scrum and fast covering. Fifteen minutes after Cranwell's goal, a Sandhurst player was off-side when their full-back failed to field a ball close to his posts. Martin again kicked an excellent goal to bring the score to eight-three.

With only ten minutes left for play Sandhurst rallied and attacked the Cranwell line to score three points from a difficult drop-goal by Jones. Then, with a penalty almost on full-time Sandhurst had a chance to win the match. However, the kick was missed, and with the score at eight points to six 'no-side' was blown giving Cranwell their deserved victory.

Outside the scrum Cranwell were much the stronger side, showing far greater pace and resourcefulness than the opposing line—Martin and Digby in the centre showing particular dash. On the wings Close and Mason were competent, although the latter was handicapped by the recurrence of a previous injury in the opening minutes. Gibson worked well and succeeded in gaining possession in the majority of set scrums after the first quarter of an hour, while Mumford, Kuun and Cameron dominated the line-outs. Little had a great game and was a fine example to the forwards he led. The decisive factor was, however, that the Cranwell side were fitter and worked better as a team and this enabled them to press hard throughout the match to achieve their well-earned victory.

Sandhurst 6 pts. Cranwell 8 pts.

C.M.Q.

Golf

R.A.F. College v. R.M.A. Sandhurst

The morning was mild and the conditions at Camberley Heath were ideally suited to winter golf. The course was running faster than is usual for most during wintertime, and long hitting was a feature of the morning's play. Considering the time of year the course was in fine condition, but many found the slippery greens hard to master. The deep rough gave the straightest hitters a chance to prove their true worth, for the thick, wiry heather gave no quarter to those who erred from the straight and narrow.

Camberley Heath has many steeply undulating holes with high plateau greens and teeing grounds sometimes as much as 50 feet above the fairways. Combined with stretches of woodland these features make the course at once pleasing and testing. In the best match of the day Nance beat Bell, and both were round in about 78 strokes apiece. There was nothing in it on the outward half, Nance being one ahead at the

turn. He lost the 11th and 12th but squared again at the 13th where his opponent took 3 putts from the edge of the green. Nance played a splendid 6 iron shot to within 5 feet of the pin on the short 14th, but Bell recovered well from a bunker and sank a long putt to halve. On the 300-yard 15th Bell was almost on the green with a long downhill drive, and Nance, unable to do anything against a perfect 3, went to the 16th 1 hole in arrears. However, he played very steadily on the 16th and 17th and won both holes. Standing 1 up on the 18th tee, he completed a most creditable performance with a par 4 to gain a half and the match.

Barrett suffered a quick reverse at the 1st in his match against Balfour-Kinnear, but played an accurate 4 iron shot to within 3 feet of the hole on the 160-yard 2nd to recover well. Barrett, a powerful long hitter, then drew steadily away from his opponent and started the homeward half with a lead of 3 holes. This he increased with wins at the 11th and 12th where he got a neat birdie 3. On the 13th tee Barrett was 5 up with 6 holes to play, but he then unfortunately developed a bad hook, which cost him the next 4 holes in a row. It is all credit to him that he managed to steady himself at the vital moment, and with two fine 4's at the difficult 17th and 18th holes he gained a well-deserved victory.

Porter and Leivers had a stern tussle, although the standard of play was slightly disappointing over the first 9 holes. Leivers had not previously suffered defeat in any match this year, and he proved to be a sturdy and determined opponent. Porter was topping his drives and this unsettled Leivers, who also started to mistime his shots from the tee. Porter was fortunate not to go 1 down at the short 14th, where he saved himself by sinking an 8-yard putt for a half. With a fine 4 at the downhill 15th he took the lead for the first time during the whole match, but was brought back to all square at the next hole where he misjudged an approach to the green and finished in a wood some 50 yards through. Leivers found heavy rough on the 17th, and was handicapped all the way by thick heather. Needing only a half at the long 18th, Porter drove his ball into deep rough to the right of the fairway, and spent an anxious 5 minutes before finally finding it in a bad downhill lie. With a good recovery and a chip to within 4 yards of the pin, he had the satisfaction of seeing his putt gobbled up by the hole, and Leivers, unable to do better, had lost by 2 holes.

Drew, playing against Hallam, made a quick bid for the opening holes and was 3 up after the

6th. Unfortunately he then began to pull his shots badly, and the following 4 holes quickly disappeared from his grasp. At the 470-yard 13th Hallam sank a 10-yard putt for a splendid birdie 4, and when Drew took 3 putts on the 14th green, he was in the unhappy position of being 3 down with 4 holes to play. Accepting this setback philosophically he won the 15th in 4 to 5 to give himself another chance. At the 16th Hallam was bunkered, and, badly misjudging his shot from the sand, would have overshot the green by some 50 yards had his ball not struck the top of the flagstick and dropped like a stone to within 2 feet of the hole. He made no mistake with his putter and it was all over.

The two captains, Nason and Caiger, had a grand struggle, with the Cranwell skipper eventually emerging victor by 5 and 4. Nason had injured his leg on the previous day while playing rigger, and it is no doubt this that restricted his swing. As the match progressed he was reduced to playing irons from the tee, but this is nevertheless no reason to underestimate Caiger's own splendid performance. Quite unperturbed by losing the first 2 holes, he played good, steady golf to gain an advantage of 2 holes at the turn. Nason drove into gorse on the 10th and became 3 down. Caiger consolidated his commanding position with 2 halves in par figures at the 11th and 12th and with all confidence finished off his man with some good straight hitting at the following 2 holes.

Mermagen returned the biggest victory of the day against Percival, who was very convincingly beaten by 7 and 6. Despite his lack of practice and relative inexperience, Mermagen was in fine form for the occasion and his game was consistently straight from start to finish. He was only troubled by the rough once and he soon established a quick lead of 4 holes. At the 7th hole (having started at the 15th to ease pressure on the first tee) Mermagen hit a beautiful drive of 240 yards and played a remorseless approach shot to within a yard of the pin. The match ended at the next hole, having lasted a mere 12 holes, and Mermagen was a very deserving winner.

Dickinson and Heron lost their matches, by 5 and 4, and by 3 and 1 respectively. Dickinson ran up against a far more experienced golfer in Carpenter, who showed a good temperament in the atmosphere of an important match. Heron was outclassed from the beginning by Holyfield's strict accuracy on and around the greens. It was once said that a golfer drives for pleasure, but putts for money, and Heron found that this held very true in his particular match.

Cranwell beat Sandhurst by 5 matches to 3.

M.J.P

Shooting

Sandhurst 774·3 Cranwell 774·4

STAFF APPOINTMENTS

The following appointments to the College Staff have been made since the last issue of *The Journal* went to press:

Headquarters: College Administrative Officer: Wing Commander B. P. Mugford. Cadets' Records: Flight Lieutenant F. R. Passey.

Cadet Wing: Officer Commanding 'B' Squadron: Squadron Leader H. W. Cafferata. Cadet Wing Officer 'A' Squadron: Flight Lieutenant W. A. Anderson. Cadet Wing Officer 'B' Squadron: Flight Lieutenant D. M. A. Samuels.

Flying Wing: Flying Instructors: Flight Lieutenants B. J. Ball, D.F.C., C. Crook, P. W. R. Gill, B. Huxley, E. C. Loveday, R. E. MacKie, J. R. Rhind, Flying Officers T. P. Daniel, D. Davies, W. C. Mackison, J. M. Payne.

Air Traffic Control: Flight Lieutenant J. F. Turner, Pilot Officer E. B. Higgins.

Tutorial Wing: Navigation Instructor: Flying Officer A. R. Small. Secretarial Instructor: Flight Lieutenant E. F. Lapham. Equipment Instructor: Flight Lieutenant A. R. Martindale.

Administrative Wing: Dental Officer: Flying Officer J. Grainger. R.A.F. Regiment: Flying Officer W. L. Wellman.

DEPARTURES

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

Wing Commander: J. D. W. Willis.

Squadron Leaders: A. W. Sledmere, R. L. Smith, F. G. Carter, D. L. A. Finlay, E. B. Winn.

Flight Lieutenants: W. H. P. Canner, H. Dufton, P. Fairhurst, G. F. Hemming, D. M. Howarth, J. R. Lewis, F. R. Lund, D. P. Spencer, W. J. Warn, R. A. Gillam, J. A. Worrall, G. O. Eades, C. D. Walker.

Flying Officers: L. MacPherson, C. R. Renshaw.



RUGBY REPORT

Season 1956-57, Autumn Term

THIS term promised great things from the rugby teams. The 1st XV, on paper, were stronger than they had been for several seasons and there was a good solid backing of talent in the 2nd and 3rd XVs.

With the theoretical strength still only on paper the first game of the season against the strong Leicester Colts side was to be a test of whether the team would live up to expectations. In a fine open game, which was played at an extremely fast pace, both backs and forwards played well, winning deservedly by 20 points to 12 points.

It was in the next few games, against Grimsby, Oundle and Rosslyn Park Stags, that the benefit of strong 2nd and 3rd teams was fully felt. The necessity of playing up to three reserves in the side at one time or another made no difference to the fine standard of play. It was against Harlequin Wanderers, when flying claimed seven regular members of the team, that the first loss of the season was incurred. In the hardest and fastest game so far played the College lost 24-3, but were congratulated on the fine open rugby displayed.

In the next five games, the last of which was against the R.N.C. Dartmouth, the College once more hit the winning trail. The game against R.N.C. Dartmouth was the first game in which the team had a heavy greasy ball to contend with. Nothing daunted by a first-minute penalty against them the College fought back to snatch a last-second victory.

The team which went to Loughborough College were missing not only one or two regular players, but also the fire and dash of previous games. This game and the one later in the week against London Scottish were both lost by very narrow margins.

Thoughts at this time were turning towards the game against the R.M.A. Sandhurst, and as usual a trial of strength was arranged against an R.A.F. XV. Obviously still smarting under last season's defeat, the representative team turned out by the R.A.F. was very strong indeed. Under the sheer force of weight and experience the College XV went down fighting. Towards the end when weight really told, the score leapt up to a rather humiliating 30 points to 3 points.

The game against R.N.C. Greenwich was cancelled because of the flying programme and injuries. The next game was against the R.M.A. Sandhurst. Holding them to a penalty goal to nil at half time the College really opened up to full power in the second half, moving the ball with speed and accuracy. The game was thoroughly enjoyed by players and spectators alike and an 8-6 win by Cranwell was considered fair and just. With two games to go till the end of term it was felt that two wins

were needed, and in fact two wins were achieved. A rather narrow win on a very windy day against the Station and one of a more substantial margin against Henlow closed what has been a highly satisfactory term's rugby.

On looking upon the 2nd XV's record it must be remembered that they never really had a fair chance to settle down as a team as they constantly were called upon to fill 1st XV vacancies. The third XV was undoubtedly the most successful of the three College teams. They were unbeaten in the matches they played and at no time did it ever seem likely that they would lose.

A.J.G.

RESULTS

1st XV

Sept 13	Leicester Colts	20-12	(w)
22	Grimsby R.U.F.C.	28-3	(w)
29	Rosslyn Park	20-3	(w)
Oct. 10	Oundle	26-14	(w)
13	Harlequin Wanderers	3-24	(l)
17	Notts H.S.	26-3	(w)
20	King's College Hospital	12-6	(w)
31	Workshop College	12-3	(w)
Nov. 3	Oxford Greyhounds	22-3	(w)
10	Royal Naval College, Dartmouth	11-8	(w)
14	Loughborough Vikings	8-10	(l)
17	London Scottish	6-8	(l)
21	R.A.F. XV	3-30	(l)
24	Royal Naval College, Greenwich	Cancelled	
Dec. 1	Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst	8-6	(w)
5	R.A.F. Cranwell	5-3	(w)
8	R.A.F. Technical College, Henlow	19-5	(w)

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

At the beginning of the term the Selection Committee was able to face the coming season with a certain degree of confidence. We had a team that had already played well together throughout the previous Spring term. However, before very long it was obvious that two newcomers must take their places. Rogers, of 73 Entry, forsook cross-country running and proved himself a player of considerable merit in the right half position, whilst Cloke took a regular place at inside left.

It was decided that the first fortnight of term should be devoted entirely to training and team building. The benefits of this scheme were shown in the success of the next few weeks. However, though victories were frequent, there was a definite lack of good finishing in the attack, and the defence was bad under pressure. Although our record for the month of October is a sorry one in general there was a fine match against Repton, in which, after two setbacks, we eventually came through to win. A close game with Icarus, which we lost after being two goals in the lead, made it apparent that the team was still only eleven individuals. Desperate measures in

position changes were taken in the game against Leicester University—with unfortunate results. However, much knowledge about individual limitations of players was gained and helped to form a side that has since remained unchanged.

The R.N.C. Greenwich proved excellent hosts and worthy opponents in the 1st round of the Argonaut Cup Competition and our convincing win away from home set the seal on all major matches to follow. B.R.N.C. Dartmouth, whom we played at Cranwell a week later, suffered a 6-1 defeat at our hands, by a team now playing excellent football. A disastrous game ten days later against Lincoln Constabulary resulted in a heavy defeat, and, even worse, the team suffered several minor injuries.

Only a few days remained before the Sandhurst fixture, but the College M.O. and Mr Simpson, the Sports coach, managed to cure all ills in sufficient time. We travelled to Camberley with 11 fit men for the 'Cup Final' game of the season with the Royal Military Academy. The match is reported at length elsewhere so let it suffice here to say that the 3-0 victory for the College was a magnificent effort which reflected great credit on the whole team.

The pre-season confidence in the chances of a good 1st XI was reflected in the choice of fixtures for the 2nd XI. Several fixtures with school teams that had previously been played were arranged for the 2nd XI in the hope that they might acquit themselves honourably, since they too had a team that was potentially strong. The policy was, unfortunately, too ambitious, and of seven matches played the 2nd XI have won none. Injuries in the 1st XI and subsequent replacements have often deprived them of stalwarts such as Drew, their captain, and Saye, and Blewitt who, as goalkeeper, has had a very successful first season at Cranwell. In spite of frequent defeat, good football has been played, and with six of this year's 1st XI leaving before the start of another season, it is to the 2nd XI that we look for the future.

Full colours were awarded to Body, Thornton, Walter and Bacon; and half colours to Drew, Holpin, Cloke, Saye, Adams and Rogers.

B.D.B.

RESULTS

1st XI				
Sept. 22	Officers' Mess	(h)	10-1	(w)
26	Lincolnshire Constabulary	(h)	3-1	(w)
Oct. 6	Henlow	(h)	6-1	(w)
10	Nottingham University	(a)	1-2	(l)
13	Repton	(a)	3-2	(w)
17	Icarus	(h)	4-5	(l)
20	Leicester University	(h)	1-9	(l)
Nov. 3	Royal Naval College, Greenwich	(a)	4-1	(w)
10	B.R.N.C., Dartmouth	(h)	6-1	(w)
21	Lincolnshire Constabulary	(a)	1-5	(l)
Dec. 1	Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst	(a)	3-0	(w)
5	R.A.F. Cranwell	(h)	1-5	(l)

Played 12, Won 7, Lost 5, Goals for 43, Goals against 33.

HOCKEY REPORT, AUTUMN 1956

We began the term with Shrimpton as captain, but without three members of last year's team. Because of this more people had to be persuaded to play. There was obvious talent in the new players and this was used to its best advantage throughout the term. As considerable time and practice must elapse before individual players can be welded successfully into a team, the results of the first few matches were promising. Although we lost five in a row the experience gained during this period began to take effect, and we drew 2-2 against Pembroke



Sandhurst get the ball from a Cranwell throw-in

College, Cambridge. Soon after this we defeated R.A.F. Henlow 3-2. In this game the defence cleared well and hard and the half backs, for the first time in the season, played well up in attack which enabled the forwards to take many more powerful shots at goal. We narrowly lost 1-0 to R.N.C. Greenwich, which we would like to believe was caused by our goalkeeper, Williamson, being enveloped at the crucial moment in a London smog! In all the matches, however, he played very well. In the latter half of the term we defeated London University (University College) 3-0. This was a hard game, as the general idea seemed to be to hit the ball hard and high. This resulted in several injuries, including one cracked jaw, which gave the unfortunate player a certain amount of inconvenience during his week-end in London.

We concluded the term by avenging our earlier defeat at the hands of R.A.F. Cranwell. Whiting scored the first goal which was soon followed by another scored from a short corner taken by Williams. De Garis put in the third with an astounding back stick shot. The defence prevented the Station from scoring.

We look forward to a good Spring term's hockey, culminating in the defeat of both R.M.A. Sandhurst and R.N.C. Dartmouth.

Full colours were awarded to Carr-White and half colours to Williamson.

C.C-W.

RESULTS

1st XI				
Grimsby H.C.	0-6	(l)	
Spalding H.C.	0-5	(l)	
Brigg H.C.	1-5	(l)	
Wisbech H.C.	0-1	(l)	
Loughborough College	1-10	(l)	
Pembroke College, Cambridge	2-2	(d)	
Brigg H.C.	2-5	(l)	
Appleby Frodingham	2-3	(l)	
R.A.F. Henlow	3-2	(w)	
R.A.F. Cranwell	2-3	(l)	
Royal Naval College, Greenwich	0-1	(l)	
Lincolnshire Poachers	1-5	(l)	
London University	3-0	(w)	
R.A.F. Cranwell	3-0	(w)	

Played 14, Won 3, Lost 10, Drawn 1.

CROSS-COUNTRY

Last season we had a very good team and very nearly beat Sandhurst. This term we had exactly the same team and new talent from 75 Entry. We hoped for a good season and so far we have not been disappointed. There has been enough support to run a second team on many occasions. They have been accepted as a permanent feature of cross-country, an indication of the rising popularity of the sport.

Although it will be a long time between Flight Lieutenant Smith's departure and the publication of this report, the team would like to offer its thanks and best wishes to him for his encouragement and guidance as Officer-in-charge Cross-Country. This term we welcome Flight Lieutenant R. A. Francis as our new officer. We are very pleased to see his active interest; coming out on training runs with the team is not everyone's delight.



Part of the Cross-Country team starting against Dartmouth

The first few matches of term were a little tough as the weather was quite warm and few of us were fit. Training soon had its effect though and the performance of the team steadily improved. Comparison with last year's results and times were very favourable. Three new runners from 75 Entry were a considerable boost to the first team. The standard in the team was even. Fox and Harrington, our two best runners, were very well backed up by the rest of the team. They finished in a good bunch and so did not waste the leaders' efforts.

Even our worst defeat against Lincoln Wellington was encouraging and we had better results against them than last year.

Another first-class team against whom we ran and lost was South London Harriers. We ran over their course at Coulsdon, Surrey, against their Juniors (Pirie is an indication of the standard of their Seniors). They had some very good young runners and beat us the more easily because we were several first team runners short, due to the Knocker Cup competition.

There was a fine effort by Wormall on the day of the Dartmouth match (which is reported separately). He ran $6\frac{1}{2}$ miles in the morning and came seventh. In the afternoon he volunteered to run against Repton School, as our second team was rather weak due to injuries. He won this race, making his total for the day ten miles. A good effort indeed.

Imperial College were beaten mainly, I think, due to good team tactics. There was a bunch of six or seven Cranwell vests away to a preplanned fast start. Our opponents admitted afterwards that this spread despair and despondency among them immediately the race

started—a demonstration of how important team and individual tactics are in running.

We finished the term with the Sandhurst match which is reported separately. The result was a little disappointing, but we had the consolation that it was on their course and we had the first man home!

Full colours were awarded to Ryan and Fox; half colours to Wormall. M.A.F.R.

		RESULTS	Coll.	Opp.
Sept. 19	R.A.F. Station Cranwell ...	(h)	29	91 (w)
	R.A.F. College 2nd VIII ...		—	65
22	Boston A.C. ...	(a)	36	43 (w)
Oct. 6	Peterborough A.C. ...	(a)	48	73 (w)
	Bedford A.C. ...		—	76
	R.A.F. College 2nd VIII ...		—	172
13	Lincoln Wellington ...	(a)	55	35 (l)
20	South London Harriers ...	(a)	50	29 (l)
Nov. 3	Peterborough A.C. ...	(h)	34	47 (w)
10	Royal Naval College, Dartmouth	(h)	33	47 (w)
17	Imperial College, London ...	(a)	92	118 (w)
24	Nottingham University ...	(a)	50	29 (l)
Dec. 1	Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst ...	(a)	39	39 (d)

SHOOTING

Shooting this term has been well attended, although the heavy hand of authority has ruled that, as sitting in front of a roaring fire and occasionally turning over on to one's stomach to pepper a target is hardly energetic, all marksmen will be required to indulge in some more healthy and invigorating pastime after shooting hours. Nevertheless, enthusiasm has been in no way dampened by the thought of exercise, and some fine performances have been recorded.

Under the captaincy of Enright, the College entered two rifle and pistol teams for the coveted Nobel and V.J. Trophies and has had a successful season (being placed seventh in the first stage). Seven Shoulder-to-Shoulder matches have relieved the monotony of postal matches, and the team has learnt that the former are won not on the firing point, but during the softening-up process beforehand. The team drew against Birmingham University in a most exciting match, but lost to the R.N.C. Dartmouth in a contest more memorable for its entertainment value than its shooting proficiency. Against Oundle School the team had become sufficiently confident to allow a 24-point handicap: the result? A defeat for the College by 6 points! The highlight of this season's matches was naturally that against the R.M.A. Sandhurst which the College won by point one of a point, mathematically a remarkable achievement. A silver spoon was presented to Turner who was top scorer with 99 out of a possible 100.

The College Society has been generous in providing funds for six new No. 8 rifles with sights, a Martini-International and four new pistols, which will, it is hoped, soon grace our armoury.

The experience gained this term should provide the College next year with a sound and nerve-free team, which, with the advantage of the new precision-made rifles, may well win all its matches.

Full colours were awarded to Scott and Dicken; half colours to Rea, Blake and Morgan. M.J.D.

SQUASH

At the beginning of the term it appeared that we would have a weaker team than last year, but it soon became apparent that the players left from last year's team had improved considerably. Thus we approached our first match with less trepidation than usual. A very close contest developed with each pair fighting extremely good squash battles. We lost, but very narrowly; Andrews and Robertson both let themselves be pipped

at the post. The former had in fact run the legs off his relatively elderly opponent, but the opponent must have been a Grand Knight of the Gamesmanship Order and completely outplayed him, gaining time and a victory.

Loughborough were our next opponents. Normally we are very soundly beaten in this match, but this year we were surprised at our resounding victory. The four fixtures following were lost by a very small margin. This happened again at Greenwich, but the return match on our much slower courts should go the other way.

We won two more matches from the last three of the term. In the previous two years the squash teams had won only one of their Autumn fixtures, so it can justifiably be said that we had a more successful term. If we can get a little of the killer instinct into our squash by concentrating on winning without wasting a single shot, the Spring term may well be one of the best since the war.

We were very fortunate in the middle of November in having the services of Flight Lieutenant C. Roupell, a very experienced professional coach. He spent a week coaching whoever went along to the courts. Large numbers made use of this very good opportunity of improvement. Though some way past his playing prime Flight Lieutenant Roupell knew all about the game. We are most grateful to him for raising the standard of play of all he coached. Certainly the team's record improved since his visit.

About half the College play squash as one of their two sports. For this reason there are now two squash-ladders. The ladder system is an excellent one both for personal improvement and general raising of the standard of play at the College but it must have support, which was lacking in the Autumn.

We would like to thank Flight Lieutenant Lovatt for his enthusiasm and guidance. To Sergeant Catherine, who unfortunately was away most of the term and will have left by January, we offer our thanks for many sports afternoons spent with the team; and our best wishes for the future. May he only be beaten by one of us!

Half colours were awarded to G. D. Andrews.

RESULTS

Oct. 6	Notts S.R.C.	(a)	1-4	(l)
13	Loughborough	(a)	5-0	(w)
17	Jesus College	(a)	2-3	(l)
Nov. 3	Abbedale S.R.C.	(a)	1-4	(l)
21	Magdalen College	(h)	1-4	(l)
24	Queen's College	(a)	1-4	(l)
28	R.A.F. Syerston	(h)	5-0	(w)
Dec. 1	Royal Naval College, Greenwich	(a)	1-4	(l)
8	Henlow	(h)	5-0	(w)

G.D.A.

RIDING

The attendance at the stables has been very poor this term. We are still very much affected by the new programme and the very limited times allocated for riding. The new programme makes it virtually impossible for cadets in the Advanced Stage to ride at all.

The weather has been reasonably mild for the time of year, but we have been more hampered by the sudden illness of the secretary and of the riding instructor himself, Mr Edgeley.

Although not much riding was done the standard shown in the Jorrocks Trophy at the end of November was well above average. 'C' Squadron won again with 'A' Squadron a close second and 'B' Squadron third. Under Officer Hicks was judged best all round competitor with Senior Flight Cadet White a close second. The points for the Jorrocks were:

'C' Squadron	...	82 points	
'A' Squadron	...	79 points	
'B' Squadron	...	77 points	J.W.B.



Caiger and mount take the low fence practising for the Jorrocks Trophy competition

BOXING

With only four boxers of any experience, prospects for this term did not look too bright. Two matches only were fought, against Belsize Boxing Club and Cambridge University.

Due to illnesses the Belsize match was reduced to four bouts and the College lost 1-3. Cleaver, a novice, our only winner, knocked out his opponent in the first round. Allen and Tiffen were both knocked out in the second round and Nelson lost a very close bout on points.

The second match against Cambridge University was lost by 4 bouts to 6, but great promise was shown by several of the novices. Carr-White put the College off to a good start by stopping his opponent in the second round. Parker started off well against a very experienced boxer, but he took some fairly heavy blows in the second round and the referee stopped the bout. Jones, another novice, came up against a very strong fighter and was knocked out in the first round. Willis, also met a stronger man and went down before the onslaught, again in the first round. Cambridge were leading 3-1, but this lead was reduced when Freeman won a very hard-fought bout on points. Cleaver brought us level when he pummelled his opponent to defeat in the second round. Jewell gave a faultless display of boxing to outpoint his opponent and Cranwell were ahead. But Cambridge drew level when Tiffen received an unlucky punch in the second round and was knocked out. Nelson had a very hard bout and lost narrowly on points. Hargreaves, in the last bout, looked very confident and was slightly ahead on points when he dislocated his shoulder, an unusual injury at boxing, and the result was 4-6 against.

Although it is hard to judge on two matches, our chances against Sandhurst could be quite promising. We have a backbone of experience in Allen, Tiffen, Freeman and Jewell and, backed up by some promising novices, we have a fair chance of regaining the Shield from Sandhurst.

R.E.M.F.

MODERN PENTATHLON

After defeating Sandhurst by the narrow margin of only 4 points in last Summer's competition, the College were determined to show their rivals that it was no mere stroke of luck. Therefore, under the able guidance of Flight Lieutenant Lee, a group of 14 cadets began training

in February. It was not long before the concentrated programme adhered to by both beginners and those with a little more experience began to produce results. As 8th June approached, the field of competitors narrowed down to eight, from which the final team of six was selected. As a result of rigorous and thorough training the team that finally faced Sandhurst for this three-day competition was confident that Cranwell could maintain their superiority.

The fencing which took place in the College gymnasium was very close, Cranwell finishing with only a one hit advantage over their opponents. In the shooting, White took first place after some very consistent scoring by both teams. Cranwell had now increased their lead by 200 points.

The team had always considered that most of its strength lay in the 300-metre swim, and this proved quite correct for the lead was now increased to 1,100 points. There was a very creditable performance by McCluney whose time was 15 seconds faster than anyone else over the distance. Even though Mason for Cranwell obtained maximum points in the cross-country riding, the general

standard of the team did not match that of Sandhurst who had by now reduced the lead to 550 points. In the last event of the match, running, both teams were quite even which meant Cranwell retained the Trophy by 383 points. McCluney, the winner of the running, deserved his win as the best individual in the competition.

To complete the season five cadets were entered for the R.A.F. Modern Pentathlon Championships in September. The team of three, Little, McCluney and Mason, did very well to win the team championship, by the clear margin of 1,890 points. The individual performances recorded by the cadets were considered excellent, as placings were 4th, 5th, 9th, 10th and 17th.

The work of W.O. Bird in the gymnasium and of Mr Edgeley with the horses and constructing the interesting cross-country course, proved invaluable to all Pentathlon competitors.

Colours were awarded to Little. New colours were Caiger, Mason, McCluney and White. Half colours were awarded to Hicks.

P.C.L.

THE CHIMAY COMPETITION

Throughout the Autumn term Cranwell was blessed with its peculiar weather, and consequently squadron tactics in rugby and soccer were prone to drastic changes: sun shone, banks of fog miraculously disappeared—forecasts of open play—and then, on the great day, penetrating drizzle and violent winds alternately swept across the fields. But the elements have never daunted those who participate in the Chimay Competition, and the various matches were fought with all their accustomed vigour.

The Rugby Competition promised to be very interesting. 'A' Squadron, on paper, possessed the superior back strength, and 'B' and 'C' Squadrons had almost equal power in the scrums. The most balanced team, and therefore the favourite, seemed to be 'A' Squadron, but 'B' Squadron managed to provide a surprise for yet another season. They started well against 'C' Squadron, a five-point lead at half-time resulted in a well-deserved win by eight points to three.

The 'A' versus 'B' match, played in fine weather, was a hard-fought struggle. 'A' Squadron continually tried to open up the game, but 'B' Squadron preferred to dominate the scrum and hold the ball in the forwards, thus presenting few opportunities to the opposing backs. The final score, 3-3, was considered by all to be a fair result.

The final game of the series, 'A' versus 'C,' was the deciding match. 'A' Squadron had to beat 'C' to tie with 'B' for the Cup. This they did by 14 points to 3. The game was close during the first half, but 'A' Squadron really turned on the heat after the interval and won comfortably.

The inter-squadron soccer matches proved more eventful than had been anticipated, for, on paper, it appeared that 'B' Squadron were bound to win with no difficulty. The first match, 'B' versus 'C,' really decided the final order. Two goals down at half-time, 'B' Squadron fought valiantly to equalize. Good teamwork enabled them to do this, but a long opportunist goal, coupled with great determination, resulted in a 'C' Squadron win by 3 goals to 2.

'B' Squadron redeemed themselves by a conclusive win over 'A' Squadron. Plenty of spirit could not atone for the inexperience of the 'A' Squadron team, and their goal was under perpetual bombardment—with the inevitable result: 'B' won by 6 goals to 1.

The match between 'A' and 'C' Squadrons was hard and fast in the first half. 'C' opened the scoring, but soon afterwards 'A' equalized and then took the lead. 'C' retaliated and at half-time the score was 2-2. The game remained a draw until 15 minutes before full-time, when 'C' Squadron demonstrated their surprising fitness by scoring three goals in quick succession, finally beating 'A' Squadron by 6 goals to 3.

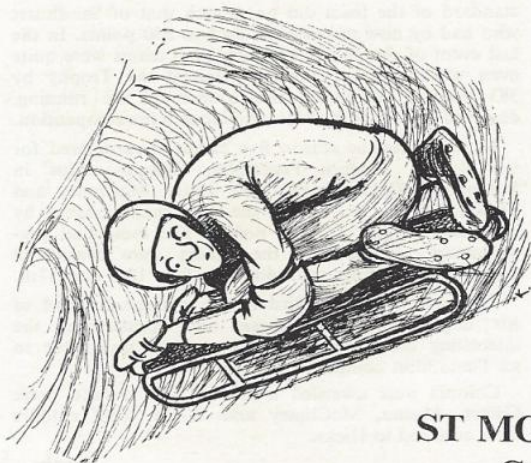
The indoor sports attracted as much attention as rugby and soccer. The boxing had to be cancelled because of an unfortunate inability of the boxers to reconcile the proposed dates with the human element of weight disparities.

The shooting and fencing took place as usual. 'A' Squadron won the former by a narrow margin from 'B' Squadron, with 'C' Squadron a hopeful third, and 'B' Squadron beat 'C' in the fencing to win the Chimay Cup in the final aggregate. M.J.D.

THE SOVEREIGN'S SQUADRON Points Scored in the Autumn Term 1956

<i>Chimay</i>			'A'	'B'	'C'
			<i>Sqn</i>	<i>Sqn</i>	<i>Sqn</i>
			<i>Pts</i>	<i>Pts</i>	<i>Pts</i>
Rugby...	20	20	5
Soccer...	4	12	20
Fencing...	2	10	6
Shooting	10	6	2
			—	—	—
Totals	36	48	33
			—	—	—
<i>Prince of Wales Trophy</i>					
Chimay	6	9	3
Knocker	2	5	8
Ferris	1	4	7
			—	—	—
			9	18	18
			—	—	—

'C' Squadron win the Prince of Wales Trophy having won two of the three competitions, and thereby become Sovereign's Squadron for the Spring term 1957.



SKI-ING ON THE CONTINENT

THE CRESTA RUN —CRANWELL STYLE

ST MORITZ, SAALBACH, ISCHGL, GALTUR & MAYRHOFEN

DURING the Christmas leave five separate parties went ski-ing on the continent. One party of five officers and seven flight cadets visited St Moritz under the auspices of the Combined Services Winter Sports Association, and through Ingham's Travel Agency four flight cadets went to Saalbach, two to Ischgl, four to Galtur, and four to Mayrhofen, all Austrian resorts.

The party for Switzerland left Victoria at midday on Friday, 21st December, the four Austrian parties a day later, by various Snowsport Specials. For generally unavoidable reasons, all parties met delays on the journey and so arrived several hours late at their resorts. Apart from the normal hazards of travel and the discomfort to be expected from 24 to 30 hours' travelling, all parties who booked couchettes enjoyed a comfortable journey; the other parties did not. It would seem that the extra money for couchettes is well invested. For some reason some had meal vouchers to cover the journey, others did not, suffering either financially or through hunger; they recommend that provisions be taken in future. Ingham's Travel Agency provided excellent service on the journey, as indeed throughout the holiday.

At the end of 24 to 30 hours of travelling the hotels at which we stayed seemed exceptionally well appointed and comfortable. That impression remained throughout the holiday, and with the warm hospitality which we received we have only praise for the accommodation. Of course it was not as sophisticated in Austria as in

Moritz, but the hotels were warm and most comfortable and the food was excellent. Such is the popularity of these holidays that some hotels have to accommodate their guests in annexes, and in Mayrhofen some people were 'billeted' in private houses, so quickly has it grown as a resort. The Galtur party were quite satisfied with the annexe in which they stayed.

As most of the parties arrived at night, they did not suspect the presence of the towering mountains until the first unbelieving glance revealed them the next morning. And at every resort they were covered with snow. Snow conditions always tend to be uncertain at Christmas, and each party was fortunate in being able to ski throughout their stay. There were none of the long-awaited snow falls, and everywhere the snow became rather thin and very hard. No snow falls also meant clear skies, and for the first week several parties were able to ski comfortably in shirtsleeves. Even Moritz had had no snow since late October, but with its abundance of excellent slopes and ski-lifts, ski-ing was not seriously impaired. While the very long runs for which Moritz is noted were not well covered for their entire length, most members of the party were able to take advantage of them. The Austrian parties were beginners almost to a man, and all recommend Austria as the place to start. The slopes are adequate, though perhaps experienced skiers would prefer longer runs than those found for instance at Mayrhofen. This resort incidentally is served by a cable railway which carries skiers up 3,000

feet above the village, thus giving greater chance of snow at Christmas and ski-ing until late in April. All resorts were well served by lifts or had them projected for the next season. The ski equipment was hired out there, and proved very good. The ski schools were well run and provided most friendly and, we like to think, effective instruction. Learning to ski is one of the most undignified and amusing experiences that can befall one. Progress can really be measured in the variety of falls one learns, and constant practice at this skill is guaranteed. In between falls and laughter we also skied, progressively to our own satisfaction and the instructors' despair. We were all able to make rewarding ski tours up the surrounding hills. This entailed several hours of climbing, then a picnic lunch at a hotel or hut and a wonderful ski back down, in the course of which whole parties would be littered over the hillsides. These tours provided variety and comic relief; and, in spite of ourselves, exhilarating ski-ing.

Ski-ing is but one aspect of a very full holiday. Each resort has its particular attractions in the evening, and certainly we were never at a loss for entertainment. St Moritz probably provides the greatest variety, as reported elsewhere in this issue. As a contrast we have the gay informal evenings in the Austrian villages. Broadly one could skate, dance and visit the various bars. Cinemas and ice hockey were also available at some resorts. Generally a party was made up from the hotel, and the evening took care of itself very pleasantly at one or more of the hotels with a band. Tyrolean evenings were also arranged for the guests, with yodelling and Schuhplattler folk dancing. The seasonal festivities were observed in picturesque and traditional style. The holiday was further enhanced by the number and variety of people whom we met. For instance, at Mayrhofen, Innsbruck University were running their holiday courses in German, organized through U.N.E.S.C.O. The air had the peculiar property of allowing one to enjoy what should have been an exhausting day's ski-ing followed frequently by a devastating evening, and then do a full day's ski-ing quite unimpaired the next day. This broadly was the pattern for nearly two weeks.

All parties speak of an unforgettable holiday and are determined to repeat it at the earliest opportunity. Since the second ski-ing holiday is considered the most dangerous, we can, however, predict, from the many tales of skill and accomplishment, a fair crop of broken limbs when that opportunity does present itself.

St Moritz, 1957

The annual pilgrimage from Cranwell to St Moritz was made this year by seven flight cadets and five officers. They worshipped at the shrine for twelve days and nights, and consumed over a thousand bottles of beer. They also skied and rode the Cresta. Such is the brief record of the 1957 St Moritz visit. To expand this a little is a rewarding and interesting task.

St Moritz is a charming town in Switzerland, situated high in the mountains and on the edge of a lake. It is probably the most fashionable ski resort in Europe, and naturally Cranwell has been going there for the last four seasons. It is well stocked with Alfa-Romeos, Dior clothes, luxurious hotels and beer—in fact all the necessities of life can be found there. Among the other interesting people in residence this year were the Misses Rita Hayworth, Linda Christian and Brigitte Bardot; the Marquis de Portago, Ferrari racing driver and Cresta record holder; and a group of Sandhurst cadets paying their first visit to the bright lights. Everyone from the highest to the lowest was there.

The usual tiring and exasperating train journey out was endured as tolerantly as possible, and we arrived at our Mecca at 1400 hours on Saturday, 22nd December. The only untoward incident on the journey was caused by an irate railway official locking the connecting door between the Cranwell party and the rest of the train. This unfriendly gesture is still unexplained. We prefer to think that the rest of the train was being locked out of our carriage rather than vice versa. When we arrived it was necessary to complete one or two tiresome formalities—like paying for hotels and collecting skis—before doing a quick round of the pubs to renew old acquaintances and make new ones. Fortunately the Combined Services Winter Sports Association representative was Squadron Leader E. H. Taylor, A.F.C., the far-sighted and inspired prophet who had initiated the College ski-ing section into the glories of St Moritz, and he ensured that our arrangements were settled as easily and quickly as possible. He then played a prominent part in guiding us round the town.

Ski-ing this year was only just. There was an adequate covering of snow on the nursery slopes, which were adequately covered by Cranwellians, who were adequately covered in snow. Higher up, however, at Corviglia, after a few days' ski-ing the snow was getting unpleas-

antly thin, and the runs were distinctly rocky. Piz Nair, the highest point, provided an excellent run, though at one place it was necessary to take off skis and walk for about a hundred yards. A fall of snow three days before we left covered all the slopes to a depth of eighteen inches, but two days of bad visibility made it strictly rated only. Fortunately the second last day was perfect. The sun shone, the new snow was well packed down, and the ski-ing was quite magnificent. Apart from an acute lack of francs this day was a perfect ending to the holiday.

The most popular shrine this year was the Cresta Run—for those who had brought their cheque books. As most people know, this is an icy track four feet wide and a mile long which is negotiated on a sledge, technically known to the ghoulish *habitués* as a skeleton. There is no dual—riders go solo first time. The world record is 44.6 seconds, and the fastest Cranwell time was 49.9 seconds, which, considering the person concerned had his eyes closed, was very good. Another member of the party was going to go down the run standing up, with a cigarette in one hand and a bottle of beer in the other, intoning 'I think I'm in a jet stre-e-eam.' Unfortunately he chickened out. An expert appraisal of the Cresta is attached.

Cresta—Cranwell Style

Having worked yourself into an acute state of petrification and terror, and having burned your fingers on the last frantic puff of your last frantic cigarette, you arrive at the point of no return. No one else seems to be backing out, so you decide that there can't really be anything so bad about it after all—but you still wonder why they call your vehicle a 'skeleton.' Anyway, what is there to worry about? You are all rigged up with knee and elbow pads, knuckle guards, crash hat and toe-spikes so you can't possibly get hurt. The last chap down didn't seem to be in too much pain and he stopped screaming as soon as they got him onto the stretcher.

The man holding you in the starting gate hears the 'all clear' bell and gives you a hard push. Nothing happens! You don't seem to move. He pushes again and with a superhuman effort he moves you three or four inches forward.

'Ze toe-spikes, M'sieu, lift ze toe-spikes,' he says, so you remove your feet from the six-inch hole that you have dug in the ice, and you are

off. Down the Junction Straight you try to stay in the middle of the—oops—run. You don't seem to be going very fast yet, so you—oops—take your feet out of the two-inch groove that you have been making in the ice, and suddenly you are going much to—oops—fast. You immediately get back in the groove. Suddenly a wall of ice appears in front of you—'Rise,' the first corner, has arrived. You dig your toes in even harder and close your eyes, the two most important rules of Cresta Riding. If nothing disastrous happens you can try opening them again—but not for too long since Battledore and Shuttlecock are only a few yards away and you'll just have to close them again. Jumbled instructions about 'shifting your hands, sliding back on the sled and throwing your weight into the corner' all confuse your mind, so you decide in favour of a piercing scream and a hammer-lock grip instead. You are suddenly thrown to the left, then to the right, and then to the left again. Heaven has smiled on you and has guided you safely through Battledore, Shuttlecock and Stream Corner. All that you wish for now is that your toe-spikes don't wear out before the end.

Down the Stream Straight you gather speed as you crash from side to side, curse soundly as you crush your little finger against the wall, and open your eyes again. This sled can't possibly go any faster, but it does. A bridge suddenly appears and, miraculously, you go under it, only to be faced with another wall of ice—'Bulpett's.' You tighten your grip and around you go. Scylla and Charybdis then conspire to throw you from one side to the other and you squash your little finger again. With an alarming rush you are then hurled down the precipitous 'Cresta Leap' to the finishing tape. With a sigh of relief you relax just in time to have your nose flattened on the ice as the skeleton banks vertically on the '4-G' corner provided as the simplest means of stopping you without actually killing you. As you skid to a stop you feel sure that you must at least have broken a record. With great pride you hear the loudspeaker announce that you have just broken the record for the slowest run, having averaged a speed of fifteen miles per hour, and that the Cresta Run will be closed for the next two days while they fill in the groves which you have just made with your spikes down the full length of the run. Perhaps you were a bit over-cautious, you think, but you can always shoot a line to the boys back at Cranwell.

A Defence of 'The Noble Art'

THE suitability of boxing in the College as a sport for pilots and navigators has always given rise to argument. Considering that the future of Cranwell boxing seems momentarily to be poised in the balance, and that standards appear to have reached an alarmingly low level, this is perhaps an opportune time to review the situation from the boxer's point of view.

Certain officers and their predecessors have voiced three strong main objections to boxing in the College: the possibility of a slowing-down of reactions; possible injury to the brain, ears, or eyes; and some objections founded on ethics.

After considering all aspects of the possibility of physical injury it was decided at the highest level that there was no more danger to the potential pilot if he boxed than if he took part in any other contact sport. Furthermore, when, at the College, a boxer commences training, he is watched while working on the 'bags' or, if he has had previous experience, his sparring technique (with 16 oz gloves) is observed. On this, and his boxing history, if any, his present ability and future potential is assessed. He is then progressively coached until all concerned are satisfied that he is of a sufficiently high standard to go into the ring. At this stage 'matching' plays a vital part. It should be obvious that a massacre is of no particular interest to those who watch, support, and promote boxing. For this reason every effort is made to ensure that boxers possessing equal capabilities are matched against one another. At matches away from the College the A.B.A. referees are fully acquainted with our attitude, and they are quick to prevent a boxer from taking unduly heavy punishment. If a boxer is knocked out two or three times in a season he is advised to take up another sport, not only by the medical officer, but by the boxing authorities themselves. Together with stringent and frequent medical examinations, these are but a few of the precautions taken to guarantee the health and safety of the Cranwell boxer.

It might be interesting to investigate the reasons underlying the antagonism towards pugilism. The best medical brains available to the Air Council say boxing is no more dangerous than rugby or soccer. Yet rugby is not attacked. Why? Perhaps the opponents of boxing have vague recollections gained from the cinema of punch drunks. But the films also feature ordinary drunks. Yet is anyone advised to refrain from drinking? The College has many activities yet no Temperance Society has yet been formed.

Much of the criticism against College boxing

has been based upon criticisms of 'First Term' and 'Squadron' boxing. College Boxing should be judged entirely upon its own merits, and not confused with the other two 'varieties.'

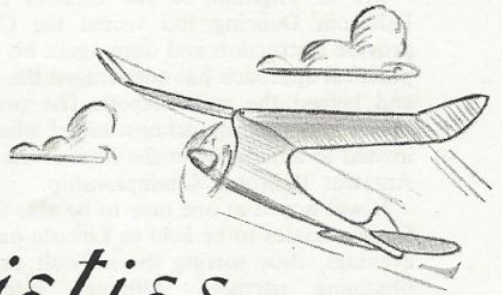
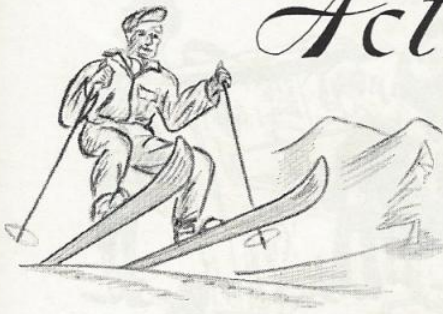
Happily the start of a new year has seen a welcome change in what is felt to be the right direction. All flight cadets are now given eight to ten weeks of basic instruction in the 'Noble Art' and it is only after this grounding that they are sent into the ring. The true virtue of a boxer exists in his ability to defend himself and remain standing, and not, as is commonly supposed, in his ability to scrape himself from the canvas. If this idea can be instilled, then so much the better. It is highly dangerous to set two young men against each other in a boxing ring in order to examine their 'moral fibre.'

Squadron boxing must be regarded as impracticable in its present form, and from this arises its undesirability. The large number of different sports played at the College has always made it difficult for each squadron to provide a reliable team of ten boxers, all at different weights. It is virtually impossible to arrange matchings from the teams submitted, and herein lies the danger. The only solution would be a radical change in the method of conducting the tournament.

Something could perhaps be organized on these lines. Each squadron should select their respective teams with, if possible, a representative at each weight. Subject both to the medical fitness and to the correct weight of each boxer, these teams would even then only be accepted with the proviso that each individual carry out a specified minimum of *boxing* training. The resultant matchings would be placed before the Physical Fitness Officer, who would sanction only those pairings which appeared to be reasonably even and fair. Any matching which was obviously ill-conceived would be rejected; the probable winner would be awarded two points and his opponent would receive one point. The ultimate result of the tournament would not be altered by this procedure since, under the present system, assured losers are being sent into the ring 'to gain a point for the squadron.' The two-nil points award could well be reserved for a disqualification in the ring, or for a 'walk-over' if a squadron was unable to provide a boxer at a particular weight, who also satisfied the other necessary requirements.

In conclusion it is hoped that College boxing will be viewed without prejudice, will be conducted in the best traditions of the 'Noble Art' and will receive the support rather than the uncritical attacks of the College.

Activities and Societies



Fine Arts Society

THE society was seriously hampered last term by transport difficulties, and what had promised to be a well-supported and successful term's activity at Lincoln was confined to the College precincts. Here enthusiasm was turned towards the Christmas Ball decorations, and several members assisted in the preparations.



"... forming a private transport system."

The transport difficulties have now been overcome by forming a private transport system, which will not run uncompensated. This may ensure that a reasonable number of members can once more use the excellent facilities provided at Lincoln.

Motor Club

One rally was planned last term, but this had to be postponed until the club was officially recognized by the R.A.C. By that time petrol rationing was in force and so the club has had to shelve all its practical plans until fuel is again unrationed.

However, several film evenings have been held when members have watched races, rallies and lessons on how a car *ought* to be driven.

A car badge has been designed and should soon be available to the 70 members.

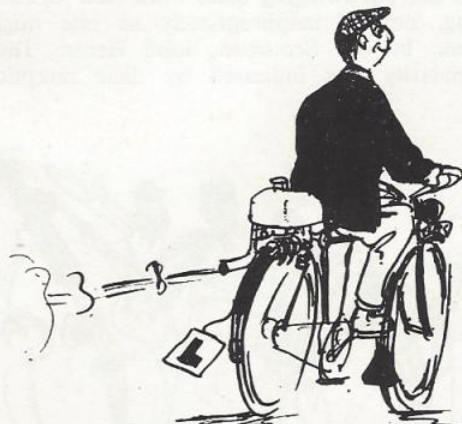
R.L.T.

Dancing Section

Once again we are pleased to note that we have one of the numerically strongest of all the College societies and activities. Unfortunately it has been found that the diversity of interests has resulted in mediocre support spread over several organizations. This has been true of the Dancing Section where the attendance, although enthusiastic, has fluctuated around 15 members.

Progress has been particularly noticed in the elementary dancers who are now practising confidently the basic waltz, quickstep, foxtrot and samba with an occasional figure to provide variety. Naturally the advanced members have been comparatively few, but they have acquired polish and intricacy in the tango, foxtrot, quickstep and waltz.

Members have frequently deprecated the lack of opportunity to demonstrate their precision at most Lincolnshire dances. This is apparently due to small floor space; certainly there will be sympathy from those who have 'tripped a measure' at Jeffs.



"... Club has had to shelve all practical plans..."

Mr L. Highton, of the Lincoln School of Ballroom Dancing, has visited the College to provide instruction and once again his keen and practical approach has encouraged the beginners and helped the more expert. His professional ability was recently acknowledged when he was invited to adjudicate in the final of the National Amateur Ballroom Championship.

It was hoped at one time to be able to arrange further classes to be held in Lincoln on Tuesday evenings, thus solving the difficult problem of obtaining partners. Although interest was aroused, support was inadequate and the need for petrol economy has postponed this proposition indefinitely.

The section welcomes Flight Lieutenant M. R. M. Thompson as the officer-in-charge.

Jazz Club

The Jazz Club last term achieved an even greater success than had been hoped for. Several new and competent instrumentalists joined us from No. 75 Entry, completing the band, save for a pianist and a clarinettist. However, to us amateurs the sound produced is very heartening, and I doubt if the College has had such a jazz band before, although there is still much to be done.

The 'line-up' is as follows: Trombone, F.C. Tame; Trumpets, F.C. Steel and F.C. Owen; Saxophone, F.C. Mermagen; Banjo, F.C. Oulton; Double Bass (strictly home-made—origin China), F.C. Donaldson; Drums, F.C. Williams; and Washboard, F.C. Ryan.

Meanwhile the Skiffle Group, known as 'The Gorillas,' has been making equally rapid progress and now produces what one may well call a 'driving' rhythm. Or, if one prefers, there is a sad but swinging blues from New Orleans, sung, not as inappropriately as one might think, by our Scotsman, John Heron. Their popularity was indicated by their reception



"Several new and competent instrumentalists"



at the last half-term Ball. The line-up of the Skiffle Group is: Guitars, F.C. Heron and F.C. Garside; Double Bass (the genuine article), F.C. Nance; Washboard, F.C. Ryan; Drums, F.C. Williams.

There is a great deal of keenness in the group and members are now coming to listen to us with possibly some pleasure and surprise. Our aim now is to produce a much more polished group to venture farther afield than the Band Gallery—for example, the Main Lecture Hall!

Choral Society

This term, with the approach of Christmas, our choice of music naturally fell on carols. The usual stalwart core of members gathered together not only on Fridays, but on Tuesday evenings as well. Supper is now being served on both nights.

Our group was swollen at different times by other interested supporters when circumstances permitted, the circumstances being of the usual variety—Ferris, the Play, Intermediate examinations, Finals and bed. New rivals were the 'fact and faith' films and I.T.V., now installed.

The carol arrangements were all taken from the *Oxford Book of Carols* and we have been practising about eight of the better-known ones.

The society has been asked to sing two carols in the Festival of Nine Lessons and Carols on the last Sunday of term. During the last Thursday evening of term, although it is rather far away from Christmas Eve, the society is to pay a visit to the Officers' Married Quarters to perform round lanterns, weather and inhabitants permitting.

With these two performances we hope to round off a term of steady practice and enjoyment.

Sailing Section

While sailing has been curtailed this term by the inhospitable November weather, a considerable amount of activity has been undertaken.

Two matches were sailed. One was against the

Royal Britannia Naval College and the other against a newcomer to our fixture list, Welbeck College.

The Dartmouth match was sailed at Thorney Island by kind permission of the Officers of the Sailing Club. The section has presented the club with a silver cup in return for their hospitality. Winds were approaching gale force during the match, and there is a grain of truth in the rumour that crews had to be chopped free of ice at the end of racing. Flight Cadet Delap gained a clear lead in the first race, only to lose it on the last leg, due to the tricky tide-race in the channel.

Welbeck College presented us with a beautifully smooth stretch of water and two well-kept boats to race. If there had been a little wind, sailing would have been perfect. As they were slightly faster on the drift, we managed only to gain third and fourth places.

Both our opponents' victories served only to illustrate to us how much the knowledge of local conditions prevails in a hard-fought race. Up to now we have not had a sufficient number of dinghies to be able to invite any visiting teams to our own home sailing grounds, but Flight Cadet Waterman has towed our newest dinghy, *Swiss Miss*, behind his car from Portsmouth to the College. We feel this feat deserves the highest commendation, especially as we know his car. We hope that the sight of large and heavily laden barges above water, or the ominous greeting of a hidden sandbank below, will be enough to halt even the most intrepid Dartmouth crew.

Gliding Section

The weather during 1956 was by no means ideal for gliding and indeed the autumn did not provide us with any outstanding soaring days.

The officers flew on two afternoons and the cadets on nine. In all, 158 launches took place, giving a total of 13 hours' flying. No cross-country flying was possible, but several members practised aerobatics off high winch-launches.

The term started, unfortunately, with the T.21 B. Sedburgh (two-seater trainer) being blown over by a freak gust of wind. This put



"We look forward to the end of the fuel crisis."

it unserviceable until the weekend after the mid-term break. From then onwards, training of ab-initio pilots continued. The short afternoons limited flying to about 20 launches per day, and many pupils had to put up with disjointed training.

All gliding activities had to cease after the 24th November because of the fuel shortage. In order to maintain the interest in gliding, several film performances have been arranged for the Winter term; and the section is hoping to hold an Easter camp at Camphill in Derbyshire. However, the latter project may also have to be shelved because of the petrol shortage.

On the technical side all aircraft are serviceable and plans are in hand to modify the Prefect glider and give it a closed cockpit. This will give pilots on cross-country and cloud flights a higher degree of comfort than is at present possible.

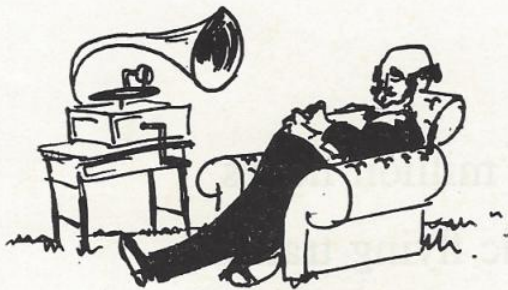
We look forward to the end of the fuel crisis and to the long summer afternoons with an abundance of thermals and cumulus, and we hope that many more members than last year will be able to enjoy the sport.

J.D.

Engineering Section

At the beginning of the term Flight Lieutenant H. Taylor took over from Wing Commander Clarke as Officer-in-charge of the Engineering Section.

The main activity of the section this term has been centred around the land yacht which members are building in the College Instructional Workshops. Progress on the land yacht has not been as rapid as was hoped. Other College activities have sometimes taken up the Friday evenings which members would otherwise have spent on the job. Eight members of the section are taking an active interest in the work, but usually only half this number attend each Friday. In spite of these setbacks the main framework of the yacht is ready for assembly. A generous benefactor has donated a car front axle and wheels, and an aircraft has donated its tail wheel. There have been several technical discussions concerning design details for the project—centres of pressure, centre of gravity limits, stability and other problems. The conclusion is, however, generally the same: 'We'll have to see what happens when it runs.' Finally, a visit was made to the works of the Appleby Frodingham Steel Company at Scunthorpe on 31st October 1956. Fifteen members of the section went on the visit.



Music Society

The term started with a membership of 12, which gradually rose to 22. This may not seem very great, but the shelves of the record library equipped to hold the long playing records were almost empty throughout the term.

It seems that the modern flight cadets do not like classical music on '78' records. This is understandable. A symphony takes up about eight of these records, as opposed to a single, unbreakable, long playing disc. Although some of the finest recordings are on 78s, the surface deteriorates quickly, making them unsuitable for our purposes. It is logical that a lending library should concentrate on microgroove records, especially as most modern gramophones are equipped to play them. No doubt we shall progress to buying tapes when we all have tape recorders.

Our four 'July ordered' records reached the society on 10th December. We are now richer by a complete recording of Handel's Messiah, and Grieg's Piano Concerto in A minor, backed by Schumann's Concerto in the same key.

Members of the society, with some members of the Dramatic Society, visited Nottingham to see the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet perform a programme containing both old and contemporary ballet. This type of outing seems to be popular, and with adequate support we could indulge in more of these cultural evenings.

It may seem strange, but previously the monetary grant received each term by the society has not always been spent. An addition to the record library of three or four records a term is desirable. Four more records are on order at present, and it is hoped that this trend will continue. The danger at present is that the grant may be reduced because of under-spending, but if all the grant is spent each term, then it is likely to be increased, providing the society with a welcome opportunity to expand further.

The record library has been discussed here at some length, for it is the main asset of the Music Society, and perhaps there are too few people at the College who know about it.

Mountaineering Section

The proposed activities of the Mountaineering Section for the Autumn term were curtailed by the impossibility of hiring a coach, due to the scarcity and cost of petrol, and it proved impossible to take the usual party to the Derbyshire Gritstone climbing grounds. A vacation meet was therefore planned and later held in North Wales. It was of short duration since Christmas and the New Year claimed attention during the greater part of the leave period. However, the meet proved to be very successful and, although the hoped-for snow and ice conditions occurred just one day too late, everyone present was thoroughly satisfied with the climbing accomplished.

Liverpool Y.M.C.A. kindly allowed us the use of their climbing hut in the Ogwen valley, which solved the difficult problem of finding suitable accommodation. There follows an account of the week which took place from December 19th to 22nd inclusive.

North Wales—December 1956

The fog of 19th December disrupted travel all over the country—no less affected were the members of the Mountaineering Section on their journey to Bethesda. Public transport was finally forsaken for a three-mile march to the Ogwen valley Y.M.C.A. hut, which provided surprisingly comfortable accommodation.

The morning of the next day was spent in consolidation; but in the afternoon the Idwal Slabs were climbed by way of an introduction to North Wales. This moderate but lengthy climb proved nothing if not the superiority for North Wales climbing of nails over rubber-soled boots.

Ice on the road next morning promised some interesting climbing on the 3,010 foot Tryfan—grades very difficult. The most sensational part of the climb was the negotiating of a very tricky overhang, made more difficult by the cold, as the sun was already obscured by the mountain. By the time the summit was reached it was almost dark, and except for a short halt at a Youth Hostel, conveniently situated for supplies, all speed was made on the return to base.

The next day Flying Officer Stribling had to depart for Cranwell; but as the weather had deteriorated from the previous day's sunshine to conditions of low cloud and drizzle, it did not seem as if he would miss much climbing. The party split up in the pouring rain to return home for Christmas.

Although short, it was a most enjoyable meet and thanks are due to all those concerned with the organization.

The party consisted of Flying Officer C. B. Stribling, Senior Flight Cadet H. E. B. Mayes, Flight Cadets D. S. Scouller, D. L. Bywater, P. M. W. D. Shrimpton and A.C.2 Mackley (No. 4 Squadron).



Wildfowling

R.A.F. Holbeach is an isolated station, eight miles from Holbeach and 34 miles from the College. It is situated behind the sea wall on the south-western side of the Wash. The station itself consists mainly of two large wooden huts, a caravan, duck-pond, battery charging hut and the inevitable water-tower. On the other side of the bank is the marsh which stretches out up to a mile, but gradually becomes plain mud and sea. The duck and geese, which were our No. 1 objective, have peculiar habits. In daytime the geese feed inland and the duck stay out to sea; then at dusk the duck come inland to feed, and the geese go out to sea. At dawn the reverse happens, but they still tend to move all together in 'flights'—these flights stimulated the sacrifice of many hours of sleep in the early hours of the morning.

We all arrived at the station on Wednesday, 2nd January 1957. There was no time to organize ourselves for the dawn flight, so we visited some old friends at the 'Bull's Neck,' Holbeach, to gather some tips. The pessimists there did not



affect our drinking capacity, merely increased our determination.

The next morning, two went out on to the bank to see what the prospects were, and came back with a tale which we were to hear many more times in the future. The geese came very near, although rather high, but the wildfowlers hadn't managed to get a shot in. The prospects did not look too bad; perhaps if we could get underneath them bad weather might force them down into range. The rest of the morning was spent in a 'hare-drive.' We spanned across the marsh, hoping for something to get in our way. Senior Under Officer Sills had the shock of his life when a hare popped up in front of him, but by the time he had identified it as such, it was out of range. The luckless animal was to meet its doom when it tried the same trick on our sharpshooter, Flight Cadet Le Brocq.

In the afternoon we met the famous Mackenzie Thorpe, professional wildfowler, artist and broadcaster, who took us about 2½ miles along the bank from his house-boat to a spot over which he said the geese flighted every dusk. They came as predicted, but out of range for most of us. Although Flight Lieutenant Hunt and Under Officer Quaife shot at them, and a few others 'scared' them, they flew on unscathed.

On the Friday morning, Flight Lieutenant Hunt, Senior Flight Cadet Williams and Flight Cadet Le Brocq made the trip back to the same spot, but came back with a very similar story to the previous evening's. They had, however, made up for it by shooting four widgeons, an oil can and several bottles, and having breakfast at the 'Bull's Neck.' In the afternoon, Flight Cadets Le Brocq and Cohu dug themselves a 'hide' in the bank of one of the dykes. This was a luxurious affair with seats facing both ways, and a very good view despite the tall grass all round. So that evening they were all set to go out and catch the dusk goose flight, but for one thing—Flight Cadet Cohu had no hat into which he could fasten more grass and add to his camouflage, and here occurred a very lamentable episode.

Instead of borrowing Flight Cadet Jago's old brown hat in the corner he mistakenly took Under Officer Quaife's brand new one, but, despite the glory of wearing such an honourable head-covering, luck was against him again.

But luck did not fly with the geese the next morning, for Flight Cadet Le Brocq hit the second goose in line (aiming at the first). For dinner that day we ate hare while Flight Cadet Le Brocq packed up his goose for home.

On the Sunday we made our first visit out on to the mud. Under Officer Walker and Senior Flight Cadet Baldwin verified the fact that one can sink up to two feet in the mud while we found a place with possibilities. That evening the Senior Entry went out in force, with the guns slung across their backs. On the way across a pheasant stretched its wings, and the unfortunate onlookers were powerless with their guns on their backs! The duck didn't play, and flighted away across the marsh from the entrenchments. The 'Bull's Neck' was filled with a despondent Senior Entry that evening.

Flight Lieutenant Hunt was welcomed back from a shoot, bringing tales of pheasants flying around all over the place. He could not have realized the danger of recounting such stories in front of a frustrated set of flight cadets like us. That afternoon we watched a display by American 'Thunderstréaks' of 'over the shoulder bombing.' It warmed the globules of our hearts' blood to see that they were as bad at hitting the target as we.

Tuesday was our last day, and as usual the skies were cloudless, and though there was very little hope, Flight Cadets Le Brocq and Cohu maintained the morning's vigil, but by this time we were out for anything. Senior Flight Cadet Williams hit a peewit which will never know what hit it, and Flight Cadet Jago stalked a sparrow and shot it into eternity from ten feet. It was noticed that the C.O.'s ducks and cat were abnormally quiet all day!

We packed in the afternoon. The C.O. was very pleased with the way we cleaned up his floor (past experience) and we left on very good terms with everyone. As the three cars made their way back to the College individually, after a very well spent week, I swear that I heard a 'goose-laugh.'

Dramatic Society

This term about twenty-four cadets have formed the active part of the society, and good support has been received from officers' ladies. The main activity was the production of the farce *See How They Run* by Philip King, which

was produced by T. J. Nelson, and presented to an appreciative audience on 3rd and 4th December. A criticism appears below.

In addition to a theatre visit by thirty cadets to see *I am a Camera* at the Nottingham Playhouse, there have been two play readings this term under the guidance of Flight Lieutenant Staley. Both of these, *Harlequinade* by Terence Rattigan, and *The Guinea Pig* by W. Chetham-Strode, were read in the Ladies' Room in the College and received a good measure of support.

'See How They Run'

After their digression into the realms of Shakespeare, the Dramatic Society returned to the modern theatre with a presentation of a typically English farce—*See How They Run*. The play has all the ingredients one would expect to find in a farce, including the village busybody, the dodderly old uncle and, as its *pièce de résistance*, a pair of 'inhabited' long woollen underpants. With a play so rich in comic incident and dialogue a company would have indeed been poor not to have put it across to their audience. But no one need have held any such fears, for the whole cast, both seen and unseen, rose to the occasion and presented an excellent evening's entertainment.

To describe in great detail the action of the play would lead to many complications, but let it be said that the whole play is based on the theme of mistaken identity. The first act, as is quite frequent in such plays, is slow in starting and is solely a vehicle for introducing the audience to the main characters in the play and establishing the necessary atmosphere. We are first introduced to Miss Skillon, the type of busybody whom many playwrights would have us believe is an institution in English rural life, and to the Vicar, the Reverend Lionel Toop. The hostility between this good lady and the Vicar's wife, Penelope, is soon felt—a hostility which the Vicar can only partially appreciate and even less eradicate. The story, set in the Vicarage, starts with the departure of Lionel and Miss Skillon on various duties, and with the visit of Clive Winton, an actor friend of Penelope, who for the duration of the war has changed into khaki. Clive, in order to be able to take Penelope into a neighbouring town to see a play in which they had once acted together, borrows one of Lionel's suits, complete with 'dog collar.' The act closes with the return of Miss Skillon in time to see, as she thinks, a fight between Lionel and his wife, which, in fact, is Penelope and Clive vigorously re-enacting a scene from the play. The only conclusive result of this fight is



The Parsons Know

the departure of Miss Skillon into the realms of the unconscious, at which point the curtain falls on Act I.

The curtain for the second act rises on a far from sober Miss Skillon. Someone has attempted to revive her with liberal doses of cooking sherry. The disposal of Miss Skillon into the stair cupboard and her subsequent reappearances at crucial moments provide an interesting sub-plot. This act heralds the arrival of the Intruder, an escaped German P.O.W., who spends most of his time popping in and out of doorways and playing at being a Teutonic cosh boy. Between coshes he relieves Lionel of his clerical suit, thereby giving the long woollen underpants the chance to make their startling appearance. The plot is further complicated by the unexpected arrival of the Bishop of Lax, Penelope's uncle, whose chief hobby appears to be picking gooseberries.

In the last act the final complication occurs in the form of the Reverend Arthur Humphrey, the preacher at the Sunday morning service, thus bringing the total of clergymen, pseudo or genuine, dressed or undressed, up to five. The time now has come for the final reckoning and the restoration of the characters to their rightful positions. This is accomplished by a Sergeant of the local militia, whose wit and initiative would have disgraced even Dr Watson, and by Ida, Penelope's maid, who is the true *deus ex machina*, by whom order is restored.

This is the plot. What of the players? Without exception they entered into the spirit of the farce, and for most of the time the play ran vigorously yet smoothly. But in one respect both

producer and cast failed to achieve a high standard. This was in setting the correct tempo. The play started as a crawl, reached the correct speed during the second act, and leapt into an uncontrollable gallop during the third act which lasted until the capture of the German prisoner. Then it slowed down considerably, leaving the audience with an anti-climax as finale. The actors did not fully win over their audience until the second act, while during much of the third act they were well ahead of the audience and so lost many of their best lines. This is a general criticism levelled at the cast, certain of whose members were entirely free from blame.

As Penelope Toop, the Vicar's wife, Cicely Sandford gave an extremely competent performance, which often bordered on brilliance. She, more than anybody, entered into the spirit of the farce all the time, so that while she was on the stage the audience's interest never flagged. Her actor friend, Clive Winton, was played by Jeremy Brown, whose performance, though creditable, was patchy. He was one of the worst offenders in slowing the production up, particularly in the first act, but as the play progressed so his performance became more polished. With more experience he will be a very useful addition to the ranks of the Dramatic Society.

What of the two main comic characters—Miss Skillon and the Bishop of Lax? The former was well presented by Mary Constant, who, in the first act, did as much as anybody to save it from becoming boring. The second act gave her an acting task just beyond her capabilities—the difficult part of a person who flitted from drunkenness to comparative sobriety, and back again, with an astonishing rapidity. In this respect her performance lacked credibility but it would be unwise to let this detract from an otherwise very good performance. David Scouller had the task of playing the Bishop and his portrayal could not be faulted. With his entrance in the second act the play seemed to take on a new lease of life. His ability to exploit the comic possibilities of both script and incidents was outstanding, although occasionally he did not allow sufficient time for the audience's laughter, thereby losing some of his best dialogue. In a play full of characters whose task was to provide humorous material, his performance stood head and shoulders above the rest.

The choice of Beryl Foskett as Ida, the maid, was an excellent piece of casting, for she gave, in a part which was admirably suited to her, a very fine performance which was spoilt at times only by a tendency to play the comedy too broadly,

too emphatically. Michael Harrington gave a sound performance as the Vicar, although he failed to take full advantage of the scope offered to him by his part.

In a farce the character of a person such as the escaped German P.O.W. and the interpretation one ought to put on it, are always open to question. Should the actor enter into the spirit of the farce, or should he detach himself from it and provide a serious and dramatic contrast to the other characters; or should he preserve a balance between the two? David Goucher had obviously decided on the first course in his interpretation of the German, and one felt all the time that he had erred too much on the side of buffoonery, thereby failing to bring any contrast. As a performance and not an interpretation he gave a sincere one, using the typical wooden Teutonic movements to great comic advantage.

In the supporting part of the Rev. Humphrey Malcolm, Chalmers-Watson lacked the ability to portray convincingly that person's nervousness, for he over-emphasized the hesitancy of his actions and also spoke so softly as sometimes to be inaudible. As the cockney Sergeant, Paul Atkins performed well, but lacked any subtlety and finesse, relying on bluster to carry the part through.

Except for the tempo of the play, the production had no other faults. The actors grouped themselves well with no apparent artificiality, and they were well rehearsed in their stage movements so that no awkwardness was obvious, although the arrangement of the 'fights' lacked conviction. Timothy Nelson, the producer, is to be congratulated on getting the best both out of his cast and the script.

Once again the back stage helpers did a good job of work, particularly Mr Carolan, whose set was a masterpiece and a fitting testimony to the amount of work he has put in on behalf of the society. The lighting was efficient as far as it went, but was inadequate, there being far too many shadows on the players' faces, but that is not to be held against the electricians, David Cowley and Alan Stock. The remainder of the back stage staff under the control of Brian Rea, the stage manager, did their job efficiently and also inconspicuously, a true indication of the high standard they reached.

As was stated at the beginning, the whole cast rose to the occasion and presented an excellent evening's entertainment.

Canoeing Section

This term saw the completion of the mould for the fibre glass canoes, movement into suitable

accommodation and a greatly increased membership.

The last is a very encouraging sign and at the time of going to press membership stands at eighty. This, in itself, sounds extremely good but there are very few members who have managed to carry out any canoeing. This has been largely due to a lack of canoes, and to help rectify this the K.2 two-seater racing model is to be repaired with the aid of fibre glass. At the same time a new single-seat slalom canoe was purchased at the end of the term and should grace the waters of the Trent as soon as petrol rationing permits.

This latter misfortune occurred after a very successful weekend spent on the River Trent with the Midland Canoeing Club. The date was Saturday, 6th October 1956, and four flight cadets, Kidney, Coates, Youd and Cubin, were setting off to Beeston Weir with the intention of canoeing up to Kelham Bridge, two miles up river from Newark. Transport was provided by one of the notorious 'Cranwell' cars which lived up to its appearance by taking us two and a half hours to reach our destination 48 miles away.

The plan was for the Midland Club to meet us at Beeston Weir and for the combined clubs then to paddle up to Stoke Bardolph and camp there for the night. These arrangements were duly carried out, but owing to a certain difficulty in parking our noble chariot the two Cranwell crews had to navigate this stretch of river by themselves. Under normal conditions of a three-knot current, fine weather and no wind, this would have been simple. However, a late start saw us with four miles to go in darkness—not a pleasant situation.

The first two miles passed easily with the knowledge that some warm beverage was awaiting us at an unknown point. 'Easily' is the correct word, for a speeding up of the current went unnoticed by the crews, their interest being concentrated on a red and green light. It is very difficult to judge not only distances but also direction and size at a low level and in the dark. The lights ahead parted—grew—and then proved to be a Trent barge! 'Hard a'starboard!' and the first near miss. It was the second crew who had the closest shave and a distinct 'green gills' look—the Trent can be cold, and we had no bathing trunks!

At this point the source of our unknown 'propulsive force' became apparent and with some furious back-paddling both crews reached the side of a weir. For those critics who ask why we did not shoot these rapids we must explain

that the drop was six feet, the canoes weak and the crews even weaker. We had an interesting time by-passing this weir but did so without mishap and then—glorious thought—our 'hot beverages' appeared on the bank.

We spent a comfortable night and at the civilian crack of dawn we rose, packed camp and proceeded down river towards Kelham. The day was again fine and if not as interesting generally

as our night escapade it did provide us with much-needed canoeing practice. At Newark in the afternoon we saw for ourselves just how to negotiate our own rapids—small but effective—and then how to carry out repairs (all volunteers for repair work still welcome!) on arrival at Kelham.

An extremely useful weekend—and may there be more canoes for the next one.

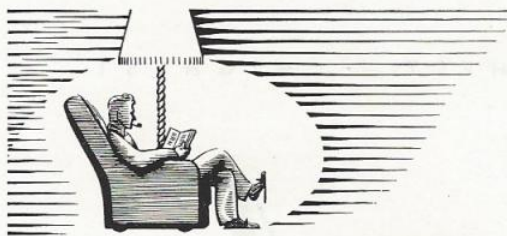


COLLEGE NOTES (cont. from page 23)

During the Christmas vacation the Senior Entry carried out short attachments to stations in Bomber, Fighter, Coastal and Transport Commands. We thank all the hosts who have made these visits not only possible, but also instructive and enjoyable.



We regret to record the demise of *The Poacher* which over the past three years had acted as chronicler of events on the station. It is sad that a unit magazine of so high a standard should fall a victim to rising costs.



Book Reviews

FAMOUS FIGHTERS OF THE SECOND WORLD WAR,
by William Green.
(MacDonald, 18s.)

THE SOVIET ARMY, edited by B. H. Liddell Hart.
(Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 36s.)

THE WORLD'S FIGHTING PLANES,
by William Green and Gerald Pollinger.
(MacDonald, 15s.)

THEY SHALL NOT PASS UNSEEN, by Ivan Southall.
(Angus & Robertson, 15s.)

EXPERIMENTAL PHYSICS,
by C. B. Daish and D. H. Fender.
(English Universities Press, Ltd., 18s.)

Famous Fighters of the Second World War, by William Green: foreword by Group Captain J. E. Johnson, D.S.O., D.F.C. (MacDonald, 18s.)

THIS glossy, attractively designed book is up to MacDonald's usual high standard of production. Mr. Green has compounded an immense quantity of information and expressed it in a readable and often fascinating narrative. Taking seventeen fighters from four countries—Britain, America, Germany and Japan—he traces the origins of each, and its development through many marks and variants to the final versions which, in some British and U.S. cases, continued to serve for several years after the end of the war.

Among the examples are, of course, such universally famous aircraft as the Spitfire, the Hurricane, the Mosquito, the Me.109, the F.W.190 and the Me.262, on all of which Mr Green and many other authorities have written much and well in sundry periodicals. Nevertheless, the book provides an excellent set of potted biographies both of these unforgettable and much-discussed aircraft and of others less highly documented: for example, the Beaufighter, the Me.110, the Curtiss P-40 (Warhawk Tomahawk, Kittyhawk), the Mustang and the Thunderbolt, the Me.163 Komet, and the Kawanishi Shiden.

Even in respect of the best-known aircraft unfamiliar details have been found, and to have expounded so much information about prototypes, armament, structural and engineering developments, functional and operational successes, the historical and political backgrounds, the personalities of designers and pilots connected with the aircraft, and even the currently over-worked subject of the serial numbers of individual machines, in a form so highly compacted and factual while not indigestible, is a remarkable achievement.

The photographs throughout are many and good, if often familiar, and the three-view layout drawings and

strings of nicely drawn developmental side-views by G. W. Heumann are quite admirable.

This is, overall, a fine book and good value for money, and Group Captain Johnson's final forewords can readily be repeated in recommendation: 'In my opinion it ranks high amongst the best of its type.'

R.E.P.

The Soviet Army, edited by B. H. Liddell Hart. three Campaign maps, 16 plates, Biographical notes and Index. 460 pp. (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 36s.)

THE *Soviet Army* provides interesting reading for the officer who is wise enough to believe in knowing his rivals and an excellent primer for the student who may wish to delve into any facet of the Soviet forces. Thirty International Authorities on military affairs have combined to build up a balanced and reasoned analysis of the Soviet Army. The result is more akin to a text book than the controversial thesis which one associates with the name Liddell Hart.

The first third of the book gives the historical background of the Soviet Army. The particular value of this section is to bring out the various factors which have influenced the organization and performance of the Red Army in the past and which are likely to obtain in the future.

The main body deals in detail with the modern Soviet Army. Each of the teeth arms is dealt with separately and the Command, weapons and supply organizations are described in a most agreeable manner. In addition chapters on the 'Officer Corps,' 'Soviet soldiers' conditions of service' and 'military atmosphere' give a picture of the raw material on which the force is built.

Biographical notes on the contributors round off this comprehensive work and assist the student to select other books so that he may follow up any detailed study he may wish to make.

D.W.C.

The World's Fighting Planes, by William Green and Gerald Pollinger (MacDonald, 15s.)

AUTHORS of aircraft reference books face a thankless task in this jet age trying to keep the air-minded public up to date with the latest prototypes and technological developments. Military aviation progresses at such a prolific pace that prototypes are practically obsolescent by the time they come off the secret list. Performance figures are often not officially released, and the luckless author has to estimate a virtually unknown quantity. This is particularly true of the very important Russian aircraft. Bearing this in mind, the enthusiast can nevertheless spend many happy hours browsing through this completely revised edition of the *World's Fighting Planes*.

A section is devoted to each country figuring in the military aviation world. The aircraft are arranged alphabetically by sections, so that the reader can see what types are used by each country. An alphabetical index of all machines is included. There is a first-class photograph of every aircraft described in the book. In addition there are three recognition silhouettes of all the more important and

most often seen aircraft, and also a majority of the others not so well known. The smallest details can be seen from these. The aircraft spotter who has studied this book in detail should have no difficulty identifying anything he sees in the sky in practically any country in the world.

For the more historically and technologically minded, an incredible amount of detail is compressed into a comparatively small space. A comprehensive description detailed enough to satisfy all but the most imaginative is given of each aircraft. Designers, age, role, special aerodynamic and design characteristics, peculiarities, changes in design, improvements embodied in later marks, and many other interesting facts and figures are given in one paragraph. In another are its specification, performance, dimensions, weight, engine and armament.

Some of the figures are of necessity estimated rather than official, especially in the section on the latest Russian types, but based as they are on the best available information, they are unlikely to be very inaccurate. The Russian section is especially interesting. Data and pictures of their latest aircraft provide much food for thought. Indeed a comparison of the latest prototypes and jets in service shown in the British, French, American and Russian sections reveals the neck-and-neck struggle being waged at ever-increasing speed for a technological lead in the field of military aviation. To compare the results obtained by the many different types of design is fascinating.

Definitely a book which should be in the library of anyone interested in the air. The amateur can find a wealth of new knowledge and interest, while even the expert will find much that is new to him. The layout and presentation are quite first class.

They Shall Not Pass Unseen, by Ivan Southall. (Angus and Robertson, 15s.)

MANY of the recently published war books have been described in publisher's advertisements as 'a war book with a difference,' or words to that effect. Many, alas, fail to live up to this description. However, I'm sure the publishers of Ivan Southall's book could use such words with a clear conscience. It tells the story of the men and aircraft of 461 Squadron, one of the great Coastal Command squadrons of the last war. The title is, incidentally, also the squadron motto. Although the story of one squadron, its aircraft and the men who flew them, it is typical of the wartime epic of Coastal Command. In the welter of books dealing with the wartime bomber and fighter squadrons, the occasional one concerning Coastal Command tends to be overlooked. I hope this book will do something to remedy the oversight.

Coastal Command has, unfortunately, been placed a bad third to Bomber and Fighter Commands by a glamour and heroic-conscious reading public. Most people seem to sum up Coastal Command in the mental picture of a huge, comparatively comfortable aircraft droning slowly across the ocean, equipped with all mod. cons., for hours on end, manned by an incredibly bored crew. This book would soon correct their wrong impression. Boredom and fatigue were indeed two of the main dangers the crew had to face, but the reader is gripped on almost every page by moments of high drama, suspense, tension, peril, and stories of unequalled courage, tenacity and self-sacrifice.

The Sunderlands of 461 Squadron droned day and night over the Bay of Biscay in weather of terrifying violence, over icy, storm-tossed water which held out no chance of survival to a ditched aircraft and its crew. While bomber and fighter crews crouched around the

crew room fire, Coastal Command had to carry with the job. Incredible feats of navigation were performed on countless sorties almost as a matter of course.

Few people realize that an average operational tour in Coastal Command was between 60 and 70 sorties, each of which might last anything up to 16 hours. The tension of those first and last patrols in an operational tour is vividly portrayed in one chapter. For the reader who relishes accounts of air battles, among the many gripping descriptions of the Sunderland's tussles with its arch-enemy the Ju.88 is one which I guarantee he will not find surpassed for sustained action, excitement, and an heroic battle against great odds, in any other war book—that of Sunderland N.461's combat with eight Ju.88s. Coastal Command's main task, of course, was to attack the German U-boat menace. Although the ceaseless searching so often culminated in the frustration and disappointment of a near miss or a false sighting, the several accounts of successful attacks on U-boats illustrate vividly the accuracy, courage and persistence of the Sunderland crews. A successful attack meant a perfectly calculated steady approach, often into a hail of flak, with weather conditions often such that the U-boat was barely visible.

Dramatic accounts of rescues made in the Bay at great personal risk and sometimes disaster to the potential rescuers emphasize the difficulties of getting the Sunderland down and off again in anything but a flat calm. However, for all the unceasing efforts of the Sunderlands, Air Sea Rescue launches, and the Royal Navy many Coastal Command crews who had ditched in the Bay died after many interminable hours and days crouched in their little dinghies, shivering and drenched, and at the mercy of the elements. Several of 461's Sunderlands took off on patrol from the sheltered waters of Pembroke Dock, never to be seen or heard of again. Death in the pitiless sea was a danger the crews faced on every sortie. Such a fate might well be theirs if their Sunderland was forced down through any of a variety of reasons. The stories in the book of those eleventh-hour rescues, where crews were plucked from the sea in the last stages of exhaustion, tell of the heroism of men whose strength and hope were slowly ebbing away, but who refused to despair or give up. One can only marvel at their fortitude.

We can marvel too at the Sunderland, and perhaps see a few reasons why their crews venerated and respected and felt a real affection for them as if they were living creatures. Each one had a character of its own. They stood up to a ceaseless battering from wind and rain, while even at their moorings they often took a lot of punishment from the sea. Some of their achievements described by Southall are little short of miraculous. Patrol after patrol they faithfully carried their crews without anything going seriously amiss with engines or airframe. Their maintenance crews, working under terrible conditions kept them in the air till they threatened to fall apart. They never did. The history of 461 Squadron reflects the many different techniques and improvements evolved as the conflict wore on, all of absorbing interest.

So much for the book and its story. Readers may find the author's style a little irritable and jerky at first, but it is a style which one soon gets used to, and which is admirably suited to the subject matter. The author is not without a sense of humour, which tends to relieve the almost unbearable tenseness of some of the situations. He keeps his story moving at a fine pace throughout. The reader never gets a chance to lose interest. However, such is the story that Southall has to tell, it could

be written in elementary prose and words of one syllable, yet still be fascinating. Without doubt one of the most exciting, interesting and well-written war books I have read.

Experimental Physics, by C. B. Daish, A.R.C.S., M.Sc., D.I.C., and D. H. Fender, B.Sc. Edited by Sir Graham Sutton, C.B.E., D.Sc., F.R.S. (English Universities Press Ltd, 18s.)

THIS book covers the G.C.E. Advanced and Scholarship level Physics syllabus and although it is designed primarily as a practical work book, it may also be used to a large extent as a theory book.

It is unusual among other books on the same subject as it deals, in addition to the usual experiments, with such subjects as the assessment of errors, graphical methods of working out results and the method to be used when writing experiments and results out.

More space than is usual in practical books is devoted to the theory behind the experiments, particularly at the start of each section, but as the student progresses and his knowledge increases he is left to do more for himself. The last chapter in each section deals exclusively with experiments needed only by Scholarship level students.

The diagrams throughout are of a very high standard. In most books the bare essentials are drawn, the rest being left to the reader's imagination, but here, when a rather complicated apparatus is needed it is drawn in

full with extra diagrams to illustrate more clearly the more intricate details. Alternative methods of doing experiments are often shown but care has been taken not to include too many and thus swamp the student with numerous ways of doing the same experiment.

A process which many students may find difficult to grasp, the 'No Parallax' methods used in experiments with light, is shown very clearly here as are other more difficult processes.

Most Physics books seem to print logarithm tables and a page or two of 'useful values' but this book goes further in this direction than most. There are tables listing such things as the wavelengths of prominent spectral lines, elastic moduli and temperature co-efficients of resistance. The logarithms and trigonometrical function tables are included as well.

The book uses a form of decimal system for the numbering of its paragraphs which makes for easy tracing of explanatory notes while the experiments are numbered in sequence throughout the book.

Examination questions are included at the end of each section.

Apart from this, which may make it unpopular with schoolboys, little can be said against this book from its beginning with Specific Gravity Bottle experiments to its end with the determination of the Characteristic curves of triode valves. It shows you in its first chapters how to measure accurately with a metre rule and in its last how to estimate your error, covering in between all aspects of G.C.E. Physics.



THEY SHALL NOT PASS UNSEEN

by IVAN SOUTHALL

A story of an extraordinary war. It is a vivid picture of the grim fight waged between the Sunderland flying-boats, the Junkers 88's and the U-boats; entirely true, entirely factual, peopled by men, many of whom are alive today.

Ivan Southall says, "There are scores of books dealing with Bomber Command and Fighter Command, but no one can show me the story of Coastal Command." This is it.

Illustrated 16s

ANGUS & ROBERTSON
105 Great Russell St., London, WCI

OPERATION HURRICANE

IN the autumn of 1953 the Flying Training School of the Royal Ceylon Air Force was sent on an exercise which involved a week camping under canvas. It was at an old R.A.F. airfield at Kankasanturia on the northern tip of Ceylon. We were to fly out in ten Chipmunks, with one Oxford for the C.O., whilst the servicing party travelled by road—a distance of 300 miles through jungle and across desert.

It was necessary for the Chipmunks to refuel *en route*, so Shell laid on a supply of petrol at an old disused airstrip called Vavuniya. An aerial recon in the Oxford showed buffalo feeding on the grass which was growing through the gaps in the concrete, but a formation 'beat-up' by the ten Chipmunks proved effective in herding them off. A stream landing followed without any real damage, although several near misses were recorded due to pilots trying to dodge the 'gummu'* thrown up by preceding aircraft.

The Shell refueller consisted of one bullock cart loaded with 12 five-gallon drums of aviation spirit. As there were ten aircraft this amount was less than the fuel used in diverting to collect it, so that we took off with no reserve at all. There were the usual tropical cumulo-nimbus clouds about so that at times we had to fly under them in very turbulent conditions as we could not afford to fly round them. Several aircraft landed with less than three gallons remaining.

The road party had just arrived, and the aircraft were dispersed on the sides of the taxi-

* Sinhalese for bull droppings.

way—the only permanent building being the control tower.

Two large tents were erected—one for the aircrew and one for the ground crew, whilst the walls of an old building were roofed with a canvas sheet to make the cookhouse. Then some of the boys went off for a swim, whilst the rest of us sat around talking and eating our tea.

Suddenly it started to rain without warning. The wind began to rise and it grew very dark. The tents were pitched on sand and it soon became obvious that the pegs would not hold—we had to keep walking round and knocking them back in. The aircraft also had to be picketed with large lumps of concrete from old buildings. To add to our troubles the tropical night fell—there is no twilight near the Equator.

Then with a sigh, the first tent fell to the ground, covering several men and several paraffin lamps. All hands were mustered and we tried to re-erect the tent, now saturated with water, against a wind that had reached 40 knots.

The rain still fell in torrents and the ground was soon flooded to a depth of over 12 inches. To add to our troubles the canvas cover on the top of the cookhouse had drooped in the middle and filled with rainwater. Just as the cooks were producing some tea and hot curry the canvas burst and washed them out of the building, dousing the oil stoves and ruining the food.

We were still struggling with the first tent when the news came—we were in the path of a hurricane, and this was just the beginning of it.



"Shell laid on a supply of petrol..."



Makers of
**Royal
Air Force
Uniforms**
**HERBERT
CHAPPELL**

Established 1867

8 HANOVER ST., LONDON, W.1

Telephone : MAYfair 2242

50 GRESHAM ST., LONDON, E.C.2

Telephone : MONarch 7451

Our cutter, Mr. Carter, pays regular visits to the College and will be pleased to discuss your tailoring requirements.

We struck our other tent quickly and called a conference. If the hurricane struck we should lose all our aircraft—if we took off we should have to fly through it. It was now midnight, and no flare-path. The pilots were 5 instructors and 15 cadets, some of whom had never flown at night. The Chipmunks had just enough fuel to reach base, but none for flying against hurricane-force winds. There were no diversions and no navigation aids.

The decision was made to stay. We had to sit on the aircraft to hold them down and to ensure that the pickets remained in place.

When we first moved into the tents the C.O. had buried a crate of beer in the sand to keep it cool. He knew just where it was—six paces from the tent door and two to the right. Unfortunately, by the time he remembered, the tent was down and it was pitch dark—and the ground was flooded. He searched for over an hour before he found that crate, and beer has never tasted better.

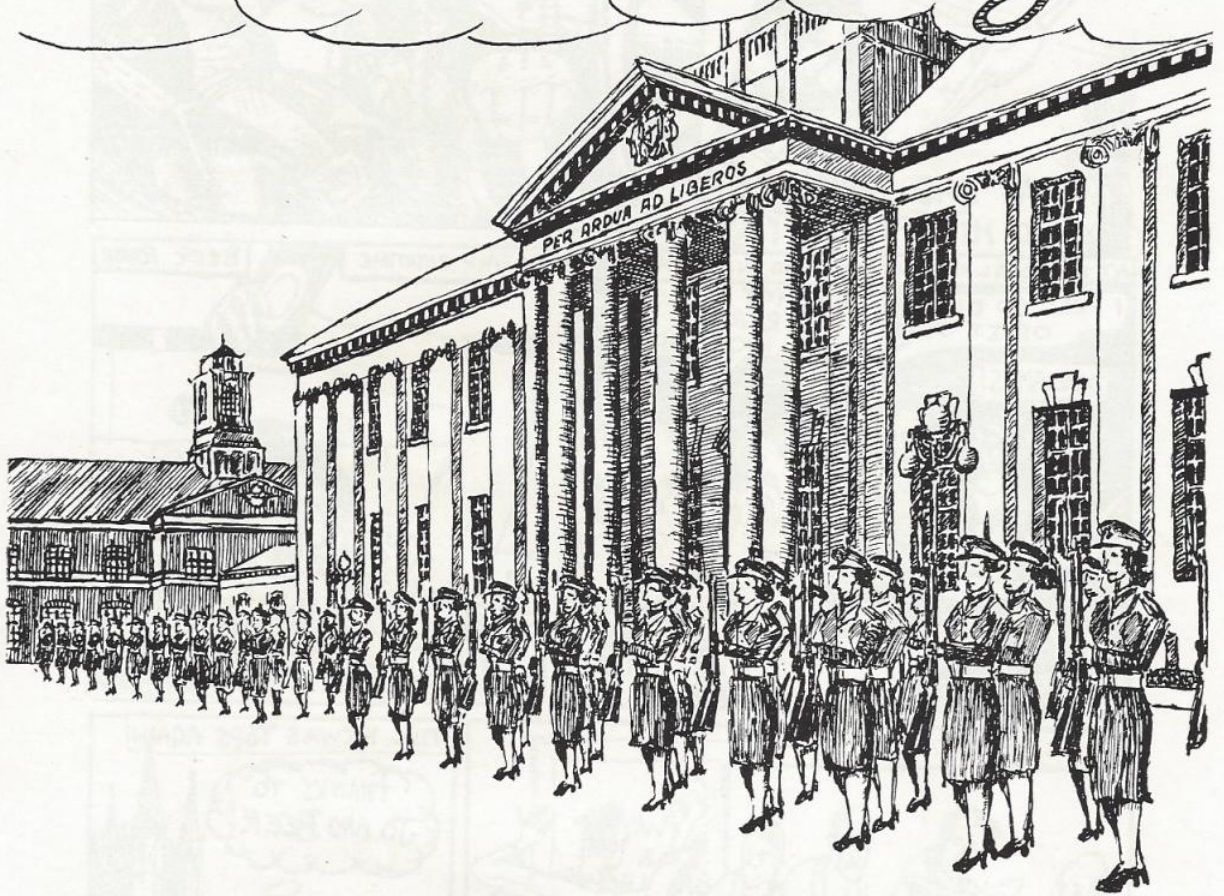
At the start of the trouble we had been dressed in khaki shorts and our other clothes had been swamped by the rain, so that by morning we were cold and hungry, with no dry clothes to wear. The aircraft had all weathered the storm without visible damage, so when dawn broke and the wind began to drop, we threw all our equipment onto the lorries, saw them start on their return journey and got ready for take-off.

The return flight was carried out without incident. We were flying in three vics of three with the tenth aircraft in the box of the rear vic. About 50 miles of the journey was across the sea, with a cloud base of 700 feet. As we were stepped down this meant that the number ten was not far off the water, and as I was flying number ten I spent a lot of time trying to remember my sea survival drills.

Having left for a week's camp we had returned in 24 hours, feeling very dejected. The unexpected sight of us in the circuit brought everybody out to discover what had happened; needless to say, we got very little sympathy. And, like 'Doctor Foster' we 'never went there again.'

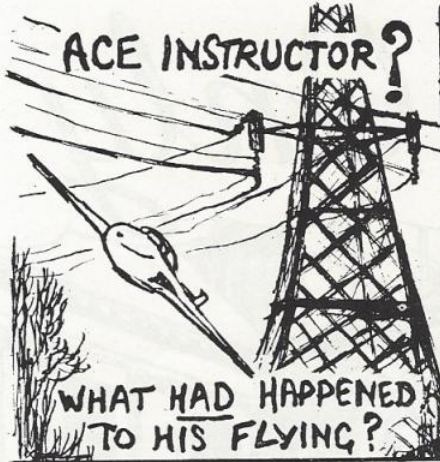
In the last five years several cadets from Ceylon, sent for training from the Royal Ceylon Air Force, have passed out from Cranwell. They include Flying Officers Mendis, Situnayake, Ratanayake, Senevaratne Perera, the cricketer, and Forbes, who was unfortunately killed in a Chipmunk accident soon after returning to Ceylon. Although none of these took part in the operation our C.F.I., Sqn Ldr George, had been a flight commander in the Chipmunk squadron at Cranwell before going to Ceylon.

Women Only

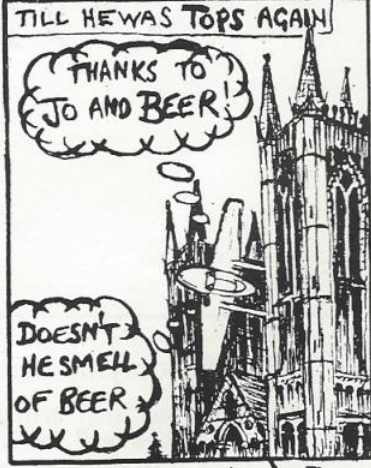
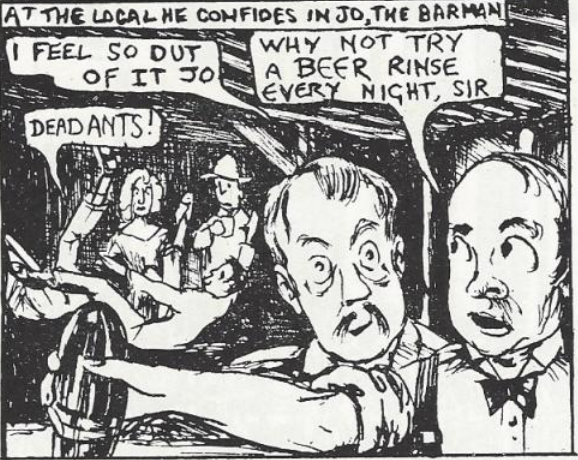


FIRST Sandmyth, then Sludgemouth, now Cranwill . . .

This week our staff artist, Phoebe Klutchenheimer-Smythe, visited the Finishing College at Cranwill where she endured with characteristic dry humour the rigours of freezing, attenuated air, of high-'g,' aerobic manoeuvres and of long periods of cramped discomfiture to return with our frontispiece which will be prized by aerophiles everywhere



WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO HIS FLYING?



GET B.O. WITH BEER IN YOUR BATH



WOMEN ONLY

IN this issue we are fortunate to have that celebrated dietician, Max Faker, who solves some problems that have been troubling many of us.

*

Also Diargent, the famous French couturier, introduces us to some models from his latest spring fashion show.

*

As usual we offer you two new delightful short stories while our heartwarming serial story continues along its path of romance.

*

Printed below we have another stirring little poem to tide you over those depressing moments.

ENGLAND'S GLORY

*If oft when dawns the shining morning fair, you
feel that you would rather stay in bed than
prance ridiculous upon the square, with rusty gun in hand,
drill cap on head, you ought to take your failing
will in hand. Go stimulate olde Englande's
heartes of oake, and say, as have
the heroes of our land 'Chaps shouldn't join if
they can't take a joke.'*

EDITORIAL STAFF

EDITOR: Finished Cadette Ruby Finch.

CONTRIBUTORS: Finished Cadette Minny White, Finishing Cadettes Judy Scullard, Annie Stock, Tilly Close, Gussy Whitley, Dolly Lucas, Theresa Mermagen, Cicely Rainbow.

ILLUSTRATIONS: Finishing Cadettes Rose Adams, Constance Geach.

Editor's Footnote

We are indebted to the Editor of *The Journal* for his assistance, without which we would have had no difficulty in going to press.

ERRATA

pp. i-xxvi *in toto*.

THERE IS NOW
A PLACE FOR
YOU

IN THE **RAF.**

"Now tell me how you like my coffee!"

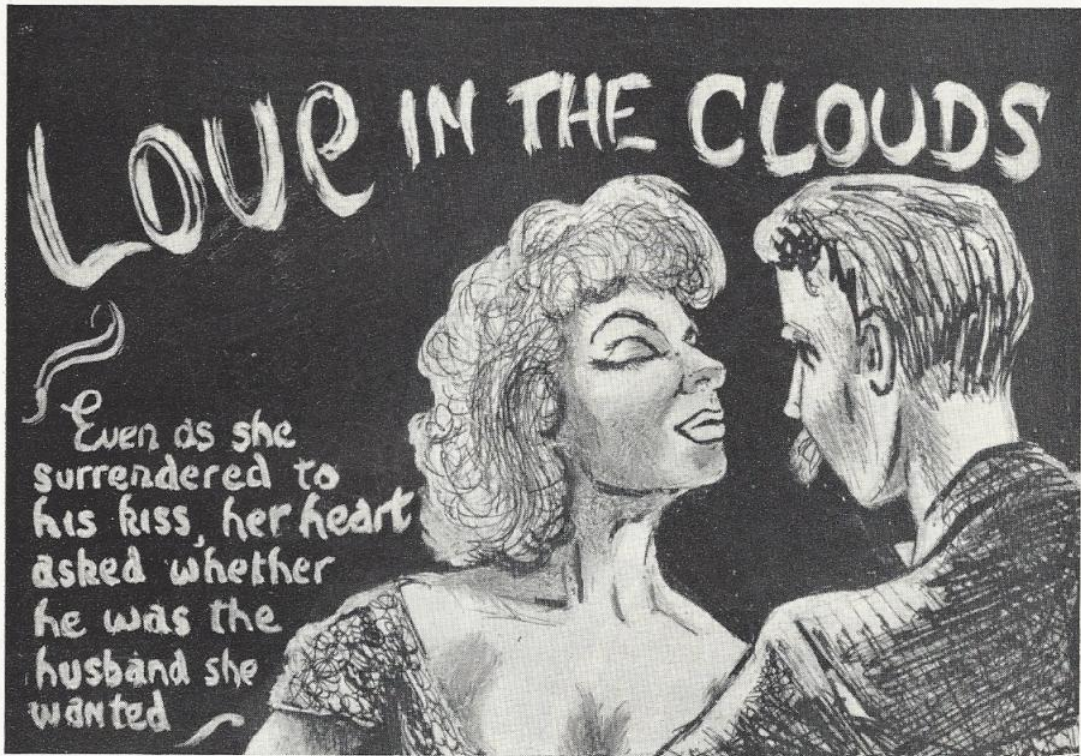
DRESS, BY GEORGE!

TYGERS
FOR
SURREAL COFFEE

WHY ON EARTH DO ANY
SUCCESSFUL HOSTESSES - ABOUT-
TOWN USE TYGER'S IMPARE COFFEE?

dulla-slint WADDING
for those *difficult* days

dulla-slint
METAL POLISH



A Stirring Serial Story by Ursula Saunders

The story so far . . .

Mary Duncan had lived most of her life in Bristol with her sisters, Susan, Geraldine and Leslie, and their brothers John and Christopher. While Mary was still quite young, both her parents died, leaving their six children to fend for themselves. Soon afterwards, both Geraldine and Leslie got married and left home, while Christopher also left to do his National Service. The other three stayed on for two or three years, but, seeing no future in Britain, emigrated to Edmonton in Canada where John meets Christine Mackison, to whom he soon becomes engaged. At the same time, Susan falls in love with Pete Johnston, but, feeling she has some responsibility to Mary, will not agree to their engagement until Mary settles down in her new life. A friend of Peter's, a young mining engineer named Gerald Petersen, meets Mary and is attracted to her. Susan and Peter, realizing that if Mary marries Gerald, Susan will be freed from her responsibility, do all they can to encourage the romance between Mary and Gerald. Unfortunately, Mary is in love with Gerald's cousin, a newspaper reporter called Leslie Morton, about whom Susan knows nothing. Not wishing to offend Susan to whom Mary thinks she owes everything, Mary continues to encourage Gerald. Leslie discovers her association with Gerald and, not understanding the reason for it, thinks that Mary is merely flirting with him.

Meanwhile in England, Christopher, having finished his National Service, has also decided to emigrate and is due in Edmonton very shortly, bringing with him Leslie whose unhappy marriage has soon ended in divorce. Susan, wanting to make Chris and Leslie feel at home on their arrival in Canada, arranges a party. John and Chris, by now happily married and living in a neighbouring town are invited as well as Gerald and his cousin Leslie. The situation concerning Mary is brought to a head when, at the party, the two men quarrel over her. Susan and Peter interpose and the peace is made but Leslie is still resentful of Mary's association with Gerald. At this stage, Leslie is sent on an assignment away from Edmonton for a few weeks and returns to find Mary engaged to Gerald.

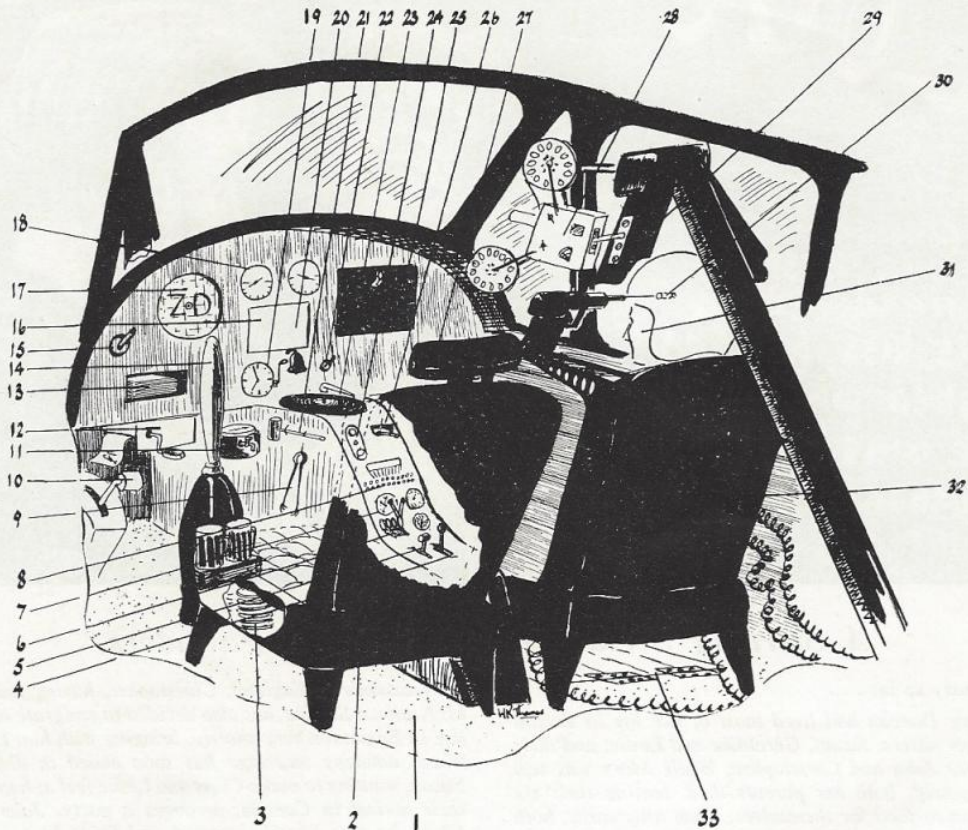
THE STORY NOW READS ON . . .

GERALDINE felt proud of her two daughters. She very much wanted to show them off to her sisters in Canada, but they couldn't afford the fare. From what she heard from her sisters, they were both settling down and enjoying their new life.

(Continued on page xxiv)

Cockpit De Luxe

Produced by a pilot (prospective (*perhaps*)) in answer to the recent rash of half-hearted designs published by 'poor penguins'



1. Carpet—gives that 'millionaire' feeling.
2. Seat—in red leather for bolshy pupils.
3. Differentially inflated seat—relieves cramp.
4. Beer cock and booster lever.
5. The designer put this lever in to fill up space.
6. Jack Mk. I—Flight Cadet's Autopilot.
7. Dials to impress female visitors.
8. Teleprinter—essential when one forgets to sign F.700.
9. Tongs—for retrieving map from the roof in slow rolls.
10. Constant-flow beer control.
11. Alcohol compass with tap.
12. Counterfeiting machine—for chop flights.
13. Blank notes for 12.
14. Control stick—it was felt that the

15. Torch igniter for cigarettes.
16. Advertising space (to let).
17. C.F.I. sensing radar.
18. Twin artificial horizons—for the morning after.
19. Alarm clock—for those long Nav. trips.
20. Advertising space (occupied).
21. Anti-gremlin weapon—undergoing service trials to decide whether for use on pilot or gremlin.
22. Instructor mute switch.
23. Record 'I have control' to boost morale in sticky moments.
24. Circuit breaker (see 32).
25. Recess—holds ice bags and whisky and soda for neurotic instructors.

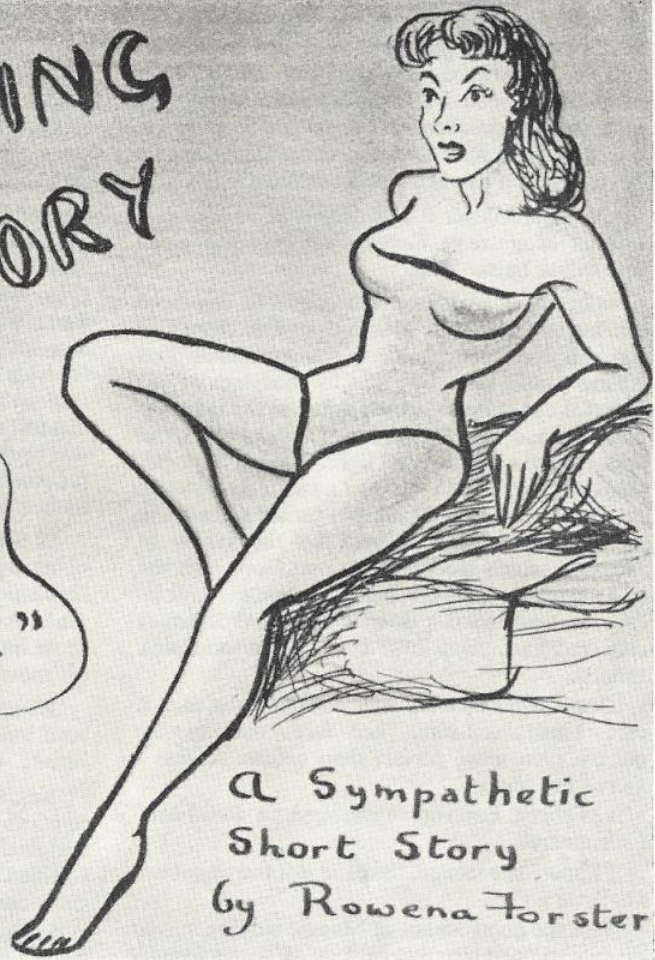
26. Ash tray.
27. Head rest used in conjunction with 19.
28. Projector—projects pin-ups on the forever amber screens.
29. Humane killer in case the instructor has a spasm.
30. Hole in Bone-dome for 29.
31. Instructor—also for the morning after.
32. Electric chair for instructor.
33. Trap door—enables the instructor to run like h— on wheels-up landings.

PILOTS' NOTES

1. The prone pilot position was seriously considered, but rejected owing to its unsuitability for drinking.
2. The left or right seat may be occupied, depending on politics.

MORNING GLORY

"This was not the girl I had known at school. Gone were the protruding teeth, the school gym slip...."



A Sympathetic
Short Story
by Rowena Forster

IT was a glorious June morning with the sun shining out of an azure sky upon the lush green fields and the deep ultramarine of the river which ran at the bottom of my garden. I was in no mood to appreciate it, for Mother had just rung up to ask me to take Elaine to the Hunt Ball. I hadn't seen Elaine for many, many years and in my mind I held a vague picture of a tall, awkward, gangling schoolgirl with pigtails. I, of all people, had to take her to the Ball. It would be insufferable, beastly but unavoidable. In a savage mood and a pair of jeans I returned to my canvas which was slung between two apple trees, where I dozed fitfully for the rest of the morning, tortured by premonitions of the following night.

That afternoon I telephoned an old school friend who had seen Elaine more recently than I. But his replies to my questions as to whether she had changed much were distorted either through

a bad line or his inarticulation. So on that fateful evening it was with trepidation I tied my tie, let myself out of the house, opened the garage and slid into my car. With a vicious burst of speed and a cloud of dust I roared down the lane. Her house, No. 23A, took a great deal of finding, and it was quite dark by the time I reached her road. After twisting and skidding up the narrow lane I eventually reached the house. A glorious old rambling house of the Elizabethan period with white walls, a thatched roof, a magnificent rambler, blossoming with blood-red roses, rambled down one side of the house, and in the front garden stood a multi-coloured rockery and goldfish pond.

Slowly I walked up the pathway and knocked on the gnarled old oak door. Upstairs a light suddenly went out, there was a soft rustling of skirts, the door opened slowly. There she stood.

Her hair, greying at the temples, was pulled back in a bun, her face, without make-up, had an austere appearance, and she was dressed in a simple black linen dress with black sandals. It was Maggie, the housekeeper. For several seconds she stared at me in puzzlement, until suddenly a smile of recognition dawned upon her features.

'Och aye, Master Richard, how ye've changed. I didna recognize ye. Come in and bide your time. She willna be sae lang.'

After a few words on the good old days, she left me to fetch Miss Elaine. I studied myself in the hall mirror and came to the conclusion that Elaine would have no right to complain of her escort. I cut quite a dashing figure in my tails, my hair brushed back in dignified waves, my hazel eyes twinkling in the hall light. I didn't hear her step softly up behind me; just a sweet gentle voice murmuring, 'Hello, Richard.' I turned round with a jump and was transfixed by the vision of radiancy which stood before me. Gone was the awkwardness, gone the pigtailed, gone the grubby face; instead stood a delightful picture of honey coloured hair, royal blue eyes and salmon pink tulle.

'Don't you know it's rude to stare,' she said, a soft blush suffusing her face, making the picture even more perfect than before. At last I found my tongue.

'I'm sorry, but you've changed an awful lot,' I stammered.

'I know,' she smiled, 'but I'm not the only one. Shall we go?'

With the good wishes of Maggie ringing in our ears we climbed into the car. I set off with a feeling that perhaps the ball wasn't going to be such a bore after all. The soft glow of the dashboard light illuminated the beauty of her features. As we sped along the narrow country lanes we talked of this and that, of her work as a secretary to an advertising agency, of her likes and dislikes. By the time we had reached the Palais I had filled in the missing links which accounted for this transformation from infancy to radiancy.

Of the dance I remember little except the soft lights, the sweet music, the feel of her nestling in my arms, and the taste of *pâté de foie gras*. Too soon the dance ended and we found ourselves once again in the car gliding through narrow country lanes with silver strips of moonlight piercing the dark mantle of the roadside trees. It was a perfect night, in fact, the night of nights. Suddenly the engine coughed and spluttered, and the car slid to a halt. Slowly Elaine turned her head towards me, a half-smile playing about her

lips. Gently I leant forward, stretched out a hand, took the torch from the glove compartment and opened the door.

All I can remember of the next two hours is a jumbled cameo of grease, oil, engine and Elaine's enigmatic smile. Was she smiling at me or my misfortune? I could not be sure but I so very much wanted to find out. At last the repairs were finished and I climbed slowly back into the car. The spell of the moonlight was even stronger, and every time I looked at her she looked more and more beautiful. Sitting down beside her, I turned and let my eyes drink in her radiancy. Closer together we moved till I could smell the delicious fragrance of her perfume, and then she whispered in a soft voice: 'You're smothered in oil.' The spell was broken, the moonlight had shed its soft magic for stark reality. I started up the engine, and in a silence of disappointment we drove home.

As we approached her house we saw that the lights were on in the front room and, with the realization of the reckoning to come, my heart sank. As we opened the front door, her father came into the hall, blinking his eyes in the light, his moustache bristling with indignation.

'Where d'ye think you've been to, eh, my lad? And look at your dress, me girl, it's smothered in oil! Get up to bed now.'

'Yes, father,' she replied demurely, and started to climb the stairs. Half way up she turned round and flashed me a smile of encouragement, which fortified me for the coming storm. The ordeal was short and to the point.

'I hope you're ashamed of yourself, me lad, and now goodnight!' In a furious temper I drove home. An evening so full of glorious possibilities had been brought to such a miserable ending.

Next morning when I got up the sun glinted on the dew in the meadows while the birds sang in sweet chorus from the orchard. The fragrant smell of the flowers wafted in at my window mixing with the delicious odours from the neighbouring fields. I think they must have been spraying them with fertilizer. But such things were not for me; I was immersed in a cloud of despondency which would not disperse.

Having no spade, as Kipling had, I collected my racquet and called at a friend's house. 'Anyone for tennis,' I shouted as I strode up the drive, my racquet idly swinging in my left hand. But even a game of tennis could do nothing to detract from my misery and soon I found myself back in the Clubhouse drowning my sorrows in squash.

(Continued on page xviii)

BEAUTY HINTS...

by Max Faker

HOW TO FINISH QUICKLY

FROM reading your letters I have realized that many of you must suffer from the same trouble as I do, namely, getting up in the morning. How many of us early in the morning, with the hands of Jack Frost on the window pane, can pluck up enough courage to leave our warm beds? We all feel, I am sure, that a few minutes in bed are worth more to us than a lengthy toilet. What can we do to enjoy these few extra minutes in bed without losing that early morning blush, the trade mark of the properly finished woman. We must make all our preparations the night before.

The ultimate in careful preparation is to dress completely the night before. There are limits to this. For instance, the average webbing belt does not take kindly to an average night's tossing and turning. Care should be taken, also, to brush the more accessible bits of mud off drill boots before climbing into bed. These chippings should be carefully mixed with my Cement Fixer and applied unsmilingly to the face, being careful to avoid mouth and nostrils if breathing is required.

Leaving the everyday routine, I would like to say a few words about your beauty preparations for that extra-special occasion. Wouldn't it be lovely if on these occasions we could go out secure in the knowledge that we looked our best and would be a credit to our companions? For many of us these special occasions occur every other Friday morning, which is not the best time to show ourselves off. But we mustn't let a little thing like that deter us, must we?

From listening to many people I have formed the opinion that the arduous business of shaving in a hurry with the consequent awful cuts presents one of the big problems. Now this is the opportunity to be different from your friends and to start a new fashion—use Vanish, my new Hair Remover, which contains Invisiblizer 20, a powerful new atomizer discovered in the Faking Laboratories. Enclosed with each bottle is a new plastic skin.

Another difficulty is that at such an early hour it is hard to preserve that wide-awake appearance. From many years of experience I have found that there is only one cure for this—Max Faker Sticks, sold in boxes of 47 with non-inflammable non-skid lid rests.

In saying goodbye I should like to point out that the aim as always is to finish. And to achieve the perfect finish you must start at the bottom and work your way up.

IT'S EASY WHEN YOU KNOW HOW

'MY dear, how *do* you manage to keep your clothes so dry?' How one longs to hear words like those. But, ladies, you too can have dry clothes. All you need is just a little patience, effort, attention, thought, foresight, skill, determination and luck.

First pick your tree. A softish wood of some years standing is preferable, as in my experience the hardier varieties have a tendency to splinter at the most awkward moments. Some do prefer the old-fashioned ripsaw, but I myself favour the two-stroke, supercooled, four and a half horsepower motor saw with improved control. (Available at most good chemists.)

Having felled your tree you can neglect all those nasty knobby bits where the branches protrude, and simply hack through at a point three and a half feet from the ground, thus avoiding any canine unpleasanties. (Care should be taken to wear a large hat when dealing with the upper portions of the tree.) At this stage all cutting tools should be scrupulously cleaned in readiness for making your *next* clothes peg.

You should now have a log roughly fifteen to twenty feet long. Club together with some of your friends and spend a jolly evening whittling it down. Don't be deterred by the toughness of the first few feet or so; the beauty of it is that it becomes noticeably softer towards the centre. Take your four-inch sliver and soak for two to three weeks in a weak solution of grade 'b' linseed oil—banana oil is as good, but great care is needed to keep it at a constant temperature.

Then (*and this is where most amateurs go wrong*) bake at Regulo 8 for nine and a half minutes, which should give you that wispy, smooth texture that our gipsy friends achieve by rubbing with hedgehog fat. If you fail at this stage—go chop another tree.

Next pop in at your local blast furnace and, for a few coppers, they would be only too pleased to fashion you one of those little springs to fasten your two half-pegs together.

Now don't be *too* eager to give your peg a trial run at the line just yet, for it *is* so chic to have matching pegs for all the different colours of your clothes. When you have built up a collection of pegs in this way, you can have *such* fun in those long winter evenings painting them in all the gay colours of your wardrobe.

(*Next week there will be another culinary chat on Sponges by Rose Hoblin, whose carrots have made her a household word.*)

Fashion News

by 'Diargent'

AT last Winter is over, and the time has arrived to review the new Spring wardrobe. As readers may have heard fashions this season are quite revolutionary and we must be prepared for vast changes. The '½V²S' line has come to the fore once again which should be a relief to the possessor of the fuller figure. It is with this in mind that we attempt to illustrate some of the exquisite new models which may be seen at Cranwell during the season.



FIRST SHOWING BY
ONE OF OUR
UP AND COMING MODELS

The traditional and perky Cranwell 'Fohat' is leaving us after many years. This is perhaps the most revolutionary change. Readers will express regret at the departure of this old friend, remembering with nostalgia the human-like manner in which it recognized its owner after lectures, the efforts to keep the 'clag' buttons clean and the 'eagle and crown' dirty, and that delightful off-white piqué trimming which invariably tangled up after squadron commanders' interviews.

However, we must put these thoughts aside and keep abreast of the times. In the place of the 'fohat' comes the more fashionable though less personal 'beret,' illustrated above. Notice the cloud-like bumps and waves which have inspired the name 'Cumulobonce.' The material is felt and is only in one colour. To relieve the monotony there is a pleasant white disc with a small gilt 'Woe' brooch placed centrally upon it. A graceful ribbon sets off this delightful new Spring creation. It comes in *all* sizes and has a variable headband. An added advantage is the written twelve-month guarantee covering the owner from injury should the hat fall over the eyes while running.

We must bear in mind that this is the rainy season in our county, and what could be more

refreshing than the new line in rainwear? We have called this model 'April Shower' (not to be confused with its predecessor 'Absolute Shower'). Readers will notice that the gathered-up 'pierre-point' effect at the neck, and the fully flared 'sail' effect at the waist have disappeared, being replaced by a longer, less revealing, streamlined 'sheath.' The welcome addition of sleeves and belt are among some notable changes. This model comes in blue-grey, as against the muddy-green of its predecessor. Accessories include pockets, 'beret' holders and buttons with matching button-holes.

Sizes: 71-76. Price: 198 gns.

The length of the 'cadet' trouser has always been a point of some argument, and has varied with the passing of each season. This Winter I received many queries from readers regarding the 'pleated' bulge which has been seen at the calf of the trouser of some of the leaders of fashion. This is both a practical and, indeed, necessary addition for those who prefer the dainty 'flying boot' in preference to the more orthodox 'shoe,' for it is this 'bulge' which accommodates the upper half of the boot during non-flying hours. The 'flying boot,' a most useful piece of footwear, especially during the rainy season, or Cranwell year, can be obtained at all large clothing stores.

Price: A sustained 8 'G'



CAREERS WITH A FUTURE



DIDN'T WE CHOP YOU FROM CRANWELL
LAST YEAR ?

THIS month I want to try to help the young girls about to leave school. After all this is the most important time of their lives. Here are two suggestions for an interesting and worthwhile career.

Last week, as Phillipe, my *coiffeur*, stretched out his delicate tapering fingers for my facial pack, that magical preservative with which he revives the bloom of youth in our cheeks, and the sweet fragrance of the Pink Champagne perfume, I began to wonder—'Who digs this mud?'

Hip-high in the East Anglian fens, my newly opened 'Mud-file' under my arm, I ploughed onwards towards my rendezvous with Hermione Vesey de Selincourt, Great Britain's No. 1 mud prospector. As I sloshed a little closer I observed that she wore 'longies' (fur-lined, thigh-length boots—by Deamonte), a button-up-the-front page boy tunic set off to excellent effect by her head-dress—Hermione had worked wonders with a vermilion dishcloth.

'Splendid of you to drop in,' she said, slipping the last shovelful into her bucket. 'I don't have many visitors, don'cher know. They call me an old stick-in-the-mud,' she chortled.

'But somehow,' she murmured, a puzzled look crossing her besmudged face, 'I feel at home in the mud.'

She showed me the new modern-style factory and the lines of girls busy filling their buckets with the thick black slime.

'The girls come here straight from school,' she continued, 'and serve a twelve-month apprentice-

ship. During this time they learn the various grades of mud and how to shovel it so that it maintains its fine texture right to the last ounce. Promotion here is good for anyone who is prepared to work hard. Pay is some thirteen shillings a month for the first year with as much mud as they like thrown in.'

As I squelched south I thrilled to the thought of this brave, devoted woman, spending her days in the service of others; such an inspiration to the girls of today.

A short drive away from Hermione's place, situated amongst Lincolnshire's rolling, verdant hills, the West Site Teahouse offers to all a place of solace and refreshment.

Beneath its lofty timbered roof the cadets relax; lulled by the soothing atmosphere, where nothing disturbs the silence during those precious moments of meditation but the soft zephyrs playing about its hallowed walls and the tickling, trickling tea urns.

I asked Madame Papillon, the manageress, what made her establishment so popular.

'I think it's the extra something in the tea,' she confided. 'I bung the packet in too!'

Now here, I thought, is a woman whose interest in her job passes all bounds. Here is scope, here is opportunity for a really go-ahead lass. Geishas have fun, go places, see things. Geishas live a truly full life; every facility for sport and exercise is to hand—and who knows, at 40 that curly-headed youngster might be worth thousands.

(Next Issue: *The Stenographer*—for the girl who wants not to be dictated to.)

SHOW TALK

'CHARLEY'S BUTTON'

THE past few months have seen no great change of trends in the theatre. The American musical still dominates the London stage, but here in Lincolnshire I had the privilege of seeing an extravaganza which was acted, written and produced by legitimate members of the English stage. Cranwell was the setting for the opening and closing night of the show.

Having little background knowledge of the circumstances of this show, I consulted my programme which told me that this was a revue put on by officers of the College for the benefit, I believe, of the Cadet Wing. Realizing how difficult it must be for those in authority to put on such a show in front of their subordinates, I felt some trepidation as I took my seat in the audience. This was the result not so much of the thought of what I had to sit through but rather of the antics of my fellow-members of the audience, whose behaviour reminded me of the old harridans awaiting the victims of Madame Guillotine. However, time soon proved that my fears on the first account were entirely groundless whereas on the second score my doubts were never completely removed.

The show, entitled *Charley's Button*, was a type of pantomime combining parts of the stories from Dick Whittington, Aladdin, and the Son of Frankenstein. We followed the career of the hero, Charles Fearnowt, from his first day at Cranwell, through his meteoric rise to the Senior Entry and his Passing-Out Parade, and ending with his plunge into the depths of indignity as the brand new Pilot Officer arriving at his first station.

After a noisy overture, by kind permission of the Musicians' Union, and a fanfare of the trumpets which would have driven Eddie Calvert to drink, the curtain opened on our Charlie, a new arrival to Cranwell and still green from school. He was indulging in the long-established custom of button cleaning, when, to the accompaniment of a flash (Mark 2, Pattern 5, fairies, for the use of), the good fairy appeared. At this point I realized the significance of the title and that here was the R.A.F. counterpart of Aladdin's Magic Lamp. This fairy was the one to end all fairies, a cross between a barrage balloon and a hula-hula girl, with a definite emphasis on the former. Charles's misguided wish is for him to be transported into the following week, in the vain hope that life would have a rosier hue. But it was to no

purpose for he found himself face to face with the Demon King, colloquially known as Flight Sergeant. The audience were then treated to a stream of abuse and criticism which they had all experienced at one time or another. From the applause that this item received, it had obviously brought home some charming memories to certain members of the audience.

The scene now moved away from Cranwell to a typical home from which Charlie and his contemporaries started on their road to that elusive 'place in the R.A.F.' It is sufficient to say that this item was truly a 'Winter's Tale' and that for the audience it was apparently the finest piece of type-casting they had ever seen. Moving from the realms of Tennessee Williams to the heights of Shakespeare, we arrived at the blasted 'eath, complete with cauldron, witches' broomsticks and dog collars. From the many whispers going around me I came to the conclusion that the three witches were three members of one of the more sanctified branches of the R.A.F.

After these two digressions, the scene was set once again at Cranwell and in particular the Flying Wing, where a certain Q.F.I., or some such denomination, was describing one of the joys of his life. Hearing about it at first, one's thoughts turned to such things as Jane Russell, but realization slowly dawned that the subject of his graphic account was something as mundane as a Javelin. This was indeed an old, old dodge, using the double meaning but, as always, it proved successful. The description was terminated by Charles, who, fresh from his flying with the A.T.C., had failed to realize that flying had not yet taken priority over coffee drinking. This was followed by a solo rendering, with application to Cranwell, of the song 'Life Gets Tedious'—even if the dog was too damn lazy to move over, Mr Lind Hayes must surely have squirmed.

The spotlight was then turned upon one of the highlights of Cranwell life—the Ferris Drill Competition. Here we were shown Charlie furiously bulling his kit with periodic interruptions from certain members of his squadron staff. All this proved that those in authority can have their own standards, while Charlie can have his—and a fat lot of good it will do him! Polishing once again his magic button, Charlie summoned his fairy, assisted by 'Flash' Harry, and demanded to be transported onward in time to 1984. At this

point I heard a nearby cadet remark that obviously somebody had once bothered to read something in their recommended English reading list.

1984 brought us on a visit to an integral part of the College academic institution—the Peace Studies Team whose members indulged in a witty dialogue including such remarks as practice launches and squirts, followed by lunar circuits and bumps. This was interrupted by the appearance of Big Brother; an appearance which, it seemed, brought home to the Cadet Wing the full force of George Orwell's imagination. The skit ended with a 'hate campaign' which showed that the Peace Studies Team and the Cadet Wing had much in common.

After this we were taken back to present-day Cranwell and in no uncertain fashion. A lecture room was the scene of this sketch and now the Cadet Wing came under gentle fire. This portrayed the lecturer's viewpoint of a typical lecture with a typical or, as the Cadet Wing would have it, an imaginary class, amongst whom each cadet could identify himself. This was followed up by another attack on the Cadet Wing by a trio who combined the qualities of the Beverley Sisters and the Marx Brothers. These, with the voice of authority, picked out certain people whose presence was apparently not essential for the welfare of the College. I doubt if even Gilbert and

Sullivan had envisaged such a performance of their work.

The climax of the show was now fast approaching and the audience were treated to one of the finest pieces of mime I have ever seen. To the tune of 'No Two People have ever been so in Love,' Charlie and his reflection in the mirror, with perfect synchronization, preened themselves for the Passing-Out Parade.

This provided the contrast prior to the *pièce de résistance*—Charlie's arrival at his first unit. The reception at the bar by two senior officers, the barman, who obviously knew Cranwell very well, and finally by his excellency, the Mess Secretary, showed that Charlie's opinion of himself was not shared by everybody. As usual, the finale took the form of a chorus, in which most people seemed to have made an attempt to learn the words and music.

As I left the hall I found it difficult to pick out any particular person to praise, but certainly the producer, Flight Lieutenant Spencer, and the principal boy, Flight Lieutenant Robertson, deserve especial mention. For once my trip into the wilds of Lincolnshire in search of local talent had proved successful and I had spent an enjoyable evening.

In the next edition I will be visiting the Village Hall at Middlewick to review the Townswomen's Guild's production of 'A View from the Bridge.'

FOOD NEWS

HERE are directions for making a delicate dish that would tickle the most jaded palate.

Take a few pounds of bitter rice (all the best grocers stock it). Bury a bitter sized tin of cat meat. Sprinkle liberally with cayenne pepper, and simmer very gently in boiling oil. Meanwhile take a quick look round the kitchen for something interesting; what about last year's turnip wine that did not quite come off, or those things like mushrooms that you've been puzzled about for some time? Use your imagination! Don't be fussy; try some of those inaccessible places again.

Whatever your choice, tip it in with the rice, baste firmly with a shovel, and serve sharply on a hot plate. Try it on the family, and if they survive it should be safe for the dog.

May I recommend a new cookery book *Off the Beeton Track*. Here are some extracts:

'... Rissoles are a delicacy all too rare. So easy, so cheap, they can be filled with anything to hand. What's more, never will you hear the kiddies complain.'

'... an ice cream should be well roasted in a hot oven ...'

'... certain types of Sturgeon make a very fine dish. ...'

'... for an interesting novelty spread a slice of bread thinly with butter; jam also may be added. ...'

'... Have you tried curate's eggs? They're proverbial ...'

THIS WEEK'S CRYSTAL BALL

Pluto subjects. You find Friday starts on the wrong foot. Prepare carefully for any social engagements that morning, and try to be co-operative. Avoid Irishmen.

Fido subjects. A tall dark stranger will not come into your life today, but don't give up hope. Unlucky birthday February 29th.

Liberace subjects. For you an interesting week; you will meet people, go places, do things.

Capricious subjects. This could be a dangerous time for you. Born under the influence of Virgo, you tend to go around with your head in the air. Therefore avoid manholes and humanistics subjects. You will win £75,000.

Objective subjects. A down-to-earth policy will avoid emotional upheavals. If the horizon is still cloudy keep a level head or you will come down with a bump.

FULL CIRCLE

CATS! How he hated them! Sleek, soft, shiny creatures. He could never trust them. Could never like them. But above all others there was one he hated most—his mother's cat, with its green eyes and jet-black hair. Until she had come to the house he had been happy. But now she was the centre of attraction while he, Simon, the son of the house, was a mere nobody, there to be tolerated but never to be loved.

At first he didn't mind the new arrival because she was so small and cuddly, but now, as she grew older, he realized that she was the all-important personage. Slowly but surely that detestable aloofness and dignity, which is the peculiarity of cats, began to show more and more in her character. It was not long before she ruled the house, her every whim was catered for, her every wish granted while he had to fend for himself. He never could understand his mother, whom he had always thought until now to be kind, considerate and understanding—but now she had turned herself into a devoted and adoring slave, blind to everything but the care and attention of her cat.

It was no wonder that as time progressed Simon began to hate the cat more and more. Every hour he plotted new tricks to practise on her; sadistic jokes to humble her and make her appear what she really was. But all to no avail, for his mother, ever groping forward in her darkness of adoration, saw only that her cat was being hurt and that it was her duty to punish as hard as she could the aggressor, even if it was her only child. Thus each little plot to bring about the downfall of this idol resulted in bringing physical pain and mental agony upon its originator.

As he grew older he slowly realized that this state of affairs could not exist much longer without something happening, something whose outcome would have terrible repercussions on his family. There was only one thing left for him to do. It was the last resort. By doing it he would bring untold grief to his mother. But if it were not done, then he could not guarantee what else he would not do. He made up his mind to do it and by one foul stroke end all this misery and wretchedness. The cat had to die, and in dying must throw no suspicion of guilt on him, else he would earn his mother's everlasting hatred.

She had to die. But how? How could this be accomplished without staining his hands with blood, without proclaiming to the world that he was the author of this dreadful deed. There was no easy way out. It could not be done by proxy. His hands would have to do the task. Now he

would have to begin planning right down to the last detail. Everything would have to be worked out—the time, the place, the method. All these would have to be planned and replanned. No murderer ever took such pains to cover his tracks. No assassin so assiduously checked and rechecked again all aspects of his deed. This would be no ordinary murder. This would be the result of genius, spurred on by a hatred no other human could ever equal.

At last the opportunity presented itself. His mother would be going away for the weekend, leaving, in her ignorance, the cat to his care and attention. Then he would do it. How? How could he do it? What did the cat do that was at all dangerous? She never went outside the garden for that would be to despoil herself. She never climbed trees, that was too undignified. There was absolutely nothing—unless . . . One of her favourite games, when her natural inclinations overcame her dignity, was to stand on the side of the goldfish pond and tentatively put a paw in the water in the vain hope of catching a sleek, shiny goldfish. But she never went too near for she knew that if she fell in she could never get out on her own, for the sides were steep and slippery. This was the chance he had been waiting for. Entice her to the edge and quickly but deliberately push her over, leaving her to drown.

How slowly the hours passed, how slowly did the day of salvation approach. At last it was the evening before and everything in his mind was ready. If anything had strengthened his resolve to carry on, it was that evening. Never had he been so sickened, so humiliated, by his mother. One would have thought she was leaving the cat for ever and not just for a couple of days. She fussed over it, she cuddled it, she crooned to it. At last it was time for him to go to bed, and with the step of eager anticipation he climbed the stairs, undressed, and lay on the bed. He couldn't sleep. He tossed, he turned, his body was a sponge soaked in sweat, his nerves a mass of shattering fire. Eventually he dozed off and sleep invaded his mind. Yet sleep gave him no respite. He could quite easily see the goldfish pond, and the cat, but something was wrong. Something was not as it should be, and he was afraid. Suddenly he realized everything was the wrong way round. He was the one standing on the edge of the pond trying to catch the goldfish while slowly but inexorably the cat, now many times larger than life, was coming towards him, a malevolent sneer on her mouth. He looked away with a shudder,

the sight was far too evil to look at. In looking away, he saw the pond again, but now it was no longer a pond but a deep, bottomless pit with the flames of hell scorching the sides. He was going to be pushed into it. He was going to die. It should have been the cat—not him. He woke up and it was Saturday.

With a sense of calm he watched his mother walk down the path, shut the gate, turn round and wave goodbye. But the wave was directed not at him but at the cat nestling in his arms. Now came the long vigil, waiting for the cat to return to the site of her play and to indulge again in her sadistic pleasures. But all Saturday passed and the cat did not stir from the house. As Sunday morning came, and Simon dressed for Church, he realized that the golden opportunity was slipping past, and would soon be beyond his reach. As he sat in Church listening to the sermon, he realized that murder was a matter of intention and it would be no worse if he dropped the cat in the pond. That was all he had to do; pick the cat up as he had once done when she was very young, carry her into the garden and drop her very gently.

When he got back to the house he first ate lunch and gave the cat hers. With a full stomach she would be a far more docile victim. After he had finished he washed the dirty pots and then went into the dining room. There she lay, sleeping peacefully in front of the fire. Slowly he bent down and took her gently in his arms. She did not move. She must have known what was going to happen since he could not keep his heart from beating furiously. She had accepted her end as a natural episode in the course of events. Gently he opened the door and walked down the path. At the end was the pond, serene and beautiful. But beneath its serenity it must have seethed, for it was to be the instrument of a murderer, the weapon of an assassin.

The moment had come. He was ready to drop her in to bring to an end this reign of misery. Could he do it? Think of his mother. Oh God, why did he have to be in this position? Why? Why? Why? It was over. She lay in the water slowly drowning but not struggling at all. Instead she looked at him, her eyes full, not of hatred or fear, but of pity for her murderer. Suddenly Simon was afraid. He should have been happy at his release but he wasn't. He had never been so afraid in all his life. He couldn't understand it. He felt as if he had been caught up in something beyond his ken, beyond human understanding, and he was afraid.

All this had happened fifteen years before I met Simon. In the five years I had known him, I think

I had come to understand him as well as anybody. He was a strange person and you could never feel really at ease with him. When you were with him you always had the impression that despite his apparent laughter and gaiety he was not really enjoying himself. Otherwise he had a normal life. He was reasonably interested in his job and from what I could gather had considerable talent. He had a flat in Kensington, a fast sports car, and all the luxuries he could ever want. His social life was full, with one exception; he was in his mid-thirties but had never fallen in love, indulging only in mild flirtations. However, one day changed his whole life, and for that matter changed quite a few people's lives. At the time we were sitting in a restaurant just off the Strand, having lunch, when she walked in. She wasn't very tall, but what she lacked in size she made up for in beauty. I had to agree with him that she was definitely out of the ordinary. Her hair was a jet black, her eyes a deep green, while she walked with a sinuous grace like a tigress stalking her prey. After studying her for a while I turned back to my companion. He was obviously impressed and had I not known him better I would have said it had even gone further. All of a sudden I wanted to leave the restaurant, not for any reason I could explain but just because there was an unmistakable air of evil in the place. But it was no use, for Simon would not leave until he had made the girl's acquaintance.

Their acquaintance developed into friendship and soon they were both very much in love. It was the speed with which this love grew that worried me for it seemed to increase at an abnormal rate, as if some power were driving them together. She was the docile partner, agreeing to everything he wanted, as if she wanted to be married to him at the earliest opportunity. It was this eagerness that eventually made me curious and I started to make enquiries about her. There was little known about her except that she was just twenty years old and that she was scraping together a living as a model. That must be the reason. She was out for his money. But if that were the case she was a very good actress, for her behaviour never showed any such mercenary tendencies. All the same I felt sure that her affection was not all it should have been.

It wasn't long before the banns were read and the date of the wedding was fixed. I have never seen a happier couple. Everywhere they went, everything they did, they brought happiness to those who came into contact with them. Being Best Man I had as much to do with the wedding as anyone else, and as time passed my doubts and

(Continued on page xx)

BRIGHTENING UP THE HOME

TODAY we are living in a drab and colourless world, and I feel sure that many readers will sympathize with the writers of the following letters:

'We have recently taken over a lovely residence in Lincolnshire. We have a delightful room with a huge window facing south and enjoying a view of the Lincolnshire plains. We have tenancy of the room for only a year, and unfortunately our landlord is responsible for its decoration and furnishing. We think that his taste is terribly mundane, for the walls are painted cream and green, while the furniture consists of a table, some hard wooden chairs and innumerable green metal wardrobes. In our opinion this arrangement lacks something, and we were wondering if you could suggest some little extras we might add to give the room that cosy, homely appearance.'

I fully understand that after a day's physical and mental exertion you need somewhere quiet and soothing to relax in. Obviously the harshness of your room is not at all suitable. Why not suggest to your landlord that you buy some foam-rubber easy chairs and a few of those delightful hand-carved coffee tables. Having brought some element of comfort to your place, we must turn our attention to the colour scheme. Here we must obviously find some contrast to those two awful colours. How about painting the water pipes a bright red and cover those large windows with some chintz curtains to match. This should certainly give the room a fresh, different aspect. Think how pleased your landlord will be when he visits the place to see how it is getting on.

* * *

'Our house is very large and impressive, with a high tower, large Grecian entrance with six graceful pillars all overlooking a sizeable lawn around which runs the drive leading to a spacious car park. Yet our home still lacks that indefinable something.'

Your house sounds absolutely delightful, and I am sure that it only needs the slightest of embellishment. Let's start with those pillars; if they are graceful use them, make them stand out, paint each one a different bright colour. Come now, your car park cannot be very useful these days. Here's your chance to provide a Moorish touch with intriguing patterns of ponds. Put fish in them, carp or dolphin are great fun. I bet you have not done anything with your lawn. Build a gay fountain in the middle; lay out a maze, clock golf and croquet. A pair of peacocks always make a pretty picture. Back now to the house for those final touches such as gay sun awnings and bright window boxes. Coloured lights and floodlighting

are pretty at night. That should do for a start at least.

* * *

'I have recently had the privilege of joining the R.A.F. and soon there will be a very important occasion. The A.O.C. will be making his annual inspection and the Flight Sergeant tells me that he will make a special point of looking at my room. I want to make a good impression. Could you give me any help?'

I think that the best way to make an impression is to show him your initiative and individuality by giving your room that homely appearance. Strew around a few books, some old socks and shirts, with a hockey stick or a shotgun to give that sporting touch. A small photograph of your A.O.C. in his younger days would not be out of place by your bedside. If you think that the colour scheme is not all it should be, why not stick some bright pictures to the wall. If you choose carefully they are sure to attract his attention. As a final touch leave a welcome drink on your cocktail cabinet.

DOCTOR'S CASE BOOK

AS usual this week has produced another excellent selection of your interesting and intelligent questions about the various complaints that unfortunately beset you. I have again chosen three or four of the outstanding ones, which I have reprinted below with what help and advice I can give.

'Recently, while flying, I have felt an excessive pressure on my nose, causing considerable pain and great difficulty in breathing. This is particularly acute when I pull "G." What do you suggest I do to alleviate the pain?'

I would suggest that you turn your 'bone-dome' the other way round.

My weekly prize of 12 dozen bottles of aspirin for the best letter is awarded this week for the following letter:

'My nerves are getting the better of me, doctor, and this is showing in many ways, but above all I suffer every night from severe insomnia.'

All I can say is congratulations on winning the prize—you need it.

'Every third week a great change comes over me. I get pink and blue spots before my eyes and searing pains in my big toes, while my hair begins to fall out. Is there any known cure for this?'

I cannot help you, but should you ever learn of a cure, please let me know. It's agony, isn't it?

SORTING THINGS OUT

WRITE to me about any problems on which you hesitate to ask the advice of your squadron commander. However difficult, however simple, I shall be intrigued to hear.

DO I LOVE HIM?

'My boy friend wants me to become engaged if he graduates in three months' time. I am 18. When he's away I pine, when he's home I am delirious. Yet I still worry in case I don't love him. My friends say they have a funny feeling each time they see their boy friends, but I don't—I just feel sick. Do I love him?'

I'm sure you do, and in the best possible way; it's nicer to feel sick than funny! No two people experience love in exactly the same way. Don't worry because your reaction is slightly unexpected. Your sickly happiness and sense of 'belonging' are sure indications that you have found the right partner.

DIVIDED LOYALTIES

'I had been going out with a very nice girl for several months, but gave her up because my S.U.O., whom I respect, felt that I was letting the Squadron down. I didn't see her for some time, but when I did she said she'd had no new boy friend since we parted, and wanted to renew our friendship. Now I am a S.U.O. I am conflicted by split loyalties. What shall I do?'

At your age conflicting loyalties can be a great problem. Why not write her a cordial letter saying you have changed your mind? Invite her out for a pint and a rock 'n' roll. If she agrees, be your gay, attentive, scintillating, debonair, normal self. If she refuses to see you—remember that an invitation to a Graduation Ball often works wonders with the reticent girls.

UNREQUITED LOVE

'At the last half-term Ball I met a girl with whom I immediately fell head over heels (she was not a good dancer either). We had a wonderful evening but unfortunately her coach left at midnight, before I had a chance to ask her name, or where she came from. Now I am left with only her shoe to remind me of a marvellous evening. How can I trace this girl of my dreams?'

I suggest you re-read the tale of Cinderella. You may find some help there. If not, perhaps your squadron adjutant can help you—remember he has had three years' experience of this sort of thing. If all else fails phone Whitehall 1212 or write to me again, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope, and I will send you some advice.

LET'S FACE IT CHAPS



WHAT YOUR GIRL NEEDS IS:

GOOD LIPSTICK



COCKTAIL CASE

£2-19s.—11d

A new lip colour formula that feels . . . looks . . . is entirely different. Eat, drink, smoke or smooch . . . the shimmering colour clings to you. Sets naturally, no blotting, drying or smearing. Smooth gleaming glossy lips—That's what MUSH WILL DO.

REGD. TRADE MARK

NEW ● ● ● ●

SHE needs a CREAM that stops perspiration and odour safely and immediately.

- 1 Instantly stops perspiration for one to three years.
- 2 Guaranteed will not corrode or tarnish steel, iron or brass.

*Don't fear that you're unfresh
be certain of it*

USE

ORRID

Obtainable at all hardware stores

PRICE: 3 pesetas or
2 current petrol coupons

*Does her skin show those
familiar warning signs:—*

1. Rough flaky patches.
2. Fine dry lines around the eyes.
3. A coarse, lined look to her white face.

Give her our New Harmonic Cream—

‘MUDD’

(Containing Yterberium X-Lociroyl Sarcosinate Acid)

REGISTERED TRADE MUCK

MORNING GLORY—continued from page viii.

‘A double please, Charles,’ I ordered, and by my side a voice said, ‘The same for me please.’ That voice, it must be! It was!

‘What are you doing here?’ I said.

‘It’s daddy’s day off and I challenged him to a game. So here we are.’

‘Your father’s here?’ I exclaimed, and there in the mirror I saw the reflection of a moustache.

‘I’m most frightfully sorry about last night, sir.’

‘Oh, that’s all right, old boy. Could happen to anyone, eh, what? I must push off now. See you at lunch, me dear.’

‘I’m sorry,’ I said.

After his hasty departure Elaine and I spent two glorious hours on the lawns. My mind was still not on the game, but I faced the task with joy rather than despondency. As we walked back to the Clubhouse I put forward a tentative suggestion about a date for the next afternoon. We soon arranged a sailing trip, and so with a light step and a jaunty heart I strolled back to my cottage.

The day dawned next morning and my heart was full of anticipation at the thought of the afternoon to come. With a leaping bound I sprang out of bed, threw back the bedclothes and looked upon a sight calculated to throw misery into the bravest of hearts. A fine drizzle was drifting across the fields, enshrouding everything in a dull grey mantle. Undaunted, I got everything ready and as I sped on my way the clouds cleared and the sun shone forth, turning the world into a glistening fairyland.

Elaine was ready and waiting for me and before long we were in a rowing boat, drifting towards one of the islands, a soft summer zephyr blowing in our faces. Gently the bow crunched upon the pebbles, lightly I leapt out. After drying my shoes and socks, we carried the luncheon basket to a quiet secluded spot, for lunch. After a delightful meal, Elaine lay back and dozed off. I rolled over on to the soft green turf and studied her. In repose she assumed an air of childlike innocence. She was an Alice in my Wonderland. Gently she opened her eyes and smiled. . . . She suddenly sat up, looked at me, and exclaimed: ‘Ants.’ She was quite right.

‘I’m sure it’s getting late,’ she said, standing on a pile of dead ants, half an hour later, ‘and Mummy will be awfully worried.’ The trip back in the boat seemed an eternity, particularly as we had lost the oars. Reaching land safely I leapt from the boat.

After emptying the water out of my shoes again, and after taking Elaine home, I walked back elated. In a flash my elation turned to abjectness for on the hall floor lay a letter from my office ordering me to leave for the West Indies within 48 hours. What cruel fate had done this to me, what evil muse had taken me away from England at a time when my whole being yearned to stay?

Next day gave me the last chance to see her for many months. With a heavy heart I drove to her house, determined that nothing would mar this precious day. Thus I went to meet my beloved, ready to store a picture of her in my mind to fortify me in my time of absence. I found her in the garden, painting the woodshed, her fair hair waving in the breeze, her cheek warm with the red glow of morning, her countenance daubed with paint. How could I tell her? How could I break the news? But the task was easy, for the pain in my eyes must have forewarned her of what was to come.

'I know, Richard. You must go away on business. Well go then, and remember I shall be waiting for you—always.'

We embraced and then hurriedly I left, the tears springing to her eyes. As I turned the corner of the house I looked back at her—as she stood there bravely trying to hold back the tears as they splashed into the paint pot.

Three days later I was in Jamaica talking to our district manager. After we had dealt with the routine business the conversation turned to the social life of the island and in particular the Governor's Ball which was that very night.

'Are you going with anyone?' the district manager asked me.

'No, not as far as I know,' I replied.

'Well would you mind taking my daughter Janette.'

'Not at all,' I said, hoping that my face did not betray my inner thoughts. With the delightful vision of Elaine floating before my eyes, I tried to conjure up a picture of Janette. On my last visit she had been at school, a freckle-faced, sun-burnt child with protruding teeth. Well, it would be a good opportunity to meet the other people of importance on the island.

It was about 8.30 p.m. when I found myself in the manager's hall, straightening my tie in the mirror. I didn't hear her step softly up behind me, just a sweet gentle voice murmuring 'Hello, Richard.'

I turned round with a jump and stood transfixed by the vision. . . .



Has She
Varicose
Veins?
then let
her have
"Lucretia"
Nylons

The only fully
fashioned 6-ply
woollo - nylons
on the market.

"LUCRETIA"
for lovely
legs

There's no substitute for Woollo-Nylons

For a Really
Spotless Skin
USE ONLY

★ SOAP
AND
WATER!

* REGISTERED TRADE MARK

*Is she becoming thin on top?
Do her friends call her baldy?*

Then drop a hint to her about that falling hair with our **MAGNISSIMUM** size (economical)

NUREMA

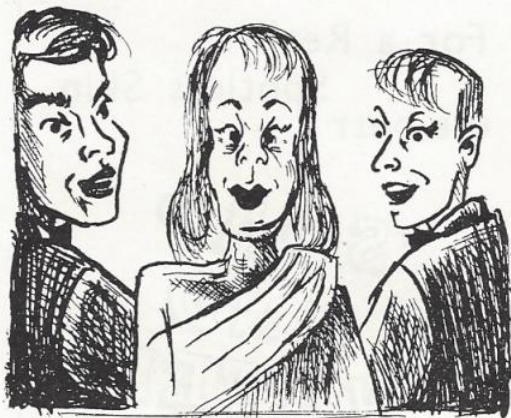
DIRECTIONS:

1. Make sure hair is free from grit and any obvious living organisms with our preparatory preparation VITRIOLA (CCL_4 HNO_3 A_5 + U_{238}).
2. Souse head thoroughly in NUREMA.
3. Rinse by immersing head in a bucket.

Head Office:
Waste Product Dept.,
Calder Hall.

Product of:
The Associated
Manur Heap.

WE SAID THEY WOULD
WORK WONDERS!



NOW aren't you proud at the way people STARE at her!

FULL CIRCLE--continued from page xv.

fears faded away and I entered into everything with a light heart. Soon the great day came and everything was ready. Simon, for once in his life, was wildly excited while Joanna was strangely calm and silent as if the wedding was just an episode in the natural course of events.

The wedding service was over and the bridal party was signing the register in the vestry. Soon they were on their way, the Bride and Groom in the first car, and a very relieved Best Man in the second. It was at the reception that I first noticed the change. No longer was Simon the dominant partner with Joanna hanging on his every word. Now she had unnoticeably taken command of the situation, and was managing everything quietly and efficiently. But I was much too busy to worry about it, and it was not until we were on the station waiting for their train to leave that I suddenly realized something was very wrong. Simon was very happy like a kid off on his summer holidays, but Joanna was silent and brooding as if some accident, some catastrophe was going to beset them. Had she been of a serious nature I would not have worried, but she had always been so full of life. It wasn't natural. Suddenly the whistle blew, and the train started to move off. That was the last I ever saw of Simon Lane.

The train seemed to go on, and on, and on. When would it arrive, so that he and Joanna would be truly on their honeymoon. This was going to be the most wonderful fortnight of his life. In a way it was a great pity they were going to spend it at the seaside, but it was the one thing Joanna had insisted on. However, he could sun-bathe on the beach while she went swimming. It was curious he had never learnt to swim, but he had always been afraid of water. Something about it reminded him of death.

At last they arrived and were soon at the hotel. It was a lovely room with a glorious view of the sea, which lapped around the rocks on the beach a few yards away. She had chosen the room because of the view which, she said, set her mind at rest. They had a lovely time for the first week, going everywhere and doing everything. Joanna was not keen to go swimming or, much to Simon's relief, hire a boat and row around the bay. They spent much of their time just lazing on the beach.

During the second week the weather turned even hotter and at times the heat was almost unbearable. It was then that Simon noticed that Joanna had started to become very keen on swimming, and on making him try to learn. Then, on the Monday, she persuaded him to hire

a boat, and row around the bay, keeping close to the beach. That was almost torture for him. The whole time he rowed his mind was in a perpetual fear, and the oars were damp with his sweat. After they had landed a kind of serenity came over him, and he felt like someone who had flirted with death, and was glad it was over, and yet glad that he had done it. The next day she persuaded him to go rowing again, and this time they went a bit farther out to sea. For some reason Simon was beginning to gain confidence, and on the third day he was beginning to enjoy it.

Then came Wednesday night. They had eaten quite a large dinner, and after dancing for a couple of hours they went to bed. Simon soon fell asleep but about 1 o'clock he woke up. Somebody was moving about in the room, quietly padding up and down, up and down, silently, stealthily. His heart was now beating furiously and his arms—he couldn't move them. He was paralysed and a couple of yards away that awful thing was walking slowly up and down, and there was nothing, absolutely nothing, he could do. Suddenly it knocked against a chair, the tension broke, and his arms were released from their fear. He switched on the light. It was Joanna who was walking up and down, her black hair tumbling about her shoulders, her eyes wide open, and staring, staring, into space.

He called her name once, twice, but she didn't answer. He got out of bed, grabbed her by the arms, and shook her violently. She suddenly went limp, and he found that she was fast asleep. Gently he put her to bed. His puzzled mind could not let him leave the problem alone, and morning found him a very nervous man.

That day, like all the rest, was fine and warm, and by lunch time Simon felt much calmer. After lunch Joanna suggested they should hire a boat again. Simon was not so keen this time, but Joanna seemed so eager that against his better judgment he agreed. The sea was like a mill pond, and after rowing out to sea for a while Simon felt so tired that he shipped the oars, made himself comfortable, and fell asleep. He woke a couple of hours later, feeling quite cold, although the sun was still high in the sky. He then noticed they had drifted well out to sea. He turned to Joanna, and started to ask her why she hadn't woken him earlier, when something made him stop. She was sitting back in her seat with half-closed eyes, looking at him with a hard smile around her lips that made him cold with fear. As he looked he wondered if he was going mad. Her black hair was blacker than ever, and seemed to be covering all her face. Her eyes narrowed into bright slits—

For Fractious Flight Cadets

"PLEASE FLIGHT SERGEANT —
LET ME CLEAN MY BELT
JUST ONCE MORE . . ."



IMAGINE FLIGHT CADETS pestering you to let them clean their belts again, yet that's just the way it is when you buy them LANCO, the blanco with lashings of luscious lavender, recommended by Air Ministry Pamphlet XYZ/1212 for its purity and kindness to tender young hands

IN FIVE PERFUMES

LAVENDER	DANDELION
COFFEE	CURRY
VIRGINIA CREEPER	

LELIA'S LANCO

THE ONLY BLANCO

Specially Formulated for Flight Cadets!

YOU CAN SLEEP ALL WEEK and be fresh, calm and composed for those hectic weekend London parties.

If you are tense and sleepless, cannot even get off during those afternoon Met. lectures, remembering during the day what you meant to forget in blissful sleep, and forgetting during the night what you meant to remember during the day—as it were; let US help you:

A dose of **ZIZZO** before drill every day will allow you to look forward to that **happy weekend**

USE **ZIZZO**

SOLE DISTRIBUTORS: A. J. SPROG, LONDON

For INTERIOR SANITATION



just like a cat's . . . just like a cat's. He then knew what fear really was. He tried to pick up the oars but his trembling fingers could not hold them. With a loud crack they fell into the bottom of the boat. Slowly she leaned over, took hold of the plug in the bottom of the boat, and with a laugh threw it over the side.

Simon watched, petrified. Then as the water poured, gurgling, bubbling, into the bottom of the boat he stood up, and threw himself over the side. He had to get to the shore. He must reach the beach. He had to tell everybody that he was married to a she-devil. But it was no use. His arms kept flailing the water, but his body would not keep up. Slowly he went under once, the green water slopping gently over his head. A second time he went down and everything was a blurred vision of red. There was nothing he could do; this was the end. As he went down for the last time he saw her swimming towards him, grinning like . . . a cat.

The funeral took place in London on 14th August 1950, four days after the tragedy, and that was the last time I saw Joanna for several years.

At the funeral she had seemed composed. I tried to speak to her as we left the churchyard, but she brushed past me as if I hadn't been there. The next news of her was a report in a newspaper that she had married again, a company director. Once again my curiosity got the better of me. I tracked her down, and found that she and her husband were living in South London. Wondering if she had changed, I telephoned her. She seemed very pleased to hear from me, and readily invited me over to lunch on the following Sunday. The way she spoke over the telephone told me that something had changed inside her, for her brittleness was gone and in place a genuine light-heartedness sounded in all her words.

That Sunday I started early, determined not to be late and knowing that in the maze of suburban roads I would be hard pressed to find the house first time. It turned out that the house was near the main road, and I turned into the street about ten minutes early. As I motored down the long straight street, I began to picture how Joanna would look. I didn't notice the child playing with the kitten on the pathway, till the kitten eluded his grasp, scuttled across the road, closely followed by the child. I slammed on the brakes but I hadn't a chance of stopping. I hit the child hard. From one of the houses there came a wild shriek. Joanna ran out of the gate, picked up the child and cradled him in her arms. We took him

inside the car, and I drove them to hospital. The child wasn't bleeding, he was only scratched, but I was afraid I had broken his leg. As it turned out I was wrong and that rest would cure the injury. The doctor assured us that there was no need to worry. I drove them back to the house and spent the rest of the day with Joanna and her family. I soon discovered that she had changed a great deal since last I saw her. It was as if a great burden had been lifted off her shoulders, as if she had been a prisoner and was now released. She quickly got over the shock of seeing John knocked down, and became cheerful. The evening passed pleasantly.

Feeling responsible for the accident I often visited John. His leg mended quickly and as soon as it was healed they took him to the seaside for a holiday. When he came back he looked a picture of health. I felt it was up to me to take him out somewhere. I eventually decided on the zoo, and the suggestion was met with wholehearted approval.

He felt calm today. All these years he had waited, restless, angry. Today was different. It was as if his purpose would be accomplished. He did not mind his surroundings any more; he did not object to all the people around him. He was at peace with everyone and everything. His serenity could not last. It was the lull before the storm of revenge and hatred. Soon the time would come, and he could rest, freed from the claims of fate.

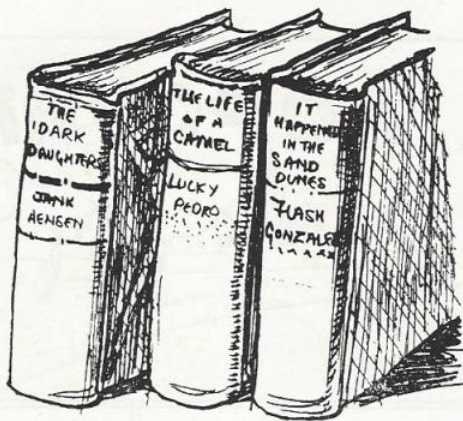
So one summer's day John, Joanna and I set off for the zoo. I hadn't been there for years so it was just as exciting for me in a way. We each had our favourite there. Mine was Mappin Terrace and the bears, Joanna's the sealions, while John's only wish was to spend his time in the lion house, which held a curious fascination for him. With deference to Joanna's wishes and the feeding time-table, we visited the sealions. They were delightful creatures, amusing all the crowd with their tricks except John, who was only interested in getting to the lion house. This desire to see the lions was curious, for it seemed to be something beyond the natural fad of a child. It was a desire spurred on by outside forces.

In face of this we could do nothing but visit the lion house and satisfy his wants. As we approached the house we could hear the animals roaring for their food, and the wild jungle sound sent shivers down my back. For John it was like a call to action. He perked up and quickened his pace. We arrived just before they were due to be fed, and stood amongst the crowd watching the keepers

prepare the raw meat while the captives padded round their cages in anticipation. As the keepers moved down the house, pushing the hunks of meat under the bars of the cages, we followed them, along with the rest of the crowd. We had just reached the end of the house when a scream came from the other end. I instinctively put out a hand to hold John. He wasn't with us. Joanna and I turned and looked at the place from which the scream had come. It was obvious what had happened. John, to have a closer look, had climbed over the barrier and had gone too close to the cage. As Joanna realized what had happened I heard her murmur, Oh my God, not this!

It was too late to do anything. I caught Joanna as she fainted and we laid her on the seat. Leaving her to an ambulance man I hurried to the cage. They were taking the body of John away. I left them to it and looked at the creature responsible for the tragedy. I read the name-plate. It said 'Simon, b. London Zoo, 10th August 1950.'

THE END



Completely Unexpurgated

AUTHORS INCLUDE :

JANK HENSEN

LUCKY PEDRO

FLASH GONZALES

Write to:

Box 60711111, The Slimes, London, W.1

CHILDREN'S COMPETITION CORNER

We are now able to print the results of last issue's competitions. If you can remember we asked you to give us your ideas on what you would like to do if you had a million pounds. The judges had no difficulty in deciding that J. Smith's entry from London was by far the best. Unfortunately the police got hold of the entry and confiscated it. We wish him the best of luck in his new school.

For this week's competition we offer some wonderful prizes. For the boys there are three brand new brightly coloured shiny bicycles, while girls will have three brand new brightly coloured shiny doll's prams. For consolation we offer 100 brand new brightly coloured shiny gob-stoppers.

All you have to do is send us, on a postcard, your estimation of the effect of Freud on the fishing industry.

LOVE IN THE CLOUDS—continued from page v.

Chris felt very much out of it. He knew no one else in Edmonton besides his sisters' and brothers' small circle of acquaintances. All he wanted was to find somebody as John and Susan had done, but it seemed impossible; until that one fateful day.
(To be continued in our next issue)

STORY—continued from page ii.


She glanced at the locked doors, the heavy curtains. She thought wildly of Johnny—her Johnny. Why had she been an innocent, optimistic fool? Why had she persuaded herself that there might be something decent about this man? Why hadn't she believed Johnny, who had said that Isaac Rosenbaum was utterly devoid of any civilized instinct?

'Maria,' pleaded the financier, 'no one need know—least of all Johnny. I shall be kind...'

She shivered. Her brain, still affected by the malted milk, placed one thing against the other. Johnny's future. Her self-respect. She wavered.

(Continued overleaf)





Take your
partner

THE party had been perfect beyond his dreams. At the rink next day Jack was happy to skate alone, to remember every moment . . . laughter and music on the soft night air; dancing under the coloured lanterns; then meeting Dizzy. Thrilled, he recalled Dizzy's voice as she told him how lovely he looked. He circled slowly, expertly, enjoying the sound of his skates sharp on the ice. 'Hullo you!' He spun round, hardly able to hide his delight as Dizzy glided past. 'I followed you' she called to him, laughing, 'forgive me?' He smiled teasingly 'Perhaps!' . . . Happy times for Jack—he looks his loveliest *every* day with his silky, glowing skin! Nithebuoy soap is his regular complexion care. Pure, mild, expensively perfumed, Nithebuoy keeps skin so soft, so smooth . . . have you tried it?

LOOK YOUR LOVELIEST
WITH - NITHEBUOY



AT HOME WITH ANNA TOHMEY

THIS week I had the pleasure of visiting the one hundred and twenty first lady of the British screen—Miss Anna Tohme. She lives in a delightful old-world house in a narrow lane just at the back of Wardour Street. With its chromium-plated curtains and luminous paintwork it blends gloriously into the background of costers' barrows and delicatessens. As I waited on the doorstep, the sweet smells of old London were overpowered by a haunting perfume which wafted against my nostrils. The door had opened. I was conducted inside by a huge gentleman with ham fists. He was wearing the decorations of many campaigns, fights and other activities.

I was not sure how I should find Miss Tohme in her own home for when she is driving about London she uses what she likes to call her 'publicity stunt'—a three-wheeled bicycle with racing handlebars. Anna always believes in giving her public what they want. But when I found her at home there was no ostentation. No vulgarity. She was wearing a simple five-strand pearl necklace, a haunting perfume and a Harris tweed negligé.

I asked her first about her new film which had just been given the new censorship classification: XXXX—XXVI—XXXVI. With a little prompting from her agent—a small bald gentleman with protruding eyes and a chest ailment which kept him panting for breath—Miss Tohme showed me the latest studio stills of her permutations, valued at £25,000.

During the second hour of the interview we talked of her future plans. In her quiet unaffected bovine drawl she told me of her future plans and her great ambitions.

'I want to be an actress. I'm fed up with people looking at me for what I've got and not what I can be.'

'Are you taking any dramatic tuition?'

'She passed A1B2 at Cranwill,' panted her agent.

'Who was her tutor?' I asked.

'Kaiser Bonder, the old maestro himself,' said the agent.

'Are you studying any authors,' I asked. Her agent had convulsions.

'Authors?' she drawled. The agent had more convulsions. 'Oh authors, yes,' she said, 'I think they write bee-utifully.'

After massacring this topic of conversation I turned to the all-important topic of marriage.

'Certain writers are suggesting that your marriage is having its little ups and downs.'

'Miss Tohme's ups and downs ain't never little,' panted the agent.

'I've never been so happy in all my life,' pronounced Miss Tohme. 'I at last know what love is,' said Anna, leaning forward as if I were a television camera.

'So this marriage has turned out to be a seventh heaven—in more ways than one?' I asked.

'Sure thing. I don't know where I would be without him.' (Footnote: He has been in America for the past two years.)

With this thought on matrimonial bliss singing between my ears I stepped out into the meadow of Soho. It had been a change to meet a performer so refreshingly different. Her personality was like a wind blowing straight from the countryside, as yet unsoiled by the big city. She was still a peasant girl who kept all her eggs in two baskets. Some girl! Some eggs!

FILM NEWS

'Six Gun Sam' (Spendid—N.W. London)

For those who want to see a Western which is a true follower of the art of the cinema, I advise them to dig this film and the deeper the better.

Now
YOU CAN GET ALL YOUR
GROCERIES
FROM
JOHN SCOTT & CO.
(LINCOLN) LTD.

Famous for Good Food for over 60 years

255, 255^A HIGH ST., LINCOLN
Phone 114-5

WEEKLY DELIVERIES IN CITY & COUNTY

★ Cocktail Party Delicacies a Speciality ★

THE
ROYAL AIR FORCE
COLLEGE



JOURNAL

CRANWELL JULY 1957

VOL. XXIX NO. 2



GROUP CAPTAIN H. N. G. WHEELER,
C.B.E., D.S.O., D.F.C., A.F.C., A.D.C.
Assistant Commandant, Royal Air Force College

THE ROYAL AIR FORCE COLLEGE JOURNAL

JULY, 1957 VOL. XXIX NO. 2.



CONTENTS

College Notes 121	Assessing a Cadet by Logic	159
Founders' Day, 5th February, 1957 126	Cranwell, a Recollection	160
Passing-Out Parade of No. 69 Entry 127	Survival Camp	163
Reviewing Officer's Address 127	Five Men in a Boat	164
Presentation of Wings and Prizes 128	Archaeology	167
Order of Merit 131	Archaeology from the Air	168
The College Museum 132	Excavation of an Anglo-Saxon Cemetery	170
The Turn of the Tide 133	Old Cranwellian Association Football	174
The Other Side of College Sport 138	Societies and Activities	175
Cranwell in Retrospect 139	Jazz Club, Canoeing, Pot-holing, Gliding, Fine Arts, Sailing, Dancing, Choral Society, Dramatic Society	
Old Cranwellian Notes 142	'I Killed the Count'	181
The Middle East in Turmoil 143	Lugry et Senuor Suprême	185
Heroes and Hero-Worship 146	Sport	187
Práha, 1956 147	Rugby, Cross-Country, Boxing, Association Football, Hockey, Fencing, Squash, Squadron Athletics.	
Worlds Asunder 150	Sovereign's Squadron, Chimay Competition and Prince of Wales' Trophy	195
High Flight 151	Letters to the Editor	198
Vehicular Vagarisms 153	Book Reviews	199
Random Jottings on the Turf 157		

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

and Printed by McCorquodale & Co. Ltd.

The Armoury, St. Thomas Street

London, S.E.1

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

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

The Assistant Commandant	118	First Interment Exposed	167
The Chief of the Air Staff unveiling Viscount Trenchard's Cap and Sword	122	Excavation of an Anglo-Saxon Cemetery	169
Presentation of the Sword of Honour	127	Hanging Bowl	171
Presentation of the R. M. Groves Memorial Prize	128	Ticehurst and Bentley	176
Prize Winners, Spring, 1957	129	Coriat, Atkins and Harrington	177
The Senior Entry, April, 1957	130	A Spirited Display	189
Harrington Steers	165	Inter-Squadron Rugby	193
A Norfolk Scene	166	Hockey, Boxing and Fencing—Cranwell v. Sandhurst	197

MANAGERIAL STAFF

Flight Lieutenant D. D. W. Nabarro (*Managing Editor*)
 Flight Lieutenant A. J. M. Farquharson (*Business Manager and Treasurer*)
 Flight Lieutenant C. S. Jackson (*Advertisement Manager*)

EDITORIAL STAFF

Managing Editor
 Flight Lieutenant D. D. W. Nabarro

Deputy Managing Editors
Activities: Flight Lieutenant P. Lund. *Sports:* Flight Lieutenant G. Porter

Editor
 Under Officer E. J. Walter

Sub Editors
Articles: F.C. A. P. Stock. *Sports:* F.C. M. C. Dicken. *Activities:* F.C. S. Lucas

Old Cranwellian Representative
 Flight Lieutenant I. H. F. Walmsley

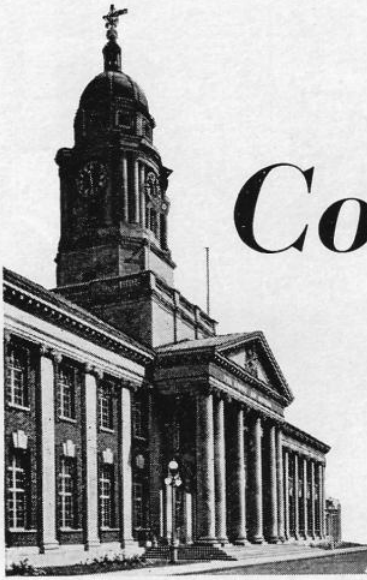
Sketches: F.C.'s R. W. G. Adams and T. V. Radford

Staff: F.C.'s C. A. Rainbow, M. J. Porter, T. Mermagen

Photographs: Sergeant D. Stanbridge, Photographic Section, R.A.F., Cranwell

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

THERE is a belief deeply rooted in the superstitious mind of man that if you wish to avoid some evil fate you do not mention it by name for fear of drawing it upon you. On this basis the cape originally called the most stormy one was cautiously renamed the Cape of Good Hope. In the same vein of *absit omen* and of warding off the evil eye the College planners leap straight from the Autumn term to the Spring term; the ominous word 'winter' must not be mentioned and if there must be a winter at Cranwell it should fall into the Christmas (not the Winter) vacation. For once this elemental trust was not misplaced. The events here recorded did take place in a climate which more closely resembled Spring than has ever been the case before. There was no serious interruption to flying or sport, and there was no occasion to put Operation 'Snowball' into effect.



The term was also remarkable in that the College for the first time since the Autumn of 1947 did not have to start a new term by facing the vagaries of a new Senior Entry. The thrice-yearly pilgrimage from the frying pan of the passing-out entry to the fire of the new Senior Entry for once did not take place. Owing to the extension of the course No. 69 Entry, to muddle the metaphor even further, remained firmly in the saddle. This entry passed out on the 9th April. The Secretary of State for Air, the Right Honourable George Ward, M.P., acted as Reviewing Officer. An account of the day's events is given elsewhere in *The Journal*.

At the start of the Summer term the College numbers 282 flight cadets, of these 18 are under training as Navigators and 39 for the Equipment and Secretarial Branches.

'C' Squadron remains Sovereign's Squadron for the Summer term, 1957.



On 5th February, the 37th anniversary of its founding, a distinct and definite period in the history of the College was marked when the cap and sword of its founder were laid up in the College building. Lord Trenchard had wished that these relics should rest in the College and thanks to the generosity of the Dowager Lady Trenchard this has now been achieved. A service of thanksgiving, a model of its kind for liturgical completeness, was held in the College Chapel after which the Chief of the Air Staff, in company with the Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief Flying Training Command and the Commandant led the way to the Founder's Gallery. The whole of the Cadet Wing was assembled in the Entrance Hall together with the Chaplains, representative officers and senior non-commissioned officers of the College Staff, and members of the domestic staff. Sir Dermot Boyle set the occasion in its proper context with the evocative address which we print on another page, and then unveiled the trophies covered by the College house flag. The simple but moving ceremony ended with the National Anthem.



The Chief of the Air Staff, Air Marshal Sir Dermot Boyle, unveils Viscount Trenchard's Cap and Sword



The Chief of the Air Staff took luncheon in the College with the Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief, the Commandant, the Assistant Commandant, the Chief Flying Instructor, the President of the Selection Board, the Director of Studies, the Unit Commander, Mr J. C. Nerney (the Head of the Air Historical Branch), the Mess Secretary, Mr H. Stratton of the Air Ministry Works Department, Mr H. Lager (Secretary of the Old Cranwellian Association), and the Senior Under Officers.

On his arrival at the College the Chief of the Air Staff had been received with a Guard of Honour.

Membership of the Executive Committee of the College Society has been widened and the flight cadet secretaries of the ten active sections are now full members. The Society has continued on its valuable but little-publicized work, usually in private but occasionally in the public eye.

The term saw a recrudescence of interest in debating. In addition to the small meetings of the initiates, full-scale debates were held. In the Senior Mess the motion 'That equality is a myth and that therefore political equality is a dangerous fallacy' was carried; while the Junior Mess regretted overwhelmingly the disappearance of the traditional British stiff upper lip. We thank Squadron Leader J. A. Wilson and Squadron Leader T. J. Mair who regularly hold the ring on these occasions.

The Dramatic Section of the Society gave a performance of 'I Killed the Count' by Alec Coppel on 1st and 2nd April. The play gave an opportunity, which was eagerly taken, for the portrayal of a wide variety of character parts.



Visitors to the College have included:

On 28th January the Under Secretary of State for Air, Mr C. I. Orr-Ewing, O.B.E., M.P.

On 4th February Major-General W. E. V. Abraham, C.B.E., who gave a lecture on 'Oil.'

On 8th February two German educationists Herren P. Neugenbauer and H. Ingensand together with Major G. Schmueckle and Captain A. Sanger.

On 19th February Sir Reader Bullard, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., who gave a lecture on the Middle East.

On 15th March Mr W. S. Porter, T.D., M.A., of Framlingham College, and The Reverend R. G. Lunt, M.C., M.A., of King Edward School, Birmingham.

Visiting preachers during the term have included:

On 13th January The Very Reverend Kenneth Riches, D.D., Bishop of Lincoln in the course of his first visit to Cranwell as Diocesan.

On 2nd February The Reverend T. E. Warner, M.A., B.Litt., B.D., Ph.D., Senior Chaplain at the R.A.F. Technical College.

On 24th March The Reverend C. B. Verity, M.A., on his last visit as Assistant Chaplain-in-Chief, Flying Training Command.

On 31st March The Venerable Kenneth Healy, Archdeacon of Lincoln.



The Queen's Colour was carried at church parade on 18th February, marking the 37th anniversary of the founding of the College.



Flight cadets have, without perhaps fully appreciating their good fortune, made as wide a series of visits as ever. During the Vacation parties visited Army units in Germany and R.A.F. Stations in the operational commands at home. On 28th February a small party visited the House of Commons. This date had been selected necessarily long in advance as the day on which it was most likely for a debate on

the Defence Estimates would fall. Events, however, confounded the prophets and instead the matter debated was the finances of the National Coal Board. Nonetheless drama was present in a sudden flare-up during question time.

On 5th and 6th May No. 69 Entry were the guests of Vickers-Armstrongs and the De Havilland Aircraft Company.

The postponed visit to l'École de l'Air, Salon, took place on 22nd-23rd March. The rugger and fencing teams upheld the honour of the College, which seems to have had to be as staunchly defended at the table.

The Dartmouth week-end took place on 8th-9th February and the Sandhurst week-end from 15th-16th March. On each occasion honours were equally divided.

The station sports teams had an extremely successful winter. The squash team won the inter-station competition, and the hockey team were only defeated during extra time in the final.



The Knocker Cup Competition, held on 16th February, was unique in that it was waterborne. In place of the usual gymnastic *tour de force* it comprised a series of dinghy drill practices. The winners were 'C' Squadron. 'B' won the Ferris Drill Competition on 9th March. This term it took the form of mounting a Guard of Honour with a Squadron standard.



Flight Lieutenant C. H. Bidie has completed his first season as Master of the Per Ardua Beagles and by any criterion it must be reckoned a highly successful one. Hunting started on 28th September and finished on 16th March. Hounds were out on 46 days and accounted for 8½ brace, only one day was lost owing to bad weather. Besides our many old draws, six new meets were held. Good relations with farmers and landowners have been maintained and supplies of fallen stock have built up. This has enabled Dick Thomas, the kennel-huntsman, to turn hounds out in a really hard and fit condition. In spite of increasing costs the hunt's funds have kept out of the red. Records show that some 1,000 people have hunted with the pack during the season.



Warwick Film Productions Ltd. were on location at Cranwell from 2nd-18th April. Filming took place during the passing-out parade and the rehearsals for it. At one of these rehearsals the Air Staff Instructor, duly costumed and made up, acted as stand in for the double of Field-Marshal the Viscount Montgomery. After the end of term 50 flight cadets volunteered to stay behind and act as extras, a task which 49 of them carried out with enthusiasm. The interests of the film company centred round the parade grounds, flight cadets' cars, gliding, instructional workshops and the A.S.P. The hard worked but imperturbable technical adviser was Group Captain H. J. Pringle, A.F.C. As we go to press the work in the studios is almost completed and even the script is well under way.

At the end of the Autumn term Group Captain D. H. Lee, D.F.C., handed over the appointment of Assistant Commandant which he had held since October 1954. The period of Group Captain Lee's appointment was of crucial importance in our history since it covered the period of planning for and achievement in the introduction of jet flying training at the R.A.F. College. It is possible that Group Captain Lee will be best and most gratefully remembered for his resolute determination that flight cadets should have time and energy properly to absorb all aspects of their training here. Whatever the strains and stresses in the programme he was insistent that the flight cadets having worked hard for a full day should have time left for recreation and that the whole course should proceed with a proper sense of rhythm. This insistence ensured that the young officer passed out not merely well instructed, but with a real foundation in his profession. During his tour of duty Cranwell was fortunate enough to bask in the reflected glory of Mrs Lee as a judge and breeder of Corgis of national repute. We offer Group Captain Lee, Mrs Lee and their family every happiness in their new appointment.

We welcome Group Captain H. N. G. Wheeler, C.B.E., D.S.O., D.F.C., A.F.C., A.D.C., who has taken up the appointment of Assistant Commandant. Group Captain Wheeler passed out from the College in July 1937. He was posted to No. 207 (Bomber) Squadron at Worthy Down. At the outset of the War he was engaged in Photographic Reconnaissance duties and by the end was concerned in the highest level of war planning. Group Captain Wheeler comes to us from the Air Ministry (D.O.R.).



Space does not allow anything but a bare mention of some of the other officers who have left the College staff since the last edition of *The Journal* went to press.

Pride of place must be given to Flight Lieutenant R. Pride whose reign as oldest inhabitant ended on 16th April. He had served two full tours (to run consecutively as the judges say) one as a Q.F.I. and one as Weapons Instructor. He was a courageous and vociferous goalkeeper in the Station hockey team, a stalwart cricket player, a sartorial monument and an artist whose services were constantly in demand, especially by the Little Theatre. We review elsewhere a book whose maps he had executed. Flight Lieutenant R. G. Lofting, A.F.C., captained our hockey team which reached the final of the inter-station cup and was also a welcome contributor to *The Journal*; Flight Lieutenant R. D. Feek ran the station tennis for several years; Flight Lieutenant L. Hollingworth was officer-in-charge of the College cricket; Flight Lieutenant P. Lovatt looked after college squash racquets and the team's farewell present took the form of beating Sandhurst in a quick, unprecedented manner. Flying Officer R. J. Scott was officer-in-charge of debating. We thank these and all the other departing officers for their contribution to Cranwell both on and off duty.



Petrol rationing inevitably curtailed the sports programme. Most heavily hit was the gliding, and all sports had to accept cuts in their fixture lists. On the credit side scarcity of transport threw the College more inwards upon itself for recreation and social life.

The Address by the Chief of Air Staff
on the Occasion of the Unveiling of Lord Trenchard's Cap and Sword
in the Founders' Gallery, Royal Air Force College,
on Founders' Day—5th February 1957

A FEW minutes ago we commemorated the 37th Anniversary of the founding of the College. It is most fitting that this day should also be marked by another and more personal reminder of Lord Trenchard, the father of the Royal Air Force and the founder of this College, for it is his name which today must be uppermost in the hearts of all Cranwellians and of those privileged to belong to our great Service. This memorial, at once simple and profound, is the presentation into your safe keeping of Lord Trenchard's Cap and Sword in accordance with his wishes.

This is not the time for me to speak of Lord Trenchard's work as the creator of the Royal Air Force; of the way in which he nurtured and developed it during its early days; of his prophetic appreciation of the tremendous potential of air power. Here and now we are remembering him as the founder, 37 years ago, of our College. In his now famous memorandum upon the establishment of the Royal Air Force, with which I am sure you are all familiar, he spoke of the necessity of replacing the Royal Flying Corps of World War I with a plant of deeper and more permanent root. It was at Cranwell that he caused the root to be planted. It was from this plant that the Royal Air Force of the Second World War grew to maturity and from the same plant springs the Royal Air Force of the future.

Lord Trenchard had the vision, in the face of weighty and prejudiced opposition, to foresee the need for the College. His was the force that led to its creation and his the pertinacity that realized his full ideal of a Cadet College which became, during his lifetime, the very heart and centre from which the Royal Air Force derives its vitality. In this place, as a constant and living memory of his work, the Service continually recruits its strength, and, year by year, upon each Founders' Day renews its inspiration.

Whenever you pass this place remember, first the man himself, whose portrait looks down upon you; the man of vision who served, with profound dedication, six sovereigns; the leader who embodied within the span of his lifetime all the history and tradition of our Service. Remember as well all that he stood for, which is well represented in the symbolism of the gifts. The cap, the symbol of authority, recalls the need for clarity of thought, for foresight and for vision amongst those who aspire to lead our Service. The sword, with its overtones of the usages of chivalry, represents the strength, the temper and the penetrating force of Air Power, while the scabbard denotes the humanity and temperance with which that power, by its mere existence, can sustain peace. These gifts will rest here as an inspiration and a challenge to both present and future generations of airmen who, by way of this College, pledge their lives to our Service.

Finally always remember the last words which Lord Trenchard addressed to the assembled College: '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 it you can do anything.' In the spirit of these words and in the shadow of his example let us all dedicate ourselves anew to the service of our Queen and Country.

Passing-Out Parade of No. 69 Entry

*Speeches by the Right Honourable George Ward, M.P.,
Secretary of State for Air, and the Commandant*

THE College welcomed the Rt. Hon. George Ward, M.P., Secretary of State for Air, as the Reviewing Officer at the passing-out parade of 31 flight cadets of No. 69 Entry on 9th April 1957.

Because of the extension of the course to three years, No. 69 Entry had remained at the College for a further term and they were consequently the first entry for eight years to occupy the position of Senior Entry for two terms.

The sky was dull and a cold gusty wind made conditions unpleasant, but not unusual, as the Cadet Wing marched on parade: 'B' Squadron, commanded by Senior Under Officer B. T. Sills, followed by the Sovereign Squadron, commanded by Under Officer P. A. R. Trump, then 'A' Squadron, commanded by Senior Under Officer J. R. Lees.

The Reviewing Officer arrived at 11.29 a.m., and 30 seconds later a formation of 16 Vampires of the Advanced Flying Wing heralded his approach to the dais. After the Advance in Review Order, and an inspection of the Cadet Wing, the Secretary of State for Air presented the Sword of Honour to Senior Under Officer P. C. Little, who commanded the parade, and the Queen's Medal to Under Officer P. A. R. Trump. For the first time on a passing-out parade the R. M. Groves Memorial Prize was presented. Senior Flight Cadet K. W. Hayr was the recipient.

In his address to the Cadet Wing the Secretary of State for Air said:

The Reviewing Officer's Address

In the years to come I hope that you who are graduating today will look back upon these ceremonies as a first step in one of the most interesting careers which a man can choose. I have very greatly enjoyed watching your Parade and I should like to compliment the Parade Commander on his very fine word of command and his handling of the Cadet Wing. I appreciate the hard work which you all put into it and I realize that it represents only one part of the very wide syllabus which you have all tried to master.

I expect that each one of you has read during the past month the varying reports about the future role and scope of the Royal Air Force. You will probably need no assurance from me that the role of our Service remains unchanged. It is a tradition, however, that it has absorbed and used with considerable skill equipment which has evolved more rapidly than ever before experienced by man and I emphasize this because like you I found myself, nearly twenty years ago now, wearing for the first time a pilot officer's uniform and flying badge, and a very proud moment it was and one which I am quite sure you will remember all your lives as I have. I want you to realize that for you, your parents and your friends, your own personal achievement in standing here today is as valuable and important as ever. You are, however, at the start of your careers and in the years



*The Reviewing Officer presents the Sword of Honour to
S.U.O. P. C. Little*



The Reviewing Officer presents the R. M. Groves Memorial Prize to S.F.C. K. W. Hayr

ahead you must keep your flexibility first and last, to be able to adapt yourselves to new techniques.

As graduates of this College you start with considerable advantages. The basic skill and studies which you acquired here are broad and firm; they are the backbone of your service in the R.A.F. No doubt in the last few days you have been given very good words of advice—indeed you are probably overflowing with them. However, it is my privilege as your Reviewing Officer to have the last say before you leave the R.A.F. College. On this I just want to say one thing which I believe comes above all else and which I hope you will think about in the days ahead.

Throughout recorded history the material equipment which man has used has been continuously changing, but the tangible qualities demanded of men have remained unaltered, and of these qualities I rate LEADERSHIP as the most important. And in this country we have been blessed in each decade with those who by diligence, skill and foresight have been leaders in all spheres of our national life.

From this College there have graduated during the past thirty-six years those who have become the leaders in our Service. As that torch

comes to you, carry it boldly by striving to excel in all that you do, carry it cheerfully by having confidence in your abilities, and carry it loyally in your sacred trust as a holder of the Queen's Commission.

Gentlemen, please accept my warm congratulations, and may I wish you every happiness and success in the future.

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:

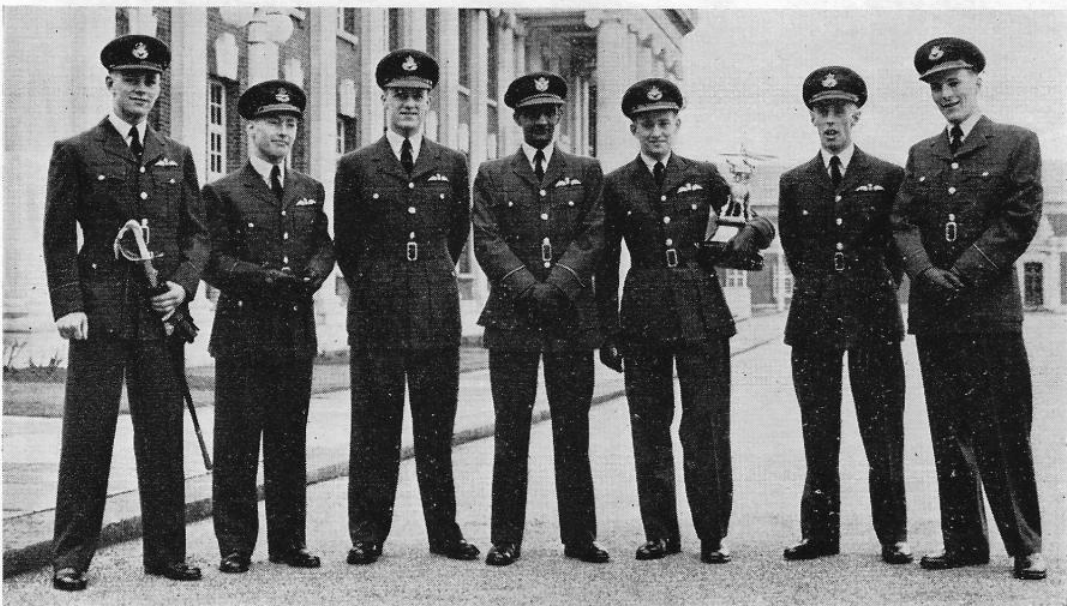
Tonight we are taking part in the Wings Ceremony, and although it is only one of a series of celebrations and ceremonies which come to an end only when exhaustion sets in at about 4 a.m. on Wednesday morning, it has a most important, a very special and quite intimate place in our College affairs. It is a family affair, less formal than the ceremonial parade of tomorrow, certainly more formal than the events of tomorrow night and particularly an occasion when I and the staff can welcome the parents, friends and relatives of the Passing-Out Entry and when we can all, parents, staff and cadets, join collectively together in wishing success to those members of the College who are leaving us to embark upon what we all hope will be distinguished careers in the Royal Air Force.

Although it is an occasion which we all share it is essentially their day and it is to them that I must speak. First of all I would like to congratulate them, both on their corporate achievements as an entry and on their individual achievements—those of you who have received the prizes I have just presented, those of you who have won your Wings and those of you who have successfully completed the Secretarial and Equipment studies. You all have good reason to be pleased and proud of yourselves today because you have succeeded and there is nothing in life so stimulating as success; the feeling that you have achieved something, that you have made a mark, that you have got somewhere. Well, this is a feeling that you can all, severally and collectively and with ample justification, enjoy today and which all of us at the College can share with you.

One often hears the expression 'money breeds money.' Personally I have never managed to test this particular statement, but I have

found ample evidence everywhere of the truth of the saying that 'success breeds success' and I commend it to you at this particular time when you are on the crest of a wave which I hope will carry you very far. The saying really means that when you have once acquired the taste for succeeding in any particular field of activity, and the self-confidence and enthusiasm which goes with it, you will want more of it and you won't be content with less. It is like a tonic in its effects, but unlike a tonic in the sense that it doesn't come ready made out of a bottle. Enthusiasm and self-confidence are wonderful assets but they need to be supported by a solid foundation of learning and experience. So far, and naturally, you have had very little actual experience, but you will acquire plenty of that in one way or another because the scope and variety of life and opportunity is large and the only thing I would say to you now is to advise you to seek every opportunity that comes your way of widening your experience. Don't be like the chaps who say 'I never volunteer—I'm happy where I am and my wife likes it too.' Be a volunteer always—learn something new—increase your experience and make yourselves valuable and sought after. Experience is largely a process of time and absorption but knowledge is in a slightly different category.

Now during the three years you have been here you had a good grounding in Science and the Humanities, you have the distinction of being the first entry to have passed out from the College wearing qualified jet-propelled Wings and you have learnt and practised something of the art, if I may call it that, of being an officer. As an entry you have done well in all these aspects of your education and you will find that the things you have learned here will give you a very considerable initial advantage over those of your contemporaries who have not had similar opportunities. I say initial advantage deliberately because the impetus you get from here is not going to last for ever; it is only a foundation on which to build your future, and unless you continue, consciously and positively, to add to that foundation, to build and to increase your mental stature and capacity, you will not maintain the aim which you set yourselves when you chose the College as your first step to a career in the Royal Air Force. (Although you are well aware of it I make no apology for emphasizing the aim of the College which is to produce the future leaders of the Royal Air Force. Not, you will notice, merely members of the Service but LEADERS.) And so resist what may be a pardonable urge to throw all your text-books and



PRIZE WINNERS, SPRING 1957, AFTER THE PARADE

From left to right: Pilot Officers P. C. Little, P. A. R. Trump, J. C. K. Baerselman, M. Yunus, K. W. Hayr, B. T. Sills, M. R. J. Seekings

note-books out of the window and to regard your education as complete.

There is often a tendency in the General Duties Branch to avoid any deep and serious study of the technicalities of our profession, to rely too much on the specialists and thus to lose the initiative and the power of decision based on a thorough understanding of all the issues involved. Where it exists this tendency needs resisting because we are inevitably moving towards a situation where the scientific and technical aspects of our profession take on more and more weight and importance and it is very necessary that the General Duties officer, in whom the command and control of air forces is vested, should have a profound grasp of the subject and be capable of a detailed theoretical as well as a practical approach to the complex problems with which you will be faced as you progress.

Although this is not perhaps the moment when you could be expected to be very receptive to any advice involving study, you must remember that a time will come when your value will depend as much upon the breadth of your learning and your mental agility as upon

your general ability as an officer and pilot, and you must cultivate your minds towards that time.

More important than knowledge and experience is the quality of leadership because, above all else, you have elected and been trained to be leaders and much of the instruction and the practice here has been directed to that end. You know the sort of qualities that are demanded and this is not the time to give you another lecture on the qualities of leadership, but there is just one aspect I would like to touch on and that is responsibility. Train yourselves to accept responsibility, to make decisions and not to side-step the issue because you are afraid of making the wrong decision. You will be more successful and useful, as officers, if you have a reputation for making decisions, even if some of them are wrong, than if you dodge them.

All organizations, of whatever kind, depend for their successful operation on levels of responsibility and decision. You will have seen how this works at Cranwell where between me, the Commandant, and you, the Senior Entry, who run the day-to-day affairs of the College, there are several levels of decision and where



THE SENIOR ENTRY : APRIL 1957

Back row (left to right): S.F.C. R. M. Baldwin, S.F.C. M. J. F. White, S.F.C. K. W. Hayr, S.F.C. R. W. Chandler, S.F.C. H. Buckham, S.F.C. M. R. J. Seekings, S.F.C. H. E. B. Mayes, S.F.C. C. R. B. Tickell, S.F.C. P. Bevan, S.F.C. G. P. Allen

Centre row (left to right): S.F.C. J. H. E. Thornton, S.F.C. M. Yunus, S.F.C. G. Ainley, S.F.C. R. D. French, S.F.C. R. I. Finch, S.F.C. R. F. Mundy, S.F.C. R. Feakes, S.F.C. A. B. E. Caiger, S.F.C. M. A. Hicks, S.F.C. K. G. Evans

Front row (left to right): U.O. S. A. Edwards, U.O. P. Walker, U.O. P. A. R. Trump, U.O. A. Mumford, S.U.O. B. T. Sills, S.U.O. P. C. Little, S.U.O. J. R. Lees, U.O. J. C. K. Baerselman, U.O. C. M. Quaife, U.O. B. D. Beggs, U.O. R. J. Bennet

the smooth and effective operation of the College depends on the people at each level making the decision appropriate to their rank and function. And so, always try and cultivate a correct attitude of mind towards levels of decision. If you can make the decision make it and don't pass the buck to somebody else. If you make mistakes you will be forgiven and in the process you will acquire both experience and the respect of your contemporaries and your superiors.

And now one last thought which I would like to leave with you. You have been here for three years and for the time being that is enough. The day after tomorrow you will go your separate ordained ways—your horizon and your loyalties will be wider and you will have a great sense of freedom. However, I am sure that like all Old Cranwellians, you will always have a strong feeling of affection and pride in the College although you may not like to admit to any such sentimental feelings. I hope that you will always remember what Cranwell has given you, and remember, too, that you are to a great extent indebted to the College. I hope, therefore, that you will cheerfully and readily seize the opportunity, which will come your way in due course, to return here as instructors and put back into the College what you have taken out of it. And leaving you with this thought I would like, on behalf of the College and all of us here tonight, to wish you members of No. 69 Entry a life of achievement and a full measure of success in the Royal Air Force.

Order of Merit

No. 69 ENTRY

General Duties Branch

- P. A. R. TRUMP, Under Officer: Queen's Medal; Air Ministry Prize for Commonwealth and War Studies; Soccer (Full Colours); Squash (Full Colours); Cricket; Sailing; Gliding; Music.
- J. C. K. BAERSELMAN, Under Officer: The Philip Sassoon Memorial Prize; The Royal United Service Institution Award; Shooting (Full Colours); Aeromodelling; Film Section.
- J. R. LEES, Senior Under Officer: Athletics; Soccer; Aeromodelling; Film Section; Gliding.

- M. YUNUS, Senior Flight Cadet: The Abdy Gerrard Fellowes Memorial Prize; Hockey (Half Colours); Pot-holing; Film Section.
- K. W. HAYR, Senior Flight Cadet: The R. M. Groves Memorial Prize; The Hicks Memorial Prize; Tennis (Captain, Full Colours); Rugby; Dramatics; Sailing; Film Section.
- P. C. LITTLE, Senior Under Officer: Sword of Honour; The J. A. Chance Memorial Prize; Rugby (Full Colours); Modern Pentathlon (Captain, Full Colours); Fencing (Half Colours); Swimming; Cricket; Boxing; Ski-ing; Film Section.
- B. T. SILLS, Senior Under Officer: The Dickson Trophy and Michael Hill Memorial Prize; Rugby (Full Colours); Debating; Gliding; Film Section.
- H. BUCKHAM, Senior Flight Cadet: Soccer (Half Colours); Cricket (Full Colours); Film Section.
- B. D. BEGGS, Under Officer: Soccer (Captain, Full Colours); Cricket (Half Colours); Sailing; Ski-ing; Motor Club; Film Section.
- M. J. F. WHITE, Senior Flight Cadet: Athletics; Rugby; Squash (Captain, Full Colours); Modern Pentathlon (Full Colours); Pot-holing (Secretary); Choral Society; Music; *Journal*; Choirmaster.
- K. G. EVANS, Senior Flight Cadet: Shooting; Canoeing; Film Section.
- H. E. B. MAYES, Senior Flight Cadet: Rowing; Gliding; Mountaineering; Jazz; Motor Club.
- R. D. FRENCH, Senior Flight Cadet: Squash (Full Colours); Photographic (Secretary); Film Section (Secretary); Debating; Music.
- M. A. HICKS, Senior Flight Cadet: Fencing (Captain, Full Colours); Modern Pentathlon (Half Colours); Mountaineering; Riding; Ski-ing (Secretary); Motor Club; Film Section.
- P. G. BEVAN, Senior Flight Cadet: Pot-holing; Archery; Film Section.
- C. R. B. TICKELL, Senior Flight Cadet: Swimming and Water Polo (Full Colours); Rugby; Sailing; Gliding; Film Section.
- R. FEAKES, Senior Flight Cadet: Radio (Secretary); Dramatics; Gliding (Captain); Film Section.
- R. M. BALDWIN, Senior Flight Cadet: Rugby; Music; Film Section.
- A. MUMFORD, Under Officer: Rugby (Full Colours); Athletics; Cross-Country; *Journal* (Editor); Film Section; Debating.
- P. WALKER, Under Officer: Soccer (Full Colours); Tennis (Full Colours); Cricket; Chess; Archery; Film Section.

R. F. MUNDY, Senior Flight Cadet: Rugby; Cricket; Motor Club; Film Section.

S. A. EDWARDS, Under Officer: The École de l'Air Trophy for French Studies; Hockey; Riding; Dramatics; Pot-holing; Film Section.

R. W. CHANDLER, Senior Flight Cadet: Cross-Country (Half Colours); Athletics (Half Colours); Pot-holing; Dramatics; Film Section.

J. H. E. THORNTON, Senior Flight Cadet: Soccer (Full Colours); Swimming (Full Colours); Water Polo (Captain, Full Colours); Boxing (Half Colours); Riding; Mountaineering; Film Section.

Equipment Branch

C. M. QUAIFF, Under Officer: Rugby (Full Colours); Shooting; Pot-holing; Music; Sailing; Film Section.

A. B. E. CAIGER, Senior Flight Cadet: Modern Pentathlon (Full Colours); Fencing (Full Colours); Golf (Captain); Cross-Country;

Riding (Secretary); Choral (Secretary); Music (Secretary); Sailing; Film Section.

G. AINLEY, Senior Flight Cadet: Gliding; Music; Mountaineering; Film Section.

Secretarial Branch

M. R. J. SEEKINGS, Senior Flight Cadet: Air Ministry Prize for Secretarial Studies; Cricket; Soccer; Sailing; Debating; Motor Club; Film Section.

R. I. FINCH, Senior Flight Cadet: Arnold Barlow Memorial Prize; Boxing (Half Colours); Rugby; Cricket; Dramatics (President); *Journal*; Music; Film Section (Secretary).

R. J. BENNETT, Under Officer: Shooting (Captain-Full Colours); Cross-Country; Mountaineering; Dramatics; Printing (Secretary); Chess; Photographic; Motor Club; Film Section.

G. P. ALLEN, Senior Flight Cadet: Rugby; Boxing (Captain, Full Colours); Cricket; Mountaineering; Sailing; Dramatics; Film Section.

THE COLLEGE MUSEUM

An Appeal

IN common with many other Service institutions the Royal Air Force College is to have a Museum devoted to its past achievements, and recording its progress and growth from the moment of inception to the present day.

Plans are now in hand for the first section, dealing with the earliest days up to 1932, and many exhibits of interest have already been collected or promised. Despite this, however, it is obvious that a vast quantity of absorbingly interesting material must still remain in the hands of the multitude of people who were connected with Cranwell during its formative period. Anyone possessing such relics is asked most earnestly to donate them to the College Museum, where they will be preserved and treasured, serving as reminders of a distinguished past and as inspiration for the future.

It is particularly hoped to honour by the inclusion of personal mementoes distinguished Old Cranwellians and ex-members of the staff. Naturally much material of this nature will be very precious to its owners, be they the officers concerned or their families and friends, but it is only by asking for such extreme generosity that the College can hope to equal, and perhaps surpass, the superb displays in the collections of other Service Museums.

Everything received will be preserved with the greatest care, and its source acknowledged. If anyone has any doubt—all types of exhibit are wanted, from snapshots and press-cuttings to uniforms and medals—they are invited to write to the The College Librarian, Royal Air Force College, Cranwell, Sleaford, Lincs., who will be pleased to correspond with all who are interested in this project.

THE TURN OF THE TIDE

by Arthur Bryant

Based on the War Diaries of FIELD-MARSHAL VISCOUNT ALANBROOKE

Messrs. Collins, the publishers, and *The Sunday Times* who own the serial rights, have kindly allowed the *Journal* to print parts of *The Turn of the Tide*. It is a privilege and a pleasure to present the following extracts

THIS realisation that to try to be strong at every point was to be weak at all was the essence of Brooke's strategy. He had to defend more than two thousand miles of coastline in Great Britain and Northern Ireland, of which at least eight hundred miles were assailable—a frontage twice as long as that which the joint French, British and Belgian armies had failed to hold in May. For this he had, in theory twenty-six, and in practice only about fourteen weak divisions. And though the Germans could not simultaneously attack all that vast coastal circumference, provided they could cross the sea at all they had a wide choice of landfall, for, owing to their geographical position, they could dominate the air over the landing beaches everywhere between the Wash and Bristol Channel.

From Narvik to Biarritz the foe was now ready. The swastika rose over the Channel Islands; Mussolini's legions, outnumbering Wavell's few by nearly ten to one, prepared to march into Somaliland and Egypt; the Japanese sharpened their swords at the gates of Hong Kong. While the procession of barges floated down the rivers and canals of Europe towards the Channel ports, the columns of grey and steel moved to their appointed places, and the great, black, laden aeroplanes gathered on the airfields of northern France, Belgium, Holland and Norway. It was part of the strategy of invasion to keep the defenders guessing, and a continuous stream of rumours and reports, any one of which might be true, flowed into G.H.Q., London, from the Continent. Three days after the Commander-in-Chief had been compelled to surrender part of his scanty armour to defend the Nile Valley, and just as he was about to fly from London to the south-west, he received news of an impending attack on Scotland. "Swayne," he wrote on the 13th,

"called up early to inform me that Admiralty had received accurate information that Germans in Norway had embarked on night of the 11th and that they expected invasion in the north."¹

Later that day, after inspecting coastal defences from Exmouth to Weymouth with the Prime Minister, Auchinleck and Montgomery, Brooke witnessed an air battle over Portland that might have been the prelude to a descent on the Dorset coast.

"We found a German plane which had just come down. Pilot was all burned up, but, as 500-lb. bomb was in the débris which was burning, we did not stop long. Finally flew back from Weymouth, arriving Hendon at 6 p.m. Went to St. Paul's School to find out situation before going home."

Meanwhile another report arrived that Austrian mountain divisions had been seen in the Pas de Calais equipped with mules for climbing the Kentish and Sussex cliffs.

On August 15th, the Luftwaffe struck the all-out blow—the *Adlerangriff* or eagle-attack—which was expected to destroy the R.A.F. as the Polish, Belgian and French air forces had been destroyed. Eighteen hundred aircraft, nearly thirteen hundred of them fighters, attacked England in successive waves. The feature of the day was a raid on the Tyne by a hundred bombers and seventy escorting fighters from Norway and another on the Yorkshire coast. Imagining that every available fighter would be thrown into the battle over south-eastern England, the Germans expected to find the north bare to their assault and to be able to subject its factories and harbours to an inferno of uninterrupted low-level bombing. But true to the classic principles of war, Dowding had kept in reserve seven squadrons, temporarily withdrawn for rest from the south, and stationed them in the north-east to guard against the blow.

¹ *Diary*, 13th August, 1940.

As the bombers with their escort of slow long-range fighters neared the Northumbrian and Yorkshire coasts, they were assailed by Spitfires and Hurricanes warned of their approach by Radar. Though most of them managed to cross the coast they were forced to jettison their bombs at random, doing little damage except to houses and losing nearly a quarter of their number. Altogether in the day's fighting the Luftwaffe lost seventy-six aircraft or more than twice the defenders' thirty-four. And though, in the confusion of continuous lightning dives and pursuits, both sides seriously overestimated the other's losses,¹ the Germans suffered their first decisive defeat of the war. So shaken were they by their casualties, especially among the bombing crews, that Goering issued an order that no aircraft should fly with more than one officer and that, to economise effort, attacks on Radar sites should be discontinued in favour of airfields and factories. In this, however, he profoundly miscalculated. For the Radar stations were Britain's eyes and enabled the R.A.F. to parry his blows despite the odds.

A subject to which Brooke devoted almost as much time was air co-operation with ground troops. His experiences in France had made him a fanatic about this. He maintained the closest relations with Fighter Command, at whose Headquarters at Stanmore he had worked before the war when commanding Anti-Aircraft Command and whose Commander-in-Chief, Air Chief Marshal Sir Sholto Douglas, was an old friend, having been his fellow Instructor at the Imperial Defence College. "After lunch," he wrote on June 4th, "went out to Stanmore to discuss with Sholto Douglas the question of protection of fighter aerodromes and also the question of fighter support for military forces in the event of invasion. I found him all out to help and full of assistance. It is a great help having worked with him for two years at the Imperial Defence College." Later that year Brooke was greatly struck by a demonstration Sholto Douglas arranged for him by cannon-firing fighter aircraft attacking lorried infantry and guns.

"... Most impressive. There is no doubt that the single-seater multiple machine-gun fighter is destined to play a serious part in ground attacks. Left to their own devices they could destroy long columns even spaced out at 150 yards between vehicles. I must take steps to provide for their

¹ Owing to the fact that on hotly contested days several pilots inevitably claimed the same machine, during the Battle of Britain the British claimed the destruction of 2,698 enemy aircraft and actually destroyed 1,733, while the Germans claimed 3,058 and destroyed 915. *The Royal Air Force, 1939-1945.* (H.M.S.O.) I, 190.

protection in future. The cannon-aircraft may, when equipped with a heavier gun . . . become a formidable weapon against tanks."

Brooke was always pressing for specially trained and equipped squadrons to serve with the Army, and here he found himself at cross-purposes with the R.A.F. planners, whose aim was to achieve the end he sought, not by the use of aircraft operating under direct military command as under the German system, but by winning unchallenged strategic and tactical control of the air.

"December 9th, 1940. In the afternoon conference by Anthony Eden on the new Army Co-operation Command of the Air Force. . . . Deplorable situation as regards Army Co-operation generally. No machines and not likely to materialise for some time. . . ."

"May 13th, 1941. . . . Attended second 'Tank Parliament' 10 Downing Street. Beaverbrook took the chair to start with when we discussed maintenance and spare parts. Next item was Air Co-operation, and assembly was enlarged for this. . . . Before we had finished I became a bit heated and attacked Air Ministry strongly as regards recent attitude towards Army Co-operation. P.M. backed me strongly and meeting was great success."

Of this meeting Brooke wrote afterwards:

"This was at a time when the . . . attitude was growing fast that the war could best be won by a vast bombing effort. . . . The Air Ministry looked upon the re-entry of the Army on to the Continent as most improbable and probably quite unnecessary. As a result, the main effort was directed towards production of large four-engine bombers quite unsuitable to Army Co-operation. The old Army Co-operation planes were dead, no new ones were being produced and, what is more, method and doctrines of co-operation between land and air were going to the wall. It was from the Army's point of view a continuous battle, and one that was not easy to fight, as the Air Ministry took the attitude that they, at any rate, were actively engaged in killing Germans, and that it was improbable that the Army would be able to do so in Europe."²

Yet, despite his differences with the Air Ministry, Brooke was the most air-minded of soldiers. He was always trying to train troops to use the air, and he became the chief British exponent of the use of airborne forces.

Hitherto, apart from the Prime Minister's heroic directives, first issued in the forlorn summer of 1940, for the training of commandos and the building of landing-craft for amphibious operations, Britain's only hope of winning the war had been by attack from the air. Until the

² *Notes on My Life, IV, 272.*

summer of 1941 she had been fighting single-handed against a far better armed enemy in control of almost the entire western coastline of Europe and with a population at least three times her own. Even after Russia's entry into the war, until the Red Army's counter-attack at the end of the year, it had seemed unlikely that Britain could look to any permanent military aid in Europe. She had, therefore, based her plans on the air and, having won the Battle of Britain and gained fighter ascendancy over the Channel, had started to build a force of four-engined bombers which it was believed would one day mete out to the Germans, with interest, the hell they had inflicted on others. The objective was still remote, for this force at present consisted only of some fifty heavy and two hundred medium bombers, and, owing to the difficulties of target-finding at night and the strength of the German air-defences, it had been able so far to accomplish little. Despite the Government's determination to mount a major air offensive at the earliest possible moment, the British aircraft industry, concentrated almost exclusively between 1938 and 1940 on fighter production, was still not geared to turn out heavy bombers in large numbers. Yet under the direction of the Chief of Air Staff, Sir Charles Portal—a former Commander-in-Chief of Bomber Command—massive preparations were being made for an assault on the German homeland. Offering as they did the only prospect of winning the war for a Britain fighting alone, they were enthusiastically supported by the Prime Minister.

* * *

The dilemma of American and British leaders alike was that their commitments were still far heavier than the means for carrying them out. The Anglo-American agreement to prepare for an early invasion of Europe had increased these without doing anything to enlarge the means of meeting them. Because the Americans had undertaken to assemble a force of 3,500 operational aircraft in Britain by the spring of 1943, they could no longer afford to allocate to the R.A.F. the planes—a third of the latter's estimated supply for 1942—which they had agreed to make for it and on which it had been counting. The same decision to subordinate everything to a cross-Channel invasion aggravated the competition for the R.A.F.'s resources between Bomber Command, the Royal Navy and the Army. That spring the British Air Staff's area-bombing policy had been inaugurated with the disappearance in flame and rubble of the first two German towns selected for the fate of Rotterdam and Warsaw. Though

Bomber Command's new chief, Sir Arthur Harris—a man of bulldog resolution after Churchill's own heart—had as yet only a fraction of the armada of 4,000 heavy bombers which had been planned, his and Portal's eyes were steadily fixed on the distant vision that had sustained them as they watched the London blitz from the Air Ministry roof two years before¹ and which, in the teeth of many set-backs and difficulties, its officers and men had been gallantly pursuing for two barren, unrewarding years.

Yet at the very moment that the new four-engined bombers were starting to flow from the production lines, both the Admiralty and War Office began to clamour for the deflection of air effort to naval and military ends. In order to defeat the mounting U-boat offensive, the First Sea Lord asked both for increased allocations of long-range aircraft to Coastal Command and for the bombing of German submarine bases. In order to build up a force able to storm and maintain itself in north-western Europe in the face of the *blitzkrieg*, the C.I.G.S. demanded a tactical air force without which he was convinced from bitter experience any bridgehead in France would become a death-trap.

"With the P.M. in his present mood and with his desire to maintain air-bombardment of Germany," Brooke had written before the American visit, "it will not be possible to get adequate support for either the Army or the Navy."² The decision to start immediate preparations for a cross-Channel operation aggravated the dispute about air-support for the Army because it made it so much more urgent.

"April 13th. A bad C.O.S. with much loss of time and interruption trying to frame up reply for Marshall. Then lunch with Portal and Freeman to settle 'off the record' the differences between Army and Air Force. Evidently little hope of arriving at any sort of settlement."

"April 29th. . . . At 6.15 I went to Cabinet meeting where we were intended to discuss the future operations on the Continent. But instead we got involved in a heavy discussion on Army Support from the Air. I became involved in heated discussion with Secretary of State for Air. . . . However P.M. backed me up, and rubbed into Sinclair the necessity for devoting more love and affection to those Air Forces destined for Army requirements."

"May 18th. . . . Lunched with Sinclair, Grigg and Portal to discuss Army air requirements. We made no headway at all, and are exactly where we were before. The situation is hopeless and I see no

¹ "I said out loud as we turned away from the scene: 'Well, they are sowing the wind.'" Sir Arthur Harris, *Bomber Offensive*, 52.

² *Diary*, 19th March, 1942.

solution besides the provision of an Army Air Arm. . . .”

‘I always felt that this lunch party had been organised between Sinclair and Grigg because it was considered that I was being obdurate on the question of lack of co-operation on the part of the Air Ministry. I think, however, that as a result of this lunch Grigg realised, better than he had before, the lamentable situation that prevailed as regards air co-operation with the Army. I know that I had up to then always been strongly opposed to a separate Army Air Arm, and it was only out of despair at seeing nothing done for the Army that I had reluctantly altered my views.’¹

“*May 19th.* Difficult Chiefs of Staff meeting at which we discussed Army and Navy air requirements. It led in the first place to heated arguments between me and Portal, and subsequently between Pound and Portal. I had obtained agreement on a certain number of points but had to carry forward several for the Defence Committee to settle. It is a depressing situation, and the Air Ministry outlook is now so far divorced from the requirements of the Army that I see no solution to the problem except an Army Air Arm. . . .”

“We are now reaping the full disadvantage,” Brooke wrote to Wavell, who was bombarding him with requests for military aircraft, “of an all-out independent air policy directed towards the bombing of Germany. As a result we are short of all the suitable types of aircraft for support of the other two Services. It is an uphill battle to fight, as the Air Ministry at once takes cover behind the War Cabinet’s continual desire for an all-out policy of bombing directed against Germany.”² Yet both Brooke and Portal were seeking the same end by different means: the command of the air over the battlefield on which the British Army would have to fight in Western Europe. The decision to attempt an invasion within the next year made it seem indispensable to each of them to carry his point, though the means for doing both at once were not as yet available. The C.I.G.S. felt that air-ground co-operation was as necessary for victory as tanks and artillery. The Chief of Air Staff knew that, once command of the air had been won, everything else would be added and was opposed to tying up machines and men in non-operational training at the moment when he needed to employ every available aircraft, airman and factory in the air offensive against the Luftwaffe.

On the morning of Wednesday June 17th the final decision was taken and the time of departure fixed for that night. The Eighth Army was in full

retreat, its vehicles streaming in interminable column along the highway to the Egyptian frontier while the Germans closed round Tobruk, and the R.A.F., withdrawing from each improvised airfield at the last possible moment like a bird before a cat, kept up an attack on the enemy so fierce and continuous that there was scarcely any molestation of the defeated army from the air.

* * *

Moreover, as Hitler reminded those of his generals who advocated withdrawal to shorten the vast circumference they were now defending, it would be perilous to yield any part of the space that was needed to cushion the Reich against invasion and air bombardment. Though the first might seem far away, the second was already a terrible reality. The vulnerability of Germany’s western factories to the growing might of the British and American air forces showed the danger of allowing any approach from south or east that might bring the Allies’ bombers within range of the war industries of Silesia, Austria, Bohemia and of the Rumanian oilfields. For, despite heavy casualties, the R.A.F.’s offensive Battle with the German night-fighters and anti-aircraft defences was being doggedly maintained.³ At the end of May the manufacturing city of Dortmund suffered the worst raid so far of the war, nearly a hundred thousand people being rendered homeless. In June more than half Düsseldorf, the Manchester of the Ruhr, was burnt to the ground. In the second quarter of the year 35,000 tons of bombs, nearly three times the total dropped on London in the blitz-autumn of 1940, fell on Germany’s greatest armament-producing district, while a raid in May by a squadron of low-flying precision bombers—a feat rivalling in daring the historic exploits of Drake—destroyed the Möhne dam. All the while, the Reich was kept in a state of constant alarm by nuisance-raids by small, fast, high-flying aircraft. “The Fuehrer,” reported Goebbels, “is exceedingly impatient and angry about the lack of preparedness on the part of our Luftwaffe. . . . We must try to develop counter-measures as fast as possible, especially reprisal attacks. Otherwise, sooner or later, the war in the air will become unbearable for us. . . . The London public fears that a German air *blitzkrieg* will suddenly break out again overnight. Would to God that we were in a position to do it!”⁴

¹ *Notes on My Life*, V, 399.

² Brooke to Wavell, 5th May, 1942. Lord Alanbrooke, *Personal Files*.

³ During the attacks on the Ruhr in the spring and summer of 1943, 628 British bombers and nearly 6,000 highly trained airmen were lost.

Goebbels, 21st, 22nd May, 1943

Yet now that Nemesis for the evil they had done had begun to overtake them, the reaction of the German people to misfortune was more stoic than either the British Air Ministry or their own propaganda chief expected. The destruction of their cities might seem unendurable, but they endured it. They were controlled by a ruthless, highly organised despotism whose leaders, having risen to power by makeshifts, were accustomed to extemporising. The normality of Germany's civil life in the triumphant epoch that followed her conquest of Europe was succeeded in her stricken industrial towns by a sudden state of national emergency. Factories vital to war production were rapidly rebuilt, often underground or in eastern and southern districts outside the reach of Bomber Command, and their workers rehoused in the surrounding countryside or in temporary, mass-produced huts.¹ Owing to the ease with which Germany had overrun the Continent in 1940, her war economy had never been stretched like that of Britain, and there was still plenty of slack. With more than six million foreign and slave workers to draw on, she had ample industrial, as distinct from military, man-power. Her weakness lay rather in over-extended defence lines and communications and shortages of raw materials. Bomber Command's offensive gravely aggravated these, but its effect on Germany's labour force was not what its authors had hoped.

* * *

"After the conference I rushed back, lunched early, changed into plain clothes, and started off with Portal and a Mr. Campbell for Lac des Neiges to fish for two days. Campbell was there to look after us and we were to go to a camp owned by a Colonel Clarke who was also coming out with the P.M. and family. They were to stop at a lower camp and join us on the lake. After sixty-odd miles of road, mostly through the bush, we arrived at the lake and embarked in motor boats for the camp some two miles up the lake. There we found a

¹ "Those who are not needed in the cities must get out. . . . Small houses will be built in very large numbers. They are to have a bedroom for the parents, another one for the children with double-decker bunks, and a place for cooking." Hitler's Instructions of 11th August, 1943, quoted *Hinsley*, 229-30.

delightful camp (log-hut) with sitting-room, dining-room, dormitory, guides, canoes, etc."

"Portal and I started fishing at once. I was getting on very well in an excellent spot when to my horror up turned Winston with Clarke and I had to turn out. . . ."

"However, before dinner I had caught ten lovely trout averaging 1½ lbs."

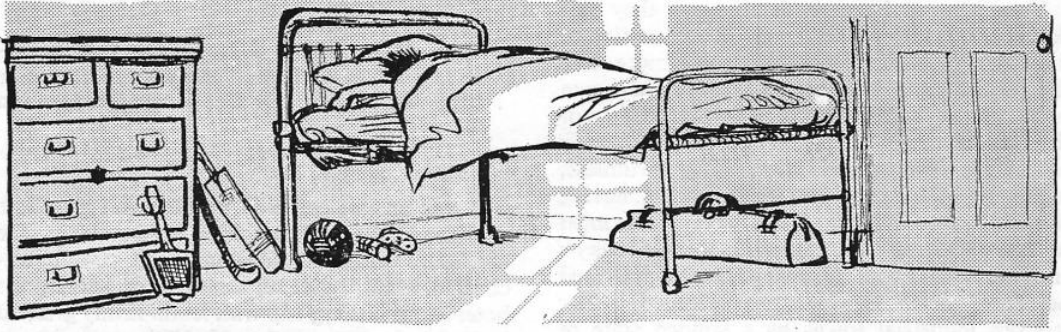
It was on this occasion that the A.T.S. officer who had noticed the steel map-case in the C.I.G.S.'s hand at Addison Road station discovered what it was. As she saw him leaving the hotel for his fishing trip with it still firmly grasped in his hand, she turned to his Military Assistant, Colonel Boyle, and said, "Good Lord! Does the C.I.G.S. always take his secret maps about with him on these sort of jaunts?" At which Boyle replied: "That is a 'Top Most Secret' specially built fishing-rod, suitable for practically any type of fish or fishing which might present itself anywhere in the world. He wouldn't dream of letting anyone else look after it—it's much too precious."²

"August 26th. *Lac des Neiges*. Portal and I got up at 6 a.m. Pouring rain and damned cold. We fished practically all day, and finished up with forty trout again averaging about 1½ lbs. and best about 3 lbs. Also was an osprey at close quarters as he sat about fifty yards from me, a Great Northern diver, a spruce partridge and a black duck and a falcon which I thought was a 'duck hawk,' but am not certain."

"The lake is a grand wild spot with virgin woods running down to it on all sides, which they are cutting for pulp-wood. Bears frequent them, and one frightened Louise the cook when she walked out to empty slops behind the camp some time ago."

"August 27th. *Quebec*. Another 6 a.m. rise to find a glorious morning but the lake shrouded in mist. It did not last long, however. Portal and I had tossed the previous evening as to who should go up and who should go down the lake. He won the toss and had a wonderful morning with fifty-five trout, whilst I caught nine. However, we changed over at lunch and I followed him in the spots where he had been and caught forty-five. So I finished the day with fifty-four trout over 1½ lbs. average, including several of about 2½ to 3 lbs. . . . I have never had such lake fishing."

² Communicated by Mrs. M. C. Long. "Brooke," said Andrew Cunningham, "would always travel with a long tubular metal map-case which he would let no one else touch."



The Other Side of College Sport

THE controllers of policy at the College seem to be convinced that battles are won on the playing fields of Cranwell. If they are right, England need have no doubts about her security while grass continues to grow on the North Airfield. Everything is done to ensure that all are occupied on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons in the pursuit of physical fitness to an extent that the heroes of the past can scarcely have known.

Even so, there are many roads open to the experienced exponents of Middle Eastern gymnastics or the hypochondriacs who are adept in the art of 'injuring' themselves without the discomfort of actual physical damage. While a simple room check might be thought to satisfy anyone concerned that all cadets are keenly inhaling the fog-laden air of Lincolnshire, the aid of the College stalwarts is easily enlisted and is always most effective. Against the years of service these veterans boast, any Under Officer might as well study the sports log with his eyes shut for all the hope he has of catching anyone in bed.

On the other hand, for those who lack the nerve or barefaced effrontery to lay in bed on sports days, there is always the Shooting Team, in which one may assume the horizontal quite legally while making holes in pieces of cardboard. Unfortunately the noise level is hardly conducive to true relaxation until one is really experienced. An added advantage is that in this way one can actually gain the prestige that others have to risk bodily injury to attain.

A less satisfactory means of 'skiving' is to be in a College Third Team or, better still, a reserve, when one can be seen in sports kit without the necessity of active participation. Here one is in a position of the 'three bags full, sir' conversation with the most senior officer one feels competent

to address. Being fresh and alert, it is easy to make the exhausted, muddy, scruffy and smelly captain look a tongue-tied moron after the game when he tries to explain 'why we lost, sir.'

Apparently there are people, a minority of course, who look on sport as an end in itself, or as a means to bodily fitness. There were some at school, but even they have to struggle here at the College, poor souls, whoever they are. These twisted characters are laughed at by their fellows, called masochists by the Medical Officer when they try to get off drill, and are finally chopped because of injuries acquired in the course of their sports. Cross-country and Boxing Teams take note!

Other sports come under the heading of 'Activities,' and success is achieved only by being an official in one of these societies. There is the Ski-ing Club and the Sub-Aqua Club—the members of the former who went to Scotland for their thrills are applying for honorary membership of the latter; the Riding Club and the Beagles, who should amalgamate and really make a go of it; and the Potholing and Mountaineering Societies, whose members are constantly changing places in the hope that the other may be less arduous. Once in these societies it is very difficult to escape and the best thing is to go on paying the subscription and never be seen. This way no one knows you and you are still a member as far as the Squadron Commander is concerned.

Having 'told all,' and perhaps too much about the official sports, it is probably best to say nothing about the other sporting commitments of the average cadets. The little excursions to Digby, Retford and Lincoln and Graduation Balls are for the attention of the pens of no one, not even this gentle scribe.

P.W.

Cranwell in Retrospect—A Woman's View

WHEN I was asked to write this article for *The Journal* I at first felt very flattered, but, on thinking it over, I had qualms. *The R.A.F. College Journal* caters entirely for male readers; it was like being asked to write for *Men Only*. The cosy note suitable for women's magazines would be as out of place as frilly curtains in an Officers' Mess. But even at Cranwell, men need women somewhere in their lives, so perhaps *The Journal* may occasionally voice a feminine point of view.

Looking back on our arrival at Cranwell, I remember that I felt apprehensive: it did not sound as though it were at all my cup of tea. All the men who had been there said it was wonderful. The reverent affection a man feels for his old school is puzzling and rather funny to a woman, who usually feels nothing but revulsion for hers. I listened to my husband and other old boys reminiscing about Rugger, and old So-and-So's high jinks at guest nights, and wondered how I could fit into such a hearty, masculine world. It seemed that my function there—apart from watching Rugger in a north-easter and cricket in a south-wester—would be to maintain a high standard of Gracious Living at the Lodge, and to behave at all times with dignity and decorum.

I was soon put to the test. Within 24 hours of our arrival at the Lodge we had a venerable bishop to stay, plus his even more venerable wife. They did not long survive their visit, and once or twice I wondered whether I should—for the wife was somewhat eccentric, as well as old and frail. The Bishop was to preach at the first Church Parade of the term—my first ceremonial occasion. My husband announced that we must all be ready on the doorstep at 23½ minutes past ten. Our three children were in a state of wil edxcitement at the space and splendour of their new surroundings, and it was with difficulty that I got them all lined up and presentable by zero hour. Mrs Bishop tottered downstairs in a vintage hat and a summer dress.

'It may be cold in church,' I warned her.

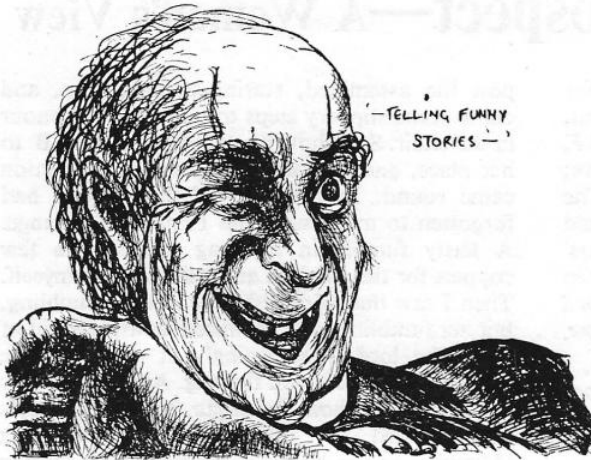
'I shall be all right,' she replied. 'I have put on my woollen petticoat,' and she lifted up her skirt and revealed a formidable garment of brown stockinet. The display was interrupted by a 'Time to go!' from the A.D.C., and he and my husband, medals clinking and buttons winking, ushered us into the official hearse and off we swept to the church. I was somewhat shaken to find that we had to march right up the church,

past the assembled, staring congregation, and climb some slippery steps to our seats of honour in the choir. Somehow we manœuvred Mrs B. to her place, and all went well until the collection came round. In the rush of departure I had forgotten to make sure that I had some change. A hasty fumble in my bag produced a few coppers for the children and a shilling for myself. Then I saw that Mrs Bishop was also fumbling, but her fumbling only produced an assortment of pills. She looked imploringly at me while the flight cadet waited with the bag. As I handed her my shilling the choir, the organ, and Bill Bangay's Band ended the hymn with a resounding 'Alleluia.' In the hush that followed the shilling dropped from the old lady's fingers with a clang and rolled away, while the entire congregation stared with interest at their new Commandant and his family. Mrs Bishop grovelled on all fours among the hassocks. I leant across her, snatched the bag, and passed it on to the sniggering children before their pennies also dropped.

We had so many episcopal visits during our time at Cranwell that I eventually became quite nonchalant about them, and learnt to cope with any emergency—such as a bishop discovering a rent in his breeches just as he was setting out for a College Guest Night, and having to be stitched up *in situ*—or the awkward moment that occurred when we were entertaining a round and jolly one, who enjoyed the good things of life. He was sitting opposite to me after lunch, telling funny stories to two politely attentive flight cadets, when I suddenly noticed that the zip-fastener of his trousers had proved unequal to the strain and was slowly opening. It was a situation not foreseen by my book of etiquette. . . .

To return to our early days at Cranwell—the Lodge soon became home—a very lovely one—and we settled down to living there in the style of pre-war country gentry. I became used to being treated like the Queen, and secretly rather enjoyed it, though I was always unnerved at being saluted by passing flight cadets. I never knew how to respond. A cheery wave? A dignified bow? Usually I compromised with a sickly grin.

I soon discovered that games were by no means the be-all and end-all of life at Cranwell. There were literary and dramatic activities, concerts, lectures, country sports—something for every taste. Between us my husband and I have a pretty wide range of interests, so we were perpetually out of breath from trying to pursue as many of them as



possible *and* keep up with our duty assignments. I acquired some new interests, too, becoming a Rugger fan, and, even more surprising, a teacher. I found myself instructing some of the flight cadets in French. Whether they learnt anything is doubtful, but I did—and not only French.

Entertaining and being entertained took up a great deal of our time. As well as bishops, we fed and sheltered authors, politicians, film producers, scientists, and, of course, officers from our own three Services and from overseas. We count ourselves lucky to have met so many famous and interesting men—but celebrities are not always better company than other people. Some of our pleasantest evenings were those when we entertained members of the College staff. Often their highly individual personalities would generate heated arguments, yet one felt that, in spite of differences, they were all working together for the good of the College.

On Sunday evenings we used to invite some of the senior flight cadets to supper. I often wondered how they felt as they stood on the doorstep, and what they said to each other when they walked away down the drive, or departed explosively by car. Did they look on my husband and me as pompous ogres, or as slightly absurd old fogies, to be humoured with polite small talk? Whatever their thoughts, they were usually excellent company. It was amusing to try to draw them out and discover their opinions on various College matters; sometimes they were remarkably frank, and we would have a very instructive evening.

It was part of our job to maintain good relations with the local people. They were so hospitable and friendly that this was not difficult. Thanks to their kindness my husband was able to

enjoy plenty of shooting, and I became happily involved in horsey activities. These sometimes upset our domestic harmony, as when the Commandant once sank into bed in the small hours after the Old Cranwellians' Dinner, to be awakened ten minutes later by the clatter of hoofs under the window, followed by triumphant neighing as the pony—an incorrigible escapist—danced a jig on the freshly rolled tennis lawn.

A glance through our Cranwell scrap-book gives an idea of our gay and busy life. Here I am, smiling determinedly, as I give away the prizes at the Inter-Squadron Athletics—here is the Commandant on a Welsh mountain—here we both are, very relaxed, dancing a reel—visiting Sandhurst—watching a flying display with a

French general—the Commandant receiving the Duke of Edinburgh. Finally here is the Lodge party setting forth for a summer Passing-Out Parade, the men bowed before the gale, the women wrapped in furs and clutching their hats.

I love dramatic occasions, ceremonies, and excuses for buying a new hat, so I adored Passing-Out Parades, in spite of the nervous strain beforehand. The atmosphere during the last weeks of the term was as frenzied as that in a newspaper office when it goes to press. The Commandant became more and more immersed in reports and speeches, and we hardly had time to discuss domestic arrangements. When we did exchange a few words between parties, they would be something like this:

I: What V.I.Ps will be coming this time?

Commandant: I haven't heard yet.

I: But it's next week! Well, whom shall we ask to dinner to meet them?

Commandant: Oh, the usuals—the Assistant Commandant, the D. of S., perhaps one of the Squadron Commanders. The C.-in-C. isn't bringing his wife, so we must find an odd woman.

I: H'm—what about Mrs A?

Commandant: Too odd.

I: Mrs B?

Commandant: She talks of nothing but horses.

I: Mrs C, then?

Commandant: She doesn't talk at all—but still, she does look nice. Now, what are you giving us to eat?

I: Well, I thought of duck, but we can't get three in the oven, so it'll have to be steak again—and smoked salmon to start with—if we can raise enough fish knives—but the big question is, what am I going to wear? Not the old black *again*

—and what are we to do about the children? They break up on the same day.

Commandant: Oh Lord! Well, come on, we shall be late!

That cry was ever ringing in our ears, so off we would rush, with nothing decided. Yet somehow, thanks to the Lodge staff, things would be under control when the Great Day dawned. The Parade never failed to impress me. My husband would be critical, and say afterwards that it was a good or a bad parade, but to me it always looked good—unless somebody actually fell down or dropped his rifle, which never happened. I always had a lump in my throat when the newly commissioned officers marched off into the College to the strains of Auld Lang Syne, but it hardly had time to form before a new senior under officer strode out to take over the Parade, and we would begin wondering what next term's Senior Entry would be like.

After the Parade came the social part of the day—enjoyable, but a strain, remembering who was who and keeping the visitors purring. At lunch in the Dining Hall, I used to look round at the gleaming silver, the flowers, the waiters deftly serving delicious food—and think what a high standard of Gracious Living I had to compete with here. Husbands or sons might well be hard to please at home after living in such

style. I wasn't sure whether to consider the Mess Secretary my friend or not.

The Ball in the evening was no strain at all, except on the feet—for the distinguished guests had gone, and we could relax and enjoy ourselves *en famille*. The next day would seem very quiet, no cadets scurrying between College and classrooms, the sky empty and silent except for the larks. One felt flat and a little melancholy—another term and another Parade were over, another batch of cadets had moved on, just as one had got to know them.

At last the time came for us, too, to move on. As we drove away down the Ancaster Straight, I looked back at the College tower shrinking on the horizon, and remembered my misgivings on first seeing it. How absurd they now seemed! I had wondered how I could fit into such a male world: I was now so deeply dug into it that to leave was a painful wrench. We had had a wonderful time in every way—met interesting people, made many friends, learnt a great deal, and I had had, above all, the great satisfaction of taking part, in a small way, in my husband's job—the best job he ever had. So, if other wives feel, when their husbands are posted to Cranwell, that it's a Man's Place—let them take heart. There's plenty for them there, too.

J.E.



I OFTEN WONDERED HOW THEY FELT — !



OLD CRANWELLIAN NOTES

APPOINTMENTS

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

- Air Mshl the Earl of Bandon (1923) to be C-in-C. Far East Air Force.
- Air Mshl Sir Claude Pelly (1920) to be Air Aide-de-Camp to the Queen.
- A.V.M. J. Marson (1924) to be Director General of Technical Services at Air Ministry.
- A.V.M. H. D. Spreckley (1924) to be A.O.C. No. 24 Group, Technical Training Command.
- A.V.M. G. B. Beardsworth (1923) to be S.A.S.O., H.Q. Technical Training Command.
- A.V.M. A. Earle (1928) to be A.O.C. No. 13 Group, Fighter Command.
- A.V.M. J. L. F. Fuller-Good (1921) to be Commandant General of the R.A.F. Regiment.
- A.V.M. J. N. T. Stephenson (1926) to be Assistant Chief of Air Staff (Policy).
- A.V.M. L. W. C. Bower (1928) to be S.A.S.O., M.E.A.F.
- A.V.M. E. J. Corbally (1927) to be A.O.C. No. 61 Group, Home Command.
- Air Cdre W. H. Hutton (1926) to be Director of Manning at Air Ministry.
- Air Cdre J. D. Melvin (1933) to be Director of Organisation at Air Ministry.
- Gp Capt H. N. G. Wheeler (1935) to be Assistant Commandant, Royal Air Force College, Cranwell.
- Gp Capt P. H. Cribb (1936) to command R.A.F. Oldenburg.
- Gp Capt W. I. C. Inness (1934) to H.Q. Allied Forces Mediterranean.
- Gp Capt N. C. Walker to Air Ministry, Department of A.M.S.O.
- Gp Capt S. W. B. Menaul to command R.A.F. Lindholme.

The following Old Cranwellians have recently been located:—

- R.A.F. Gutersloh*—Flt Lts C. H. Walker (1947), F. R. Lockyer (1948), P. J. Giddens (1948).
- R.A.F. Oakington*—Flt Lt G. H. Baker (1951).
- R.A.F. Strubby*—Flt Lt A. S. J. Whitwam (1951).
- R.A.F. Worksop*—Flt Lt D. J. House (1950).
- R.A.F. Feltwell*—Flt Lt D. C. A. Lloyd (1948).
- R.A.F. Sylt*—Flt Lt G. C. Taylor (1950).
- R.A.F. Little Rissington*—Flt Lts R. Dick (1950), P. H. Lewis (1950).
- R.A.F. Hullavington*—Flt Lt M. J. P. Walmsley (1950).

MARRIAGES

We congratulate the following on their recent marriages:—

- Flt Lt R. Hollingworth (1948).
- Flt Lt R. S. Blockey (1951).

BIRTHS

We congratulate:—

- Gp Capt L. D. Mavor (1935) on the birth of a son.
- Flt Lt R. B. George (1947) on the birth of a son.
- Flt Lt S. H. R. L. D'Arcy (1948) on the birth of a daughter.
- Flt Lt E. V. Mellor (1948) on the birth of a daughter.
- Flt Lt W. F. Jacobs (1948) on the birth of a daughter.
- Flt Lt R. C. F. Peirse (1949) on the birth of a daughter.
- Fg Off J. A. F. Green (1951) on the birth of a son.

DEATHS

We regret to have to record the death of Flt Lt M. A. Crook (1952).

RETIREMENTS

- Air Mshl Sir Francis J. Fressanges (1921).
- Flt Lt P. M. Armour (1947).

The Middle East in Turmoil

by Squadron Leader M. Daud, Pakistan Air Force

THE term Middle East is often loosely used. Some tend to include in it the entire Muslim inter-continent stretching from Maghreb in the west to the outskirts of Indus in Pakistan, and from Turkey in the north to the southern reaches of the Nile valley. Though knit together by the common ideology of Islam the region is much too vast and heterogeneous to be considered as a compact political or strategic entity. The scope of this article is comparatively modest and limited. It deals mainly with the Arab League States of Egypt, Syria, Iraq, Saudi Arabia, Jordan and Lebanon—as also the incongruous disruptive little State of Israel.

Pakistan, the symbol of Muslim renaissance, guards the Eastern gateway to the Middle East, without forming an integral part of it. It constitutes the first vital line of defence against any communist threats to the Indian sub-continent. A friendly Pakistan can play an important role towards the 'containment' of Communist Russia, and the Western Powers are fully conscious of it. Because of this strategic position and its vigorous advocacy of Muslim interests, Pakistan has acquired an importance in Middle East affairs slightly in excess of its inherent strength.

The Middle East has been the fulcrum of world politics for the greater part of the twentieth century. The British and Russians have all along been struggling for supremacy over what may be termed the nerve centre of the old world. The central European Powers periodically butted in to claim their share of the spoils. But their incursions have generally been sporadic and short lived. Napoleon at one time planned to spread his tentacles from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean, but his dream did not materialize. Hitler's grandiose plan of conquest and expansion did not specifically include this area. He wanted to secure a decisive victory over the Allies in their own home lands, and hoped that the Middle East would automatically form a part of the booty. In the late thirties, however, a new force began to make itself felt in the Islamic inter-continent. This was the growing power and prestige of the United States of America. It began with the securing of some oil concessions in the Arab world and looked apparently averse to the old concept of territorial imperialism. Its process of infiltration promised to be slow and unobtrusive but the outbreak of the Second World War suddenly hastened the pace, and America at once

became a vital force to be contended with in Middle East affairs.

The Middle East derives its importance from two sources, its geographical position and its oil resources. Lying on the crossroads of three continents, Asia, Africa and Europe, it has governed the trade routes between the East and West ever since the dawn of modern history. Before the Cape of Good Hope was discovered this arid and inhospitable land almost monopolized the inter-continental trade, and in spite of what Kipling may have said, it was one of those rare regions where the East and West did meet. The opening of the Suez Canal in 1869 resurrected its old heritage. But the mythical affluence of Baghdad and Bokhara could not be regained. Strategically the region had become even more important than before, but the Middle East had ceased to be the distributing centre of world wares. The merchant vessels passed through the Red Sea like sealed hermits, casting very little of their benedictions on the wayside.

Strategically the region has always been considered vital as the gateway to India. Great Britain for long enjoyed unrivalled mastery over the coveted land and Russia never reconciled to Great Britain's profitable 'burden of civilizing the underdogs.' Early in the twentieth century the discovery of oil suddenly boosted up the strategic importance of this region. The Middle East was no more a means to an end. It had become a rich and coveted prize on its own merits. Oil was vital both for prosperity in peace and success in war. The Middle East promised to be the richest oil-producing centre outside the U.S.A. The big World Powers recognized it and at once jumped into the fray for carving out their spheres of influence. The Allied victory in the First World War gave them the upper hand, and under the guise of protectorates, mandates, sheikhdoms and concessions, the region was split up into a large number of tiny principalities, each calling itself a nation and few enjoying the privileges or even the semblance of sovereignty.

But their size did not thwart their natural urge for freedom. Torn by petty rivalries, and bogged by administrative ineptitude, the populace continued to simmer with discontent under colonial or imperialist bondage. This yearning for emancipation took various forms in different countries but yielded no positive results until the conclusion of the Second World War.

About the Second World War it has often been said that it ruined the victors and the vanquished alike. This is certainly not true of America and may or may not be true of others. But the blending together of such incongruous elements as the capitalists and the communists was bound to have far-reaching effects. The communists gained a foothold in territories previously denied to them, and the colonial powers, in spite of the ultimate victory, had lost in the bargain. Their economy had been disrupted. They had lost their markets and had to lean on American support for sustenance and rehabilitation. The dependencies were agitating for liberation. Russian jibes, threats and relentless propaganda were becoming unpalatable. The United Nations provided a forum for the downtrodden to ventilate their grievances and America seemed to sympathize with them. She declaimed territorial imperialism as both out of date and unprofitable. Occupation was only a means to an end. This end was mainly economic and could more easily and less obtrusively be achieved through commercial channels.

In spite of some delay and defiance Britain and France had to give in to the cold logic of circumstances. The mandates gradually vanished, the protectorates were dissolved. Iraq and Syria did acquire the semblance of sovereignty. Libya became an independent country. Jordan's allegiance to the U.K. was rechannelled through the Arab Legion and its erstwhile chief, the fabulous Glubb Pasha. Egypt discarded the 1936 Treaty and ousted the British troops from the Nile valley.

The colonial powers watched their supremacy dissolving in thin air with dismay. But, in spite of their general retreat, they made sure of two things—preservation of economic interests and control of strategic military bases. They stayed on in Cyprus, sustained the Arab Legion, and, most important of all, established a permanent base for Imperial manœuvres by creating the State of Israel. This unwholesome by-product of fascist barbarism and imperialist intrigues has been a cancer in the body politic of the Arab world ever since its inception. It has usurped their territory, glutted them with refugees, and, by confronting them with a defence problem virtually beyond their means, disrupted their economy.

The problems facing the Middle East countries are indeed manifold. The achievement of political emancipation is only the end of the beginning. In order to make this freedom real and worthwhile they have to rid themselves of the economic bondage of the West, improve the living standard of the common man, and finally to remould the

fragmented principalities into a compact nation.

This is apparently a long and arduous task. A number of kingships are likely to tumble down in the process. Those that survive will have to identify themselves completely with national aspirations. The process of evolution has already started. The establishment of the Arab League was the first tangible step in bringing the Arab nations on a common platform. It has, however, so far attempted to function as a league of Arab nations, with some common ideals but no co-ordinated programme. The member nations have often pursued divergent paths in foreign policy, and inadequate effort has been made towards evolving a federation of Arab nations. The cementing force, their common hatred of Israel, has been fairly strong but essentially negative in nature. To expedite the process of amalgamation a more effective cohesive motive will have to be found and nurtured.

In the economic sphere the newly discovered oil wealth of the Arab world has been a real boon. It has revolutionized the economies of Saudi Arabia and Iraq, and has given a new fillip to their programme of social development. The pioneer oil companies, mainly British and American, initially exploited the entire wealth to their own advantage, but are gradually veering round to a more reasonable concept of commercial partnership. The British have not always found it easy to reconcile with the march of events. They have fretted and fumed and have sometimes succeeded in slowing down the process of evolution. But they could not stop it altogether and lost grace and goodwill in the bargain. America, with no imperial heritage to lose or regret, could read the writing on the wall more clearly and reacted better. The new oil treaties in Persia, Saudi Arabia and Iraq have now a great deal in common, but while Britain has reached them through threats, cajoleries and 'Mossadeqs,' America gave in with grace where resistance was futile and has emerged as a friend.

Egypt with its ancient heritage and modern accoutrements is perhaps the most advanced nation in the Arab world. It has recently rid itself of a defunct monarchy and feudal pashas. The military dictatorship has enacted many useful reforms within the country. It has succeeded in ousting the British troops and ending the Sudan condominium. It has loudly voiced the Arab hopes and aspirations and rather aggressively forged ahead as the leader of the Arab world. Its prosperity and importance rest on two things—the Nile river and the Suez Canal. To become economically self-sufficient and politically

independent it must exploit the Nile and preserve the Suez. This is by no means an easy task. Building up a dam across the Nile is a huge undertaking and Nasser cannot implement the project without the active and generous co-operation of Britain and America. They offered some help with reluctance and withdrew it without grace. In desperation Nasser nationalized the Suez Canal and set the entire world agog with uneasy speculation.

At present the game of power politics in the Middle East has resolved itself in an intriguing triangle of forces. Britain and France, Russia and America are all vitally interested in the region, but have a divergent and even conflicting approach towards its problems.

Britain and France, the former masters of this region, have reluctantly reconciled to a surrender of their colonial hold on the Arab world. But they continue to have important economic interests in the Middle East—based primarily round the oil wells and the Suez Canal—and are determined to cling on to them as long as they can manage. They are scared of the rising tempo of Arab nationalism and also the American infiltration. But more threatening than either of these is the constant fear of the Russian influence stretching itself across the border to the detriment of both the imperialists and the Arabs.

The American policy in the Middle East has been an enigma all along. It has annoyed the communists and baffled the Allies. The Americans have no territorial aims in the Middle East. They have, however, acquired some economic hold on the Arab world which they intend to preserve, exploit and expand. Their foreign policy in the Middle East is based on two fundamentals—containment of Russia and elimination of British influence. So while they are inclined to flirt with the Arabs in their struggle for emancipation they are extremely apprehensive of any Russian efforts to find a foothold on the Arab soil through cajolery or threats. Thus when Mossadeq nationalized the Persian oil they were not worried, and when Glubb Pasha was given the sack they almost smiled under their sleeves. They did not mind Nasser haranguing the Egyptians or building the Aswan Dam. But when Nasser started hobnobbing with the Russians and trumpeting the shady arms deal with Czechoslovakia they got worried. And lastly, when he nationalized the Suez Canal, the Americans were upset, not because French and British shares had slumped in the Red Sea, but because Russia, masquerading as the champion of the Arab

world, was attempting to fill in the vacuum likely to be created by their exit.

The Russians at present find themselves placed in a very happy position. They have nothing to lose and everything to gain by whatever might happen in the Arab world. The Muslims are by and large impervious to communist ideology. The Russians, therefore, do not seem to be working for a real red pocket in the Middle East. What they now want is a string of friendly neutrals around them. They are therefore quick to exploit the inherent Arab hostility to British and French interests. They want containment of American influence and ousting of their junior partners. If Persia nationalizes the oil, the Russians applaud the enterprise; if Saudi Arabia moans about the Buraimi Oasis, the Russian orchestra plays the tune; and if the British are ousted from Egypt, Shepilov flies to Cairo to offer his homage and support.

The machinations of these big powers have thus completely confounded the political pattern of the Arab world. The small fragmented states want to stabilize their administration and improve their economy. This they cannot achieve without the active and generous support of either America or Britain. If such support is not readily available they reluctantly drift towards communism. The pattern of Middle East politics, therefore, is extremely bewildering and unfortunate. While Syria and Egypt have veered round towards Russia, Iraq has found it difficult to snap its links with Britain. Saudi Arabia continues to lean on America, and so does Lebanon. Jordan is between the devil and the deep sea. It has sacked Glubb Pasha but has not yet formally renounced the British subsidy. This vicious game of power politics has thus had a most unfortunate effect in the Middle East. It has disrupted the basic concept of Arab solidarity, and tragically slowed down their process of evolution.

While this article was being written the world heard with horror and dismay that British and French forces had attacked Egypt in collaboration with Israel. Under the pressure of world opinion, American disapproval and Russian threats, the hostilities were nipped in the bud, and the British and French forces persuaded to withdraw from Egyptian soil. It is much too early to gauge the ultimate consequences of this abortive venture. But one thing is certain. The British and French interests have received a fatal blow, and never again will they enjoy such undisputed control over the Middle East as they did during the last decade. And what is more

concluded on page 152)

Heroes and Hero-Worship

An essay which may help more senior cadet members of the College to understand the respect that is frequently said to be lacking in the Junior Mess

WHY do heroes exist? and is there any reason for supposing that some form of hero-worship is a *sine qua non* of our existence? Without doubt man must possess belief, whether it be in God or in a being such as the Orwellian creation 'Big Brother.' An individual quite naturally has a strong sense of his foibles and failings and of his own general inadequacy. In order to escape this overriding feeling, which may at times merge into a complex of inferiority, the individual must necessarily seek the comfort and support of some higher being, who is constantly present and who can never fail. Adoration of a heavenly father is the most satisfactory means to this end, for the existence of a being of this nature can never be categorically disproved.

A child looks to a temporal father for early guidance, but as the child matures he inevitably discovers that his parent is not worthy of the implicit trust which he has placed in him throughout childhood. There follows a degree of disillusionment and then perhaps a willingness to believe in a heavenly father. This time the father is an eternally infallible being, who *ipso facto* by his infallibility can bring no further disillusionment. It is this phase of an individual's existence which is most important. So many fail to discover an almighty being but instead sow the seeds of disaster in accepting false idols.

Hero-worship is one form of mankind's psychological endeavour to avoid the consequences of everyday existence and to escape the harshness of reality. The pursuit of God or of a 'Big Brother' is a similar psychological phenomenon, but hero-worship is undeniably dangerous because the object of glorification is human and fallible. Some would subscribe to the view that religious worshippers only depend on God because they are the broken reeds of humanity. They save themselves from the depths of pessimism by craving the illusion of a heavenly ideal. Nevertheless, illusion though it may be, the worship of an almighty father is usually sufficient to instil a quiet, unbroken confidence in religious people. To this extent it must be regarded as satisfactory. Enthusiasm for the world of art, music, and literature is also based on a desire to negate the harsh conditions imposed on mankind by the desperate struggle for survival. The realms of unreal beauty which are artificially created by art and music can provide a temporary release.

Temporary only, however, because such diversions can so easily lose their attraction and significance. They do not fully conceal reality and must terminate in disillusionment.

It is usual to find that the objects of hero-worship existed in the past, but there are also some who inspire in the present. Goethe and the *Stürmer* and *Dränger* of German literature glorified the Middle Ages and looked upon the freedom-loving robber knights of those times as the ideal specimens of mankind. Childhood psychology has recently been besieged by the lamentable apotheosis of such false heroes as Robin Hood and Davy Crockett. Such glorification of the past arises from a feeling of dissatisfaction and malaise at the mediocrity of life in the present. The promulgation of such hero-worship is of doubtful value. At times it is quite pathological, while its least effect is to give the mind a false perception of true worth.

The novel *The Fallen Idol* underlines the fact that there is much psychological harm in the breaking of an illusion. Hero-worship is dangerous for this reason. When the claims ascribed to the object of adoration are broken, and the belief in the once-powerful hero is shattered, the mind is greatly disturbed. It is where there is no other positive belief that hero-worship takes its strongest hold. Like many other spheres of knowledge it spreads like wildfire by virtue of popular auto-suggestion. La Rochefoucauld once said so aptly, 'One would not fall in love so easily if one had never heard of love beforehand.' It is a sad fact that if an individual has no positive beliefs he becomes more quickly susceptible to the soul-destroying mass-media of knowledge and propaganda.

To the man who has no belief in an almighty, infallible being, the attractions of false idols and temporary heroes are great. But to place one's *raison d'être* in these colourful distractions is to court disaster. Bertrand Russell in his *Unpopular Essays* says, 'Man is a credulous animal, and must believe something; in the absence of good grounds for belief, he will be satisfied with bad ones.' False idols and temporal heroes are easily denounced and, strangely enough, an individual reaps no benefit at all from a shattered ideal, which was previously his sole consolation and justification for continuing in the boredom of a prosaic existence.

M.J.P.

PRÁHA 1956

by J. B. Elliott

I BEGAN my stay in Czechoslovakia, strangely enough, under 'arrest.' With three others I was travelling to Prague to interpret at a student congress and we drew near to the Czech-German border without mishap.

I suppose it was over-confidence, but anyway we found ourselves on the wrong train heading rapidly away from the border and by the time we had collected ourselves, changed trains and finally reached the German frontier station at Schirnding it was too late; the train across the border into Czechoslovakia had gone and the next was not due for another twenty-four hours.

Of course we debated ways and means of continuing our journey and came to the conclusion that crossing frontiers unofficially has unexpected difficulties. Eventually we decided to ring up Cheb station on the Czech side and explain the situation. On the way I had browsed through the usual language guide, 'What to say in Czech and how to say it,' and so I was elected spokesman. The connection, once established, was very faint. A young clerk, apparently female, seemed to be on the other end of the line, and if we had been visitors from Mars we could not have caused more confusion. We soon reduced her successfully to tearful hysterics.

The language guide, I soon found, didn't cater for our particular situation. However, I did my best: 'Sme čtyři studenta anglickich.'

We are four English students, I shouted. I repeated this point several times and paused expectantly.

'Prosím?' (Please) said the girl, bewildered.

All foreigners, of course, are either deaf or idiots. I spoke more loudly.

'Chci mluvit s mistrem nádraží.'

I want to speak to the station master.

'Prosím?'

Stan, our German expert, bellowed selected phrases into the extension. The German station master explained things simultaneously in a strong dialect into the second extension. The whole village looked on outside. I had learned many phrases about trains together with the ubiquitous one about what not to do on them. I tried them all. No effect.

In the end we thumbed a lift on a goods train returning empty to Cheb and installed ourselves in pairs in small coffin-like boxes attached to the front and rear of each goods wagon.

It was almost dark as we started off along the strip of no-man's-land between Schirnding and Cheb, speculating idly on the reception awaiting us at the other end. After two or three kilometres we saw a blaze of lights ahead. The train slowed down and we crawled under a wooden scaffolding bristling with searchlights directed on to the train from all angles and crowned by two machine-guns, mounted on tripods, complete with attendant shadows of machine-gunners. We gave a weak smile and a wave as we passed underneath, hoping that they had been informed of our arrival.

A couple of hundred yards farther on the train stopped. Half a dozen soldiers progressed alongside the train, poking underneath with their guns and opening the doors of the 'coffins' on their way.

They discovered us without surprise and one promptly clambered into our box—a small youth with a sub-machine gun several sizes too big for him—and for us. After a while I offered him an orange; he refused. I tried him in Czech:

'Vino?'

He grinned.

'Kino?' he said.

I grinned in turn.

'Panny?' (Girls) I said. This time he mumbled something. I didn't know what it was but I grinned—in case. It's amazing, really, how few words you need to know. Three words and we understood each other perfectly. The pleasure principle knows no political boundaries.

He offered me a Czech cigarette. The tobacco fell out when I tried to light it—but the gesture was important.

At last we reached Cheb and stumbled out of the train over sidings and round deserted wagons until we reached the station buildings.

The place was held by people in the frontier guard's uniform, one of whom removed our passports and visas and deposited us in a small overheated waiting room. The door opened again and an official gave us each a small carrier of assorted food. I had passed through Czechoslovakia on the way to Warsaw the previous year and was only too familiar with these packages. I knew that they would contain heavily garlicked salami, an egg, chocolate, wafers, cheese, cigarettes, and a roll. To help it down we had an enormous supply of mineral water which we all detested.

The room was occupied, apart from us, by a German couple trying to reach Prague to visit

the wife's father who was very ill. They had been shunted backwards and forwards between Cheb and Schirnding for five days, sleeping in the waiting rooms and eating from a large suitcase they had with them. Five days! We looked at one another.

The main room of the station was filled with people waiting to cross into Germany. All clutched handfuls of official-looking papers and stood resignedly as the customs control methodically took their luggage to pieces.

When we had explored the station we settled down for the night on hard chairs. The German couple, having had, I suppose, more experience, managed very well. We hardly slept. If you were not rudely awakened by a painful jolt as you rolled half asleep from your chair then the periodic thud of the others repeating the process made sleep impossible.

At two in the morning a courier appeared from Prague, brimming with energy, and hustled us on to a train. When we awoke in the morning we were already in Prague.

I can only say that Prague made up to us a hundred times for the discomforts of the journey. Our work at the Congress left us quite a lot of spare time in which to make its acquaintance, and it well repays the study for it must be one of the most photogenic capitals in Europe. The Czechs, a naturally hospitable people, are delighted to show it off to a stranger and know far more about their capital than say the average Londoner or Parisian. Many times we were shown the Charles Bridge, an old fourteenth-century bridge spanning the Vltava with a procession of statues along each parapet. The mortar is said to have been mixed with eggs of which every village in Bohemia contributed its quota—one village sending hard boiled eggs on the theory that they would travel better. When the Swedes were rampaging around Europe they captured one side of the bridge but the other was defended stubbornly and successfully by students from the nearby Theological Seminary. The Swedes never succeeded in capturing the Small Town which lies beyond the bridge but many Czech art treasures are still on show today in Swedish museums.

Charles IV, who had the bridge built, was also the instigator of the Hunger Wall, a long wall running uselessly across Prague. He had it built to provide work and therefore bread for the thousands of unemployed during a fourteenth-century slump. The wall serves no purpose but Charles did not want the people to become used to relying on public assistance.

Dominating Prague is the Royal Palace of Hradčany, a city within a city, now the home of the Czech President. Nearby is the tower of Dalibor who was bricked up in a corner of it for many years. His only companion was a violin which he taught himself to play to great effect. Thousands of people would gather in the evening below his cell window to listen to his playing.

Leading to Dalibor is the Golden Street. A street of incredibly small houses where one of the Czech kings installed his gold and silver smiths and alchemists. The rooms are so small that you can stand in the centre and reach out to touch the ceiling and all four walls. Why the king had them built like this no one knows. Today they are museum showpieces and contain their original to-scale furniture and some evil-looking dummies.

The attractions of Prague fill a whole catalogue—the astronomical clock with its procession of saints who parade past the windows at noon; the numerous churches with soaring Gothic spires or squat green onion domes; twisting back-streets with narrow passages leading to unexpected gardens and extensive courtyards. The buildings are enclosed by tracts of woodland or parks that extend into the very heart of the city—the whole sloping down to and linked together by the River Vltava.

The shops were very well stocked with goods attractively displayed but with none of the screaming banners and frantic advertisements which are common in many capitals. Nearly every third shop was a bookshop, the books, very cheap in price, overflowing on to stalls on the pavement. There were many gramophone shops, too, always crowded and seemingly always sold out of the record you want. The Czech Supraphon Coy. releases a stock of records every few days. Good recordings of any sort, classical, folk music or popular (mainly tangos and polkas) are snapped up in a matter of hours, for even long-players are ridiculously cheap—about 6s. each.

The pastry-confectionery shops are almost as numerous as in Paris. The Czechs reputedly have a very sweet tooth and many people breakfast on their way to work off croissants, coffee and cakes.

As far as I could make out the shops and restaurants are nearly all state owned. There were several newly built department stores and some interesting shops that sold folk-articles—pottery, leather goods, embroidery, etc., produced by local co-operatives of folk craftsmen. Czechoslovakia is very rich in folk songs and lore and there is a determined movement with strong

official backing to support and encourage its development. People from the country districts, Moravia particularly, still maintain the old traditional costumes for 'Sunday Best' and wear them not merely as an attraction to tourists. In some Slovak villages, I was told, a girl and her companions still have to make fourteen different embroidered caps before they can be accepted as brides.

Many of the other East European countries have their own shops in Prague where they display their traditional products.

The shops and coffee houses leave a vivid and gay impression. I had been to Warsaw the previous year and the contrast was astonishing, since there the shops were gaunt and austere in spite of being specially stocked up for the occasion.

Because of the exchange rate it is difficult to judge the prices. Books and gramophones, leather goods and cameras were cheap but there were some curious anomalies. A rather poor quality cardigan, for instance, cost as much as a bicycle!

Night life in Prague is very limited. There are one or two night spots, quite informal, where shirt-sleeve order is not frowned upon and some cafés and restaurants that stay open late. There seemed to be no equivalent of a pub or even a wine-cellar that we could find. Cinemas, concerts and theatres, however, are there in plenty.

The Czechs begin work very early in the morning and consequently go to bed early. The streets are mainly deserted after 9 p.m.

We went twice to the National Theatre in Prague of which the Czechs are justly proud. Before the National revival in the mid-nineteenth century the Czechs had German theatres but no National theatre. After the revival they decided to remedy this and started a public subscription to get funds. In a few weeks they had collected the necessary large amount, mainly in the form of pennies and halfpennies from peasants all through the kingdom—people who had probably never seen a theatre in their life. Within a year the theatre was built and people flocked from all round to see 'their' theatre. A few months later it was burnt to the ground.

Starting again they collected the necessary funds from the same sources and the theatre was rebuilt and decorated by the leading Czech sculptors and painters. The vestibule is decorated with frescoes from Czech folk-lore and the staircases lined with busts of outstanding Czech writers, painters, scientists and composers. In the

foyer is the inscription 'Built by the people Themselves.'

The standard of productions was very high here and in all the other theatres we visited in Czechoslovakia.

I have an unforgettable memory of a production of Dvorak's 'Rusalka' in Liberec in North Czechoslovakia. We had seats in the second row of the orchestra stalls and from where we sat could see the whole orchestra at work. Throughout the performance the conductor sang all the main arias *sotto voce* but quite audible to us—tenor, contralto and bass parts, a magnificent performance. After the finale he climbed on to the stage, a bear of a man with a shock of black hair, and crowded all the legitimate singers into the background to take four curtains himself.

And the Czechs themselves? Well, they are very hospitable to strangers. Many times we were stopped on the streets by people who wanted to ask us about 'abroad,' show us the sights, buy us a drink or simply practise their English. Until the recent 'relaxation' it had been unwise to talk to foreigners. The Czech papers had contained several stories of people who had been inveigled into American spy organizations through chance acquaintance made with foreigners. I heard of one man who lost a good teaching job because he had been many years in England, spoke fluent English and still maintained many contacts. He eventually had to take a job as a labourer. In a Czech University we visited was a professor who had lived for four years with an English family at Reading. After seven years of not writing he asked me to get in touch with them on my return to England and tell them it would be safe to write. Conditions had eased and the Czechs availed themselves of the opportunities presented by the foreign visitors to the Congress. Foreigners were at a premium in Prague.

The men, I was told, make bad husbands. I was told this by two typists in our section who pointed out the high divorce rate. Of the two one was divorced and the other thought she might as well be for all the good it did her. But perhaps women have similar opinions in all countries.

Eight out of ten Czechs have never seen the sea yet I met a man who seemed to be in the Czech navy! I still wonder about this.

I can't honestly compare Czechoslovakia before and after the 'revolution' nor can I say how the Czechs look on their government. I met violent critics and equally violent apologists. The majority seem to care as little for politics as the

(concluded on page 152)

Worlds Asunder . . . or . . .

Sometimes the Twain Shall Meet

DURING the past three or four months there has been an unusual outcrop of bright lights and cameras of various sorts at Cranwell. Two film companies have been on location, one making a feature film and the other a documentary, and B.B.C. Television have been engaged in photographing the Cranwell contribution to *An Hour with the Royal Air Force*. There is no doubt that of these varied experiences the three-week stay of the Warwick Film Company had the greatest impact on the College.

It is always of interest to the anthropologist to observe the interaction of one culture upon another. He studies the impact of Roman civilization on the ancient Briton, of Cortes on the Aztecs, of the Australians on the aboriginal tribes in the interior of New Guinea. The arrival of the Warwick Film Company at Cranwell would have been an equally rewarding field of study and bids well in due course to make as great a contribution to legend.

In what, it is hoped, was a mutually enjoyable and profitable excursion into an unknown world there was much that could be exaggerated into the pompous footnotes that are such a feature of anthropological tomes.

The observer might have commented on the careful approach of the representatives of one civilization to the other, like boxers circling before the first embrace. *Homo Cinematicus* might lead with a statement on the cost per minute of producing a film; *Homo Cranwelliensis* would counter with a figure, tailored to suit his estimate of the credulity of the hearer, on the cost of training one flight cadet. *Homo Cine.* would try an anecdote about some particularly ellipsoid female film star; *Homo Cran.* would counter with, perhaps, a studied reference to a Royal Visit. The fight would then hot up with an account of the number of live Christians allowed per day per lion in the last epic but one; shaken but still in the ring Cranwell would fight back with the bored acceptance as routine of some miracle of precision in the air or on the parade ground, or of some fantastic fluke of timing. Trade would begin with the exchange of gifts (small cylinders of paper filled with a dried aromatic leaf) and soon reasonable relations would be established.

The individual reactions of those required to work with the company passed through the whole spectrum from ingenuous enthusiasm, through various shades of interest into the 'impress me if you dare' stage. In the cinema, watching the day's 'rushes,' the same variety could be observed, from the simple pride of 'Coo, that's me' to the complex, tortured 'Is it not strange that the tonal qualities of the light make my face bright blue?' Each side was guilty of double gamesmanship, like a flight cadet on a battleship. When talking to its own kind it peppered its conversation with the technical terms of the other; when talking to the other it carefully avoided using these terms to emphasize its amateur status. The filmers having been talking about, say, an Advance in Review Order would then make a request on the lines of 'Let's have all the boys lined up in three rows and then make them walk towards the camera, with that one with the sword out in front.' The Service side would reel from the bar where they had been discussing camera angles, reverse shots, tracking or panning and ask the Director of the film if he was ready to take some more photos.

The differences between the two cultures were many; the one thing they had in common was the firm belief that theirs was the sole purpose of life on this planet; that anything that contributed to their own purpose was good; that anything that hindered it was wrong. Each, too, found in the other endless sources of surprise.

The Service expected actors to act. Its illusions were shattered when they found that on location at all events an actor is regarded as a lay figure with just sufficient intelligence to shuffle its feet into marked positions on the ground but for the rest had to be prodded into activity, held together with pins and caused to repeat the same little action through an infinity of boredom. The company were invariably startled by the discovery that if they asked for something to happen, it did happen, precisely and sometimes punctually. They did not get a series of counter-suggestions or a calculated display of temperament.

The differences were far too numerous to list. Each expressed a natural incredulity at the other's accountancy methods. The Service could never get accustomed to the cheerful abandon

with which the film company signed bills and showered cash around the countryside, buying anything from a railway train to a policeman's uniform. The film company found it hard to be bound by a system of accountancy which dates back to the Peninsula and of which Viscount Montgomery once said that it assumed that every officer was a rogue and if he was not, very soon made him one. Again those in the Service who have nothing to do are usually the ones who give the keenest impression of intense industry. In a film company (in which apparently not more than one-third of a unit can be usefully employed at one time) the idle two-thirds passes out into a coma wherever it happens to be. To the Service it seemed strange that the pace should be set not by the highly skilled and highly paid technicians but by the lowest grade (though still highly paid and even more highly organized) of general labour. To the film world the absence of overtime payments and trade union regulations in the Service seemed a Garden of Eden in which the serpent was represented by a lack of flexibility.

For the rest, the association was a pastiche of impressions: of Service wives recounting a saga of fur coats, a green-eyed inventory of Mink/Chinchilla/Sable/Coat/Wrap/Stole; of film wives in ecstasies over some simple ceremony that we at Cranwell take as a matter of course; of the delighted interest taken by the film world in some of the less up-to-date cars run, or walked, by flight cadets; and of the incredulity greeting the

high executive of the company who came to Cranwell three times, on each occasion with a brand new car. Even members of his own company were a little surprised to see the newest addition which, it was rumoured, he had bought because the ash trays in the old one were full.

Cranwell must be grateful to Warwick Films for a glimpse of another world, for an insight into the real artistic integrity that pervades it even when the camera is telling gigantic lies; and it still hopes for a fair representation of the College on the broad and highly coloured screen.

But the writer's thanks are more personal. His gratitude is for the opportunity of shooting a fantastic line without the minor disadvantage of actual untruth. He had managed to get his face in front of the camera in a former documentary film on Cranwell called *The Sky is Ours*. This was used by the Central Office of Information and recently a shortened version appears to have been released in North London cinemas. On Easter Tuesday, thanks to the whim of British Railways, he was heading south in the Tube from the wilds of Harringay. A flighty young female caught his eye and said 'Didn't I see you on the films Friday?' After some careful fencing it turned out to have been the public version of *The Sky is Ours*; as Holborn approached, her last question was: 'What have you been making lately?' The author alighted to the perfect curtain line: 'As a matter of fact I have just finished a film with Ray Milland, Helen Cherry and Bernard Lee.'

J.F.P.

High Flight

THE prospect of appearing on the cinema screens of the world in Cinemascope, and in some the mere lust for money, instigated an overwhelming response to the request for volunteers to act as extras in this Cranwell epic. Of the 200 hopefuls, only 50 cadets had the luck to be finally selected. This is their story.

The celluloid Cranwell is a wonderful place. Cadets arrive, apparently, by private aircraft, chauffeur-driven Jaguar or antiquated sports car. It is the relative few who arrive on the familiar blue bus. The screen flight sergeant waves good-bye to his charges as they leave on vacation. The generous authorities organize picnics for cadets and their girl friends. This is the idyllic setting in which the temperate, serious-minded

young Cranwellian is trained (the beer quaffing, moustachioed hero of the past has been replaced—local Press.) Such will be the cinemagoers' impression of Cranwell.

The employed extras, as opposed to those who had been conscripted into earlier shots, had their film debut on the morning after the Graduation Ball and it was an inevitably haggard, hung-over group that gathered beneath the arc lamps in the Flight Planning Room. The scene required that we should be briefed by the star himself at the start of our flying training. The 'corny' dialogue made some reference to the advent of the rocket age and the continued necessity for the human pilot. After the scene had been shot 14 times, the director was satisfied. It was also lunchtime.

The following day we assembled around the Orange in an assortment of the College vehicles. This was the big going-away scene. The cameras were stationed outside the main gates. The cadets without cars had to stream through the gates and board the bus, supposedly taking them to the station, another celluloid innovation since it was a service bus, whilst behind the pedestrians came the convoy of cars. The cameras were unfortunately placed and one misguided cameraman jumped for his life before the onslaught. (This was the second occasion on which a cameraman had abandoned his post. Previously, a camera taking the flying shots and positioned at the side of the runway had gone in one direction and the operator in the opposite direction when one of the aerobatic aces had demonstrated a 'first solo.')

This scene was completed after the fourth attempt.

And so it went on, filming during the day when the sun was not obscured by cloud and drinking with the film company in the evenings.

One of the rewarding aspects of the filming, besides the receipt of the pay packet, was watching the rushes at the Astra where we actually saw our efforts transmuted into 'glorious Eastmancolour on the Wide Screen.' The massive mobile canteen providing well-filled sandwiches and banana splits was also greatly appreciated by all the cadets and illegally by a few others.

The ten days' filming will not be forgotten quickly by those who stayed behind. When *High Flight* finally reaches the cinemas the screen Cranwell should provide many laughs, especially to those who can appreciate the subtle differences between Cranwell à la Warwick's and Cranwell à la Royal Air Force College. A.P.S.

Praha 1956 *(continued from page 149)*

average Britisher. Perhaps this is shown best by their attitude to the huge statue of Stalin. This monstrous image was put up in Stalin's life-time in a commanding, not to say domineering, position on a hill overlooking the river and is in V-form with Stalin at the apex and soldiers, peasants, workers and what might be an intellectual streaming away on either side. It is the subject of many whispered jokes.

'The people behind him must be Russians,' it was explained. 'If they were Czechs they'd be licking his boots.' The Czechs I met seemed to have a rather low opinion of themselves. It is

referred to as the 'Meat Queue' or 'Fish Queue' and is rather a nuisance to the authorities—too big to get rid of quietly and too prominent to ignore. A year or two ago, I was told, the statue began to tilt as the hillside shifted under its immense weight. The authorities brought up 16 train-loads of cement and poured it into the hillside to jack the statue up again. Now, it seems, the statue is tilting again but no more cement is forthcoming. Perhaps everyone is hoping it will crash two or three hundred feet down to the Vltava below—under its own momentum.

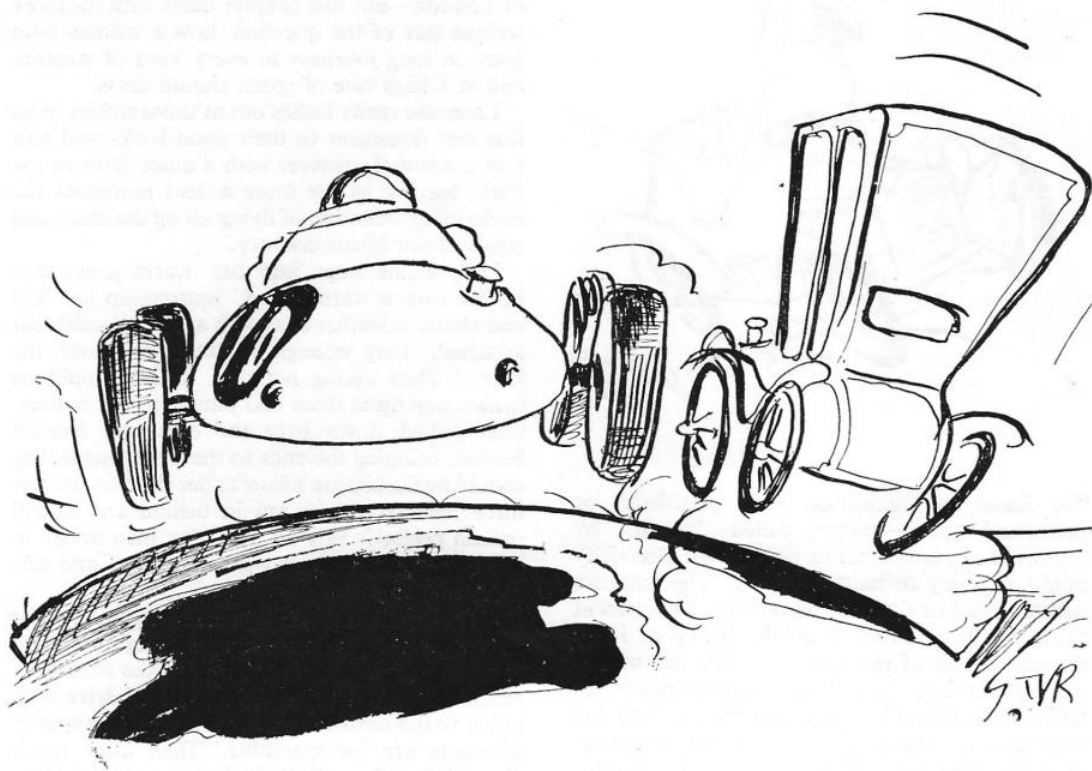
Middle East in Turmoil *(continued from page 145)*

important than this is the hope that the concept of gunboat diplomacy has been sealed once and for all.

The Arab countries may yet hope to evolve some pattern of regional nationalism. The path may be difficult and tortuous and the progress slow and halting, but given the will to survive

and grace to resolve their differences the Middle East may yet emerge as a compact block of Muslim brotherhood, able to hold its own in the comity of nations. Such a block would not only ensure the progress and security of its members, but by ceasing to be an object of avarice and temptation it would make the most vital contribution to world stability and peace.

VEHICULAR VAGARISMS



... Quotes on the Horseless Carriage

IN April 1902 the law had already decreed that the word 'motor-car' was to replace 'light locomotive,' and Alfred Harmsworth and some other writers produced a comprehensive volume designed to cover every aspect of 'motoring, if I may coin such a word.'

They wrote for a very U market; they discussed the use of the motor for hunting, stalking and running the servants to a picnic, and looked forward to the day when 'The Times will arrive at your Scottish lodge just one instead of three days late.' The possibilities seemed unlimited, 'you can also, when the opportunity presents itself, shoot your Golden Plover from the motor car without any chance of your horse bolting at the discharge.' 'Or, later in the season, wood pigeon and cock partridges can be brought down from the road

after a little practice with the greatest ease without rising from your seat . . . rabbits and hares at night will run sometimes for a quarter of a mile before your acetylene lamps and you can pick them off with your gun.' The future was rosy, 'although we may still be far from the time when the horse-drawn vehicle will be a rarity, London has already begun to save fifty thousand pounds a year now spent in road scavengering.'

Almost every contributor tried his hand at prophecy: 'the high-speed sporting carriage has no longer any charm for the motorist. One of the most noticeable features of the recent Paris Exhibition was the recognition of the fact that a top may now be fixed.' 'Steam cars were all very well,' concludes another, 'but here again you have the danger which must necessarily come from a



live flame in connection with petroleum or petroleum spirit—always called “petrol” by motorists . . . and as far as one can see electricity ought certainly to hold the field.’ The autocars will not rival or destroy the railway. The present railway will continue to do the heavy or long-distance traffic of the country, while fast mono-rail electric railways will carry express passenger traffic. The motor car will then merely feed the local railway station.’ The autocar held the answer to many problems: ‘If the men of the villages within a ten-mile radius of London could jump into a motor omnibus and be carried to London for a penny—as they could be—we should have greatly helped to solve the housing problem.’ But it also created a few problems of its own: ‘it is proposed in some way to deal with the question of dazzling lights, but it is hoped that motorists will take action to avoid this cause of complaint so as to render parliamentary regulation unnecessary.’ Similarly, ‘in the future a motorist must not only stop at the request of a police constable in uniform but also at the request of any person having charge of a horse or if either puts up his hand as a signal for that purpose.’

There follow very many extremely funny chapters on the technicalities of the electric, steam and ‘petrol-car’ carriages, all couched in delightfully simple language, and then various experts give us the fruits of their experience. Lady Jenne supplied a piece on ‘Dress for Ladies.’ She must have been quite a ‘hot-rod’ in her way. ‘Appearances must be sacrificed if motor driving is to be thoroughly enjoyed . . . it is impossible to make

the dress we have to wear a becoming one.’ She admits later, ‘it is possible to wear a smart hat and pretty clothes if the pace is a comparatively slow one, such as is usual in the Park or the streets of London—but this chapter deals with the more serious side of the question, how a woman who goes on long journeys in every kind of weather and at a high rate of speed should dress.’

Later she really lashes out at those softies ‘who fear any detriment to their good looks and had best content themselves with a quiet drive in the Park, leaving to the more ardent motorists the enchanting sensation of flying along the lanes and roads of our lovely country.’

Lady Jenne steps into her ‘warm jersey and bodice over a warm gown,’ buttons up her ‘kid and chamois leather coat with a leather waistcoat attached,’ long enough to ‘fold well over the knees.’ Then taking her veil, ‘which should be drawn well up in front and pinned to the bonnet, then pulled down over the ears and crossed behind, bringing the ends to the front where they should be fastened in a bow under the chin, two or three pins should be put in behind and it will remain perfectly tidy all day.’ She then drags on her ‘long white knitted worsted gloves’ and sets out.

Baron de Zuylen de Nyevelt, on clothing for men, starts on the defensive: ‘Although the dress worn by many motorists has been the subject of much irreverent ribaldry, in order to drive with safety to the health in an open automobile special garments are indispensable.’ Then after much discussion of a leather jacket with leather trousers, which ‘are objectionable because the moisture cannot escape with the result that underclothing becomes dangerously moist and disagreeable,’ he modestly plumps for silk underclothing, a suit of cloth lined with punctured chamois leather, gaiters and knickerbockers, internally fur-lined overcoats ‘with very high collars that are turned up in cold weather almost



to surround the head' a light dust coat, cloth cap, very large gloves or gauntlets, snow boots and goggles, and 'if the motorist should be inclined to neuralgia it is found desirable that the material attached to the glasses should hang down as low as the mouth and thoroughly cover the temples and cheeks.' In conclusion the Baron can see 'no apparent reason why, apart from the goggles, the motor owner cannot dress in such a way as to avoid undue attention.'

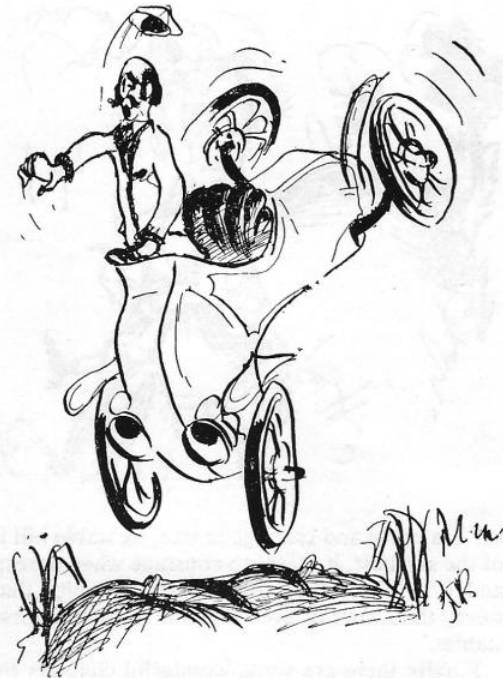
Then Sir Henry Thompson gave a health chat. He, at the age of eighty-two, remembers steam coaches and was 'in the habit of making journeys almost daily in my automobile.'

'Personally I find the easy jolting which occurs when a motor car is driven at a fair speed over the highway conduces a healthy agitation, it "acts on the liver," to use a popular phrase, which means only that it aids the peristaltic movements of the bowels and promotes the performance of their functions.' 'Horse riding has the same effect,' he adds and is one-up in as much as 'it has the advantage of necessitating exercise of the muscles of the leg.' Sir Henry finds that 'this disadvantage of motoring may be overcome to some extent by alighting at the end of a drive of twenty miles as I do and running smartly for about two or three hundred yards.'

Sir Henry has other pursuits. He has known, 'instances of ladies suffering from defective nerve power to derive great benefit from the invigorating and refreshing effect of meeting a current of air caused by driving in an automobile.'

Sir Henry adds in the next paragraph in an aside, 'Furthermore the action of air on the face and the continued inspiration of fresh air tend to promote sleep.' He sees the immense recuperative powers of driving to the 'city worker and business man alike,' notably from the change of air. 'The air in towns is impregnated with particles of carbon, unburnt fuel and in dry weather is loaded with dust, a great part of which is composed of dried and pulverised horse manure.' 'There is no escape in wet weather,' he confides gloomily, 'fluid manure from the same source is absorbed and then exhaled from the road and wood pavements with similar injurious effects.' He concludes, persuasively, 'these impurities are practically absent from the air of the country and so access thereto is one of the great benefits to be obtained from the automobile.'

There were wide divergencies of opinion: 'I am inclined to think that the pneumatic tyre craze has been altogether overdone' is followed



within a few pages by 'the pneumatic tyre is almost indispensable for most types of motor carriage.' and in turn 'the autocarist who runs on pneumatic tyres has *atra cura* ever sitting behind him in his chariot.' He goes on to paint a gloomy picture of 'the gay spark who is beating records in speed and dust raising may find himself trying to look happy in the midst of a crowd that gapes and maybe jeers and, in the English sense, shows itself the profane vulgar.'

They were still in the transitional stage. Antagonism was quite a problem. 'It is a safer means of travel even than the railway' or 'there is probably nothing safer on the streets of London today than a well driven electric or steam motor,' and just as the sartorial Baron was so public-conscious, 'school children line the road and utter shouts of which I have never been able to discern the significance.' Almost every contributor is extremely horse-conscious. 'Garage' is put in italics and 'motor stable' used instead. A complete chapter on getting the horses accustomed to the vehicles and remarks such as 'On a precipitous road if your horse backs you have frequently a very nasty moment or two; but motor cars do not shy, neither do they back unless you want them to' and 'there are no horses to fall down when streets are slippery and there is brake power available far in excess of any that can possibly be exercised by the horse with his four iron-shod feet' or 'a motor



car is a horse and carriage in one, its stable bill is of the smallest, it ceases to consume when at rest, and it is not subject to half the troubles that worry the owner of even the best regulated horse stables.'

Finally there are some wonderful chapters on the art of driving itself. 'Lady cyclists were formerly a great danger as they were apt, when a motor was heard to approach them from behind, to fall off their machines, apparently in terror, but this distressing spectacle is now comparatively seldom seen.' 'The action to be taken when confronted with indecisive pedestrians who, although their safest plan is to remain where they are, make wild dives in any and every direction, is to make up one's mind the way one wants to go and continue in that direction. . . .'

On starting for a drive 'we check first petrol, then water, that the working and spare accumulators are fully charged and that carburettors and grease taps are absolutely full. Then we see that we have some spare parts: exhaust valve and spring, spare inlet valve complete, three spare sparking plugs, a pump, inner tubes and powdered chalk with puncture repair outfit, also a large screw wrench, small pocket wrench, a lifting jack, long and small screw driver, cutting pliers, gas pliers, two files medium size, coils of copper and steel wire, long nozzled oil can, and a small cold chisel. It is curious how very quickly one gets used to running mentally over these items and after a time never forgetting anything.'

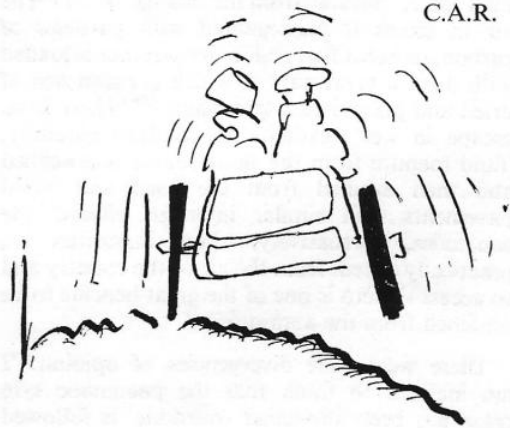
Every page is profuse with useful tips . . . 'most careful drivers prefer to have their heads out round the edge.' 'If at the beginning a grinding sound is heard when attempting to change speed, it is best to stop the car completely and change the

speed quietly with the car standing stationary.' 'Beware (when buying) of those carriages which are entered by raising the front seat; all passengers are virtually in a trap.' 'When driving in heavy traffic it is a very common thing for the vehicle in front to back and it must be the work of a moment to slip the speed lever into the reverse notch and simply run back out of danger.' 'If in a four-seated car . . . the rear passengers should glance occasionally at the driving wheel tyres out of consideration for the driver, and if either of them should be splayed at the point of contact with the road, he should be advised of the fact at once.'

Finally there are some points of interest of the very near future, 'if the roads really are to become great arteries of traffic under a system of automobile transport then the authorities will have most seriously to consider the approaches of London . . . London should be entered by at least eight great roads of uniform breadth, and narrow necks such as Hammersmith Broadway utterly abolished.' And under recent inventions: 'The Sprag, a useful adjunct fitted to most new cars,' which was a rearward-pointing cast-iron spike to be dropped if the car failed to take a hill. It carved into the road and held you, but note however: 'it should be held in mind that the sprag should be dropped before the car actually starts to run back, otherwise the momentum of the car may induce it to jump the sprag to the danger of the passengers and the great annoyance of the chauffeur.' 'As soon as the necessity for the use of the sprag has disappeared it is as well to pull it up at once by the cord.'

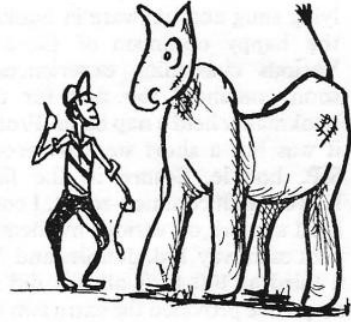
The conclusion from the start of the century has a very modern ring: 'The great thing is that motoring extends in a delightful manner the range of one's personal friendships, and especially promotes pleasant social intercourse of both sexes in healthy enjoyment of fresh air. . . .'

C.A.R.





RANDOM JOTTINGS ON THE TURF



THE sport of kings first cast its malign spell over me at the tender age of eleven. Coming from a long line of gambling forebears who had squandered the family fortune on courses throughout the length and breadth of the land from Buckfastleigh to Bogside, it was perhaps to be expected that the son and heir would follow in the same hoof steps. I remember crouching over a radio on a Wednesday afternoon, when I should have been playing healthy team games with my schoolfellows, listening to what must have been the first post-war Lincoln. The selected animal, backed to the full extent of my resources at the time (2s. 6d), named Joan's Star, after showing up well for the first four furlongs, failed to stay and finished down the course. It is a sobering thought that the full extent of my resources today is often less than half a crown, but that is by the way.

My first visit to a racecourse was two years later when I had learnt to read a form book and had a much better idea of the value of money! This was to Chepstow, a little course in Monmouthshire. Racing men will immediately say 'Ah! Gordon Richards!' Sir Gordon seemed to have a peculiar aptitude for this course. He rode a phenomenal number of winners there. In 1933, at one meeting there, he won all six races on the first day, and followed it up on the second day by winning the first five before being beaten into third place on a three-to-one on shot in the last event—an unprecedented feat. On my first visit the great man was there, but rode only one winner. Harry Wragg was the man to follow that day, as he had three first past the post at reasonable odds. I augmented my little store of silver by several shillings and could have turned handstands. It was an unforgettable experience. The crowd of bright silks and glorious beasts charging towards the

crowd up the straight, the thudding of hoofs as they flashed past the post, and the excited roar of the crowd, added to an atmosphere of mixed emotion which one can find nowhere else, made a profound impression on me.

Apart from sweating steeds carrying my half-crowns to the death or glory, and the suspiciously cheerful bookmakers, I found the racing crowd a fascinating study. A hundred variations of expression, hope, excitement, greed, disappointment, despair and resignation chase one another across the face of the most stolid person once he has a few bob on a horse. A beaten favourite seems to produce a camaraderie among disappointed backers, and the socializing influence of misfortune shared seems to make the most silent and reserved of men launch into a flowery tirade to complete strangers against the horse, its forebears, its progeny to come, its jockey, down to the man who knocked the nails in its stable door. (You may gather that the bad seed had been well and truly sown!)

During the next three years active participation in turf affairs was denied me, through no fault of my own. I cherished for a few months secret aspirations towards jockeyship, but increasing weight and a gannet-like proclivity for sticky cakes soon put that out of the question, at any rate for flat racing. I started to learn horsemanship, but a series of *contretemps* between myself, the various savage and ungainly beasts we were expected to ride, and the riding master, discouraged me and I never got beyond the elementary jumps. Had I not given up so easily, who knows, I might be falling at the first fence at Aintree, or slipping up at Sandown Park in the winter season.

However, although my speculations were confined to pitch and toss, with a few games of poker thrown in during these formative years at

school, I kept my eye on the papers, and any relevant information, so that when the chance once more presented itself I was all ready to launch a mammoth blitz on the bundles of fivers lying snug and unaware in bookies' satchels. Ah, the happy optimism of those youthful days! Various chastening experiences followed, and soon convinced me that for the moment the bookmaker held a nap hand. From this deduction it was but a short step to becoming the school S.P. bookie. Secure in the fastnesses of the Lower Sixth common-room, I could be seen daily hard at work on various mathematical junketings with each-way $1\frac{1}{2}$ d. doubles and $7\frac{1}{4}$ d. each way on a third at 100-8. If all this did nothing more it may have provided the extra two or three per cent. which enabled me to scrape through the examinations in maths. Unfortunately, my speedily accumulating capital was speedily dissipated as, in defiance of the lessons learnt, I wagered it on a ghastly run of losing favourites, which even these many years hence, still occasionally trouble me in my dreams.

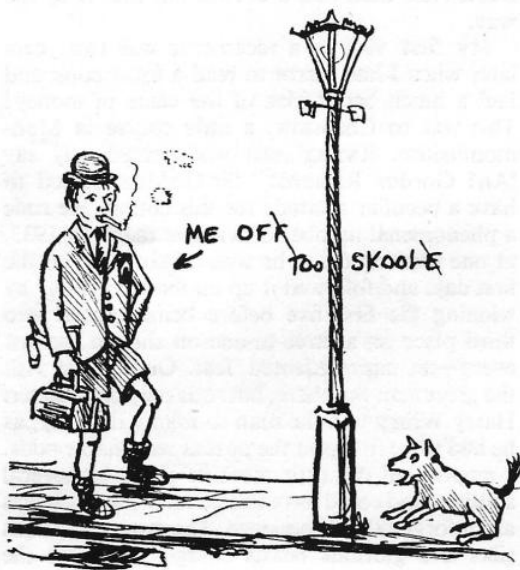
A salutary end was put to my activities one day in late summer. Where my sweet little chums got the information I shall never know. However, what seemed like the whole school, plus several substantial commissions laid on behalf of unnamed parties, among whom I should not have been surprised to find the headmaster and half the staff, wagered heavily on a moke shown as 7-4 favourite in the morning papers. The apprehension with which I turned the evening paper over to the racing page can be well imagined, and my horror and despair when I read that the creature had won—not at 7-4, which would have been bad enough, but at 8-1, which was catastrophic—produced an ashy pallor and such a gibber of horror that my parents thought I was going through some kind of fit. I spent the rest of my schooldays paying off delighted backers.

The following flat season started off in fine style. The gloomy forebodings and visions of ruin which are characteristic of the unfortunate punter on the wrong end of a losing spell are easily dispelled as soon as a few nags canter past the post with his cash on them. So it was with me. It is an odd characteristic of this peculiar sport, that after a run of shattering losses a man can vow never to set foot in a paddock again, and yet just as he is about to burn his form books and sell his binoculars, he has a day when his luck is in. It may be only a few shillings but immediately all is forgotten and the victim peruses his racing literature and wagers with renewed hope and expectation.

After a spell in which I felt I must have broken every bookie in the Midlands, Nemesis took a hand, and I was reduced to that abject despair which is common to condemned men and unsuccessful punters. Just as I'd finally made up my mind to retire quietly from the racing scene and race pigeons on Saturday afternoons, I came up with a substantial bet at Manchester on the winner of the November Handicap, and all was forgotten and forgiven. The bookmakers went off to winter in the South of France with my blessing.

Many racegoers confine their winter activities to cosily browsing through some of the excellent publications designed to foster an unshakable conviction that when the flat starts again all he has to do to pick up a fortune is to invest on one of the systems which seem so foolproof when one is curled up in front of a blazing fire. However, the real enthusiasts follow racing under National Hunt rules during the winter months, which gives them an even better chance of plumbing the depths of human misery. A series of unbacked outsiders on a warm summer's day with the flowers in bloom, larks singing, and all else as it should be, is bad enough. But a similar occurrence when one is wading around up to the hocks in mud, soaked to the skin, and shivering in an icy north-easter is infinitely worse. The man who can face such trials and remain unscarred is indeed rare.

Then there are those days when everything just goes wrong. When the photo-finishes all go the wrong way, and when your long-priced winner is



disqualified on an objection, or falls at the last fence when ten lengths clear. The foregoing may seem to have been written by one who has suffered much from fickle steeds and greedy bookies. However, although I don't deny that it's a mug's game, the entries are not all on the debit side. The atmosphere and excitement rising to a climax in big races never fails to hit me afresh at each meeting. That tension after you've laid your money and are waiting for the off, and then the pandemonium of a close finish. Many readers may not agree with me but a score of thoroughbreds in tip-top condition with their intelligent heads, glossy coats, and perfect proportions ambling round the paddock waiting for

their jockeys knock beauty parades into a cocked hat. They really are lovely creatures. Any student of human nature and *homo sapiens* in general will find a racing crowd a fascinating study. Also the fascinating snippets of conversation one picks up (racegoers are a voluble tribe) can be guaranteed to keep all but the most unfortunate of backers amused. I certainly don't regret my experiences, although at times they have reduced me to utter misery, at others they have raised me to a pitch of excitement which few things can provide.

Perhaps I can best finish by commending to you the advice of an aged bookie who handed me my winnings with a cheery smile, saying: 'Ere y'are son, and don't spend it on bad women!' C.D.

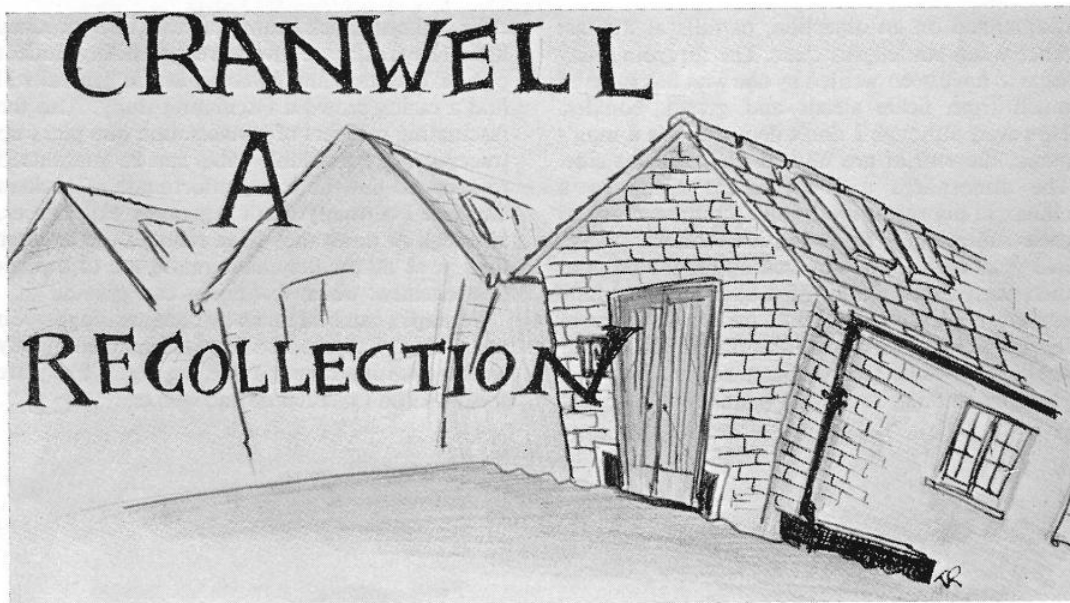
A Guide to Assessing a Cadet by Logic

Under the list of compulsory subjects laid down to be studied at Cranwell is Logic, with its 'some cadets are oafs . . . , or are not . . .' as the case may be. Here, then, is the method laid down for assessing the state of a cadet's mentality and general outlook. First classify him. You may decide he is in the 'universal negative, undistributed group,' but be careful of natural prejudice, selfishness, lack of knowledge (if you do not know the fellow), lack of interest (if you think he is a moron), barrier of language, and emotion, because any one or all or a combination of many may cloud your opinion of the cadet's intelligence.

If you decide to form a group to analyse his I.Q., he may fall into one of four groups (-sub) which can be paired off, giving quite a number of

problems to be overcome. One pair of statements may be contradictory, contrary or subcontrary. Finally you arrive at the conclusion that the cadet is quite a mixed-up kid. You may go away and ponder further on this cadet. His logic really tells you how to think; you either think by induction or deduction, depending on your frame of mind. If you think by induction you reckon up all the cadet's vices and virtues and arrive at some general conclusion. Easy enough so far, but deduction is a very different game altogether and is used only by the élite. You fall into a trance and think *backwards* along the track that you *would* have thought along if you had *induced* the conclusion—as it were!

Above all, logic indicates to us that we should think straight.



by Flight Cadet Corporal Faruqi, Pakistan Air Force College

CRANWELL—the mere sound of this word brings to one's mind an idea of air forces. What makes it so closely linked with the front line forces is its formidable influence on air forces of the world in general and the Royal Air Force in particular.

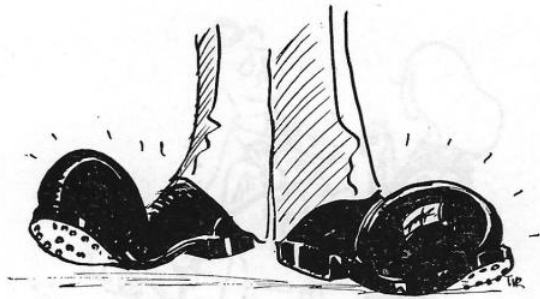
The Royal Air Force College, Cranwell, opened in February 1920, and the first batch to undergo one year's flying training was a number of ex-naval cadets transferred from Dartmouth. The direct entries, however, got a full two years' training when during their first year they were usefully employed in ground subjects and General Service Training. Later on the policy was revised, and after some time, in an attempt to keep pace with progress in aviation technique, the duration of the course was extended to two and a half years. Thus the outcome as such was destined to show the unrivalled superiority of its training and the acquired technique in the conduct of war.

They say it was during the Labour Government that some Socialists suggested that a potential officer must have a taste of the bitter and hard life led by the ranks. The suggestion ignited a spark of sentiment in the ranks and another Bill was through. The enthusiasts at Cranwell meditated for a while and with the inherited quickness of an airman's mind they incorporated this change in the form of 'Junior Entries.' What a thing? It aimed at hardening the schoolboys physically and moulding them to Service life.

The stay in Junior Entries was two terms, each of three months' duration. Did I say three months? Well it never seems coming to an end for the cadets. The training starts the moment you enter the billet you are allotted to. I say 'the billet you are allotted to' because the billet serves you less than you serve it during your stay. You wipe your feet and enter the door with probably a fair-sized case on your shoulders and there come the shouts from each corner, and if you happen to be one of those keen types you stamp your feet hard to 'shun' and there is another yelling noise as if it were the end of the world. What you do not realize is that you are spoiling the gleaming 'line.' You are ordered the use of floor-pads, and if perchance you missed skating in your childhood



THE ENTHUSIASTS AT CRANWELL MEDITATED



.. AND LEAVE THE SOOTHING EFFECTS..

you have simply 'had it' with a delicately balanced case, your feet slip off the floor-pads in an attempt to skid over the polished surface and scores of eyes glaring at you ought to put you in an embarrassing position and surely would make a 'goon' out of you anyway.

After that starts the real work. You are given a pair of overalls and down you go on your knees massaging the floor with polish. After finishing with this you give the floor another treat with bumper until you can see your long, worn-out face through it. Well, that is the end of it. Dusting is to be done; of course, you have to do it. Dust the walls, the beams, the fireplace, the cupboards, in fact 'the hell' of it. As a matter of fact you can never find out where to start and where to finish dusting. As a member allotted to your billet you are supposed to give 'her' this treat every evening. But Mondays and Thursdays are the special days for this work, when the Officer Commanding, Junior Entries, has a bag full of pills in store for you. These 'Bull Nights,' as they are known, spread an air of panic among the cadets. Nothing ever comes up to the heavens high standards laid down and you are in the deep unless you pretend to have not finished the work FULLY yet when questioned.

Mornings at Junior Entries start with a buzz of an alarm clock set at 0600 hours. The flip flop that follows has to be seen to be believed: folding of beds, displaying of kit, washing and dressing, and the personal work allotted to you—all attended to within half an hour. After that you thrust breakfast in and off you go to the parade for morning drill. Forty-five minutes of snappy movements and a couple of rounds of the drill square at the double in the chilly morning do you a lot of good and leave the soothing effects for the rest of the day. Sure you have the chance to show your intellectual powers in the classes and in the instructional workshops where the foundation for understanding the more technical subjects is laid.

The only possible way in which cadets of the Junior Entries can have contact with the civilized world during the first three months is the games fixtures, when the College teams go out and play matches against the teams in neighbouring cities and universities. That affords them an opportunity to meet different people and enjoy a break (though a short one) from the monotonous life.

Survival Camp conveys its meaning itself. Everyone has to attend this camp at the end of his Junior Entries stay. There are two favourite spots: one at Snowdon in North Wales and the other in Germany. Two weeks at this camp are the real test of one's stamina and endurance. Exercises are conducted with ever-increasing distances and heights to make you tough. Finally, comes the day of surmounting the Snowdon summits and other neighbouring peaks, though not high, but certainly very tedious to climb. This is followed by a 36 hours' exercise, a real back-breaking one if you are not careful in the selection of baggage you are going to carry around. The relief that follows after this on the weather-worn and sunburnt faces is a sight to see. These exercises do a lot of good and build that come-what-may sort of confidence in everyone.

The cadets during their stay at Junior Entries are not completely deprived of flying. They get a fair amount of map-reading practice in the faithful Ansons. This gives them an idea of navigation problems and limits and enables them



.. ENABLES THEM TO PUT THEIR
NAVIGATION THEORY INTO PRACTICE..

to put their navigation theory into practice with an added confidence later on. In instructional workshops the cadets are instructed on metals and woods used in aircraft construction. They are taught the use of lathe and other provision tools and are required to make a shooting stick each to the prescribed data. Airframe damage and its repair is another interesting aspect of the practical instruction.

The daily routine continues for the cadets in Junior Entries for six months when at the end they take their first examination in ground subjects. Then comes the long-awaited moment of moving down to Junior Mess Blocks, wearing the hard-earned flight cadets' flashes. The eagle and crown occupy the place of the airman's badge. You get a room to yourself and a batman to attend to your kit. Flying starts and there is time when you can relax, there is thrill, comfort and everything in it. Then you look forward to your solo. A period of one year flashes by. All these instructional tours, visits, sports fixtures, other events and bitter memories of Junior Entries come back and shadow your mind. You look forward to jet flying and eventually to your passing-out day. Every day you get closer to the day of your life when you would have a wing on your officer's pattern to show-off to your girl friend at the Graduation Ball especially arranged to celebrate the occasion.

Destination is unknown. You might be one of those fortunates who will pass out successfully and lead the air forces; or you may be one of those who could not make it and are a success in some other profession.



... WHEN YOU WOULD HAVE WINGS ...

The period of training has now been extended still further to three years. The Junior Entries is a thing of the past—of the good old days. The first year is rigidly employed in ground instruction and navigation flights. The second year is to the faithful, piston-engined Provost flying, and the last year sees the flight cadets through advanced flying on Vampires.

The one thing that Cranwell has inculcated in everyone who went there is the bond of friendship for the fellow cadets no matter where they come from. Upon all it has printed its own character. Far or near you have the same loving respect for Cranwell—long live the Cranwellians.

STAFF APPOINTMENTS

The following officers have joined the College Staff since the last issue of *The Journal* went to press:

Assistant Commandant: Group Captain H. N. G. Wheeler.

Cadet Wing: J.G.D.I.: Flight Lieutenant C. O'Reilly.

Flying Wing: Q.F.Is.: Flight Lieutenant D. Andrew, Flight Lieutenant D. S. Bridson, Flight Lieutenant A. A. Hutchinson, Flight Lieutenant G. J. A. Kerr, Flight Lieutenant E. F. Smeeth, Flight Lieutenant W. Topping, Flight Lieutenant B. J. Weskett, Flying Officer J. A. S. Davies, Flying Officer R. Wells. A.T.C.: Flight Lieutenant S. A. G. Abbot, Flight Lieutenant D. A. F. McDonald, Pilot Officer D. A. Emery, Pilot Officer A. J. Marshall.

Administrative Wing: Medical Officer: Squadron Leader N. Kirk, Nursing Sister: Flight Officer C. L. McVitie, Assistant Administrative Officer: Flight Lieutenant G. M. Wade, M.B.E.

STAFF DEPARTURES

The following officers have left the College staff since the last issue of *The Journal* went to press:

Group Captain: D. H. Lee.

Flight Lieutenants: C. Crook, J. R. Coleman, P. J. Carty, T. F. Copleston, D. B. Durrant.

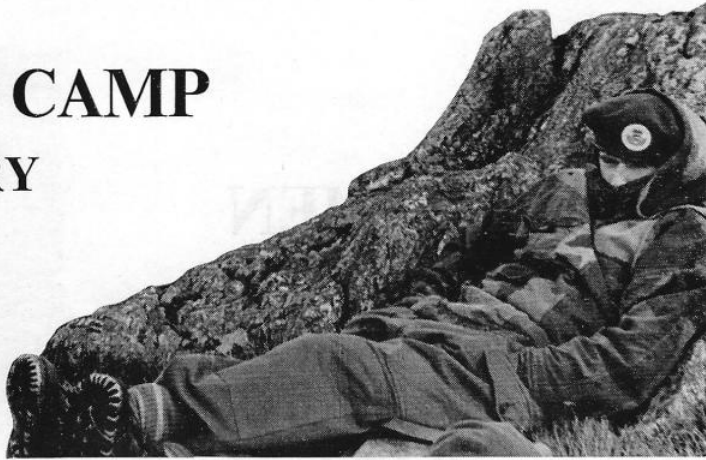
Flight Officer: S. M. Dival.

Flight Lieutenants: R. D. Feek, C. P. Francis, R. Hollingworth, R. G. Lofting, P. Lovatt, R. E. Pride, P. D. Prichett, C. E. Simpson, J. A. Worrall, C. Williams.

Flying Officer: R. J. Scott.

SURVIVAL CAMP

75 ENTRY



FIFTY-FIVE novitiate druids left the College for the vastnesses of Snowdonia on Wednesday, 10th April, and travelled through the night for their Survival training camp, changing trains, by some logistician's aberration, in Manchester at midnight.

Thoroughly bewildered by the tongue-paralysing place-names that swore at them from sign boards *en route* they were delivered onto the camp site in the wee hours of Thursday, where for the next eight days they lay in the hands of Squadron Leader Foskett, whilst W.O. Gallagher and F.S. McCall lavished them with every attention.

From then on they were swept along in the gay social whirl attendant on all such occasions. Going on impromptu rambles and peripatetic nature studies each day, coming home peckish each evening for a jolly barbecue meal.

For example: on Saturday the Commandant watched them storm Snowdon, racing each other in sportive abandon to the hotel on the snow-bound summit where they occasioned an interesting limitation on Emerson's celebrated dictum, for even though you have built your house on top of a mountain and yet the world beats a path to your door—what happens if you're out?

Sunday saw 'C' Squadron win a cooking competition and everyone celebrated with a trot up Tryfan, '. . . today will be our day of rest,' Squadron Leader Foskett—but see also W. W. Bracebridge '. . . Tryfan; definitely not for beginners.'

The following days were spent on the customary Escape and Evasion exercise, revealing a disconcerting glimpse of the official mind, when a crash involving a positive armada of bombers or fighters, or at least a Britannia or Beverley with full complement, scatters some five-dozen survivors

into enemy country and is punningly dismissed as a 'minor mishap.'

Exposed now to the rigours of the elements and the tender mercies of an especially fickle resistance movement it is little wonder they here succumbed to the temptations of an enemy *agent provocatrice* who wandered into the encampment and in a few seconds flat had wheeled out every scrap of information they possessed.

Off to such a splendid start the good work continued the next day—one Section marching slap through a prohibited area and presumably vanishing into the mist. Having circumscribed what was to be the final rendezvous all day, the resistance contacts at every checkpoint nonchalantly trotting out a perfectly plausible reason why halting was impossible and a further trek imperative for continued well-being, the forty-seven pilots and four navigators were mightily relieved to hear at nightfall that it was now safe to return whence they came (the three secretaries were still wondering how the heck they got here in the first place, the only equipper all this time was totally engrossed gleefully estimating his profit on this splendid write-off).

Throughout the night, at first in groups, eventually in one long crocodile, they tramped, starting the final leg as dawn broke, the tail of the column being set upon and chased by the enemy for some two hundred yards—the perfect start to a lovely day. During the day of debriefing and demolition that followed permission was given for some to leave the same evening because of the distance they were from home, these few therefore missed the party that began at 4 o'clock the next morning. Certainly things got a trifle moist as the day squelched on, the Strontium 90 threshold went soaring up, so perhaps it was an irradiated rather than irrigated entry that finally filed, dripping, into their transport back to civilization. C.A.R.

FIVE MEN IN A BOAT



ONE evening in April the solitude of Wroxham was broken by the noise of two unorthodox vehicles travelling through the town at a speed in excess of the limit—one firing on two cylinders (the other two were lost on the way) and the other minus an exhaust gasket which was also lost in transit from London. In other words we were ready to begin our first attempt at sailing on the Norfolk Broads. We drove around Wroxham looking for Jack Powells Ltd. in ever-decreasing circles and eventually found our boat. We had expected a large one but not quite as large as that which we were shown. Nevertheless, to calm the fears of the owners, we smiled confidently and approached the craft, shouting loud nautical terms specially rehearsed for the occasion. We unpacked everything and were preparing to ‘weigh anchor’ when we were asked to pay. This very nearly spoilt our holiday before we had even started it. But we managed to meet the bill, which included an item for food that seemed enough to feed at least twenty men.

Now we came to the biggest problem of the day. How were we to leave the boatyard in a way that would not give Mr Powell ulcers for the next week? The boat was at least thirty feet long and was apparently blessed with two sails, a small one up front and a big one at the back. A further search found our greatest asset. It was a little two-stroke engine, hidden away in a locker at the

rear end. Thus, we ‘motored’ in an orderly fashion down the river—until we were round a corner when our curiosity got the better of us and we stopped to try to put the sails up. This was our biggest mistake. For a start we could only get one sail up and that was the jib; and that was back to front at first. The mainsail was a dead loss as there were so many ropes that we could not find which should be attached and which should be pulled. By the time the jib had been erected we had struggled into Wroxham Broad. Perhaps in the light of later events it was a good thing that we did not get the mainsail up for there was a strong wind blowing. Even so, that evening we managed to lose the quant and the lifebelt overboard. One member of the crew was immediately pushed into the dinghy and cast adrift in order to fetch them, which, surprisingly enough, he managed to do. By this time we were becoming twisty and hungry, so, admitting defeat, we started the engine, and after consulting a map on which was marked all the good pubs, we set off full throttle towards the nearest. After three-quarters of an hour we sighted our destination—the ‘Swan’ at Horning. We moored with difficulty, put up the awning with even more difficulty, and then decided to cook, a decision which created further difficulty—no tin-opener. We ‘procured’ one and settled down to a meal of mushroom soup followed by spaghetti. (Yes, it is amazing what you eat when



Many hands make light work while Harrington steers

you cook it yourself!) Naturally we spent the rest of the evening quenching our thirsts in the 'Swan.' Sleeping that night presented no problems, even to the person who was forced to sleep on the floor.

The next day, to our surprise, we were awake at 8.30, and after breakfast we decided it was time we did some sailing. We thought it would be best to have a large expanse of water to play around with. Accordingly, we made our way to the Little Black Broad, using the motor. The plan was to moor in a sheltered place, put up the sail and then let loose. Unfortunately the plan went wrong, because every time we tried to get into the Broad we went aground in the entrance. We altered our plan and moored in a quiet part of the river Bure to try our hand at putting the sail up and down. We got it up after half an hour but never got it down, as the place was not quite as sheltered as we thought. We suddenly found ourselves proceeding at a high rate of knots back towards Wroxham. So we tried turning round and found that the boat refused to go in that direction. Then somebody said something about tacking. This we

tried and managed to make a little progress. In the panic we had again lost the lifebelt overboard. Not wanting to lose any ground we once again sent the dinghy off with two people in it. Ten minutes later we heard a shout and looked round. Lo and behold! the dinghy was sinking, and soon all we could see was the dinghy's mast and two persons up to their thighs in the water. Fortunately the dinghy was picked up before it sank completely by a motor cruiser. Meanwhile we had had our troubles in the yacht. Tacking, we found, was not so easy, and we had just reached Horning again when a particularly strong gust of wind heeled the boat right over. Water poured in the portholes, and the quant again went overboard, and while we were looking for it we went straight into somebody's private backwater and finished with the bows stuck firmly into a hedge. The owner came out of his house and, instead of greeting us with a barrage of abuse, he proceeded to sympathize with us. We had had enough sailing for the morning and, feeling the need of something stronger than water, we took the sail down, picked up the dinghy, the quant and two rather wet flight cadets, and motored gently to the 'Ferry Inn,' still in Horning. By the time we had moored properly it was four o'clock in the afternoon and hands were sore, clothes were wet and the boat was covered in mud. We had a grand clean up and feed up and did some sailing in the dinghy. Six o'clock struck, and guess who were first over the doorstep of the 'Ferry Inn'? Right first time! It was here that we met someone who could play a guitar, and with some members of our own crew we formed a skiffle group and played all night to a large crowd. The pub closed and off we went to the local dance. The resident 'band' was swept into a corner and we proceeded to liven up the dance. Once again it was a very tired crew who crawled into their bunks that night.

The next morning we arose at 10.30, but by now we were getting a system. We made breakfast, washed up and got the sails up in record time. The day before we had made precisely half a mile in the intended direction. Now we were becoming experienced and knew how to dig ourselves out at banks, push ourselves out of the mud and disentangle the sheets (ropes, to the landlubbers). We had also grown a little cautious. Two reefs were made in the mainsail and instead of tacking we used the motor—except when public opinion was against us, e.g. other yachts in the vicinity. We braved the elements on South Walsham Broad during the morning. In the afternoon we made our way towards Potter

Heigham, where we were told there was a dance, as it was a Saturday night. We arrived there at six o'clock in the evening, sailing all the way from South Walsham without the help of the engine—no mean feat for us as it was straight into wind half the way. It was after dinner that we discovered we had lost the rudder of the dinghy. Nobody knew where it had gone. It was also at Potter Heigham where two members of the crew dropped a proverbial 'clanger.' They had gone to look at a 'Smooti' motor cruiser. It had television—in fact it had every mod. con. On board was a small elderly Yorkshireman. He was persuaded to allow the two curious flight cadets to look around. They immediately crawled all round and took no further notice of the Yorkshireman, until he managed to get a word in. In a true northern accent he said 'I don't suppose you remember me.' It was then that the brighter cadet, who had noticed two ukeleles tucked away in a corner, realized the identity of their host. It was George Formby. After that they beat a hasty retreat with due apologies for intruding and joined us, red-faced, for a much-needed drink. The dance stopped at midnight and it is here that the editor stopped me from giving a true account of later events of the evening.

The next day was Sunday and we awoke at three o'clock in the afternoon. It took us an hour to get under way, having cleaned up and removed various foreign bodies which seemed to have found their way onto the boat during the night. The wind was behind us and in just over an hour we reached Acle Bridge, where we cooked a breakfast-cum-lunch-cum-dinner and retired to recuperate in the local which was conveniently close to the boat. Thus ended a very short day.

We were determined to mend our ways for the remaining two days, but it was past midday by the time we said goodbye to Acle and made our way back to Horning. Even though most of us were becoming fairly proficient at sailing there were still two members of the crew who insisted on pushing the tiller to port to move the boat to port, and many were the times that under their direction we ended up in a bank. But we had learnt other elementary factors of sailing:

closing portholes, stowing all equipment properly, coiling ropes, swabbing down decks, putting on sail covers, and, most important, how to start the engine. We sailed all the way back to Horning that day and arriving there found the 'Ferry Inn' deserted. So we continued into Ranworth Broad and found about thirty boats moored. Inevitably after dinner we retired to the local pub with the ship-shaped bar. The rest of the lounge was decorated as the stateroom of a liner. Somehow the bar seemed to sway as though we were at sea. By the time it closed it swayed even more, and, having rowed back to our yacht, it was four weary cadets who did a very sluggish max-rate climb to three feet and levelled off while the last man nose-dived into the floor.

Tuesday was the last day of our nautical holiday and we were determined to get some good sailing in before we left. Needless to say it was not until the afternoon that we began sailing. In the morning the lure of the darts board in the 'Swan' had been too much. About two o'clock we entered Wroxham once again. This time we were well organized. The mainsail was unreefed and, as the Scots member of the crew put it, there was a 'spanking breeze' and we soon had the



A Norfolk scene

gunnels awash (some fool had left a porthole open again—result: wet blankets). We had been sailing for about half an hour when disaster struck. We were heeling right over, sailing very close-hauled, when suddenly there was a terrific 'crack' and the mainsail descended about a foot. Fortunately it held while we got it down properly. Close inspection revealed that it was lucky it had stayed up, since the laws of gravity ordained that it should have descended upon us. Anyway it put an end to our sailing and for the last time the sail covers were put on and we cleaned out the inside. Then under power we entered Wroxham and once again the boatyard. It was a somewhat battered yacht which was returned, but the foreman did not seem to notice the new scratches on the side, but did remember to charge us thirty shillings for the dinghy's rudder. And surprisingly enough we left on very good terms—perhaps they were glad to see the boat back at all; I know we were!

G.C.W.

ARCHAEOLOGY

Its Meaning and Purpose, or It's a wise child that knows its own father

by **John Tanner**

R. G. COLLINGWOOD, one of the greatest philosopher-historians, said that the purpose of history was 'to tell man what man is by telling him what man has done.' It has for centuries been thought that to know the past is to be better equipped to cope with the present and future problems of our civilization.

Recent history—that is, from the Middle Ages onwards—is to a large extent recorded for us in contemporary documents. The invention and spread of printing brought into being vast quantities of historical material that has often, even if fortuitously, been preserved for our present enlightenment.

Knowledge of the way of life of our ancestors who through inability, illiteracy or the use of ephemeral materials, left no written records behind them calls for a particular form of scrupulous detective-work known as archaeology. The basic function of all archaeological work, therefore, is the discovery of sufficient relics of an earlier civilization to enable a complete picture to be pieced together of the way of life of the people who created and used those relics in their everyday existence.

This purpose of archaeology has not always been recognized, and indeed the connotation of the word was, until after the First World War, often limited to the arts and antiquities of the ancient classical world of Greece and Rome. Not until 1926 was there a chair of general pre-history

in a British University. Earlier scholars who specialized in the antiquities of their own country and forebears were labelled generally by the pseudo-noun 'antiquarian.' It was, of course, this denigration of the study of native pre-history that caused our most brilliant scholars in the field to devote their time so successfully to the classical and Egyptian sites.

Now things have changed with a vengeance, and Chairs and Schools of Archaeology abound. So popular a study is it that enormous progress has been made in a comparatively short time. Archaeology is now recognized as having a vast range covering the history of all races and all things germane to those races from their darkest origins to the Middle Ages.

The correct interpretation of much of this material calls for highly specialized knowledge in many abstruse fields, notably geology, palaeontology, palaeobotany and other interrelated sciences. For this reason it is sometimes necessary for an archaeologist to confine his attention to those objects and sites which throw light on the artistic and functional in ancient and medieval remains. All other matter is passed to the laboratories of specialists to be pronounced upon authoritatively. The archaeologist then takes these reports, allies them to his own material, and by a combination of scientific evidence, historical knowledge and humanistic 'imagination' (i.e. deduction) arrives at a record of life as it once was on the site he is investigating. It is this form of combined operations that brought forth the definition of archaeology as 'the art which is a synthesis of a dozen sciences.'

By this method the archaeologist endeavours to trace the way of human existence through the relics left by long-dead communities. As far as possible he tries to recreate the life-pattern of the people who made and used the articles he is now digging up, so that their behaviour and living habits are reconstituted and their very thoughts recaptured.

This ideal necessitates a vast knowledge of the types of remains already found, their provenance, their associations, and what is known of the people who created them. To this end it is a primary duty for all excavators to collect, classify,



First interment exposed at Hough-on-the-Hill

measure, and record systematically and minutely every portion of every remain discovered. All such data should, whenever possible, be published so that they are available to fellow workers. This insistence on exactly recording all findings has caused many laymen to regard the archaeologist primarily as a collector, as one who is obsessed with the physical possession of antiquities. Nothing could be further from the truth. The archaeologist never digs for the sake of the objects he may find, but for the sake of the knowledge he may gain of people, their actions and thought.

It is this attitude of mind and approach which differentiates the archaeologist from most other scholars who may measure and record just as systematically but whose collections are usually valued primarily for themselves. The archaeologist's finds are valued solely as a clue to the mentality and activities of their makers and users. It is for this reason that an artifact or relic is virtually of no value to the archaeologist unless its context is known. Objects *in situ* are always able

to impart some information, but if removed casually and without proper records are, in nearly all cases, worthless.

The actual technique of digging, the manner in which sites are found and investigated, what happens to the artifacts that are dug up, how objects are preserved and restored, are all matters that cannot be dealt with here. Suffice it to say that the study of such details is fascinating, and that many of the most famous figures in contemporary archaeology have written superlatively on the subject.

No other form of historical research has quite the fascination exerted by archaeology, and the more one digs the stronger is the charm, for actual physical work into the very land and dwellings of the distant past always brings a feeling of affinity with those whose remains are underfoot. This awareness of the past, of the spirit of place, and of our own very small and insignificant niche in the continuity of our race is not the least benefit to be gained from archaeology.

ARCHAEOLOGY FROM THE AIR

by Flight Lieutenant A. R. Martindale

DURING the past few months the Press has included several reports of archaeological discoveries made in this country from the air. Perhaps the most striking of these appeared in the *Daily Telegraph* for 26th March 1957, where it was stated that a large and hitherto unsuspected prehistoric earthwork near Midhurst, Sussex, had been discovered during a routine check by Ordnance Survey experts of R.A.F. photographs. But this rather spectacular use of the aerial photograph serves only to underline the regular contribution which is being made to archaeological knowledge by this form of survey, and no field-work is attempted today without preliminary investigation from the air.

The value of aerial observation and its recording by photograph in the field of archaeology was realized within a few years of the formation of balloon units in the British Army in the late nineteenth century. As early as 1891 it was suggested that the ancient sites at Agra should be surveyed from the air, and in 1906 a Lieutenant Sharp took air photographs of Stonehenge from a balloon. The Germans in Palestine during the

First World War found time to develop the technique of photographing ancient sites from an aeroplane, and the publication of their work in 1920 showed the great possibilities that lay in this sphere.

The Royal Air Force played an early part in the development of aerial photography as a means of archaeological discovery in this country. In 1922 Air Commodore Clark Hall observed curious marks on a photograph taken in Hampshire which proved to be early settlements, whilst the work of Flight Lieutenant Haslam revealed the extensive 'Celtic field' system around Winchester. Woodhenge was discovered from a photograph taken of a field of wheat by Wing Commander G. S. M. Insall, V.C., whilst one of the best examples of the value of the air-photograph in earlier days was given by O. G. S. Crawford, F.S.A., a pioneer in this field, in an article in the *College Journal of Autumn*, 1930:—

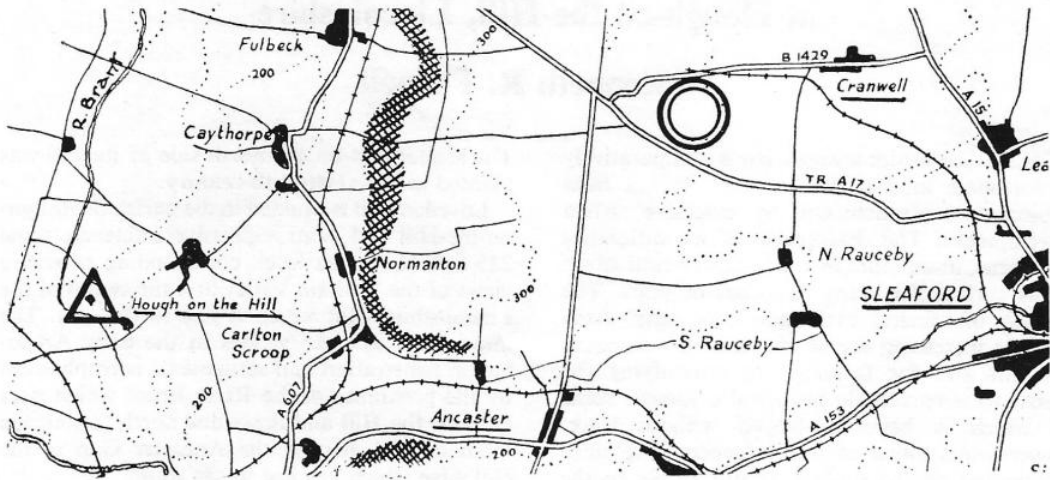
'The classical example is, of course, Caistor near Norwich. Here an air photograph, taken from Bircham Newton in 1928, revealed the outline plan of the streets, houses and temples

of a Roman town. Excavations were undertaken the following year, and the outline proved correct. The air photo was of great use to Professor Atkinson, who was in charge, because it enabled him to select a block of buildings and concentrate on it for the first season. Without it he would have had to dig blind.'

Such outlines of hidden sites are produced in several ways. First, and probably most important, are crop patterns, which appear during the early and mid growing season of most corn and grass crops. Although the ground surface may have been ploughed level, the outline of buildings and fortifications can be revealed by colour variations

surface when the sun is low. Such remains are extremely difficult to recognize from the ground but an aerial view in the evening will often restore chaos into order. Large areas of cultivation banks (lynchets) have been plotted in this way, the edges facing the setting sun standing out vividly against the shadow. Again, even where ploughing has levelled an ancient site differences in soil coloration often remain, easily visible from the air; recent work in Italy has been aided in this manner.

This summary is by no means exhaustive; hidden sites have been revealed in such odd ways as through the activities of rabbits, whose



Excavation of an Anglo-Saxon Cemetery

in the green crop. Where plants are growing over the remains of walls and foundations, they tend to be pale in colour and are quick to ripen as the summer progresses. Conversely, corn growing over ditches is usually dark green, partly as a result of good drainage, partly because the silt which fills ditches is often very fertile. The same occurs over postholes which have become filled when the prop or monolith has rotted or been removed, whilst on occasion ditches have been revealed by a profusion of flowers such as poppies which grow over them but not where the soil is thinner. These differing shades of colour, undecipherable at ground level, stand out clearly when viewed from the air. Permanent grassland does not show crop marks to any extent, although sites have been revealed in late summer where a hot spell burns the grass growing over masonry near to the surface of the ground.

Primitive sites can also be detected by the shadows made by even small irregularities in the

burrows in the finer soil of ditches and ramparts have traced their outline. Moreover, aerial photographs can be deceiving, and what at first appeared to show a group of Bronze Age round barrows proved on examination to have been the marks left by a farmer's tethered goats. Yet, with careful interpretation, air photographs have proved and are proving invaluable to the archaeologist, and even where a site is well known, the panoramic view obtained from the air often results in the better understanding of a fortification.

The finding of an Anglo-Saxon cemetery at Hough-on-the-Hill, described in this issue by K. Fennell, provides great opportunity for further discovery from the air in this area. The photographing of a site and its surroundings is a rather intricate operation, requiring special equipment, yet direct observation can prove equally valuable. For the camera can only show what is already visible to the human eye, and with the most

productive months approaching, so far as crop marks are concerned, the area in the vicinity of the site warrants careful scrutiny. The excavation has already proved unique in the richness of the finds; aerial observation could well reveal

associated sites of equal or greater value. The recording of all unusual features which might be observed during routine flights may prove instrumental in furthering our knowledge of the early history of the district.

EXCAVATION OF AN ANGLO-SAXON CEMETERY

at Hough-on-the-Hill, Lincolnshire

by **Kenneth R. Fennell**

THE Lincolnshire antiquarian is comparatively fortunate in that the County has not been subject to encroachment by extensive urban development. The destruction of its antiquities has been caused more by the intensive cultivation of its surface for many hundreds of years. The growth of mineral extraction over large areas and the increasing use of mechanized techniques for this and for farming are intensifying the threat to irreplaceable historical evidence, some of which is being destroyed without trace. Nevertheless much of this evidence, long since obliterated on the surface, is still visible to the aerial observer and can be recorded by photographic reconnaissance given suitable conditions of crop growth, of soil, of light and coupled with good fortune. This preliminary account of a local excavation is written in the hope that it may stimulate those who fly to observe and to photograph, and thus provide the basic framework for the more earthbound excavator.

The prehistorian and the student of the Dark Ages alike suffer from two fundamental handicaps which do not exist for the Roman period in this country, namely, the complete absence of written records and the difficulty of locating and identifying habitation sites. For the latter reason the archaeology of the Dark Ages, and particularly the Pagan Anglo-Saxon times, is almost entirely dependent upon the investigation of the cemeteries of the period.

The sketch map shows the location of this cemetery at Loveden Hill, and a general view of the hill, taken from the southern side, does less than justice to its commanding position which is best appreciated from the crown of the hill.

The shelter belt on the north side of the hill was planted in the nineteenth century.

Loveden Hill is situated in the parish of Hough-on-the-Hill and is an impressive eminence, some 225 feet above sea level, commanding extensive views of the Witham Valley and the sweep of the Lincolnshire Cliff which is just to the east. The importance of river valleys in the early Anglo-Saxon penetration and settlements is emphasized by the proximity of the River Brant which rises close to the Hill and flows due north to join the Witham, and also by the Ancaster Gap in the cliff edge which lies just to the south.

A number of Dark Age cemeteries along the cliff edge have been revealed and destroyed by cultivation without any record. In the Ancaster Gap a small Anglo-Saxon cremation cemetery has been identified close to the walled town of Ancaster, a strategic situation, the implications of which may be out of all proportion to the extent of the recorded evidence, which is flimsy.

A very large and unusual cemetery of the same period was also discovered at Sleaford during the construction and later widening of the railway. From Sleaford, with an inhumation burial, comes one of the earliest types of bronze hanging bowl which is an interesting precedent to the two discovered at Loveden Hill. The Sleaford bowl is a very simple hemispherical bowl with four plain riveted escutcheons with out-turned loops—all of which features are significant of an early date not far removed from the original Roman source of the bowls.

The gradual unfolding of the history of the locality too has been the result of a combination of technique and accident. Field work over

thirty years ago revealed the existence of a small, circular mound of about twenty-eight feet in diameter on the hill top which was identified as a barrow. This diagnosis was confirmed by excavation in 1925 and 1926, in the course of which four burials were found arranged in radial fashion with their heads at the centre of the mound, with the exception of one less fortunate individual who had apparently been decapitated before burial. A number of cremations was also found, most of these being in pottery urns, which were identified as being of Pagan Anglo-Saxon date. It was not until recently when the field was deep ploughed that it was realized that a very large cremation cemetery existed. Subsequent excavations appear to show that there are several groups of inhumations in the field, probably interred in barrows, the urnfield being superimposed upon these.

In the late autumn of 1955 the eleven acres of grassland on the crown of Loveden Hill were broken up by deep ploughing and a concentrated scattering of cinerary urns with cremations was found extending for an area of approximately a hundred yards by thirty yards, the original barrow being at the western extremity of the length. Several week-ends were spent in the gathering of the larger fragments, particularly of the stamped wares. One concentrated group of urns which had been buried at a very shallow depth and had been cut in half by the plough was found close to the barrow, together with two sets of bronze tweezers, several glass beads and the remains of a brooch, the latter fused by heat.

In spite of ever-worsening weather conditions it was decided to carry out a rescue excavation, and an area was opened at the approximate eastern end of the cemetery where a broken modern ploughshare and a piece of bronze sheeting of indeterminate age had been seen. This excavation continued throughout that winter until the field was required for cultivation in March, and was reopened in the autumn of 1956 for a second season's work. The area now systematically excavated is some forty feet by fifty feet in area and has produced two inhumations, a quantity of bronze and ironwork and about seventy separately identified cinerary urns.

Whilst it is not clear that the inhumations are related to each other in time, the apparent placing of a semi-circle of stones on the south-east side of the bodies bears some resemblance to the arrangement in the original barrow, and it may be that these interments were likewise originally in a shallow mound now long since

ploughed out. Confirmation or otherwise of this theory will depend upon further excavation to the north-west of these burials. Both bodies had been covered with mounds of large limestone blocks. The first one was complete and apparently a male lying with the legs slightly flexed and with an elaborately constructed circle of upright stones around the head. The second inhumation lay flat on its back, and the feet of this skeleton were missing. This second body had been buried mainly in the clay subsoil whilst the former was in a pocket of gravel. Beneath the second body, which was thought to be female, a portion of an iron knife was found and apparently superimposed upon the burial mound was a large flat bronze bowl 1 ft. 6 in. in diameter and about 4 in. deep. This had decayed beyond the possibility of extraction or repair, but portions of the sides and rim were recovered. The rim had a number of small riveted hanging attachments.

The other main bronze finds were buried in the area between the two inhumations although some had been shifted by the plough. The most important find was that of a bronze hanging bowl having a diameter of $9\frac{3}{4}$ in. with three circular escutcheons and hanging rings. The bowl has the deeper, more rectangular section and deep flat cupped base of the later bowls, with a square boxed channel rim. The escutcheons have swan's neck attachments which slot on to the bowl rim and the escutcheons and basal print are decorated in the developed trumpet pattern style of the sixth to seventh century A.D. with silver gilt fields. The central trumpet spiral of each escutcheon has been pierced, but if anything were originally set therein it is now missing. The bowl contained the sweepings of a cremation fire in which was an iron nail and the remains of a decorated glass cup. Sufficient of this had escaped the fire to enable its approximate shape and size to be determined. Buried with the bowl was an iron sword with a two-inch blade, 36 in. long, which had been ritually broken in two places before burial. Immediately on top of the bowl



Hanging Bowl No. 1 from Loveden Hill

was a quantity of twisted iron strapping which may have been the binding or strapping of a wooden bucket. Certainly the two handles of a bucket of this type were found separately and obviously disturbed by cultivation. These handles were heavy iron straps $8\frac{3}{4}$ in. long with $4\frac{1}{4}$ -in. diameter iron rings, and attached to the handles were strips of embossed bronze-work and turned over fastenings which made it apparent that the decayed material of the bucket must have been about a quarter of an inch thick and the whole thing of substantial size.

Further fragments of decorated bronze-work and an iron snaffle bit were found, together with a bronze cauldron with a diameter of about 14 in. which had been cut in half by the plough but which, when found, still contained an iron spearhead, one of the bucket handles and a large piece of fused amber-coloured glass. A number of other pennant-shaped decorated fragments of bronze, possibly from this bucket or from drinking horns, were in the area together with one rectangular-shaped handle from a bronze pan of a Roman type.

The second bronze hanging bowl which was also recovered intact and contained a cremation, was a handsome vessel of $11\frac{3}{4}$ in. diameter. It is of an earlier style than the other bowl and typologically falls between that bowl and the Sleaford bowl, being almost hemispherical in profile with a shallow cupping of the base. The escutcheons have notched swan's neck attachments which sit on the bowl rim and the escutcheons and print are decorated with coarse line work in Celtic style with a swastika motif, the ends of which have been elaborated into a continuous six-centred scroll. The raised milled rim on the base print is missing from the three escutcheons. The base of the bowl had been elaborately repaired some time before burial, which confirms the view that it was already of some antiquity when buried. In close proximity to, but slightly above, this bowl was a pottery vessel of tall baggy shape with a rippled neck. Although this may have been buried later it seems possible that it may be related to the hanging bowl, as no cremation or other objects were found in the urn which may, therefore, have been for Votive purposes.

The purpose of these hanging bowls is still a matter for speculation, but there seems to be no doubt that when found in Anglo-Saxon contexts, as they usually are, they represent loot, probably from early Christian churches. They were obviously much prized, and the presence of two in such close proximity together with the sword

can be taken as evidence that these burials were of persons of considerable standing in the local community.

The third bronze vessel recovered intact was a small bowl of about $6\frac{3}{4}$ in. diameter and $3\frac{3}{4}$ in. deep, made in two sections with a rounded base, the top edge of which was turned over to grip the curved walls of the cup, which has an everted rim. Two twisted bronze loops or rings were on top of this vessel, but the purpose of these is not clear. A large vertical stone had been placed on the south side of the vessel when buried. The style of the bowl has often been imitated in pottery forms and a pottery window urn of this period, found in the Stamford area and now in the Lincoln Museum, bears a noticeable similarity in style.

All three of these vessels were emptied and restored in the British Museum laboratories, and it can now be seen that they have all been deliberately stabbed through the base before burial, either with knife or spear. This is a ritual feature similar to that of the breaking of the sword.

Of the cinerary urns over a hundred and eighty have now been recovered, either in whole or in part, and of these over a third have been definitely located to the excavated area. The greatest concentration is in a pocket of plateau gravels where interment would probably have been easier than in the surrounding heavy clay, although more scattered burials are found in this also. It is noticeable that there is no orderly pattern about the burials and on many occasions what were thought to be individual urns were subsequently found on cleaning and examination to be two or three pots crushed into each other. It was possible to observe several cases where urns had obviously been buried together at slightly different levels, in some cases with the higher vessel breaking into the rim of the lower. Some of these groups were so stylistically similar as to indicate that they were concurrent burials, probably of the same family if not of the same person. It was very difficult at any time to observe the exact depth of the burials and there seems to have been considerable variation in this, which is probably not surprising, many of the urns being at such shallow depth that the plough in many cases had sheared off their necks. Conversely some late urns were found at even greater depths.

Those urns in the gravel layer had usually been placed on a layer of small pebbles on which fine grit had been spread to form a level surface and the urn then packed round with pebbles. This was

usually done carefully as very few examples of old fractures in the pots were found although a few cases where the urn had obviously tipped on one side on or immediately after interment were noticed. Some of the urns had apparently been deliberately holed before burial, whilst in at least two cases there is some reason to think that pots which had purpose-made holes, presumably for some domestic use, had been used later as cinerary urns.

Occasional examples of the practice of covering the neck of the urns with large stones were found, but the disturbance by ploughing was so extensive that it is not possible to say that this was usually done. Again there appears to have been some variation of practice in the actual interment, some very large vessels being packed with cremated bones, whilst in others only token cremations had been placed. In a very limited number of pots recovered intact nothing at all was found.

Several cases of the burial of animal teeth and the cremation of animal bones have also been identified. In all cases the practice appears to have been to cremate the body with possessions and so there has been the usual dearth of identifiable objects in the urns. Many fused glass and bronze fragments are found, but these are unfortunately of little use for dating purposes owing to their damaged condition. An exception to this almost universal rule is that of the small toilet articles which are common. At least twelve urns contained fragments of bone combs, some contained the bronze tweezers already referred to, and some contained miniature metal shears. It is doubtful whether many of these articles were ever of very practical use and it may be that their burial with the person has some ritual significance, particularly the combs, since the hair was thought to have magical properties by many ancient people. Several varieties of comb have been found, but the most usual style is a long double-sided comb with decorated strips which are fastened on either side of the central strip with metal rivets.

A surprising number of urns contained a number of curious bone counters; these are highly polished, between half an inch and three quarters of an inch in diameter with one flat surface and one domed surface, like slices from a billiard ball. Some are completely plain, whilst others have elaborate dot patterns on the surface, others again have varying numbers of holes in the base. Similar counters have been found in other Anglo-Saxon cemeteries, but the purpose and the reason for burying them with the dead is obscure, particularly as these do not seem to have been burnt.

The study of the hand-made pottery of this period presents a considerable difficulty because of the very great variation of style and decoration inherent in such individualistic technique, which presents such a complete contrast to the highly organized pottery industries of the Roman period.

The pottery so far recovered from the site includes a high proportion of plain undecorated domestic style urns, and this seems to bear out the theory that pottery previously used in the household could subsequently be used for funereal purposes as well as the elaborate decorated wares which may or may not have been specially decorated for the purpose. The intermixture of Anglo-Frisian types with their shoulder bossed urns decorated predominantly with simple line and groove technique, and Saxons with their elaborate florid stamped work, can be discerned, whilst it is apparent that the cemetery was in use for a considerable period, since there is a considerable range of style, from the early Germanic types with line and dot pattern and the elaborate embossed buckelurns of the Saxons, through the angular shouldered types, the globular urns, and thence to the ultimate decadent tall baggy shapes of the late sixth and early seventh century. Much work has yet to be done on this aspect of the problem.

Some fragments of Romano-British wares have been found in the area but there is no indication so far of burials of this period in the locality, although it does seem possible that traces of prehistoric occupation or burials may yet be found.

The activities described in this account may seem esoteric if not possibly morbid. What is the purpose of these activities? The object ultimately is to build up a picture of a living culture which provides the roots of much that still endures to this day, from the one facet of that culture which still exists and which can be positively identified, analysed and compared with other manifestations of it in this country and beyond. The concern of archaeology is with the living not the dead, even though in many cases we are forced to try to re-create the one from the other. The possibility of locating the settlement whose occupants lie buried on the 'Hill of the Loved One' is small, and twenty-five years ago would have been solely a matter of chance. That it exists is beyond doubt. In recent months in the same parish a carved whetstone head of a type almost unique in this country and dated to the Anglo-Saxon period strengthens the suspicion that it is not far away. The interaction of differing techniques and pure chance over the last quarter

of a century have already been commented upon. The addition of the vital technique of aerial photography may be sufficient to reveal many of the secrets which still lie dormant in the locality, and make them available to the field worker.

There are some questions which archaeology cannot answer. It can be said that a certain thing was done in a certain way at a certain time, but it cannot be said why it was so done. We now know, for instance, a great deal about the building of Stonehenge but it is doubtful whether we shall ever know the motivating force behind its construction. Subjective problems of this sort are necessarily the most tantalizing ones and they are worthy of more than the passing reference which can be made here.

The objective evidence from this cemetery is, as always, conflicting and difficult to reconcile. On the one hand we have pointers to a belief in magic and the 'evil eye'—shown by the burial of combs and small intimately personal objects, unburnt; and the use of dragons and animal forms in pottery designs. We also have the signs of apparent unconcern for the dead shown by the haphazard lack of arrangement of the interments, whereby it seemed not to matter if an earlier burial should be disturbed; and by those cases where only token cremations had been interred. On the other hand we have pointers to an elaborate ritual evidenced by the deliberate breaking of weapons, the piercing of bronze

bowls and the making of 'ghost holes' in cremation urns. We also have the choice of an impressive site for the burial ground, the obvious care with which massive limestone blocks were grouped around and on inhumations and the similar arrangement of stones bounding barrows. What we can now discern of their ritual practices is, of course, probably only a tithe of the actuality. Nevertheless these features seem to me to imply that, barbarians though they were, these people yet had considerable reverence for the dead—possibly more than for the living—and that they may well have believed that the destruction of the body did not involve the destruction but rather the liberation of the spirit.

Standing on the hilltop after the rigours of a winter excavation, time ceases to have meaning and the barbarians of fifteen hundred years ago do not seem very far removed from us.

Acknowledgments

I am indebted to Mr Tom Wright and the Brownlow Estates for allowing this excavation to take place; to Mr W. K. Griffiths for introducing me to the site and for permission to reproduce certain photographs, and to my many other helpers from Sleaford too numerous to mention but without whose help this work would not have been possible. The photographs of the bronze vessels are reproduced by courtesy of the Trustees of the British Museum. Copyright reserved.

Old Cranwellian Association Football Team

The Old Cranwellian reunion has been held at the College for a number of years and apart from social activities has been an occasion for sporting rivalry on the fields of cricket, tennis and squash. Since these games can only be played in the summer term, the winter sports are naturally excluded. I am therefore proposing that soccer matches should be arranged between the Old Cranwellians and the College in the winter term.

Such a match with its interest and undoubted enthusiasm could be a valuable training game in preparation for the traditional Sandhurst struggle as well as an opportunity for past players to meet again. Although there is no intention of usurping the position of Icarus F.C., the Royal Air

Force Officer's team, there is no reason why further matches could not be sought with clubs such as Sandhurst Wanderers. These could be played under the name of Old Cranwellians F.C.

This suggestion is only tentative and of course depends on support from Old Cranwellians who are prepared and able to turn out for such a team and if these players would write to inform me of their positions, suitable dates and addresses I am willing to organise the team to play for the Old Cranwellians.

For all these reasons it would of course be a fine thing if a similar rugby game could be arranged at the same time.

E. J. W.



SOCIETIES and ACTIVITIES



Jazz Club

Through the chaos, a light is discerned

Spring Term Background

THE Christmas term of 1956 was notable for the College Jazz Club in that it saw the formation of the College's first complete Jazz Band and Skiffle Group; and this Spring term was notable in that it saw their first public appearance. In September of last year the Skiffle was a collection of enthusiastic 'B' Squadron characters, predominantly from 71 Entry and with little apparent talent, who for some doubtful reason dubbed themselves 'The Gorillas.' The Jazz Band, predominantly from 75 Entry, were no more ready to play in public. At the beginning of the Spring term, however, the improvement was sufficient to launch the plans already made for a public performance. The Jazz Club now had 60 members altogether, including seven instrumentalists who formed the band, and five Monk . . . er, Gorillas.

Main Hall Debut

The Concert was soon arranged and advertised, and come rain or mud or any other proverbial adversity, the band was going to play. On the night itself an audience of about 120 came to hear what the Jazz Club had produced.

The band opened with its signature tune, a Chicago-styled version of 'The Lincolnshire Poacher' which, owing to nervousness, did not really represent the best elements of Chicago jazz. But the band warmed up and such numbers as 'I wish I could Shimmy like my Sister Kate,' 'Bobby Shaft-ho,' 'Chinese Blues' and 'Royal Garden Blues' were received with cheers and whistles, and such abandoned cries as 'I got the message!'

The band was led alternately by Noel Steel and John Owen on trumpets and backed by the versatile trombone of Pete Tame who had plenty

of ideas. Tim Mermagen played his saxophone with a casual but pleasing rhythm which seemed better the more one heard, while Peter Oulton helped to integrate the band with his banjo playing. Paul Harrington, who replaced our previous colleague Pete Greenhill at only two days' notice, made quite a lively job of the drumming.

In contrast to the white shirts and bow-ties of the Jazz Band, the Skiffle Group appeared in a blaze of coloured shirts, black jeans, white socks and sandals. The leader of 'The Gorillas' was Jock Heron, supported by Alan Garside who looked distinguished behind the bright red of his Hawaiian shirt. The rest of the rhythm consisted of 'Knuckles' Ryan on washboard, 'Ned' Nance plucking the bull fiddle and 'Hot-Beat' Williams on drums, who, incidentally, has become 'Frying-Pan' Williams on taking over the banjo. They made an enthusiastic and well-rehearsed job of their numbers, of which the most popular were perhaps 'Don't You Rock Me Daddy-O,' 'Railroad Bill,' and their rendering of a sad old song called 'How Long.'

As a fair criticism, one can say that the performance was generally better than either the audience or the band expected. But there was, of course, much room for improvement, and an attempt was made to put the lessons into practice at the next performance.

Lincoln College Concert

At the request of Lincoln Training College, the band and 'Gorillas' went on 6th March to play on the opening and trial night of their Jazz Club. They played to an audience of about 170 flight cadets, students and other guests from Lincoln and Kirton-in-Lindsey, and the cheers and the enjoyment shown in the jiving were a sure indication of success.

The Training College did in fact win their Principal's approval for their Jazz Club and they

insisted on giving the entire credit for this to Cranwell who, they said, made it such a success. They backed this up by making their Jazz Club open at any time to the band, who believe that the credit they earned was for hiding their beer so rapidly when Authority put in an appearance.

With the exception of a short appearance at the Half-Term Ball this was the end of the Jazz Club's public activities for the term, but plans were laid for more and better public appearances in the Summer with particular emphasis on new places and faces. The Jazz Club has at least begun to show that it can step out and make its own music now which is the most satisfactory way of enjoying jazz. It has become a source of interest and pleasure to many, plus of course, the inevitable amount of annoyance to a few!

N.G.S.

Canoeing Section

Devizes-Westminster Canoe Race Success at last

The Devizes-Westminster is the longest canoe race in the British Isles. It covers 53 miles of canal from Devizes to Reading, and then from Reading to Westminster on the Thames, a

Two new hulls were bought for our canoes, and as race-day approached we began to feel that perhaps we might make a fairly good showing.

Both crews were down on the canal bank at Devizes by seven o'clock in the morning of Good Friday, the day the race was to start. Canoes were assembled, kit was checked, and everything was made ready to go. Youd and de Garis were started first, at about eight o'clock. They disappeared round the first bend, going very well, and we were certain that if they reached Westminster they would do so in a very good time.

Soon after the start they were attacked by one of the vicious swans which are one of the most annoying features of the race. Paddles went into action, and the swan sank head-downwards, waving its feet protestingly in the air. Apart from this incident, all went smoothly until night fell, just past Newbury. The canal grew narrower and narrower, and de Garis and Youd felt certain they had taken a wrong turning. They decided to tie the canoe up and go prospecting on foot. After about ten minutes they found that they were definitely on the wrong piece of water, and went back towards their canoe. It was not until then that they realized they



Steady blade work from Ticehurst and Bentley

distance of 71 miles, making 124 miles in all. The College has for several years entered crews in the race, but only once before has a College boat completed the course. This year it was decided to enter two crews, and to make sure that both finished.

The two crews finally selected were Youd and de Garis, Bentley and Ticehurst, and training on the Trent at week-ends started in earnest.

had no idea where they had left it. It took an hour and a half, and much bad language, to find it.

This was just not their night, for soon afterwards, during a portage round one of the 77 locks on the course, their trolley collapsed, cutting the skin of the canoe. The trolley was thrown away in disgust, the hole was patched, and the crew carried on, wondering what would

go wrong next. Just short of Reading they passed a canoe with a broken back. They later learned that this had been sold to a local for two cups of tea, so seriously had it been damaged.

The journey down the Thames from Reading to Westminster proved quite uneventful, and the crew finished in the extremely good time of 36 hours. They were second in the class for folding canoes, beaten only by the Marines, and eighth overall. An extremely good effort.

Bentley and Ticehurst, meanwhile, while not aspiring to such heights, had been plugging steadily along. They started shortly after the other crew, and settled down to canoe at the speed they thought they could keep up for the race—about 3 m.p.h. Several times they were investigated by suspicious swans, which sheered off without any fuss. After about five hours' canoeing they were very hot indeed, and were glad to go through Savernake tunnel to cool off. Soon after Savernake, they came to the biggest obstacle in the race—seven locks in the space of a mile. They cursed the canal builder many times before they got over that difficulty.

Just after the locks they overtook a Sandhurst crew, who immediately speeded up and hung on to them. They had quite a race for about an hour, until the Sandhurst crew damaged their canoe on a portage.

Soon after the crew had passed Newbury, night fell, and so did their torch—right out of the canoe and into the depths of the canal. They had to press on with no light at all. It was nerve-racking going along the canal at night, constantly just missing tree trunks and branches in the water, any one of which could have made an irreparable tear in the canoe.

Dawn came at last, and they found they were nearly at Reading. Soon they were on the Thames, with a great feeling of relief at having left the worst part of the course behind them. At Marlow they were stopped by marshals, and their kit was checked. This gave them the opportunity for a welcome rest and cigarette before they pushed on. Soon after, the tedium was relieved by a 'dice' with a cabin cruiser, the skipper of which took several photographs. Nightfall found them at Windsor. At Old Windsor Lock the river splits round an island, one half going over a weir. As they had no torch they lay up for four hours until dawn, to find the right branch to take.

The next day, due to this loss of time, they had to race against the clock to catch the tide at Teddington. They did not get there until some hours after high tide, but sufficient time was left for them to reach Westminster before the tide started to rise again, making their task doubly difficult. They finally reached Westminster Bridge, and the finish, just as Big Ben was striking two, after 52½ hours' canoeing.

When the results were published we were quite pleased. We had 8th and 17th positions overall, and we had both beaten all the Sandhurst crews except one, which came 16th. We left Westminster feeling happy at the result of this year's race, and making plans for an all-out effort next year.

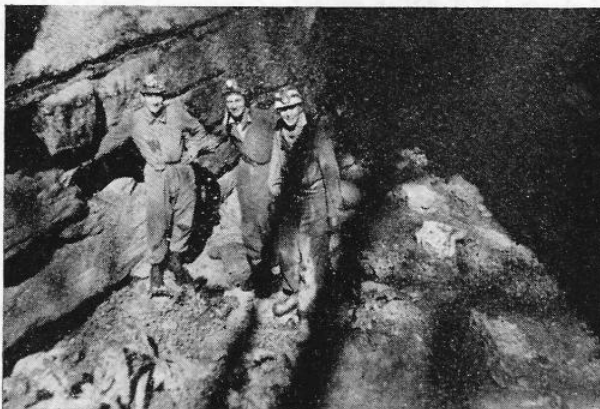
I.B.

Pot-Holing

Easter Leave, 1957

The section held a meet in Ireland from Friday, 12th to Thursday, 18th April. This meet was intended to provide experience for the new members of our section, and consequently we returned to the caves at Lisdoonvarna in Co. Clare that we had previously explored. The party consisted of nine flight cadets and two midshipmen from the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth. This is the first time that we have ever joined forces with any of the other services and we found the experience to be well worth while.

In previous years we had relied upon local farmers to provide transport to Lisdoonvarna, which is five miles from our camp site. However, this year we decided to travel in style. An advance party was sent to organize transport for the



Coriat, Atkins and Harrington before a plunge into the gloom

meet, and the main party was met in Lisdoonvarna by a hired Ford Consul which boasted both heater and wireless.

Our first subterranean excursion was down Poll-na-Gcolm, which is an excellent system for demonstrating the various pot-holing techniques. The entrance to the cave is at the bottom of a deep pit. The system was originally formed by a river which has eaten through the rocks, leaving a cleft which varies from 6 to 30 feet wide and 30 to 60 feet high; consequently there is the choice of travelling at either high level or low level along the present bed of the stream. The main passage twists for some $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles and along its course tributaries branch in all directions. The system is of particular interest because of the beautiful formations which are thousands of years old and because of an impressive waterfall, which falls into the main passage about half way along its length. The passage seems to end in a wedge, and in previous years the level of the water had prevented us from advancing any further. However, this year the water had subsided a few feet and we were able to squeeze through the wedge. We were delighted to find an apparently new system which stretched for a further mile, before it finally petered out.

As in previous years we explored all the secondary passages in Poll-na-Gcolm. Along one of these passages is a rock fall, which at first sight seems impassable. Two of our party managed to climb down the rock face, and discovered a fairly easy route down, so we decided to send a full party down the rock fall, and continue the exploration. The next day a party arrived at the rock face only to find their path barred once again. It had rained heavily during the night and this might have caused a further rock fall, for in the immediate vicinity of the original fall the roof of the cave had collapsed, and further exploration might have been fatal. We retreated from the area of the fall as quietly as we could, and instead continued the exploration of the new system at the old end of Poll-na-Gcolm.

Poll Ardua is the name given to a system which runs parallel with Poll-na-Gcolm, and which was discovered and explored by the College. The entrance to Poll Ardua is well concealed. The cave is reached through a narrow mud squeeze which stretches for about 60 feet, and which starts as a hole in one of the walls of Poll-na-Gcolm. The system itself is nothing more than a small canal which stretches about three miles downstream from the hole in the wall and about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles upstream. At one part in the down-

stream passage the water becomes extremely deep and the accepted way to traverse this obstacle is to wedge oneself between the two walls and work one's way down the passage. As in the past two of the party fell into the ice cold water, much to our delight, but they did not stay in long. After we had all passed this obstacle, some drier than others, we continued up the canal to its end, which again was a wedge.

Needless to say we did not spend all our time pot-holing. In the evenings we went down to Lisdoonvarna by car. This in itself was quite a feat, because the car was never intended to take eleven passengers. The inhabitants of the town always turned out in force to witness our arrival, and never failed to register the utmost astonishment when two people climbed out of the boot. While we were in Lisdoonvarna we were joined by the Captain of Pot-holing at Sandhurst, who had come to reconnoitre the caves around Lisdoonvarna for an intended meet in the Summer. We all managed to enjoy ourselves over a pint, swapping many a story with our friends from Dartmouth and Sandhurst.

D.R.K.

Gliding Section

Transport and Silver 'Cs'

Petrol rationing has prevented the Gliding Section from flying since last November. This has disjuncted the training programme of pupils in Initial Training Centres. However, two film shows on gliding topics were held, and these helped to stimulate members' enthusiasm.

At the time of writing, May 1957, gliding has just begun again. On the first week-end, nine hours of flying were logged by the section. On the 5th May two members gained their Silver 'C' distance qualification. Flight Cadet Rea flew 37 miles to south of Peterborough, and Flight Cadet Delafield flew 74 miles to Luton. (A report on this follows below.)

During the Summer leave, the section plans to visit the Derby and Lancs Club at Camphill for two weeks. The main aim of the camp will be to give members as much soaring experience as possible and to carry out qualifying flights for the Silver 'C' certificate.

A Record

Last Summer term there was only one cross-country flight by the Gliding Section. This year, on the first week-end of the term, 111 miles were flown on two flights. The Prefect flew 74 miles to Luton and the Grunau 37 miles to Peterborough.

The meteorological forecast for Sunday, 5th May stated that a cold, unstable northerly airstream covered the country. This, with a 15- to 20-knot wind, made it an ideal day for cross-country flying.

I was launched in the Prefect at 1407 hours, the second flight of the day. The height of release was 1,300 feet which, in calm air, would be sufficient for a seven-minute flight. This day, though, the air around me was sinking rapidly. Somewhere it was rising, and accordingly the search for it began. A small cumulus cloud seemed as good a place as any to find lift. Sure enough underneath it the glider surged upwards, the altimeter quivered and slowly began winding up. Two thousand feet passed, 3,000 feet, and soon the aircraft was up to cloud base at 4,500 feet. Cranwell was two miles to the north and was still within gliding range. I now faced a slight problem—should I be satisfied with the flight so far and return to base, or was it worth going across country instead? The weather was ideal for soaring and so there was no doubt about it. I turned downwind on my first cross-country.

The air around me was now sinking so it was necessary to increase speed in order to get away from it as quickly as possible. Folkingham was passed and soon the altimeter was reading 2,000 feet. It was now imperative to find lift. A quick dash underneath a wisp of cloud revealed a strong thermal, and after a few turns the glider was back to cloud base. It began to hail, and then to snow. The lift fell off and the downwind dash began again. Stamford, Kingscliffe and then Oundle passed below. Another thermal and back the machine went to cloud base.

I had now flown over 40 miles. Further south there were several airfields and the idea of landing at one was inviting. Thurleigh, with its white runways, stood out through the haze, and so a course was steered towards it. On the way it snowed hard and the wings and struts collected chunks of ice. Inside the cockpit, which fortunately had a closed-type canopy, the cold was beginning to penetrate. However, in spite of this ice formation, Thurleigh was reached with 3,000 feet in hand. Obviously there was little point in landing yet and after a quick search for lift the glider was up to 6,000 feet. Southwards again—Cardington and Bedford went by and ahead lay extensive countryside. The lift was still plentiful but not worth circling in. I was soon down to 1,500 feet and looking for a landing field. Cows occupied the best prospects and the only choice was a village cricket ground, which appeared to be vacant.

Accordingly, at 1612 hours, the Prefect touched down beside the square, two hours five minutes and $74\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Cranwell.

The retrieving crew arrived with a Land Rover and glider trailer at 1035 hours. On the way back we visited R.A.F. Cardington to refuel. The guardroom also provided some coffee and sandwiches to help revive us for our long journey to Cranwell. We arrived at the College at 0345 hours on Monday, 6th, tired, cold but cheerful.

The flight broke the previous College distance record by $8\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

J.D.

Fine Arts Society

The transport problem was once more conquered this term and the society had considerable support. The greater support results perhaps from the increasing pride members are taking in their work. It is said that an artist should endure hardship to create a masterpiece, and members have indeed forsaken 'pit' and other conflicting interests in order to attend the Friday evening sessions. Oil painting and sketching were the main interests during this period and in the near future it is hoped that an exhibition of oil paintings by members of the society will be possible. The medium of oils is one that you can really get to grips with, and many members show a bold, though mystic, form of expression. The future of the society is bright, since it is probable that a little corner of Chelsea will be set up among the Junior Mess Buildings and there, in a properly designed studio with new equipment, members will be given better facilities with which to develop what they learn in Lincoln on Friday evenings. Midway through the term it was necessary to increase the term's bid by £5 to meet the expenditure on materials. It is, of course, hoped that support will continue to increase at the same rate each term, but that expenditure need not.

R.K.

Sailing Section

Activities have not, as in previous seasons, been confined to maintenance. Instead, after the Section Hut had hummed with industry for many Sunday afternoons, a fine spell of weather brought us from hibernation and we set sail. Congratulations and thanks to all those members whose many hours of sanding and painting made this possible. As we go to press, we are well ahead of schedule, in that two boats are being used regularly at Farndon, between spells

of creosoting, and two of the remaining three are ready to move down.

Here we would like to welcome our many new members. On one afternoon in the close season we saw as many people sailing *Heron* and *Tangent* at Farndon as we saw on an average afternoon last year sailing four boats in the open season. This portrays the great expansion the club has undergone; we are indeed the largest organized active body in the College. From a financial point of view, this is beneficial to the vitality of the club, as it helps us to obtain badly needed equipment which will go to make an afternoon's sailing still more enjoyable—that is if the rowers, canoers and the petrol situation allow us to get to Farndon at all! With 15 to 20 members wishing to sail at once next term the problem of transport will be a very real one, and the committee appeal to anyone with a car and a kind heart to help in this matter. We may even get our own bus.

Our opening match of the season, the British Universities Sailing Association Championships, held on the Welsh Harp, Middlesex, found us matched against Birmingham University. The team managed to hold them to a mere three point lead in the first round, but were outsailed in the second. Conditions were perfect, and the week-end afforded good practice for all members, especially those taking part in the All-Comers' Race the next day, in which we finished eighth out of 26. Finally we would like to thank the Admiral, Lieutenant-Commander Shaw, for concluding our series of Tuesday evening lectures on sailing theory. We hope that the information put over will be shown to have borne fruit in the discovery of new experts in the noble art of Seamanship this year.

D.G.W.

Dancing Section

The section has again this term attracted a large membership. The strength is now at 54, and attendance at the instructional periods has been rather higher than of yore. The section has, however, revolved about a nucleus of some 15 regular members.

There has been a conspicuous lack of support for the more advanced dancing and so the whole period has been given over to the elementary steps.

We have once again suffered several cancellations of dancing periods owing to other College functions and demands on the professional powers of Mr Highton as a dancing adjudicator. Despite the loss of these evenings

there has been considerable progress shown by the newer members of the section.

In reply to the pressing demand for instruction in the 'art' of dancing rock 'n' roll, Mr Highton has, with obvious relish, set aside part of the dancing periods to allow members to relieve themselves of their excess energy. These steps seem to be mastered more quickly than the more conventional dance steps, but are not allowed to detract from the aim of the section—to learn ballroom dancing.

D.D.G.

Choral Society

The 'stalwart core of members,' so beautifully portrayed in the last issue of *The Journal*, set upon a new theme for this term. We all practised madrigals. We each learned, to the best of our varying abilities, our parts in the madrigals and ignored the soprano parts. We worked this way in preparation for our big evening.

On the next to last Friday of term we had a concert of Elizabethan madrigals and love songs. Lincoln Madrigal Group gave a wonderfully balanced programme of this music in the Guest Room in the College. There was an appreciative audience of 30 or 40, including officers' wives, officers and flight cadets who thoroughly enjoyed the evening.

Flight Cadet Lucas gave two short piano recitals of Elizabethan keyboard music, in a very professional style.

At the close of the evening those of us in the Choral Society who had been practising our parts had our big chance. We joined the ladies of the group who provided the missing soprano parts and had great fun singing some of the madrigals ourselves.

We are indebted to Mr Wright and the Lincoln Madrigal Group for providing such an enjoyable conclusion to a successful term.

M.A.F.R.

Dramatic Society

Under the guidance of Sqn Ldr Sandford the Section completed yet another successful term. The active strength of the section was about 30 cadets. The activities included the production of the play, play-reading and a theatre visit.

The play *I Killed the Count* by Alec Coppel was produced by M. Harrington, who also acted in it. A criticism appears on page 181.

A party of 20 cadets visited the Theatre Royal, Nottingham, to see a new play *A Month of Sundays* with A. E. Matthews, Ian Hunter, Jane Baxter and Anthony Oliver.

A reading of the play *The Right Age to Marry* by H. F. Maltby was held in the library annexe and we should like to thank the officers' ladies for their support. Flt Lt Staley assists with the theatre visits and play-reading activities of the section.

D.G.

'I Killed the Count'

Cast

(in order of appearance)

Count Victor Mattoni ...	John Cleaver
Polly	Anne Cassell
Divisional Inspector	
Davidson	Terence Close
Detective Raines	Jerry Brown
Martin	Robin Bell
P.C. Clifton	John Heron
Louise Rogers	Cicely Sandford
Renée la Lune	Mary Ann Jackson
Samuel Diamond... ..	John Nance
Johnson	Clive Coates
Mullet	Sidney Edwards
Bernard K. Froy	William Stoker
Viscount Sorrington	Michael Harrington
<hr/>	
Stage Manager	Alan Stock
Assistant Stage Manager	Brian Rea
House Manager	David French
Assistant House Manager	Richard Le Brocq
Prompter	Martin Nicholls
Stage Hands	Robin Chandler
	David Goucher
	Paul Atkins
Sound Effects	Norman Youd
Electrician	Richard Feakes

Desmond McCarthy used to say that there was one quality essential to a play; something must happen. The Spring term production of the Royal Air Force College Dramatic Society—*I Killed the Count*—certainly possessed that quality. The Count is killed not once but three times, and to satisfy even the most blasé of whodunnit addicts he is killed in three different ways for three different reasons by three different people. Obviously the Count had to take an unconscionable time a-dying and if *rigor mortis* was absent on the stage there was some *rigor glutei* in the audience.

The play has an ingenious plot and suffered from its own cleverness. It began well and ended well, but between these two outstanding events too much had to be told and explained. On three occasions the technique of the flashback was used, signalled by asthmatic wheezings from

the loudspeaker, laughter from the gods and some refined tittering. The author gave us some delightful minor characters, but dramatically the play was too much of a bad thing. The major mistake made by the producer was to tackle it. Even with the slickest production it would have been too long. The production was far from being slick, but Harrington and his assistants did not disgrace themselves. The team is good but the opposition was awkward.

The players bore up well. Terence Close and Jerry Brown held the stage almost throughout and had a really heavy night's work. Close in particular must be given much credit for sustaining the dialogue. He and Brown could both be forgiven for gritting their teeth as they pressed on, but both must remember that it is impossible to deliver lines distinctly through gritted teeth. They tossed many of their best titbits into their boots or into the footlights.

John Cleaver's part was limited but difficult. He had to die three times and stay dead off and on throughout the play. This he did effectively. His fight with William Stoker was most impressively staged and was worthy of inclusion in first term boxing. Stoker was well cast and was convincing generally.

Michael Harrington deserves special mention. He undertook his important part at short notice and although he stumbled on occasion he did well.

In the minor parts Robin Bell was perhaps too deferential, too oleaginous, and John Heron too stentorian. Both overplayed slightly. Clive Coates and Sidney Edwards were suitably hangdog and aggressive respectively.

Anne Cassell was very attractive if not always dramatically convincing. Cicely Sandford has stage presence and considerable technique. This makes her tendency to over-dramatize her parts rather noticeable.

The characters of Samuel Diamond and Renée la Lune were little gems. These parts demanded attack, verve and uninhibited playing. One suspects that John Nance and Mary Ann Jackson surprised themselves. They were sheer joy. Mrs Jackson was a delectable dish equally acceptable to Damon Runyon or Peter Cheyney.

As has become traditional at the Tuesday night performance a number of people arrived late. On this occasion the short Prologue was robbed of any dramatic effect it might have had.

As has also become traditional the evening's entertainment was enjoyed by everybody; this carping is in retrospect, and the next production is awaited with pleasurable anticipation.

T.J.M.



The Eyes of the world will shortly be on the R.A.F.

In September Warwick Film Productions and Columbia Pictures will release their film tribute to the Royal Air Force of today. It is assured of world-wide distribution and will be seen in 15,000 cinemas in the United States. The film has been made with the complete co-operation of the Air Ministry and the Air Council. It should be noted as a film to see.

RAY MILLAND

IN

“HIGH FLIGHT”

WITH

ANTHONY NEWLEY. BERNARD LEE. HELEN CHERRY

IN CINEMASCOPE

COLOUR BY TECHNICOLOR

Screenplay by JOSEPH LANDON & KENNETH HUGHES

Additional Dialogue by JOHN GILLING

Based on an Original Story by JACK DAVIES

PRODUCED BY PHIL C. SAMUEL

DIRECTED BY JOHN GILLING

Executive Producers : IRVING ALLEN & ALBERT R. BROCCOLI

LUGRY ET SENUOR SUPRÈME

*Translated from a report in "Le Meridional"
Dimanche "La France" whose inimitable
style we have tried to reproduce*

Salon (CP)

Whereas no one could have envisaged an afternoon of such fine weather, the morning having seen the heavenly weirs pouring forth a quantity of water, there took place on the pitch of honour of the Ecole de l'Air de Salon a fifteen-a-side Rugby encounter which brought the aviators of the Ecole de l'Air into opposition with the R.A.F. College de Cranwell.

Beforehand the morning had been reserved for the fencing tournament which showed the clear superiority of the French aviators who overcame their British colleagues by a score of 19-8.

The bouts were ardently contested and we must make mention of aviator Prost who triumphed in his three assaults, with foil as well as with sabre. Cail was equally successful with three assaults with the foil, and thanks to the two of them our Ecole de l'Air was able to get the better of its rival.

Let us point out that it was the Maitre d'armes Bonhomme of F.A.F. Orange who presided over the jury and directed the contest to the satisfaction of all.

In the afternoon the gauntlet was again thrown down on the grass of the Stade d'Honneur where the two fifteens confronted each other in a fratricidal duel consisting of fine rugby and de 'fair play'.¹

After saluting the colours a blast on the whistle rang out and Salon, with the wind behind them, took immediate charge of operations. Helped by the wind the Salonese aviators took play into the R.A.F. Cadets' camp, but were unable to consolidate their domination, because the opposing defence kept good guard.

The English, who were in fact the masters, rapidly dispelled the danger and cleared their line; for it must be admitted that the Cadets of the R.A.F. are very rapid. The centres were dangerous and the Salonese aviators made the mistake of not tackling the legs.

However, Salon dominated the throwing and, in the twentieth minute, forced the English back onto their goal line.

Various free kicks were accorded to the Ecole de l'Air but Fabre, who took them, missed. The Salonese made the mistake of not opening up the game enough and of making too frequent abuse of kicks ahead or into touch. In the face of such a rapid team it was necessary, in the first half, to give the ball air whenever they had it, for there was a risk in the second half of the advantage being with the British aviators which, moreover, was what happened. However, the Salonese pressure made itself more and more felt, and in the thirtieth minute, following a pretty kick into the centre by the centre Fabre, Montagne, who followed it up, opened the score. The conversion was successful—5-0 in favour of the Salonese aviators.

Salon still dominated territorially and in the throw-ins, thanks to Bayol, who appropriated all the balls, of which, however, the three-quarters made bad use and half-time arrived with no change of score. On rejoining battle, change of ends, change of décor. For the Cadets of the R.A.F. played with the wind with them and provided us, as onlookers, with a magnificent display, especially in the case of their centres and of their winger SENUOR.

A few minutes after the resumption of play, the Englishman LUGRY sold dummies to several adversaries and sent away a colleague, who, in the eighth minute, went on to equalize, for the conversion was successful. A free kick from fifty metres, for a hooking fault, was taken by MARTIN, captain of the English team, who just missed—the ball falling just below the crossbar.

A mistake by the Ecole de l'Air back, Bartin, who passed the ball on instead of following up on foot, might have been dangerous. The Salonese, who were handicapped by the absence of several of their incumbents, were not as rapid in the scrummages and did not push sufficiently to control the ball when they had the advantage. Thus, the Salonese scrum-half, as soon as he had the ball, had a three-quarter adversary on his back, and could not pass out.

In the sixteenth minute, following a scrummage, there was a commotion throughout the whole English three-quarter line; LUGRY scored a try: MARTIN was unsuccessful in the conversion—8-5 to the R.A.F. There followed a new attack by the visiting backs which permitted the winger to carry the score to 11-5. The players of the Ecole de l'Air did all in their power to withstand their opponents' fire, but the English Cadets broke loose and put on a magnificent demonstration. One after the other two new tries and a conversion were notched, and the R.A.F. ended victorious over the Ecole de l'Air de Salon by the score of 19-5.

A magnificent match by the English fifteen, perfect in every respect, which showed itself to be really the master.

The Ecole de l'Air de Salon made the mistake in the first half of not giving the ball more frequent air and of not passing out more rapidly.

The result would certainly have been the same, for there was a difference of class between the two formations. But the Salonese aviators should have averted the game more. Excellent arbitration by the Federal referee of the Provençal Committee, M. Rives, assisted on the touch-line by the N.C.Os Lemoigne and Bedouret. Let us not forget either the presence of the band of the military preparatory school of Aix with its director, Sergeant-Major Beauvesart, and of numerous civic personalities.

THE ORIGINAL IS AVAILABLE

¹Frank jeu.



SPRING TERM SPORT

RUGBY FOOTBALL Spring Term

THIS term the weather was considerably better than might have been expected. For once during the Spring term it was not the weather which interfered with fixtures—rather the petrol shortage, which gave rise to grave transport difficulties. Numerous casualties also left their problems and for much of the season we were without three regular members of the team. As a consequence of these and other more temporary injuries the 2nd XV, which provided the replacements, never had a proper chance to settle down. Nevertheless they had an enjoyable and profitable season.

The 1st XV started the season very well by handsomely defeating Jesus College, Cambridge. We did not do so well against the LX Club, Cambridge, with whom we drew 11 points each. Both these matches were very hard fought, producing some extremely attractive rugby and revealing the high standard of play of which the team was capable. Unhappily in the subsequent three matches the play became scrappy and indecisive. Defeat by Denstone College School injected fresh zest into the team and an immediate improvement in results followed. The final touch was put to the season when we defeated L'Ecole de l'Air, Salon, in a very good game.

All round, the College has always shown itself to be fitter than the majority of its opponents. Behind the powerful scrum the backs were highly effective; the offensive potential of Martin and Digby in the centre, with Close at fly-half and Senior on the wing, constituted an ever-present threat to any opponents. As the team was capable of very attractive play some really first-class rugby was produced on occasions.

Final words of thanks must go to Little and Gibson. Little has left us now after playing for the College with distinction for three seasons. Gibson, the retiring secretary, has done his job well for over a year and devoted much of his time to College rugby.

Next season we hope will be even more successful. The team will remain much the same and Martin will be captain for the second year running.

W.P.J.

RESULTS

Jan.	19	Jesus College	(a)	19-0	(w)
	23	LX Club	(h)	11-11	(d)
	26	Oundle School	(h)	25-6	(w)
Feb.	9	Kesteven	(h)	3-3	(d)
	13	Denstone College	(h)	6-8	(l)
	16	Uppingham	(h)	19-11	(w)
Mar.	2	Henlow	(a)	19-6	(w)
	9	Westleigh	(h)	15-5	(w)
	23	L'Ecole de l'Air	(a)	19-5	(w)

CROSS-COUNTRY

The results last term led us to hope that this was going to be a good season. The results below show that it has been as successful as was forecast. We have struck a happy medium in fixtures this year. We have run against first-class teams, good enough to give us a beating and the experience and better competition which are essential for improving any team. We have beaten all the teams that used to be of the same standard as ourselves a few seasons back.

The new runners from 75 Entry have settled down well, and the 1st VIII are running together as a good team. This term we had new members from 76 Entry to swell our ranks and serve very well in the 2nd VIII.

The first match of this half of the season was a little disappointing. We took on two very good teams right at the beginning of the term when we were all very much under the influence of the Christmas leave. As a result we lost to Leicester University, a team we normally beat. Woodford put up a fine display in this match. He was the only fit member of the team, having trained during the Christmas break to good effect. It was an object lesson to the rest of us. A. J. Brown, from Nottingham University, won the race with Woodford a close second. Brown is one of the North's best runners, as was demonstrated by his infuriating gamesmanship—he would run up and down the field urging on his own runners during the race, or play with a dog half-way round, then set it on our team, and finally destroy Woodford's morale by telling him jokes as he tried to make a decisive effort to pull away!

We lost to Lincoln Wellington again, this time at home. They put out their usual first-class team. The big event of this term is the Inter-Universities Invitation Hyde Park Road Relay organized by Imperial College. We came six places lower this year, 22nd out of 39, but there were six more teams running and the overall standard was a lot higher. Our time was 26 seconds slower than last year, which is almost negligible in a race of an hour and a half.

The following week we beat the officers' combined services team, the Milocarians, and Imperial College, London. Three of the Imperial College team out of six were in the team which won the relay the week before.

Both the 1st and 2nd College teams beat Leicester Colleges of Art and Technology, who are 11th out of 16 in the North Midlands Cross-Country League. This encouraged us to make enquiries about the league which is for all top clubs in the North Midlands area. Next season the College team is to join the league which should provide some very interesting matches.

The Cross-Country season closed in the middle of March and we changed to training for athletics.

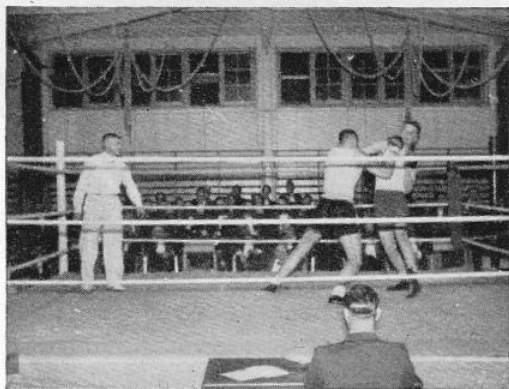
Unfortunately, next season Flight Lieutenant Francis will be leaving us. We would like to thank him now for his interest and support during the past season. Squadron Leader Sandford has taken over in preparation for Flight Lieutenant Francis' departure next Christmas and we would like to welcome him as our new officer-in-charge. Everyone in the College knows of him as head of the Aerodynamics section and for his work with the Dramatic Society, but few, I think, are aware of his interest in running. He trains more often than most team members!

In recognition of their efforts new full colours were awarded to Scouller and Wormall and half-colours to Woodford, Smith, Lee and Humphrey.

N.A.F.R.

RESULTS

		Coll. Opp.	
Jan. 19	Nottingham University	(h) 73	38 (l)
23	Leicester University	(h) —	60 (l)
26	Boston A.C.	(h) 66	71 (w)
Feb. 2	Lincoln Wellington A.C.	(h) 74	21 (l)
9	Oundle School	(h) 23	66 (w)
Mar. 2	Inter-Universities Hyde Park Relay	(a)	22nd out of 39
9	Milocarians	(h)	(w)
13	Imperial College, London	—	—
13	Queen Elizabeth's School, Gainsborough	(a) 39	44 (w)
16	Leicester Colleges of Art and Technology	(h) 20	60 (w)
20	R.A.F. College 2nd VIII	—	50



A spirited display in the Sandhurst Match

BOXING

As usual the annual boxing match against Sandhurst promised great excitement. There was a good deal of support for both teams, but many Cranwell supporters thought our chances small.

The evening's boxing started with the bantamweight contest between Pelling of Cranwell and Sirat of Sandhurst. Pelling, although in his first fight, looked good and boxed very orthodoxly, but he found some difficulty in coping with Sirat's vicious overhead swing which floored him several times and he retired to his corner at the end of the round a little bemused. In the second round his boxing improved beyond recognition and he punished Sirat heavily with clean, crisp punches, whilst avoiding that right swing. In the third round Pelling,

although tired, hit Sirat unmercifully with both hands until the referee intervened to stop the bout.

At featherweight we had another novice, Johnson, having his first bout against Holt of Sandhurst. Holt, however, was far more experienced and packed a very heavy punch. He outboxed and outpunched Johnson for the whole fight, but the Cranwell man held on and fought back very gamely until the final bell. Holt received the verdict on points but it was a first-class effort by Johnson.

Smith, boxing at light-welter for Cranwell, was also having his first bout, against Harston of the R.M.A. They both started at an extremely fast pace, trying to mix it. In the second round Smith elected to box, with far more success. It was still very close, with blow being matched for blow. The third round was similar, but whereas Harston occasionally punched with the open glove, Smith was pounding away with crisp, short punches, and it was due to this that he collected a very close verdict.

At middleweight Cleaver of Cranwell was fighting Allen, who was much the taller. During the first round Cleaver was trying to work out the problem of Allen's reach, and as a result took quite a lot of punishment from him. But in the second and third rounds he got in close and scored heavily to the body and head and just succeeded in taking another close decision.

At the interval Cranwell were leading 3-1 and hopes were soaring.

The first bout after the interval was at lightweight between Allen of Cranwell and Dizey of Sandhurst. This proved to be one of the best fights of the evening, with both boxers very experienced and strong punchers. Dizey however, held the upper hand throughout the bout, and although Allen fought extremely well and hard he was unable to turn the tables, and this time the contest went Sandhurst's way.

Cranwell now led 3-2 and Jewell at light-middle for Cranwell was meeting Dangerfield, whom he beat last year. Jewell boxed his usual type of fight, strictly orthodox and boxing completely on the defensive for the first two rounds. In fact it was thought that he had taken it too easily and would not catch up his lost points. But in the third round he came out from the bell on the attack and stormed into Dangerfield, hitting him hard with both hands. Just before the bell Dangerfield rode high onto a body punch which sent him down, but the bell stopped the count at four and Jewell was named the winner.

Ettridge, another of our stalwarts, entered the ring at light-heavy against Lewis, the Sandhurst captain. Both were stylish and heavy punchers, but Ettridge did not take advantage of his reach and tried to mix it. Lewis proved to be better close in than Ettridge and sent the Cranwell man down several times. In the second round Ettridge tried to use his reach but was unable to keep Lewis out, and after he had received some particularly heavy punches the fight was stopped in Lewis's favour.

The score now stood at 4-3 and excitement was tense as the heavyweights entered the ring. Green, a novice, for Cranwell, and O'Neill for the R.M.A. Both boxers were inexperienced but it developed into a very close fight. Both preferred to box at a distance and this was the pattern throughout. Green, however, by virtue of his aggression, managed to obtain the decision, thus giving the match to Cranwell.

The welterweight contest between Tiffen, the Cranwell captain, and Iverson was a first-class bout. Tiffen fought better than he has done for some time, and although receiving some quite heavy punishment in the second and

third rounds he fought back gamely and lost an excellent bout on points.

All that remained was the presentation of the shield to Cranwell and it is with a feeling of pride that we hold it again. For, with a team that nobody fancied with an outside chance, Cranwell defeated, by determination and fitness, a very good Sandhurst side.

Starting the season as we did with so many boxers who had never been in a ring before, it is to the credit of our trainer, Sgt Saville, that we were not only able to give the R.M.A. a run for their money, but were able to defeat them. His enthusiasm and hard work was matched only by that of the new boxers themselves. If the progress made this term is maintained then the prospects for next season must be very fair. Our position must not, however, be overrated, for if we are to retain the Sandhurst shield and also be able to match the best that Oxford, Cambridge and our old rivals Belsize can produce, there must be a still greater improvement.

In the only other match this term we lost by four bouts to one against St. Paul's School. Pelling lost narrowly on points, Martin was stopped in the first round, Smith won a very good fight on points, Parker was stopped in the second round and Tiffen lost closely on points.

Next season Jewell takes over the captaincy from Tiffen and Freeman is Vice-Captain and Secretary.

R.E.M.F.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

The second half of the season contained few important fixtures, due to the lack of transport. The most important match was the quarter-final of the Argonaut Cup. This match was played against the Oxford Centaurs at Oxford, and was the first hard match since the College played R.M.A. Sandhurst. The team repeated its performance and showed the same polished football skill. The final score was 4-0 against the College, but this was not a true reflection of the game, which was very even after the College had settled down. The Centaurs scored two very quick goals, but the College never looked like a defeated team. In the coming season the team hope to be more fortunate in this event.

Cancellation of fixtures meant that the College could try their hand against the Station team; they lost this time by 4-0. Again due to a cancellation the College 1st XI played the local Sleaford Amateurs, but suffered another defeat to a more experienced side.

After two successive defeats the College repeated their earlier victory over the R.A.F. Technical College, this time at Henlow, when the score was 6-0.

By half-term most of the fixtures had been completed and the last 1st XI match resulted in a win for the College by 2-1. This match was against a strong Lincoln City School XI which had previously defeated the College 2nd XI 7-1.

On the whole the 2nd XI had a disappointing season, but, strengthened by the addition of some of the 1st XI players, in the process of getting fit after injuries, they gained an overwhelming victory over Grantham Colts by 11-1. The only other 2nd XI victory was over Nottingham University 3rd XI.

Rogers has taken over the captaincy of College soccer. He follows Beggs who by his own excellent example helped to raise the College soccer standard and so achieve the successes over R.M.A. Sandhurst and the R.N.C. Portsmouth. Although Rogers will not have

quite such a strong team in the coming season he can produce a team which should give a very creditable performance.

RESULTS

1st XI

Jan. 16	R.A.F. Cranwell	(h)	0-4	(l)
19	Notts. Univ. 2nd IX	(h)	1-7	(l)
26	Sleaford Amateurs	(h)	0-4	(l)
Feb. 2	Oxford Centaurs	(a)	0-4	(l)
Mar. 2	R.A.F. Tech. Coll.	(a)	6-0	(w)
16	Leicester Univ.	(a)	1-5	(l)
23	Lincoln City School	(a)	2-1	(w)

2nd XI

Jan. 19	Notts. Univ. 3rd XI	(h)	2-1	(w)
Mar. 2	Carres G.S.	(a)	1-7	(l)
16	Leicester Univ. 2nd XI	(a)	3-6	(l)
23	Grantham Colts	(h)	11-1	(w)

HOCKEY

We began this term determined to produce better results than previously. By the end we had played twelve matches, won five and drawn three. The team, however, were disappointed with these results, especially with those against Sandhurst and Dartmouth.

Two new players joined the 1st XI and for the first few matches competition for every place in the team was exceptionally keen. Towards the end of the season, however, once the side appeared to be settled, a general apathy crept in and it is interesting to note that in the last match of the season, against Gresham's School, five new players were brought into the team through force of circumstance, and this was perhaps the best game of the term. The College won 2-1. The side had more success this year against local sides and for the first time in five years we succeeded in defeating the Lincolnshire Poachers. A most enjoyable week-end was spent by all when we visited Fettes School in Edinburgh. The result of the match was a 1-1 draw. Because of petrol rationing our games against Queen Elizabeth College, Guernsey, and several other long-standing fixtures had to be cancelled.

Looking towards next season we find that all the 1st XI will, or should, be at Cranwell. More emphasis will be placed on tactics and in particular the play of the forward line in the circle.

The match against R.N.C. Dartmouth was the first ever played against our seafaring rivals. We arrived at Dartmouth to find that a heavy rainfall had flooded their pitch and that the match would have to be played on a hard tennis court surfaced pitch. For the first fifteen minutes of the game Dartmouth took full advantage of their slight experience on this type of ground. Their centre forward scored soon after the start and the Cranwell goal was constantly under pressure. However it soon became apparent that push passing and flicking were the best ways of passing and Cranwell began to look dangerous. After repeated forward attacks Blockey, at centre forward for Cranwell, scored and the game became more even. Walters, playing in his first season for the College, at left back, did excellent work in stopping many hard and accurate passes from Dartmouth's right wing and so preventing any further score until half-time. After a mistake in the circle Dartmouth again scored. Their centre half, Midshipman Startin, played brilliantly in supporting his forwards and in helping break up Cranwell attacks. Twenty minutes from the end de Garis scored for Cranwell but unfortunately this goal was almost immediately followed by another Dartmouth goal. Despite several agonizing misses by Cranwell there was no further score. Dartmouth had won by 3 goals to 2.

Against Sandhurst we took the field this year with every confidence in a victory. It was felt that the College side was stronger than in previous years and the Sandhurst team were reputed to be rather weak. At the end of the game many of the spectators were disappointed with the general standard of hockey displayed by the College. Although there was some excellent individual play the side as a whole lacked drive. Almost immediately after the bully-off Sandhurst were attacking our goal. They failed to score from two short corners, mainly because of excellent work by Williamson in goal and the speed with which our forwards dashed out. It was noticeable that the Sandhurst backs were quicker on to the ball than our forwards, who found it difficult to penetrate the circle. In mid-field play was even but accurate cross passing by Sandhurst found weak links in the defence. The Cranwell passing under pressure became rushed and inaccurate but at half-time neither side had scored. Sandhurst, playing into the cold wintry sun, scored soon after half-time and this was followed almost immediately by another from a good shot by Sandhurst's right wing. Their third goal some minutes later was a little lucky and Cranwell woke up. Curtin scored after a fine forward movement but despite great encouragement from our supporters we could not score another goal and at the final whistle Sandhurst had won 3-1. This was a very fair result, but next year we are determined to bring back the cup.

The 2nd XI, under the captaincy of Yunus, fielded a strong side this year and had a successful season.

'C' Squadron won the Inter-Squadron Hockey, taking the cup from 'B' who won it last year. 'A' Squadron defeated 'B' by 1 goal to nil.

In conclusion we would like to thank all those who helped us in our practices and who so ably umpired for us throughout the season.

C.I.C.-W.



The Inter-Squadron rugby matches provided opportunity for working off old scores

FENCING

Fencing this season has been well attended, and there is exceptional keenness amongst the new entries. We began the season with Hicks as our captain, and mention must be made of his outstanding personal performances; he won the foil competition at the Royal Tournament, and the Lincoln Foil Championships. Throughout the season he had an unbeaten record. The team backed him up well, but lacked his skill, as was shown in the match against London University. We had a satisfactory match against Leicester Y.I.T.C.A., the foil bouts being extremely hard fought—the opposing team had two well-known amateur women fencers fighting for them.

Transport difficulties limited the number of matches which resulted in slight staleness at the time of the Sandhurst fixture. However we were unlucky not to have beaten them, as, on form, we should have been superior. A highlight of the season was the fixture with L'École de l'Air. The team rose to the occasion, and, even though they were beaten, the foil contests were extremely close. Unfortunately, Cowley, our second string, was absent. Perhaps if he had been present the result would have been different; however, Smith turned out to be a good substitute.

As usual a match was organized against the R.N.C. Dartmouth. Unfortunately they could not assemble an épée team because of an insufficient number of cadets practised in that weapon. The match was arranged for a foil and sabre pool. It was a most interesting match and ended in a draw. The College lost the foil contest by four fights to five, but won the sabre by five fights to four. Smith had to take the captain's place, owing to the latter's recall, in the foil team. This was a bad start for the Cranwell team, but vice-captain Cowley rallied them, and with admirable poise and skill won his three fights. This was a heartening result for the sabre team, for it gave them a fighting chance. Right up to the final fight the match was undecided. In an atmosphere which was positively electric Greenhill won his fights to realize a draw between the two Colleges.

Throughout the season Flight Lieutenant Belson has helped to coach the team, and it is mainly through his efforts that we now have electrical épée apparatus. Many hours of coaching and training were put in by Warrant Officer Bird and Sergeant Caine. The largest number of new fencers ever at the College is the direct result of their work and we would like to thank them all for the enthusiasm and guidance they have given.

New colours were awarded to Cowley and Heron. Half colours were awarded to Manning and Noone.

R.J.M.

SQUASH

On paper we had a large and formidable fixture list. Unfortunately the petrol shortage prevented four of these fixtures from being played and apart from matches against the officers we played only six, with a seventh yet unplayed.

The team's performance in the Autumn had augured well for the Spring and results indicate that our optimism was justified. The first match was in London against the very hospitable Army and Navy Club. We won 3-2. At Pembroke, however, we lost 4-1, White being the only winner; indeed two of the team could only muster one point each.

The Bath Club fixture was among the most enjoyable of the season. The entertainment lasted until 4 a.m. and included large quantities of liquor and a first-class dinner, followed by various sports. We also met the previous commandant's flying instructor. The Bath Club won the squash proper, all the contests on the billiards tables and even the midnight doubles played in and around the squash court.

Another enjoyable week-end was spent at Dartmouth where we narrowly won 3-2, White, Andrews and Haller all winning in the fifth game. A gap followed caused by half-term and cancellations. We kept well in practice, however, and a month after the Dartmouth fixture we met Greenwich. We almost avenged our defeat of last term. The match against the R.A.F.S.R.A. was postponed, but by a combination of short cross-country runs and plenty of practice among ourselves we were well prepared for Sandhurst.

We were quite astounded to find that two of the Sandhurst team were boxers and, though only one of them boxed against Cranwell, they were 'one up' before we started. Once we began the match the tale was different. The College team, strengthened by Martin's brief return to squash as third string, was victorious in all five contests. Cohu and Andrews were the first on the courts and had long, close matches, winning 3-2 and 3-1 respectively. Martin and Cliff had little trouble, but the first strings had an excellent tussle. Both players were hitting hard and low while making full use of the drop shot. The large audience were well rewarded by a thrilling match. White's stamina carried him through 10-9 in the final game.

Since the Cup has been played for we had only won it once, 3-2, and six of the seven other years we had lost 5-0. It will be remembered that last year no one won a game so we were very pleased with this year's result.

The overall standard of squash at the College has been high this year. There is plenty of talent. 76 Entry in particular have several promising players (76 beat 75, 4-1). Next season it is hoped to arrange a fixture list for a second five, who this term had but one match—and this, against an Officers' Mess side, they won.

The thanks of the team go to Flt Lt Lovatt for his help and guidance.

In the Chimay Competition 'A' and 'C' Squadrons had a close fight for first place. 'B' Squadron had very little talent and as expected lost each time 5-0. In the crucial match 'A' were without Martin and the re-shuffled team lost 4-1 to a determined 'C' Squadron five.

G.D.A.

RESULTS

Jan. 23	Army & Navy Club	(a)	3-2	(w)
30	Pembroke College	(a)	1-4	(l)
Feb. 2	Bath Club	(a)	2-3	(l)
9	R.N.C. Dartmouth	(a)	3-2	(w)
Mar. 9	R.N.C. Greenwich	(h)	2-3	(l)
16	R.M.A. Sandhurst	(h)	5-0	(w)

SQUADRON ATHLETICS

It is unfortunate that Athletics is something of a poor relation amongst Spring term sports until the approach of the Inter-Squadron Sports. Despite the hasty training which results from this, some very fine performances were recorded, especially that of Blockey, who established a new javelin record. Added interest, and perhaps incentive, came from the presence of Warwick Films, who descended upon the Stadium in force that afternoon.

'C' Squadron had already ensured possession of the Chimay Trophy and with it the position of Sovereign's Squadron. Nevertheless a very great rivalry persisted throughout the sports and the final result was in doubt until the end of the meeting. 'C' Squadron won narrowly from 'B' Squadron.

Owing to the two large entries which have come to the College since last year there was quite a large unknown factor in the sports. Some of the performances put up by these cadets were very promising, and this augurs well for College athletics.

The first event of the afternoon was the 120 yards hurdles which turned out to be the first of a string of victories for Senior. In addition Senior won the shot-putt and the 100 yards sprint as well as helping 'C' Squadron win an exciting 4 × 110 yards relay from 'B' Squadron. Blockey improved upon the College record for the javelin with a throw of 168 feet, an outstanding achievement so early in the season. Amongst other creditable performances was Owen's fine pole vaulting, a comparatively new event at the College. In the same event Carr-White held the interest of spectators by clearing apparently impossible heights. Woodford ran a very fine 880 yards in the time of two minutes three seconds. Ryan and Rogers put on a great display in the two miles, the lead constantly changing throughout the eight laps.

With only the tug of war and the medley relay left to run off, the Inter-Squadron result was still very much in doubt. However 'C' Squadron decided the issue by a clear victory over 'A' Squadron in the final of the tug of war. As a final gesture 'B' Squadron won the medley relay, Harrington making an extreme effort in the last leg.

At the end of the afternoon Mrs Parselle kindly presented the prizes to all the winners.

R.G.

THE SOVEREIGN'S SQUADRON

Points Scored in the Spring Term, 1957

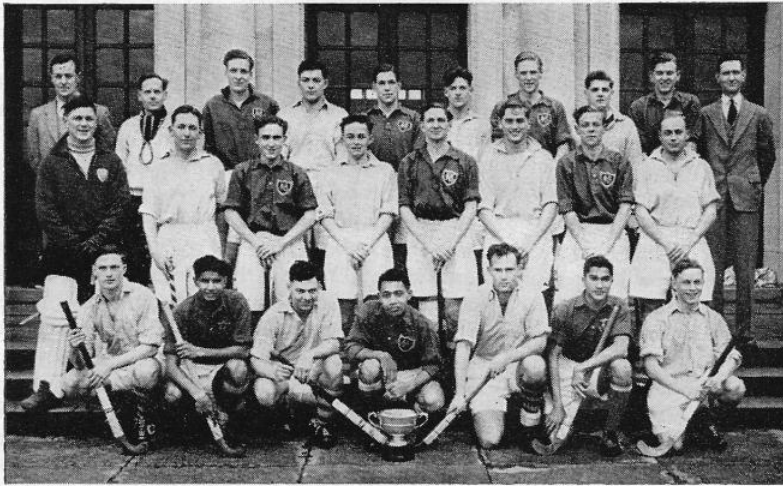
Chimay Competition

	'A' Sqn	'B' Sqn	'C' Sqn
Athletics	5	15	25
Hockey	12	4	20
Cross-Country	4	12	20
Squash	6	2	10
.22 Pistol	2	10	6
Total	29	43	81

Prince of Wales' Trophy

	'A' Sqn	'B' Sqn	'C' Sqn
Chimay	2	6	9
Knocker	1	4	7
Ferris	2	8	5
Total	5	18	21

'C' Squadron remain Sovereign's Squadron for the Summer term, 1957



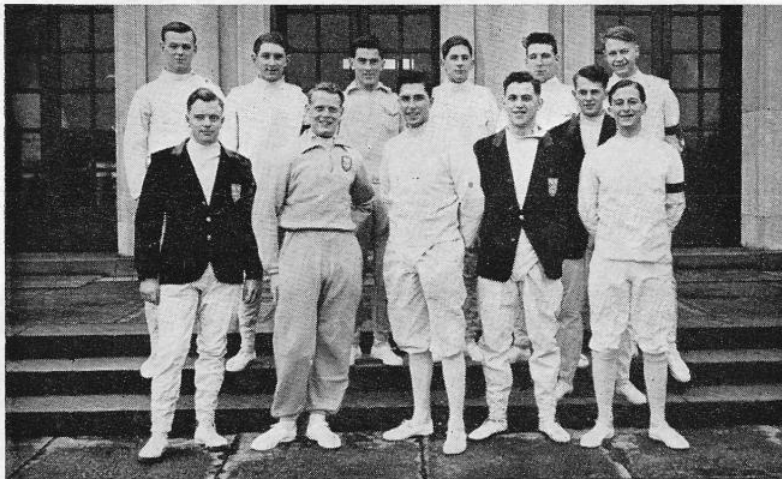
**CRANWELL
versus
SANDHURST
Spring, 1957**

HOCKEY

Back Row : Flt Cdt J. W. Blockey, Flt Cdt P. B. Curtin, Flt Cdt M. E. Williamson, Sqn Ldr E. L. Macro

Centre Row : Flt Cdt J. B. Walters, Flt Cdt A. H. W. D. Shrimpton, Flt Cdt G. C. Williams, Flt Cdt F. G. Marshall

Front Row : Flt Cdt A. P. Phillips, Flt Cdt W. de Garis, Flt Cdt T. H. F. Delap, Flt Cdt C. I. Carr-White



FENCING

Back Row : S.U.O. P. C. Little, Flt Cdt J. D. Heron, Flt Cdt J. G. McCluney

Front Row : Flt Cdt D. A. Cowley, Snr Flt Cdt M. A. Hicks, Flt Cdt D. A. Noone



BOXING

Back Row : Flt Cdt J. Cleaver, Flt Cdt D. H. Smith, Flt Cdt C. Green

Centre Row : Cpl Curry, Sgt Saville, Flt Cdt A. G. Ettridge, Flt Cdt J. A. Tiffen, Flt Cdt A. J. Jewell

Front Row : Flt Cdt M. H. Johnson, Flt Cdt A. G. Pelling, Snr Flt Cdt G. P. Allen

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir,

The crow has become a symbol at Cranwell, and in many ways it epitomizes the better qualities of those who dwell in the College. Perhaps he is not fully aerobatic and has a low wing loading, but he is determined and has unlimited endurance when fighting through the Lincolnshire 'Jet Stream.' His colour, relieved only by the orange leading edge, implies a discretion that is advocated by all leading tailors and accepted by numerous cadets who flit through the corridors clad in solemn tones of blue and grey. The crow is an all-weather bird who is well equipped with an early warning system, and so he is never guilty of forcing unwanted company on his comrades. One could suggest that even the inaccessibility of his home provides a parallel to the situation of the College except that his air-conditioned bedroom is more precariously placed when we consider the approach paths of certain pilots.

Such is the extent of his endearment to us all that he has lately been immortalized in the song which starts: 'Two Big Black Crows sat on a tree . . .' and which is performed with tremendous zest on appropriate occasions.

It is said that Gibraltar will cease to be a British colony when the native Barbary or rock-apes become extinct. I think that we can be sure that when conditions force the hardy crow from this part of Lincolnshire the College will indeed be untenable to its occupants.

For this reason, and following the official measures taken to preserve the Barbary apes, I propose to start a protection campaign to be known by the slogan of 'Save our Crows,' all subscribers to which are respectfully invited to send their contributions to Box No. B.50 where they will be gratefully received.

Yours, etc.,

E.J.W.

YOUR PROBLEMS

PRESENT:

ADEQUATE FAMILY PROTECTION
IMPROVED INVESTMENT YIELD
INCOME TAX SAVING

FUTURE:

EDUCATIONAL PROVISION
PENSION AUGMENTATION
HOUSE PURCHASE

These can be solved by modern 'programmed' LIFE ASSURANCE, specially 'tailored' by an EXPERT to 'fit' your own requirements, rather than by haphazard policies. Whilst achieving this, the Income Tax rebate on premiums is equal to a return of 17% per annum on your money, apart from *Tax-free* profits, making this the best investment available to the average Officer.

N.B. 75% of cost of FULL FLYING cover now borne by the Air Ministry.

*Detailed advice, entailing no obligation, will be forwarded,
on learning your date of birth and requirements, by—*

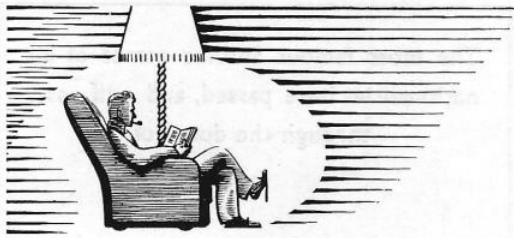
CAPTAIN FRANK S. ULYATT

Insurance Consultant

BANK CHAMBERS, TRENT BRIDGE, WEST BRIDGFORD, NOTTINGHAM

Telephone No. NOTTINGHAM 89851 and 88975

Don't take risks with Insurance! Consult an expert **BROKER**, who will give you the benefit of 25 years' experience and recommend the **BEST** Company for your needs.



Book Reviews

MODERN RUSSIA: AN INTRODUCTION, by John Long.
(Gerald Duckworth & Co, Ltd, 10s. 6d.)

AIRCRAFT OF THE ROYAL AIR FORCE, 1918-57,
by Owen Thetford. (Pitman, 50s.)

GENERAL PHYSICS AND SOUND,
by D. H. Fender, B.Sc., Ph.D.
(The English University Press, 21s.)

Modern Russia: An Introduction, by John Long. (Gerald Duckworth & Co, Ltd, 10s. 6d.)

THE admiration of their colleagues always goes out to those members of the College staff who succeed, in addition to fulfilling their instructional duties, in publishing works on their particular enthusiasms and interests. Before the war S. P. B. Mais, R. de la Bere and A. G. Boycott published a variety of works on many topics. Since the war Squadron Leader R. G. Ralph produced a book which is amongst those set for the Staff College Qualifying Examination, and the latest addition to this distinguished group is 'Modern Russia' by Squadron Leader J. F. L. Long. The admiration of their colleagues arises not only from the contents of the books themselves but from the wonder of how their producers have managed to do without recreation or even sleep during the period of gestation.

Squadron Leader Long's book is the outcome of a long period of interest in the affairs of the Soviet Union, an interest which has already been put to the use of the general public in the *Financial Times* and of the Service in his publications in *Air Power* and in his annual lecture at the R.A.F. Staff College, Andover. Squadron Leader Long sets out to steer a middle course between expert treatise for the specialist and the sensational popular version for the general reader. He succeeds in his aim and in the short compass of 200 pages gives a general view of Soviet Russia with as even a balance as one could hope to get on so controversial a topic. The book covers the field of geography, population, constitution, the planned economy and the post-revolution international relations of the Soviet Union. As is inevitable in the later stages, when an author is bringing the work up to date, events have to some extent caught up with him.

This is a book to possess, and for the general reader one of its most valuable features is the comprehensive subject bibliography.

As befits a former managing editor of *The Journal* the layout is impeccable and one could sense the precise eye of Mrs Long in the punctilious preparation of the appendices and the index.

J.F.P.

Aircraft of the Royal Air Force, 1918-57, by Owen Thetford. (Pitman, 50s.)

ANYONE who has served in the Royal Air Force will find the description of the aircraft he has flown in this excellent encyclopaedia of 528 pages. No matter what the aircraft, whether it was a normal service type or whether it was the Schneider Trophy winner—a high-speed racing seaplane—or a record breaker—the English Electric P.1—this diligent effort of scholarship will inform the reader of all the major facts, many hitherto unpublished.

For example: The numbers built for the R.A.F., the Squadrons to which they were supplied (each Squadron number bringing back a host of forgotten memories), and operational records.

At random: On 14th May 1940, in an all-out effort against the German pontoon bridges at Sedan, made by Nos. 12, 103, 105, 150 and 218 Squadrons, 40 out of 71 Fairey Battles were lost.

Similarly it is interesting to read that with the Armistice in 1918 the R.A.F. was the most powerful in the world with 22,000 aircraft on charge, of which 3,300 represented first-line strength in squadrons flown and serviced by only 291,000 officers and men.

This book is strongly recommended. No Service library will be complete without it. It is a book that will enrich many an evening and many a retirement!

D.N.

General Physics and Sound, by D. H. Fender, B.Sc., Ph.D.
(The English University Press, 21s.)

DOCTOR FENDER is now Lecturer in Physics at the University of Reading. He wrote this book, under the General Editorship of Sir Graham Sutton, while teaching at the Royal Military College of Science, Shrivenham. *General Physics and Sound* has been written to cover the subject to Advanced and Scholarship level and to cover professional examinations such as those set by the Civil Service Commissions. The book is written either for classwork or self-study. It is illustrated with many examples and diagrams and contains large collections of problems for solution, but, unfortunately for the student preparing alone, contains no answers.

CADET WING LISTS

PROMOTIONS

'A' Squadron: Senior Under Officer C. Truman. Under Officers N. O. Bacon, C. Drew, A. G. Ettridge.

'B' Squadron: Senior Under Officer T. E. Enright. Under Officers E. J. Walter, R. F. Robertson, R. Kidney.

'C' Squadron: Senior Under Officer D. St J. Homer. Under Officers D. C. Scouller, T. J. Nelson, E. B. Voller.

THE
ROYAL AIR FORCE
COLLEGE



JOURNAL

CRANWELL DECEMBER 1957

VOL. XXIX NO. 3



The Commandant with The Earl & Countess Mountbatten shortly after their arrival by helicopter.

THE ROYAL AIR FORCE COLLEGE JOURNAL

DECEMBER, 1957 VOL. XXIX NO. 3.



CONTENTS

College Notes	227	End to End	262
Passing-Out Parade of No. 70 Entry	233	Wings—presented by Burberrys	264
Order of Merit, No. 70 Entry	236	Sophocracy	265
I.C.A.N.—Can You?	238	The Noble Art of Umpiring	266
R.A.F. Biggin Hill	239	Deadloss House	267
The Leader of the Few	242	Dig Those Crazy Files	270
Around the World in Forty Days	245	Survival Camp	283
Pubcrawling through the Metropolis	253	Extracts from Theses	284
Tour of N.A.T.O.	256	U.S.A.F. Academy Visit	288
Iceland	257	To the Young Men of the U.S.A.	288
Staff Appointments and Departures	258	College Activities and Societies	291
Cadet Wing Lists	258	Mountaineering—Sub Aqua—Summer Cruise—	
Vacation Visits to the Royal Navy	259	Gliding—Pot-holing—Fine Arts—Dramatics—	
Naval Visit to Portsmouth	260	Riding—Jazz Club—Sailing—Motoring—Rowing	
Broad Minded	261	Summer Sports	307
		Athletics—Cricket—Rowing—Swimming—	
		Tennis—Pentathlon—Toxophily—Golf—Water	
		Polo	
		Book Reviews	323

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

and Printed by McCorquodale & Co. Ltd.

The Armoury, St. Thomas Street

London, S.E.1

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

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

The Commandant with The Earl and Countess Mountbatten	224	The Senior Entry, June, 1957	237
Visitors from the U.S.A.F. Academy	229	A Troödos Mountaineer	245
The Reviewing Officer with S.U.O. T. E. Enright	234	The Cranwell Party at N.A.T.O.	256

EDITORIAL STAFF

Managing Editor

Squadron Leader D. D. W. Nabarro

Editor

F.C. A. P. Stock

Sub Editors

Articles : F.C. G. S. Whitley *Sports* : F.C. M. C. Dicken and F.C. R. Gammack

Activities : F.C. D. J. Foster *The Skit* : F.C. D. G. Lucas *Office Boy* : F.C. D. Goucher

Sketches : F.C.'s T. V. Radford and R. W. G. Adams

Staff : F.C.'s M. Freeman, C. A. Rainbow, W. R. Donaldson, N. C. Adamson,
J. Meek, T. Mermagen, J. Morgan

Old Cranwellian Representative

Flight Lieutenant I. H. F. Walmsley

MANAGERIAL STAFF

Squadron Leader D. D. W. Nabarro (*Managing Editor*)

Flight Lieutenant A. J. M. Farquharson (*Business Manager and Treasurer*)

Flight Lieutenant C. S. Jackson (*Advertisement Manager*)

THE JOURNAL

The Royal Air Force College Journal is published three times a year, at the end of March, in July and December. 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 usual for College Notes to centre round some great change in the College. This central motif can take the form of some major re-equipment or a major building or clearing project, of a change in the higher command or of an administrative new deal, of an alteration in the curriculum or in the status of the flight cadet. For the record of the Summer term 1957 there is no such dominant theme, though rumours of possible changes have rarely been stronger. It should not be assumed that the uneventful stretches in the history of an institution are necessarily insignificant; it is in the moments of placidity that a training establishment can do its best work. The Summer term of 1957 did not have a new Junior Entry to be absorbed. The passing-out parade of No. 70 Entry was held on 30th July 1957. Admiral of the Fleet the Earl Mountbatten of Burma, K.G., acted as Reviewing Officer. A full account of the day's activities is given elsewhere.



At the start of the Autumn term the College numbers 313 flight cadets, including 27 for training as navigators and 38 for the Equipment and Secretarial branches. The new entry, No. 77, numbers 64, including nine navigators and five for the Equipment and Secretarial branches. The total strength of the College is greater than, with the present arrangements for domestic accommodation, it ever has been and there is a certain amount of double-banking in rooms in the Senior Mess. This, it is hoped, will be no more than a temporary expedient.



Her Majesty's Birthday Honours List this summer made proud reading for Cranwell. Several of our readers were kind enough to point out the inconsistencies in the frontispiece to the July issue of *The Journal*. Between the making of the plate and the final proof correcting Her Majesty was pleased to promote the Assistant Commandant from the Class of Officer to that of Commander of the Most Excellent Order of the

British Empire, and to appoint him an Aide-de-Camp. The College felicitates Group Captain Wheeler upon these marks of Royal favour. Within the same Most Excellent Order Squadron Leader J. A. Wilson, the Senior Commonwealth Studies Instructor, was appointed an Officer, Flight Lieutenant P. W. Gee, the outgoing College Adjutant, was appointed a Member, and Sergeant W. Wallace, an engine fitter in No. 3 Squadron, was awarded the Medal. It was possible in the last number of *The Journal* to display without comment the fact that Flight Lieutenant A. G. Lofting, the former O.C. of the Standardization Flight, had been awarded the Air Force Cross. Flight Lieutenant J. Loat, O.C. 'B' Flight, was awarded the Queen's Commendation for Valuable Service in the Air.



We regret to record the death from exposure and shock of Flight Cadet A. E. Clayton on 6th May when his Vampire crashed into the sea off the Lincolnshire coast. Flight Cadet Clayton joined 'C' Squadron with No. 71 Entry. His dedicated approach to his career and the strong sincerity of his beliefs to which his life was matched won him universal respect. He was an outstanding gymnast and did much to establish the sport in the College.



The Flying Wing at Cranwell has branched out into a Meteor flight. The human race is said to be growing larger and welfare foods and wartime pills and orange juice seem to be producing a larger line in flight cadets. Some cannot now be packed into the Vampire T.11. (The same lack of *lebensraum* led, it is rumoured, to the posting after a remarkably short tour of a distinguished but undoubtedly well-built member of No. 47 Entry.) Three flight cadets so far have moved into the wide open spaces of the Meteors 7 and 8. The Flight, under the command of Flight Lieutenant R. Blackburn, forms part of Headquarters Squadron. Its offices are in the old control tower, Air Traffic Control having moved to a new palatial gazebo-cum-goldfish bowl near the runway intersection.



Half way through the Summer term the three squadrons were divided each into two flights. No. 1 Flight now comprises those flight cadets resident in the Senior College, and No. 2 Flight those in the Junior College. Each flight is commanded by a flight lieutenant and the system allows for more methodical supervision of the growing numbers of flight cadets. The flight cadet now is a full member of his squadron from the start of the course and does not pass through the limbo or purgatory of Initial Training.



A full parade of the Royal Air Force College was held to celebrate the birthday of Her Majesty the Queen on 13th June. A full parade had given three cheers for His Royal Highness the Prince Philip on the occasion of his birthday on the previous day.



The College returned some local hospitality when it held an open day for those farming in the locality. Those who shoot, hunt, beagle, run cross-country, walk or

just trespass owe a lot to the co-operation and patience of our neighbouring land-owners and farmers. In more spacious days the farmers' luncheon, followed by a cricket match, was an annual institution; this more modest entertainment, more suited to our times, took its place this year. The Commandant's invitation was accepted by about eighty separate parties. During the afternoon our visitors inspected a display of aircraft and rescue equipment, toured the College and the Science site, watched a cricket match against the Lincolnshire Gentlemen and a flying display laid on for a visiting A.T.A.G. party. After tea in the Main Hall they inspected hounds in the Eastern avenue and finally the Band of the Royal Air Force College beat retreat as the ensign was lowered.



The Summer term as usual attracted many visitors to Cranwell. Pride of place must be given to the two parties of U.S.A.F. Air Academy cadets. The two parties each numbered approximately seven officers and 75 cadets. The cadets were drawn from the senior entry of the newly opened U.S.A.F. Academy and were at the end of the second year of the four-year course. They visited Cranwell in the course of a four-week tour of U.S.A.F. bases and units in Western Europe. In the course of their stay, of which an article in this *Journal* gives the story, the first party attended a guest night and the second the passing-out parade. We were particularly glad to welcome as officer in charge of the first party Colonel H. L. Hogan, a former member of the War Studies Team, who is now in charge of Military Studies at the Academy. It was of great interest to the detached observer to see these two groups of young men of similar tradition and different nationality side by side. In general (with hats on) they were indistinguishable, save that the U.S.A.F. party seemed to be physically the larger and a shade the more articulate. From the hosts' point of view this was one of the happiest visits to the College; it was certainly the visit of which the fullest ever photographic record was made.



Visitors from the U.S.A.F. Academy watching the air display on 9th July 1957. From right to left, seated: Colonel H. L. Hogan III, the Commandant, Mrs Parselle (senior), Colonel McDermot, the Assistant Commandant, Captain A. W. Braswell

A Combined Cadet Force Camp was held at Cranwell from 29th July to 6th August. It was attended by 23 officers and 208 cadets from Alleyn's School; Cheltenham College; Christ's Hospital; Daniel Stewart's College; Dauntsey's School; Dover College; King William College; Marlborough College; Mill Hill School; Monkton Combe School; Queen Mary's School, Basingstoke; Radley College; Rossall School; St Peter's School, York; and Seaford College.

Squadron Leader W. E. Pettifer, the Senior Navigation Instructor, once more acted as Camp Commandant and the cadets carried out a full and varied training programme. Exceptionally good weather enabled each cadet to put in on the average two Provost sorties, totalling 1 hour 45 minutes in the air.



The Air Member for Personnel spent a day at the College on 18th June and inspected accommodation problems in West and East Camps.

The N.A.T.O. Air Training Advisory Group visited the College on 3rd and 4th July and carried out a survey of the training methods employed.

Other visitors included:

On 2nd and 4th May a number of staff officers from Flying Training Command concerned with the pre-A.O.C.'s inspection.

On 30th July 25 American Civil Air Patrol cadets visited the College and watched the passing-out parade.



The College took part in the B.B.C. Television broadcast 'This is Your Royal Air Force' on 15th May. The part required of the College was thirty seconds-worth of drill at the beginning of the programme, and towards the end viewers saw a general picture of the College. There followed a statement by the Commandant, a peep at a crew room, the close up of an instructor (Flying Officer J. Davies) and pupil (Under Officer, now Pilot Officer, N. O. Bacon), and a sequence showing the aerobatic team led by Flight Lieutenant C. H. Bidie. As the aerobatic display photographed from the top of Hangar 30 finished, Beverleys which had taken off from Marham closed in; they dropped a stick of R.A.F. parachute instructors and a heavy vehicle; one landed and an impressive load of soldiery emerged at the west end of the runway. The programme was one of great technical complexity and in the event the scheduled aerial views of Cranwell from one of the Beverleys were unusable. Thanks to the generosity of the B.B.C. the College now holds a telerecording of the whole programme.

As these notes were written a further television broadcast has just been made from Cranwell under the direction of the same outside broadcast producer, Mr Ray Lakeland. This programme took the form of a general view of the College itself on the occasion of the first Guest Night of the Autumn term.



At the end of the Summer term the College has said good-bye to many officers who have served it well.

Wing Commander E. Holden, D.F.C., the first Unit Commander, left to go to Naples, but at the time of writing is no farther south than Huntington. As P.M.C.,

from the confines of York House, he presided over a large but contented mess. His wide interests in all sports and his personal prowess at tennis and squash kept the reputation of the station high in Service competitions. We welcome Wing Commander A. D. Panton, O.B.E., D.F.C., as the second Unit Commander in the succession.

Amongst many other officers we have lost Flight Lieutenant N. R. C. Price whose outstanding aerobatics were a feature of our public displays; Flight Lieutenant L. A. Robertson, successively O.C. Junior Entries and O.C. Initial Training, who has left the Service and is now teaching in the Canadian prairies; Flight Lieutenant P. W. Gee, the College Adjutant for more than two years; Flight Lieutenant J. Belson, the A.D.C. to the Commandant and an athlete of wide interests and high capabilities; Flight Lieutenant A. Morrison, D.F.C., the M.T. Officer for more than four years, famed for his liaison with Lincolnshire constabulary. Flight Lieutenant P. Hunt, one of the original imports when the Equipment and Secretarial Wing moved from Digby in 1953, has also been posted, fortunately no farther afield than the Selection Board where he can continue to oversee the affairs of the shoot and the beagles, and perform on the rugger field and cricket pitch.



During the Summer term flight cadets paid a wide round of duty visits. No. 70 Entry were the guests of the Bristol Aeroplane Company, and No. 76 Entry visited Newstead and Annesley Collieries. Parties visited the rocket exhibition at the College of Aeronautics at Cranfield and Exercise 'Shop Window.' Equipment and Secretarial flight cadets visited the Stanlow Oil Refinery, R.A.F. Record Office, No. 5 P.D.U. and Base Accounts at Innsworth, No. 2 Movements Unit, No. 49 Maintenance Unit, and the Royal Air Force Stations at Feltwell, Hemswell and Wittering. These visits add flesh to the bones of the instruction given at the College and we are grateful to our hosts for the information imparted as well as their kind hospitality.

The Summer vacation as usual was full of activity. Visits were made to R.A.F. units, the Mediterranean Fleet and other naval units (including for the first time the Joint Anti-Submarine School at Londonderry). The N.A.T.O. tour this year moved upwards from unit level to Supreme Headquarters; the Survival Camp took place in the Harz Mountains; the sailors, mountaineers, pot-holers, anglers, and parachute jumpers practised their various arts. Individuals travelled from as far north as Iceland to as far south as New Zealand, from Canada to the west to Singapore in the east.



Air Commodore W. G. Cooper, C.B.E., R.A.F. (retd.), President of the Eastern Area of the R.A.F.A., gave a lecture on 9th July on the work of the Association.

Visiting preachers included:

On 5th May Canon A. M. Cook, M.A., Sub-Dean of Lincoln.

On 19th May The Right Reverend Stanley Betts, M.A., the Lord Bishop of Maidstone and Bishop to the Forces.

On 30th June The Venerable F. D. Blunt, O.B.E., M.A., Q.H.C., the Chaplain of the Fleet.

On 14th July The Reverend F. H. E. Trevor, B.A., A.K.C., Assistant Chaplain-in-Chief, Flying Training Command.

The Old Cranwellian week-end was held on 22nd and 23rd July. The guest of honour was the Right Honourable the Viscount Templewood, G.C.S.I., G.B.E., whose speech, coming on the heels of the publication of *Empire of the Air*, gave the unforgettable sensation of living with history.



The College Dramatic Society made a departure from its usual routine and produced two one-act plays in place of a full-length play. Two diverse one-act plays—*The Talisman* by Percival Wilde and *Press Cuttings* by Bernard Shaw—gave a varied evening's entertainment and an opportunity for more members of the society to share the limelight.

The Little Theatre Club gave a gay performance of *Blithe Spirit* on 22nd May. Flying Officer G. Strowbridge produced the play and Mrs West, at very short notice, filled the part of Mrs Bradman most admirably.



The Air Officer Commanding carried out his annual inspection of the station on 25th–27th June. In the past these inspections have taken place in November, which is not the month in which the station necessarily looks its best. In June 1957 it certainly showed to advantage.



The athletics stadium has been heavily used during the summer. The Station Sports were held on 6th May when Wing Commander E. Holden's team won the Pearson Rogers Cup for the third year running (at least two members of the team ran). The Flying Training Command Sports were held at Cranwell on 18th–19th June and the inter-Station competition was won by the home side.

The Knocker Cup took an unusual form this term. Instead of a team competition the cup was awarded to the squadron scoring the greatest number of athletic standards. The winners were 'C' Squadron.

The Ferris Drill Trophy was also won by 'C' Squadron. The set piece was the mounting of a guard of honour with Squadron Standard. The judges were Major M. Pound and Captain W. B. Mansell, M.C., of the Royal Marines. We were glad to welcome Major Pound to Cranwell once more for the Combined Services Modern Pentathlon and to give him two early mornings with the Per Ardua Beagles.

The Royal Air Force Modern Pentathlon was held at Cranwell during the Summer vacation from 30th August to 2nd September. It proved a closely run competition and from the point of view of the organizers a valuable rehearsal for the Combined Services Pentathlon which took place from 19th–21st September. This was the first occasion on which this event has taken place away from its spiritual home at Aldershot. Air Commodore E. D. MacK. Nelson, C.B., presided and from all accounts the competitors found this departure from their usual haunts interesting and enjoyable.

Passing-Out Parade of No. 70 Entry

*Speeches by Admiral of the Fleet the Earl Mountbatten of Burma,
the First Sea Lord, and by the Commandant*

ON 30th July 1957 the College welcomed Admiral of the Fleet the Earl Mountbatten of Burma, K.G., P.C., G.C.B., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., G.C.V.O., D.S.O., LL.D., D.C.L., D.Sc., as the Reviewing Officer at the passing-out parade of No. 70 Entry, in which 22 flight cadets graduated from the College.

The Cadet Wing was commanded by Senior Under Officer T. E. Enright. Senior Flight Cadet D. Symons was Adjutant. The squadrons, parading in the order 'A,' 'C,' 'B,' were commanded by Senior Under Officers C. E. Truman, D. St J. Homer and Under Officer E. J. Walter, respectively.

A record number of spectators included cadets from the United States Air Force Academy and the United States Civil Air Patrol. The approach of the Reviewing Officer to the saluting base was heralded by the flypast in formation of sixteen Vampires of the Flying Wing.

After the Advance in Review Order, Earl Mountbatten presented the Sword of Honour, the Queen's Medal and the R. M. Groves Memorial Prize to Senior Under Officer Enright, and gave the following address:

The Reviewing Officer's Address

Gentlemen,

I must begin by expressing my absolute astonishment on hearing the same name read out three times for three such widely different prizes, and so far as I know I should think that must be a record for any College and I congratulate Senior Under Officer Enright very much indeed.

I am becoming a bit of an expert at the parades in the various Service colleges. I have seen them in most countries and in four continents. I have not been to Cranwell since 1948 and I had forgotten how good it was. The parade today was excellent, as good as any I have ever seen anywhere. Please accept my warmest congratulations.

Now the fact that I am dressed in a very dark blue uniform won't, I hope, mislead you about my feelings for the R.A.F. I have some very light blue patches in my heart. Firstly, because in 1918 when I was promoted to sub-lieutenant from midshipman and my ship was in dock, I

spent my leave learning to fly at Sedgeford R.A.F. Station near Sandringham with the R.A.F. It was then a very young Service, barely a year old. Neither the uniform regulations nor the ranks seemed to be very secure—my instructor wore two stripes and called himself Captain Jimmy Slater, but he was a very good instructor.

Earlier than that, in 1911, when my father had under his command the Naval Air Station at Eastchurch, I plagued him into letting me go up, and so I flew in a Short biplane sitting on the petrol tank above the level of the pilot, one foot on each shoulder holding on by two struts. The pilot was Lieutenant Arthur Longmore, R.N., who twenty years later was the Commandant of this College and in the last war was your C.-in-C. during the fighting in the Middle East. I see he is here today so if anybody doubts me he can check the line I am shooting.

During the war I had a great deal to do with the R.A.F. and with the U.S. Army Air Force, firstly in Combined Operations Command and then in South-East Asia Command, and I would just like to say one word about the Burma campaign. The Japs had captured Burma by assaulting Rangoon direct; they had easy lines of communications, two rivers—the Irrawaddy and the Chindwin—railway and roads, and they easily drove us out to the north. As we had no amphibious fleet we had to reconquer Burma the hard way—across mountain ranges and through impenetrable jungle where there were no roads. It was an operation which could only have been undertaken with the greatest air supply. That air supply could only be possible if we had command of the air which we had lacked in 1943. In 1944, however, the 3rd Tactical Air Force, with the United States 10th Air Force, shot the Zeros out of the sky. After that the greatest air supply operation in history through the most appalling weather conditions and terrain made it possible to reconquer Burma, so you can imagine what the Air Force means to me.

Now all three of our Services are being cut down, streamlined and given modern weapons, it is more important than ever that we should work together in friendship. And so when, in

fact, you have an opportunity of getting to know a sailor or a soldier, go out of your way to make friends with him. When you come to a place like Latimer, the Joint Services Staff College, you can see the Services splitting up when they are propping up the bar for drinks, but unfortunately when they go out in the evening they are nearly always with friends of their own Service. My two colleagues on the Chiefs of Staff Committee entirely agree with me, and Air Chief Marshal Sir Dermot Boyle asked me specifically to say that the Services should get closer together.

I know that on these occasions the Reviewing Officer is supposed to talk on Leadership, but I am sure that you have heard addresses and lectures on leadership from many people, and I do not want to do more than give you one hint which might be useful to you. It is that I do not think you can learn Leadership out of books or by lectures or by addresses; I believe you can learn it far better by your own experience. I suggest that when you go to your first air station, as you look at your senior officers, you make up your mind after a while which of them you would sooner serve under in war in a typical situation such as the Battle of Britain; secondly, which you would sooner serve under at an air station in a hot, boring and uncomfortable place such as the Persian Gulf; and, thirdly, if you had to bring a senior officer home for the week-end because your family ordered you to, which is the one you would sooner put up with. Now it is very unlikely that all three qualities will be found in the same officer, but if they are, that man is a future leader and a future Chief of the Air Staff. If you find them in three different officers look at these qualities and find out what makes you want to serve under these men, and then try and produce these qualities in yourself. I believe that is the absolute guiding rule to Leadership.

Well, when I was a youngster at these formal parades there was one moment I always looked forward to enormously and that was when the Reviewing Officer came to the end of his address—it was a very happy moment when the old geyser stopped spouting. For you that moment has just arrived and I am going to wish you the very best of luck in your Service careers.

The Wings Ceremony

Many relatives and friends of No. 70 Entry attended the presentation of wings, individual

prizes and squadron trophies in the College Lecture Hall on the eve of the passing-out parade. The Commandant, Air Commodore Parselle, made the presentations. In his speech afterwards the Commandant said:

For many years now it has been the pleasant task and privilege of Commandants to welcome the parents, relatives and friends of successive passing-out entries to this simple and informal ceremony which, through custom and tradition, has become the prelude to the ceremonial passing-out parade in which you will all take part tomorrow. On this occasion I am in the happy position of being able to welcome not only those of you who are personally associated with No. 70 Entry but also General Stillman, the Superintendent, and some of his officers and cadets from the United States Air Force Academy—our sister academy in America—and I would like to say how delighted we are to have you all with us on this occasion when we can collectively join together in wishing success to those members of the College who



The Reviewing Officer presents the R. M. Groves Memorial Prize to Senior Under Officer T. E. Enright

are about to embark upon what we all hope will be long and distinguished careers in the Royal Air Force.

This is essentially their day and I must first congratulate both the General Duties cadets who have just won their wings and the Equipment and Secretarial cadets who have achieved their aims with no less effort than their colleagues. Next I would like to congratulate all the individual winners of honours and awards. I could almost say the winner in view of the really spectacular successes of Senior Under Officer Enright who has, so to speak, swept the board and whose performance I can only describe as inspiring. If he has not actually set a record his achievement I am sure will be an inspiration to all those who follow. Now, lastly, I must congratulate the winners of the inter-squadron contest and in particular 'C' Squadron who have done the hat-trick for the second time within the space of seven years by retaining their pride of place as Sovereign Squadron. A quite splendid record and I can assure you that the Assistant Commandant and I do not really consider it tactless. The rivalry between the squadrons has been keen and the general standard high, and I can confidently echo the opinions of your instructors that, both as an Entry and as individuals, you have done very well indeed, and have every reason to be as pleased and proud of yourselves as we all are with you. We think we've done a job good too.

As the Senior Entry and the leaders of the College you are entitled to your share of the credit for our successes this term against all comers, and in particular against our rivals the Royal Military Academy and Dartmouth. The triangular match which we won for the first time was a magnificent example of the result which can be achieved by hard training and team work coupled with sheer determination, and it set the seal on a year of spectacular achievements which started last year with the Rugby and has continued ever since. In congratulating the teams I feel sure that you would not like me to let this occasion pass without paying a special tribute to Senior Flight Cadet Gallwey, not only for his brilliant wins but for the way in which he developed a team which beat the odds for the first time in the history of the College.

Now I am sure you would agree these successes were achieved not so much by the brilliance and talent of a few (although we were certainly not lacking in individual talent) but

by the combined efficiency of each member of every team—the sum total of which enabled us to field so many teams whose standard of performance was better and whose will to win was stronger than our opponents. You will remember this series of College victories which have occurred during your last year throughout your careers and long after many of the day-to-day events of your time here have been forgotten, but in remembering the story do not forget the moral, which is much more important in the long run than the story, and certainly has a direct and personal application to the new life you are about to enjoy. Now you could express the moral in a good many different ways but I would like to express it by suggesting to you that any body of men, a Rugby team, an athletic team, a flight, a squadron, a wing, a mountaineering team, a team of pot-holers—in fact any body of men—will, given certain ingredients, always beat the odds. We have done it repeatedly from the Battle of Britain, which is the sublime example, to our local contests here where the odds are usually stacked against us.

Of the many ingredients which make for this kind of personal and corporate success I will mention three—singleness of purpose (which is another way of saying the will to win)—enthusiasm and efficiency. Now these are all simple propositions and may seem very obvious but it is surprising how often they are lost sight of, how often enthusiasm is lost or misplaced, the sense of purpose becomes aimless drifting.

A sense of purpose is the mainspring of everything that you do, whether it means the completion of a particular job or appointment, or whether it means the way in which you live your life. After three years here I am sure that you are in no doubt about the purpose you have to fulfil, because everything you have done here, everything you have been taught has been directed towards giving you an awareness of your purpose in life which, simply stated, is to serve your Queen—at first in an exciting and satisfying, if rather humble capacity, and gradually, as your beards grow, in positions of more and more authority until, finally, in your turn you become responsible for the direction and control of this great Service of ours. Whatever trials and vicissitudes you may meet on the way, and there will be plenty, stick to this purpose and remember always that you are the offspring of a College which has a fine tradition of producing leaders and whose sole purpose is to produce leaders—and that is you.

So far you have completed your apprenticeship as officers and now you have to put into practice the things you have learnt. You have already learnt a lot—I hope so because you have had a most expensive education—you are worth almost literally your weight in gold (assuming 10 stone to be the average weight of a cadet with gold at 251 shillings per fine ounce), but you will naturally find that there are considerable gaps in your knowledge and experience which will require a continuous and positive effort to fill in. Now I know that you are too sensible to think of your Cranwell training as something which will enable you to get on better than your other less fortunate contemporaries with less effort. The truth is that the education you have had involves a tremendous obligation that will take a lot of living up to and you will rightly be judged in the Service by an even higher standard than those who have not had the same advantages. You can only discharge this obligation by efficiency and enthusiasm—in other words, by putting your whole heart and soul into the job of being an officer. You will note that I do not say the job of being a pilot or a navigator or the job of Equipment or Secretarial duties. I have no doubt at all that you will do these things well. I say the job of being an officer because in its fullest sense that is a much more comprehensive and exacting task and therefore demands so much more of your enthusiasm.

To be a good officer your enthusiasm cannot be limited to the narrow stint of your professional work. You cannot be an officer from eight until five and call it a day. It is a whole-time job. Your enthusiasm and interest must extend to the activities and affairs of those with whom you work and who work for you. Take a personal interest in your airmen and your n.c.os. Play games with them, or at least, if you don't play certain games, take an interest in them. Take your part in all the things that go on around you. It may not always be easy to do. It will mean that you will have to sacrifice a lot of your spare time but it is worth it because you will only be doing your job as an officer. You will be pulling your weight as a member of a team and you will be fulfilling, in the proper and strictest sense, the purpose to which you have dedicated yourself and in the process you will acquire not only a good measure of respect and personal recognition but a wealth of experience which will stand you in good stead. Although for you General Duties cadets flying is, and I hope will remain,

your primary interest, there are a great many other jobs to be done—some of which may seem dull by comparison. If you set out to play a full part in Service life—which is very different to civilian life—and acquire a reputation for enthusiasm and reliability—you will be as much a credit to the Service as you have been to the College.

Well, tomorrow you will be passed out of this College and into the Royal Air Force by Admiral of the Fleet the Earl Mountbatten of Burma. I am sure the occasion will be an inspiring one. It will mark the end of your apprenticeship and the beginning of your commission in the service of our Queen. I hope that the inspiration you receive tomorrow will remain with you throughout your careers and, on behalf of us all here, I wish you fulfilment and every success.

Order of Merit

No. 70 ENTRY

General Duties Branch

- T. E. ENRIGHT, Senior Under Officer: Sword of Honour; Queen's Medal; R. M. Groves Memorial Prize; J. A. Chance Memorial Prize; Abdy Gerard Fellowes Memorial Prize; Air Ministry Prize for Imperial and War Studies; Rugby; Shooting (Captain, Full Colours); Gliding; Pot-holing; Fine Arts; Film Society.
- R. KIDNEY, Under Officer: Soccer (Half Colours); Rugby; Fine Arts; Canoeing; Film Society.
- D. ST J. HOMER, Senior Under Officer: Phillip Sassoon Memorial Prize; Michael Hill Memorial Prize; Dickson Trophy; Squash; Rugby; Hockey; Debating (Chairman); Gliding; Motor Club.
- D. C. SCULLER, Under Officer: Cross-Country (Captain); Mountaineering (Captain); Debating; Dramatics.
- C. E. TRUMAN, Senior Under Officer: Hockey (Half Colours); Cross-Country; Athletics; Pot-holing (Captain); Under-Water Swimming; Dramatics; Film Society.
- D. A. COWLEY, Senior Flight Cadet: Fencing (Captain, Full Colours); Gliding; Pot-holing; Film Society.
- D. V. DUVAL, Senior Flight Cadet: *Journal* (Sub-Editor); Sailing (Captain); Printing (Secretary); Photographic (Secretary); Aeromodelling; Film Society.
- P. E. GOODBAND, Senior Flight Cadet: L'Ecole de l'Air Trophy for French Studies; Cross-Country; Modern Pentathlon; Rugby; Riding

- (Captain); Mountaineering; Ski-ing; Archery; Film Society.
- I. D. GALLWEY, Senior Flight Cadet: Athletics (Captain); Gliding; Jazz; Ski-ing.
- A. C. EDMUNDS, Senior Flight Cadet: Swimming (Half Colours); Rugby; Pot-holing; Printing; Film Society.
- D. G. CRICHTON, Senior Flight Cadet: Arnold Barlow Award; Fencing; Modern Pentathlon; Hockey; Archery; Gliding; Sailing; Ski-ing; Music; Choral; Film Society.
- E. B. VOLLER, Under Officer: Soccer (Full Colours); Tennis; Athletics; Music (Secretary); Debating; Gliding; Archery; Photographic; Aeromodelling; Choral.
- T. W. R. LANGFORD, Senior Flight Cadet: Sailing; Shooting; Aeromodelling (Secretary); Ski-ing; Debating; Mountaineering.
- T. J. NELSON, Under Officer: Boxing (Full Colours); Rugby; Squash; Dramatics (Chairman); Debating; Gliding.
- W. R. R. ANDERSON, Senior Flight Cadet: Soccer (Half Colours); Cricket (Half Colours); Rugby; Dramatics; Mountaineering; Debating; Film Society.
- A. G. ETTRIDGE, Under Officer: Boxing (Full Colours); Rugby; Gliding; Ski-ing.

- N. O. BACON, Under Officer: Soccer (Full Colours); Athletics (Half Colours); Ski-ing; Film Society (Committee member).
- D. SYMONS, Senior Flight Cadet: Victoria League Award; Rugby; Squash; Gliding; Ski-ing; Pot-holing; Debating; Dramatics; Engineering; Jazz; Motor Club.

Equipment Branch

- R. F. ROBERTSON, Under Officer: Arnold Barlow Memorial Prize; Tennis (Full Colours); Soccer; Squash; Pot-holing; Sub-Aqua.
- D. A. MUNDY, Senior Flight Cadet: Air Ministry Prize for Equipment Studies; Athletics (Secretary, Full Colours); Rugby; Pot-holing; Chess.

Secretarial Branch

- E. J. WALTER, Under Officer: Air Ministry Prize for Secretarial Studies; Royal United Services Institution Award; Soccer (Full Colours); Rowing; Athletics; *Journal* (Editor); Dancing (Secretary); Debating; Pot-holing; Riding; Winter Sports; Film Society.
- C. D. DREW, Under Officer: Cricket (Half Colours); Soccer (Half Colours); Golf (Captain); Squash; Pot-holing; Mountaineering; Sailing; Jazz; Film Society.



THE SENIOR ENTRY : JUNE 1957

Back row (left to right) : S.F.C. W. R. R. Anderson, S.F.C. D. A. Mundy, S.F.C. A. C. Edmunds, S.F.C. D. G. Crichton, S.F.C. D. Symons, U.O. R. F. Robertson, U.O. E. B. Voller.

Centre row (left to right) : S.F.C. D. A. Couley, S.F.C. I. D. Gallwey, S.F.C. D. V. Duval, U.O. A. G. Ettridge, S.F.C. T. W. R. Langford, U.O. R. Kidney, S.F.C. P. E. Goodband.

Front row (left to right) : U.O. C. D. Drew, U.O. N. O. Bacon, U.O. D. C. Scouller, S.U.O. C. E. Truman, S.U.O. T. E. Enright, S.U.O. D. St J. Homer, U.O. E. J. Walter, U.O. T. J. Nelson.

I.C.A.N. — Can you?
(by Anthony Rowley)



A is for Alpha, the uppermost grade.
 B is Bravo! for Buttons and Braid.
 C is the Charlie who's landed in clag.
 D is the Delta's low parasite drag.
 E is for Echo which gives you the range,
 F is for Foxtrot, Fish, Ferris and Flange.
 G is for, Gammon, Golf, Gremfins and Gout,
 H is for Hotel but don't get turned out.
 I is for India and back in a day
 J is for Juliet she was O.K.
 K is for Kilo and Kirkintilloch
 L is for Lima and Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgugerychwymdrobwlllantysitrogogoo
 M is for Mike, Monday Morning and M
 N is November and Night flying too.
 O is Our Oscar for making High Flight
 P is Pops who gets worried each night.
 Q for Quebec with a Woolfe at the door
 R is for Romeo, asking for more.
 S for Sierra and strikers for sin,
 T is for Tango with Henry and Myn.
 U is for Uniform sold to a tramp,
 V is for Victor and Voluptuous Vamp.
 W is for Whiskey and Women unwed,
 X is for X-Ray that's baffled by lead.
 Y is for Yankee with ulcer in pot;
 Z is for Zulu - and Zat is ze lot



E-goch



Heigh-Ho!

R.A.F. BIGGIN HILL

by Graham Wallace

Messrs PUTNAM, the Publishers, have kindly allowed *The Journal* to print the following extract

THE emergency past, Group Captain Grice insisted on a return to peacetime standards of smartness and general behaviour. Airmen who had to move around the airfield were required to march correctly in parties, and at night flying-clothes were taboo in the Mess. The W.A.A.Fs were startled to learn that daily P.T. drill was to be reinstated. In protest they privily dumped their gym shoes in one of the Keston ponds and pleaded that they could not possibly take exercise without them. Sergeant Freeman of the Sports and Welfare Section unsympathetically held his first class bare-foot. That discipline was lax was obvious, and 'Muscles' Freeman had to request the W.A.A.F. Section Officer to see that her airwomen were properly clothed at all future classes.

Nor were the squadrons exempt from the general tightening-up. After weeks without a C.O., 92 Squadron, now adopted by the East India Fund and known as the 92 (East India) Squadron, was shaken by the arrival of Squadron Leader J. A. Kent, A.F.C., D.F.C., in the last week of October. His reception was typical: walking into the Mess for the first time, Johnny Kent was accosted by 'Wimpey' Wade with an impudent: 'Good morning, and what the hell do you want?'

Kent replied that he was the new C.O. of 92 Squadron.

'That's fine,' commented Wade, quite unabashed. 'Stick around and we'll show you the form.'

For three weeks Kent bided his time, getting the measure of his squadron. He led it in battle and reopened the C.O.'s office where correspondence had lain untouched for a month.

Tall and lean-faced with an engaging sardonic smile, John Alexander Kent was born in Winnipeg in 1914 and held a pilot's licence when he was sixteen. After joining the Royal Air Force in 1935, he was posted to Farnborough as a test pilot where he flew 92 different types of aircraft: heavy and medium bombers, trainers and fighters were all put through their paces by this young Canadian. He was given the task of finding out just what happened when an aircraft hit various kinds of barrage-balloon cables—cables designed specifically to cripple and destroy. His solution was characteristically straight-forward: fly at the cables and observe the results while the

incident was filmed from another aircraft a safe distance away. War was declared and Kent joined 303 Squadron, the famed Polish fighters, as a Flight Lieutenant, often leading them in battle. For his cool, ruthless courage he was awarded the *Virtuti Militari*, Poland's equivalent of the V.C. Then promotion to Squadron Leader brought him the task of disciplining the ramageous pilots of 92 Squadron.

They were not kept wondering about the new C.O. for long. Summoning all the officers and N.C.Os together in his office, Kent delivered a monumental dressing-down, such as had never been heard on Biggin Hill.

'I have been C.O. of this squadron exactly a month and have several comments to pass on to you all. My N.C.Os are slack and slipshod. They have allowed the men to get lazy and out of hand. The Station Warrant Officer has complained to me that they are blatantly arrogant and so conceited that they refuse to take orders from anyone but their own officers. This will stop immediately, or I will be forced to take drastic action.'

He paused to dismiss the N.C.Os, then turned to the officers.

'I have studied my officers' behaviour with concern and frankly I think it stinks. You are the most conceited and insubordinate lot I have ever had the misfortune to come up against.

'Admittedly you have worked hard and got a damn good score in the air—in fact a better score than any other squadron in Fighter Command—but your casualties have been appalling. These losses I attribute to the fact that your discipline is slack; you never by any chance get some sleep; you drink like fishes, and you've got a damn sight too good an opinion of yourselves.

'My second-in-command puts up the biggest black I have ever experienced in my air force career, and none of you have the decency to inform me. When one of my flight commanders comes out of hospital, hobbles down to dispersal, throws down his crutches, uses his authority to demand an aircraft and takes off on a mission, I have no further use for him in my squadron.

'On his own admission he was feeling weak and giddy, and his only excuse was that he wanted to prove to himself he had not lost his nerve.

'Now, your billets. It appears that you have turned the living quarters which were allotted to you to provide a certain amount of security and rest into a night club. It also appears that you ask your various lady friends down to spend week-ends with you whenever you please.

'This will cease. All women will be out of the house by 23.00 hours sharp.

'Your clothes—I can scarcely call them uniform. I will not tolerate check shirts, old school ties, or suede shoes. While you are on duty you will wear the regulation dress. Neither will I tolerate pink pyjamas under your tunics.

'You all seem to possess high-powered automobiles. None of these appear to be taxed and insured, but I hear from the Adjutant that you have an understanding with the local police. Well, that may be, but how do you explain where you get your petrol from? Your cars reek of 100-octane, and I can assure you you're not fooling the Station Commander.

'Finally, I want to see an immediate all-round improvement. At the moment I think you're a lot of skunks!'

White-faced and sullen, hardly bothering to conceal their fury, the East India boys filed out of Kent's office. No outsider was going to attack 92 Squadron and get away with it. They swore to break him if it was the last thing they did, but in their hearts they knew that his words rang true. Common-sense prevailed and when Johnny Kent shot down the squadron's hundredth Hun, he was enthusiastically and ungrudgingly accepted as 'one of the boys.' Months later, when he was posted away to command an operational flying training unit, the squadron nearly mutinied and sent off a unanimous protest to the C-in-C. Fighter Command.

Throughout November operations were at a low level. The weather was atrocious and the *Luftwaffe* was flying higher, faster and further. Opportunities for combat were few, but there was always the hunt for the daily weather reconnaissance machine, counterpart of our own 'Jim Crow' flights. This was an exhilarating game of hide-and-seek at dawn, searching out the single bomber that dodged in and out of the clouds collecting meteorological data.

At 6.30 a.m. one day early in November 92 Squadron was settling down to catch up on sleep in the dispersal hut when the telephone orderly poked his head round the door and shouted: 'One section patrol Beachy at 10,000 feet.'

Ignoring the chorus of 'You'll be sorry!', Pilot Officer Lund and Sergeant Fokes grabbed their kit and ran outside. Four minutes later they were

airborne, climbing steadily at three-quarter throttle. They swung due south, Fokes leading, and slanted up towards a ravine in the clouds, creamy white with the vaporous crests touched with gold. Lund scarcely noticed the beauty around him. 'Would there be any escorting 109s?' he wondered, '. . . probably not with this cloud cover . . . one bomber would only find them embarrassing . . . he would be a good pilot, though, not the usual *Luftwaffe* "stooge" whose only virtue was his discipline.' Tunnelling upwards through the mist, Lund recalled the masses of bombers that looked for all the world like a fleet of buses driving on steadily, being picked at by fighters, losing one every ten seconds, and closing ranks and carrying on. It was admirable in its way. This weather pilot, though, would be a man of different calibre; he would know his machine and himself and his gunner.

The clouds hemming in the two Spitfires thinned out. All at once they burst into the wonder of a blue, cloudless sky.

'Vector 090 degrees,' the Controller's voice crackled, 'and buster!'

Fokes and Lund slammed their throttles open. The clouds below were thick and without end, reaching the horizon. Through ragged gaps they glimpsed the Channel shore running parallel to their course.

'Bandit ahead. Two o'clock, see him?'

Lund crouched forward and switched on his gun-sight, searching the cloudscape below for the Hun that Fokes had spotted. Ahead and slightly to starboard, half a mile away, was a Dornier.

Without warning, Fokes swung over on his right side, applying bottom rudder, Lund followed him down, flying in line astern.

The Hun reefed round in a tight turn and dropped for the safety of the clouds. Twisting to starboard, to port and back to starboard to avoid cutting-out their Merlins in the dive, Fokes and Lund gave chase. The Hun was wily, throttling back in a steep turn to port as Fokes opened fire. His Spitfire overshot. It was up to Lund. The Dornier was well below him, reaching for the cloud-bank with a faint white stream spewing from one engine. 'Good show, glycol!' thought Lund as he came in dead astern and fired a burst. His target swung to starboard. Carefully, Lund lined up for the correct deflection and pressed the 'tit,' and found himself immersed in an opaque world of vapour. His eyes flicked down to the Sperry panel, seeking guidance from his instruments. He pulled up with the idea of coming out on the right flank of the cloud and looking left for the Hun. Breaking cloud, he

climbed to see all around it. There was no sign of Fokes, but a mile to port was the Dornier. It was now screaming black smoke. Lund drew nearer, diving hard, but the Hun vanished once again.

'Hell's bells! I shan't find him again, but, anyway, I've hit the bastard.'

With the cloud cover as it was, Fokes and Lund could do no more. They were credited with 'half a Dornier destroyed' between them.

Rarely was the weather bright and clear, then the Messerschmitts would scamper over the Channel in droves, often carrying light bombs which they dropped at random before streaking nose-down for home. The 'Tigers' and 92 Squadron enjoyed several good scraps, honours being roughly equal, as on 15th November when ten Me.109s were destroyed, no fewer than four being claimed by Don Kingaby: a record 'bag' for a pilot in one day.

He was persuaded to describe this feat in a broadcast, introduced, in accordance with Air Ministry regulations, anonymously: '. . . a sergeant pilot who is only just 21. He was born in London, joined the R.A.F. Volunteer Reserve in April, 1939, and was called up on the first day of war. His total of enemy planes up to the present is ten, all Me.109s. In his own words: "The 109 is my favourite meat".'

Explained Kingaby: 'The reason I've got so many Messerschmitts may be that it's just my luck to have run into more of these enemy machines than of any other kind.'

'But during the day I am going to tell you about, Messerschmitts in formations of 50 or more were being tackled and broken up and shot down by a dozen Spitfires. On this particular occasion our squadron was sent out in the morning and intercepted one of these formations of 109s coming in over the Channel. There were 50 of them. When our leader, a Canadian, gave the order to attack, I got on the tail of four 109s at about 17,000 feet and attacked the outside one. After I had given him two bursts of fire, he crashed near Gravesend. When I looked round again the sky was full of Messerschmitts scattering in all directions. We chased them back to France and returned to our station for lunch. It seemed to me a pretty good morning's work.'

'In the afternoon we were sent up again and told that there were 109s off Selsey Bill. We saw them when we were at 20,000 feet. There were 40 of them about 500 feet above us. As they outnumbered us by more than three to one, I suppose they thought they were onto a good thing. At all events, they started to dive on us.'

'We evaded their first attack and then turned

on them. I picked on three. They made off towards France, one straggling a bit behind. I concentrated my fire on him and he went down in flames.'

'The other two Messerschmitts had not seen me come up so I closed up behind the leader and gave him a burst. As I did so, the other one on my right came up on my tail. But I held onto the fellow I'd got. He must have been carrying a bomb for, after another burst from my guns, he blew up before the one behind could protect him. There was nothing of him left in the sky that you could recognize as part of a plane. Just a flash and a puff of smoke and bits of debris hurtling all over the place.'

'I must give that third Jerry pilot his due—he could have got away but he stayed to fight. But my Spitfire's eight machine-guns were too much for him and after a couple of turns he went down in flames. Then I turned, found the squadron and came home, and that's about all there was to it.'

Such an invitation to broadcast about their own experiences was seldom welcomed by pilots; besides being an embarrassing 'line-shoot,' the Air Ministry took a commission from the fee paid by the B.B.C.

By sunset on 29th November Biggin Hill's tally of enemy aircraft destroyed totalled 599. The half-thousand had slipped by unnoticed in the welter of fighting towards the end of September, but now that things were quieter, a special significance was given to the 600th Hun. No other station in Fighter Command came within reach of this figure. For days past all Biggin Hill had been speculating: who would take the score to 600? Odds were freely quoted and bets taken, while the station staff, ground crews and W.A.A.Fs all chipped in to make a sizable kitty for the lucky pilot.

The last day of the month dawned cold and forbidding. Cloud base was barely 1,000 feet and a white ground-mist blanketed the airfield. Hardly the weather for flying, so most pilots thought, but not so 'Tiger' Squadron's two flight commanders, Mungo-Park and H. M. Stephen. Tired of hanging about their dispersal doing nothing, they mutually decided to go and hunt down the 600th Hun. The roar of their two Spitfires taking off brought the whole station running out to see who was crazy enough to fly in this weather.

'Of all the bloody cheek!' remarked the Station Commander when he learnt who the two pilots were.

Led by 'Sailor' Malan, a stream of cars and
(concluded on page 244)

THE LEADER OF THE FEW

by Basil Collier

The Author and the Publishers, JARROLDs, have kindly allowed us to print the following extract

ABOUT this time exaggerated notions of the effects of bombing were in fashion. Soon after the war the Italian General Douhet had drawn a highly coloured picture of the potentialities of air power; more recently the American General 'Billy' Mitchell had given wide publicity to his conception of air warfare. Reports of bombing-trials in the United States suggested that warships might be gravely damaged not only by direct hits but by 'near-misses' and the effects of blast.

In general, airmen were inclined to set much store by the aircraft as a weapon of offence. Some few were extremists; most held sensible views enough about the deterrent value of well-found striking forces. There was, however, a minority of 'fighter boys' who feared that undue emphasis on bombing might lead to neglect of aircraft intended primarily for defence, though capable also of playing an offensive role. Dowding was not, at heart, a 'fighter boy.' He believed in the bomber. Nevertheless his attitude to the claims of its extreme adherents was judicial. Like others who remembered the last war, he knew that bombers might be incapable of reaching their objectives unless supported by a fighter force sufficiently numerous and well equipped to gain some measure of air superiority. He also knew that the human tendency to give prominence to a few outstanding incidents could easily lead to distorted notions of what the bomber might be expected to achieve in normal, day-to-day conditions.

When allegations of the extreme vulnerability of warships to bombing caused concern in London, he suggested, therefore, that the Admiralty and the Air Ministry, instead of relying on second-hand reports of the American trials, should arrange some trials of their own. The moment seemed propitious, since a battleship condemned to the scrapheap was available for experiment. He found the sailors willing to assent in principle, but reluctant to expose the ship to the risk of being sunk at the cost of her scrap-value. Two experiments were made with charges far exceeding those contained in any bomb in current use, enclosed in cases designed for static detonation. One of these huge bombs was exploded at Shoeburyness about 20 yards from a

reinforced concrete building, the other on the deck of the condemned battleship. The results suggested that recent reports of the effect of blast had been exaggerated. A big hole was blown in the main deck of the ship, a smaller hole in the deck below; but the glass of a scuttle-window 15 yards away was not so much as cracked. Other experiments included the dropping, from five or six thousand feet, of semi-armour-piercing bombs denuded of their explosive content. One of them went clean through the ship and came out at the bottom. From one experiment it appeared that, should a big bomb burst between decks in a warship, gases generated by the explosion might well incapacitate a good many of the crew. Many years later, when the nation was at war and Dowding learned of accusations that one country or another was using poison-gas in sea battles, it seemed to him not unlikely that the effects then noticed were the cause of these suspicions.

For obvious reasons, these tests were inconclusive. No live bombs were dropped in such conditions as would obtain in war; little or no light was thrown on the problem of the big bomb falling near a ship and exploding in the water. Nevertheless the trials seemed to Dowding far more valuable than many hours of hypothetical discussion. Throughout his career the reluctance of many of his colleagues to test their theories by experiment never ceased to puzzle him. Others, too, have found it hard to understand. Perhaps part of the explanation lies in a system of accounting dear to the official mind but not always favourable to sound economy. Experiments cost money. They may save much money in the future, but the saving is not necessarily reflected in the spending power of the department which must find the immediate cost from current estimates. When to this factor are added the respect for dogma bred by service training, the deep distrust—not always groundless—felt by many practical men for anything in the nature of scientific exposition, the attitude of the majority becomes more comprehensible. But to Dowding, at any rate, it still seemed wrong-headed.

Of all advances in military science between the First and Second World Wars, the coming of

radar was the most important to this country. In 1918 aircraft flew comparatively slowly. Their speed was such that the commander of the air defences guarding London, warned that German bombers were crossing the coast, had time to order fighter-pilots at aerodromes in Kent and Surrey to get into their machines, gain height, and intercept the raiders before they reached the capital. But the speed of the bomber increased so much in the next decade that such a warning became insufficient. By the time when Dowding went to the Air Ministry in 1930, the only hope of intercepting raiders short of London lay either in the maintenance of standing patrols whenever raids were likely—an intolerably extravagant proceeding—or in some device which would give a warning while hostile aircraft were still some distance out to sea.

During the 1920s a number of such devices had been suggested. The most promising were concrete sound-mirrors designed to concentrate the hum of approaching aircraft at an acoustic focus, where it was picked up and amplified by a system roughly analogous to a loud-speaker in reverse. One such mirror, some two hundred feet in length, was built at considerable cost near Hythe in Kent. It gave fair results in favourable conditions, but conditions were seldom favourable. The roar of the waves, the noise made by a motor-cycle on an adjoining road, were likely at critical moments to interfere with observation. Thus the problem of early-warning remained unsolved, as Mr Baldwin knew when he warned the country in 1932 that 'the bomber would always get through.'

One result of the worsening of the international outlook from that year onward was that fresh attention was given to a deficiency which threatened to be crucial in the event of war with Germany. A number of old suggestions were revived and some new ones added. Some of them were eminently scientific, others belonged to the realm of what is now called science-fiction. Ironically enough, salvation came as an indirect result of the consideration which a scientist was asked to give to a proposal in the second category.

The notion of destroying or incapacitating an approaching enemy by means of a mysterious radiation or 'death-ray' had long appealed to imaginative minds. In theory, conveyance to a distance of the energy required to stop an internal combustion engine by the agency of transmissions akin to those employed in radio-telephony was not impossible; but the practical difficulties were formidable, especially if the stoppage was to be selective. Early in 1935

Mr H. E. Wimperis, Director of Scientific Research in Dowding's department of the Air Ministry, asked Mr R. A. (later Sir Robert) Watson-Watt of the National Physical Laboratory whether there was any prospect of bringing down hostile aircraft by electro-magnetic radiations. Mr Watson-Watt replied that the method was impractical. But he added that he might be able to help if detection and location of the aircraft, as opposed to their destruction, would suffice. His work entailed measurement of the distance from the earth of the Heaviside layer, or ionosphere, by reference to the time taken by a radio pulse to reach the ionosphere and bounce back again. A well-known property of such transmissions was that they did not only bounce back from the ionized Heaviside layer but also from solid objects such as mountains. If they could be relied upon to bounce back from an aeroplane, the problem of early warning might be near solution.

Towards the end of January, Mr Watson-Watt's report was laid before a committee newly formed to survey the scientific aspects of air defence. The idea seemed so promising that Dowding was thereupon asked to seek sanction for considerable expenditure on the project.

His response was characteristic. He asked first for a practical trial. If the scientists could convince him that the method was feasible, he would back it.

The sequel was perhaps the most momentous scientific demonstration ever held in this country. On it turned the issue of a battle which, little more than five years later, decided the fate of nations.

The event took place on a wintry day towards the end of February at Weedon, in Northamptonshire. Unable to find a suitable pulse transmitter the scientists had recourse to a continuous beam from the radio station at Daventry, some six miles away. The pilot of a Heyford aircraft was told to fly backwards and forwards between Daventry and a point 20 miles distant, and to keep close to the lateral centre of the beam. For some reason he did not, or perhaps could not, hold the exact course prescribed, but followed one which took him a little away from the line where the transmission was strongest.

He made three runs. On one, the receiver improvised by the demonstrators gave little or no sign of the aircraft's passage. On the other two, echoes from the bouncing-back of the transmission were easily discernible at ranges up to eight miles.

This was only about half the shortest distance

at which incoming aircraft must be first detected for successful interception. For a start, however, it was promising enough. Convinced that the project had a future, Dowding gave the required recommendation and obtained for the experimenters a sum substantially larger than their first estimate. An experimental station was established at Orfordness in Suffolk.

Within six months, aircraft could be detected at distances up to 40 miles, and range could be assessed with tolerable accuracy from five miles upwards. By its nature the apparatus was, however, incapable of fixing, within useful limits, the bearing of any object detected. Determination of the position at a given moment of an aircraft approaching a given stretch of coast would be possible, therefore, only when the number of stations in the neighbourhood was such that at least two could assess its range. A simple exercise in geometry would then enable the defenders to track oncoming forces with an accuracy which could be expected to improve markedly as the system was extended and as more and more experience was gained. Meanwhile the progress already made was enough, in Dowding's eyes and

that of others, to justify abandonment of all work on sound-mirrors and the erection of a first batch of five stations north and south of the Thames Estuary.

During the next twelve months or so the building of these five stations, with their steel masts as tall as many a cathedral spire, went forward with tantalizing slowness. Meanwhile a start was made with other applications of the radar principle. But Dowding ceased, in the summer of 1936, to be immediately concerned with development of the early-warning system and became its chief potential user. Chosen to lead the newly created Fighter Command, he left the Air Ministry for the new headquarters of the air defences at Bentley Priory. At the time he had grounds for believing that his next move would take him to the top of his profession as Chief of the Air Staff in succession to Sir Edward Ellington.

Always devoted to his interests, his sister Hilda agreed to undertake the daunting task of acting as hostess at the Commander-in-Chief's official residence in what was still called Stanmore village.

R.A.F. BIGGIN HILL (continued from page 241)

motor bicycles converged on the Operations Room to follow the chase by R/T. His two flight commanders had already called up to tell the Controller that they were out on a voluntary patrol. The news was flashed to 11 Group which sportingly advised: 'Vector those two idiots to Deal. There's a convoy moving up-Channel which might tempt Jerry—even in this weather!'

Sure enough, as they dodged the burst of Ack-Ack fire from Deal's guns firing blind through the overcast, Mungo-Park and Stephen spotted eight Messerschmitts coming in from the South at 30,000 feet. Their simultaneous cries of 'Tally ho!' resounded through the Operations Room. 'Sailor' Malan grinned in anticipation: 'Any minute now.'

They stalked the 109s with care, picking the 'Weaver' as their target. First to open fire was Mungo-Park but the Messerschmitt pilot glimpsed him in his mirror and dived, and he overshot. Stephen then attacked with a two-second burst on deflection. The other Messerschmitts fled, leaving their comrade to face the two Spitfires alone. He half-rolled into Mungo-Park's gun-sight. A long burst sent his hood flying off, then Stephen came in from dead astern and closed to 20 yards for the *coup de grâce*. The Hun dived sickeningly, well past the vertical, and sliced through the clouds to

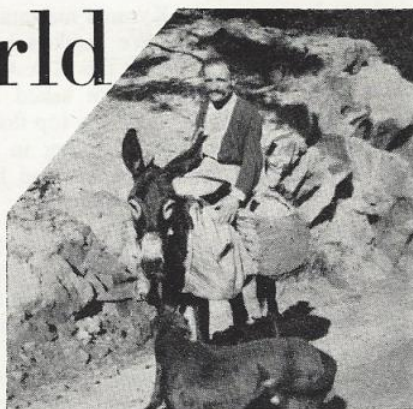
crash near Dungeness. *Oberleutnant* Schmidt, Biggin Hill's 600th victim, died 15 hours later and was buried with full military honours.

It was typical of the 'Tigers' wholly serious attitude towards the air war that Mungo-Park did not immediately join in the celebration awaiting him and Stephen at base; instead, he spent some time reporting on the efficacy of a new windscreen material, 'No-mist,' fitted as an experiment to his Spitfire.

The apotheosis of Biggin Hill as the first '600-station' was a triumphant vindication of Air Chief Marshal Sir Hugh Dowding's conduct of the air defence of Britain to which the interception experiments carried out at Biggin Hill from 1936 onwards contributed in no small measure. But Dowding, alas, was no longer at Fighter Command to enjoy his triumph, though he sent Group Captain Grice his personal congratulations. One phase of the air war had ended, and a fresh offensive spirit was animating the conferences of the Air Staff whose Deputy Chief, Air Marshal Sir Sholto Douglas, succeeded Dowding at Bentley Priory on 25th November. At the same time bluff, forceful Air Vice-Marshal Trafford Leigh-Mallory, formerly A.O.C. 12 Group, took over the command of the all-important 11 Group.

Around the World in Forty Days

GERMANY—THE MEDITERRANEAN—
MALAYA—AUSTRALIA—
WESTERN CANADA—ICELAND



A Troodos Mountaineer

Around the Mediterranean

THWARTED by a combination of officialdom and a lack of dollars for visiting the United States during the summer leave, Flight Cadet Bee and I decided to try our luck at 'swanning' our way round the Mediterranean by Transport Command or any other means of transport we could obtain. We managed to get permission to fly in a Beverley to Cyprus which, besides providing excellent swimming facilities, would act as a staging post for subsequent trips round the Mediterranean.

On the evening of 2nd August we arrived at R.A.F. Abingdon, where we were horrified to hear that our flight the following morning had been cancelled indefinitely due to the revolt in the Oman. Refusing to take 'No' for an answer we spoke to the Wing Commander Flying who said that since the return flight could not be guaranteed he would not accept the responsibility of putting us on the aircraft. However, when we mentioned that we had six weeks ahead of us and not a weekend as the crew had been led to believe, he said that there was no objection at all in that case, and we were aboard and airborne within an hour.

The sky was crystal clear as the Beverley ploughed southwards at a steady 130 knots. The green fields of Normandy gradually gave way to mountains and vineyards in the south of France, while in the east the snow-capped Alps showed up very clearly. Corsica and Sardinia presented barren, sunbaked mountains with little sign of life except round the rocky coast lined with creeks and little golden beaches. After a flight of nearly

eight hours the aircraft touched down at Luqa airport in Malta where, although the time was 9 o'clock, the oppressiveness of the heat was very apparent after leaving the coldness of England.

After a magneto had been checked the aircraft took off at midnight and set heading for Cyprus. During the previous leg an Examining Board had been route-checking the crew and we had to remain in the tail-boom compartment. With the Examining Board off-loaded at Malta, we were allowed to fly the Beverley, logging a few hours instrument flying of a sort. After being checked at Nicosia airport for arms and ammunition we were driven by taxi to the house of a relative, an Army officer. Here, in the outskirts of Nicosia, we lived regally for the next three days, being driven to beaches and places of interest whenever we wanted. On one occasion we were taken round the inside of the old part of Nicosia and shown the scenes of various murders. Later, when we went shopping in Ledra Street, known as 'murder mile,' we had a perpetually creepy feeling in the centre of our backs, although Eoka activities had ceased at least four months ago and the island was then virtually back to normal.

The Cypriots struck us as being remarkably friendly and the greater majority were looking forward to the day when Eoka activities would cease. I was told by a subaltern that on several occasions when he had been searching houses for arms and nearly tearing them apart in the process, the Cypriots would brew them coffee before they left and wish them luck in their search. The animosity appeared to be more between the Turkish and the Greek Cypriots rather than the Cypriots in general against the British.

Having seen some of the seaside towns we decided to stay at Kyrenia for the next week, so we hired a Morris Minor 1000 and, setting off

northwards, crossed the Kyrenia mountains by a series of hairpin bends. We booked in at the Coeur de Lion hotel run by the N.A.A.F.I. for officers and their families. We asked for and obtained a very nice room on the top floor overlooking Kyrenia harbour, so lying in bed we could look straight onto the sea and hear the waves lapping on the rocks below.

With a car of our own we were very mobile, and when we were not swimming at a private beach at the foot of Kyrenia castle we made frequent trips along the coast and up into the mountains where the air was much cooler and very bracing. The villages off the main roads are unspoilt and the people live very simply. On one occasion we visited St Hilarion castle, built by the Crusaders, and said to have inspired the writing of *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*. It was certainly fairylike, perched on a mountain peak and commanding a view of most of the north coast.

One of the pleasantest ways of passing the time in the water was swimming round the rocks with flipper feet and goggles watching the brightly coloured fish which permitted us to approach to within a few feet. One little Cypriot boy caused us much amusement by swimming around with an ordinary fishing line and whenever he saw a fish he liked the look of he would dangle the hook in front of the fish's mouth. If the fish would not bite at first, the little boy would follow the fish until eventually it seemed the fish felt obliged to take the bait so that it could get a bit of peace.

After a very pleasant week in Kyrenia we decided to move on and explore the island further, keeping on the whole to the coast road so that we could stop at any time and leap into the water. Our first night was spent at Famagusta, on the east coast, as we had heard the night life was interesting; we had been singularly disappointed in Nicosia in this respect. We booked in at a N.A.A.F.I.-run leave camp composed of bell tents, as this appeared to be the cheapest accommodation available. We were disappointed with the night life in Famagusta and arrived back to our tent which, fortunately, we had to ourselves. During the early hours of the morning a fight broke out in the next tent and ended with the Royal Military Police marching off several men bleeding from the bottles which had been flying in all directions. Although it would have provided much amusement back at Cranwell we did not relish the idea of 28 days in the cooler, so we moved off very smartly after breakfast.

Continuing our journey clockwise round the

island we passed through Limassol on the south coast and then headed north for the Troödos Mountains.

There was much more evidence of cultivation in the valleys than any other part of the island and we stopped several times to buy grapes which grew in profusion everywhere. We stayed that night at an hotel called Pingos, constructed of pine logs, in the village of Platres, some 6,000 feet up.

The following morning we got up very early and climbed Mount Olympus (6,400 feet) to see the view, since there is less haze when the sun is low. As we had nearly finished our circuit of the island, apart from the plain in the west, we headed back towards Nicosia airfield with which we had kept in telephone contact during our stay on the island. We had heard there was a chance of getting a lift with an American courier aircraft which was doing a round trip of the Mediterranean via Jordan, Turkey, Greece and Italy. We discovered when we arrived at the airfield that the trip was off as we had no *visa*, required for landing in Egypt. There was, however, a Pembroke flying to El Adem in Libya the following day and as there was nothing going to Malta for about four days we decided to try our luck with the Pembroke.

El Adem was purely an airfield and no more; the only noteworthy feature was that the bar accepted any currency in the world. As the next aircraft was not due to leave until the following afternoon we spent the day in Tobruk, about 18 miles to the north. The desert was still scarred from the war and scrap metal lay everywhere, giving the Libyans a profitable but dangerous source of living as the whole area for thousands of square miles along the coast was mined. Tobruk itself has hardly been rebuilt, apart from the main street, and presented a depressing sight. After buying souvenirs, one of which was a prayer mat which I later discovered was made in Birmingham, much to my disgust, we spent the rest of our time at a beach about 400 yards from King Idris's palace.

The aircraft in which we got a lift was a Medair Viking, complete with stewardess.

The route to Malta took us due east over Cyrenaica to Benghazi and Tripoli where we refuelled. On our arrival at Malta we were billeted in a hut in the Transit Mess, where we stayed for the next week or so. The following morning we set off in a ramshackle bus to Valletta where we obtained a driving licence on completion of the 'driving test'; this comprised one question, namely, 'What is the speed limit in

Malta?' We hired a Morris Oxford and after making a tour of the southern half of the island, checking on the beaches, we drove to Hal Far where a party of flight cadets were staying on an official visit with the Royal Navy. After exchanging news we asked them if they were going swimming. They were very dubious as there was little naval transport so we asked some of them casually if they would like a lift in our car. After shouts of 'Plutocrats!' they quietened down and we set off.

We received an invitation from Squadron Leader Thorne, C.O. of 208 Squadron based at T'Kali, to visit the airfield whenever we liked. On arrival at T'Kali we were made completely at home and within half an hour were airborne in Meteor 7s. The most interesting part of each trip was low flying over and round the island. The squadron invited us to a party that evening, so after a meal in the mess we set off in a convoy towards Valletta. Since our hosts knew every square inch of the neighbourhood, full advantage was taken of their unique experience.

Based at Luqa airfield was a Valiant squadron, so we asked rather tentatively if there was any chance of a trip. There was a practice bombing mission to Cyprus that evening which the Wing Commander Flying said we could go on. At the last minute the aircraft went unserviceable and the trip was off for the next three days by which time, unfortunately, we had to return to England.

Most of our time at Malta was spent swimming and cruising round in our car. From one of the beaches a target-towing aircraft could be seen flying up and down off-shore, giving practice to the Maltese gunners. The shell-bursts were scattered impartially round the drogue and towing aircraft. There is a story that a pilot was so shaken up on one occasion that after landing he pointed out rather acidly to the gunners that he was pulling the target—not pushing it!

Funds were running low and as there was a Comet leaving on 25th August we decided to pack our bags and return to England. At the last moment our seats were taken by some passengers with a higher priority than us so we returned by Varsity, landing at Manston, in Kent, on 25th August.

We had originally planned on going to Kenya where we knew of some people who would take us on a safari. The Oman revolt curtailed this scheme as the transport system went haywire to provide supplies to Aden. In spite of this the holiday was an immense success and we were sorry to get back to English weather again.

Home to Malaya

EXACTLY 24 hours and 20 minutes after we left Lyneham I found myself in Singapore once again. It was so difficult for me to believe that I was back home because the day before I had been wandering around Clyffe Pypard, an R.A.F. transit camp in U.K. I was very happy to see my relations who came to meet me at R.A.F. Changi. As we drove from the station to my home I could hardly take my eyes off the beautiful Chinese girls in their cheong sum. I said to myself as we passed them by, 'I am certain to have a wonderful time here!'

During my three weeks at home I visited the new headquarters of the Malayan Auxiliary Air Force at the old Kallang Airport. The inside of the mess was very attractive and contemporary in style. I was glad to meet many of my old friends there and they were as keen and as friendly as ever. I hope when Malaya has her own air force those people will work hard to make the new-born force a success.

Malaya is a new nation in the Commonwealth. Although she gained her independence in the best possible way from the British Government, she is faced with some very difficult problems. The main one is not of Communism or economics, but it is the building of a Malayan nation. If all the people in Malaya could call themselves Malaysians and not Chinese, Malays or Indians, I am sure half of the problems in the country could be solved. It is by no means an easy task because racial feeling seems to be stronger than national feeling. In the plural society of this country there are Malays and Chinese almost equally balanced with Indians and others in the minority, so there are stresses and strains that tend to pull the Federation of Malaya apart, as well as those that bind it together. The concept of a common Malayan citizenship is only just taking root; the concept of a common nationality as yet hardly exists.

Singapore might get her self-government in the near future and she, too, will face the same problem as Malaya, but in Singapore the problem is a much harder one as the people there are much less united. There are few people who can honestly say that they are true citizens of the island. They are only interested in themselves and they try to get as much from the country as they can.

I left Singapore the day after Merdeka Day. I had spent a very happy holiday and had seen many old friends. As I flew away I had this

thought in mind: Both Governments are working very hard to overcome this major problem of racial differences and I pray that the people will give their full support to them so that the future of these countries may be bright.

S-b-S.

South of Singapore

THE roar of the four Avons died away as we rocked to a halt. This was Darwin. Thirty-three hours before we had been airborne from Colerne. It was 2 a.m.; not an English morning, but a tropical one. The roar of the Comet was answered by a million unseen choristers in the palms and mangoes nearby. Not a breath of wind disturbed the warmth of the deep purple night. But to some of us that night meant more. Together with the few Australians in the party I looked south. Two bright stars pointed to an irregular diamond just above the horizon. It was good to be Down Under again.

Dragging ourselves out of a self-induced trance we followed the rest of the passengers to the modern terminal building where Immigration and Customs officials questioned us with hospitable efficiency. After the formalities of arrival we had to wait an hour while the aircraft was being fuelled, so I went walking. Darwin airfield, a few miles away from the town itself, has long been a staging post on Commonwealth air routes as well as a strategic defensive base. Apart from Service use most of the world's major airlines seem to be represented there in some way. The present runway is lengthy, even by modern standards—over 3,000 yards, but Australian construction crews are well on the way to completing a new strip which parallels the old and totals the best part of 4,500 yards. This is a far-sighted requirement as this area may play a much greater part in South-East Asian defence should our bases farther north become untenable. Accommodation is not lavish, but comfort is an obvious keynote in this humid climate. Despite this the legendary Darwin frogs find their way into the most secluded spots; including the ground-floor toilets. The only escape from mosquitoes recommended is underneath a shower.

Within the hour, however, we were airborne again on the last leg to the south. The most memorable moments were at dawn, high above the Central Australian Desert. Rolling sand dunes spread to every horizon, barrenly beautiful in their complete desolation. Out of the south, though, grew the mulga country, scrub and sand, grey-green and orange. Water holes became more

frequent and dirt roads dissected the landscape until finally huge pastures, occasionally fenced, decreased into the familiar Australasian pattern of virtually treeless paddocks and rambling red-roofed wooden farmhouses. We descended slowly towards the southern coastline then turned slightly east to our destination, Edinburgh Field, South Australia.

Edinburgh is the most modern of all the R.A.A.F. permanent bases and many buildings are not yet completed. It is virtually next door to the Weapons Research Establishment at Salisbury, and is a stepping-off point for Maralinga and Woomera. Although an R.A.A.F. station, when I was there the predominant uniform was the Royal Air Force grey-blue which seemed to run the place. With the Maralinga tests imminent there had been a great influx of R.A.F. personnel. There is an R.A.F. Support Unit based there, plus many detached crews from Bomber and Transport Command. All personnel have to be security cleared to enter, and the whole area is a prohibited zone with no photography permitted. The assortment of aircraft, either in transit or based there, would challenge any spotter. On the tarmac two nationalities of Canberras were dwarfed by Valiants of Bomber Command. Lincolns of the R.A.A.F., covered with red bands and crosses signifying radioactive 'hotness,' were dumped at various isolated corners of the airfield. There was even a Washington in semi-wrecked condition parked near the dispersal.

For recreation, Adelaide is 30 miles away, but for a city of its size it seemed a little dead. A thing that fascinates English visitors is the sight of boundary riders down from the cattle country, complete with ten-gallon hats, jeans, high-heeled boots and lasso. Other than that, Adelaide could have been any city in Australia.

I had three days at Edinburgh, then indulged on a Christmas-bound Hastings of 24 Squadron to Amberley, Queensland. Home of the R.A.A.F. domestic bomber wing, Amberley is inland from Brisbane in an oven-like basin. There are two squadrons of Australian-built Canberras there, supported by a few faithful Lincolns. The camp is the most attractive I have seen. Towering blue-gums shelter the scattered rows of wooden buildings and wide paved streets sweep through the base. The Officers' Mess boasts a beer-garden complete with fishpond, and a dance floor, as such, in addition to the normal amenities. I was welcomed by the P.M.C., Wing Commander Timms, who insisted that I drink the bar dry at his expense. A strange uniform can work wonders with the Australians. I had another pleasant

three days at Amberley, then boarded an R.N.Z.A.F. Hastings that was staging back home from Hong Kong.

When Kupe discovered New Zealand in A.D. 1250 he called it Aotearoa, the land of the Long White Cloud. And that was how I saw it. A hazy grey-white mirage shod with green. This was *my* island in the sun, and I was to claim it as such for the next three weeks.

When the time came to return to Australia for the long haul back to the United Kingdom no airlifts were available, so with punctured pride I was forced to go civilian with Tasman Empire Airways. We left by DC-6B from Christchurch in the South Island and, after a quick sightsee of the Southern Alps, crossed the west coast, Melbourne-bound.

Essendon, Melbourne's frantic airport, is modernly inefficient as far as Customs and Immigration control is concerned, and it was two hours before we finally got away to the city. But, apart from the initial welcome, I am full of admiration for the city fathers. Seldom could you find such a beautiful town. Parks, gardens, modern buildings, wide streets and generous hospitality are in abundance. However, despite a superficial courtesy to pedestrians, the traffic of Melbourne is the fastest and most furious ever encountered. Of course the dozens of trams that hurtle at you hell-bent on destruction do not simplify the problem. The impact of the coffee bar craze was also particularly evident, every base-ment sporting an exotic name in bright lights.

I spent the night at a cheap £A.2 5s. hotel (no breakfast) and at a respectable hour called in at the offices of the U.K. Services Liaison Staff to see if they could fix me a Service ride to Edinburgh from whence my Hastings was leaving the following day. Fortunately my request was dealt with by Flight Lieutenant D. F. Bates, ex-No. 1 E. and S. entry, who spent most of the morning arranging a ride on a Valetta of 110 Squadron. He drove me to R.A.A.F. Laverton, the local base, centre of Australian Research and Air Development projects, where Avon - Sabres, brilliantly painted Meteor 8s and Vampires were scattered along the tarmac. Above, formations of Winjeels from the R.A.A.F. College, Point Cook, reminded one of Provost time at Barkston. In typically 'pig' fashion we wallowed to Edinburgh where I learned, much to my annoyance, that the aircraft I was to have travelled on had landed that morning spewing oil out of three engines. Verdict —u/s for four days. As it turned out I was to spend another week at Edinburgh before I finally left for England, but that is another story.

Western Canada

IT was night time and the Rocky Mountains were well behind us when the twinkling lights of Vancouver city began to appear on the horizon. Soon the city was beneath us and a kaleidoscope of lights was stretching far up the valley that penetrates this mountainous mainland. Vancouver was a welcome sight after a journey of some six thousand miles over the Atlantic Ocean and the wide expanse of mountain, lake and rolling prairies that constitute the greater part of Southern Canada. The North Star aircraft of Trans-Canada Airlines landed smoothly among the lights of Vancouver airport's main runway.

Victoria, the capital of British Columbia, is situated on Vancouver Island and it was to be my final destination. The flight across the Straights of Georgia from Vancouver to Victoria was accomplished in just over twenty minutes.

Vancouver Island is about three hundred miles long and fifty miles wide. Its rugged west coast faces the Pacific Ocean and is almost inaccessible except by boat or aircraft. A road and railway run up the east coast leaving the northern and western parts of the island virtually uninhabited except for the lumbermen and hunters. A chain of snow-capped mountains runs down the centre of the island, rising to a height of seven thousand feet in places. The mountains are covered with dense coniferous forest providing the island with its chief industry, timber.

My first impression of Victoria was the extent to which it had grown since I had lived there, twelve years before. Victoria has a climate very similar to that of Britain, apart from the milder winters and a much lower annual rainfall. It is not surprising, therefore, to find many British and American people living in retirement on the island.

Driving through the streets of Victoria requires much concentration and patience. There are far more varied and complicated traffic signals to be obeyed than we have in Britain. The Canadians are very conscious of the high accident rate on their roads, and for this reason the roads are well built and are very wide. A speed limit of fifty miles per hour is imposed on all highways with the usual thirty-mile limit in the towns. Despite these precautions as many as ninety people have been killed on Canada's roads in a single week-end.

I spent the second week of my visit at the small town of Qualicum, situated halfway up the east coast. It was a warm, cloudless day as we drove north up the island's main highway. On both

sides of the road were thick, impenetrable forests. The only way through these forests is by the few logging tracks that run for miles through the green wilderness, and then end as suddenly as they began. In contrast to this, the highways approaching towns are lined with mile after mile of motels and summer houses. These cater for the many tourists that throng the area in the summer months. The abundance of fruit on the island is very noticeable and much of the cultivated land is covered with heavily laden trees of apples, plums and pears.

Qualicum is well known as a fishing resort, and having heard that this part of Canada provides sportsmen with the best salmon fishing in the world, I decided to try my hand at it. My father and I drove down to the boathouse to hire a boat with an inboard motor. It took us about half an hour to reach the fishing grounds. The sea was calm and a hot sun beat down upon us as we baited the three lines and waited for the salmon. I was admiring the distant mainland mountains, capped by towering cumulus, when suddenly one of the rod reels began to spin wildly. Seizing the rod I started to play the fish while the other lines were wound in. The salmon broke the water with a terrific jump about fifty feet from the boat. It took nearly ten minutes to bring the fish to the stern of the boat. At first I tried to net it tail first, but this proved to be unsuccessful as each time it escaped with a further length of line. My patience was becoming exhausted as I swished the net furiously through the water. Finally, the salmon jumped into the air and I managed to catch it in the net as it fell, more by luck than judgement. An eight-pound salmon was a reasonable first attempt. Having caught five salmon we decided to return. It had taken four hours' patience to provide this modest haul. As our boat drew inshore in the gathering darkness a small crowd collected to see the catch. We had not caught anything spectacular but, at least, we had not returned empty-handed like so many other fishermen.

The next day a party of us decided to climb a six thousand foot mountain nearby. The trail through the forest along which we set out at eight o'clock in the morning was steep and rugged. Every few yards we had to clamber over huge tree trunks that had fallen across the way. We climbed up through the dark, damp forest for about three hours before the trees began to thin out. At last we emerged from the forest to appreciate the panorama beneath us. To the west was the wide, blue Pacific; to the east the Georgia Straights, studded with islands, could be seen; while to the

north and south miles of forest-covered hills stretched as far as the eye could see. Above us, half hidden in cloud, was the rocky peak of Mount Arrowsmith, our objective. The final thousand feet of our climb consisted of crawling up rocky inclines and scrambling over large patches of snow that lay unmelted in the sheltered gullies. At this height, some five thousand five hundred feet, we were plagued incessantly by mosquitoes that breed in the small, brackish pools that dot the area. At last we reached the summit, but unfortunately the view was obscured by a layer of cloud beneath us. It took nearly five hours to make the descent and we returned to the hotel tired but satisfied with our successful climb.

It had been decided that the following morning we should try our luck fishing for the really large Tye salmon which may weigh twenty-five pounds or more. This fish frequents the western coast at Port Alberni inlet, about thirty-five miles away. Fishing was best there at about five-thirty to nine o'clock in the morning, and it was necessary to rise at about half past three to make the journey. Thus it was, that after a sleepless night due to mosquito bites, we were driving along a moonlit road at four o'clock in the morning. At the boathouse I noticed a sign that said 'Welcome hunters, fishermen and all other liars.' It was still dark as we went out to the salmon feeding grounds together with many other boats. As dawn broke so a chilling mist descended from the mountains, bringing visibility down to a few yards. This was a little disconcerting as there were at least two hundred and fifty boats concentrated within an area of only about a mile square. However, the mist soon dispersed as the sun rose. We could see quite a few fish being brought in, but our lines remained still except for an occasional twitch when a piece of weed caught on the weight or hook. Whenever this happened the line had to be reeled in and cleaned, a tedious but necessary operation. Sometimes the lines became entangled with one another. It is an amusing sight to see a fisherman, a hook and line in each hand, trying to disentangle the lines with his teeth. An amateur usually ends up by tying himself in knots, with the lines in an even worse mess than before.

We didn't catch a thing that morning, and we arrived back cold, tired, hungry and a little disheartened. I discovered then that to be a good fisherman one must learn to take the good with the bad.

A few days later we fished among the islands on the east coast and it was here that we caught over one hundred and twenty pounds of fish, including two twenty-pound salmon and a thirty-

pound cod in twelve hours. During this time we managed to lose one of our lines by turning the boat too sharply and having a line cut in two by the propellers. Unfortunately we lost a really big salmon that day weighing at least forty to fifty pounds. This fish had been brought up to the side of the boat when suddenly it rolled over on its back, the hook slipped out of its mouth and it swam away. The big fish invariably gets away when fishing.

All too soon the time came for me to leave Canada. Canada, the land of the future: a future when her vast wealth of natural resources are opened up and used for the benefit of mankind.

I will never forget my flight eastward across the Rockies at eighteen thousand feet. The clouds and perpetual snow of the mountain tops were ringed with red as the setting sun threw her dying rays over the far horizon.

C.P.J.C.

Travellers' Opinions *or* Interesting Foreigners

DURING a hitch-hiking tour of the Continent last summer I spent about ten days in the town of Neuss, near Dusseldorf.

One afternoon I went with a German friend, Hans Georg, to a nearby pub to watch the German A.A.A. Championships on television. While we were there the father of a boy I knew came in and introduced himself.

He was a short, stocky man of about 60 who had been a prisoner of war in both World Wars. In the first he was a prisoner of the British and in the second of the Russians. He had been released in 1952 and became a policeman.

He spoke fluent Russian and French but only a little English. Often, even when speaking in German, he found himself using odd words of Russian. I was very surprised that he had no ill-feelings towards his captors in either war. He had been captured by the British in 1916 and was allowed back to Germany just after the war. He

spoke very much in praise of the British in both wars and he very much regretted we were not allies as our peoples had so much in common.

During part of our conversation we discovered that Hans had disappeared, but after a few minutes we realized that French was a common language so we carried on our chat but at a much slower pace.

Another German that I met who expressed similar views on the British was a *Bundeswehr* major. He was a tall, handsome gentleman with the appearance of a guardsman. Despite his grey hair and lined face he was only 42 years of age. He, too, was a prisoner of war of the British during the last war and had been in London, Shrewsbury and Preston. He had become friendly with a Preston family in 1945 while he was still in England and he has paid them regular visits since then.

He spoke of the co-operation between the British and German troops, and said that the clashes on Luneberg Heath, whilst giving cause for genuine concern on both sides, were of the sort that occurred in any country where there is a foreign army in occupation. He told me about some of the *Bundeswehr* who had recently been on an exercise near Sattygitter (i.e. near Goslar-Harz) against some English '*Luftwaffe cadeten*.'

The *Bundeswehr* (German Army) had been helped by the *Bundesgrenzschutz* (Frontier Police) and the British Army. The exercise had lasted five days and nights and had been in an area which was mountainous and wooded. Such country was obviously ideal for the escapers but was very difficult to search. I expressed my astonishment that the British should exercise so near to the Soviet zone but in reply he just shrugged his shoulders and said, 'Mad dogs and Englishmen . . . !' As the exercise drew to a close more troops were drafted in and over 350 were taking part by the end. The major said he had received no reports of violence on the part of the *cadeten* towards the Germans, but, of course, he had not expected any as we are now allies. Last year the Germans had not done very well but this year they had done brilliantly and caught almost every one of the English. I expressed great interest in all this and said I had not seen much of the R.A.F. in Germany. To this he replied that Germany now has a new army and navy and is soon to have an air force, and she will not require anyone's help soon. If there is a next war then it will be 'third time lucky' for Germany he assured me.

Another evening the major introduced me to a man who looked rather like a drunken tramp.

He was reputed to be bald but no one really knew as he had never been known to take his cap off. He was for ever boasting to his compatriots about his wonderful command of the English language. After trying to work out what he was saying for three or four minutes I recognized that he was speaking a broad West Country dialect. I do not know that part of the country very well, but I think that his accent could well have been very good. He had been a prisoner of war in Shropshire during the war and had picked up the dialect when working in the fields. When we couldn't understand each other he refused to believe that I was English.

Towards the end of my stay in Neuss I had to go to another house to sleep. It belonged to Winfrid who, by working in a big engineering factory and saving hard, had bought the flat for his mother. Winfrid was 23 years old and was very well built. The food at his house quite amazed me. There was an abundance of fruit, cheese, sausages and other very nourishing foods instead of the usual foods which we eat in England.

He very much regretted that his education had been a very poor one because of the war, and he deeply felt his father's recent death which was a result of war injuries. One evening after we had had a few drinks he blamed both these facts on the English. However, when he was sober again next morning, he said I was to take no notice of all he had said the previous night and that Germany's present prosperity was due in no small part to the English help they had received since the war.

When I left Neuss I got a lift from an English merchant seaman. He was driving a beautiful new Daimler but was dressed like a deckhand—with navy blue roll-neck sweater and dirty, baggy pants. His idea of life was to go to sea for a month or two to earn some money, then come ashore for six months or so and spend it. I considered this most peculiar as seamen don't get a phenomenally high wage. However, I let the matter drop from my mind. His routes varied only a little and most had been to China and Japan via the Cape route. Although he had always worked for the same company he had often had foreign crews. The best in his estimation were the Chinese. They were trustworthy and hard working but the captain of a ship always had to prove his worth to them first.

As we drove on down the Rhine his whole life story unfolded. He was married with a wife in Brighton and two daughters at a finishing school in Paris. When I heard this I began to wonder as

he had said earlier that he earned about £90 a month. I thought that he must have some other source of income so I asked him if wages at sea were good nowadays. 'Oh, no,' he answered, 'but a seaman can always earn a bit by smuggling such things as diamonds.'

The following day I hitched a lift from a lorry going down the Mosel in the direction of Luxembourg. By then I had almost come to expect the Germans to speak English and I realized that this driver, too, had learned English as a P.O.W. and was most eager to try it out again. He had been in the Afrika Korps, been captured by the British and was a prisoner in Egypt until 1948. He must have been a trustworthy prisoner as during most of his imprisonment he was chauffeur to a Royal Engineers' brigadier who was 'a very good man.' When I showed my astonishment at his still having been a prisoner three years after the war, he just laughed and said: 'War is war and is never just.' Also in the lorry was the driver's son, a bright boy of about five or six. He could not understand what we were saying but he amused himself for hours cutting faces in potatoes with a penknife, then throwing them out of the window into the river.

After a night in Luxembourg I got a lift direct to Paris from two American students. They had bought a car on arrival in Paris, six weeks previously, and had driven all over Europe, covering 20,000 miles. I asked them if they had been in any place long enough to get to know the people. Oh, yes, they had—they drove like mad between cities but might stay three or four days if they liked a place. Although these two had spent much more money than the two I met a few days later I don't think they had seen so much of Europe.

I met Dick in Dover while we were both hunting for the youth hostel and he told me of his trip. He and Peter, another boy from the same school in California, had left the U.S. in March. They passed through most of the countries in Europe and by July were in Sweden. Dick decided it was about time they parted as he wanted to see the towns and wonderful countryside while Peter was mainly interested in Swedish blondes.

So they parted and agreed to meet on 29th August in Dover. They both kept their word and arrived on the day with greatly differing stories. Peter had spent all his money on goodness-knows-what in Sweden and had an awful job earning more. He bought an air ticket from Germany to England—and then missed the plane while Dick had spent a night in the Bastille! O'H.

Pubcrawling through the Metropolis



THIS article was made possible only at the expense of the author's imbibitionary organs, a number of hangers and one month's pay.

However, he gratefully acknowledges Alka-Seltzer Ltd, without whose assistance this article would have been impossible.



Being the son of a confirmed dipsomaniac (R v F—, 1949), the author (me, that is) could do no worse than follow his dad's example. Thus

the research gone into this article has been costing him money since first he went to call daddy home from the saloon. Any remuneration, therefore, for these writings will probably go the same way.



To go into some of these pubs, about to be mentioned, will be your entrance into establishments which, through the years, have become the centres of

social life for a great many men and women from all walks of life. At these pubs (inn, tavern, providing food and lodging, especially alcoholic liquors to be consumed on the premises—*Oxford Concise Dictionary* definition) you will have a choice of bars. There is the 'spit and sawdust,' more commonly called the Public Bar, where you will find newspaper sellers, bookies' runners, artists of divers professions and impoverished persons, like the author, who manage to get seven pints of ale for the price of six. Drinking in the Saloon Bar, which at added price has added comfort, will be newspapermen, bookmakers, bank clerks, insurance agents and invariably a commercial traveller, surrounded by a close circle of eager listeners. Well, make your choice.



London is a jughead's paradise, as if you jugheads didn't know. A connoisseur of taverns can drop into the dark and dingy pubs around the docks,

then drift on to the 'locals' in the suburbs, from which he supposedly drags himself into the plush bars of the West End. This may seem the wrong way round to the more conscientious readers, but do not worry. Allow yourselves to be led by the author's hand for as long as he can, starting in dockland at any of the pubs along the Commercial Road. If you get there at the right time (almost any hour of the day or night) you are sure to hear some stories that you've never heard before. The

Cockney dockers are a joy to listen to. By the way, don't be frightened of going there, for the number of knifings and shootings has dropped remarkably this year. While down in dockland, visit the Prospect of Whitby, situated beside the Thames. There you will enjoy excellent ale and good food, as you watch the passing tugs and barges.



This pub promenade goes via Dirty Dick's in Bishopsgate, where the walls are covered with postage stamps and the shelves are stocked with Watney's bottles, towards The Eagle in the City Road. The Eagle was originally run by the Salvation Army in an endeavour to get customers to give up the noble art and habit of drinking. The pub was immortalized in the nursery rhyme which your father may have told you. . . . Do you like draught Worthington? You do? Then visit this place. . . . Come on, you've a long way to go. . . . Across the Thames, past Southwark Cathedral to a pub with a low ceiling, oak beams and shining brasses. You are in the bar of The George, a well-known Dickensian inn. Each year a group of actors and actresses come to the pub and act parts of his works in the cobbled courtyard. While south of the river, set course for The Elephant and Castle, a name recognized by most of you in a popular rigger song and seen at some time or other by all of you on the front of many London underground trains. Here you may rest your legs and summon your energy for stage two of the itinerary.



Consider the crawl so far. Assuming that you drink one pint of beer in each bar you enter, you will have downed five pints, or, to flatter your comrades, 20 noggins of ale. Perhaps it would be advisable to continue by some form of P.T., preferably taxi, for the driver will be most helpful if you feel at all tottery after the drinks to date. . . . 'Where to, guv? Fleet Street?' . . . And so you are whisked across Blackfriars Bridge to the next 'pub' of call, Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese. Here in the old-fashioned, low-ceilinged, cramped and crowded bar you will hear newspapermen recounting stories that have not reached the paper. Now take care, a little farther westward are the 'legal' pubs, for instance, Pimms in Old Bailey. Don't go on foot, you must be almost tottering by now and it would be the end of a very promising career to be arrested outside, and the following morning charged inside, the London Central Criminal Court.





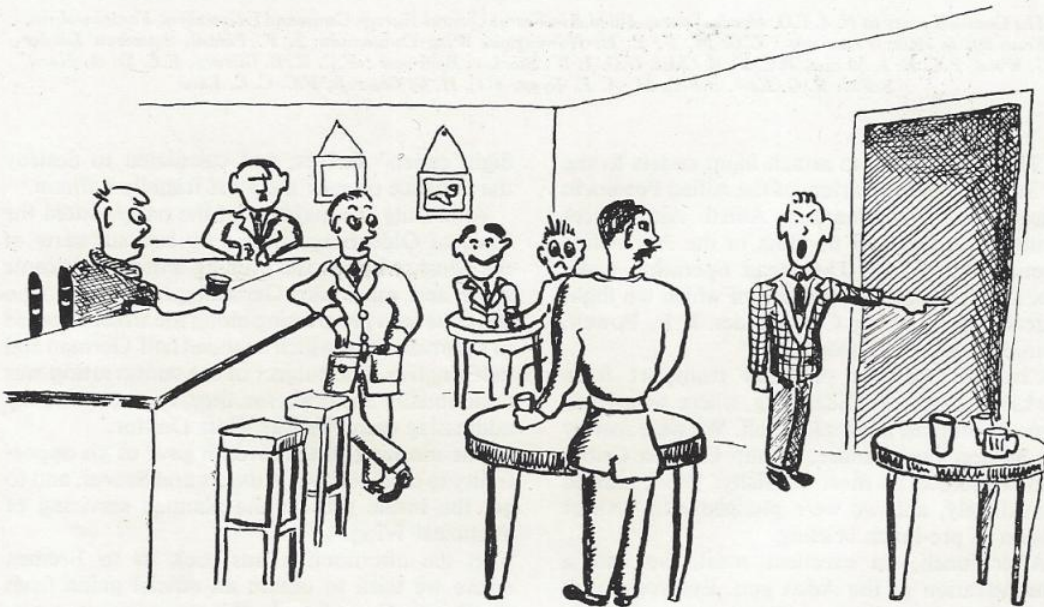
And so with utmost caution get round the next corner and into the West End, Mayfair and Soho. You all should have your own drinking haunts in this area, so go where you will or are able to: the Captain's Cabin off Haymarket, the Fitzroy in Soho, Shepherd's in Mayfair, the Red Lion, not at Digby, Grantham or Caythorpe but just off Park Lane, or perhaps the Royal Air Force Club in Piccadilly. . . . What will you have as a last drink? A plain soda water? Perhaps it is the best policy. . . . If by this time you have spent your hard-earned salary and you are financially down and out, the author suggests three ways of getting 'free booze.' The methods rank with stealing tin mugs from blind beggars and entering dear old dad's name as a relative when you don't know who he is. However, back to the three methods. First, enter the Royal Air Force Club bar with the shout 'There's a flying saucer landing in Green Park.' Then in the general scramble to get outside and see, down all the available glasses of drink. Remember, variety can be the spice of life. The second method is to whiten your face with powder, totter into the bar and make for a dead

cert A.V.M. Before reaching him, fall down in a faint and whisper 'Brandy, brandy . . . with just a splash of soda.' Of course, the third method is to drop dead and be filled at no expense to yourself with embalmer's alcohol.

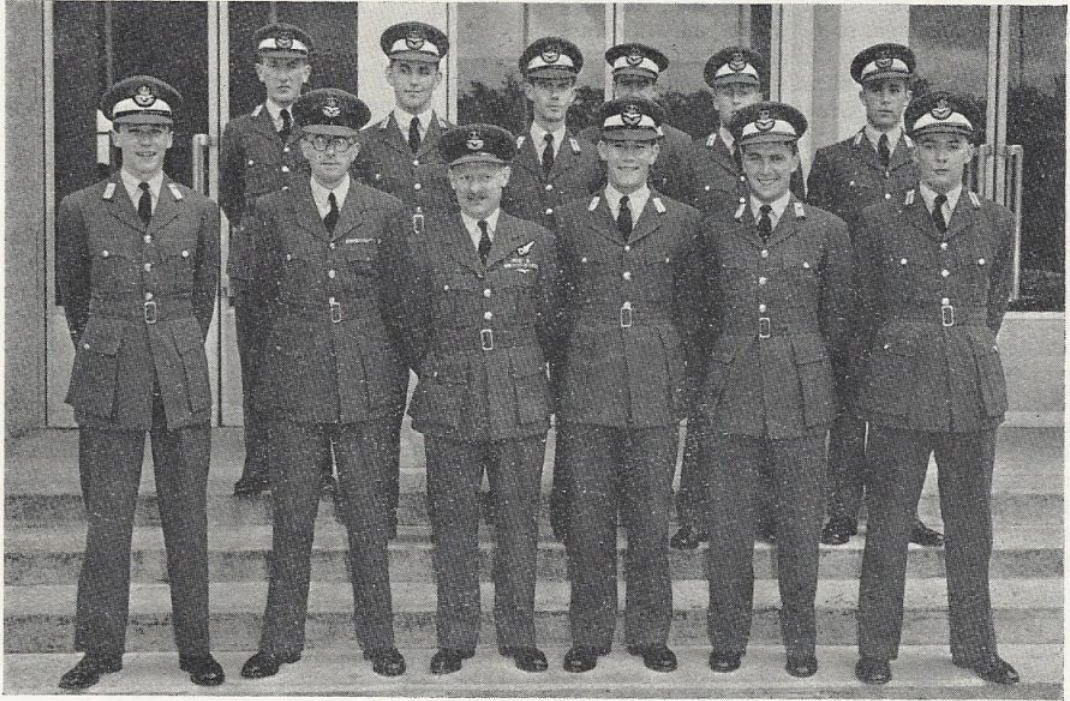


To sum up, you have visited 14 pubs and have drunk as many pints of ale. At this stage your guess is as good as the author's. The cost for such a trip, as envisaged above, which includes a couple of taxi fares, train and bus journeys, a couple of sausages on a stick and a tin of Alka-Seltzer afterwards, is approximately 28s. For the real jugheads, to whom opening time (always a long way away) and catching the landlord's eye are major problems in life, the author suggests the procurement of your own pub. In conclusion, he wishes to inform his readers that he, personally, will conduct around the London liquories any 'ale' fellow, well met, who is good for the price of at least a noggin at each establishment. Letters should be addressed to the editor to reach him not later than Tuesday, 17th December 1957.

F.J.D.



TOUR OF N.A.T.O.



The Cranwell party at N.A.T.O. Headquarters, Allied Air Forces Central Europe Command (Aircent) at Fontainebleau. From left to right. Front row : U.O. M. V. P. H. Harrington, Wing Commander J. F. Powell, Squadron Leader G. Wood, F.C. B. I. Mason, F.C. T. E. Close, U.O. J. W. Blockey. Back row : F.C. R. B. Gilvary, F.C. D. A. Noon, S.F.C. R. G. Kerr, S.F.C. M. A. F. Ryan, F.C. H. G. Cracroft, F.C. C. C. Lane

THE mission was to attach flight cadets to the Supreme Headquarters of the Allied Powers in Europe, to Headquarters Allied Air Forces Central Europe, and to units in the 2nd Allied Tactical Air Force. Thus read operation order No. 17/57, under the direction of which ten flight cadets, led by Wing Commander J. F. Powell, toured N.A.T.O., Europe.

Cranwell Airways provided transport from Barkston Heath to Oldenburg, where we arrived some 90 minutes after taking off. We were met by the Station Commander, Group Captain Cribb, who welcomed us most cordially. Work started immediately, and we were plunged into a short session of pre-lunch briefing.

After lunch, an excellent meal, we had a demonstration of the Aden gun. Everyone took at least one souvenir, the cartridge cases and shells being especially useful for collecting dust on

flight cadets' shelves, and calculated to destroy the patience of even the most friendly batman.

After duty the majority of the party visited the town of Oldenburg, guided by two stalwarts of the Mess, who, as the evening wore on, became more and more like German people, and who could be seen progressing along the street engaged in a conversation which sounded half German and half English. The subject of the conversation was undoubtedly medical, for they were continually addressing each other as 'Herr Doktor.'

The morning of the seventh gave us an opportunity to clamber over Hunters and Sabres, and to get the inside gen on the planned servicing of Technical Wing.

In the afternoon a bus took us to Bremen where we tried to obtain an official guide from the British Consulate. In this we were unsuccessful, and so we assumed the normal guise of

English tourists. Equipped with maps and brochures we set off to 'do' Bremen. Historically the town is of some interest. The cellars under the 'Rathaus'—the equivalent of a town hall—are said to be the oldest of their kind in existence.

On the following day we left Oldenburg for Ahlhorn. We had to travel a somewhat round-about route, and a very bumpy ride under cloud, at 1,500 feet, turned quite a number of faces pale. At Ahlhorn we were greeted by the C.O., Group Captain Rodney, who gave us a talk over a very welcome cup of tea.

Most of the stay here was spent flying in Canberras and Meteors. This took up practically the whole of the first day as a couple of flight cadets were taken as passengers on night flying exercises. However, on the following day we had a full dose of briefings by officers of Ahlhorn, and by officers of 2 Group, on the purpose and functions of 2nd A.T.A.F., redeployment of the Army and Air Force in Germany, logistics, communications and radar, and the role of the 2nd Tactical Air Force.

We left Ahlhorn on Saturday morning for an airfield south of Paris. From here we were driven to lunch at the Interallie Club at Fontainebleau. For the rest of our visit we were staying in a medium-priced hotel. After lunch in the club we all took the train to Paris, and proceeded to paint the town our own special colour. Details of our escapades must necessarily be classified, but suffice it to say that some did not return from the fray at the appointed hour, with the result that a few breakfasts went begging at the hotel on Sunday morning.

Air Marshal Sir Theodore McEvoy entertained us to a pre-lunch session of cocktails on the Sunday at his new home in Fontainebleau. Sir Theodore is the Officer Commanding Allied Air Forces Central Europe, whose H.Q. we were to visit later.

In the afternoon we toured Fontainebleau, some swam in the local *piscine*, some saw the very pleasant surrounding countryside. We all had dinner at the club, and went to bed comparatively early, a hard day being in front of us.

The Palais de Chaillot was our next port of call, and we arrived by bus some 15 minutes behind schedule. This was due to a sudden change in programme of which we had not been informed. We eventually found our way to the lecture room where we joined a party of U.S.A.F. cadets who were being addressed by Baron Bentinck, the Deputy Secretary General of N.A.T.O. There were two more briefs, and we then had a splendid lunch with our American counterparts at

S.H.A.P.E. More briefings followed, given by N.A.T.O. staff officers, which culminated in an address by General Norstad, the Supreme Allied Commander in Europe.

We now had a free evening which some spent seeing more sights of Paris. The more conservative and less energetic—i.e. those who were broke—went back to the hotel at Fontainebleau.

On Tuesday we visited Aircent, the headquarters of A.A.F.C.E., where we were addressed by Air Marshal McEvoy and other officers, including Wing Commander Mick Martin, of Dambusters' fame.

We visited the S.H.A.P.E. shop, roughly equivalent to N.A.A.F.I., only with much greater variety and less expensive. This was the end of our official visit. In the afternoon we had a conducted tour of the Chateau of Fontainebleau which has many connections with Napoleon, not the least of which being that he slept there.

After paying our hotel bills, we left Fontainebleau on Wednesday for Melun, where we boarded our homegoing Valetta. We took off at 1025 and landed at Waddington at 1210. We expected to be met by Customs Officers—but they did not know we were coming. If only we had known that they did not know that!

T.E.C.

Iceland

EARLY in the Summer leave, Senior Under Officer Cottingham found himself airborne by courtesy of the United States Navy with 50 junior officers from the three naval colleges of Dartmouth, Greenwich and Manadon.

Scornful of Service traditions concerning volunteering and with but dim memories of survival camp, he had committed himself to some four and a half weeks' rough living in the rugged terrain of central Iceland.

Nearly two hundred miles out of Keflavik the expedition established its main camp between two massive icecaps where they were to carry out not only geographical and meteorological, but also ornithological surveys.

Iceland was full of surprises. In the desolation of the boulder-strewn plains they found solidly built tourist huts, they ski-ed across enormous icecaps and found gushing springs, too hot even to wash in, contrasting strongly with the wild icy streams that poured off the icecaps or cascaded over immense falls to vanish into the treeless

wastes of lava rubble. And yet the bird-watchers succeeded in spotting 39 species of bird, a minor triumph, as Mr Peter Scott in the same area only managed 30, and though they saw no penguins they eventually unearthed a minx, a pathetic little foxlike creature.

A highlight of the operation was the establishment of a meteorological station by sledge and ski high on a glacier, appropriately dubbed 'Legbreaker,' followed later for light relief by a ski trip to a nearby farmstead—just two days away.

During their stay they learned to loath biscuits and cheese and love the famous pemmican stew. Sometimes sleeping under canvas, sometimes in huts, once on hay in a cowshed and once, just once, on the cushioned seats of a tourist coach. They waded waist high through freezing streams, trudged across arid desert, they were drenched by freak rain- or snow-storms that suddenly would give way to sunshine, and they came back to civilization with a wealth of experience, knowledge and friends, and flourishing most luxurious beards.

STAFF APPOINTMENTS

The following officers have joined the College Staff since the last issue of *The Journal* went to press:

Unit Commander: Wing Commander A. D. Panton, O.B.E., D.F.C.

Cadet Wing: Flight Commanders: Flight Lieutenants D. W. Bowman, A. D. R. Dawes, D. M. Hennessey, R. E. Jeffries, J. D. Leary, O. A. F. Meadley.

Flying Wing: O.C. No. 4 Squadron: Squadron Leader F. G. Agnew. Q.F.Is Cranwell: Flight Lieutenants F. G. Franklin, N. J. Galpin, D. A. Ward, G. Willis; Flying Officers B. Entwistle, P. R. Harding, K. I. Watson. Q.F.Is Barkston Heath: Flight Lieutenants G. D. Bain, J. Bennett, W. H. Carroll, W. F. Knapper, D. Mullarkey, T. Parsons, M. Pettey, R. Pierce, F. G. Wyard; Flying Officers A. J. Cann, W. G. Kirkman, C. E. W. Osborne.

Flight Planning, Barkston Heath: Flying Officer D. L. Hyde.

Air Traffic Control: Flight Lieutenants D. Jamieson, M. C. G. Wilcox.

Tutorial Wing: Weapons Instructor: Squadron Leader J. B. McWilliams. Law and Administration Instructor: Squadron Leader A. A. Purdom. English Tutor: Flight Lieutenant J. F. Clay. Secretarial Instructors: Flight Lieutenants A. J. Gray, W. F. Lloyd. Science Tutor: Pilot Officer M. P. Challis.

Technical Wing: Flight Lieutenant P. R. Browne, Flying Officer A. G. F. Chainey.

Administrative Wing: F.P.M.O.: Squadron Leader R. W. Wright. Station Education Officer: Squadron Leader R. T. Neate. A.D.C.: Flight Lieutenant J. McCleod.

STAFF DEPARTURES

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

Wing Commander: E. Holden.

Squadron Leaders: H. Gray, A. M. Hammerton-Fraser, R. L. A. Roberts.

Flight Lieutenants: J. Belson, F. H. Discombe, D. G. V. Freeman, P. W. Gee, D. J. Gunn, P. C. Hunt, R. A. Montague, A. Morrison, N. R. C. Price, L. A. Robertson.

Pilot Officer: R. Neale.

CADET WING LISTS

PROMOTIONS

'A' Squadron: Flight Cadet Senior Under Officer P. S. Martin. Flight Cadet Under Officers J. W. Blockey, A. J. Chaplin, P. D. Cliff.

'B' Squadron: Flight Cadet Senior Under Officer A. S. Cottingham. Flight Cadet Under Officers C. P. J. Coulcher, M. V. P. H. Harrington, W. I. C. Stoker.

'C' Squadron: Flight Cadet Senior Under Officer R. H. B. Le Brocq. Flight Cadet Under Officers J. J. R. Cohu, A. C. R. Ingolby, R. B. Nelson.

No. 77 ENTRY

'A' Squadron: T. J. Allen, Isleworth Grammar School. P. Batten, Bournemouth School. R. H. Burke, St Edward's School, Oxford. G. N. Busuttil, Lyceum Secondary Modern, Malta, G.C. E. W. Clapshaw, Charterhouse. S. J. Cornelius, Truro School. A. M. C. Davies, King Edward VI School, Norwich. P. J. Dawney, Eton. C. R. Dent, Maidstone Grammar School. J. S. Halkes, Peter Symonds' School, Winchester. R. J. Howard, Canford School, Wimborne. W. J. Howard, Berkhamsted School. D. J. Liggitt, Wandsworth Secondary Grammar School. R. J. McDowall, Peterhead Academy. S. R. Merrett, Leyton County High School. M. G. Peaker, Taunton School. A. R. P. Phipps, Queen Elizabeth's Boys Grammar School, Barnet. A. J. Sheppard, Barking Abbey School. J. K. S. Tagg, King Edward VII, Lytham St Annes. M. C. Turner, Beckenham Grammar School. M. J. Webb, Ealing Grammar School. J. D. T. Wingfield, Eastbourne College.

'B' Squadron: A. R. Bell, Birkenhead School. N. Bonnor, Latymer Upper School. J. F. P. Browne, Wimbledon College. M. A. B. Collin, Dartford Grammar School. K. J. Dearman, The Henry Mellish Grammar School, Nottingham. J. W. W. Glover, Knox Academy, Haddington. R. P. Hallam, Mansfield Secondary Technical School. D. A. T. Hickman, King Edward's Grammar School, Birmingham. B. C. Johnson, Wimbledon College. R. H. Lloyd, Bishop Wordsworth's School, Salisbury. D. S. Mallock, Charterhouse. R. K. C. Melville, Trinity College, Glenalmond, Perthshire. P. J. Moyes, Salesian College, Farnborough. J. R. Oliver, Harrow County School for Boys. G. H. Phillips, St Edward's School, Oxford. R. M. Prothero, Dulwich College, London. J. D. Rust, Pinner Grammar School. F. C. Sweeten, Rossall School, Fleetwood. A. C. Tolhurst, St Dunstan's College, Catford. P. F. H. Walker, Hymer's College, Hull. D. J. Willis, Loughborough College School.

'C' Squadron: F. G. Allen, Haileybury and Imperial Service School. P. H. Ashcroft, Exeter School. C. C. Bain, Loreto School. R. F. Birch, Stowmarket Grammar School. M. B. Bullocke, Hardye's School, Dorchester. K. J. Edwards, Hutt Valley High School, New Zealand. P. J. Goodman, Dulwich College, London. M. J. Harwood, Bassale County Grammar School, Monmouthshire. P. K. Kemp, Hardye's School, Dorchester. C. C. Le Cornu, Victoria School, Jersey. R. B. Lloyd, Wandsworth Secondary Grammar School. W. L. McKee, Sullivan Upper School, Holywood, Co. Down. A. R. Oliver, Harrow County School for Boys. C. R. Paterson, Canford School, Wimborne. C. R. Purser, Tiffin School, Kingston-upon-Thames. J. D. C. Rowland, Exeter School. S. A. Watt, Malvern College. D. N. Wetton, Campbell College, Belfast. K. B. Willings, Barnard Castle School. E. A. Woolley, Denstone College. M. C. Wright, Gordonstoun School, Elgin.

VACATION VISITS TO THE ROYAL NAVY

A TOTAL of fifty-three flight cadets and six officers devoted part of the Summer vacation to exploring things nautical, bell-bottomed and grog-bound. After last year's untimely 'Nassering' of the Mediterranean visit, this year's list was well over-subscribed, and the selected few ultimately reached Malta with nought but their khaki drill, and meagre knowledge, to protect them from the great unknown. On arrival, the party dispersed to a cruiser, a 'Daring' class destroyer, tank landing ships and a submarine depot ship, and devoted the first few days to finding their way around their temporary homes. In addition to mastering the intricacies of their new surroundings, flight cadets spent the first few days in such divers pastimes as officiating in the ceremonial of 'up spirits,' exploring the lower layers of the Mediterranean in frogman's suiting, inspecting minesweepers, submarines and other technical phenomena, and had the odd 'run ashore' and cocktail party thrown in for good measure.

Several days later the parties changed round and members of the College found themselves embarked in other ships for the passage to Sicily. During this passage there was ample opportunity to study convoy tactics, a night action, submarine and aircraft attacks, and many other activities. The fine weather, undoubtedly the product of a combined prayer, assisted in no small degree. Some of the fraternity were embarked in the attacking submarines and were thus afforded a good, if cramped, bargain-basement view.

On arrival in Sicily the fleet held its annual regatta. During this Cranwellians gave throaty encouragement to their host teams, and some were even press-ganged into forced labour at the Tote. The party subsequently flew back to Malta and spent the remainder of the visit as guests of the Royal Naval Air Station, Halfar. In this more natural environment they had an opportunity to inspect maritime aircraft, to fly in helicopters, and were ultimately thrown into the Mediterranean simply and solely so that the Navy could demonstrate its proficiency at fishing things out by helicopter net. With bathing parties, water ski-ing and picnics to fill in the remainder of the time the visit came to an enjoyable conclusion.

As an innovation a second party spent a week at the Joint Anti-Submarine School, Londonderry, to be initiated into the world of joint anti-submarine warfare. After two days attending lectures and demonstrations the week-end was spent on social pursuits prior to the rigours of the sea-going week ahead. From Monday onwards cadets were to be found beneath, above and upon the high seas. Embarked in Norwegian submarines, participating in a N.A.T.O. exercise, they were pursued by anti-submarine frigates; embarked in anti-submarine frigates, they pursued Norwegian submarines; and, ultimately, embarked in maritime aircraft, they were able to gain a much more natural view of all that was taking place. The visit was generally considered to have been a great success and it is hoped to repeat it next year.

With the future of the battleship so often discussed in the Press, it was perhaps appropriate that the visit to Portsmouth should start with a tour of both H.M.S. *Victory* and H.M.S. *Vanguard*. Opinion is divided as to whether the surgical instruments of the Nelsonian era or the complexity of the *Vanguard* made the greater impression, but both ships had their points of interest. The remainder of the week was spent in a number of naval establishments, each with its special role to play. After a walk round the carrier H.M.S. *Albion*, and a lecture on naval air operations, the party had the anti-aircraft side of the story from the gunnery school. After a day at sea in submarines they were able to hear the anti-submarine story from H.M.S. *Vernon*. Some flight cadets attended a guest night at the submarine school, whilst others elected to put the air force point of view during a convivial social encounter in the cramped quarters of a submarine wardroom. The week ended with demonstrations at the Damage Control School and a brief tour of the dockyard. Although the imminence of a N.A.T.O. exercise had made it impossible to spend more time at sea, an interesting variety of subjects had been covered, and yet a further party of flight cadets returned to the College the better equipped to grapple with the intricacies of Ships and Sealing Wax.

P.J.S.

Naval Visit to Portsmouth

The following report on the Portsmouth Naval Visit was discovered in the War Studies Team's wastepaper basket :—

RAF.COLL/123/SEA

Copy No. 1

NAVAL VISIT TO PORTSMOUTH, REPORT ON

MAP REFERENCES:

- 653 228 (good beer).
- 861 638 (the fat barman mixes an excellent White Lady).
- 728 951 (spirits cheaper here).
- 397 145 (watch the barmaid).
- 443 296 (clock 14 minutes slow). (See Town map of Portsmouth.)

The Body of the Paper

The Flight Cadets Arrive

1. The party arrived at Portsmouth Station in time to be taken away by naval transport just before the public houses opened. Some of the party (myself included) arrived quite early and went to a cinema. I forget what film we saw but it was not very good—we entered the cinema only because there were numerous pictures of Mrs Miller outside and in our hurry to go inside we did not notice a sign above them saying 'Monday Next.'

2. The naval transport took us to a quay from where we were taken by boat to H.M.S. 'Dogfish,' the submarine establishment where we were staying. It was then that we noticed on our orders that we were not allowed duty-free cigarettes and drinks. It was a blow to many of us.

3. After supper we heard about a party that a naval officer was giving in his submarine. The thought of a chance to promote more fraternization between the Services banished all fears of sea sickness and we went down to the quay to try to

find the submarine. Using our initiative and our sixth sense to find the right one, we clambered inside and introduced ourselves to our hosts. We returned to bed some time the following morning.

The Next Day

4. I cannot recollect much about the following day, but apparently we looked around Admiral Lord Nelson's old flagship and H.M.S. 'Guards Van' in the morning. We had lunch on the latter, where the wardroom is more like a London hotel than part of a battleship.

5. In the afternoon we went over H.M.S. 'Allbran,' an aircraft carrier. We picked up our first nautical term here: Fleet Air Arm officers are known as 'birdmen' by Royal Naval officers. The word is spoken with a touch of bitterness.

6. We had all had enough of submarines for one night, and so we decided to go and see the film in which Mrs Miller starred which we had missed the day before. She was well worth coming to Portsmouth for. We had intended to have an early night, but when the barman of the 'Chopper and Block' (129 332—see town map of Portsmouth) refused to serve us with any more drinks and we had to leave, we met some young locals who seemed frightened, or at any rate unwilling, to go home alone. Remembering how we had been told to be on our politest behaviour and to create a good impression, we did our duty.

The Next Day

7. In the morning we went to the Freezer gunnery range. A Fleet Air Arm aeroplane flew over for the naval gunners to shoot at, but they were all completely taken in by a decoy it was towing. Naturally it did not fool any of us, and I am sure that with one or two basic lessons in aircraft recognition the naval gunners could recognize the difference between a real aircraft and a decoy.

8. We had lunch at H.M.S. 'Dried,' the navigation school. There were a large number of radar sets there.

9. That evening we went to one of the halls in Southsea after we had spent an hour or two in the 'Eight Bells' (728 951—see map references). We had no difficulty in making great friends with many of the charming young locals of Southsea, who proved to be both warm-hearted and sympathetic.

The Next Day

10. We were surprised to hear the next morning that we were to spend a whole day inside a

submarine. We had heard that parties given by the Royal Navy were of a high standard of vivacity and buoyancy—we had indeed experienced one, but we had not expected one lasting a whole day. However, when we got inside we realized that it was not going to be a party but a routine exercise. It was disappointing, but most of us managed to catch up on our lost sleep.

11. That evening we went to Southsea again. There are a great many estimable public houses, hotels and clubs there, and the clubs stay open after 2230 hours. It was strange that in Southsea after 2230 hours all the clubs we visited had their names written up twice and the later it was the more blurred the names became. It was probably a fault in the neon lighting. We realized the following day when we regained consciousness that we had got back to H.M.S. 'Dogfish' safely.

The Next Day

12. Unfortunately I had to remain in bed on this day.

The Next Day

13. After a tour of the dockyard in the morning we were all sent away on our leave.

Conclusion

14. The visit was highly enjoyable, if a little expensive. Had we been allowed duty-free privileges and had we been given some sort of naval visit allowance for the evenings, there could have been no criticism for we should have been living a Utopian existence.

Harry Hatchet

(H. HATCHET),

12th September, 1957.

Flight Cadet.

Distribution
Naval Instructor

Copy Nos.
1

BROAD MINDED

MY name is not Jack, but, nevertheless, I found myself in the dinghy. Of course I knew how to sail it, hadn't I sat in it and carefully observed the correct use of rudder and sail? Thus self-assured I was cast off from the large yacht.

- 1431 Yank on topping lift. No movement.
1432 Step off sail.
1432½ Sail billows in the wind.
1433 Boat and I keel over. Allow topping lift to go.

- 1434 Fish sail out of water.
1435 Try again. Again fish sail out of water.
1436-1440 Wait for boat to drift into wind.
1442 Still waiting.
1443 Hoist sail. Dinghy accelerates away.
1445 Frantically grab mainsheet and tiller.
1447 Receive a helluva crack on the head. Everything becomes darkened.
1448 Vision clears. Must have jibbed.
1450 Head with the wind, up the river at a nice, manageable speed.
1453 Nothing to this sailing stuff.
1455 Require a sweet, but both hands occupied with tiller and sheet.
1456 Initiative!
1457 Place one foot firmly on sheet.
1458 Procure a box of mouth-watering toffees.
1458½ Gust of wind.
1459 Mainsheet goes, sail goes, sweets go.
1500 Recover mainsheet and get dinghy-shape again.
1504 Observe attractive species of the opposite sex in motor boat rounding bend in river.
1510 Put on confident smile and try to appear nautical.
1511 Boat accelerates.
1512 Boat still accelerating.
1513 Boat still accelerating. Confident smile becomes sickly grin.
1514 Leave the river.
1516 Lower sail. Drag dinghy from the middle of cow-field and refloat.
1518 Try not to notice opposite sex waving and laughing.
1520 Wait until river is isolated then give topping lift a sharp pull.
1521 Nearly pulled halfway up the mast.
1522 Undo rope coiled round ankle.
1530 Carefully coax sail up.
1534 Turn into main river.
1535 Really sailing at last.
1536 Observe large fully sailed yacht about to overtake me.
1536½ Notice happy motor boat coming down river.
1537 Think happy motor boat will give me right of way.
1540 Discover I'm wrong.
1541 Happy motor boat reduced to swearing, screaming mob.
1542 Hunch shoulders. Close eyes.
1543 Wait for splintering crash.
1544½ Imagine I scraped past.
1545 Reopen eyes. Notice half a dozen figures on the bank leaping into the air and waving fists. Obviously a traditional dance peculiar to these parts.
1546 Rapidly untangle half a dozen fishing lines from boat.
1550 At last sight our yacht.
1551 Going at least 10 knots.
1552 Wonder how to stop. Observe friends waving.
1553 Still wondering. Observe friends stop waving.
1554 Decide to head for stern of yacht then glide to a halt alongside.
1554½ Dinghy suddenly stops dead for no apparent reason.
1555 Reason becomes apparent. Seem to have left the glide alongside a little late.
1556 Jump aboard and step over prostrate figures scattered about the yacht.
1600 Am forced to swear not to take dinghy out alone again.

END TO END

THE locomotive was ready at the station on a dark and chilly evening as a solitary cyclist struggled to hoist an overladen bicycle into the guard's van. A last frantic heave and the machine rose in the air and set off riderless in the direction of the restaurant car. After collecting the scattered luggage, the author sought the seclusion of an empty compartment to await the departure of the train to Penzance, the last station in England.

The cycle trip planned was from Land's End, the last outpost in England, to John o' Groats at the north-east tip of Scotland. Preparation for the trip was one big panic as survival camp in Germany had ended only four days before and there was very little time in which to plan the route, overhaul the cycle and pack all the necessary items of clothing and equipment. Although only the really essential kit was carried, the pannier bags still bulged ominously.

Eventually the train began to move. No longer was the compartment secluded, for now it contained its full complement of passengers, both young and old. After the initial reserve had worn off one of the passengers began an account of his occupation as a labourer at Harwell. His story was credible up to a point, but when he told of chickens, six feet tall, in the physics laboratory, one felt that a little exaggeration had crept in. After 11 hours of discomfort the train spluttered to a halt at Penzance.

A thick mist covered the sea as the first day's cycling commenced with a ten-mile stretch to Land's End. Passing through Sennen one couldn't forget that it was the last village in England. Signs were posted at all prominent positions advertising this fact. The exploitation of its geographical position was carried too far, especially when even the post box was similarly labelled. One mile from Sennen was Land's End. This was one large commercialized car park with accompanying litter strewn among the boulders and tea shops with attached souvenir stalls in



abundance. After a cup of tea I hurried away from this so-called beauty spot.

To a cyclist the relief of the countryside makes a greater impression than the scenery. The mist obscured most of the Cornish scene, but the relief certainly made itself felt. The flat plain on Bodmin Moor was very welcome, although fine rain rendered the cycle cape ineffective in a short while. Five miles from Launceston I made the distressing discovery that although my feet were revolving at their customary speed, I was making no progress, for the freewheel had broken. An A.A. mechanic who was tending the little garden round a telephone box proffered the information that Launceston was not far, but he had never tried walking it.

All bed-and-breakfast establishments charged a standard rate of 12s. 6d. in Launceston, but this was easily reduced by the following method.

Bedraggled cyclist: 'How much do you charge for bed and breakfast?'

Plump female owner of the establishment: '12s. 6d.'

Cyclist: 'I'm afraid that is too much.'

He then walks to bicycle as if to try elsewhere. Heartbroken female owner then enquires 'How much would you be prepared to pay?' Cyclist then suggests a low figure such as 7s. 6d. which is promptly refused, but a price of 10s., suggested by the owner, satisfies both parties.

One of the precious items of equipment was a small petrol stove which provided the necessary source of heat for a cooked dinner. I say dinner, but any resemblance to any known form of repast was purely coincidental. Although the ingredients were the same each day, namely,

bacon and egg, the result differed considerably at each attempt. Most shop assistants were taken aback when asked to produce one egg. This was especially noticeable in a co-operative store where the sale of one egg was little compensation for the effort involved in obtaining the change. A complicated system of aerial cables carried the change in little trolleys to the cash desk. The sixpence offered as payment for the egg was propelled along the length of the building and, after a short pause, the trolley slowly returned with its precious cargo of one penny.

A tourist hotel at Taunton provided an attic for one night's rest after the usual fee had satisfied both parties. The room was next to a shunting yard, the main line of which ran no more than six feet from the window. At regular intervals through the night the room shook violently as another collection of trucks were shunted towards the waiting locomotive. Sleep was very difficult under such circumstances.

As an experiment, 'bivvying' in true survival camp style was tried. Possessing no sleeping bag, I put on every article of clothing that was being carried and settled down to a comfortable night's rest. Unfortunately this was not to be, for gradually the cold penetrated the protective clothing and prevented further slumber. Regular deep breathing nearby was another disturbing factor. The source of this eerie sound proved to be cows in an adjoining field.

The border was crossed at Gretna Green after five days' cycling. The main tourist attraction at this village is, not unnaturally, holy matrimony. There seemed to be more young couples in that small village than anywhere else on the ride, unless it was because they attracted more attention than elsewhere.

Glasgow was a most unpleasant city to cross on a cycle. Cobbled streets, tram lines, an inadequate signposting system, dreary industrial slums and heavy traffic made a very unfavourable impression. However, the immediate memories of that unpleasant ride were quickly erased by the grandeur of the Trossachs towering in the distance, and the shimmering lochs seen through a curtain of pine trees as the road skirted their shores.

The last stretch of the journey followed the eastern coastline of Scotland closely. The size of the villages decreased towards the north. Very little traffic was seen for there is very little industry in that part of the country. The inhabitants lived in attractive little crofters' cottages which had low whitewashed walls and turf roofs.

John o' Groats was named after a Dutchman, John de Groot, who charged one groat, an ancient Scottish coin, to ferry islanders from nearby Stroma to the mainland. John o' Groats was an even more dismal place than Land's End. What little beauty the place did possess was spoilt by a haphazard collection of souvenir shacks which charged fabulous prices for quite ordinary ornaments decorated with the name of John o' Groats. There was not the finality of Land's End, for the coastline ran almost east-west and consequently there was no impression of being as far north as possible.

The ride had ended after nine days of cycling, but the problem of returning still remained. After discovering that everything in Scotland closed on Sunday and that no trains were available from Wick to connect with the London train at Inverness, hitch-hiking seemed the only solution. So, leaving the cycle as luggage at Wick station, this other means of travel was attempted. After a few short lifts, a lorry pulled up alongside and the driver offered to take me 70 miles to Inverness. This was by no means a comfortable ride but it was a considerable step in the right direction. All conversation had to be ruled out as the driver spoke Scots at the speed of an auctioneer and was thus quite unintelligible.

On the train to London all sense of achievement disappeared when an Indian opposite recounted his experiences when driving around the world by motor-bike and car. However, that's life. As the train pulled into Euston the final lap of a journey round Britain had been completed, and an old ambition had been fulfilled.

A.C.E.K.



WINGS—

presented by
Burberrys

THE other day I went back to Cranwell and I was very impressed with the high standard of flying instruction given by first-class instructors. The pre-flight and after-flight briefing, the sequence of instruction, the regular flying intensity, and the organization for watching the progress of pupils was something with which the Commandant could well be pleased.

It may be of interest to some of the gentlemen cadets now serving to know that this high standard of instruction did not always obtain at Cranwell, and they should be duly thankful for the care and attention that is nowadays devoted to their prowess in the art of flying.

I went as a Cadet to Cranwell in September 1922 and had the honour to be in the same term as our present C.A.S. and the C.-in-C. of Flying Training Command. They were always extremely good pilots and I am confident that they had little difficulty with their flying instruction. However, because they were exceptional pilots it may be that the instructors took more interest in them.

I was not a natural pilot, and the kind of instruction which I was given in an attempt to teach me to fly is certainly interesting, if not amusing.

In those days we were taught on two types of aircraft. One was the Avro 504K, which approximates to the modern piston Provost; and the other was the Bristol Fighter, which at that time was still in the front line as an operational aircraft.

For some reason we were not 'officially' allowed to fly in our first term. Why this was so I would not know, but I think it was probably wound up with the idea of 'taking the mickey' out of the first term. I say 'officially' with some reason because we used occasionally to get a ride in the back of an aircraft by dint of hanging about on the tarmac in the afternoons in the hopes that some pilot would take compassion on us. This was called being a 'tarmac ghost' and rather frowned upon. I was frightfully keen to fly because that was the specific reason why I had

joined the Royal Air Force: also I dared not go home after my first term and admit to my parents that I had never flown.

Eventually, after days of tarmac ghosting, Flight Lieutenant Milne took compassion on me. He was going to test an Avro and told me to hop in the back. Actually this was to be one of the more exciting trips I was to have. As we taxied out Milne shouted: 'Keep your blinking great boots off the rudder bar, and do up your belt.'

I grabbed the two ends of the lap-type belt and quickly did it up. Had I been more sensible I would not have been so quick to obey the order but would have done it up carefully and tight: in fact, the belt was very loose. Milne took off and climbed up. I think I should mention here that he was not an instructor but on the staff and had done most of his flying time on airships!

Milne now proceeded to do aerobatics. I thought this was 'just the job' and we started with a stall turn. I had been told that there was no tendency to fall out of an aircraft because in a loop centrifugal force kept you in the cockpit in the same way as water would stay in a bucket when swung around. However, Milne's next aerobic was 'not that kind of a loop.' As we got above the vertical we started to hang and the propeller stopped. As far as I know we remained on our back for some considerable period: anyway, it seemed so to me. Being quite thin in those days I slipped through the belt and I was mostly out of the cockpit suspended from the loosely tightened belt by my 'blinking great boots.' At that time, of course, we did not have parachutes and I distinctly remember thinking that at least I was about to put up a record. Surely there were few people whose flying career was about to end so quickly after its initiation!

Eventually the Avro fell out from its stalled condition and as we completed the 'alleged loop' I scrambled back into the cockpit. Milne shouted back 'Sorry, we hung a bit!'

My actual flying training started in the second term and was preceded by 5 hours 55 minutes 'observing.' This consisted of sketching villages, but we were not allowed to touch the stick.

I started dual on 17th April 1923 and went solo on 19th June. During that nine weeks I did 5 hours 45 minutes dual which was given by five different instructors in 12 sorties. Two of these were of only 15 minutes duration. I think the reason for these two flights being rather short was either because the instructor had a 'hang-over' or because the 'catherine wheel' we used for an engine either stopped or misfired.

Anyway, after my final 35 minutes dual, I was sent solo by Jack Cottle who had never flown with me before. The Flight Commander was sensible enough never to have flown with me: I suppose he reckoned it was very little business of his anyway!

The first solo was fairly uneventful. I remember I did six loops running, *without* hanging on the top, and thought myself a bit of a dog. My 'dual to first solo' is of interest when looked at by modern standards. The intensity of instruction was 38½ minutes per week and the average length of each lesson was 29 minutes. Since not one of my five different instructors had the slightest idea of how far I had got in my instruction I had to tell them myself and suggest the next stage of training. As I was very keen to go solo I always said I was on 'landings.' You will find that this rather sketchy introduction to aviation had a marked effect on my flying later on.

After a total of 20 hours 50 minutes solo and 11 hours 35 minutes dual on Avros I went on to Bristol Fighters on 8th February 1924. It was at this point that my difficulties started.

My instructor was Flying Officer Greene. He was called 'Boot' Greene by the cadets and, I believe, by his brother instructors, because he never smiled and had a face like a boot. He was also very deaf. This did not matter very much because conversation in the air was only one way, i.e. from instructor to pupil, through a rubber tube. All I seem to remember of my Bristol dual was that I could do nothing right, and 'Boot' Greene cursing and swearing at me. The only thing he said I could do reasonably well was to 'land the damn thing.'

Finally, in desperation, he sent me solo. Before doing so he said:

'You're no bloody good and you never will be. I can't go on giving you dual for ever. You have already had 7 hours 35 minutes. Do you know what they would have done with you during the war?'

'No, Sir,' I replied, standing very stiffly to attention.

'They'd have let you kill yourself.'

'Yes, Sir.'

'Well, take this Bristol up and do one circuit. And *don't* kill yourself.'

'No, Sir,' I replied. And I meant every word of it.

I passed out of Cranwell in July 1924 with the following flying times:

			Hours	Minutes
Avro Dual	13	15
„ Solo	27	25
Bristol Dual	10	30
„ Solo	5	20
Observing	5	55

My wings were presented to me by the kindly Mr Armstrong, Messrs Burberrys' representative at Cranwell. I reverently bore them off home and my mother stitched them onto my baratheia tunic, I remember saying to her: 'Stitch them on tight. Mother dear, I don't want them to fall off.' Luckily she did not know what I meant.

I was posted to No. 58 Squadron, at Worthy Down, which was armed with Vickers Vimy twin-engined heavy bombers. The C.O. was Squadron Leader Longton, and it was he, I always thought, who really taught me to fly. He was a magnificent pilot who had done very well during the war: and he never swore at me once while giving me dual. The next year the squadron had to put up a formation of three Virginias for the Hendon Air Display and, although the squadron had many ex-wartime pilots of whom 'Boot' Greene had spoken so highly, I was selected as one of the formation. I reckoned I deserved my wings then, but not until then.

I discussed some of the points I have mentioned in this story with our Commander-in-Chief the other day 'over the port.' I also mentioned that it was hardly surprising that the casualty rate of our term was extremely high. He looked at me for a moment with a faraway look which sometimes comes into his eye.

'My dear chap,' said Sir Richard, with that charming manner of his, 'what are you worrying about? Do you honestly think you would ever have been promoted if almost all the rest of the term had not been killed?'

Like one of the disciples, I went away marvelling.

SOPHOCRACY

THE words democracy and autocracy embody two totally different forms of government; sophocracy is but a third and as yet untried method. Since it no longer requires a working

class, or indeed the majority of the lower middle classes, it has not found favour with this particular section of the community. Although it would undoubtedly be wrong to exterminate these

redundant beings, sophocracy makes it their duty to toil solely for the edification and comfort of the intelligentsia or sopharcy of this world. There is, however, a marked reluctance for one man to work for another, which is no doubt due to the entirely misconceived idea that all men are equal, an idea fostered by left-wing political parties. The way in which this would be combated is by the establishment of internment camps of the utmost degradation and squalor, guarded by men whose only characteristic is sadism. After these serfs had been left to devote a number of years to regeneration there would eventually be made a race of beings who, not knowing of any life other than that of the internment camp, would be entirely satisfied by their position. A short time spent in rapid and efficient organization would enable a state to be reached where all the needs of the intelligentsia would be supplied by the labour of the slaves. The state and the police force would now be obsolescent and although the standard of living of the slaves would be low, that of the sopharcy would be extremely high and, in addition, there would be peace, security and happiness.

The differentiation of the intelligentsia from the proletariat could not be carried out on a wage scale. The injustice of that system is seen by the mere observation of some of the *nouveaux riches* of the world who are pseudo aristocratic and boorish. The choice would be made on two main features: intelligence quota and social assets. Eligibility would be adjudicated by a board of selectors presiding under the be all and end all of

sophocracy—myself. The world would be divided into various 'global areas,' each having at its head one man from the board of selectors who would preside over the selection of sophocracy in his area. Any man with too much conscience to be in the intelligentsia and too high an intelligence quota to be one of the serfs could cause serious trouble, and would be exterminated. Psychiatrists would find suitable sadists from the lowest intelligence quota group for camp guards, and would devise methods for evolving the perfect moron whose only trait is sadism and who obeys any order because he knows no better.

Intelligence in women would not matter, for the female race would be divided into two sections: the beautiful and the strong. The beautiful would be members of the sopharcy and the strong would be serfs—living only for work and serf-bearing. The intelligentsia would live and breed by and large in their racial groups, but experiments would be made in the sphere of inter-racial breeding so that eventually the intelligentsia would be a perfect race of people, being of varied types of beauty, and yet still the absolute rulers. Looking up to these Olympian masters would be a race of slaves who, by the magnificent racial shuffling of the instigators of sophocracy, would be a stereotyped people—negroid yet slavonic, western and yet mongolian.

Under sophocracy a board of a dozen people can rule the world, providing peace and happiness for all who deserve it.

P.N.C.

THE NOBLE ART OF UMPIRING

I AM not much of a cricketer, but I prefer to have some connection with the game rather than be out of things altogether. One must have some 'sport' during the summer months and my answer to the problem is umpiring, and the purpose of this little monograph is to give the reader the benefit of my experience. The technique is as follows:

First of all choose a game that will not last too long. Umpiring is like syrup of figs, best in small doses. Next you must decide which team you wish to win—presumably your squadron or flight, though not necessarily so—and this done, and my advice followed, the result of the match is assured. Which side wins the toss is immaterial, except

that the game is usually shorter if the losers bat first, for this means that only a few of the other side need perform to make the necessary runs before you pull up the stumps with a lordly gesture.

Once the game has begun the fun really starts. In the first over it is advisable to call at least one no-ball very loudly, just to show that you mean business. If the bowler is one of those irritating fellows who bowl from a long way behind the crease, you can always say you are no-balling him because of his arm action—'Very nearly throwing every ball, you know.' You immediately command a measure of respect by this, and it is probable that your decisions will not be queried for a long

time, which is just as well considering what you may have to do to attain the desired result in the minimum time.

The No-ball Attack is undoubtedly the main weapon in the umpire's armoury. You may need it, for instance, when you see your best batsman's middle stump go wheeling out of the ground—a suitable excuse for calling it so late could be that you swallowed a fly just as you opened your mouth to shout the first time. But this is rather an unsubtle ploy, and only to be used in the most desperate situations. The most successful use of the no-ball gambit is recorded in A. G. Macdonnell's book, *England, Their England*. In this the village fast bowler and blacksmith, a huge man who shook the ground with his volcanic run-up, was so startled by the bellow of 'No-ball' in his ear that he got his legs tangled up, fell to earth with a crash and took practically no further part in the game.

Among other intricacies of the game we come to the Short Run and the Wide. Use the former fairly frequently, as it keeps your opponent's score down, and the latter is very useful for sapping the confidence of bowlers. Besides, the gesture with which you signal a wide to the scorers is a very satisfying one and serves to bring you into prominence with the spectators who too often are apt to think that the umpire is not really important.

Fast bowlers who are sometimes very aggressive in their appeals—especially *little* fast bowlers—are easily dealt with if they are being unduly successful. The first method is to give them a succession of five- or even four-ball overs, the second is to send them off the field for bowling purposely at the batsman with the intention of doing an injury. Use this last tactic with discretion, as complications such as reporting them to the M.C.C. are liable to develop later.

There are several ways of dealing with appeals when your own side is batting. One is to shake the head vigorously without saying a word, another is to shout the word 'No!' much more loudly than the appellant, and a third is to look up to the heavens with a supercilious smile as though to say 'My dear chap, please be sensible.'

A simple method of getting wickets is to give the incoming batsman a wrong guard. The best form is to give him a guard well outside the off stump as this leads on to the highlight of the umpire's afternoon—the L.B.W. decision. Some umpires worry over the L.B.W. rule, but one experienced member of the profession thinks the answer is simple. He gives them out *every time* and says, 'Well, it's the same for everybody.' But a word of warning to next season's budding umpires—please appear to think carefully before making your 'decision.' Let us preserve the good name of the profession for perfect fairness.

M.E.B.

DEADLOSS HOUSE

THE fate of the nation is in the hands not of the Ministry of Defence, the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries, or even of the Cabinet itself. Our future is decided not by these mere tea-drinkers but by a far stronger brew of men who sit on a board in Lincolnshire. The Random Selection Board was organized by J. Arthur Random, a motion study expert, and exists to skim the cream off Britain's youth, returning the milk to the tea-drinkers. The first blue-uniformed selectors had visited a W.O.S.B. to find out what questions to ask. They had been safely rejected by the brown selectors and had returned with their heads full of questions but with no idea of what deductions to make from the answers.

Since those fortunate enough to be selected were so often being told 'You shouldn't be here,' a promising young free-lance journalist decided to pay a visit to Deadloss House and

take part in the Selection Tests himself, making his fortune afterwards with the publication of the inside story. Here, at last, it has reached print: the story Fleet Street couldn't handle.

I obtained official permission to take part in a routine programme of selection tests. I had decided to act the part of a candidate for selection in order to get genuine experience of the allegedly 'rigged' methods of assessing character. On arrival we were photographed, our fingerprints were taken and we were taken inside for the lengthy business of documentation. This consisted of a long series of searching questions, which I dealt with in the manner they required, thus:

Q. What is your name?

A. You should know, you asked me to come here.

Q. Have you any brothers or sisters?

A. Brothers and sisters have I none, but this man's father was my father's son.

Q. What are your educational qualifications?

A. Diploma for research into the biological theory for molecular propagation. (Mrs O'Neill's private university, Ballykelly.)

Q. State any relevant remarks made on your school-leaving report.

A. 'An acutely trying pupil; I hope he will go far.'

Q. What are your hobbies?

A. If all the coffee tin lids in my collection were placed side by side in a long line they would stretch a long way, but all my coffee would go bad.

Q. What team games do you play?

A. Curling. Pushing door-bells and running away. Last across the road.

Q. Why do you want to come to Cranwell?

A. There are many reasons. First, because my best girl friend lives in Nottingham and I want to impress her by doing low-level aerobatics over her home; second, because I have heard that there are seven billiards tables at the Royal Air Force College; third, because I want to be an 'heir of the few' and fourth, because the air in Lincolnshire is so bracing.

Q. Have you done any flying?

A. Yes. I started at an early age. Copying the birds, I made myself some wings from hen feathers and managed to fly a long way, but I made a mistake in making the wings with wax, because when I approached the sun the wax melted and my wings disintegrated. Luckily I had my handkerchief with me. I did try once again—this time sticking my wings together with fish glue. But I was attacked by a cry of cats before I could take off.

Q. What will you do if you fail to be selected for the R.A.F. College?

A. Rebuild the Brabazon and make such a nuisance of myself in the air getting in everybody's way that the R.A.F. will have to accept me so as to give me something else to fly in.

These intimate revelations were followed by several more sheets of questions on such topics as Current Affairs, Sport, The Arts, Personalities and Geography; for example:

Q. What is the output of the Komsomolsk power station (Outer Mongolia) in Board of Trade units per leap year and who is in charge there?

Q. In what sports are the following terms used: Flushing, 'Shiver my Timbers,' Ouch.

Q. Who was the artist who said he did not mind which way up his picture was hung in the Tate Gallery?

Q. What British athlete has recently been able to marry without jeopardizing his position in his particular field of activity?

Q. How far is Omsk from Tomsk?

Q. When placed under a microscope and agitated, which virus wiggles most excitedly: the Asian 'flu virus, the ordinary 'flu virus or the Lincolnshire lergy virus?

Q. Which religious notary is the cause of the most heated arguments per church year: Archbishop Makarios, the Red Dean, or Billy Graham?

Q. Would a report on the activities of those detailed to compile a government report make more interesting reading than the report itself?

We were then given the opportunity of volunteering any other interesting information about ourselves in a self-descriptive essay, so, just to confuse the Selectors, I wrote:

My name is Napoleon. I want to come here because Wellington went to Sandhurst. I always keep my right hand thrust in my greatcoat because I lost my right glove at Waterloo. My wife, the Queen of Sheba, was wearing it in her helmet. She was talking to the engine driver when the boiler burst. I have read *Animal Farm*; I think George Orwell has very poor taste. I did a lot of reading on St Helena. My tomb is at 'Le Tombeau de Napoléon' in France.

After comparing my answers with those of the other genuine candidates I reached the conclusion that the best technique was to give away as little information as possible and thus improve chances of selection.

The rest of the day our team, now dressed in sackcloth with large numbers on our breasts, was presented with a project which went something like this:

The forecast of a hot summer, together with a warning from your horologist, lead you to the idea of forming a Sun Club. You have succeeded in forming a committee (the team) which has met with the object of discussing the more practical details of your hare-brained scheme. You have been offered the use of a piece of marshland near Much Binding, by the proprietor of the penny-slot telescope which looks down from Much Binding-on-the-Hill. (You passed within 20 miles of this famous sun-trap on your way here yesterday, and should therefore have a fair idea of what it looks like.) This your agenda:

(a) What entrance fee to charge.

(b) What form of advertising to employ, in

view of the importance of securing representation of the fair sex.

- (c) How best to fence off the site. (The local Birdwatchers' Association has offered the loan of 500 yards of narrow mesh wire netting.)
- (d) Appropriate dress for Members' birthdays.
- (e) Any other business.

Discuss sensibly for 35 minutes.

That afternoon we were put through certain outdoor exercises in a black shed ostentatiously near the sick quarters. Inside were various sets of apparatus which were painted black and white. We could touch the white areas, we were told, but not black. However one of our number, who had made a previous bid for selection, had come armed with a tin of white paint. This solved all our immediate problems but did not help the selectors, who were unable to recognize our numbers under a sticky coat of wet white paint. All went well until we were faced by an electrified wire fence over which we had to carry a large barrel containing delicate instruments, with the aid of two poles and a penknife. After a pause for thought we used the tin-opener end of the knife to open the barrel. Inside we found an electric motor and some wire. We whittled the poles to aerofoil shape and attached them to the shaft of the motor. After connecting one terminal to the wire fence and the other to earth we were able to fly over the obstacle without difficulty.

The next morning I was faced with a dramatic situation which went something like this:

You are the crime editor of a popular London daily newspaper. The next day's issue is about to go to press. Any delay in printing will mean a delay in distribution and a corresponding drop in sales. The type has been set and your approval is all that is needed to set the mighty machines rolling. However, you are dissatisfied with the activities of the underworld this day. Your public is not going to get what it wants. Your telephone rings suddenly. You snatch up the receiver and an uncouth voice is heard. The voice refuses to identify itself, but informs you that if you will go alone to the Feverstricken Foundry Co Warehouse in Shanghai Wharf Road, S.E.16, with £100, you will be given information leading to a giant scoop. You are not to inform the police. You reply that nothing would be further from

your mind, and discover that you are to look out for a red-headed Lascar with a four-inch appendectomy scar on his dusky belly.

You must decide immediately whether to accept this offer. Give reasons for your decision, considering your subsequent course of action.

Other candidates decided to ignore the offer and tell the police, accept the offer and tell the police, or to go rushing off alone in a foolish attempt to win glory. I knew better. I had not been junior reporter on the crime staff of a certain popular London daily newspaper for nothing. I would halt the presses, insert the headline, 'Ghastly Murder in Dockland,' with the barest of details, and send the junior reporter out without the money to find a ghastly murder or to commit one.

On the last morning we were told there would be a race between the three teams of candidates, requiring the usual amount of initiative. Each team was provided with three planks, two axles, four wheels, three cotter-pins, a large oil-drum, 21 feet of rope, and a single-cylinder four-stroke engine, working on the constant volume air standard cycle, firing 500 times a minute (irregularly). The bore and stroke were 0.01 and 27 inches respectively and the clearance volume was to be regarded as infinite because the piston rings were missing. The calorific value of the oil in the drum was just enough to drive the resulting hot-rod into Lincoln, where our team lunched regally on fish and chips wrapped in my newspaper.

On my return from Lincoln I was interviewed by the selector-in-chief, who said:

'You have done brilliantly in all these tests. I have taken the unusual step of telephoning Air Ministry to secure permission for you to join the entry assembling here tomorrow. May I, on behalf of the Air Council, offer you my congratulations. . . .'

Alas, my reason inhibited by days of mental stress, I had effectively been brainwashed into believing that there really was a fine career ahead of me in the R.A.F., and that I had never thought otherwise.

It has taken a long period of shock-treatment, culminating in a survival camp, to bring me to my senses. Yesterday I too was told, 'You shouldn't be here,' and I decided that the world should be told of this ironic truth.

J.R.M. M.R.

SK

Scottish
Glasgow
ment to
me of
particular
export,
invest-
against
If this
nt would
advancing

to com-
health are
ndon on
and local
atives of

of the tetralogy de-
at is saga-like of its stage ex-
ents; Pricka, for example, is
as yet the wrathful, vengeful
ce she becomes in the "Val-
rie," but human, domestic,
most homely; and so again with
eia, Froh and Donner, Georgine
in Milinkovic, Elisabeth Lindel-
eier, Edgar Evans and Robert
liman were all admirable in their
odest roles.

Hotter gave every promise
eing in great form for the mo-
xacting "Valkyrie," Peter Klein
time was as convincing as any
nd Erich Witte was once more

the best of all Loges. Joan Suther-
and, Una Hale and Marlene
Thomas were the
telephone service that gets San
The three penny post still in being an-
your part. Here's your target for ad. 3
been served that notice of this. Ignore it
Politicians of the Right and Left, you h
policies, pension rights and hard-won savin
try about the real value of our insuranc
world to do a job of work without perpe
comes under that heading. We are in t
with weights and measures and the curren
in coppers. We don't want any fidgety-poke
pins to the quart, and prettifies that ran
are used to thirty-six inches that yard, t
and thousands as has happened abroad.
let alone notes running into tens, hundre
the. We don't want to carry fivers aroun
to getting something substantial for t
WE are used to the detour

In a freshly dug
is the villa's garden.
ycki and another sop-
v, a former para-
er Marcel Guedj, were
Borycki at first denied
anything. Then he
and that his wife
rtha died of a heart
ck when she learned
his arrest.
he says, he has
last week, the father
ng to live for
revenge in his soul
the magistrate.
ly beloved daughter
before dying, asked me
Galland. I swore to
that I would
Then, on my thirtec
Galland was brought
le villa. I left my son
y in a separate room
id the radio up high,
and behind the door.
heit in my hands twi

increased by over to...
been some decrease in the output of blended
yarns of cotton and man-made fibres.

From THE TIMES of 1857

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1857. Price 4d [12 pages.]

INDIAN ENGLISH. To sit
my Times with a
side, and a...
Dickens's H...
waste...
countrymen...
Or...
from...
to another? Why...
rob, or steal, or...
Why do they always...
is at least as old...
word be new?
they cut off the daks, and...

the Swedish...
voice is...
true...
effectively...
her...
logical study...
after another...
I've...
three...
being...
was...
was Hott...
diddled...
they wa...

Hotter gave every promise
eing in great form for the mo-
xacting "Valkyrie," Peter Klein
time was as convincing as any
nd Erich Witte was once more

the best of all Loges. Joan Suther-
and, Una Hale and Marlene
Thomas were the
telephone service that gets San
The three penny post still in being an-
your part. Here's your target for ad. 3
been served that notice of this. Ignore it
Politicians of the Right and Left, you h
policies, pension rights and hard-won savin
try about the real value of our insuranc
world to do a job of work without perpe
comes under that heading. We are in t
with weights and measures and the curren
in coppers. We don't want any fidgety-poke
pins to the quart, and prettifies that ran
are used to thirty-six inches that yard, t
and thousands as has happened abroad.
let alone notes running into tens, hundre
the. We don't want to carry fivers aroun
to getting something substantial for t
WE are used to the detour

In a freshly dug
is the villa's garden.
ycki and another sop-
v, a former para-
er Marcel Guedj, were
Borycki at first denied
anything. Then he
and that his wife
rtha died of a heart
ck when she learned
his arrest.
he says, he has
last week, the father
ng to live for
revenge in his soul
the magistrate.
ly beloved daughter
before dying, asked me
Galland. I swore to
that I would
Then, on my thirtec
Galland was brought
le villa. I left my son
y in a separate room
id the radio up high,
and behind the door.
heit in my hands twi

WIP

THOSE

CRAZY

Files!



DAILY RETCH

THE
ANGLO-SAXON
NEWSPAPER

SPECIAL

No. XXX

LATE SEPTEMBER FINAL

FOUR TALENTS EVERY RACE DAY

FRANKIE HITS THE HIGHLIGHTS

DAILY RETCH REPORTER

FRANKIE DRAKE, topline drummer in Dick Grenville's Gavotte Group, who last month gave the sweatiest performance ever of the classic "Skin Deep," took time off this week to go to sea.

Between performances for the ship's crew he beat off attacks from Spanish squares.

The Admiralty are digging him the most at the moment, but *Downbeat* have suggested a session State-side. Modest Frankie, when asked his plans this morning, replied:

"If there's dough in it, I'll go."

★ ★ ★

REDS HAVE FLYING SAUCER

A GERMAN airliner was "buzzed" recently by a flying saucer. The pilot said that he thought the object had a red star on the top of it, which confirms rumours of a new Russian guided missile. British pilots in Germany have been ordered to shoot on sight.

★ ★ ★

WORLD'S OLDEST MAN DIES

RED farmer Tupolot, who died recently at 137, was not a slow worker. He left behind him some four thousand descendants covering four generations. We sympathise with his four ex-wives who are still alive.

★ ★ ★

ITALIAN DEB GETS HEP

VICTIMS arriving for the Coming-out orgy thrown by Mr. and Mrs. Borgia for their only surviving daughter were met at the portals by stunningly lovely Lucrezia herself, handing around cocktails of her own creation, chortling, "This will slay you."

Lucrezia, who looked remarkably alive throughout, cracked a magnum of cyanide as midnight struck on the third day, and was later seen dancing to the orchestra of "Doge's Delight" Machiavelli and his New Music playing her current favourite "Don't you dirge me, Daddy-o."

Half-time score was : Dying 5, Dead 1, Missing 3.

FROM CABINET TO KITCHEN!

Another Red head rolled yesterday when Nick Murovich, sadistic Russian Interior Minister, was deported inland to cart crockery at a village railway dining rooms.



JOHNNIE AND THE SEVEN VEILS



WHAT has happened to popular, outspoken Johnnie (Dig that crazy reed shakin' in the wind) Baptist, whose recent series of revivalist meetings packed Babylon Square Gardens last season?

Rumour links his name with Miss "Seven Veils" Salome since they both attended a recent Palace function. Said shapely Miss Salome today:

"Romance is out, but you might say the boy kinda lost his head over me."

Referring to her forthcoming series in Rome and the provinces she went on to say how she was looking forward to appearing once again at the Coliseum.

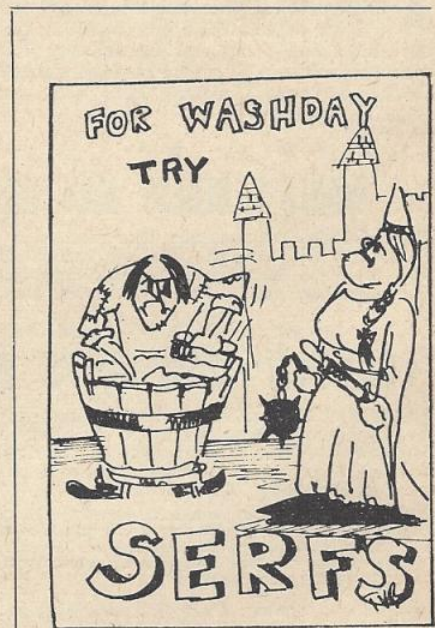
Miss SALOME

OUR ARTISTS TODAY . . .

OR HOW LOW CAN WE SINK ?

WHAT a mewling and puking bunch of longhairs our poets, painters and composers are! How they pose and prate about the fantastic concoctions of their cobwebbed brains! Have you tip-toed through the Date recently, and seen the pathetic daubs pasted on the walls? Yesterday we went along, and nearly asked for our money back. In the evening we went along to Baldmore Hall, that hive of the egg-heads. We wish we hadn't. All we heard through the evening was a foreigner called Geoff Haydn assaulting our ears with meaningless tripe on his *pianoforte*, the continental clavichord with a difference.

In a dusty bookshop off the Strand we picked up a book of rhymes by another trainee, Johnny Keats, and nearly vomited in the gutter. This posturing young ass, an ex-apothecary's assistant, has caught the I-am-a-sensitive-artist bug too. "Oh Attic Shape," he says, "Fair Attitude." Is he talking about a nude in the upstairs room? At least, that would be natural. No, he is posturing again, this time in front of a Grecian Vase. Have you ever been able to see anything in a Grecian Vase? We haven't. It was to young Johnny Keats that was attributed the saying, "A thing of Beauty has a Boy for ever." This shows he has a realistic streak in him, but he seems to have lost it among the cobwebs. Our advice to this young man, and others like him: Don't dig too deep, you may fall in.



SUPER NEW WEAPON!

LONGBOW is good news. A new balanced striking force is to be set up in the near future completely armed with Longbows, many long-established regiments will be scrapped as the obsolescent crossbow passes out of service, but conscription can be halved.

Recruiting Lieu-Tenants said to me today: "We will always need men with the ability to lead; with aptitude as well as enthusiasm to show to the world that the Yeomanry of Today is All Right."

MORE TITHES

THE 7 per cent. increase in Tithes will mean you and I must buckle down to making the national cake bigger by putting our backs into selective pruning leaving no stone unturned. It means harder work and more zest to build a better Britain.

THE CENSOR AND THE PLAY

ALTHOUGH few developments have been reported in the theatre, I have just heard news of a new move by the big circuit managers to introduce the famous Restoration Plays. These sensationally frank works have been under consideration for some time, but I understand that, once the hurdles of censorship have been jumped, you will be able to see these exciting plays in your own theatres.

The attitude of the censoring bodies in this country at present is deplorable; they prudishly carp at any frank treatment

of sex. However, the French success, "L'Ecole des Femmes," is being produced next month, having at long last been allowed to appear in this country. Although it is perhaps not as risqué as one would have liked, this is definitely a step in the right direction.

I can recommend "Romeo and Juliet" as a three-star performance to be seen in London. "Peter and the Wolf" is a lovely performance for the family.

★ ★ ★

BISHOPS BASHED!

AT last the big-wigs in the Church have relented and given you, the average family in Britain, the chance to enjoy your Sunday as you please.

Certain bishops, emerging gloomily from their ecclesiastical dens for the day, have told the *Daily Retch* that the old stuffy attitudes must go. And this is only right. For what claim can the Church make to stifle in this way our dearly-held ideals of individual liberty and democracy?

In the past you have been criticised by a minority who are too feeble to enjoy themselves. They are unreasonable because they believe that you also should

spend you leisure time as miserably as they do. The kill-joys must disappear from our midst.

It is indeed fortunate, however, that the average Englishman has always disregarded this dismal attitude. According to our latest census, 78 per cent. of families go out into the country on Sunday with a crate of beer and a bottle of Scotch. The children enjoy health-giving air and the beauties of our English countryside. Twenty per cent. go to the seaside and visit amusement parks, and all those other attractions which give your life its sparkle and variety.

We say that the minority must give way, and it is due to your love of freedom for the individual that even the top-knots in the Church have now yielded.

This sunny week-end, therefore, you must enjoy yourself as never before. The man-in-the-street has good reason to celebrate, and good reason also to thank the *Daily Retch* for loosing these shackles from his leisure hours.

THE CINEMA

THE ONE-EYED BANDIT

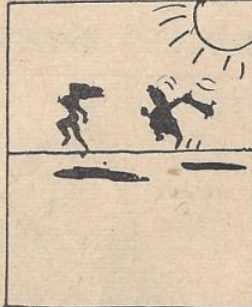
FOR sheer thrills and excitement, "Bayeux" is surely the greatest effort since Borgia's "Orgia." Bill Norman and King Harold (now nick-named "the One-eyed Bandit" on the continent) put in soul-stirring performances in a first-class Ochreochrome production which has gone to extreme lengths to give the public a realistic feature.

Also in the offing is another comedy by Nell Gwynn, who is at present on location in London for the Paris-Metro-Maynt production of "The Girl Doesn't Want to Help It." This company is also looking for a new starlet for "No Dandelions for Miss Blandish Either," which is due out in December.

WALNUTS



GIRTH



MISS ARC LOSES HER CURVES

MISS ARC, a pert little figure, appeared in the dock smartly dressed in black flecked with little white arrows, with close-fitting shackles of gunmetal on her wrists, whilst from her ankles dangled a 20 lb. cannonball charm.

Miss Arc, who seemed taut and rather strained, said she felt the last few days had been rather racking.

Ex-M.P.'s SELF-EXILE

BIG JOE HILSON, M.P. for twenty years, said yesterday that he is fed up with England and intends to hit Scotland for his last days. When pressed he added: "I want to get to the whisky country. I like my liquor raw."

CRIMINAL GETS FRIED

NOTORIOUS JESSE JAMES, who has at least ten murders to his name, got his due today on the hot seat at famous Sing Sing prison, after five lawyers had tried to get him off a Supreme Court hook.

SNOWMEN'S SEX-LIFE SECRETS

THE Government has banned observation of the private life of the Himalayan Abominable Snowman. The breeding habits of this creature have aroused world-wide scientific interest. Is it right, therefore, that this ban on naturalists should be enforced. Surely it is in the interests of science that as much information as possible should be gathered on this subject? If the Government does stop British expeditions to the area it will be closing

its eyes to one of the greatest discoveries of the century. *Retch* readers are grown men and women. Let the Minister without Portfolio reconsider his decision. The *Retch* demands freedom to tell its readers how.

ROYAL TENNIS

THERE was a record attendance at the Wimpleton semi-finals last week, and the crowd had some good laughs, too. Surprise of the week was young Sir William Aguecheek's decision to turn pro. I say, well done, Bill, but he's already been banned from the court, and they're saying his father will castrate him.

RACING

HARRY'S HOOR HITS FORM

I SAY, hard luck on *Champion*, the wonder horse from the West! Having shown incredible stamina by completing the three hundred mile journey up from Exmoor the night before the big race, the wonder horse was pipped by a neck. The winner was that nifty Newmarket nag, *Harry's Hoor*, who came in with a terrific finish up the last straight.

Jan Stewer, owner of *Champion*, rode him up for the race with Tom Cobby on veteran *Old Grey Mare*. When asked of his feelings after the race, Jan said: "Naturally it's a great disappointment, but Tom and I feel it has been worth it. Although *Champion's* a bit expensive on oats per mile, we saw some lovely scenery." Tom Cobby, asked if he was staging a come-back to the turf for *Old Grey Mare*, told me that having come all along, down along, etc., and what with *Widdicombe Fair* and the ploughing to be done, he thinks it unlikely.

STRIKE IN OUTBACK

AUSSIE abo's have asked for government help over prices for boomerangs, the local firewood you cannot throw away.

ROMEO SMITH



BRITAIN'S
BIGGEST
COMMUNIST
PAPER

THE DAILY SHIRKER

BRITAIN'S
BIGGEST
COMMUNIST
PAPER

SLAUGHTER ON THE SEAS

WARMONGER, FRANCIS DRAKE, the British Navy's blue-eyed boy, returned today flushed with triumph after his slaughter of the Spanish fishing fleet.

Thousands of innocent seamen died after Drake's ships had been allegedly attacked by the tiny trawlers. No mercy was shown as the Royal Navy ships broadsided the helpless Spaniards.

Philip, Spanish hero-ruler, has protested strongly to the Security Council, but the British Government are expected to veto his demands for a debate.

MINISTER TO WORK WITH PEOPLE

FROM Moscow we hear that Mr. Nickolas Murovich, Minister for the Interior, has asked to be released from official duty so that he may work near his comrades at Omsk railway station, in order to understand how they live and think.

Mr. Murovich has always been concerned with the social welfare of the people, and this latest request will no doubt enhance his reputation throughout the Republic. When our Moscow correspondent spoke with Mr. Murovich yesterday, he said that the Minister appeared cheerful and was looking forward to this respite among the people of the Soviet. Seldom could such humaneness and concern for the population be found among imperialist politicians.



GODIVA GIVES

Sociological research workers for the Wat Tyler Memorial Fund are studying with great attention the results of the recent recruitment campaign launched by Baron Godiva, H.M. Inspector of Taxes, Coventry District.

Latest figures published today revealed a very great upswing in the number of applicants for Civil Service positions, especially as Assessors, Inspectors and Surveyors.

Above, Baron Godiva and his consort.

N.A.T.O. HORROR WEAPON

A GERMAN pilot has stumbled across the new N.A.T.O. horror weapon. He said that while he was flying near a U.S.A.F. base in his four-engined airliner, he was attacked by a small object of the "flying saucer" variety.

It made three passes, then dived away towards the American airfield. Considerably shaken the pilot stammered his report by radio to a control centre, and landed shortly after.

This confirms rumours of a revolutionary type of weapon being mass-produced in the United States. The Soviet Union is to protest to the Disarmament Committee of the Security Council.

Decease of Hero-Producer

ONE of the Soviet's most tireless workers, Armenia Tupolot, died last week on his farm in the Ukraine, aged 137.

Mr. Tupolot, a strong advocate of collective

farming, was actively engaged in grain production for the Republic until his death. More notable is his four-generation family who total approximately four thousand. We pay tribute to his contribution to his country.

EX-ZEALOT DEVIATIONIST

PARTY Headquarters believe there will be no further information available in respect of J. Baptist. J. Baptist, who was once foremost in the ranks of the Young Zealots Peace Movement, became suspect of deviationist activities earlier this month when seen entering the Residency under conditions of high secrecy.

His recent irresponsible and completely unofficial comments are now believed to be part of a cunning attempt to launch a smear-campaign against the Party. Nominal rolls will be amended accordingly.



THE ARTS IN GT. BRITAIN

*A Survey of Russian Opinion by our
St. Petersburg correspondent*

ANY reasonable Russian critic has now given up hope for the Arts in Western Europe and Great Britain in particular. Never before has there been such a lack of personal aim, or controlled direction.

The West seems to think that the Arts are merely a chance for neurotic intellectuals to get a bushel of heady sentiment off their scrawny chests. We maintain, always have and always shall, that their only *raison d'être* is to spur on the flagging labourer.

The West does not think the same. It does not produce rousing martial music, nor good four square poetry about worker-heroes and matrons, nor paintings of worthy and elevating subjects like dam projects and town halls and new roads. What does it produce instead? Take, for instance, J. Keats, the son of an honourable stableman, who now postures verbally about a Grecian Urn, or J. Constable, painting escapist pictures of people doing nothing in the countryside. Russian critics cannot understand why the British Government does not take the lead in a drive for more productive poetry and painting, and more inspiring music. Why does the moribund Arts Commission waste its substance on music calculated to make the pastry-filled paunches of effete ecclesiastics pant with emotion? This prostitution of the Arts is but another example of the decadence of Western intellectuals that manifests itself in every facet of the West's crumbling civilisation.

SUNDAY AND THE PARTY

WORKERS everywhere must now unite against the tyranny which is being imposed upon them by seditious elements in the Church.

The Party appreciates that every so-called leisure hour must be fully utilised in working for the good of mankind. Despite this noble call, irresponsible propagandists are attempting to turn your working life into a stagnant stream of idleness and lethargy.

Bishops have openly declared that the Sabbath shall be a day of rest. They claim Sunday as a day on which you shall recover and gather strength for the struggle of the coming week. But for workers who are truly devoted to the cause there is no division of time into weeks, months and years. Yours is a life-long task, terminated unfortunately by death. You renew your strength as you work; the greater your energies, in fact, the greater your zeal and endeavour for the future. You cannot afford to idle if our movement for peace and happiness is to succeed.

At the same time some extremist elements in the "popular press" (this does not include the *Shirker*, though your paper is in no way unpopular) have openly declared that not only should workers absent themselves from duty on Sundays, but that they should even spend valuable money on foolish capitalistic pleasures. These include, above all, the use of petrol and oil for wasteful motoring. Obviously all your money should go towards important investment projects; and obviously all our fuel resources must be reserved for the new 200-year plan.

Your good sense and sound judgment will lead you along the path of duty. Workers have no time for Sunday shirkers!

Cinema

THE struggle of the peasant to retain his land even under a feudal system is well expressed in this week's release of "Bayeux," which co-stars King Harold and William Norman. The production is generally well presented in the new Ochreochrome, and Tapestry Studios have made a serious attempt to put forward the point of view and deeds of the ordinary soldier. An enjoyable visit, which may be the last for some time, judging by prospects in the British cinema.

FEARFUL NEW WEAPON

WIDESPREAD fears were expressed throughout world capitals at Britain's announcement today that Longbow had been tested. At spontaneous demonstrations and protest meetings throughout the Forest of Dean unanimous resolutions were passed calling upon the Government to stop the tests. Inhabitants told of near fatal accidents that had occurred when this frightful invention was put in the hands of inexperienced National Servicemen and of the increased dangers of fall-out.

The continued testing of this weapon can only heighten world tension and worsen diplomatic relations. This continual drain on our resources now must be stopped. We must cut our colossal armament expenditure and stop this senseless arms race.

Theatre

A SOUND introduction of Russian culture to England, "Peter and the Wolf" is an astounding and revolutionary musical which will fully earn your support in the forthcoming season. Written by a chemist, the music is just right for the traditional story, and shows how the warnings of an early revolutionist are ignored by his deviationist grandson. The Party is finally proved right when a greedy capitalist wolf attempts to catch the boy and is only foiled by the combined efforts of the now-reformed boy and his animal and bird friends from the collective farm. The moral of the story is subtle, the presentation good.

The new Western musical, "Romeo and Juliet," concerns two young people of degenerate families who selfishly fall in love with one another, and meet a disgusting end. One cannot feel pity for such stupid characters. The music, being cribbed from Ostragorsky, was tolerable.

INDISCRIMINATE TITHING

THE 7 per cent. increase in Tithes will mean you and I are in for another period of austerity with increased scutage and even heavier tithes. Petitions are being penned by national Danegild scribes all over the land protesting against this gross profit maximisation tendency to depress the inflation threshold, thus shifting the distributional equilibrium of our indisputably cybernetic economy.

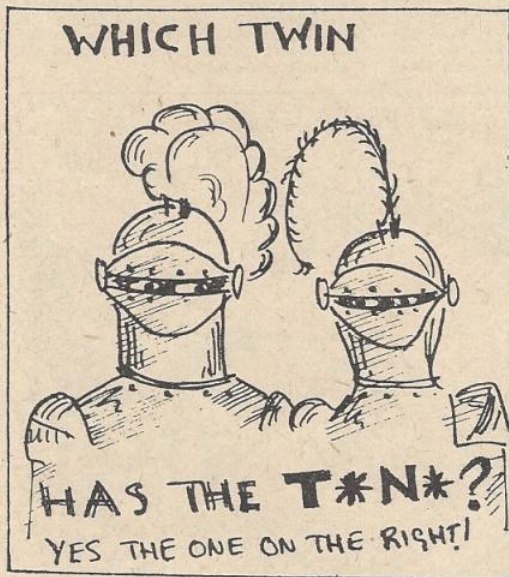
Rioters in the Forest of Dean



AUSTRALIA DISARMS

AUSTRALIA today took the initiative in world disarmament when she announced that she was cutting production of the "Boomerang" secret guided missile. At a hitherto unrevealed testing ground in the Northern Territory, a well-tanned official told our correspondent that the weapon was homing too accurately, and that he and his comrades considered it too dangerous to be used safely. He added that there had been several instances of workers refusing to continue on the project until they received more money for the danger involved. The Federal Government is to debate the issue in the forthcoming session of Parliament.

Our sister journal, *Pravda*, in announcing the Commonwealth decision, expresses hope that it is not just another capitalist bluff. This paper welcomes the decision and hopes that this is the beginning of another period of tension-free peace when arms stockpiles on all sides will be reduced. To our friends Down Under we send our best wishes, and hope that they will continue to support our appeals to the world for disarmament.



U.K. GOVERNMENT INTERFERES

THE BRITISH government has announced a ban on travel to the Himalayas at the request of the Nepalese government on the pretext of restricting movements in areas known to be inhabited by Abominable Snowmen. This sinister interference in another country's internal affairs has been typical of the present administration since they took office two years ago. It is a pity that the public are blinded to the fact that this is another act of imperialism. They are honey-

talked into believing that, in this case, the government is acting on an appeal from an official source in Nepal. However, one of our correspondents, after questioning several well-known Foreign Office authorities, said that it is obvious no such request had been received, and that the government was acting in its usual high-handed manner. Mr. Khrushchev says Russia will be willing to train the Nepalese Navy without strings.

★ ★

TRIAL OF Miss J. ARC

AT the Central Criminal Court Miss Joan Arc was today refused application to subpoena Michael the Archangel, who for many months was Miss Arc's adviser and confidant during her recent campaign.

Pending the production of this witness, for whom a re-extradition order has been promulgated, Miss Arc is expected to plead the 5th Amendment. Archbishop Cochon, who last week claimed he was unable to communicate with this witness, said he now believed he could not be supplied by reason of the exigencies of service.

★ ★

FAMOUS SOCIAL WORKER MURDERED

JESSE JAMES, noted throughout the free world for his efforts to secure liberty for the oppressed and his charitable work in the United States, died early today. He was convicted by a corrupt court after two minutes' trial, on obviously false evidence. His untimely death will be mourned by millions who benefited from his work. Contributions for a monument in his memory are arriving with messages of condolence from all over the world. To his relatives we tender our sympathy at their bereavement.

★ ★

Banishment of Ex-M.P.

Former M.P. Joseph Hilson is to seek political asylum in the Scottish Republic. When our correspondent talked with him yesterday the English-born politician said that his own country could not give him the sort of life he wanted. He leaves for the freedom of the north in the next few days.

RACING

I suspect foul play in last Wednesday's big race at Newmarket where the outsider, Champion (trained by Tom Cobby), was pipped on the post by Harry's Hoop from the Royal Stable. Champion's sudden lapse of pace in the final straight was a little too obvious to be convincing. I advise Mr. Jan Stewer to look to the stables and not to court circles when hiring a jockey for a Royal race.

TENNIS

Ever tried watching "smart set" tennis? My advice is don't. The upper classes took time off work to see King Harry play with Queen Anne in the mixed doubles at Wimpleton last week. Rumour has it that the King will shortly be asking the Pope if he may have another partner to play with as Queen Anne's service has not come up to his expectations. Record attendance coincided with the stockbrokers' strike.



SKIRMISH IN CHANNEL SPANIARDS REPULSED

The Admiralty announced today that the Home Fleet, under the command of Sir Francis Drake, had been attacked while on manœuvres in the Western Approaches. The assailants had been identified as warships of the Spanish Navy. Royal Navy vessels were forced to retire to re-form and during the following days undertook a limited police action in the Channel. There were several encounters with the Spaniards during this time, but the British ships, despite overwhelming opposition, took heavy toll of the enemy, who finally, after a suicidal rearguard action, retired to the south-west. The Home Fleet are now back in port after completing the manœuvres.

CHANGE IN SOVIET GOVERNMENT

MR MUROVICH OUSTED

The fate of Mr Nickolas Murovich, who until last week was the Soviet Minister of the Interior, was officially decided yesterday. He is to take up his new appointment as a waiter in the dining room of Omsk railway station early in the new year. This latest purge in the Soviet politics has thus spelt the end for another high Party official. Mr Murovich had represented his government at many international conventions and held the respect of many Western diplomats for his downright discourtesy. On many occasions he earned shocked admiration at formal functions in this country with his uncouth frankness. Although official sources in Moscow have declined to comment, it is generally thought that Mr Murovich had been too

outspoken to be acceptable by his contemporaries.

In Washington a State Department official briefly commented that this latest move in Russian domestic affairs was being studied. The Foreign Office have made no statement, but the Opposition are expected to question the Prime Minister in the House of Commons tomorrow.

DEATH OF AGED UKRAINIAN

MOSCOW, FRIDAY

Moscow Radio announced the death today of Mr Armenia Tupolot, who claimed to be the world's oldest man. He was 137 years old. Mr Tupolot had been a farmer up until a few months ago, when he retired from active work. He is survived by his seventh wife, thirty-two children, one hundred and forty-four grandchildren, six hundred and fifty-eight great grandchildren, and over two thousand great great grandchildren.

ROYAL TENNIS

Some fine tennis was seen here at Wimpleton during the Court Open semi-finals last week. King Henry was playing a sparkling game, especially at the net where he never gave his opponents a wive's chance. It is indeed gratifying to see this sport becoming so popular due to the inspiring example of the King.

UNEXPLAINED AERIAL PHENOMENON

A West German airline pilot reported seeing some form of aerial phenomenon which could not be explained by meteorologists.

ALCHEMY & UPSTARTS

AN INQUISITION BY OUR UNIVERSITY CORRESPONDENT

Aequam memento rebus in arduis servare mentem, hand secus in bonis. Although, no doubt, Horace's *arduis* referred more immediately to *res corporis*, we would incline more toward their application to *res mentis*, and urge the present rash of hopeful young theorists who condemn the sagest of our alchemists to consider facts logically. Perhaps they have been influenced by that itinerant poet who, in a prologue to his most recent work, seemed insufficiently aware of the devotion to duty of those men, in divers walks of life, whom he indiscriminately ridiculed.

But let us start *a priori* in our clear-minded discussion of alchemical theory. We can find no reason to doubt that matter is composed *in toto* of earth, air, fire and water, and that these substances are indeed elemental. For is not air so pure and clean that one cannot conceive of its harbouring any alien matter? And can the same not be said of fluent and limpid water? And are not earth and fire, nurturers of all forms of life, essentially basic, and in consequence indivisible?

Therefore we can only suppose that in the first instance an association of various amounts of the elements was required to compose various substances, and that *ergo, en revanche*, a corresponding dissociation should separate the constituents. But the inter-elemental attraction is so strong that we cannot expect temporal force completely to overcome it, and therefore we can only achieve a partial dissociation accompanied by an equal reassociation, so that dissociation forces shall be counter-balanced by association forces, and there will be a changed external appearance of the substance.

Why presumptuous upstarts should question such a reasonable theory we fail to comprehend, and we would exhort them to follow our precept, and pursue the art of logical enquiry further than they have done so far.

DISAPPEARANCE OF MR J. BAPTIST

Palace spokesmen today refused to confirm or deny stories that were widely bruited about the City lately with reference to the disappearance of Mr John Baptist, whose recent criticism of the marriage of King Herod to his sister Princess Herodias received such widespread publicity. Later, however, the following statement was issued from the Residency: "Be it hereby known that it was not so much what he said but the manner in which he said it that gave His Potency a pain in the neck." "Now we're quits," was His Excellency's enigmatic reply when requested to comment upon this.

Later this evening, reliable sources gave me to understand that Mr Baptist's controversial statement had occasioned the immediate convention of a committee "To determine whether the time was now opportune to introduce legal enactments to differentiate between public and private morality."

THE ARTS

MUSIC

An interesting experiment was carried out at the Baldmore Hall on Tuesday evening when a young composer, Joseph Haydn, played on a new type of keyboard instrument, the *pianoforte* or *fortepiano*. This instrument has been received with mixed feelings on the continent. We feel, as did the late J. S. Bach, that its popularity will be short-lived, since it is more likely to become a purveyor of a facile digital pyrotechnicality akin to acrobaticism or thaumaturgy than of music of veritable profundity. The name *pianoforte* implies that the instrument may be struck either loudly or softly; this is claimed to be advantageous but is more likely to lead to either a swashbuckling or a sentimental showmanship. We feel that the name *hammerklavier* is more appropriate, and that the tranquil squares and crescents of London will henceforth reverberate with insensitive hammerings of untuned keyboards by the musically non-erudite who lack the wit and introspection to comprehend their *indocta ignorantia*.

The instrument apart, the music was a pastiche of musical form Mr Haydn has been pleased to call the *sonata*. Most of his works are of simple binary form with two subjects but Mr Haydn visualizes movements of sonatas to be made up of more complicated forms. Be that as it may, we feel that this unwieldy musical form will be no more popular than the instrument upon which it was played, and we were glad when the evening came to a close.

PAINTING

Among a diversity of exhibits at the Date Gallery are some paintings by a promising landscape artist, J. Constable. We suggest that this young man should take up commercial artistry, and decorate the tops of chocolate boxes, for his art is of that pretty-pretty variety which the adolescent and unartistic find laudable. This man's paintings are certainly charming. However, he portrays the countryside through rose-tinted spectacles; his pictures of shepherd boys drinking by the cornfield, and the inevitable overladen hay wagon attract at first sight, but, like chocolate, eventually come to cloy.

POETRY

Although *Blackwood's Magazine* and the *Quarterly* have virulently attacked Mr J. Keats's *Endymion*, we feel inclined to raise our voice in his defence, and agree with him that a thing of beauty is a joy for ever. In his recently published collection, we particularly liked his *Ode to Autumn*; Mr Keats turns a musical verse. We enjoyed also the gentle ballad *La Belle Dame sans Merci*, and the musical *Ode to a Nightingale*. This poet should continue his writing, and may eventually produce something really worthwhile.

NEW LONG-RANGE BALLISTIC MISSILE FORMIDABLE ADDITION

War Office today revealed that Britain now possesses the Ultimate Weapon, the Long-Range Ballistic Missile.

Secret tests in the Ministry of Supply's research establishment in the Forest of Dean were completely successful and the pre-production prototypes are to be delivered to newly established Operational Conversion Units throughout Britain for familiarization and handling trials.

"The Longbow," declared the Minister today, "fires a single-stage ballistic missile carrying a heavier warhead, further, higher and faster than ever before, and once launched is impervious to enemy counter-measures, cannot be jammed and is virtually incapable of being intercepted.

"This formidable addition to the armoury of the Free World will prove the greatest deterrent against potential aggression."

THEATRE and CINEMA

THE THEATRE

Romeo and Juliet. Music and lyrics by William Shakespeare and Peter Tchaikowsky II

Yesterday saw the *première* of this long-awaited musical which has been written in the serious vein at present in favour among London theatre audiences. With music and lyrics by that incomparable pair, William Shakespeare and Peter Tchaikowsky, *Romeo and Juliet* was well received by the distinguished gathering, and again strengthened the stand of the serious musical in British stage performances. Décor is simple and colourful, and this venture is assured of a long run at its present theatre before leaving for the provinces.

Peter and the Wolf. Russian traditional and S. Prokofiev

A light and cheering performance introduced this Russian traditional musical, which might well have the success here that its American traditional counterpart, *Porgy and Bess*, had in Moscow. The story is naïve, and the idea of having each character represented by an instrument is even more so, but the intelligent orchestration, which is probably Prokofiev's greatest asset, makes up for most of this.

At the present there is very little forthcoming for the serious stage, but reliable sources confirmed yesterday that W. Shakespeare is working on another stage musical, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, with the renowned song writer Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, and there is the possibility of Francis Bacon taking up the challenge of Brahms's *Songs without Words*.

THE CINEMA

Bayeux

The only new release expected this week is the British feature *Bayeux*. A product of Tapestry Studios starring

King Harold and William Norman, readers will be aware that *Bayeux* won the War Documentary Class at this year's Hastings Festival.

Completely silent and using the new colouring provided by Ochrechrome, *Bayeux* sets out to show each unit and action of the war without involving the introduction of complicated strategy. The action, although tending to be stiff and military, is realistic, and *Bayeux* has already had commendable criticism on the continent. It is to be regretted, however, that the British "stiff upper lip" has been allowed to creep into the faces of the enemy forces, this being the only technical discrepancy in a very fine addition to our historical records.

SABBATH IN RETROSPECT

At a recent press conference the Council of the Church outlined its attitude towards the retention of the Sabbath as a day of rest, devotion and peacefulness. It was stated that, although Sunday should be strictly observed as a day of worship and reverence in Church, there could be no reasonable objection to some form of short relaxation during the afternoon. Such relaxation might take the form of a quiet walk in the garden or a visit to friends or acquaintances for bible-study. Religious reading and discussion were to be highly commended at all times.

The venerable Council also mentioned that for those who considered that a limitation to religious conversation was too great a restriction on individual choice, a little more latitude might possibly be in order. This was naturally not to be taken as an official go-ahead for a state of moral anarchy on the Sabbath. The Lord's Day had always been most zealously guarded by Englishmen throughout the world as their day of humiliation and praise. Church-going was a *sine qua non* for all but a very small section of the populace; and the Council noted that attendance at Church had hardly decreased at all over the past 200 years. All high officials of the Church of England (and almost all Roman Catholic advisers) were in unison in confirming that this state of holiness in the British people should be commended and encouraged with unceasing effort.

There was a certain degree of misapprehension among various sections of the press that a conference had been granted with the express view of declaring a radical change in official attitudes. Some questions indeed almost suggested a desire to negate the high code of morality which Britons have held to this day.

It is unthinkable that our strict adherence to Church-going principles should be even momentarily relaxed. Without this ever-shining light in our midst, the normal reverent Englishman would be rapidly subjected to the claims of those evil influences in life which tend to demoralize and corrupt.

AGENT EXECUTED

Mr Jesse James, convicted last week by the United States Supreme Court on charges of subversion and plotting to overthrow the Government, was executed early this morning at Sing Sing.

REX v JOAN OF ARC

The Crown opened its case today against Miss J. Arc, accused of riding on the wrong side of the street and high treason, carrying an offensive weapon, causing a breach of the peace, raising the siege of Orleans and diabolical possession.

Prosecution asked whether Miss Arc received evangelical instructions. Miss Arc said she had. Prosecution emphatically denied this. Miss Arc demanded habeas corpus. Court was adjourned.

APPEAL TO GOVERNMENT

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT

KATMANDU (Nepal), last week

It was confirmed here today that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Abominable Snowmen was appealing to the United Kingdom Government for help in its fight to protect these native savages from marauding visitors in the Himalayas. A spokesman for the Society pointed out that ever since the female of the species had been seen, far too many sensation-seekers and well-meaning scientists had been disturbing the tribe by trying to observe the unique breeding habits that these creatures employ. It was in the interests of all that the tribe should be left alone as much as possible for they are easily provoked. He hoped that with Government help things would soon settle back to normal.

A Foreign Office spokesman last night said that the appeal was being studied and that the Government would no doubt take any steps it considered necessary.

For the R.S.P.C.A., Mr Alwyn Snarth supported the Nepalese appeal. He added that his Society was opening a public fund immediately for aid to the Snowmen.

DOMESTIC TROUBLE AT ELSINORE

PRINCE RETURNS FROM HOLIDAY

I was unable to obtain an audience with Crown Prince Hamlet at Elsinore today. Prince Hamlet, so recently returned from England, was said to be "badly cut up" after the death of his father the King, and his uncle, King Claudius, had also "taken it to heart," said a palace spokesman when I further asked him about the ceremonies held last night.

He said Lady Ophelia had retired early with a slight headache and Her Majesty herself had been taken rather ill later in the evening, though her physicians definitely assured me there was no longer cause for alarm.

RETIREMENT OF M.P.

A former member of Parliament, Mr Joseph Hilson, is to retire to Scotland. When questioned yesterday, Mr Hilson said that although England was his birth-place, Scotland could offer him the seclusion and peace that he had always wanted after his twenty hectic years in the House of Commons. He will leave for the north next week.

TITHE RATE INCREASE

At an extraordinary meeting of the financial executive held at the Archbishopric today, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Bishop Rogers, announced a 7 per cent increase in the Tithe rate.

He said the increase was necessitated by the grave deficit in the gold reserve coffers, to combat speculation and damnable usury on the fringe and it meant that he could now proceed on a new scale of capital reinvestment. At last call tonight informed opinion felt that the value of Indulgences and other guilt-edged stock was greatly enhanced.

NATIVES STOP WORK

DARWIN, Australia

Australian aboriginal craftsmen today decided to stop making boomerangs for export until the Federal Government sets up a scale of guaranteed prices for these articles. The winter slump in demand necessitated this request, stated native leaders in the Northern Territory. Generally regarded as the world's most primitive race, the aborigines have been carving boomerangs for hunting purposes for thousands of years.

In Canberra, a Government official said that the request would be brought up at the next session of the Federal Parliament.

SPORT

RACING

Champion, trained by Tom Cogley of Exmoor, made a journey of almost three hundred miles to race at Newmarket in the Belvedere Handicap last Wednesday, but was narrowly defeated by the filly Harry's Hoop.

Jan Stewer, who rode Champion up from Exmoor for the big race with Mr Cogley on his Old Grey Mare, said that towards the end of the journey Champion was a trifle fatigued, but he was now confident that the horse had the stamina for distance racing.

Survival Camp

In the Hartz Mountains

SEVENTY-ONE members of 76 Entry, two members of 75 Entry, one cadet from Britannia Royal Naval College, Dartmouth, and a staff of nine officers and n.c.os took part in the survival camp held in Germany in August.

The first two days of map-reading produced many interesting comments on the correct and incorrect treatment of the human body and mind. On the third day of the camp an inter-section race was held to test the previous day's training. The sections left base camp at 15-minute intervals. On arrival at the first checkpoint they were given the position of the next objective, and so on for all six legs. The first leg was easy enough because everyone had done it a bare 16 hours before, but on the second part the field spread out considerably. The section which had left base first were horrified to learn that they had been overtaken by a section which had left a mere hour and twenty minutes after them.

All too soon the fortunate few were introduced to the happy art of negotiating forest and hill with nought but a compass and bad judgement. In fact, one poor misguided fellow spent two hours looking for a track that he was unknowingly walking on. Not all the night was spent navigating. At one stage Squadron Leader Foskett led a forced march for five kilometres over a very winding path over the hills. One section which had got lost, and as a result was over an hour behind the others, had the doubtful privilege of breaking the record for the march in order to make up for lost time. At the end of it they had degenerated into a group of dejected somnambulists, the politer ones apologising to any trees they happened upon unexpectedly. All the hours of daylight were spent sleeping it off. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say waging a defensive campaign against the hordes of woodland dwellers. A heroic slog over the hills that night back to base camp put everyone in that cheerful constructive mood so necessary for the domestic travail ahead.

The five-day exercise started on the ninth day of the camp. At the briefing it was explained that the participants were to consider themselves members of crashed aircraft which had landed near the enemy's frontier. Opposition would consist of units of the British Army, mobile patrols of the *Bundesgrenzschutz* (border guards) and patrols of the *Grenzdiens*t (Customs police) equipped with large alsatians. Despite instruc-

tions to steer clear of the real East German border at least one party made a bee-line for it shortly after the start of the exercise. After they had been missing for 24 hours it was reported that shots had been heard to the east. Undaunted the remaining survivors plodded on, diving into the Christmas trees at every suspicious sound. The novelty of being over-cautious soon wore off and certain survivors went to the other extreme by walking along the railway line for half a kilometre. It must be credited to them though that they tiptoed along it! The rations used for the exercise were designed to last for 72 hours. A little higher maths. convinced even the most optimistic that that empty feeling was only the beginning. Luckily it turned out that a generous sandwich of Oxo, cheese and margarine, washed down with cold instant tea could work wonders on a stomach reduced to the size of a golf ball.

On the fourth night of the exercise the resistance decided to ferry a dozen or so escapers across the lake. The rendezvous was timed for midnight. As the lights of the little village across the lake went out the moon appeared from behind the clouds, and at the stroke of midnight a dinghy appeared manned by the resistance and finished the operation within one hour.

By dusk on the last night the whole entry was encamped above the 1,500 metre stretch of border that was officially crossable. The Germans, unfortunately, decided to spend that night patrolling it, a fact which caused no little worry to everyone concerned. Dogs stationed every 200 metres or so were used mainly for rounding-up characters who had crossed the border so that they could be driven in trucks back to base, though several people were caught actually in the act of crossing the border. One unfortunate, having spent three hours in negotiating a hill in a sitting position, suddenly found himself in a very one-sided conversation with a German-speaking bush beside him. However, differences were made up over a bar of chocolate and it was explained that normally one would not say 'Good evening' at three-thirty in England but that 'Good morning' was more appropriate.

By the next morning everybody except one lone trekker had turned up but he soon put in an appearance, soundly cursing those who had deserted him, albeit against their own free will. For the rest of the camp tales were swapped over *Wurst* and *Bier* about how crews had hoodwinked the army, 'borrowed' their tinned breakfasts, tripped over sleeping guards and. . . . The rest can remain untold. Sufficient to say that everyone got home happy, fit (disgustingly so), and very wise in the ways of the world. J.N.H.

Extracts from Theses

Early Warning Radar

In the late 1920s it was realized that the old methods of early warning would not give sufficient indication of the approach of the enemy raider. No information could be made available to the defending forces of the bearing, distance or height of the enemy. It was regarded as essential that some means be found whereby that information could be presented to a fighter controller. One fruitless idea was the plan for the erection of two 200-ft concrete mirrors for listening to the approach of aircraft. These were the brain children of a War Office scientist, W. S. Tucker. It was inevitably a failure as only a few minutes' warning could be given.

In November 1934 the Director of Scientific Research, H. E. Wimperis, proposed the setting up of a committee to be called the Scientific Survey of Air Defence, under the chairmanship of H. T. Tizard. These proposals were accepted and work proceeded. Wimperis wrote to the Superintendent of the Radio Department of the National Physical Laboratory, Dr R. A. Watson-Watt, on the possibilities of a death ray. An offer had apparently been made by the Air Ministry of £1,000 to anyone who could demonstrate the killing of a sheep at a range of 100 yards, by a death ray from a black box. Since the mortality rate of sheep was not affected by the Air Ministry's generous offer, Wimperis hoped to dispose of the subject, on behalf of the Tizard committee.

Watson-Watt's reply stated that although there could be no possibility of directing an electromagnetic ray onto an object to produce a lethal effect at any appreciable range, it was feasible to suppose that a pulse of electromagnetic energy could be shot into the sky and be reflected by an aircraft. The reflection could be measured and a plan position found by calculating its distances from two points on the ground.

After his report to the Tizard committee Watson-Watt proposed to carry out a simple experiment which would take place at Daventry, in February 1935. It was then found that an aircraft, flying in the 50-metre beam used for Empire broadcasting, reflected enough energy for its presence to be detected on the ground. By July 1935 the range of an aircraft at 40 miles was accurately plotted. The field of radio location was opening.

The aim of Watson-Watt's establishment, which was based on the Sussex coast at Orford-

ness, was to produce equipment which would give the following information:

- (a) A continuous plan position of oncoming bombers at ranges approaching 100 miles.
- (b) The approximate height of bombers.
- (c) The approximate strength of hostile formations.
- (d) The identity of the plotted aircraft.

By March the following year, with the aid of 240-ft high aerials, a record range of 75 miles had been achieved and a formation of three Hawker Harts had been correctly numbered. At this time, Bawdsey, some twenty miles south of Orfordness, had been taken over, because the high aerials at the latter had proved to be unpopular with R.A.F. pilots at the nearby airfield.

It was at Bawdsey in February 1937 that the first R.A.F.-manned radar station began operations. This became the prototype for numerous stations which covered the Thames Estuary.

* * *

The Study of Birds

The Art of Deception

Many birds are experts in the art of deception. I well remember the first reed bunting's nest I ever found. I was walking through a reedy field when a bird flew out of the reeds near my feet and settled a few yards ahead of me. The hen reed bunting, for so it was, then started hopping away from me dragging one wing along the ground. She behaved exactly as though she had an injured wing. I walked towards her but she hopped away. I continued to follow her, but she always kept a few yards ahead of me. Suddenly she rose and flew away. I walked back to the approximate position where I had first flushed the bird. A short search revealed the nest and five beautifully marked eggs. This 'injury feigning,' as it is known, is commonly seen in such birds as the avocet, ringed plover, partridge and others. The main purpose of this behaviour is to lead a potential enemy away from the nest. A cat, for example, would tend to run after the elusive bird which it could see, rather than look for an unknown nest. Most ground-nesting birds, such as plovers, just walk away from their nest, calling repeatedly,

hoping in that way to distract the attention of any predator from their nest. While watching a pair of oystercatchers at their riverside nest in Scotland, I noticed that the brooding bird would always walk directly off the nest in exactly the opposite direction to that of my approach. In following the bird I could not help discovering the nest and eggs, as each time I would walk directly over them. This would seem in exact opposition to the original purpose of the bird's action. In this case, however, one should realize that the eyes of the observer would be on the bird and the nest could easily escape notice, especially as protective coloration blended it well with its surroundings.

* * *

Unidentified Flying Objects

In the mid-afternoon of 7th January 1948 a huge shining disc was seen passing over Goodman Air Base in the United States. Hundreds of people had seen it as it swept over at medium altitude and high velocity. The Air Force was well warned and the C.O. of the station ordered up three F.51 Mustangs to investigate. As the fighters climbed, the object again appeared to the ground observers through a gap in the clouds: it appeared to be some 300 feet in diameter. The fighters, led by Captain Mantell, had meanwhile established contact with the disc and were gradually overhauling it. Mantell radioed that he was going in close to investigate. In his next transmission he described the object as a huge 'ellipsed metallic disc and yet oddly translucent'; however, each time he closed with it, it darted away, climbing gradually. By now Mantell had outstripped his two wing men. Perhaps slightly unnerved by this weird object and exasperated by its evasions, Mantell radioed his intention of firing a warning burst when next in range. Whether he ever fired the burst we do not know. The shattered remains of his aircraft were scattered over several miles.

Two theories were presented as explanations. The first, that Mantell had been chasing the planet Venus—which at the least seems ridiculous in view of the pilot's description of it and his flying experience. The second is that Mantell had chased the object above 20,000 feet and in doing so had fainted from anoxia and crashed. This latter theory may have been feasible if the remains of Mantell's aircraft had not fluttered down in tiny

fragments, few of them being larger than a postage stamp.

A man had died. The authorities could no longer dismiss the U.F.O.s as hallucinations. The United States Air Force project set up the previous year for the investigation of all U.F.O. reports was thrown into a temporary panic. The Mantell case had to be hushed up, and hushed up it certainly was. Every scrap of the aircraft was gathered up and every observer silenced. Not until 1952 was the full story released. Even then it was only allowed to trickle out. Anyway it was stale then. People forget. . . .

I have mentioned this case here not to point out a definite threat, for who knows it may have been an accident, but merely because it demonstrates most forcefully the existence of some physical force or forces unknown abroad in our atmosphere. Mantell was destroyed in a way that excluded any earthly weapon. Each fragment of the aircraft was full of tiny perforations and serrations which would indicate a partial molecular disintegration.

* * *

Orientation of the Bee

Bees have remarkable powers of finding their way. They learn to do this by going on short exploration flights so as to learn the lie of the land in the vicinity of the hive. The flights become longer until a radius of action of two or more miles is obtained. If a bee is taken outside this radius it will lose its way until familiar ground is reached.

Colours aid bees in their orientation. By making use of discoveries in their colour visits bees can be helped. If a yellow hive is put next to one painted blue it will assist them to recognize their own home. But if a red hive is placed near a dark grey one this is of no aid as the two appear alike to them.

In a certain apiary where the hives were painted in accordance with the new discoveries, it was found that, before the hives were painted, 16 out of 21 young queens failed to return, whereas when the hives were painted only three failed to return out of 42 queens.

Bees also have the power to navigate themselves to and from the hive by the direction of the sun. If a bee is taken when on its way to the nest and placed somewhere else it will follow a path parallel to its previous one until recognizing familiar territory.



OLD CRANWELLIAN NOTES

APPOINTMENTS

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

- Air Mshl Sir Gilbert Edward Nicholetts to be Inspector General of the R.A.F.
- A.V.M. C. E. Chilton to be A.O.C. Malta.
- A.V.M. M. L. Heath to be A.O.C. British Forces, Arabian Peninsula.
- A.V.M. W. H. Kyle (1928) to be Assistant Chief of the Air Staff.
- Air Cdre W. H. Holton to be Air Officer in Charge of Administration at H.Q., R.A.F. Coastal Command.
- Air Cdre P. G. Wykeham to be Air Commodore Operations at H.Q., R.A.F. Fighter Command.
- Gp Capt H. P. Broad (1929) to H.Q., No. 61 Group.
- Gp Capt W. S. Reed (1929) to H.Q., No. 81 Group.
- Gp Capt H. G. Leonard-Williams (1930) to be Director of Signals (1) at Air Ministry.
- Gp Capt J. C. Pope (1931) to H.Q., No. 3 Group.
- Gp Capt E. A. Johnston (1936) to command R.A.F. Topcliffe.
- Wg Cdr J. F. Hatton (1939) to Air Ministry Department of A.M.P.
- Wg Cdr C. W. McN. Newman (1936) to R.A.F. Halton.
- Wg Cdr L. V. Wilson (1935) to H.Q., 2nd T.A.F.
- Wg Cdr M. W. Coombes (1939) to H.Q., Southern Sector.

MARRIAGES

We congratulate the following on their recent marriages:

- Flt Lt J. A. Mansell (1948) to Miss Sheila A. Lorraine.
- Flt Lt P. V. Pledger (1947) to Miss Ann D. Hall.

BIRTHS

We congratulate:

- Flt Lt J. Lewis-Lloyd (1950) on the birth of a daughter.
- Flt Lt H. T. Price (1947) on the birth of a daughter.

Flt Lt C. J. Petheran (1947) on the birth of a son.

Flt Lt J. R. Rogers (1947) on the birth of a son.

Flt Lt B. M. Burley (1948) on the birth of a son.

Flt Lt D. H. Williams (1947) on the birth of a son.

RETIREMENTS

Air Mshl Sir George Beamish (1923).

DEATHS

We record with deep regret the deaths of:

Gp Capt E. H. M. David (1920).

Flt Off D. J. Brett (1950).

* * *

The Editors of *The Journal* are very willing to expand the Old Cranwellian section of *The Journal*, and we have an allocation of four pages.

Two suggestions spring to mind—learning to fly in the early days of the College and impressions of an overseas posting.

* * *

The sad news has been received that Wing Commander R. W. Pye (1938) and O.C. "B" Squadron (1952-1953) has been invalided out of the service. He is medically debarred from driving a car and is unable to travel far from his home at 3, Castle Houses Speen, Newbury, Berks.

* * *

The Hawthorns,
15 Westlands Grove,
Stockton Lane, York.
29th August 1957.

Dear Sir,

About two issues ago in the College Magazine my name was listed as having resigned my Commission. This is technically incorrect as I have 'prematurely retired' for personal reasons but still retain my rank of Flying Officer on the Retired List of Officers. Perhaps you could correct this error in the next issue.

In the meantime you might be interested to learn that I have won a scholarship to London University for a course in Personnel Management as a full-time member for one year. It was a scholarship awarded by the Counterpart Conditional Aid Funds which are supplied from American moneys.

Yours, etc.

G. Hammans

ex No. 3 Entry, E. & S. Wing, 1948-1951.

OBITUARY NOTICE

J. H. S. LAGER, Esq., M.B.E.

HARRY LAGER was laid to rest at Quarrington Church, where he had worshipped for more than thirty years, on Monday, 28th October. Death came to Harry suddenly at the age of 71 as he worked in his garden. Only the day before he had been doing his normal stint of work in Headquarters for the Old Cranwellian Association and had left Cranwell for the last time in good spirits by the midday bus.

One advantage of comparative youth in a Service academy is that all its history can be contained within the working life of one man. This 'continuity man,' who from the nature of Service life must be a civilian, if he has the gifts of heart and mind can be more than a mere repository of knowledge, he can be the cohesive element that holds together all generations and turns a training system into an entity with a soul. Such a man was Harry Lager.

Harry came to the College on its opening in February 1920 as Head Clerk. Born in Leicestershire, he had served during the war in the R.N.A.S. and R.A.F. and his firm connection with Lincolnshire started when he was transferred to Cranwell from Eastchurch. In 1927 he succeeded Mr J. Healy as College Accountant, a post which he held for the next quarter of a century (with the exception of the war years when he was Station Accountant Officer). It was during the thirties, perhaps, that Harry's greatest work was done. From the College Bank he had built up a personal knowledge of all flight cadets and many

members of the staff. Whenever there was a job that required a clear brain, financial acumen, good humour and local knowledge, Harry's help was called for; and it was never refused. The Beagles, the Hunt Club, the Literary Society, the very *Journal* itself, were all looked after by him. His service was as willingly given to the local community in Sleaford and he served to draw the 'camp' and the town together. But Harry's greatest and most long-continued service to the College was his work for the Old Cranwellian Association, a service which none but he would have rendered. He was the connecting link that bridged all generations, that maintained the records and published the rolls. In the New Year Honours List in 1948 he was appointed a member of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire in recognition of his services, but there is little doubt that his proudest moment came at the Silver Jubilee of the College when he was called upon to present to His Late Majesty King George VI selected members of the College civilian staff.

All will miss on future Old Cranwellian days the short, determined figure in his accustomed seat at the edge of the Orange. We offer our sympathy to Mrs Lager and to his son on their loss; but here was a complete and dedicated life served to the full in loved surroundings; in Milton's words on the death of Samson: 'Nothing is here for tears.'

J.F.P.

BATES

21a JERMYN STREET, LONDON, S.W.1

Telephone : REGent 2722

one minute from Piccadilly Circus

Officially Appointed as Cap
Makers to the Royal Air
Force College

Renowned maker of the "BATES" light-weight Cap and proud of our association with the Royal Air Force, including service to senior officers and air aces of both world wars.

We do not have two qualities of cap. One quality only—the best—and at an extremely reasonable price.



U.S. AIR FORCE ACADEMY VISIT

THE visit to the Royal Air Force College by the United States Air Force Academy was an unqualified success. This was made possible by a co-operative atmosphere on both sides which cannot be expressed in a mere timetable of events. It is preferable to recall the incidents that have established themselves in one's memory, and the writer's memory must suffice for our account on this side of the Atlantic at least.

Sport plays an important part in the lives of both nationalities, sustained on one side by the mysterious 'spirit of youth' and on the other by an excessive meat ration: as a result of this one of the first times that any form of rivalry took place was on the sports field. The main highlight was a game of softball, and even the most ardent of cricket fans must admit that there is more to this national sport than complicated rounders. Apart from any physical prowess it requires the skilful use of language, and our inferiority on this level probably led us to defeat. The cricket match went with a swing in spite of the slight difficulty experienced by the American cadets over the rules. As a result of a misunderstanding as to procedure, one of the Americans made a baseball shot at the first ball of the match, missed, dropped the bat and hared off to square leg. It is interesting to contemplate what might have happened had the visit been in January, but attempts at the more rugged sports, especially non-armoured varieties, must await the future.

The guest night was a 'real swell kick-off' and led to a variety of interesting discussions. Cranwell and the U.S.A.F. Academy may be far apart in distance but the same proud traditions of the off-duty hours are maintained and an ample supply of warm beer would have helped to break any reserve, had it existed. Speeches of welcome were made from the floor and the table. However, the evening was far from finished and the most energetic sport by far was set in motion with the celebration of two American cadets' birthdays. Memory from this point is a trifle hazy, but clear pictures of the floor, walls and inverted officers prompt recollections of a very lively display in the ante-room, marred only by the fact that a large percentage of the College 'drill display team' was giving 'the greatest show on earth' the following day. Even though there is probably a

ruling that a cadet should awake fully refreshed, regardless, the early part of the following day can be expressed quite compactly. Then came the dawn.

A tour of the College and Flying Wing gave the Americans a clearer idea of how the Royal Air Force trains its future pilots. The main item, the flying display, was given over the South Airfield. A number of the latest British aircraft took part, giving an exhibition to the spectators and a feeling of despair to members of the entry sitting their intermediate examination.

The cadets of the U.S.A.F. Academy may have a uniformity of hair-style, but in a country the size of the States it is interesting to see how many different outlooks there are. An occasion such as this visit gives an ideal opportunity for the two countries to meet and serves a far better purpose than a profusion of pamphlets on allied co-operation. In a very short space of time an excellent impression was made on both sides and perhaps the wish expressed at the guest night that we might visit the U.S.A.F. Academy may be fulfilled in the not too distant future.

Finally, this can be taken as an opportunity for cadets to wish the Americans success in the future and to hope that we may see them again.

TO THE YOUNG MEN OF THE UNITED STATES . . .

*(Extracts from the prospectus of the new
U.S.A.F. Academy)*

THE United States Air Force Academy has been established to produce a nucleus of officers trained, motivated, and dedicated to a lifetime of service in the Air Force.

Our task is to provide outstanding education and training in moral, intellectual, spiritual, and physical values to young men who will one day assume the roles of air leaders.

Academy graduates will be a major part of the foundation upon which the Air Force of the future will rest. In building that foundation to withstand the pressures of time and the stresses of international events, nothing is more important than the caliber and quality of the young

Americans who each year enter our gates and take the Oath of Allegiance.

The security of the free world may some day be in their hands. I trust that young men everywhere in the United States will learn of this great opportunity for service to their country and that the finest of them will heed the call.

Each cadet at the Air Force Academy is entering a dynamic new field, the boundaries of which are still largely unexplored. He is beginning a career which offers the satisfaction of making a positive contribution to the national welfare. In future years he will be responsible for military policy and decisions, often critical in nature. His country must rely on his integrity and professional competence. The challenge is self-evident. It will require the highest order of leadership.

Leadership training received at the Air Force Academy will develop in each cadet the strongest obligations to his country and those serving beside him. The result of this training must be an absolute dedication to mission.

In the course of training at the United States Air Force Academy, each cadet will be given every opportunity to develop those attributes of successful leadership which have never failed this Nation. Professional competence, integrity, devotion to mission, and a thorough understanding of the role of air power must be the hallmarks of every graduate of the United States Air Force Academy.

At the Air Force Academy, each cadet develops that rigid adherence to truth which is essential to his performance as a career officer in the United States Air Force. A very important characteristic of the Honor Code is the fact that it belongs to the Wing of Cadets and is administered by them. The Honor Code, which pervades every action of the Air Force Cadet, is built around a basic and uncompromising premise: complete integrity.

Throughout the initial phase of cadet training during his first summer at the Air Force Academy, the new cadet is given a thorough course of instruction in ethics. In this series of lectures and discussions the Honor Code is explained in detail, enabling each cadet to understand fully the importance and benefits of his Honor Code. He learns that a cadet's word is never questioned; he is exposed to an atmosphere of complete trust between all his fellow cadets and all the officers of the Air Force Academy.

The Honor Code is administered by the cadets through a council of elected representatives who are responsible for maintaining the highest standards of honor in the Cadet Wing. Membership in this council is the highest extracurricular office to which a cadet may be elected.

In addition to providing for the general cultural and educational objectives of an institution of higher learning, the Academy also conducts an intensive program in the fields of military, physical, and flying

training. Therefore, unusual concentration and application are required throughout the cadet's four years at the Academy.

Although no formal educational minimums of courses or credits are required for entrance to the Air Force Academy, the entrance examinations measure the academic achievement of a secondary school graduate. Minimums of educational background which are most likely to insure an applicant's success as a candidate and his proficiency as a cadet are listed below.

Academic preparation. The curriculum of the Air Force Academy assumes a scholastic background of 15 units of secondary school credits. (One unit is defined as the satisfactory completion of one academic year of study of a particular subject.) It is essential that the candidate's record reflect better than average achievement in the following subjects:

Algebra, 2 units. Plane Geometry, 1 unit.

English, 4 units. American History, 1 unit.

The candidate with the remainder of his secondary school program chosen from among the following subjects will have an added advantage in the examination competition and the Academy academic program:

Advanced Algebra	American Government
Aeronautics	Ancient History
Astronomy	Foreign Languages
Chemistry	Geography
Economics	Modern European History
General Science	Psychology
Mechanical Drawing	Typing
Physics	World History
Solid Geometry	

Extracurricular activities. A record of performance in extracurricular activity is an important factor among many used in candidate evaluation. Every extracurricular activity recorded in a candidate's application form contributes significantly to his score. The holding of elective offices, meriting athletic letters, attaining Eagle rank in scouting, winning special competition honors in debating, selection for musical activities, dramatic productions, or publications work, and membership in social or service clubs are all worth noting.

Physical conditioning. The new cadet begins his first year with a rigorous two months of military and physical training. The physical demands may be compared to those of a vigorous team sport, and the selectee would do well to condition himself before reporting. Repetitive physical conditioning exercises are advised. The objective should be improvement in sustained effort at heavy body exercises—push-ups, chins, sit-ups, running, etc.

In order to be eligible for intercollegiate athletics, cadets must maintain a cumulative average of 70 in all academic subjects which require outside preparation. Heads of academic or airmanship departments which teach subjects which do not require outside preparation are required to recommend ineligibility

for a cadet who appears likely to fail a course if he continues to participate in athletic squad practice and competition. Similarly, department heads may recommend restoration of eligibility when the cadet becomes proficient in his studies. The first deficiency list affecting eligibility is posted on the 7th Monday of each semester. Cadets serving a Class III punishment are ineligible until all terms of the punishment have been met.

Motivation is a prime requisite of an Air Force cadet; yet this is a quality difficult to determine. A man must have a compelling desire to devote his life to a career of service to his country. This force must be strong enough to propel him through a rigorous four-year period of mental training and physical conditioning, designed to prepare his mind, body, and spirit for the demands of future leadership.

The type of young man we seek for the Air Force Academy is a well-rounded individual of sound mind and body, a young man whose interests and potentials are readily discernible in his personal history.

The bare facts received from written and physical examinations are not enough. For this reason each qualified applicant's activities during his school years are carefully scrutinized.

The fact that a young man was active in school government and the various other extracurricular activities is indicative that the potentials of leadership exist within him. The fact that he participated in athletics connotes a competitive spirit and a reasonably well co-ordinated body.

Through mental examinations we can obtain an idea of a man's mental capacity. Through physical examinations we can obtain indications as to whether he possesses the required coordination and stamina to fly complex supersonic aircraft.

There is no sure way, however, of gauging a man's motivation for a career as an Air Force officer. We can only assume that each cadet possesses at least a basic amount of motivation. Otherwise, he might have dropped out before completing the battery of medical, scholastic, and airmanship examinations.

It is our task to instill in every cadet, through instruction and by example, a sense of loyalty and devotion to duty which will guide him over a true course throughout his lifetime of service to the United States. We must help each cadet to realize that his own future as an officer in the Air Force and the future of his country bear an unprecedented synonymy.

In recent years, the responsibilities borne by individual air leaders have been multiplied enormously by the power and complexity of modern weapons. The air officer must have the courage, the character, and the patriotism to press home his mission against any

odds. He may be alone in alien skies, thousands of miles from the nearest friendly observer. The success or failure of his mission may depend solely on how deeply his sense of duty is rooted, how firmly his beliefs in and devotion to his country have been established.

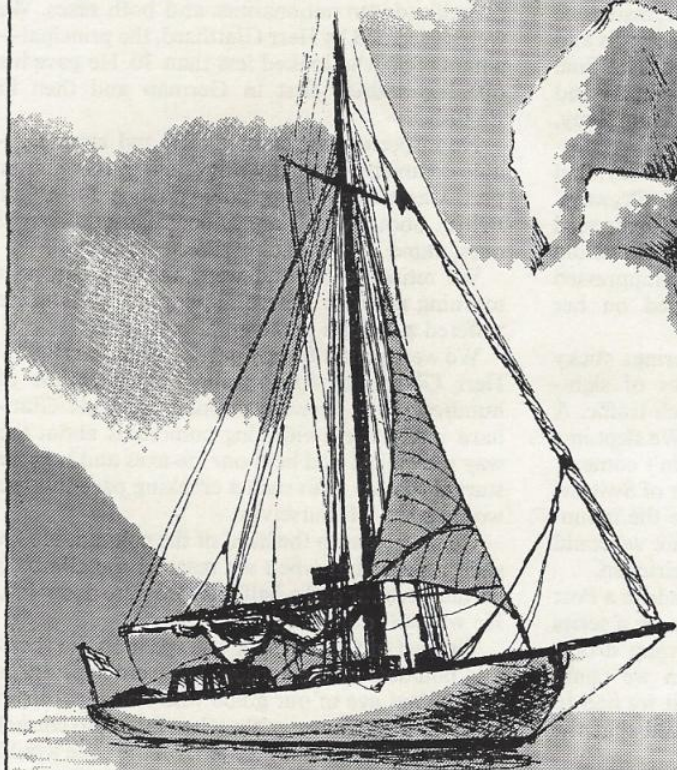
Such a man must not only be courageous and devoted himself; he must also have the ability to organize and lead other men and to instill in them the same high caliber of integrity, courage, and strength of character.

In addition, the man we want at the Air Force Academy must be able to develop great patience and understanding. Repeatedly, the career serviceman must endure long periods of separation from his family, and, through good times and bad, his devotion to duty must survive.

In developing the educational program, a great deal of consideration was given to the diversified attributes required of an Air Force officer today. Most of these attributes are readily discernible. Unimpeachable character, an unflagging sense of duty, and devotion to the best interest of his country are requisites of all officers in any of the services. It is generally recognized also that warfare may be either on a global scale or geographically restricted, that both its technical and non-technical aspects have become more complex, and that Air Force operations call for a high degree of skill, knowledge and judgment. These operations are dictated by military policy and objectives which are based on national policy and objectives. Knowledge of our country and its relations and interactions with foreign countries is essential to effective military action. For these reasons, it is not practical to produce men with a good grasp of strategy and tactics but with no clear concept of the political, social and economic factors which underlie the great problems of our time. To deter or defeat aggression, it is essential to produce men trained for the conduct of war in the broadest sense, because today there is not a facet of governmental structure or economic and social organization which remains untouched in war.

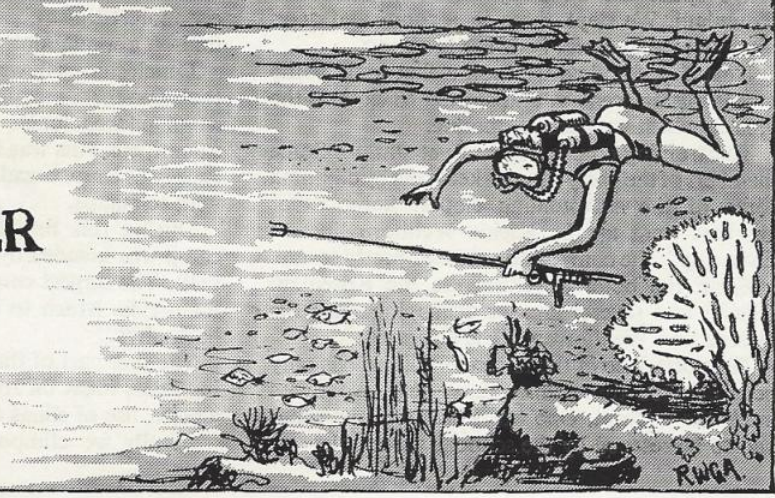
For these reasons, the program which will be offered is unique to the Air Force Academy. No civilian institution offers such a program, and although this program is similar to that of the other two Service Academies, it differs considerably in its emphasis on professional air requirements, as contrasted with land and sea requirements, and in its greater emphasis on the humanities and social sciences. The course of academic study is almost equally balanced between the natural and physical sciences on one hand and the humanities and social sciences on the other.

COLLEGE ACTIVITIES



AND SOCIETIES

SUMMER
1957



Mountaineering in Switzerland

THE section this summer visited the Mountaineering School at Rosenloui, near Meiringen, in the Swiss Alps. It was hoped to obtain an airlift for part of the journey and, when this plan fell through, to hire a Dormobile. However, insurance companies don't think flight cadets good risks and we had to travel on public transport. The final party was made up of Pilot Officer Scouller and Flight Cadets Malin, Andrews, Humphrey, Cleaver and Barlow.

We left London on the morning of Friday, 2nd August, and were flown to Paris by the 'Skyways' Airline. Some members of the party expressed feelings of horror when asked to board a Dakota for the trip. These emotions were suppressed when the attractive stewardess turned on her charm.

We spent eight hours in a sweltering, sticky Paris 'enjoying' the tourist pleasures of sight-seeing and dodging the suicidal French traffic. A ten-hour night rail journey followed. We slept in a cramped corridor and wished we hadn't come.

Dawn arrived in the exhilarating air of Switzerland. We were more than glad to see the mountains. We changed at Interlaken, where we could see the Jungfrau, and went on to Meiringen.

The last stage of the journey was made in a Post bus. The road to Rosenloui seemed to be a series of hairpin bends hanging over yawning drops. The mountains were colossal. When we could divert our attention from the fact that we had to climb these monstrosities we all agreed that the country was very beautiful.

On the way we caught a glimpse of the Reichenback Falls where Sherlock Holmes 'died.'

We spent the Saturday night at the Hotel Rosenloui. We slept three in a room and soon discovered that Swiss beds are too short.

Next day, Sunday, we took a first look at the awe-inspiring scenery, and started to explore the area in which we were to operate.

The training course had not yet started. Some members of the party showed keenness by climbing some of the surrounding slopes. Some other climbers went up the Kleine Wellhorn 'just to limber up.' The competition seemed pretty severe.

From the hotel we could see the Rosenloui Glacier and several famous peaks, including the Dossen and Wellhorn and the Kingspitz.

The north face of the Kleine Wellhorn has only been climbed three times. Last year two Swiss made the attempt. One was killed and the other had to be rescued by the school's principal.

The weather this first day was crystal clear. It was to remain good for the rest of the week.

The training course officially started on the Sunday evening. There were about thirty climbers of half a dozen nationalities and both sexes. We were welcomed by Herr Glatthard, the principal—a man of 50 who looked less than 30. He gave his opening address first in German and then in English.

He inspected our climbing kit and made suitable comments—usually disparaging, though our party was better equipped than anyone else's. Our British boots, which are larger than continental ones, came in for suitably directed scorn.

We retired early and were awake again next morning at 0630. Before moving off at 0700 we suffered a meagre continental breakfast.

We were split into two parties. Ours was led by Herr Glatthard. After going only a couple of hundred yards we were stopped and Herr Glatthard made some withering comments about the way we walked and held our ice-axes and how we started the day with such a cracking pace that we would soon kill ourselves.

He then went to the head of the column. He set such a pace that when we reached the climbing garden an hour and a half later we were dropping. He was still quite fresh.

The rest of the morning was spent on the rocks and boulders of the garden. We were kept under the vigilant eye of our guide who both instructed and tested us. For example, when failing to correct a faulty technique a timely jerk on the rope would send one clawing and screaming to the bottom. Then we would start all over again.

We were worked quite hard that morning. We encountered just about every problem one could find on a mountain.

Lunch came as a welcome break. This meal took the same form every day. Each climber carried a small packed lunch of fruit, chocolate, cheese, salami, etc. This was augmented by a communal supply of soup, bread, sausages and tea well laced with schnapps.

During this first lunch the small temporary camp was invaded by a herd of alpine cows with bells. The largest cow insisted on taking Cleaver for a ride. Much to everyone's dismay he came back alive.

The first part of the afternoon was spent learning Swiss ideas on roping, belaying, roping on a glacier, use of slings and safety measures.

Finally we climbed a needle of rock, using

pitons. As usual Herr Glatthard climbed it once to show how it could be done and then we were told to get on with it. It was a difficult and dangerous piece of rock and would have been nerve-racking on a mountain.

The journey back to the hotel was a 'tail-chase.' Herr Glatthard led. We arrived at the hotel in a matter of minutes in a state of exhaustion.

Supper was served at 1900 and was good. Our English clothes produced reactions in the Continentals ranging from derision to amusement and unbelief.

During this meal we got to know some of the others. There were three experienced climbers from Coventry and some Americans who were our first acquaintances.

Later we saw some films on climbing and ski-ing. One was taken in the Himalayas of Herr Glatthard and Sherpa Tenzing. Others were taken locally. One showed a party climbing the King-spitz, a jagged peak overlooking the hotel.

It was all very interesting. Then we were told we were to climb that peak by the end of the week. We sat up and took notice. Some of us were appalled by the prospect.

After the films we were told our gradings. During the day we were assessed by the guides. We were now split up into three parties according to ability. The Cranwell contingent plus the three from Coventry made up the first party.

The next day, Tuesday, was spent on the glacier. Part of the route to the ice-fall lay through an underground grotto about a quarter of a mile long. Through it flowed a river fed by the glacier.

It was full of fantastic shapes. There were several active ice-mills. At one point the water's action had carved an elephant's head out of the rock.

We had to pay a small admission charge—the Swiss are quite commercially minded. Our tickets allowed us entry as many times as we liked the next week. So we determined to go through every day even if our destination lay in the opposite direction.

Most of the remaining trek to the glacier was along a well-defined route with nothing particularly hair-raising about it.

We stopped just below the ice-fall after two hours' climbing to brew some tea before going onto the glacier. Although we had crampons they were not used at first. Instead we were shown how to negotiate the broken wonderland of the ice-fall by stepping on any roughness or projection that offered itself.

Soon we were practising step-cutting. We were shown all the different techniques used depending on whether we were ascending, descending or traversing. We were shown how to move correctly—when we didn't we ran into trouble.

At the end of the morning we were given a test. We had to produce good hand and foot holds on a small ice-cliff at the first attempt.

During the afternoon we were introduced to crampons and shown how to walk in them. It was possible to negotiate steep, smooth ice-faces if the crampons were used properly. But carelessness was shown to be highly dangerous.

The best way of walking was with the feet well apart and using a waddling gait. The British party came in for serious criticism at this point for not wearing knickerbockers. Herr Glatthard showed how easy it was to catch the crampon spikes in our loose, flapping trousers.

At about 1730 hours the usual tail-chase down the mountain started. The pace was even harder than the night before, if that were possible. In one place we had to traverse a steep packed snowdrift—a legacy from the previous winter—which tapered off into a sheer drop. Barlow, who was heavily laden, slipped, but saved himself with quick reactions and an ice-axe.

Shortly after we had our first casualty when Humphrey slipped and damaged a knee on some scree. This put him out of action for the next day.

We made it back to the hotel by 1815. As usual we were fed well and during supper got to know the climbers a little better, especially the ladies.

On the third day, Wednesday, we were awake at 0600 and noticed that the strain was beginning to tell. We climbed to the glacier by another route after negotiating the grotto. During the whole week we never went over the same route twice. This time we followed the general line of the stream up a much steeper route. The endless instruction and criticism went on.

The whole day was spent practising and consolidating the things we had learnt the day before. We started on much more dangerous and difficult problems. We found out how to 'walk' inside narrow crevasses with one cramponed foot on either side.

It was a painful way of doing the splits. Also there was no respite. Once started, we had to keep going or fall into the crevasse which disappeared into an eerie blue darkness underneath.

Always present, shouting encouragement or passing withering comments, was Herr Glatthard. Although apparently slow and bear-like in his movements he was terribly alert and missed nothing.

Towards the end of the day we roped-up for glacier work. There is a special technique involved which ensures that if anyone falls into a crevasse there is always enough spare rope to effect a rescue.

Herr Glatthard demonstrated various rescue methods and showed how to deal with different situations, depending on which member of the party was involved and whether he was conscious or not.

For the first part of the journey down we stayed roped in parties of three to give us a little practice. At roughly the half-way point we unroped and the usual mad rush down the mountainside followed.

The other two parties spent this day rock climbing. Among other things, they did some hair-raising abseiling.

Thursday was our last day on the glacier. All three parties were involved. The climb to the ice-fall took the whole morning and some tricky but interesting rock was encountered. It served as a revision period before our assault on the Kingspitz the following day.

Cleaver fell out that morning for medical reasons but was able to rejoin the main party, after they had eaten his lunch, at the ice-fall.

We wasted no time on the ice-fall but went up onto the main glacier which was far less beautiful. Because of the increased danger from crevasses, we were roped-up in threes.

After trekking around on the ice plateau, we were led to a deep fissure. The leading man in each party was told to climb over the edge. Everyone was dismayed.

Events started to move quickly. The second man was suddenly dragged forward by the weight. The stresses of a falling body were easily imagined.

Once the leader had fallen some thirty feet or so we were told to start rescuing him. It was impossible to haul him straight out so we had to apply some of the techniques learned the previous day.

The first rescues took a long while. Especially with Herr Glatthard making disparaging comments and roaring with laughter when things didn't go right and the 'body' slid back into the ice.

By the time the second man went down into the ice, the technique had been mastered. Also, the weather on the glacier deteriorated and we spent some time in low cloud.

The *pièce de résistance* of the course came on the Friday when we climbed the Kingspitz. This peak is about 9,000 feet high. It is part of a ridge of peaks called the Mittel Gruppe.

We started an hour earlier than usual at 0600. It took about two hours to gain the main ridge. We stopped for a short period to eat and prepare for the main climb. We left our rucksacks and spare equipment and took only the basic essentials. We roped in parties of three for the main climb.

Soon we were working along a traverse with several hundred feet of nothing underneath when our guide called out cheerfully for us to 'be careful, someone was killed here last year.' It left us twitching.

On the whole the climb was quite easy but at times we had moments of 'strong emotion.' It took seven hours to reach the top. Five hours of which were spent climbing just below the main ridge.

At the top we found a 'Visitors' Book' in a tin box, which we all signed. Apparently about five hundred people climb the Kingspitz every year. We had been resting on the top for about a quarter of an hour when two bodies popped up over the edge. They had just climbed the most difficult way.

They were two experienced climbers. They spent the night with us at the hotel before going on to the Eiger to give a hand with the rescue operations that made the headlines at that time.

The journey down took only five hours. We did some abseiling and practised our techniques. Herr Glatthard was forever coaching us. He never let up once.

The last hour of the descent was accomplished in low cloud and torrential rain. We arrived back soaked, but very happy to have completed the course successfully.

Only one thing was left—the practising of rescue operations. We did this the following morning, Saturday. After lunch we were given our Mountain School badges and the course dispersed.

Some went back to their own countries but a few stayed on to go on tours of the High Alps. Scouler and Humphrey spent Saturday night at the hotel. Cleaver went on to Interlaken and Malin to Paris. Andrews and Barlow left on a hitch-hiking tour of France. But this was cut short and we all rendezvoused in Paris on Monday morning.

England was as usual covered in low stratus—sheltering from the rain. The weeks in the Alps had left something. As we looked up through the fog that covered Kent we could still see, genuinely see, mountains towering all round us.

J.M.C.

Sub-Aqua Club in Jersey

Being an inside story of the English Channel

The Sub-Aqua section of the Cadets' Activities Organization paid a week's visit to St Helier, hosted and accommodated by the Sub-Aqua Club of Jersey. The following is a more or less accurate account of those eight days.

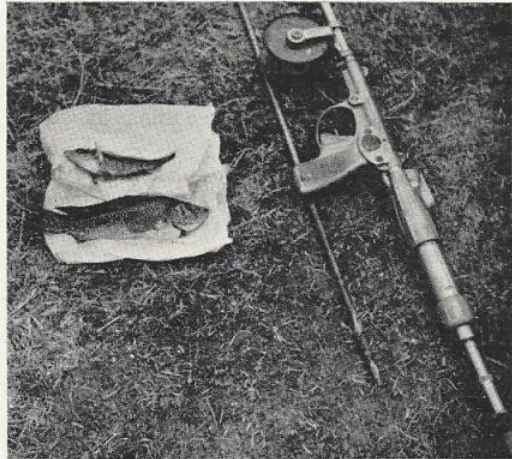
The party met at Tangmere on the Friday morning, some having flown from Barkston, the rest having come, at the cost of a railway ticket and two raincoats lost, by more mundane methods of transport. (I should have said nearly all the party met, one member had sent a telegram in place of his person—'Broke—not coming.')

When the Valetta had landed us in Jersey, we stowed our luggage, took lunch at one of the higher eating places of St Helier (sausage, chips and tea, 2s.), then scoured the town for car-hire firms offering reasonable rates. Having all hired our bicycles we spent the remainder of the afternoon swimming or lying on the beach ostensibly sunbathing, in fact engaged in silent appreciation of life from beneath the cover of pairs of sun-glasses.

The evening's plan was to go to a hotel dance, where we had previously reserved a table. We arrived there with only one member missing (last seen sadly contemplating an empty glass in one of the later bars we happened (?) to come across on our way). Apart from two of the party being invited to leave another hotel after engaging the pianist in brilliant repartee, nothing more untoward occurred during the evening.

The following morning we cycled the nine-odd miles to Petit Port where, we were assured, we would find as many fish as we could cope with. (It was not really that they had a poor opinion of our abilities, how were they to know we would only see six and a jellyfish between us let alone get near enough to one to harpoon it?) The afternoon was again spent either worshipping Apollo or trying to get the knack of not breathing in when one's schnorkel tube was under water. The party split up in the evening, each person trying in his own way to establish a footing on the island. We had noticed the preceding evening that wherever we went in St Helier we were followed by illuminated signs inviting us to 'Ask for MARY ANN.' Soon after establishing that we did not have to precede this request by the usual two knocks we came across a sign reading, by some strange chance of electrical failure, 'Ask for M R Y AN' which made at least one of our party feel wanted.

Affected maybe by the preceding day's apparent emigration of marine life and certainly affected by the fact that Jersey's alcohol is tax-free and that licensing hours are more conducive to hangovers than at home, the party awoke on Sunday morning (helped by the mating calls of two frustrated tugs), realized that it was raining and decided that whatever were the inadequacies of the club-room floor it was worth enduring them a little longer than to venture outside. The need for breakfast eventually aroused those with stomachs and sufficient money left to provide for them, and another day began (for us that is; the rest of the population had started theirs some hours earlier).



A little later our host, Mr Scriven, president of the Jersey Sub-Aqua Club, arrived with the suggestion that we should venture out in the Club's boat, *Sea King*. We did not seek far, however, the short run to the harbour mouth, although failing to damp our enthusiasm, succeeded admirably in soaking our clothes. Voyage abandoned. Whilst on the boat we learned of the habits of conger eels and sting rays directed against the welfare of the underwater fisherman; the general opinion was that if we saw anything longer than a three-pound mullet we would flipper our way shorewards at a considerable rate of knots without bothering to find out if it were bellicose—as someone put it, his path would be washed by the biggest division of waters since Moses.

The weather having cleared up we were moved by car to Gorey in the afternoon where we hoped to get in on a salvage operation. Unfortunately

there was not room in the salvage boats so we went swimming instead. It was here that two of our members were given opportunities to test their respective temerity and skill. After about a quarter of an hour of underwater activity a masked and schnorkeled figure with outstretched arms emerged from the depths some twenty yards out to sea, invoked the Deity and announced to all assembled on the beach that he had just seen a sanguinary great fish 'this size,' then disappeared below the surface, presumably to investigate further this Kraken of the Channel Islands. That was this particular member's first and last encounter with the denizens of the deep (or, as far as we can make out, with any other sort of rockfish).

The skill was exhibited by another member who speared the first fish of the week single-handed, although it took two people to bring the brute to land—a fully grown one pound seven ounce bass. Alas for masculine prestige! One Rowena, a Jersey Club member, harpooned a six-pound mullet five minutes later in the same stretch of water. Oh, well, these things happen to the best of us.

The majority of the party spent their evening in the club-room drinking in other people's anecdotes and Coca-Cola. (What the minority did we shall never know.)

The next morning was such that those who did submerge soon reappeared bewailing the lack of fish, visibility and immersion heaters. After having lunch in a café where we had become particularly well known (maybe because we would insist on playing 'Last Train to San Fernando' on the juke-box every time we went in) we cycled to Gorey again.

Passing through the outskirts of St Helier several of the party were found to have dim recollections of having been there before. ('Now was it last night, or could it have been Saturday?') When we arrived a few people went in but experienced much the same difficulty as in the morning in finding obliging fish. On the way back we decided to bring culture to south-east Jersey and entertained the inhabitants with harmonious renderings of songs well known among the lower fraternity, at the same time cycling in a formation that would have done credit to No. 111 Squadron.

The evening was spent as before in different ways by different people, or rather in the same way by different people in different places. We found that it was not policy to bestow our company *en bloc* on any one place.

Tuesday morning was too miserable to do more than practise bar-billiards and sleep; by this time

most of us were reduced to sending one of our number out to buy rolls for breakfast, so only one person had to get wet. The afternoon, soon upon us, was spent in much the same way, although a few of the more energetic members managed to find a cinema and relaxed in Marilyn's company for a few hours.

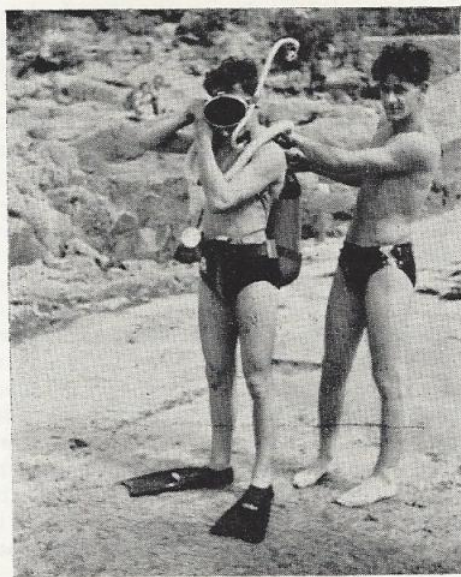
After a 'Jersey Cream Tea' and being informed that we were about to miss the last train (to San Fernando of course), we spent the remainder of the day in our own inimitable search for pleasure. We had found by this time, incidentally, that underwater fishing stories are far more effective than those the common angler has to offer and can be inserted in general dance-floor conversation at well-chosen intervals to obtain the required effect. Early next morning we all converged on the club-house from our chosen quarters of the town at about the same time, some elated, others muttering obscenities about certain Italian waiters, new M.Gs, Aspros and other apparent irrelevancies.

The following day was finer and we cycled out to La Poulante, arriving just about in time for lunch (*croissants et beurre*, as in the best places), which we ate whilst waiting for the sea to reappear. When it eventually turned up most of us went in fishing, but only two unfortunate and rather small fish fell victims to the spear, and were removed from their native element and photographed—the others swam blissfully unaware of the publicity their erstwhile companions were receiving. (Why is it that so many fish attempt to achieve fame by only approaching when you are struggling to reload your harpoon, so becoming the ones that got away?)

On arriving back in St Helier the 'Jersey Cream Tea Boys' paid another visit to the juke-box and threepence for the privilege. (The waitress who thus dubbed us was, we found later, a Manchester University psychological student in disguise—some disguise.)

By about eight o'clock we had all disappeared from the club-house, but we were all there again when we came to—late on Thursday morning, so presumably all had spent a legal but otherwise enjoyable evening. It was not until the afternoon when several members of the Jersey Club appeared with cars that anyone did anything more energetic than get up. The cars carried us to Petit Port where we again submerged. Two members, determined not to return without having caught something, each made a contribution towards increasing the infant fish mortality rate; no sizeable fish were caught, however, although many were seen.

We went straight back from Petit Port (one member in the back of a road-works lorry, the rest by car) to the club-house where we began clearing away our débris in preparation for the dance-cum-social the club was holding in our honour. The affair was certainly social and everyone enjoyed the evening. Mr Scriven had an agreeable working arrangement—he provided the rum or gin, we supplied the attendant Coca-Cola or orange. Halfway through the evening someone, feeling the need for more feminine support, telephoned a hotel and eventually persuaded the management there to Tannoy for three non-resident girls he knew would be dancing there—'Would Jean, Helen or Sheila from Aberdeen please come to the telephone?' Unfortunately,



Jean, Helen and Sheila (from Aberdeen) were otherwise engaged but, nevertheless, it was a brave effort.

After the speeches of thanks had been made and the dance ended, all those that were free to do so paid a final visit to the San Fernando terminus for coffee. We returned and were preparing for bed when someone rushed in with the news that he thought he had seen a car perched with its front end over the jetty wall just across the harbour. All rushed out to help it on its way but found that it in fact had all wheels firmly on the deck, the previous impression having been caused by an optical illusion (in turn caused by a strong gin haze forming over the water). The only other thing that caused consternation about our investigation was the fact that one member

in his haste to help a fellow being had emerged into the night and the street-lighting without his trousers. He retired in confusion and underpants but soon reappeared riding a bicycle—that, apparently, was much better.

On the Friday we gathered together our baggage, returned 12 rather worse-for-wear bicycles (and collected our eagerly awaited deposits), restored the club-house to comparative order, bade farewell to those club members who had come to see us off—to Jane, Margery, Mary, Mr Scriven, Jane, Denis, Margery, Eric, Mary—and drove off to the airport. We located our 'Pig' and carried our luggage to it on a trolley 'borrowed' from B.E.A.—'Are you flying B.E.A., Sir?' 'Oh, no, Barkston Airways' (trolley disappears into middle distance).

We took off. The inhabitants of Jersey jingled our money in their pockets, unchained their daughters and settled down to face the long peace until we return.

A.C.L.

Summer Cruise to the Channel Islands

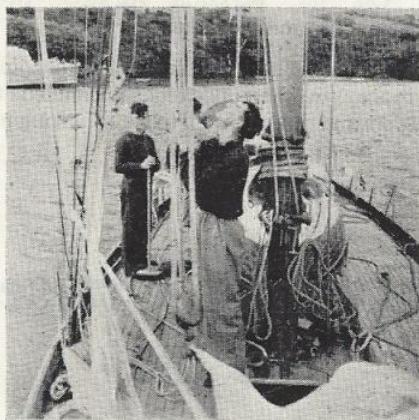
On an unusually bright day in early August a party of five cadets arrived at the small town of Salcombe in South Devon. We were met at the club-house of the Island Cruising Club by the club secretary, who is known locally as 'Jonah.' He escorted us to the launch which was to carry us across Salcombe harbour to the cutter *Nicolette* which was to be our living quarters for the next seven days.

We were met on board by the cook who represented the skipper, then on shore for a spot of leave before his next cruise. The cook lost no time in displaying a business-like attitude towards the organization of the ship and had all our kit stowed away in the proper places right away. The neatness of the ship was soon to suffer as the holiday spirit made itself felt among the crew.

On the afternoon of our arrival the weather began to change and by 5 o'clock there was a gale blowing outside the harbour. That evening some time was spent ashore exploring the little town of

Salcombe and it was noticed by the majority of the crew that on returning to *Nicolette* the decks seemed to be pitching at a far greater angle than before; whether this was due to an increased wave motion in the bay or other reasons I am not prepared to say. The next day showed no letting up in the weather and it was decided that we should remain in harbour yet another night. The one bright spot of the day was provided by the arrival of the ship's skipper who turned out to be a retired army major who proceeded to impress us with his vast nautical knowledge and to establish our confidence in him.

Next morning we were introduced to the ship's rigging and went through our sail drill which



ended in quite a battle of ropes between many eager, inexperienced hands. However, by 10.30 on Monday morning everything was set and we slipped anchor and made out of harbour under plain sail. Although the ship was equipped with a motor which would have taken us out of harbour in half the time we eventually took, the skipper informed us that it was 'not on' to use it when it was at all possible to sail.

For the first couple of hours the weather remained fair and we were able to log $4\frac{1}{2}$ knots with the topsail set. The crew was divided into three watches and were to spend three hours in charge of the ship. This involved steering a steady course, at the time roughly south-south-east, making changes in the set of the sails under the skipper's instructions and learning something about nautical navigation, again under the skipper's instructions. Later the wind freshened to force 5 and the spinnaker jib was set. This was an extremely impressive spectacle as the erection of this enormous sail took five pairs of hands and nearly cost us a man overboard. With 'all canvas' set our speed increased to 6 knots and

the job of the helmsman became a lot more exacting as he had to keep four sails full all the time.

Thus we continued throughout the day, enjoying some very good sailing along with some very good meals which the cook produced at regular intervals. Although the sea was rather rough throughout the journey none of the enjoyment was lost through sea sickness, a fact which the skipper claimed proved the ship's seaworthiness. Our first landfall was the Casquets lighthouse, which was sighted at 2108 hours. We were still making a good 6 knots in a fresh north-westerly wind and the skipper decided to take in the spinnaker jib which had done a noble job of work. With the spinnaker on deck we altered course and made for St Peter Port on the island of Guernsey, arriving at the northern breakwater of the harbour at 0130 hours. There we dropped anchor and sails and were thankful to get into our bunks for some much-needed sleep.

Early on Tuesday morning we weighed anchor and motored into St Peter Port which was crowded with yachts of every nationality. Winding our way through the maze of moored boats we made for the harbour wall where we tied up alongside. The idea was to make her fast in such a way that she would be resting on the bottom and leaning against the wall when the tide went out; in St Peter Port the tide rises and falls some 25 feet, so that when the tide did go out at midday *Nicolette* was high and dry upright on the mud. Our activity for the day was to be an anti-fouling operation, so at the right moment the crew climbed down onto the mud armed with brooms and anti-fouling paint and got to work on the moss-covered hull. Three hours later work had to be abandoned as the tide began to flood the bay and saved the day.

That evening we made plans for a trip to the island of Herm the next day, and after arranging to have one of the harbour pilots, a friend of the skipper's, to come with us and do the navigation, we set out to explore the various places of interest in St Peter Port.

The next day, Wednesday, we awoke at a reasonable hour to hear the beating of rain on the skylight and the whistling of wind in the rigging. The early morning weather report promised gales and thunderstorms, and for once it was completely right: we were thankful to be safely in port and did not think twice about putting off our trip to Herm. So another day of inactivity, as far as sailing went, was spent in port. This, however, gave us ample opportunity to get ashore to follow up any arrangements that might

have been made the night before and to take advantage of the duty-free facilities in the town.

The skipper was determined to get out of port the next day, so, heedless of the reports of gales around the English coast, we cast off from St Peter Port and made out of harbour under stay-sail and a much-reefed mainsail. No sooner had we ventured out from behind the protecting walls of the harbour than the gale hit us. Still we pressed on for Herm, pounding through a heavy sea which got everything wet, including lunch.



We were being pushed along at a good 6 knots by a gale-force wind. After 20 minutes of this exhilarating sailing the skipper decided that we could come to no good and decided to make for shelter, and so back to St Peter Port we went.

Friday morning dawned bright and clear but with little subsidence of the wind, this was blowing from the north-east a few points off our return route. However, we decided to make a go of it as we had to be back in Salcombe by Saturday to meet the crew that was to take over from us. We set sail from Guernsey at midday with the main-sail reefed right down and a storm jib set. Even with this limited sail set the wind was fresh enough to blow us along at a good 5-6 knots and the bow wave was seen to splash 20-25 feet away from the boat at times. Night came on and still the wind held, we were making good a course which was taking us towards Portland Bill, about 45 miles east of Salcombe. So the night wore on with little change in the weather or the course; watches, however, continued to change at three-hour intervals when two reluctant hands were shaken from warm bunks to take a turn at the helm.

Dawn broke when we were within sight of Berry Head lighthouse, a great deal farther west than we had estimated. The skipper put this down to a favourable tide. This meant that we had

20 miles to go for Salcombe, but this was dead into wind and we would have to tack. So it was that five tacks and four hours later found us sailing into Salcombe harbour, having a late breakfast and preparing to receive an amiable Customs' officer who cleared us with the boat, leaving us to depart in many different directions to continue our leave.

C.R.P.

Gliding at Camphill

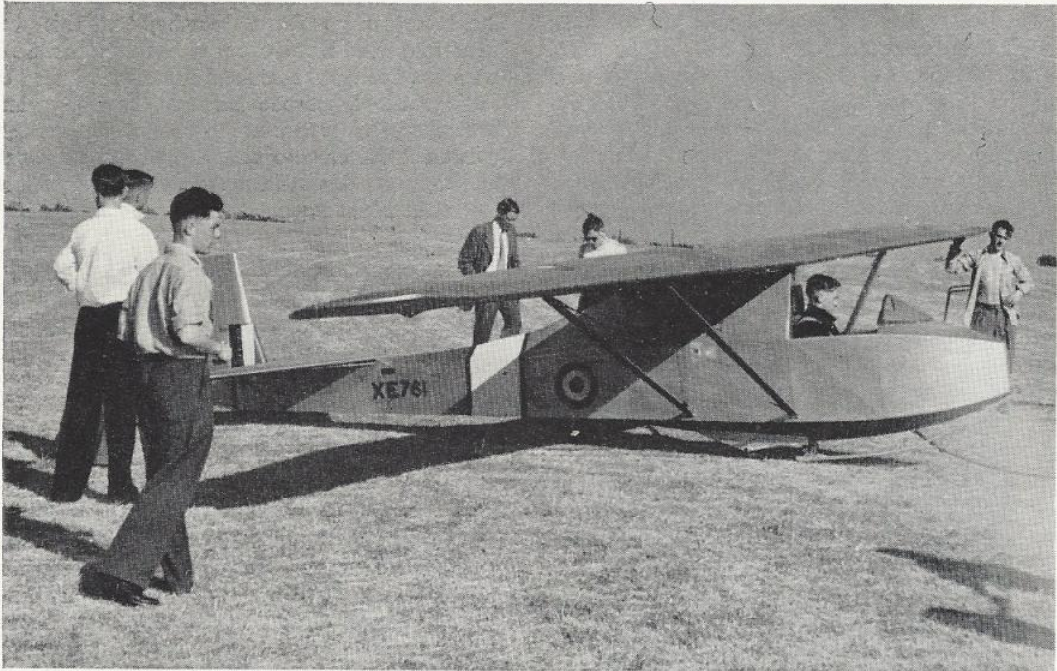
In spite of having had the Graduation Ball only the night before the Gliding Section got off to a surprisingly early start at 1100 hours. On the Wednesday morning an assortment of vehicles left Cranwell for Camphill, including such renowned specimens as Bob Manning's red Morris and Chalmers-Watson's car of uncertain parentage.

The sleepy quietness of the Derbyshire hill-tops was rudely shattered sometime around 4 o'clock in the afternoon. From then on until 14th August it was obvious, even to a stranger, that Cranwell was in residence. In spite of having lost our proper officer *i/c*, who had been called away for a few days at the last moment, things soon got going; and from the midst of blankets, Tilley lamps and gliders, not to mention flight cadets, four tents appeared in a surprisingly short time. (Memories of Survival Camp.)

The evening was fine and warm and the club aircraft were soaring in a light westerly wind. Everybody thought that there would be plenty of ridge soaring during the next two weeks and so we went about rigging the gliders in a leisurely way. How mistaken we all were!

The weather during the next two days was anti-cyclonic and, with only a light north-easterly wind (the hill at Camphill faces west) and very little thermal activity, there were only three flights of over ten minutes. Strachan had the best flight which lasted 45 minutes. This was the last day of really enjoyable weather we had. During the next few days it either rained or the conditions were so calm that we hardly flew at all in order to save petrol for the anticipated cross-country retrieving, and also to save the gliders from damage caused by the resulting high landing speeds.

The next reasonable soaring day was Tuesday, 6th August, when for a period of about 1½ hours



the wind mercifully consented to blow from the west. Woodford managed to stay up for 46 minutes, thereby gaining his 'C' certificate, together with Whitting who had 19 minutes. Brian Rea turned up intending to stay for a few days but hastily returned home amidst low cloud and drizzle on his second day.

We next flew on the 9th, but there was no soaring to be had. However, at about 0530 hours on the 10th one poor chap got up to the tune of an alarm clock to see if there was a westerly wind. For the first time in the last ten days the windsock was billowing out towards the east. The camp sprang to life and the keener members were up in a surprisingly short space of time. But they need not have bothered because the scudding clouds were only just above the hill-top. This was an excuse for some to crawl back to bed! However, by 0930 hours cloud base had lifted and so Flight Lieutenant Taylor and Pilot Officer Cowley were sent off to attempt their five-hour flights. Meanwhile, the Prefect glider was reserved for the remainder of the party. In it Mitchell and Chalmers-Watson gained their 'C' certificates with flights of 30 minutes. Several times during the morning Pilot Officer Cowley and Flight Lieutenant Taylor were forced down low by rain and on one of these occasions Cowley encountered a violent downdraught and wind gradient while trying to make a quick circuit in to land and, unfortunately, spun the aircraft in. The wreckage

was really very impressive and Cowley was probably lucky to escape with only a fractured leg. While all this was going on on the ground Flight Lieutenant Taylor completed his five hours, being the only person to do so at the camp. Later in the day Smith managed to get below the level of the hill-top and had to make a rather undignified landing in the valley field below. The local farmer was subdued with an offering of 5s. However, by the look on his face, he had obviously been hoping for 10s.!

The next day gave us a few hours of ridge soaring but nothing outstanding, the longest flights being both 22 minutes. The last two days gave us dull weather and so we just flew for the sake of it, an uninspiring end to a camp that had to depend entirely on the weather and hence, like cricket, suffered.

It must seem obvious that with so little gliding we must have had an excess of spare time. For those who are still interested we spent it in various ways, some of us went pot-holing nearby, others retired to the bar while the remainder went dancing and then to the local cinemas, in that order. And, of course, there were the gallant few who stayed behind trying to urge their cars to produce more horses so that they, too, could navigate the Derbyshire slopes and hence escape from the damp and foggy hill-top to civilization below.

J.D.

Pot-holing in the Mendips

During the Summer leave the Pot-holing Section sent a party to visit the caves in the Cheddar district of Somerset. The expedition started on 23rd August and the members made their way to the village of Priddy Green by several devious routes. One carload in particular made the hair-raising descent into Cheddar Gorge and then discovered that they had to turn round and go back up again. The language was rather choice.

Eventually the separate members of the expedition all drifted into the local for much-needed evening refreshment, and by 9 o'clock everyone had arrived. Accommodation was found in a nearby barn which, with a little ingenuity, was made quite comfortable.

Next morning, after a hasty breakfast of corned-beef hash, the party collected together all the equipment and decided to tackle Swildon's Hole. This very interesting pot-hole was only about half a mile from base camp. It is two miles long and over 400 feet deep. It gave much useful experience to the uninitiated, and parts were good practice even for the best climbers. On the first day, however, nothing difficult was attempted. Energies were devoted to tackling-up the first, or 40-ft, pitch. The cope ladders proved very bulky and awkward to transport underground in contrast to the metal gear used by some pot-holers. The party came up after about three hours, very wet and rather cold, but also extremely impressed by what they had seen of the cave. The evening was spent in Wells where everyone took the chance to relax.

On the Sunday morning Harrington paid a surprise visit. Large numbers of other pot-holers were seen converging on Swildon's Hole so it was decided to go underground in the evening when the hole would be less congested. This decision taken, the party again went off to Wells, this time with Harrington in tow. The party went underground at 4 o'clock in the afternoon and made good time to the first pitch which was already tackled-up. From here a very uneven passage and inclined rift were followed to the second pitch. This was laddered and the party was soon down it. A rough passage with many small pots and waterfalls came next, and after clambering along this for about half a mile a choice of routes was seen. Apparently the easiest way was up the side of a sloping mud cliff, but once at the top a quick glance made it obvious that this was *not* the way. There was a 40-ft drop to the water and rocks

below. By this time cold was beginning to affect most of the party so a quick return to the surface was made.

Next day, Coriat had to leave to return to Cranwell, but the rest went down and explored a small branching system, inside the main cave, called Barnes' Loop. This was very difficult to find. Once found, it was quite tricky to enter as the entrance was a tight squeeze. However, once inside, the effort was worthwhile. Some beautiful stalactite formations were seen of an almost pure white colour. Luckily a less tiring exit was found, and the party returned to the surface after four hours, wishing they had taken a flashlight camera with them.

Next morning found the party underground by 9 o'clock. They decided to explore the Paradise Lost series, branching off the main passage. The entrance was high up on the left-hand wall, and once entered the series was found to be difficult and tiring. Good time was made, however, until a very tight bedding-plane was reached. This meant crawling through mud and extremely cold water several inches deep. A little farther on several notices were found carrying warnings of unsafe roofs, so the party returned to the main passage. They decided to explore this as far as possible and eventually reached a pot or sump where the passage went under water. As no suitable equipment was available the party had to return to the surface.

The expedition had by this time explored as much of the Swildon's Hole system as possible with their equipment. Tite and Simmons decided to leave next morning for Lisdoonvarna to do some cave surveying. The remainder of the party spent the day in removing ladders and ropes which had been left underground from the previous days. This proved most awkward and extremely hard work. Everybody returned to the barn very tired and spent the evening recovering in the local.

By next morning the equipment had dried out and it was packed into sacks. These were taken into Wells and sent to Cranwell by rail. The party broke up and returned home after a most enjoyable and successful meet.

I.B.

Canoeing

This term marked the Canoeing Section's entry into serious competition. Most encouraging results were obtained, and a third, a fourth and

two sixth places in important long-distance races were earned. Prominent members were Youd/de Garis, Bentley/Ticehurst and Lewis/Steele. Several members went on week-end canoeing trips on the Trent which were most enjoyable.

With its feet firmly on the rungs of the competitive ladder, the Canoeing Section looks forward to the coming term with high hopes.

I.B.

Fine Arts

This term brought with it a change of command and Squadron Leader Wood took over as the officer in charge until the start of the Rugby season. This change was caused by the departure to Malaya of Flight Lieutenant Burn. Flight Lieutenant Burn ran the society from the depths of the black Navigation Huts with great efficiency and inventiveness for a considerable time.

Travel to Lincoln was made easier by the use of Service transport, and the light and weather made outdoor sketching possible if not the continuation of other pursuits. The Lincoln School of Art has now moved to another building and although not a new construction it provides even better facilities and wider scope. It was hoped that the society could be made more representative of the College. Towards this end the possibility of a group membership of the Society of Aviation Artists was discussed. As a result of enquiries made at the opening of the Society of Aviation Artists Exhibition in London during the Summer leave it is unlikely that anything other than individual membership will be acceptable.

R.W.G.A.

Dramatics

For the first time in many years the term passed without the production of a full-length play. However, the society was by no means inactive. Play readings were well supported and proved to be very popular. *The Lady's Not For Burning*, by Christopher Fry, the play which was originally to be produced this term, was read and thoroughly enjoyed by all who attended. A reading also took place of the play *Off the Record*, by Ian Hay.

Towards the end of June a small party of members visited London to see *Waltz of the Toreadors* at the Criterion Theatre, Piccadilly. The author, M. Anouilh, seems to use his play more to produce amusing or dramatic situations than to point any morals. The principal character, Général St Pé, hero or villain; through his habit of pursuing any woman in the vicinity with

dishonourable intent, finds himself in some extremely involved situations. This play was very amusing in a light-hearted way and the acting was extremely good. The party left the theatre sure in the knowledge that they would remember more than the haunting music 'Waltz of the Toreadors.' A larger number of members visited Lincoln to see the repertory company's production of Peter Ustinov's *Romanoff and Juliet*, where they had an excellent evening's entertainment.

Although no full-length play was produced this term two one-act plays were presented informally on two evenings. *The Talisman*, an American drama by Percival Wilde, was produced by Flight Cadet Rea, and the comedy by G. B. Shaw, *Press Cuttings*, set in the early years of this century, was produced by Flight Cadet Atkins. The production of one-act plays was a new venture on the part of the section, one which might be well worth repeating.

In all its activities the section was well supported by the greatly increasing number of members.

D.G.

Riding

This term riding has proved to be quite popular. Unfortunately very little encouragement was received from the more senior entries in the College, most of the support being given by the pentathlon team, 75 and 76 entries.

Mr Edgeley stood the members of the College pentathlon team in good stead by devoting a lot of time and trouble to their riding instruction. Before the match he went so far as to say that the team's riding was the strongest it had been for a number of years. This was proved by the points scored in the riding at Sandhurst.

It was hoped that a party of flight cadets would go pony trekking during the summer vacation. However, although enquiries were started during the Easter vacation and continued right up to the end of the Summer term, it was impossible to find any accommodation. This was due to the growing popularity of the sport and it would be advisable for any future enthusiasts to make arrangements early in the new year.

In closing, it should be mentioned that flight cadets are failing to realize what a golden opportunity they are missing by not partaking more freely of this activity. Facilities are not as good outside the College and the cost per ride is at least doubled. It is sincerely hoped that next term, with hunting and an entirely new Jorrocks Trophy Competition, the support of riding will increase considerably.

B.I.M.

Jazz Club

The Jazz Club began its now usual activities early this term and within the first week of term the band, skiffle group and 50 supporters visited Eaton Hall, Retford. The concert was received very well despite the fact that the clarinettist was taken by the 1st XI and a replacement could not be found within 25 miles.

On a Wednesday, one month later, a similar concert and dance was arranged for Lincoln Training College and this too was received most enthusiastically by the students. The Jazz Club in general noticed that they have a remarkable way of making visitors welcome.

A return social visit was made at the invitation of their Jazz Club a fortnight later, on 19th June, and 30 flight cadets were entertained by them, the music being provided by another visiting band from Nottingham University.

Generous grants from the College Society have enabled the band to equip itself almost completely at last, and a compliment was paid to the College Jazz Club later in the term by Retford Teachers' Training College. The play *Everyman* was being produced at a High Level Course in Drama at Eaton Hall, and the skiffle group were asked if they would provide a modern setting to the opening of the play. It was unfortunate that it was a weekday and permission was not granted.

The second half of the term was occupied by exams and activities were curtailed. Perhaps it was a chance to rest on our laurels—until next term.

N.G.S.

Sailing Section

For the first time for many years the Sailing Section retained an undefeated record, a success which has coloured all our activities since. Welbeck, Sandhurst, H.M.S. *Worcester* and Thorney Island have all felt the effect of our new vigour, although the tactics demonstrated at Dartmouth still show a need for improvement. We may see this fulfilled at Dover College and against Dartmouth this term. Activity in all fields was at its highest, for with all our boats serviceable for at least part of the term, and our own transport at last, many cadets (and several officers) were able to sail on sports afternoons and Sundays. The Treasurer left off his desk work to star in a sequence of capsizing 'shots' taken by the Secretary for use next winter in lectures, and causing no less amusement than annoyance to the local angling club. The Captain brought back great honours from the Flying Training and

Inter-Command Championships in London, an account of which can be read elsewhere. A few members took part in Trent Sailing Club races but, we wonder, why so few? Now that everything is laid on for a late session at Farndon it is felt that more members might take part socially in our hosts' activities and justify our presence a little more—there are plenty of attractions! A new feature was evident during the Summer leave, the taking of a College dinghy to Portsmouth where several of our members used her. This procedure is not expensive, and is open to all in the section and well worth doing.

Other leave activities may be read of elsewhere, but the first week of the cruise of *Sperling* should be mentioned. In spite of being stormbound for four out of seven days, what little sailing we did get was very great fun, and we managed to visit Cowes and Portsmouth harbours from our base at Hamble. A great deal was learnt in the art of handling such a thoroughbred racer, and many social connections were made in the area, paving the way for future club activities there.

Finally, we should like to extend a warm welcome to Flight Lieutenant Todd, whose keen interest and advice, added to those of Squadron Leader Mair, in cruising, and of Lieutenant-Commander Shaw as Admiral, have been greatly appreciated.

D.G.W.

The Sub-Aqua Club

Since the club was formed a year ago many of its members have become proficient in the art of skin diving and the use of the aqualung. A tentative visit to Jersey was made in the summer of 1956 and proved so popular that the club purchased an aqualung with the intention of becoming proficient in its technique before attempting a second expedition to Jersey this summer.

The aqualung arrived at the beginning of term and the training programme commenced with a demonstration of all types of underwater equipment: this was given by the Nottingham Branch of the British Sub-Aqua Club.

For the remainder of the term the aqualung was used in the swimming bath and, under the guidance of Curtin and Carlton, some 15 cadets were familiarized with the equipment.

During the visit of the U.S.A.F. Academy a number of the American cadets made use of the aqualung and were so impressed that a 'Sub-Aqua Club of the U.S.A.F. Academy' was virtually formed on the spot.

Next summer we shall be looking farther afield, and with the help of the Jersey Sub-Aqua Club we hope to go either to Spain or Gibraltar.

We wish to express our thanks to Wing Commander Mugford and Flight Lieutenant Walmsley whose help and encouragement have established the club, and to the members of the Jersey Sub-Aqua Club who have gone to great lengths to pass on their knowledge and experience.

T.W.G.C.

Motor Club Report

Outside activities of the club were severely restricted during the petrol rationing, but as soon as this curse was lifted it was decided to hold some form of rally as soon as possible. Because of the limited experience of both organizers and competitors a treasure hunt seemed the ideal event for a first venture. This gave club members a gentle introduction to rallying and provoked, we hope, a more intense interest in this sort of activity. It was unfortunate that sections of the College were involved in moving from one mess to the other on the chosen date and were unable to take part. However, we did not lack enthusiastic support and those who did take part seemed keen to participate again.

For some time now there has been a demand for a workshop in which minor repairs and maintenance can be carried out. The club has recognized this need and is in the process of fitting out such a workshop for the use of its members.

Among the activities planned for this term is a full-blooded road rally. The route has been planned by Flight Lieutenant Kemp and the systems used are designed to introduce competitors to true rallying techniques.

We welcome new members from the junior entries, many of whom have already displayed considerable interest in the activities of the club.

D.M.W. & A.E.T.

Gliding Section

The Summer term was by no means unsuccessful for the Gliding Section. A good start was made during the first week-end, when Flight Cadet Delafield made a cross-country flight of 74 miles and Flight Cadet Rae one of 37 miles, the former being a new College record.

Owing to the period of petrol rationing there had been no gliding during the previous term so that the Summer term started with several members of 76 Entry who had yet to go solo. However, by the end of term, we managed some 19 first solos of whom ten were from 76 Entry. Six

people also managed to obtain their 'C' certificates with flights of over 15 minutes' duration. One person managed this on the afternoon of his first solo.

Owing to the number of afternoons during the term when there was no thermal activity, several people decided to spend their time on aerobatics. Indeed, the number of aerobatic flights this term probably exceeded any other term by far.

The tragedy of the term occurred when it was found that the Grunau was suffering from glue failure so that in the interests of safety it was grounded to be used for spares only. However, we hope that it will shortly be replaced by another Prefect.

The Gliding Section is trying its best to persuade the College to give it the money for a new high-performance glider. Although this fight has been going on for some time, with the loss of two of our aircraft through old age, it has now been taken up with even more vigour. We trust that we will soon see the fruits of our efforts. In the meantime we are continuing to make full use of our remaining aircraft and, already, plans are in full swing for our Easter and summer camps.

A.L.R.

Royal Air Force Regatta

Senior Flight Cadet Delap was invited to sail for R.A.F. Cranwell, and in the Individual Championship, at the F.T.C. Regatta.

The regatta began on the day after the Graduation Ball, and to arrive in time for the first race the journey from Cranwell was begun at 0430 hours. This left little time for any sleep, and an aspirin and black coffee came in very useful on arrival at the Welsh Harp, Hendon. The Individual Championship was sailed off first, in very light airs, and a first and a fourth were obtained in the first two races. Owing to a misunderstanding the third race was sailed while S.F.C. Delap was otherwise engaged.

Next day, after a comfortable night at R.A.F. Uxbridge, saw the Inter-Station racing. Each station was represented by three boats, of which both the helm and the crew had to come from the station. R.A.F. Cranwell and R.A.F. Thorney Island were both disqualified owing to lack of suitable crew, but raced against each other (Cranwell winning) while the other stations raced for the Cup.

On the showing of the Flying Training Command Regatta, S.F.C. Delap was invited to sail for F.T.C. in the Inter-Command races on the Welsh Harp.

T.H.F.D.



ATHLETICS

WITH a strong nucleus of last year's team on which to build a balanced side, we began this season with the hope that we would produce a successful team. And the final results show that this has indeed been one of the most successful teams produced by the College in recent years. And an indication of this is given by the fact that every individual team member has improved on his last season's performance. The unavoidable gaps in the team have been admirably filled by enthusiasts from the two new entries and it has been most gratifying to have greater numbers from which to select a team. The future looks bright for us as a greater part of the team will be here again next year, but it is a little early to make any definite predictions.

During the season we competed against some more experienced clubs and although we were sometimes defeated, it provided the experience and serious opposition which are so essential for improving any team. Early in the season we had an extremely tense match against Leicester University, the College being victorious by one point. Our next match was a triangular one against the Metropolitan Police and Mitcham A.C. and the more experienced competitors from the two London clubs proved a little too much for us. But the times and distances achieved showed that we had the makings of a strong side. We greatly enjoyed this fixture and we hope that it will become an annual event. The following match was also a triangular against Nottingham University and the Milocarians. Once again the opposition proved too much for us but there were many good individual performances.

We won both of our evening matches against Boston and Lincoln Wellington and these matches were followed by a convincing victory over the R.A.F. Technical College, Henlow. Flying Training Command were our next opponents and this match proved to be a very interesting one. The College were beaten by 66 points to 59 and it was an extremely close fight as the score suggests. In the 4 x 110 yards relay Gallwey and Senior combined with two F.T.C. runners and returned a time of 44.0 seconds, which broke the existing R.A.F. record of 44.4. But due to the insufficient number of timekeepers this record could not be ratified. During the match Gallwey broke the College 220 yards record with an excellent time of 22.5 seconds, and in doing so, breaking a record which had previously been held by Senior.

This year we sent a full team to Wellington College

and we won a very hard fought match. There were many good performances for a grass track, notably the 440 yards time of 52.1 seconds by Patrick, and Harrington's 4 minutes 30 seconds for the mile.

And to bring the season to a fitting close we had a most enjoyable fixture against Elizabeth College, Guernsey, and the Guernsey Island Athletic Club. Due to inadequate airport facilities at Guernsey we stayed in Jersey and we managed to survive the trip between the two islands in a most unstable packet boat. A convincing victory brought the season to a most satisfactory conclusion and we left the Channel Islands retaining many pleasant memories of the hospitality shown to us during our brief stay.

There have been many outstanding performances by various individuals. In the course of the season Gallwey, besides captaining the team most effectively, has been dominant on the track. We have almost come to expect of him to carry off the double, in the 100 and 220 yards, in every match, and it is only infrequently that he has not achieved this feat. We were unfortunate to lose Senior half way through the season as he has competed regularly in five events in each match. He broke his own shot putt record before he left us and he often shared the honours with Gallwey in the sprints. Yet it says much of the team's flexibility that these vacant positions were quickly filled after his departure, though, unfortunately, not quite so adequately as one might have hoped. Patrick has returned some excellent times in the 440 yards and he continues to show even greater promise. In the middle distance events Harrington has steadily improved and his shrewd tactics have often put him in front at the tape. M. Ryan and B. Rogers have also had a fair amount of success in the two miles, returning some very good times.

However, it is in the field events that the most marked improvement has occurred. In previous years the field events have been consistently poor, but due to an extensive training programme and a genuine interest shown in the events we have often been more than a match for our opponents. Blockey holds an unrivalled position in the javelin and hammer events. He broke the javelin record earlier this season and he has improved his hammer record on two occasions and it now stands at 129 feet. Potter broke the pole vault record and it now stands at 10 feet 3 inches. This was a very creditable performance as he has only taken up the event within the past year. In the high jump Hooper has been regularly clearing 5 feet 8 inches with a best jump of 5 feet 9 inches. In the

long jump Spencer has often cleared 21 feet with a best jump of 22 feet 4 inches. Green has often dominated the discus and triple jump and Hutchinson has come within striking distance of the shot putt record.

Much of our success this term has been due to the unflinching enthusiasm of Flight Lieutenant O'Reilly and to the interest shown in us by the College P.F.O., Flight Lieutenant Gibson. The track has been kept in good condition throughout the season by the often unappreciated efforts of the College Physical Fitness Staff, and their patience must have been very near breaking point when they saw the havoc caused by the College's efforts in the Knocker Cup. Over a period of three weeks the whole College descended on the stadium for training and the attainment of athletic standards. And the groundsman was often seen to have an unprintable look in his eyes when he viewed the desolation wrought by the end of an evening's training. However, the track recovered sufficiently by the time that our fixtures got fully under way.

This term saw the reorganization of the Knocker Cup, and it was the efforts of the many rather than the few that won the day. For in previous years the competition has been limited to small gymnastic teams and the less athletic members of the Squadrons have merely been interested spectators. It was decided to institute a system of high and low standards and every cadet could gain a maximum of four standards which counted towards a final points total.

This proved to be a most beneficial system. A great deal of dormant talent, whether by accident or design, was exposed and the College athletic team gained a few welcome recruits. Many people began their training with no more than a perfunctory interest, and, as was most noticeable in the triple jump and discus, the event suddenly claimed their fullest attention and by sheer hard work they became quite skilful. The Knocker Cup became a truly inter-squadron trophy as a result of this new system, and it is hoped that in the future the athletic aspect of the trophy will not become lost amongst the inevitable gymnastic competitions. 'C' Squadron were the winners with 'A' Squadron second, closely followed by 'B' Squadron.

T.V.S.

RESULTS FOR 1957 SEASON

	College	Opponents	
Carre's G.S....	88	44	(w)
Leicester University	66	65	(w)
Mitcham A.C.	30	58	(l)
Metropolitan Police		53	
Nottingham University		69	(l)
Milocarians ...	44	55	(l)
Boston A.C....	66	47	(w)
Lincoln Wellington...	66	56	(w)
Henlow ...	91	69	(w)
Flying Training Command	59	66	(l)
Wellington College...	55	50	(w)
R.M.A. Sandhurst ...		115	(w)
B.R.N.C. Dartmouth ...	121	89½	(w)
Elizabeth College ...			
Guernsey Island A.C.	71	41	(w)

CRICKET

There can scarcely ever have been a season where eleven players have put in so many thrilling finishes as this one. Time after time the match was won or lost on the last over—and happily, most were won.

The side was captained by Martin who led the side very well; and it was due almost entirely to him that the team was such a happy one. He also batted and kept wicket with considerable skill and his batting in particular was always highly spectacular. No one who saw his

innings against Sheffield University and the Old Cranwellians in particular will quickly forget them.

The batting this year was very strong, and Walters is quite the best prospect we have ever had. His experience both with batting and bowling gave the side the touch of class it has lacked for so long. Price and Humphrey became the regular opening batsmen and both did well on occasions, but only once came off together. Humphrey has made great strides with his batting and his century versus Sandhurst was a notable feat. Mermagen, Martin, Digby, Taylor and Graydon all played some attractive innings and the tail could always be relied upon to wag vigorously.

The bowling was again unvaried. Taylor and Walters did the bulk of the bowling and both were consistent and used the ball intelligently. Carter and Taylor at the beginning of the season opened the bowling and then Graydon took over from Carter in the latter stages, and bowled very well, especially against a strong M.C.C. side. Laycock came into the side after the first three matches and became a most useful stock bowler who could always be relied upon to bowl a good length. Digby was a mystery. He bowled as many bad balls as good ones and yet was always among the wickets. He undoubtedly spins the ball and with a more consistent length he will be most useful next year.

The fielding on the whole was good with Walters quite outstanding at cover point. One catch of his against the M.C.C. was up to the very highest standards. Yet catching honours must go to Humphrey who took some astonishing catches close to the wicket. Graydon, Purcell, Price and Digby were the pick of the ground fielders and their throwing was good.

It has been a most successful season with a very happy atmosphere prevailing at all times. We shall, unfortunately, be losing Martin, whose wicket-keeping, batting and ability to boost a team's morale was always an asset. But we have remaining most of this year's heaviest scorers and most consistent wicket-takers so that next year should be even better.

One final word of thanks to Flight Lieutenant Loat who took over the job of officer i/c cricket at short notice and whose enthusiasm affected us all.

The 2nd XI were nearly always a depleted or scratch side, but they seemed to enjoy themselves and there are one or two useful players in the side who did well throughout the season.

The 3rd XI, under the able leadership of that scratch golfer, Drew, as usual enjoyed themselves and with a few more cricketers in the new entries the 3rd XI will become quite a strong side.

P.P.W.T.

1st XI AVERAGES

Batting	Times			Highest Score	Average
	Innings	Not Out	Runs		
Walters ...	14	1	443	130	33.3
Humphrey ...	11	1	278	101	27.8
Martin ...	13	1	285	77*	23.7
Laycock ...	7	6	26	7*	26.0
Taylor ...	12	5	140	24*	20.0
Andrews ...	8	1	133	82*	19.0
Mermagen ...	10	1	153	49*	17.0
Digby ...	12	2	157	44	15.7
Le Brocq ...	13	1	188	58	15.66
Graydon ...	11	2	128	36*	14.2
Purcell ...	7	1	45	19*	7.5
Bowling	Overs	Maidens	Runs	Wickets	Average
Digby ...	40.4	8	122	19	6.43
Walters ...	126	19	380	26	14.6
Graydon ...	67	9	202	12	16.79
Laycock ...	79	13	246	12	20.5
Taylor ...	165.1	29	557	18	30.6

				<i>Catching</i>	
Humphrey	10	Graydon	3
Digby	4	Taylor	2
Walters	4	Purcell	2
Laycock	3	Le Brocq	2
Price	3	Andrews	2

1st XI RESULTS

May					
11 R.A.F.C. 149-1 dec.	...	R.A.F. Tech. Coll. 49	(w)		
18 R.N.C. Greenwich	276-7	R.A.F.C. 101 and 274	(d)		
	dec. and 4-0.				
25 Forest Amateurs	200-6 dec.	R.A.F.C. 109 and 172	(l)		
	and 83-6 dec.				
29 Sheffield Univ.	149-8 dec.	R.A.F.C. 148-6	(d)		
June					
12 Leicester Univ.	116-6 dec.	R.A.F.C. 118-2	(w)		
19 R.A.F.C. 143-3 dec.	...	Notts. C. & G. 145-3	(l)		
22 Old Cranwellians	141-7 dec.	R.A.F.C. 142-9	(w)		
29 R.N.C. Dartmouth	217	R.A.F.C. 219-7	(w)		
July					
3 Lincs. Gents.	103	R.A.F.C. 107-6	(w)		
6 R.A.F.C. 221 and 101-9	dec.	R.M.A. 178-9 dec. and 37-1	(d)		
13 R.A.F.C. 183	...	M.C.C. 176	(w)		
20 R.A.F.C. 56-6	...	Leics. Gents. did not bat	(d)		
27 R.A.F.C. 140-9 dec.	...	Asst. Cmdt's. XI 49	(w)		

ROWING

This season must surely rate as one of the most successful ever for the College Rowing Club. It also marked the beginning of a new era in College rowing—racing in eights. The success of the season was mainly due to the Spring term being devoted entirely to the selection and training of two fours for the summer regattas. In the selection of crews we were fortunate in having some experienced oarsmen in the new entries, and also with no new entry at the beginning of the summer the two crews, once selected, were able to continue training after the Easter break without interruption.

The first race was rowed at Newark against the Royal Air Force Technical College, Henlow. Both Cranwell crews won convincingly. A week later St Peter's School, York, visited us for the first time at Newark. The 'A' four, through starting in a too leisurely fashion, were never able to overhaul the school crew. The 'B' four, however, won by a length.

The Royal Air Force Regatta was held on Saturday, 25th May, at Marlow. For this regatta the 'A' and 'B' fours put in a hard week's training in a determined effort to make sure that one crew should win the Junior Fours Cup. We were also asked if we would enter an eight to race Henlow for the Junior Eights Cup. Only one practice outing was possible in an eight, and that was at Marlow on the day before the regatta.

On the day of the regatta a strong headwind made conditions difficult. The 'B' four raced first and just managed to hold off a strong Rudloe Manor four. This row by 'B' crew was a great achievement in watermanship



as the crew was far too heavy for the boat they had to row in. At the raft it took some eight people to lift the waterlogged boat out of the water. The 'A' four was drawn against Henlow but, unfortunately, they were unable to repeat their earlier victory over them. The 'B' four went on to beat this Henlow crew in the final and so won the cup. At the start of the eights race the College crew looked very uncertain, but surprisingly enough at the end of the first ten strokes the College crew was drawing away from Henlow. After the first minute the crew settled down and began to move very fast. The College won by some eight lengths in five minutes ten seconds. This time was only bettered by the very powerful Cardington crew. By winning the Junior Fours and Eights Cup the College also won the Scott-Payne trophy which is awarded to the station with the most victories in junior events.



The following week the 'A' and 'B' fours competed at Nottingham Regatta for the Junior Fours Trophy. The course at Nottingham is a difficult one to row on, as for two-thirds of the distance the river follows a continuous bend. The river is straight for the last two hundred yards only. Once again the 'B' four went through to win the event. Their great strength always enabled them to draw away from their opponents in the finishing straight. The 'A' four, although rowing far better than they had before, lacked sufficient strength to overcome the disadvantage of the bend. Nevertheless, they had a good day's racing and reached the semi-final.

At the Newark Regatta the 'A' four entered the Junior event and a maiden four was entered. For the second week running the 'A' four lost in the semi-final and to the same crew—Nottingham Boat Club. The maiden four suffered a series of set-backs due to sickness in the crew and not surprisingly they never got beyond the first round.

By way of an experiment the College entered an eight for Marlow Regatta, the object being to see how our rowing compared with the top Thames and College crews. The first race was on the Friday, the regatta being on Saturday, 22nd June. In this race we were drawn against King's College, Cambridge, and Marlow first eight. Of these two crews King's were by far the best, having just finished seventh in May week, so it was with some surprise that at the end of the first ten strokes the College had a lead of a few feet. This lead was slowly increased to two-thirds of a length at the end of the third minute. On approaching the enclosure King's put in a strong spurt and began to close the gap. As the crews passed the finishing line King's had a lead of two-thirds of a length and Marlow were trailing a length behind.

As an experiment this race was most successful. Had we had a little longer for practice in an eight we would undoubtedly have gone far in this regatta. Next year it is

hoped to show that this is no wishful thinking: all this crew will be available.

The last outside regatta at which the College competed was at Derby, a pair and two scullers competed. All three had an enjoyable afternoon's rowing, but not one managed to reach the final. The rowing season finished with a return race against Henlow, both Cranwell crews winning as they pleased.

'A' crew:—Owen, Maunsell-Thomas, Elworthy, Hartley, Cox, Waddington.

'B' crew:—Delafield, Barlow, Pope, Pilgrim-Morris, Cox, Mallock.

J.S.P.M.

THE COLLEGE REGATTA

The regatta was held at Newark on Wednesday, 24th July. It was decided to call this 'The College Regatta' instead of the 'Inter-Squadron Regatta' as it was previously called. The programme was very successfully widened in scope. There were canoe races for the first time and six officers' crews were scheduled to take the water. It was most unfortunate therefore when much of the programme had to be cancelled due to inclement weather. The afternoon turned out fairly fine and the canoeing races and the squadron races were rowed.

A very large number of spectators turned up, considering conditions, but, regrettably, the traditional teas had also been cancelled.

This year again saw a convincing victory for 'A' Squadron. The runner-up was 'C' Squadron, who produced a very determined four that beat a good 'B' Squadron four. The successes of the College fours were reflected in the standard of rowing being infinitely higher than in previous years. The pairs event, as usual, produced some of the most exciting racing. Each squadron won one race. 'B' Squadron were very unlucky in breaking a stretcher and just losing to 'C' Squadron after a very close race.

The canoeing races were a very successful innovation, and it is hoped that they will now be a permanent feature in the programme. The handicaps were far too large in many cases, but this can easily be put right in the future.

J.R.M-T.

SWIMMING

The season started with a series of matches against the combined might of the Nottingham Swimming Clubs, and the College lost heavily. This led to training sessions being taken really seriously (under the guidance of Flight Lieutenant Warren and Flight Lieutenant West) and in the next meeting with a Nottingham team, against Northern, the College won easily (46-21).

For the first time ever a fixture was held against Dartmouth. The College lacked any second string swimmers of prowess; this gave Dartmouth an advantage over the College, and they won the swimming (37-21). The College polo team, however, played together very well to beat their visitors and so even out the honours.

Against Sandhurst the reverse took place, but the score of R.A.F.C. 45 and R.M.A. 35, belies the closeness of the swimming match. In fact, only the College wins in the two relays separated the scores; the polo was a rather slow-moving game at first but livened up in the second half, Sandhurst winning (2-1).

In the inter-squadron polo and swimming competitions 'B' Squadron were again victorious and in each case 'C' Squadron were runners-up.

The season was a considerable improvement on that of 1956, eight out of eleven matches being won—proving

that the new training system has been successful in raising the College standards.

M.E.B.

SWIMMING RESULTS

May	8	Nottingham Leander	Lost 34-44
	18	St Paul's School	Won 30-25
	25	Ley's School	Won 36-24
	29	Bedford Modern	Won 36-30
June	1	Newcastle R.G.S.	Lost 19-33
	12	Welbeck College	Won 30-10
	19	Northern S.C.	Won 46-5-21-5
	22	Bishop Stortford School	Won 30-24
	29	R.N.C. Dartmouth	Lost 21-37
July	6	R.M.A. Sandhurst	Won 45-35
	20	Mill Hill School	Won 30-25

TENNIS

In complete contrast to so many expectations, the sun condescended to appear at the beginning of the term and enabled Cohu, the captain of tennis, to organize an early practice. This gave him the opportunity for surveying all optimistic enthusiasts and for putting in an occasional helpful comment. Cohu was greatly assisted here by the sound and patient coaching of Mr Roupell, who displayed an encouraging interest in even the most unwieldy individual. The only new College player to emerge, however, was Cloke, who proved a useful member of the first six. Although several other members of 75 and 76 entries showed promise, none was deemed sufficiently skilled or experienced to take a place in the College team, and we had perforce to fall back upon 'old faithfuls.' The first six eventually chosen were Robertson, Cohu, Kerr, Lane, Watson and Cloke.

Containing, as it did, four members of the none-too-successful 1956 team, the first six started the season rather mindful of its own limitations. Consequently, everyone was nervous and hasty on the court and tended to make mistakes. As a result of this we lost our first match, a close-fought struggle with Nottingham High School, and our morale took another blow. Matters were not improved by the somewhat haphazard travel arrangements resorted to by the desperate and unfortunate secretary in attempts to overcome difficulties stemming from the petrol situation. However, although the playing of several matches was jeopardized, no match was cancelled and fine weather paid welcome attendance. An element of surprise was imparted to our tactics against University College, London, by the unavoidable absence of Robertson and Cohu, but once again we lost. In warm, sunny weather on the charming courts of Jesus College, Cambridge, we achieved a good victory over keen and sporting opponents. We lost to Nottingham University and also to the Royal Naval College at Greenwich, where we were, as one has come almost to expect, hosted extremely thoughtfully and courteously by the Naval Officers. The Dartmouth week-end was tinged with the usual amicable rivalry, and despite all our attempts to sabotage their players during the guest night on Friday, they survived to beat us in a keenly contested match. Against Sandhurst we also lost, but finished the season on a pleasant, if somewhat unfamiliar, note when we scored a win against Rugby School. Special mention should be made of the hard-hitting play of Cohu and the steady efforts of Robertson and Watson. The second six had somewhat more fixtures than usual and had an enjoyable season. The team, under the captaincy of Voller and Henderson, was chosen from Manning, Carlton and Carr-White mainly, whilst Williams, Shrimpton, Lucas and Coulcher also played.

We would like to record our gratitude to Squadron Leader Macro for the extremely welcome and forbearing support which he gave to a somewhat unsuccessful team. Thanks are also due to Sergeant Saville and Corporal Currie for the great deal of entirely voluntary servicing which they provided for the courts.

The inter-squadron tennis produced a somewhat unexpected result. 'A' Squadron did not really have a chance, and possessing only two College players succumbed to both 'B' and 'C' Squadrons. Consequently, everything hinged upon the outcome of the final match between 'B' and 'C.' It is perhaps unfortunate that rain caused this match to be played in two halves, no doubt unsettling some of the players, but 'B' Squadron triumphed and won 6-3.

C.C.L.

1st VI RESULTS

	Venue	Result	Score
Nottingham High School Away	Lost	4-5
University College, London Away	Lost	1-8
Leicester University Home	Lost	3-6
Jesus College, Cambridge Away	Won	6-3
Nottingham University Away	Lost	0-9
R.N.C. Greenwich Away	Lost	4-5
Dulwich College Away	Lost	3-6
R.N.C. Dartmouth Home	Lost	3-6
R.M.A. Sandhurst Away	Lost	0-9
Rugby School Away	Won	6-3

2nd VI RESULTS

	Venue	Result	Score
Leicester University Home	Lost	4-5
Welbeck College Away	Lost	4-5
Nottingham University Away	Lost	2-7
Dulwich College Away	Lost	2-7
R.A.F. College, Henlow (1st) Away	Won	6-3
Welbeck College Home	Lost	4-5
Nottingham High School Home	Unfinished.	

MODERN PENTATHLON

With only two modern Pentathletes of any experience, prospects for the season were not too bright.

However, under the guidance of McCluney, the captain, twelve enthusiasts began serious training during the latter half of the Winter term. By the beginning of the Summer term this number was reduced to nine. Eventually a team of six was selected to represent the College at Sandhurst.

Fencing, which took place in the Sandhurst gymnasium, gave Cranwell a lead of 400 points. In the shooting Cleaver emerged with the best score, and with this event Cranwell led by a further 200 points. Swimming was held at the Aldershot baths, and our lead was then increased to 1,158 points.

Although McCluney and Cleaver both achieved clear rounds in the riding, Sandhurst's superiority in this respect placed us 153 points in arrears. Running was to be the decisive factor; although conditions were far from ideal both teams achieved some very good times. Sandhurst eventually won the team event by 252 points. McCluney well deserved the individual event which he won for the second successive year.

In this year's Royal Air Force Championships, held at home, the College entered two teams of three. The 'A' team maintained itself steadily in second place throughout the events, but was unable to beat Halton's team. Although the 'B' team came fourth, cadets' individual placings, in general, were considered good. These were 6th, 8th, 12th, 14th, 20th and 25th. The

Championships included seven teams and 15 individuals, making a total of 37 contestants.

Colours were awarded to Cleaver and Smith, and Coriat gained half-colours.

H.C.

TOXOPHILY

The club has had a good term with an increase in membership which has now risen to 26. We are very pleased to report that the active membership has increased, too. This has made it possible for us to have a few matches against neighbouring clubs.

Our first match was against the Pilgrim Bowmen from Boston who, unfortunately, gave us a good hiding by beating us by over a thousand points. Two of our members, though, Flight Cadet Herbertson and Flight Cadet Johnson, both did very well by scoring 403 and 402 points respectively. The Pilgrim Bowmen gave us a very good afternoon as we were in fact the first people to visit them from another club.



We also had a match against the Nottingham Archers who also beat us quite convincingly, the result of the match being 2,387 points to 1,384.

These were the only two matches we were able to arrange owing to the full fixture list of most of the neighbouring clubs, but we look forward to many more matches in the coming year, especially one against the cadets of R.A.F. Henlow.

J.W.B.

SANDHURST WEEK-END, 5th-7th JULY 1957

The Sandhurst week-end coincided with a smallpox outbreak in London, so the four teams went down by coach, taking over six hours to complete the journey. We arrived hot and thirsty in time for a Band Night, after which the Sandhurst teams entertained us in the Academy Club with the intention of ensuring our unfitness the following day. It should, however, be emphasized that although the overall victory was to go to Sandhurst, their success cannot be attributed to their hospitality on Friday night.

The Commandant and Mrs Parselle were the guests of Major-General and Mrs Urquhart, and were present at the sports.

Cricket

Martin won the toss and put Cranwell in on a batting wicket. After a bad start, when Price was caught by Holman in the first over, the only score being one no-ball, the score crept slowly up to 36, when the next wicket, Le Brocq's, fell an hour later. The Sandhurst attack was not particularly strong, depending chiefly on Parker, their

fast bowler. The scoring pace now improved considerably during a partnership between Humphrey and Walters. The latter was caught after about twenty minutes of the afternoon's play with 43 to his credit, the score now being 124 for 3. While other College wickets fell, Humphrey stayed in long enough to get 101. Cranwell were all out for 221 at about four o'clock.

Sandhurst then went in and began scoring steadily. A good catch by Humphrey, at short leg, dismissed Hatch, while Peck continued to score freely, making 98 before also being caught by Humphrey. Good bowling from Walters and Graydon kept down the runs, and it was not until about an hour before lunch on Sunday that Sandhurst declared with 178 for 9. The College went in with the hope of getting plenty of runs in good time to get Sandhurst out before the close of play. However, the scoring was slow, with Parker and Whitty bowling better than on the day before. Mermagen made a stubborn stand, but wickets were lost regularly until, soon after five o'clock, only Graydon and Laycock remained. Their excellent last-wicket stand diminished Sandhurst's hopes for a win, and just before half-past five Martin declared at 101 for 9, allowing Sandhurst 63 minutes in which to get the 145 runs. Sandhurst had some hope of achieving this, since in their match with Dartmouth Peck had made 98 in less than one hour. But after a quick 13 Peck was unfortunately hit on the ear and had to retire for attention. Had it not been for this accident the end of the match might have been more interesting; as it was, Sandhurst soon gave up hope of anything but a draw.

An enthusiastic reception awaited S.U.O. Abbot-Anderson, captain of shooting at the R.M.A., when he returned from Bisley on the Saturday afternoon. He had just won the Queen's Medal for the best shot in the Army. This is some achievement for a cadet still at Sandhurst, considering the experienced opposition with which he had to contend.

Golf

The golf match was played at Camberley Heath Golf Club, about two miles from the R.M.A. The course, which is wooded with a lot of heather, is rugged compared with that at Rauceby, but the fairway is good. The greens were fast and true.

Nance's game with Shillington was very close all the way. Going out they had a best ball of 31, and Nance was one down at the turn. He won the 10th and the 12th, when Shillington drove out of bounds, and halved the next four holes in par. Nance took three on the green to lose the 17th, and they were all square at the 18th tee. Nance's second shot failed to reach the green and he lost the match by one hole and one stroke. Shillington's round was a bogey 72.

Barrett, playing Marston, lost the first two holes, and halved the next two in par. Marston drove into the heather on the 5th and Barrett won in a bogey four. He won the 8th and halved the 9th, reaching the turn two up in 39. After winning the 16th Barrett was dormie two. On the 17th Marston drove into a bush and was down for six; Barrett sank a four-foot putt for five, to win.

Drew won his first hole against Drummond with a birdie, but was four down at the 7th, where he was one under fours. He won the 5th and 9th, halved the next two and lost the 12th. The next four holes were halved to give Drummond the game.

Heron lost his game against Bell through unsuccessful driving. Using a new set of clubs, he was unable to get his shots off the tee accurately except on the short holes where he could use his iron. He was three down at the turn, and lost the next five.

Dickinson played Leivers, who had a handicap of nine to his 18. Leivers won six of the first seven holes, and Dickinson, who was four down at the turn, was unable to reduce this lead.

Herd, playing Hallam, was four up after seven holes but struck a bad patch and was all square at the 12th. At the 17th he was one up with two to go, but lost his ball. Each had a bogey four on the 18th to square the match.

In the foursome between Nance and Barrett, and Shillington and Drummond, we lost two of the first three holes but were one up at the turn. Drummond's drives were erratic but he was chipping well. His partner played steadily, with his handicap of four. We were four up at the 13th, when Barrett found trouble with his driving, and lost two of the next three. We were two up with three to go, but halved the 16th in four. The 17th was lost to a four, and on the 18th Barrett chipped through the green. Nance just missed with a putt from eight feet, and Barrett missed again to lose the hole and halve the match.

Neither Heron nor Dickinson was driving well in their foursome. Marston and Hallam were six up after seven holes, and maintained this lead to win six and five.

Drew and Herd lost the first three holes, and were four down at the 13th. They managed to reduce the gap and were just beaten on the 17th.

Swimming

The swimming match took place at the Aldershot Military Swimming Bath on Saturday morning. Cranwell had the advantage of more regular training although in a smaller bath and at a higher temperature. In spite of the events of the evening before, our swimmers were fit and optimistic. The first race was the 50 yards free style which was won by Corner in the fast time of 25.8 seconds. Wren, also of Sandhurst, gained second place, leaving third and fourth places to Nel and Ingolby. This unsatisfactory state of affairs was soon rectified as Cranwell had first and second place in each of the next three events. In the 100 yards breaststroke Bywater swam a well-timed race, taking the lead early to win in 83 seconds. Loveridge just beat Wren for second place. Next, the 100 yards freestyle was won by McCluney. The Sandhurst swimmers were leading at first, but in the last half-length McCluney and Barrett drew away to win first and second places. McCluney's time of 61.8 seconds was his fastest this season. The 100 yards backstroke was won quite easily by Coulson in 73.5 seconds, followed by Bernard. This was the first time this season that the College managed to gain first and second places in this event. It should perhaps be noted that Sandhurst's first string for this event was unable to take part, having been injured when a lorry overturned on an exercise the day before. Next, the 50 yards butterfly gave Corner his, and Sandhurst's, second win in another fast race; Freeman kept up well for the first half-length and it was only the last few yards which decided the race. Bywater was third.

The diving consisted of one dive each from the side, the springboard and the high board, followed by a voluntary dive. Mason dived very well, winning for the second year running with 16½ points, just beating Wren's 16½. Edmunds came third with 15½.

The Medley Relay, one length each of backstroke, breaststroke, butterfly and freestyle, was won by Sandhurst. Coulson gained a lead in the backstroke, but Sandhurst butterfly swimmer, Corner, pulled ahead to give them an advantage of a few yards, which they managed to maintain. Next was the freestyle relay, which was changed at the last minute, at Nel's request, from four to six lengths. Here we had the advantage of two

fresh swimmers, Donaldson and Skelley, and won in a close finish which was no less exciting because the result of the match could not be affected.

It was noticeable that we had a fairly good team all round, while the R.M.A. depended on one or two good swimmers, and Corner in particular.

The Swimming Cup was presented to Nel by Mrs Urquhart.

Water Polo

We won the toss and decided to defend the deep end first. It soon became noticeable that our shooting was much weaker than their's owing to the greater size of the pool, which was much larger than ours. Despite some good goalkeeping from Jago, Sandhurst (who had three fresh players) scored towards the end of the first half. In the second half, Cranwell went in to attack from the start, making much more use of long shots. These were now reaching the goalmouth, but not accurately. Their goalkeeper was kept busy throughout the second half by our superior positioning and passing, but Sandhurst managed to break through and score once more. Just before the end Bywater scored from about 12 yards, making the final score 2-1 to Sandhurst.

Tennis

The tennis match took place on the Saturday afternoon. The courts were in excellent condition and the weather was fine and hot. In the first round our first pair played Sandhurst's second, our second their third, and our third their first. Although our players took a little time to settle down on the grass courts, one of the closest matches was fought between Robertson and Watson, our second pair, and Shales and Bower of Sandhurst. The score in the first set stood at 5-6 but Sandhurst went on to win. The second round, in which our first pair met their first, saw the best tennis of the day. Here again we were beaten in every set by an opposition which was undoubtedly superior, one player being a Pakistani Junior Champion. Since the match was now lost, the third round played after tea was a little more friendly though almost as hard work.

Although there was little question about the result of the match, each game was hard fought, and the soft drinks provided were well earned. In view of the results, little fault can be found with the Sandhurst play. Over-confidence may have accounted for the loss of one or two games. By next summer, many of their present team will have passed out, and we may look forward to a more successful meeting. It is impossible to gauge the difference that regular practice on grass courts might have made, but the Sandhurst victory could well have been made less absolute.

J.R.M.

Summary of Swimming

Event	1st	2nd	R.M.A.	R.A.F.C.
1. 50 × Freestyle ...	Corner	Wren	7	3
2. 100 × Breaststroke ...	Bywater	Loveridge	3	7
3. 100 × Freestyle ...	McCluney	Barrett	3	7
4. 100 × Backstroke ...	Coulson	Bernard	3	7
5. 50 × Butterfly ...	Corner	Freeman	5	5
6. Diving ...	Mason	Wren	4	6
7. Medley Relay ...	R.M.A.	R.A.F.C.	7	3
8. Freestyle Relay ...	R.A.F.C.	R.M.A.	3	7
			35	45

Water Polo: Won by R.M.A., 2 goals to 1.

Summary of Cricket

R.A.F. COLLEGE					
1st Innings			2nd Innings		
Price ...	c. Holman	0	lbw. b. Whitty	4	
	b. Parker				
Humphrey ...	c. Hatch	101	c. Holman	17	
	b. Davidson		b. Parker		
Le Brocq ...	c. James	8	c. Holman	0	
	b. Whitty		b. Whitty		
Walters ...	c. Holman	43	c. Williams	7	
	b. Davidson		b. Parker		
Mermagen ...	lbw. b. Afridi	9	c. White	1	
			b. Parker		
Martin ...	lbw. b. Afridi	5	c. Holman	0	
			b. Parker		
Digby ...	b. Afridi	4	lbw. b. Whitty	6	
Graydon ...	b. Afridi	6	not out	34	
Taylor ...	not out	23	b. Parker	6	
Purcell ...	lbw. b. Parker	2	b. Davidson	3	
Laycock ...	c. James	5	not out	7	
	b. Parker				
Extras	b. 4 l.b. 3 n.b. 8	15	b. 1 l.b. 5	6	
		221	Total (9 wkts.)	101	

R.M.A. SANDHURST					
1st Innings			2nd Innings		
Peck ...	c. Humphrey	98	Retired hurt	13	
	b. Taylor				
Hatch ...	c. Humphrey	24	c. Taylor	3	
	b. Graydon		b. Graydon		
Williams ...	lbw. b. Walters	13	not out	10	
James ...	c. Martin	0	not out	9	
	b. Graydon				
Afridi ...	run out	4			
Parker ...	b. Taylor	0			
Holman ...	not out	13			
White ...	b. Walters	0			
Davidson ...	b. Walters	6			
Whitty ...	c. Laycock	3			
	b. Taylor				
Pope ...	did not bat				
Extras	b. 13 l.b. 3 n.b. 1	17	b. 1 w. 1	2	
		178	Total (1 wkt.)	37	

ATHLETICS v. R.N.C. DARTMOUTH AND R.M.A. SANDHURST

This was the first triangular match to take place between the three Service Colleges. Unfortunately, the day turned out dismally, with a strong, blustery south-east wind. The track was in a surprisingly good condition considering the amount of traffic that had been over it through training and Klocker. The Cranwell team was very fit from weeks of vigorous training under the watchful eye of Gallwey, but the loss of Senior was bad for morale.

The afternoon started with the hurdles, which did not prove a great success for Cranwell. However, Hooper won the high jump at 5 feet 9 inches. Hutchinson and Bacon gained third and fourth positions in the shot. The next three events were won by Cranwell, the long jump by Spencer with a leap of 20 feet 11½ inches, the 100 yards by Gallwey in 10 seconds, and the pole vault by Potter and Owen with 10 feet. In the 100 yards Gallwey's time was a personal best, and Potter went on

to break the College record on the pole vault with a vault of 10 feet 3½ inches, an improvement on his own personal best of 8½ inches.

The 880 yards did not bring much success, the Cranwell runners being very much outclassed. The points situation after the javelin, in which Blockey came second, showed Sandhurst to have a clear lead, with Dartmouth and Cranwell fighting for second place. However, Ryan came second in the two miles, and Green won the triple jump with Mundy second. The gap between Sandhurst and Cranwell in the points was now being narrowed. Patrick was narrowly beaten into second place in the 440 yards by Sandhurst, but Thomson beat the Sandhurst second string to even out the points. Blockey then won the hammer, throwing a distance of 129 feet 3 inches. This throw established a College record for the hammer. Gallwey won the 220 yards in 22·7 seconds, with Forshaw third. Then, finally, Harrington won the one mile in 4 minutes 32·4 seconds.

It was now time for the last event, the 4 × 110 yards relay. The situation was now very exciting. Unless Cranwell came either first or second, Sandhurst would win the match. When the race started, Sandhurst were leading with Cranwell and Dartmouth following in that order. At the end of the third stage, the Dartmouth man stumbled and it was obvious that Cranwell would win the match, but not necessarily the relay. But Gallwey, running magnificently, made up a five-yard deficit and gained yet another five to give Cranwell not only a clear victory in the relay, but in the match as well. The final results were:—

1. Cranwell ...	121 points
2. Sandhurst...	115 points
3. Dartmouth ...	89 points

B.J.

CRICKET v. R.N.C. DARTMOUTH

This year the match was at home and after the usual 'night-before activities' Cranwell took the field on a scorchingly hot day. Dartmouth had, reputedly, a strong batting side but were soon in trouble against some excellent fast bowling by Carter and Taylor. Le Brocq took a good catch off Carter's third ball, Taylor bowled Lecamwasam with his third ball and in the next over Carter bowled the only remaining opening batsman. Two more quick wickets went down and Dartmouth's score was a paltry 29-5. But then Laycock dropped Fernando, who with his captain, Lilley, pulled the side out of the fire. These two put on 94 runs, and when Youl came in he flogged a tired attack for a delightful 66. Dartmouth's last wicket went down at 217.

The Cranwell side had taken a battering in the heat and 217 looked a big total, but it induced the whole side to bat exceptionally well. Price and Humphrey set Cranwell on the right road to victory with an excellent 52 for the first wicket. Price drove delightfully and revealed his full potential to us all, while Humphrey was full of chunky defiance. Walters, Mermagen and Martin all scored between 15 and 30 and did it very quickly. Graydon and Taylor came together for what was to be the crucial moment of the game, 45 runs were needed in 25 minutes, but by excellent running between the wickets and brave hitting the target was reached with one minute to spare. This was one of our best victories and essentially a team win, for all but Digby were in double figures, and even he gave his wicket away while hitting.

P.P.W.T.

R.N.C.

J. D. Marshall c. Le Brocq, b. Carter ...	0
R. J. Surplice b. Carter ...	0
B. V. C. Lecamwasam b. Taylor ...	3
A. R. C. Fernando c. Humphrey, b. Carter ...	61
T. R. A. Melhuish b. Taylor ...	10
P. E. S. Lilley (Capt.) c. and b. Carter ...	46
M. J. Youl b. Laycock ...	66
A. R. H. Rogers c. and b. Walters ...	3
R. W. Marklew run out ...	1
W. B. U. Moorhouse b. Walters ...	0
M. A. Gilani not out ...	2
Extras ...	25
Total ...	217

Bowling

	O.	M.	R.	W.
Carter ...	14	3	42	4
Taylor ...	19	5	44	2
Walters ...	25	6	75	2
Laycock ...	8	2	9	1
Digby ...	3	0	12	0

R.A.F. COLLEGE

J. S. Price c. and b. Moorhouse ...	20
R. Humphrey c. Marshall, b. Marklew ...	31
J. S. Walters c. Lecamwasam, b. Gilani ...	18
T. R. Mermagen run out ...	22
R. H. B. Le Brocq lbw., b. Marklew ...	28
P. S. Martin (Capt.) c. Melhuish, b. Gilani ...	28
J. R. Digby b. Marklew ...	8
M. J. Graydon not out ...	36
P. P. W. Taylor not out ...	17
R. N. Carter did not bat	
J. Laycock did not bat	
Extras ...	11
Total for 7 wickets ...	219

Bowling

	O.	M.	R.	W.
Youl ...	3	0	25	0
Gilani ...	13	1	62	2
Moorhouse ...	16·5	4	56	1
Marklew ...	20	2	50	3
Rogers ...	4	0	14	0

R.A.F. College won by 3 wickets

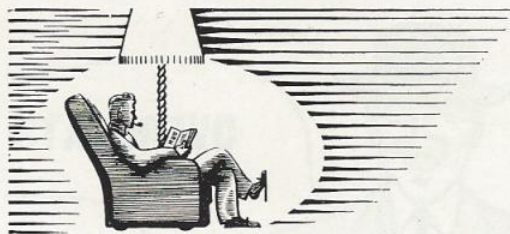
SUMMER TERM 1957

CHIMAY	'A'	'B'	'C'
	Sqdn. Pts.	Sqdn. Pts.	Sqdn. Pts.
Cricket ...	15	25	5
Rowing ...	15	3	9
Swimming ...	2	10	6
Water Polo ...	2	10	6
Tennis ...	2	10	6
Rifle ·303 ...	6	2	10
Total ...	42	60	42

PRINCE OF WALES TROPHY

CHIMAY	'A'	'B'	'C'
	Sqdn. Pts.	Sqdn. Pts.	Sqdn. Pts.
Chimay ...	6	9	3
Knocker ...	4	1	7
Ferris ...	5	2	8
Total ...	15	12	18

'C' Squadron remain Sovereign's Squadron for Autumn Term, 1957.



Book Reviews

EMPIRE OF THE AIR: The Advent of the Air Age, 1922-1929, by Viscount Templewood. (Collins, 21s.)

BOYS' BOOK OF FLIGHT, by David Le Roi. (Iliffe & Sons, Ltd, 12s. 6d.)

OPERATION VANGUARD: Earth Satellite, by Werner Buedeler. Translated by A. L. Helm. (Burke Publishing Co, Ltd, 18s.)

Empire of the Air: The Advent of the Air Age, 1922-1929, by Viscount Templewood. (Collins, 21s.)

IT would be idle to speculate on to which of its many political heads the Royal Air Force owes most, but there can be little doubt that Cranwell itself owes more to Viscount Templewood (who as Sir Samuel Hoare was four times Secretary of State for Air) than to any other statesman. It is he who watched over the growth of the young College, his the cultivated taste and the act of faith that gave it its fine setting. It is to be hoped that he considers that the College has established itself and flourished as well as have the flanking lime avenues which were his gift after the laying of the foundation stone by Lady Maud Hoare in 1929.

This book has many valuable aspects. To the general reader it gives the first complete and vivid account of Lord Trenchard's ideas. From their first dramatic meeting as Minister and Chief of the Air Staff, Lord Templewood decided: 'My mission was to be the prophet's interpreter to a world that did not always understand his dark sayings.' Together they formed the ideal combination in nursing the infant air service through its early, threatened days. This aspect alone makes the book highly rewarding, but there is more to it than this.

It gives an account of the clash of personalities in the Cabinet and in the Chiefs of Staff Committee, an insight into how decisions are arrived at in Whitehall, a glimpse of the heroic days of air transport, of protocol and of the formative years of our Service.

Above all for Cranwell it gives the account of our origins and of the fundamental concept of the College. No one here can read these words without a sense of challenge: 'Trenchard's imaginative conception then took bodily shape in the noble college that now dominates the Lincolnshire landscape and symbolizes the established position of the Air Force in the life of the nation. With its commanding situation, its fine rooms, and its community life, it is well suited to foster the fine traditions that are the life blood of a great service. If the founder of the Air Force required a monument to commemorate his faith and vision, there is no better than this seminary for the novices of the new order of airmen. Cranwell was his heart's desire, and it has been satisfied.'

J.F.P.

Boys' Book of Flight, by David Le Roi in association with the staff of *Flight*. (Iliffe & Sons, Ltd, 12s. 6d.)

THE modern boy craves as much for knowledge as for sensation in matters aeronautical, and this book, while presenting some of the sensationalism and excitement of flying, is also full of factual and interesting information.

The author, David Le Roi, has had considerable experience in writing for boys, and in this latest venture he has had at his disposal the resources of the leading aviation journal *Flight*. He has been able to draw upon its fund of technical knowledge, its excellent team of artists and its extensive photographic library. In addition to being technically accurate, each of the sections is written in easy-to-understand language and the book makes clear a lot of the apparently mysterious things (!) going on in aviation today.

There are 48 pages of superb art plates containing some very striking pictures, many specially taken by *Flight* photographers; and the numerous line drawings include as a unique feature several double-page spreads containing the cut-away drawings, giving an inside picture of aircraft and engines, for which *Flight* is deservedly famous.

Peter Twiss, the famous test pilot who holds the official world speed record, contributes the foreword in which he stresses the importance of the aeroplane in peace time and reminds us that Great Britain has by no means been left behind in the race for air supremacy. He adds: 'I am sure that this book will appeal to all boys who are air-minded, particularly those who are ambitious enough to want to take their place in the world of aviation.'

Operation Vanguard: Earth Satellite, by Werner Buedeler. Translated by A. L. Helm. (Burke Publishing Co, Ltd, 18s.)

ONE of the most momentous and far-reaching developments in modern times—times full of vast developments and exciting events—was the launching into space of the first of the 'artificial satellites.' The revolutionary implications and consequences of this great new project are difficult to foresee, perhaps an entirely new world created in space.

Aptly nicknamed 'Flying Footballs' these artificial satellites will circle the Earth beyond the atmosphere, sending back messages to scientists on the ground.

Here is told for the first time the full fascinating story of the satellite project. 'Operation Vanguard' really began many years ago with the launching of the first rockets, when man's dreams of interplanetary travel began to be realized. With the launching of earth satellites man is ready to begin the exploration of space.

In this book, Werner Buedeler gives a lucid, popular account of the Operation; he traces past developments; describes the work now in progress and future trends. He writes in a manner that will make this book as interesting to the specialist as it will be enthralling to the layman, regardless of age.

Those who see the man-made moons visible from the Earth will want to know what they are and what scientists expect of them. Werner Buedeler's book paints the full picture and leads the reader to a true appreciation of the tremendous advances now being made.

